

HER INFINITE VARIETY.

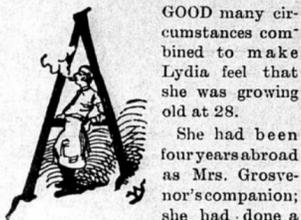
I love her as "Faith," when the sunlight steals Through the church's heavy air...

HER SECRET.

Men jeer at women for their way Of prattling secrets night and day...

AN OLD LOVE AFFAIR.

BY EMILY LENNOX.



GOOD many circumstances combined to make Lydia feel that she was growing old at 28.

She had been four years abroad as Mrs. Grosvenor's companion; she had done a great many things—her duty, noticeably—and yet her life held no sort of fruition.

She grew very sad when she reflected. She had often wondered why it was; but now she had come to the conclusion that it must be her own fault—all owing to her own weakness.

The truth had been forced upon her by a certain episode. Dr. Severance had asked her to marry him, and he seemed both surprised and angry when she told him she was already engaged—had been so for over six years.

"What are you waiting for?" he had asked brusquely.

"We are both poor," Lydia answered bravely. "He has his mother to support and two sisters to educate, and it is very difficult for a young lawyer to make any headway."

"In that case, I should give it up," said the Doctor bluntly. "Are you going to waste your youth in waiting for this man, Miss Dayton? Don't you think it would be much more sensible for you both to dissolve such a relationship? I am not speaking now as a lover, but as a friend. You are both old enough and reasonable enough to take the matter philosophically. If you were free, you might marry some man who could make your life sweet and pleasant; and perhaps he might find some rich girl who would help him out of his difficulties."

These words had sunk deep into Lydia's mind; she thought of them for months. It was not that she cared to marry Dr. Severance; she knew she could never do that under any circumstances, and he knew it too. He had given up all hope of making her his wife, and gradually they were drifting into a friendly and confidential intercourse which suited them much better. Still, the Doctor's suggestion had lingered in Lydia's memory. She felt the force of what he had said, and was trying to come to a conclusion. Of course, she must have ceased to care for Henry Osborne as she once had, or she could not have argued the matter as she did. But she was still very fond of him, and when she had made up her mind to break off her engagement, the resolution cost her many a bitter pang.

She was a long time in writing the letter which explained the motives of her action; but she sent it off at last, together with the little plain gold ring, now somewhat worn away on the edges, and a great many letters signed in a bold hand: "Yours faithfully, Henry."

She felt as though she had been to a funeral when she came back from the post-office; and in the sorrowful fullness of her heart, she told Dr. Severance what she had done.

"I think you have acted wisely, Lydia," he said, in the friendly fashion which had grown natural between them.

"I think so, Doctor," she replied, "but if I could only be perfectly sure!" "Nobody ever does any important thing without doubts," he said, kindly, "nobody can tell about the issue of anything. But that ought not to concern us. What we have to deal with is the principle, and I think you are right there."

"I don't know," Lydia answered, her eyes filling up with tears. "It seems very false and treacherous when I think of throwing him over just because he is too poor to marry me."

"If he is a man of sense," said the Doctor, warmly, "he will see it as you do. It certainly is not right for either of you to prolong such an affair forever. What does an engagement mean, if not marriage? You are not doing anything but a mockery, Lydia. It absorbed your thoughts and energies without any return. It was bad for both of you."

"Perhaps it was," said Lydia, with a wan smile, "I don't suppose happiness is worth calculating."

"There is a blessedness that is higher than happiness," quoted the Doctor. "Don't you remember, Lydia? I was in love with you once, and yet I have come down to commonplace friendship, which is a great comfort to me."

"Yes," said Lydia, with a faint sigh. "But I fancy you were not so much in love with me after all."

Womanlike, she was not without

some vague regret that in gaining a friend she had lost a lover. It was several days after this that Lydia received a letter from Henry Osborne. It was dated a week before, but owing to a slight eligibility due to hasty writing it had made a round-about tour, and reached her much belated. When she received it she fancied it was an answer to her own letter but the moment she opened it she knew it was written before hers; the two, of vastly different tenor had passed each other on the way.

"My darling," it began, "I cannot tell you with what strong feeling I write you this morning. I am so beside myself with joy that I fear I cannot give you a very intelligent account of what has changed the whole aspect of my life—our lives, I mean to say. Years ago—you remember, I told you my uncle left me several small lots in a little town in Western Pennsylvania. I was only a boy at the time, and no account was made of the legacy—for the property was worth only a few hundred dollars, and it has lain idle ever since. But now it has suddenly become valuable. The discovery of a large oil well on the adjoining lands has made my poor lots worth an enormous sum. Today I have sold them to a New York syndicate for a large sum. I am a rich man, dearest, and you know what that implies! I am coming to you at once! After all these years of waiting I have suddenly grown impatient; I want to be married immediately. There is no reason why we should wait any longer. We have lost so much time that we cannot afford to lose any more. Oh, my darling! I am so proud and happy when I remember how faithfully you have waited for me all these years of poverty and separation. My heart goes when I think of it. Let me tell you how heartily I bless you for your love! I shall be with you in a week. I am settling up my business with a view to taking you abroad for several years. Till I see you, then, my darling, and through all time to come. Yours faithfully, HENRY."

Poor Lydia! Every word was a dagger in her breast. She knew, as she read it, that her own letter had by this time reached its destination; that Henry had read it, and that he would not only read it, but he would read it to her now. She laid her head down and wept bitterly.

Lydia was not a mercenary woman. It did not affect her that she had just ruined her chances of marrying a rich man; but she had a passionate thirst for happiness, a wish to make the best out of her life and its possibilities. She had always known that as Henry Osborne's wife, she would find that sweet content which would make her always appear the best her nature would allow. She had not given up this hope without a struggle, and now—oh, how his generous praise of her fidelity lacerated her very soul! But she was not too proud to write to him—such a letter! It must have moved Henry Osborne to forgiveness, so full was it of remorse and reawakened love, of passionate entreaty and desperate fears; but he did not receive it. Her first epistle had reached him on the day when he was starting to come to her. Overwhelmed with anguish and bitterness, he had not answered his journey; he went on in the same hot impatience, but he went in another direction—whether no one knew—and Lydia's second message was returned to her unopened.

Lydia did not mention this to Dr. Severance. Her own pride would have kept her from it, even if she had been less considerate of her friends' feelings; but both reasons influenced her to silence. It was a curious thing that Henry Osborne's name had never been mentioned between them. There was no occasion for it, however. When Lydia had told the Doctor of her engagement, it had been in general terms. So the matter was quietly dropped between them, and the Doctor made a poor guess at what ailed Lydia, who grew very pale and sad, as time went on.

It was two years afterward that he called for her one morning in his carriage. "I have some news for you," he said, shaking her hand very warmly. "I have succeeded at last in finding somebody who will marry me!" "I congratulate you," said Lydia, smiling. "When is it to be?" "As soon as possible," the Doctor replied, briskly. "Put on your hat and coat. I have come to take you to call on her. I am sure you will like her. Lydia, she is one of my patients. I have cured of a spinal affection, and she means to repay me by becoming my wife."

"I don't call that such a heavy bill," said Lydia, thoughtlessly. "If you had to pay it you would," said the Doctor, laughing. "Come, Lydia, I want you to go with me."

This was how she happened to drive with the Doctor to an elegant house on Fairbank Avenue, where they were ushered into a large room, dusky with draperies and rich furniture. From somewhere out of the shadows came a slight girlish figure.

"Why, Frank," she cried joyously, and then stopped, at the sight of Lydia, to recover her shy dignity. A gentleman who was seated on the piano stool rose hastily, and turned around.

"Edith," said the Doctor, taking the hand of his fiancée and holding it quietly, "this is my friend, Miss Dayton. Lydia, this is my future wife, Miss Osborne."

"I—if I am not mistaken," Edith said, with great embarrassment, "we have met before."

She held out her hand awkwardly, but Lydia did not seem to see it. Back of Edith stood Henry Osborne, looking at her with a proud, cold face.

"We have met before," Lydia faltered. "Dr. Severance did not tell me it was Miss Osborne."

"My brother Henry," Edith said, breaking through the stiffness of their meeting. "Henry, I—I think you remember Miss Dayton."

"Quite well," he said, coming forward, with a smile which struck a chill to Lydia's heart. "I hope you are well, Miss Dayton."

Dr. Severance looked puzzled; but before long, Henry was chatting volubly with Lydia about his foreign travels, and Edith was uttering gracious things which only heightened Lydia's embarrassment. At last she got away; but the doctor was assounded when she burst into tears the moment they were out of the house.

"You might have told me!" she cried, passionately. "I'd have died sooner than go there!"

"Told you what?" the doctor asked, with considerable annoyance. "I didn't know that you were acquainted with the Osbornes. You never said so."

You never mentioned their names, and I—I told you I was engaged to Henry."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the doctor, on whom the first ray of light was dawning. "Lydia, you never mentioned Henry Osborne's name to me. How was I to know to whom you were engaged?"

"What will they think of me, going there after—after—Oh, she added, fiercely, "I never want you to mention their names again."

"I am sorry," the Doctor said, with genuine chagrin. "I hoped you and Edith would be good friends. Henry is a strange fellow—very quiet and exclusive. Edith said he had been disappointed in a love affair, and took it very hard; but upon my word! See here, Lydia, I believe you are fond of that man yet!"

"I am not!" she cried angrily. "You are an old friend, Dr. Severance, but you are going too far."

"Well, well, I beg your pardon. We won't say anything more about it."

He sat Lydia down at Mrs. Grosvenor's door and drove away in a quandary. "If those two people are not in love with each other still," he mused, "I'm a quack."

Nevertheless, when the Doctor and Edith were married, Lydia did not go to the wedding, a fact which he canvassed thoroughly some time afterward in conversation with his wife; but nothing came of the conversation.

The Doctor's brother-in-law was taken ill soon after the wedding. It was a bad fever of remittent type, which left him intervals of deep despondency. Dr. Severance attended him. One day, when he had his finger on the patient's pulse, Henry opened his eyes and looked fixedly in his face.

"You need not be afraid to tell me," he said, weakly. "I know I am going to die."

Dr. Severance started to say something, but Henry stopped him. "You needn't attempt to deceive me," he said. "I see my verdict in your face. I am very well satisfied that it should be so, but—I have one request to make of you, Doctor. I know I cannot live many days. Will you—will you ask Miss Dayton to come and see me before I die?"

The Doctor's eyes brightened. "I will do anything I can for you, Henry," he said kindly. "I am glad you are so resigned. It is best to be always ready; for no man knows when his hour is near."

"I don't think she will mind coming, under the circumstances, do you?" "I think she will come," the doctor rejoined, confidently. And he was right, for when to Lydia he said: "Henry Osborne wants to see you before he dies," she went at once.

They were quite alone in that eventful meeting. Henry, pale and weak, lay back on the pillows and greeted her with a smile.

"It was good of you to come," he said, softly, holding out one hand, which she clasped, and, falling on her knees, wept with tears. "I blamed you at first, Lydia; but you had a perfect right to break our engagement if you chose. I don't feel hardly toward you now."

"I was not right," she sobbed. "I knew it afterward, when I wrote again, but you sent back my letter unopened. I suppose you thought that the money had influenced me; but it didn't. I would not have written you from any such motive."

"What are you saying?" he asked, in bewilderment. "I never received any letter, much less sent it back, except the one in which you asked me to release you."

"You never opened it. It came back to me with the seal unbroken."

"It came from the Dead Letter office, then, or—or some one sent it who knew your writing. I never saw it. Lydia, I loved you too well to refuse my happiness at your hands, no matter how it came to me."

"And I have never ceased to love you, Henry," she faltered. "Afterward—I don't know why but it seemed like a retribution—I loved you more than ever."

"And now?" he asked feverishly. "I love you still!" "I love you still!" She raised her head, and he put his arms about her.

"I believe you," he whispered. "You could not deceive a dying man. Kiss me, dear. It is such a long time, and I have been so lonely."

When Dr. Severance came in, he started out again but came back, with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"Well," he said clearing his throat by way of warning, "how is the dying man?"

Lydia did not attempt to withdraw herself from her lover's embrace. Henry's head was resting on her shoulder; but neither replied to his ghostly question, and the Doctor broke into a low, chuckling laugh.

"You think you are going to die, do you?" he said touching Henry's arm. "Well, you're not going to do anything of the sort! We'll have you out of this in a couple of weeks, if Lydia will only help us nurse you."

"Do you mean he is not going to die?" she gasped.

"Not a bit of it."

"But you said—"

"I said what Henry said. Sick men get unaccountable notions into their heads sometimes. He made up his mind he was going to die, and I humored him because—well, he'd never have sent for you, Lydia, if he hadn't believed his last hour had come; would you, Henry?"

"No," he replied, but all his resentment was swallowed up in his new-found happiness.

"Don't be cross with me, Lydia," said the Doctor. "I had a hand in breaking your engagement and I took it upon myself to mend it."

"I am afraid I have lost the power of being vexed," Lydia said, with a joyous smile. "I am too glad and thankful to mind a deception which has brought about such happiness."—Peterson's.

LIFE'S AUTOGRAPH.

We haste to read the lives of men The books drawn out with ink and pen, Which authors write with wondrous ease, And paint a life the world to please.

'Tis plain we all are authors, too, Writing a life for angels' view. Each day records in Heaven's light What thoughts and words and deeds indite Upon the scroll of God's expanse— 'Tis the look of his remembrance.

Death ends that volume, small or great. No friendship can its faults abate. Or malice mark the good portrayed; We beauty add or blot evade. That book is ours, as must appear— Our autograph is written there.

—Lizzie P. E. Evans.

SAM OUTWITTED HIM.

Farmer Kendrick had brought in an armful of snow-covered logs from the wood-pile at the north end of the house, throwing them down on the stone hearth with a noise like a small earthquake, when Carrie Brown started up.

"Five o'clock! Oh, I had no idea it was so late. I must be going home."

"Allow me to accompany you, Miss Brown."

"You will let me see you home, Carrie."

Capt. Logan and Fred Jones both spoke at once, but Carrie shook her head.

"I prefer to walk home alone," she said, gaily.

"About the sleighing party to-morrow night?" asked Fred, anxiously.

"I—I have promised Capt. Logan," said the village beauty, a rosy tint suffusing her cheek.

"But, Carrie, I thought it was settled between you and me two weeks ago!" exclaimed Fred with a frown.

"Was it? I am sure I had forgotten it."

Fred was silent. Capt. Logan's smooth, soft-toned voice broke the silence.

"I exact no promises," he said gallantly, "but if I am not punctual to the hour and the spot Miss Brown may draw her own conclusions."

And Carrie went home. She was very pretty, this bright-eyed New England damsel. Fred Jones had loved her ever since they were children together, and Capt. Logan, who had come down to spend the Christmas holidays with his cousins, the Kendricks, had become so fond of those bright blue eyes and golden hair that he had prolonged his visit into January.

"Pon my word, she's a regular beauty," said the captain, staring through the tiny window-panes at the retreating figure of Miss Brown.

Fred Jones looked quickly up at him, as if he would have liked to knock him over into the fire-place, but he refrained from any such demonstration.

"A beauty," went on the Captain, "and it's a thousand pities she should be wasted on any of the country bumpkins who vegetate among these wildernesses. Sam, you young villain, are those boots of mine blacked yet?"

"No, they ain't," said Sam, crossly. "Well what's the reason?" "Cause I ain't had time."

"See you find time then, quickly, too," said the Captain. And Sam glowered after him as he went gaily up the stairs.

"Just wish I had the brin' of him out," said the boy, gloomily. "It's Sam, do this, and Sam do that, and Sam where's the warm water?" and "Sam what in the deuce do you mean by letting my fire go out?" and not a cent has he got yet—no, nor so much as a pleasant word. I wonder if he mean to stay here always."

"You and I are about equal in our love for him, Sam," said Fred Jones laughing.

"I heard him talkin' with Miss Carrie about goin' sleigh-ridin' to-morrow night," said Sam, shrewdly. "I'd jes' like to put 'Kicking Tom' in the shafts; I would if it weren't for Miss Carrie. He don't know nothin' about horses, that there militia cap'n don't." And Sam chuckled.

"I say, Mr. Jones, why don't you get beforehand with him? Miss Carrie don't really care for him; she's only dazzled-like."

Fred Jones frowned slightly; honest Sam was not exactly the kind of Ganymede he cared to have meddle with his love affairs.

"Miss Brown must choose for herself, Sam," he said, and Sam went back to his work, secretly wondering how a young lady, gifted with ordinary sense, could hesitate for a moment between the Captain and Fred Jones.

The night came—a perfect night for sleighing expeditions and rustic loyemaking, the roads hard and well packed and a glorious moon shining down whitely, as if a rain of silver were deluging the whole world.

"Couldn't be better weather," said the captain. "Sam, where are the sleigh-bells?"

"Dunno," said Sam. "There's them old jingers in the garret that used to belong to Deacon John Kendrick, that was in the revolutionary war, and there's the two cowbells that Mary Jane might scour up with ash-cakes."

"Pshaw!" said the captain. "Do you take me for Rip Van Winkle?" There's a pretty little string somewhere, for I saw them when Mrs. Kendrick went out day before yesterday."

"I hain't seen nothin' on 'em," said Sam, stolidly. "Come, come, Sam don't make yourself out any stupider than you be by nature," said the farmer, laughing nevertheless, for the Captain's airs were fast wearing out his welcome, and he secretly sympathized with the much abused Sam.

"I guess they're out in the barn chamber. You better go with him, Captain, if you expect to find 'em—our Sam's dreadful thick-headed when he chooses to be."

red barn. "We don't need any lantern in this moonlight, that is one comfort."

"Where are the stairs?" demanded the Captain, as they entered the barn. "Ain't none," said Sam. "It's a ladder."

"Up with you, then," said Logan, but Sam snarled back.

"I wouldn't, not for \$50," said Sam. "Old John Kendrick hanged himself from the middle beam fourteen years ago, and folks say he stands up there with a rope around his neck every moonlight night."

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried the captain in accents of contempt. "You cowardly lout, stay where you are, then, and I'll go myself."

He sprang lightly up the rounds of the ladder and disappeared through the trap door.

"Where is it?" he called.

"The ghost? Right under the middle beam by the windy was the place where—"

"Blockhead! I meant the string of bells."

"Look for 'em yourself," said Sam, sulkily. "I don't know where they be, and what more, I don't care."

"I'll settle with you, my fine fellow, when I come down," said the captain, threateningly, as he groped about in the dim light which came through a cobweb-draped window at either end of the barn chamber.

"Don't hurry yourself, Cap'n," rejoined Sam, in a jeering tone.

As the Captain plunged into a dark corner there was a jingle, and the string of bells suspended from a nail, hit him directly on the neck, so like the grasp of death-cold fingers that he could not start.

"Oh," said the captain nervously. "Here they are. Catch 'em, Sam! Hallo! Where's the trap door?"

And it took the worthy Captain fully sixty seconds more to realize that the trap-door was closed and fastened on the lower side. He rushed to the window and threw it up only to see Sam speeding up the hill.

"Hal-lo-o-a!" yelled Capt. Logan. "Come back, you scoundrel!—you ill-conditioned lout!—you imp of evil!"

Sam turned around and executed that peculiar gyration of the fingers in connection with the nasal organ, which is supposed to express the extremity of scorn.

"You'll find the ladder on the barn floor, Cap'n," hooted the young rebel, "an' don't be afraid of the ghost; it's very harmless if you let it alone."

"But, Sam—Sam, come back! I'm to be at Mr. Brown's at 7:30!"

"Don't worry!" bawled Sam, "Miss Carrie won't wait long before Mr. Fred'll be on hand."

The Captain danced up and down on the floor in an ecstasy of rage, as Sam disappeared over the crest of the hill. He knew very well if he possessed the lungs of Boreas he could make no one hear.

He sat shivering down on the hay, starting nervously at the sound of horses' feet below, and thinking how dreadfully a bar of moonlight which streamed down from a crack in the roof resembled a tall white figure standing under the center beam. He could almost fancy the rope around his neck. Pshaw! And the Captain jumped up again, with starting dew on his temples, even in the freezing atmosphere of the barn chamber.

"What is to be done?" he asked himself. An echo, if echo has any common sense, would have answered: "Just nothing at all!"

Sam had outwitted him. And pretty Carrie and Fred Jones, with his red cutter and a great chestnut horse! The Captain was wild at the thought; surely he was vanquished.

"I won't wait another moment for him," said Carrie Brown, coloring up, with tears in her blue eyes. "Go on, girls, I shall spend the evening at home."

"There's plenty of room for you in our sleigh, Carrie," coaxed her brother. "Bessie Andrews will be glad to have you along."

"No, she won't either," pouted Carrie. "As if I would spoil all her fun! No; if I can't have an escort of my own I'll stay at home and mend stockings; and I never, never will speak to Capt. Logan again."

Charlie Brown was on the point of arguing the matter with his sister when the door opened and in walked Fred Jones.

"Not gone yet, Carrie? Where is the Captain?"

"I don't know," said Carrie, tartly, "and I don't care. Am I Capt. Logan's keeper?"

"Will you go with me?" "Yes, I will," said Carrie, her eyes lighting and shy smiles dimpling her face.

"Of course," said Fred, "I can't expect to make myself as agreeable as the city captain, but—"

"The Captain, the Captain!" cried Carrie, a little irritably. "I'm sick of the sound of his name. I never want to see him again. What a nice new cutter this is, and how easy the wolf robes are!"

"Carrie," whispered Fred, as he touched up the horse and felt her nestling close to him, "is it for always?" "Yes, always," she answered.

"Jerusalem!" said Farmer Kendrick. It was past 10 o'clock at night, and the old gentleman had come out as usual before retiring to rest, to see that the dumb members of his family were all straight and comfortable. "I do believe that's old John Kendrick's ghost come to life again, pound-in like all possessed on the barn chamber floor!"

"It's m-e-e! It's m-e-e!" bawled the Captain. "Unfasten the trap door and let me out!"

"As you please," said the farmer, to whom the prospect of losing his guest was not unpleasant. "I'm dreadful sorry this should have happened, though. I'll talk seriously to Sam."

"So will I," gnashed the Captain. "I'll break every bone in his body."

But Sam had taken particular care to go over to his grandmother's six miles across the snow fields, to spend the night, and the only person the captain saw was old Mrs. Kendrick sitting by the kitchen fire.

"You've lost your chance, Captain," said she good-humoredly. "Dorcas Smith has just gone by on her way home from the sleighing party, and she says Fred Jones brought Carrie Brown in his new cutter, and they're engaged."

The Captain left the next day, and Mrs. Fred Jones has never seen him since. And when the affair came of Sam got a piece of wedding cake big enough to give him the dyspepsia for a week.—Boston News.

PRINCE AND FLOWER-SELLER.

Anecdote of the Father of the Present Emperor of Germany.

A pretty story of the late Emperor Frederick is told in one of the German papers. Some years ago, shortly before the death of the old Emperor of Germany, a tall, handsome gentleman jumped into a third-class carriage of a local railway at Berlin just as the train was leaving the station. An old flower-seller with a basketful of newly-cut hyacinths was the only other occupant of the compartment. He asked the old dame to sell him a bunch, and mollified by his suave manner, she chose the freshest and largest and handed it to him. Its price was a penny, but as the gentleman had no coppers and the old woman no change, not having sold any of her goods yet, she was paid with a mark piece which, she said at once, was a thing that had never been heard of before in a third-class railway carriage.

Presently the stranger and the flower girl were in deep conversation, and it turned out that the poor woman was the only bread-winner of the family of four. Her son was crippled, her granddaughter a little school-girl, and her husband had for some months been out of work, since a new railroad official had dismissed him as being too old to do much work. The stranger then suggested that she should apply, on her husband's behalf, to the railroad authorities.

"That is no good whatever," she replied as she wiped her tears with her apron. "If you haven't the Pope for your cousin nowadays you can't get anybody to listen to you." "Then try the Emperor," the stranger went on. "Alas!" she sighed, "if the old gentleman was allowed to see the petitions that are sent it might do some good, but he does not get to know about us poor people."

"Well, then, let your husband write to the Crown Prince." "Yes," she said, "he might do that," and she would tell him so as soon as she had sold her flowers. By this time the train had got to the terminus, the old dame had bundled out her basket and noticed with astonishment that the officials and the crowd on the platform looked at her carriage and saluted and cheered. "What's up?" she asked. "Why, the Crown Prince was in the same compartment with you!" Then the flower-seller held her head high and told every syllable of what had happened to the delighted crowd. Her flowers were sold before five minutes were over, and a fortnight afterward her husband was at work again in his old place.

Down Hill in San Francisco With Undisputed Right of Way.

There was a lively commotion at the Telegraph Hill end of Kearney street the other day, and that no one was injured was almost a miracle, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Near Vallejo street, on Kearney is a wine saloon where many gallons of wine are consumed. The proprietor left a huge empty wine cask on the outer edge of the sidewalk. That part of Kearney street is on Telegraph Hill, the steepest block in the city.

A drunken man fell against the cask and started it rolling. A second later it was making great bounds through the air and covering twenty feet of street at a single flight. People seeing the danger shouted to those down the street to get out of the way. Broadway was cleared at a single bound, and the cask narrowly missed crushing a laundry wagon into splinters. On it went at a Palo Alto speed, scattering people right and left. A Union street cable car was stopped in time to prevent a collision. The running cask evidently meant mischief, and apparently to prove the superiority of wine over water, it headed for Dr. Cogswell's fountain on Kearney street and Montgomery avenue. Temperance people may say that there is a moral in the fact that it did not demolish the granite fountain erected by the doctor to his own glory