DAWN.

[The Manhattan.]

On the upturned face of the quivering sea
Shimmered the dawn;
White bars of light stole up in the sky.
And the night was gone.

Was gone—with the fear of a followed fawn.
And with hurrying feet,
To find in the shades of the forest glades
A safe retreat.

The legions of stars that had watched wearily,
Crept out of sight;
Uprose the helm of the advancing Day,
And fast fled the night.

A fresh wind blew from the edge of the sea,
From the gates of the East,
That plashed the tide on the feet of the land,
And in the light increased.

And the glittering tips of a myriad spears
Shot up from the sea,
With guidons and pennants and lances of light,
A splendor to see.

A hundred flags were upheld in the sky,
And unfolded there—
Banners of light that glimmered and gleamed
In the morning air.

Then from the glowing East uprose
The kingly sun,
And the sea grew gold as a stool for his feet
To rest upon.

KATE'S HUSBAND.

[London Society.]

"The gentleman on the left, Kate—do you know him? He has looked frequently toward you."

"Has he?"

"Who is he?"

"I can't tell; I have not seen him."

"Suppose you look."

'I prefer not; I came to see the play. Is not Helen Faucet superb?"

"So, so. I wish you would tell me who that gentleman on the left is. I am sure that he knows you, and he is strikingly handsome."

"At present the stage interests me. Besides if men are rude enough to stare at strangers there is no occasion for us to imitate them."

"Your ladyship has no curiosity."

"Not any; I exhausted it some time ago."

Her ladyship was not telling the truth. She was intensely curious, but it pleased her at the time to pique the Hon. Selina Dorset. The strange sympathy that makes us intensely conscious of a familiar glance, even in a crowded building, had solicited her regard just as Selina had advised her of it. If she had not been asked to look toward her left she would probably have done so. As it was, she resolutely avoided any movement in that direction.

"The play finished in a tumult of applause. Lady Kate Talbot forgot everything in her excitement, and as she stood up, flushed and trembling, she inadvertently turned toward the left. Instantly she recognized a presence with which she ought to have been familiar enough.

The gentleman bowed with an extreme respect. Lady Kate acknowldged the courtesy in a manner too full of astonishment to be altogether gracious, and the elaborate politeness of the recognition was not softened by any glance implying a more tender intimacy than that of a mere acquaintance.

My lady was silent all the way home, and for some reason Selina was not disposed to interrupt her reverie. Kate's face had a bright flush on it, and her eyes held in them a light—a light that resembled what Selina would have called hope and love, if my lady had not been already married and her destiny apparently settled.

"Selina, when you have got rid of all that lace and satin, come to my room; I have something to say to you."

Selina nodded pleasantly. She was sure it concerned the gentleman on the left. She had no love affair of her own on hand or heart at present, and being neither literary nor charitable, her time went heavily onward. A little bit of romance—nothing wrong, of course, but just a little bit of romance, especially if connected with the cold and proper Lady Talbot—would be of all things the most interesting.

She was speedily unrobed, and with her long black hair hanging loosely over her pretty dressing-gown she sought my lady's room. Lady Tablot sat in a dream-like stillness, looking into the bright blaze on the hearth. She scarcely stirred as Selina took a large chair beside her, and scarcely smiled when she lifted one of her loosened curls and said, "What exquisite hair you have, Kate! truly golden.',

"Yes, it is beautiful. I know that of course."

"Of what are you thinking so intently?"

"Of the gentleman on our left to-night."

"Ah, who is he? He seemed to know you."

"He ought to know me much better than he does. He is my husband, Lord Richard Talbot."

"Kate!"

"It is true.',

"I thought he was in Africa or in Asia or Europe, or somewhere at the end of the world."

"He is now in England, it seems. I suppose he has just arrived. I have not seen him before."

"Where is he staying then?"

"I presume in the left wing of this mansion. I notice there are more lights than usual in it to-night. His apartments are there.',

"Now Kate do tell me all, dear. You know I love a romantic love affair and I am sure this is one."

"You were never more mistaken, Selina. There is no love in all the affair. This is the secret of the whole position. I thought as you were staying here this week, and might probably meet or see my lord, it was better to make all clear to you, People are apt to associate wrong with things they do not understand."

"To be sure, dear, I suppose Lord Richard and you had a little disagreement. "Now, if I could do anything toward a reconciliation I should be so happy you know."

"No, Selina there has been no quarrel, and you can do nothing at all between us. I don't want you to cry. Just be kind enough to ignore the whole circumstance. Lord Richard and I understood each other nearly four years ago."

"But it is not four years since your marriage?"

"Just four years yesterday."

"And my lord has been away—"

"Three years, eight months and eighteen days so far as I know."

"Well, this is a most extraordinary thing, and very, very sad, I must say."

"It might easily have been much sadder. am going to tell you the exact truth, and I rely upon your honor, and discretion to keep the secret inviolate."

"My dear Kate, I would not name it for the world."

"Listen, then. One night when I was scarcely 17 years old, my father sent for me to his study. I had known for months that he was dying. He was the only creature that I had to love, and I loved him very tenderly. I must mention this also, for it partly explains my conduct, that the idea of disobeying him in anything had never presented it self to me as a possibility. This night I found with him his life-long friend, the late Lord Talbot, and the present lord, my husband. I was a shy, shrinking girl, without any knowledge of dress or society, and very timid and embarassed in my manners. Then my father told me it was necessary for the good of both houses that Richard and I should marry, that Richard had consented and that I must meet a few friends in our private chapel at 7 o'clock in the morning, a week later. Of course these things were told me in a very gentle manner, and my dear father, with many loving kisses, begged me as a last favor to him to make no objection."

"And what did Lord Richard say?"

"I glanced up at him. He stood near a window looking out over our fine old park, and when he felt my glance he colored deeply and bowed. Lord Talbot said, rather angrily, 'Richard, Miss Esther waits for you to speak.' Then Lord Richard turned toward me and said something, but in such a low voice I could not catch its meaning. 'My son says you do him a great honor—and pleasure,' exclaimed Lord Talbot, and he kissed me and led me toward the unwilling bridegroom.

"Of course I should to have hated him. Selina, but I did not. On the contrary, I fell in love with him. Perhaps it would have been better for me if I did not. Richard read my heart in my face, and despised his conquest. As for me, I suffered in that week the torturing suspense of a school girl in love, I dressed myself in the best of my plain, unbecoming childish toilets and watched wearily every day for my promised husband; but I saw no more of him until our wedding morning. By this time some very rich clothing had arrived for me and also a London maid, and, I think, even then, my appearance was fair enough to have somewhat conciliated Richard Talbot. But he scarcely looked at me. The ceremony was scrupulously and coldly performed, my father, aunt and governess being present on my side and on Richard's his father and three maiden sisters.

"I never saw my father alive again; he died the following week, and the mockery of our wedding festivities at Talbot castle was suspended at once in deference to my grief. Then we came to London, and my lord selected to his own use the left wing of this house, and politely placed at my disposal all the remaining apartments. I considered this an intimation that I was not expected to intrude upon his quarters, and I scrupulously avoided every approach to them. I knew from the first that all attempts to win him would be useless, and indeed I felt too sorrowful and humiliated to try. During the few weeks that we remained under the same roof we seldom met, and I am afraid I did not make these rare intervals pleasant. I felt wronged and miserable, and my wan face and heavy eyes were only a reproach to him."

"Oh, what a monster, Kate!"

"Not quite that, Selina. There are many excuses for him. One day I saw a paragraph in the Times saying that Lord Richard Talbot intended to accompany a scientific exploring party whose destination was Central Asia. I instantly sent and asked my husband for an interview. I had intended dressing myself with care for the meeting and making one last effort to win the kindly regard at least of one whom I could not help loving. But some unfortunate fatality always attended our meeting, and I never could do myself justice in his presence. He answered my request at once. I suppose he did so out of respect and kindness. but the consequence was he found me in unbecoming dishabille and with my face and eyes red and swollen with weeping.

"I felt mortified at a prompt attention so malapropos, and my manner, instead of being willing and conciliating, was cold and unprepossessing. I did not rise from the sofa on which I had been sobbing, and he made no attempt to sit down beside me or to comfort me.

"I pointed to the paragraph and asked if it were true.

"Yes, Lady Talbot," he said, a little sadly and proudly. 'I shall relieve you of my presence in a few days. I intended Writwell to call on you to-day with a draft of the provisions I have made for your comfort.'

"I could make no answer. I had thought of many good things to say, but not in his presence. I was almost fretful and dumb. He looked at me almost with pity, and said in a low voice: 'Kate, we have both been sacrificed to a necessity, involving many besides ourselves. I am trying to make what reparation is possible. I shall leave you unrestricted use of three fourths of your time. I desire you to make your life as gay and pleasant as you possibly can. I have no fear for the honor of our name in your hands, and I trust that and all else to you without a doubt. If you would try and learn to make some excuse for my position I shall be grateful. Perhaps when you are not in constant fear of meeting me this lesson may not be so hard.'

"And I could not say a word in reply; I just lay sobbing like a child among the cushions. Then he lifted my hand and kissed it, and I knew he was gone."

"And now, Kate, that you have become the most brilliant women in England, what do you intend to do?"

"Who knows? I have such a contrary streak in my nature. I always do the thing I do not want to do."

Certainly it seems like it; for, in spite of her confession, when Lord Talbot sent the next morning to request an interview, Kate regretted that she had a prior engagement, but hoped to meet Lord Talbot at the Duchess of Clifford's that night.

My lord bit his lip angrily, but, nevertheless, had been so struck with his wife's brilliant beauty that he determined to keep the engagement.

She did not meet him with sobs this time. The centre of an admiring throng, she spoke to him with an ease and nonchalance that would have indicated to the stranger the most usual and commonplace acquaintanceship. He tried to draw her into a confidential mood, but she said smilingly; "My lord, the world supposes us to have already congratulated each other. We need not undeceive it."

He was dreadfully piqued, and the pique kept the cause of it continually in his mind. Indeed, unless he left London, he could hardly avoid constant meetings, which were constant aggravations. My lady went everywhere. Her beauty, her with her splendid toilets, her fine manners were the universal theme. He had to endure extravagant comments on them. Friends told him that Lady Talbot had never been so brilliant and so bewitching as since his return. He was congratulated on his influence over her.

In the meantime she kept strictly at the distance he himself had arranged four years ago. It was evident that if he approached any nearer his beautiful but long-neglected wife he must humble himself to do so. Why should he not? In Lord Talbot's mind the reasons against it had dwindled down to one; but this was a formidable one. It was his valet. This man had known all his matrimonial trouble, and in his own way sympathized with them. He was bitterly averse to Lord Talbot's making any concessions to my lady. One night, however, he received a profound shock.

"Simmons," said Lord Talbot, very decidedly, "go ask Lady Talbot if she will do me the honor to receive a visit from me."

"My lady would be delighted. She was in an exquisite costume and condescended to exhibit for his pleasure all her most bewildering moods. It was with great reluctance he left after a two hours' visit. The next night he stayed still longer. My lady had no other engagement, and he quite forgot the one he had made to be present at the Marquis of Stair's wine supper.

The following week my lady received every morning a basket of wonderful flowers and a little note with them containing a hope that she was in good health.

One morning she was compelled to say that she was not very well, and Lord Talbot was so concerned that he sent Simmons to ask her if he might eat with her. My lady was graciously willing, and Lord Richard was quite excited by the permission. He changed his morning gown and cravat several times, quite regardless of Simmons' peculiar face, and with many misgivings as to his appearance, sat down opposite the lovely little lady in pale blue cashmere and white lace.

It was a charming breakfast, and during it the infatuated husband could not help saying a great many sweet and flattering things. Kate parried them very prettily. It is well," she said, "that no one hears us. If we were not married they would think we were making love."

"And if we are married, Kate, why not make love dear!" We had no opportunity before we were married."

"Ah, Richard, in fashionable life we should make ourselves ridiculous. Every one now says our behavior is irreproachable. I should have dearly liked it when a shy, awkward country girl, but now, my lord, we should be laughed at."

"Then Kate, let us be laughed at, I, for one, am longing for it. If the time should run back and fetch the age of gold, why not? Let us go back for four whole years and a half. Will you Kate—dearest, sweet Kate?"

We should have to run away to the country, and now I think of it we have not been to Esher since we—were—married—love."

When such a conversation as this was prolonged five hours, it was little wonder that my lady's maid received orders to pack valises and trunks, on that next day Esher Hall was in a happy tumult of preparation.

Love comes better late than never and Lady Kate always told herself that she never could have been so happy in those sweet old gardens with her lover as she was with her husband. Probably they were both as perfectly satisfied as is possible for human love to be, for greatly to the amusement of the fashionable world, they not orly spent the whole summer alone in the country home, but actually, when they came back to London, had the courage to appear in the very height of the season in the same box at the opera.

"Really Kate, said Selina, "I never was so astonished. The gentlemen on your left—"

"Is always at my right now dear. He will never be in opposition again."

"How delightful!"

"For us! Oh, yes. Charming!"

ABSENT-MINDED WOMEN.

Stories Told by Chuckling Chicago Husbands About Their Better Halves.

"Speaking about absent-minded people," said a West-sider, "women beat the nation at that. There is my wife, one of the most careful and most level-headed women in the world. But one night last winter we went to a large party and we both, for several reasons, were more than anxious to appear well. My wife was greatly concerned about me, as I am the absent-minded member of the family, and looked me over critically and carefully after I left the coat-room and before we went down stairs. She was herself all right, of course, and was superbly dressed. We went down in high feather, and had passed through the parlors and had spent a most delightful half hour on parade duty, as it were, when my wife suddenly turned pale in what I thought was a fainting fit. I hurried her from the room, and was about to turn the house upside down in search of restoratives, when she clutched my sleeve and pointed to her feet. She had before leaving home drawn over her shoes a pair of my socks, and had forgotten to remove them. The thought that she had been parading before 300 people with those socks on was too much for her."

A south sider, who had listened to this, said, after indulging in a contented little chuckle, "My wife tells almost as good a story as that on herself. She is, as everybody knows who knows her at all, very particular about her dress, and grieves over a spot on my coat or a lack of polish on my shoes with a grief that will not be comforted. She went down street shopping on one occasion this spring, and in trying on bonnets became a little disturbed over the fact that none of the new shapes suited her face. She therefore picked up her parasol, walked out of the store, called on a very aristocratic acequaintance, and then came home. A glance in the hall glass showed that she had no bonnet on. She had taken it off to try on the new ones and, as she expressed it, had been parading along the streets with nothing on her head but a small veil across her forehead. She didn't scold me about the spots on my coat for a week."

"I have a better story than that," said a superintendent at one of the departments at Field's. "Not long ago a fashionably dressed lady came in early, and in the course of bargaining put her parasol on the counter near a large feather duster which one of the clerks had been using. After making some purchases the lady caught up the duster instead of her parasol and went out. As soon as I disovered the mistake I sent a boy after her with the parasol, but he did not overtake her unril she had made quite a journey. In fact, she flourished that feather duster along the street, flourished it about as she went into another store, and put it down on the conter, still under the impression that it was a parasol, and seeing the feather duster asked for her parasol. The clerk explained that she had not brought any parasol in, but had come in carrying that duster. She was indignant at such an intimation, and was delivering the clerk a sharp lecture on the subject when in came our boy with her parasol and an explanation. She was so overcome that she had to be sent home in a carriage.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

One of Connecticut's Celebrities Who Has Lived on Milk Since January Last.

[Special Correspondence of the World.]

Bridgeport, Aug. 22.—They told him a man in Philadelphia had been living forty-five days on nothing but milk.

"Pooh! that's no time at all!" said Joe Harrison. "Look at me, living six months an' workin' every day an' feedin' on none of yer solids, but jist pure, clear milk."

With a look of disdain Joe fastened a grub on his hook and swung his line far out of the boat after another striped bass. The boat rested upon the placid surface of lake Waurumaug, Connecticut, and the other occupants were two New York City gentlemen, out for a day's fishing. Joe Harrison is a character, and is well known by the hundreds of guests who flock to the summer hotels upon the shores of the lake. Joe knows where all the good fishing is to be found, and is in great demand by the city folks, many of whom Joe supplies with fishing tackle, bait and wise saws. Joe is always visible to the naked eye by his bright bit of color, which harmonizes with the "toot one somble" of the waterscape, and is known in Joe's parlonce as "this here red flannel shirt."

"Yes," says Joe Harrison, "I hev not teched a mossel of nothing since the fust of last Jenury. I live by one cow's milk alone, ez I don't believe in mixin' drinks. Do I smoke or chew? Well, I guess not. I hev not eaten even a berry this summer. I sleep eight hours, am out in all sorts of weather, dig worms for bait, row boats, fish, do odd jobs and work harder than lots of chaps up around here. When I feel hungry I drink a quart or two of milk, but that's all. I feel first rate, and am so used to milk that I never think of eating anything. There is plenty of them city fellows as has tried to get me to take a little sumfin in my milk—just a little nutmeg and bug jvice, you know—but they can't come it. I am geing to stick to milk."

Laughlets.

"Has that baby got the jaundice?" asked a cranky old bachelor of a young mother. "Of course it hasn't. Why do you think so?" "Because it is such an ugly yellea."

We are pained to learn that a new acceident has happened to one of the chambers of the Keely motor. We were in hopes that the accident would happen the old Keely himself.

"The editor of Punch is paid $15,000 a year"—$1,000 for writing jokes and $14,000 for propping them up with italic, parentheses, brackets, dashes; and otherwise explaining them. It is none too much either.

"When do you thing of celebrating your wooden wedding?" asked one Burlington citizen of another. "Shh!" was the cautious reply; "don't mention it. There are altogether too many broomsticks and rolling-pins in the house already,"

"The dinner doesn't seem to suit you, Mr. Smith." "Well" responded Smith, with some hesitation, "it's pretty good what there is of it." A few momente later the rest of the boarders exclaimed in chorus: "You're wrong Smith, there's plenty of it such as it is."

It's in wonderful insight inter 'uman nature that Thickens gets the pull over Dackery but on the other hand, it's in the brilliant shafts of satire, t'gether with a keen sense o' humrous that Dickery gets the pull over Thackens. It's just this: Thickery is the humorist and Dackins the satirist. But, after all, it's absurd to instoot any comparison between Dackery and Thickens.

A Story About Dr. McCosh.

From the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

There is a good story told about the report of a lecture delivered by the celebrated Dr. McCosh of Princeton college. It was delivered many years ago, when the papers of New York were just introducing phonography reports. The *Herald* prided itself above all others on the extent and correctness of its own, and daily called editorial attention to them in an egotistical way that was peculiar to the elder Bennett. A young Irishman, a phonographic reporter just arrived in this country, was employed by the *Herald* to report a lecture of Dr. McCosh's that was attracting universal attention. In the course of his lecture the doctor had occasion to make the iilnstration: "If you put a red hot coal on the back a a terrapin he is bound to travel." Catching the remark phonetically and never having heard of a terrapin but thinking the expression a fine Americanism, the reporter jotted it down. When he came to write out his notes he puzzled over it for a time, but finally fished out. "If you put a red hot pole on the back of eternity he is bound to travel," and feeling that this was incomplete, he added, with true Hibernian eloquence, "whithersoever the tide of revolutionary warfare may lead him." A previously written editorial called attention to the beauty and crorctness of the report, which, it is said, planted the seeds of the elder Bennett's demise.

THE NURSE MAID'S PLACE.

"What shall I do?" said Linda Carrol, folding her white hands together. "My superficial education was very well for a young heiress, but it is of no use to a poor girl who needs to earn her living."

And she took up the newspaper and looked over the advertisements.

"Wanted a genteel person to take charge of a little boy," she read. "Perhaps that might do if I can swallow my pride," she sighed.

She found the house after a walk of an hour—a handsome residence—and, having been ushered into the reception room, was received by a neat elderly woman.

"You would be wanted to take care of a motherless child. Poor Mrs. Bellamy died last week. and a common servant will not do. Mr. Bellamy relies on my discretion. I'm the housekeeper. He'll never recover her loss. You won't expect much gayety in this afflicted household, but you'll have Sunday afternoons—I'll take Master Thomas then—and an evening once a week."

Master Thomas was an unmanageable little boy. He tore things for mere mischief's sake, and was as fond of biting as a mad dog; but Linda was cool, quiet and good-humored. In a week or so she got the mastery over him, and even began to teach him something. One day she had left Master Tommy in the nursery and had gone down stairs to get a tub of hot water for his bath; when she returned he was gone. She hurried about the house, and soon heard low groans from the study on the second floor.

The door stood open; peeping in, she saw a tall man lying on a sofa, and Master Tommy standing near by, pulling out his hair by handfuls. With every tug the sufferer groaned, but made no resistance.

"Tommy," called Linda—"Tommy, come here! Really sir, you ought not to allow that."

Tommy obeyed and ran to her. The martyr lifted up his head.

"Don't disturb him," he said, mournfully.

"I would deny nothing to her child. I wish to do my duty by him at least."

"That is not the way to do it. sir," said Linda. "Absurd indulgence is injurious to any child."

The father eyed her with a wistful look.

"You seem to manage him," he said.

"I try to, sir," said Linda.

"He has his sainted mother's face," said Mr. Bellamy.

The child, with his blunt nose and rough, red cheeks, was not particularly saint-like, but Linda, as in duty bound, bowed gravely.

By slow degrees he grew more cheerful, and at last brought home a top for Tommy and set it spinning.

One the anniversary of his wife's death he took Linda and Tommy to her grave and wept there.

The week after Mrs. Penfeather and one of Tommy's aunts came to make a visit. There was a good deal of whispering in the housekeeper's room, and one evening Mrs. Penfeather entered the nursery with a haughty air, and, seating herself in a rocking-chair, addressed herself to Linda.

"I am the late Mrs. Bellamy's mother, as I suppose you know, and I have come over to see how Tommy is getting on. I can't say I think he is doing well at all, and I believe I can find a better nurse-maid for him. So as your month is up next Monday, I'll pay you now in place of warning, and you can pack up at once."

Linda looked at the old lady quietly, paused a moment, said, "Very well," and walked out of the room.

Her little trunk stood in the lumber-room. She opened it and began to take down her few plain gowns.

Suddenly Tommy's voice reached her, crying: "Where's my Linda?"

And she heard the grandmother say: "Linda is going away; she's naughty."

Then she realized that she had come to love Tommy, and tears fell fast upon the garments she was packing.

"Crying? said a voice behind her. "Why, Linda, what has happened?"

"I'm very foolish, that's all, Mr. Bellamy. It is only leaving Tommy," she answered, without looking around.

"Leaving Tommy? What do you mean?" cried Mr. Bellamy.

He came into the lumber-room and stood near her, looking down on her.

": Mrs. Penfeather has dismissed me," she said.

But I have not" said Mr. Bellamy.

He bent toward her; he looked at her as a master seldom looks at a servant. Suddenly Linda understood all.

"It is right that I should go," she thought; and yet her tears fell fasterr She not only loved Tommy, but she certainly liked Mr. Bellamy very much.

"It will break the child's heart if you go," said Mr. Bellamy. "Mrs. Penfather oversteps her privileges. Linda, my dear child, you can't go. I have thought for some time that you never must. It is my duty to give little Tommy a mother, and I—I'm so very fond of you. Won't you marry me?"

He put his arm about her waist. He had such a soft kind way, thongh he was weak and womanish.

"Say yes, Linda," he said

Linda had had dreams of gallant nights and young princes, like other girls; and Bellamy was neither. But she felt as though he needed to be tsken care of; and there was Tommy.

Healed After an Illness of Twenty-two Years.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

The Rev. William A. Parks, presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, for the Gainesville circuit, gives an interesting narrative of the miraculous cure of Mrs. Emily J. Wimpy, wife of the Hon. John A. Wimpy, which occurred in Norcross, a few days ago, while the circuit conference was in session. He says: During the morning service in the church on Thursday, July 16, 1884, when the house was nearly full of worshippers, Mrs. John A. Wimpy, who had not walked on the ground for twenty-two years, was healed by faith. Immediately after the healing she walked to the church, a distance of 150 yards, went bounding up the high church steps, walked into the church, up the aisle into the altar, addressed the congregation about twenty minutes. She then turned and walked out of the church, and walked home. The scene in the church while she was in it, and for more than an hour afterward, cannot be described. She was healed while her husband was talking in church. He told of the new consecration of himself and family that morning at family prayer. Brother S. T. McElroy was telling of his experience of perfect love, when Mrs. Strickland, an elderly lady residing in the Wimpy family, came hurriedly into the church, called Brother Wimpy, who left the church in haste. The whole congregation knew there was something unusual transpiring. Soon Mrs. Wimpy came bounding up the the church steps, walked up the aisle, both hands uplifted, a sweet smile on her face. ai she walked to the altar she said each step, "Jesus! Jesus? Jesus?" Without any pause she walked inside the altar railing by my side (I was conducting the service) and began to speak to the congregation in distinct voice, while the same sweet smile remained on her pale face.

After reading a hymn she turned and walked home. Her husband accompanied her, attempting to assist her in walking when she said, "Husband don't doubt. Please let me walk alone." After she left the church there was a profound silence for some length of time. No one seemed to want to break the silence. It seemed that one from the dead had appeared and vanished. After a while it seemed to me and others, as expressed by them, that the Lord Jesus was almost visibly present. A sense of the divine presence overawed and almost overpowered us. Everyone seemed to be afraid to move or speak. Finally Brother W. A. Simmons, who was sitting in the altar slowly, and it seemed cautiously, knelt down. Then one and another knelt till the whole congregation was kneeling. I presume no ono knows how long we remained on our knees in silence. Everyone seemed to fear to break the silence. Finally one prayed a few words and then another.

About this juncture Brother Wimpy returned to the church and said: "My wife sends you all a message. She says she is not the least fatigued by her walk to the church. She requested me to say to you not to think of her, but look after those sinners who are not saved." Brother Wimpy continued about in the following language, with some degree of excitement: "My wife has not walked on the ground in twenty-two years—since our oldest was born. I carried her in my arms this morning to and from the beakfast table. She has been a great sufferer for this twenty-two years. No one knows how much she has suffered. I have spent about $8,000 for physicians and taking her to the springs. The doctors once tried to teach her to walk up an inclined plane, but to no effect."

About half the congregation went immediately to the residence of Brother Wimpy, there foond Sister Wimpy calm and with a sweet peace, and the same smile on her face. After this Sister Wimpy attended all the services in the church, day and night, praying and talking to the people when called on.

"OFF ON OVERCOAT BUTTONS."

A Yankee Evangelist Who Was Ignorant of the Value of Poker Chips.

An evangelist from the far east made a tour of Texas recently for the purpose of saving some of the desperate denizens of the Lone Star state, says the Washington Hatchet. He opened his first meeting in what is known in the state as a "tough town." About thirty hard looking male citizens comprised the audience. After the good man had discoursed a little and sung several revival hymns, he requested that a collection be taken up to carry him farther into the state. A tall and fierce looking Texan, armed to the nape of his neck, passed his sombrero around, with the significant remark:

"Guv. liberally; you've seen the show, and we ain't the men to beat any showman."

The result was that every man contributed something, and when the hat was passed to to the evangelist he examined the contents and then remarked:

"I find in this hat $4, 15 cents, and two overcoat buttons."

That ain't a squar' deal' yelled the fierce man who had taken up the collection, as he mounted the chair. "The man who put them buttons in the hat will redeem them at 50 cents apiece, or there,ll be h—l here in the toss of a cent.

Make no disturbance my friend, pleaded the evangelist, holding the supposed buttons in full view. "I will

A shout and considerable laughter cut off the evangelist's remark, and the tall man, without dismounting from his chair, said:

"Mr. Preacher man, you're clean off on overcoat buttons. Them ain't no buttons; them are chips, good for 50 cents worth of licker in any gin-mill this side of the Rio Grande. They'll alsc git you cooked grub, stranger, if yer appetite needs it.

The explanation was satisfactory and the meeting closed.

SURGEON WOODWARD'S DEATH.

An Overtaxed Brain from Exhausting Professional Labor.

[Washington Special.]

Mr. McPherson, who was Dr. McPherson, who was Dr. J. J. Woodward's confidential clerk, stated to a reporter to-day that Dr. Woodward's death was reported to his friends "as due to an accident five hours before death, which produced a fatal hemorrhage." "It is not possible that he committed suicide," said Mr. McPherson; "he was not that kind of a man." Dr. Woodward's malady was caused, his friends state, by overtaxing his brain. At the time President Garfield was shot, he had just recovered from the effects of an accident, while riding on Pennsylvania avenue, by which one of his legs was broken, and he was hardly able to get around. The care and attention bestowed by him upon the President's case, in his weakened condition, seriously impaired his health. After the President's death, he resumed his confining and exhausting labors at the medical museum. He was a persistent student, and, after leaving his office in the evening, carried his labors far into the night in his study at home.

Write to your Mother.

If the sons who have left home could only feel some of the lonliness that so oppresses their mothers—could know only a part of their longing for news from the absent ones, and the bitter disappointment of watching for letters that seldom come—they would be more thoughtful of her whose constant care for years was of them. It is usually mere thoughtlessness; but often the most stinging wrongs ars committed through want of thought. The young men have life before them, with fortunes to make and honorable names to win, and their glances and thoughts are ahead. They do not realize that their parents look backward far oftener than beyond them, and that tears often dim the dear old mother's eyes because the little boy who used to come so confidingly to her is now beyond her reach, and apparently needs neither care nor sympathy. He has not forgotten his mother; no indeed. But he is so busy that writing is neglected, and if conscience puts it in a protest, it is silenced by saying: "Mother knows I would write if anything were amiss." It is not so much that the mother expects things to go amiss (though she often thinks for hours of the lassitude or headache the son has mentioned), but she *so longs* for written characters telling her that she is a "dear mother" yet, and that her boys are still "affectionate" and "loving." The young men do not realize that their letters are treasures, or that the smallest of their doings interest their parents; and they cannot understand the great love that sympathizes with every defeat and sings with joy over every success. The mothers do not grieve over mere absence; but it is hard indeed for even the stoutest-hearted to see their boys drifting away until they conclude they no longer love them. This may not be, for sons seldom cease to love and respect true mothers; but so long as they are careless and neglectful, what proof have the waiting mothers that their boys are not exceptional ones, and have not allowed the busy world to steal all their affections?

Boys, young men, middle-aged men, every one who has a mother, remember that the lives in her children, and you do her a bitter, grievous wrong when weeks and months elapse between your letters, which even then are not so affectionate as they should be. Make them frequent and loving, and tears of joy will often dim the kind old eyes, because, although you are a bearded man and her head only reaches your shoulder, you are not ashamed to make "dear mother" a confidant of your joys and sorrows.

Death on Cats.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

One of the queerest of the many queer things about Leadville is that in all the length and breadth thereof there lives not a single cat. Cats have been imported by the hundreds, and in all varieties of color, breeding and size, but not one has ever survived the second week of residence. Not one seems to understand why it is that the cats all die, but they do. The healthiest, sleekest, cat in St. Louis, if brought to Leadville would lose all interest in life the moment it reached here, and after moping around in a sickly, discousolate way for a few days would resignedly have a fit and give up the ghost. A saloon keeper on State street brought a big strong Maltese from Denver a few weeks ago hoping the animal would survive the fits long enough to become acclimated, but it was no use. The cat had a fit the first day, two or three the second, and then the number of attacks increased in a geometrical progression until, as the saloon man said, "There were more fits than cat, and the cat had to give in."

Cause and Effect

[Philadelphia Call.]

Mrs. Blank—"There it is again. This paper says that Mr. Oidboy has made a million on real estate transactions within a year."

Mr. Blank—"What of it?"

"You forget that Mr. Oidboy was one of my early admirers, and I might have marhim if I had wished. I did not, and he has remained a bachelor. He is now rich while the man I married is still poor."."

"Well, I might have been rich, too if—"

"If what?"

"If I had'nt married."

The extent to which natural gas is entering into Pittsburg's manufacturing life is not realized even by the manufacturers themselves. Many mills and factories have discarded coal for gas piped to the city, and in every section of the country men are prodding holes in the ground hoping that gas will shoot the drill high into the air. The gas now in use in the city is brought from Murraysville, Westmoreland county, the Fuel Gas company supplying the manufacturers along the north and south banks of the Monongahela and the Pew & Emerson company those along the Penn avenue district. The Edgar Thomson Steel works at Braddock are large consumers, their supply being furnished by the Acme company, another name for the Doubleday & Bolton. The wells in Allegheny county that are producing are the Chester, at Tarentum, the Westinghouse Roarer and the Bissell well above McKeesport, but scores of others are going down.

SOME SNAKE STORIES.

A man in North Tisbury, Mass., says he has recently drawn up eighty-nine snakes from his well.

A copperhead snake recently killed in Heidelberg Township, York County, Pennsylvania, had fifty-one young.

Samuel Farmer, of Ralls County, Missouri, killed a rattlesnake in his kitchen that measured 5 feet 4 inches long.

On the D. A. Baker farm, near Norwalk, Conn., there was found a double-headed snake. It had two eyes in each head.

Joseph Gassot, of Sparta, Ga., nearly lost his life by being bitten twice on the foot by a moccasin snake while in the water.

A rattlesnake with thirteen rattles attacked a little dog of David Adams at Lumpkin, Ga., striking him in the side with its fangs. In fifteen minutes the dog died in great agony in convulsions.

Two Virginia woodchoppers killed a rattlesnake with a quid of tobacco. One held his head with a forked stick close to the ground, keeping its body constrained with his foot, while his comrade forced the tobacco into the mouth of the snake. They then released it. It instantly became convulsed, and died in a short time.

Fred Campbell, of Grass Valley, California, says he saw the head of a huge snake emerge from a fence. Its tail was just forty-one feet away from where its head was seen, and its body was as large around as a flour barrel. It moved rapidly toward the Yuba River, and was in sight not over one minute. Campbell's companion certifies to the correctness of his story.

He Had to Show it.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The railroad passenger who leaves from any depot in Detroit must show his ticket at the gate. The idea is to keep deadheads off the trains and prevent people from making mistakes, but it is a poor day when a dozen kickers don't show up.

Yesterday morning a man with a very, very iron jaw and lots of width between the eyes reached one of the gates with a parcel under either arm.

"Ticket, sir.

"In my pocket.

"Show your ticket!

"Can't you take my word that I've got a ticket?

"Please show your ticket.

"Am I a liar?" demanded the passenger.

"Ticket sir; show your ticket.

"I'll be hanged if I do."

"All right; please stand back."

"Look a here, said the man with metal in his jaw, "I'll stay here a thousand years before I'll show my ticket at that gate.

A dozen people laughed at him, but he let the train go out, and walked around with the parcels under his arm. He got no consolation for a long two hours. Then a chap with a battered white plug hat, run down boots, and last year's clothes, slouched up to him, held out a greasy paw, and said:

"Pardner, put it thar. Both of us dead broke. Both of us want to get out o' here. Both of us got left at the gate. Pardner, I'll toss up to see whether you pawn your red whiskers or I spout my old hat for two schooners of beer."

The wide eyed man laid down his bundles and kicked the other with such force that he fell flat. When he had picked himself up he walked straight to the gate, exhibited his ticket and passed through with the remark:

"There it is, there it is. But I'll beat the conductor or die with my shoes on."

Wooing on Sight.

A New York paper says: When Wm. Mock, the Mount Vernon widower dejectedly left Castle Garden after his unsatisfactory search for a wife, he told Detective Groden to notify him as soon as a pretty immigrant girl of domestic inclinations arrived.

Among the young women who entered Castle Garden yesterday from the steamship Waseland was one who took the fancy of the detective. She was plump, and about 24 years old. He introduced himself to her and told her of Mr. Mock's wishes. She said she would marry Mr. Mock if he suited her and if his character was good.

Mr. Mock, wearing a red-petaled emblem of his occupation in the button hole of his Sunday coat, appeared in the rotunda of Castle Garden at 3 o'clock. The detectve showed him the young woman sitting on a plethoric gripsack.

Mr. Mock was impressed. He took the bouquet from his button hole, advanced toward the young woman, and presented it to her with a low bow and his left hand over his heart. When the detective left them they were both sitting on the gripsack apparently trying to prevent each other from falling off.

After an hour's conversation in German with the young woman, Mr. Mock saw the detective. Mr. Mock said he he was delighted with her and would willingly marry her immediately but for one reason—she wouldn't have him until she knew more about him. Mr. Mock wrote down her future residence, Portland, Maine, and she wrote down his. She promised to write to him and he promised to write to her, and they parted.

Mr. Mock said to the detective as he left Castle Garden: "If you see another German girl like her while I am waiting for her to make up her mind let me know, and if she'll have me I'll marry her."

Nathaniel Hawthorne's Wife.

Boston Letter to the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The venerable Miss Elizabeth Peabody, now in her 81st year, is a sister of Mrs. Horace Mann and of Mrs. Hawthorne. "Was Mrs. Hawthorne at all like Mrs. Mann or Miss Peabody?" I asked Mrs. Whipple today. Miss Peabody and Mrs. Mann are very unlike and each strong in individuality. Mrs. Whipple told me in reply that Mrs. Hawthorne was preeminently the artist in her nature, and she gave me a little picture of her when the Hawthornes lived at Lenox that will always stay with me. The Whipples were visiting the Hawthornes, who lived in the daintiest little cottage. For tea that night Mrs. Hawthorne picked the currants and made the bread, and Mrs. Hawthorne set the table so that Mrs. Whipple and husdand should face the range of hills, and they sat down just at the hour of sunset. A perfect flood of golden radiance mingled with the dusky, purple shadows of defile and glen, and Mrs. Hawthorne said: "I wish I had a Japanese house, that I might throw the whole side open to this enchanting picture."

Not Too Proud.

[Texas Siftings.]

A gentleman who owns a fine tract of cedar land not far from Austin, Tex., a few days ago was told that some negroes were cutting down the timber, so he rode out to see about it. To his astonishment he found a wealthy white neighbor, with a team and wagon, hauling off the timber.

"Why, I am astonished, colonel," said the owner of the land. I heard that a lot of negroes were stealing my timber and here I find you, a white man, cutting my timber. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Well, to tell the truth," responded the other party, "I do hate to steal the timber like a darky, but these cedar trees make such bully fence rails that I concluded to drop all pride of race."

A Brief Interruption of Business.

Scene—A Texas barber shop. Barber—Next?

Customer—I believe I'm next.

Other Customer—I believe I'm next.

Customer (grabbing a razor)—I'm next.

Other Customer (grabbing a razor) I'm next.

A short but noisy interval in which both customers are killed.

Barber (to quiet stranger in the corner)—You're next, sir.

A Lucky Texan Girl.

A highwayman recently stopped a young lady riding on horseback, and demanded her money. She dropped her purse in the road, and then started on a run for home. The highwayman dismounted to secure the purse, when his horse started off after the young lady, following her clear home. He was caught by the girl's father, and on examination $8,000 was found in the saddle pocket.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

COLOR-PERCEPTION.—Lord Rayleigh has made some interesting investigations on color-blinpness with an apparatus in which two spectra are overlapped so as to produce various mixtures of colors, which are examined and described by the person under test. One of the things he has shown is that the majority of people require only half as much red in the mixed spectra to turn yellow into green as he does himself. By far the most common form of color-blindness is blindness to red. Dr. Guthrie, who is so afflicted, is more than usually sensitive to blue light; and others have been found with an abnormally acute perception of red One person appeared who suffered from the very rare defect of being color-blind to green. These results have led an English astronomer to suggest that some of the startling changes of color alleged to have been noticed among the heavenly bodies have really never taken place, the supposition of such changes having probably arisen from the different color-perceiving power of different observers.

The temperatures at which the common gases become liquefied are given as follows by Prof. Dewar, the numbers expressing degrees below zero Fahrenheit: Carbonic acid, 112; nitrous oxide, 130; ethylene, the chief illuminating constituent of common coal gas, 154½; oxygen, 299; nitrogen, 320; air, 314; carbonic oxide, 315½. The greatest cold yet produced by man—328 degrees below zero was obtained by two Russian physicists by the use of liquid oxygen.

An establishment in the Hebrides which treats sea-weed for its iodine, according to Mr. Edward Stanford, F. C. S., obtains an illuminating gas as a bye-product. The process also yields a very light and porous charcoal, ammonia and tar.

CHINESE ALCHEMY.—An eastern writer declares that there is now no reasonable doubt that the old Arabian alchemists and others derived their ideas on the transmutation of metals into gold and the belief in immunity from death by the use of the philosopher's stone from China. Mercury is stated to have been the philosopher's stone of which Geber and others wrote, and cinnabar, redsulphuret of mercury, was known to the Chinese as early as the seventh century before the christian era, its occurrence on the earth's surface being said to indicate gold beneath. Mercury was excessively employed by the Chinese as a medicine, and in the ninth century an emperor was killed by an overdose. Their medical books say takes 200 years to produce cinnabar; in 300 years it becomes lead; in 200 years more it becomes silver; and then by obtaining a transforming substance called "vapor of harmony" it becomes gold. This doctrine of the transformation of mercury into other metals is 2000 years old in China. The Chinese contend that when mercury is taken into the animal system it not only prolongs life but expels bad vapors, poison, and the gloom of an uneasy mind.

Some remarkable photographs of a pistol bullet in its flight—under the illumination of an electric spark—have been secured by Prof. E. Mach of Prague. He has also phographed the air streams which one may see over a Bunsen burner placed in sunshine; and has even obtained pictures of waves of sound, these last being made visible by a method in which advantage is taken of the irregular refraction of light by the air set in vibration by sound.

A simple sunshine recorder is made by Prof. H. Macleod by placing a globular bottle of water before a camera in such a position that the focussed ray falls on a sheet of sensitized paper in the camera box. As the sun makes its daily journey it produces a curved white line on the paper, and when clouds cross the sun the line stops.

THE CHOLERA GERM.—That the cause of cholera is a miscropic organism was first recognaized in 1864 by Flippo Pacini, of Florence, the parasite being in 1882 classified by Tommasi-Creduli among the schizomyceti, or germs which multiply by simple division. Pacini supposed that the organism attacked the mucous membrane of the intestines, but his doctrine was riduculed or disregarded until the same conclusion was reached by the commission of of eminent German pathologist which has just investigated the subject in Egypt. The cholera germ multiplies in the soil where the excretions of cholera patients have found their way; but it may also find an abiding place in bed-linen which has been fouled by such excretions and washed without disinfectants, as was shown in 1856, when a poor Tuscan woman died with cholera received from linen which had been infected an entire year before. Tommasi-Creduli remarks that cholera in Europe is always an importation from the east, never becoming acclimatized like small pox, and that it becomes epidemic only when the excretions containing the germ find a soil favorable to its multiplication.

Japan's meteorological system now comprises twenty-three observations in the most important places throughout the country. From each district three weather reports daily are sent to the central observatory at Tokio where they are prepared for publication by the leading journals of the seaports.

An investigation of the saltpetre beds near Cochabamba, Bolivia, leads Mons. Sace to conclude that this vast deposit, large enough to supply the whole world with its nitrate of potash, is the result of the decomposition of an immense collection of fossil animal remains.

A French chemist has found, under certain conditions an observation of the electric resistance of water seems to supply a delicate test of its purity,

A Far-Sighted Official.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Bank President—My dear, I suppose you know that I am not only the president of the bank, but the owner of most of the stock?"

Daughter—Yes, pa.

"And if I am not mistaken you are becoming rather fond of Mr. Lightfinger, my cashier."

"Yes, pa: I confess it is true. But how do you know?"

"I have eyes. But why have you tried so hard to conceal it from me?"

"Oh, pa, please forgive me; but I knew you would object to marriage with a poor man, and, dreading your terrible anger, I have tried my best to conquer my feelings. Indeed, indeed I have!"

"Conquer them! Great St. Bullion! I want you to marry him as soon as possible!"

"Oh, you dear, darling old pa! But what has wrought this strange metamorphosis?"

"Oh, nothing; only I thought it would be just as well to keep all the bank funds in the family."

Hurt his Good Name.

[Arkansas Traveller.]

"Yer mout offer me er hundred dollars ter vote fur yer in de conwention an' it wouldn't have no 'fluunce wid me," said an old negro in reply to a candidate who had asked for his support."

"Oh, I wouldn't offer you money," rejoined the candidate. "I beieve in conducting a campaign fairly and squarely. Corruption in office-seeking has cast a dark cloud over our institutions. I wouldn't think of offering you a hundred dollars. I haven't the amount of money, anyway.

"Yer ain't? Well den, dar ain't no usen talkin' ter me. How much is yer got, nohow?"

"I've got $5."

"Uh, huh, no use in talkin' ter me. I ain't gwine ter sell myself ter no white man."

"Of course not."

"Look heah, whut yer gwine to do with that $5?

I'll make use of it."

"Heah, lemme hab it. Dem folks think dat 'Ise dun sold out. I 'clare ter goodness. white man it hurts er pusson's good name to be seed er talkin' ter yer."

The Parting Promise.

[Chicago Herald.]

"Promise me one thing," she said, placing her arms about his neck as he stood on the platform looking up the track for the train. "Anything, anything, my angel remnant. What is it? Hurry up; the train is in sight."

"That you will not accept a presidential nomination while you are gone. I have always believed in you; I have never sought to go back into your history beyond the hour when we first met. Promise me if you are nominated you will decline."

He was not nominated, and they dwelt together in harmony and peace to a green old age, and in death they were not divided.