A CONFESSOR'S STORY.

"Father!"—the trembling voice betrayed
The troubled heart. "Be not afraid,'
I softly answered. "Woe is me!
Dead unto all but misery!
And yet, a child of innocence
Is mine—a son unknowing whence
His origin—whom, unaware,
As with an angel's watchful care,
Thy gentle hand hath guided. Now
He waits the consecrating vow
Of priesthood, and to-morrow stands
A Levite, with uplifted hands,
To bless thee. May a mother dare
To look upon that face and share,
Unseen, the blessing of her son?
Deny me not. So be it done
To thee in thy last agony
As now thou doest unto me!"

She had her will. Secluded there
Within a cloistered place of prayer
She saw and wept; then all unknown
Shrunk back into the world alone.

Days passed. A winter's cheerless morn
With summons came. A soul forlorn
Craved help in danger imminent;
And Christlike on his mission went
The new anointed.

"Strange," he said,
"The gleams, like inspiration, shed
Upon the dying! There she lay,
Poor reprobate! life's stormy day
In clouds departing. Suddenly,
As from a trance, beholding me,
'Giulio! hast thou come?' she cried,
And, with her arms about me, died."

He wondered, and I turned away,
Lest tears my secret should betray.
—John D. Tabb in The Independent.

KATIE'S ENGAGEMENT.

"You might have knocked me down with a feather, Charley," I said, "when Miss Kate asked me to accompany her abroad."

"It would require a pretty strong feather," he replied. "And what did you say?"

"Of course I wanted your permission. She quite understood that; and it is arranged that to-morrow I am to call at the house and let her know."

"If you want to go, Lucy, go by all means," said he, taking up the newspaper.

"It's not so much that, but you see we should gain something for the winter. The child wants clothes; I want a few things myself, and your shirts, Charley, are fraying out dreadfully."

"That's right! bring me in and get your own way. You're a fine diplomatist, Lucy—a trifle transparent, but quite the right thing."

"Then I may go, Charley?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied. "I will try to manage without you for a month."

I kissed him over the paper, and he laughed. Indeed, I am not quite sure that he didn't rather enjoy the prospect; but I held my tongue, and next day made my arrangement with Miss Katie, who had asked me to accompany her into Switzerland, where she was to stay awhile with her aunt and cousins.

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Farmer," she said. "Father would not have been so satisfied if you had not consented to go with me. I hope Mr. Farmer does not mind much."

"Not much, miss. When do we start?"

"Next Monday," she replied; and that day we quitted home, coming through London to Dover, where we slept that night.

It was in the spring, I should have told you; and the passage was a little rough; the day was chilly too. It wasn't natural that Miss Kate should travel unnoticed, and before we reached Calais a gentleman and his sister, a pleasant spoken couple, were talking to her. They were also going into our part of the country—some place ending in "berg"—but whether Iceberg or Snowberg, or some other name, I can't distinctly say—I think it was Zweiberg, or Two Mountain valley.

The young gentleman and his sister were going in the same direction. Their name was Neville. They had no servant, so it was well I was there, and waited on Miss Neville, who was, I must say, liberal in her notions; so Charley's shirts were soon paid for.

We traveled quickly enough, but one day, as we were waiting for a steamer to carry us on from some place which I forget to another that I can't exactly now remember, I got a shock which nearly turned me into the image of Lot's wife.

Close to Miss Katie, unseen by her, stood a desperate man I knew too well—Gideon Grasper! Yes, the man she had refused—the man who had sworn to be revenged—the unscrupulous Grasper himself!

He had disappeared from our village after that wreck business, which no one could rightly fathom, when Miss Katie repulsed him. There was some talk—for our folk are rare gossips—but no one of us, so far, had even seen him until now. I was alone, bag in hand, watching her as she stood on the little landing stage, deep in thought, while Miss Neville watched the steamer, and Mr. Neville was hurrying down with the big bag after me.

I was in a terrible fright for fear Miss Katie should see Grasper. He kept aside and watched; he meant mischief; yet in some respects he was changed; his hair and beard were long, his dress was almost Germanlike, and he was smoking a china pipe. But his eyes were as cruel and vindictive as ever; and I shuddered as I saw him fasten them on Miss Katie. Fourteen months had made a deal of difference in his appearance; I doubt if he had altered in himself.

Up came the little steamer, and we all went on board. Mr. Neville attached himself to Miss Katie, and I could see him whispering to her; and she laughed, but blushed all the same, and said, "Just fancy such a thing!" a favorite saying of hers. Gideon Grasper was forward, and made no sign until I went near the engine, when he came behind me and whispered:

"Are they engaged, eh? Tell me, quick!"

"How dare you address me like that?" I asked, turning on him in English plain as his face.

"You're not the queen of England, nor yet the empress of Russia, so I suppose I can talk to a country woman. My dear Mrs. Farmer, you are looking younger than ever—ten years at least."

"Mr. Gideon Grasper," I said, "I can't return the compliment, and I require none of yours. We are strangers since you wrecked that bark."

"Hold your tongue!" he hissed, "or it will be bad for you and your baby faced girl yonder. I suppose you know she is engaged to me?"

"To you!" I exclaimed. "Oh, heaven forgive you such a story! Why, she hates you!"

"Does she? Then she'll have to change her mind. I have her promise, in writing, more than eighteen months old; and it was never retracted. I can claim her—or"——

"Or what?" I asked, trembling at his eyes as they searched me through—"Or what?"

"Or she'll not live to marry any one else! Do you suppose I didn't know she has come away to avoid me? Yes, she has; but Gideon Grasper is not the man to give up his sweetheart. I've suffered enough for her already. Now go and tell her, if you like. But, mind, I am at your elbow, and can have you arrested at any moment, if I please, as Russian Nihilists."

"You're a demon, Gideon Grasper—a malignant demon; that's what you are!"

"Then I'll act the character, you may depend, Mrs. Farmer. So be warned, you and Miss Babyface!"

He turned away, and I waited until he had disappeared amongst the other passengers. Then I came aft again, and at once perceived that something had happened to Miss Katie and Mr. Neville. There was a shyness in her manner, and a sort of proprietary, proud like look in his face, which convinced me that he had been saying something sentimental, and she showed she understood it.

But they must not be engaged. The threat of Gideon Grasper had been too significant. I would have interfered had not the boat stopped at our landing place. We went ashore. Gideon Grasper was not there. I began to breathe more freely. We went to the hotel all together; and when we reached Miss Katie's room, she turned and said:

"Mrs. Farmer, I think it only right to tell you, who have always been so good to me, that Ful—I mean Mr. Fulcher Neville—has proposed to me, and I have told him that"——

"You promised Gideon Grasper a year or so ago," I whispered.

"Mrs. Farmer, you are unkind—rude! I told Mr. Neville that if he held to his opinion in three months, I would become engaged to him—if I didn't change my mind," she added with a laugh.

"Miss Kate, excuse me; I'm an elderly woman—leastways, a married woman and a mother. Take my advice—don't lead him on too far. Do make up your mind. Remember Grasper; he is almost desperate."

"Let him be wholly desperate, then," she replied airily. "Am I not to amuse myself at all? Mr. Grasper, indeed!"

"He is a determined man, miss," I ventured.

"So am I a determined woman, Lucy—if I may call you so—I defy Gideon Grasper and all his works. I shall do as I please!"

After awhile we reached our destination; and to this day I am not certain whether the place was in the Tyrol or Swissland. I say "was"—not is—for not a vestige of the village remains to tell the tale which I know to be so true. Zweibergthal was the place, and there are two mountains, one on each side of it, fine, rugged, snow clad, fir fringed mountains, much bigger than our country's hills, but not so green and rounded.

We found Miss Katie's relations living on a what they call a pension, though the family are well off, too; and what the "pension" is for I can't say. Mr. and Miss Neville also came to the same boarding house, and I need hardly tell you that they were falling fast into love. It was as plain as possible. He was a pleasant, well spoken gentleman, and Miss Kate was as charming, and, I must say, as careless as ever.

One day she and I had ascended a little way up one of the Zweibergs—I can't tell their real names; something about a "stock." We had climbed up, alone, for a wonder; and while I was resting, Miss Katie went on a little farther. She had been gone some time when I heard a scream above me, and looking up saw her running down, pursued by a strange man, who, as he came nearer, I perceived was Gideon Grasper.

He was excited and angry. He yelled at her to halt, but she only ran the faster, passing me without stopping. Gideon saw me in his way, and halted as I held out my arm to check him. He was glaring like a wild bull; the man was going mad, I believe.

"She shall never be his—never!" he screamed. "If I have to move the mountains to fall on her she shall die!"

Then he turned away toward the snow, which lay thickly above us, glinting in the hot sun.

Hot, indeed! It was beautifully warm; and to think of so much heat near so much snow was wonderful. I said as much to the man at the "pension," who spoke some English.

"Yes," said he; "it is hot, a great deal too hot for the time of year. We don't like it."

"We do," said I; and off I walked, thinking there was something odd in his manner.

I found Miss Katie all of a tremble. Gideon had frightened her, and threatened her, but she was more than ever determined to become engaged to Mr. Neville. So when, three days afterward, he suggested a little picnic to a small hut on the side of the mountain, where there was a lovely view of a lake and a fine waterfall, she gladly assented, and did all she could to make up a pleasant party.

I was to go, and Mr. and Miss Neville, Miss Katie's cousins, too, and two German students. A guide and a porter were engaged to show the way and to help any one who wanted help, and to carry the baskets. It was a lovely, bright, warm morning, perfectly still, not a breath of air stirring, only the hum of insects or the sound of a cow bell could be heard; and, as we proceeded, the roar of a cataract from the melting snow field above us.

The guide and porter walked in front by themselves chatting. Another man—some one in skins and bare knees, with a high feathery hat—came behind by himself, as if watching us; but no one took any notice of him. My only fear was about Gideon Grasper, and for his interference, and of something the landlord had said about the snow falling.

We reached the hut and had lunch. After lunch Miss Katie and Mr. Neville rambled off and so did I. Although we took opposite directions, they soon came round near me; and as I sat in a dreamy, wondering way, thinking of home, I could occasionally hear their voices.

Mr. Neville was pleading hard, and Miss Katie was yielding. He seemed quite satisfied, for I heard him say, "Then, dearest, you are mine?" in a loud voice, when another voice in threatening tones alarmed me. I knew too well who it was—Gideon Grasper!

I jumped up. There was the man in the Tyrolese hat grasping his gun. That man, then, was Gideon.

He was speaking sternly, firmly, but without apparent anger. Every now and then he glanced up the mountain in a half alarmed manner, as if some presentiment weighed upon him. But I soon approached, and understood his words.

"Marry her at your peril, then!" he shouted, handling his gun.

Mr. Neville thought he was going to be shot, and leaped upon Grasper. There was a shouting and a struggle. Miss Katie screamed. The guide and porter and the Germans were all shouting at something or somebody in warning tones. Suddenly the gun went off—both barrels at once—with a tremendous roar. The echoes came back over and over again in the still air; the concussion seemed tremendous.

Suddenly a hiss was heard—a roar; a great lump of snow had tumbled from the overhanging mass, and had fallen in the belt of fir trees some yards away, and higher up than we were.

"Come back! come back!" shouted the Germans in English. Miss Katie's cousins screamed out "Avalanche!" But Mr. Neville still gripped Grasper.

Suddenly a sound like a pistol shot was heard. Then we all looked up. The whole mountain was moving, sliding down—a white slope of thick snow, with a noise of ten thousand boiling kettles hissing like millions of snakes! A crackling of timber high up the mountain! We turned and ran for the hut under the rock, in which the others had taken shelter, as we fancied, because they had disappeared. But when we reached the hut, in about ten seconds, it was empty. They had escaped down the hill with the guides.

We had no time to think. A tremendous roar seemed to crush the air down on us; then a crunching crash like cart wheels in snow ruts a thousand times magnified. The light died out. We were buried alive in the avalanche.

"Miss Katie!" I screamed—"Mr. Neville!"

"Yes; here we are," they replied.

"Gideon Grasper—is he here too?" I said.

There was no answer. Then he had been caught in the avalanche and suffocated! A terrible doom!

We were silent for awhile. I cannot tell you what the others thought. I know I prayed very earnestly. Occasionally I could hear Mr. Neville comforting Miss Katie; and after awhile he spoke to me.

"Mrs. Farmer, will you come here? I think Miss Canton has fainted; she is heavy and cold," he whispered.

I stepped toward his voice, which sounded so curious in the darkness and deathly silence, and took Miss Katie in my arms. She lay passive. I placed her on the floor, and loosened her dress, so as to revive her. We felt the awful silence. Then I perceived a touch on my face. It was cold; and Mr. Neville said:

"Give her some of this."

I took the flask and poured a few drops down Miss Katie's throat—and, I may say, drank a little myself. Mr. Neville said he didn't want any; and he kept feeling his way about the little hut, trying to find the door or window.

"If we only had a light," I cried, "we might save Miss Katie. I am afraid she is dying. If we could only see"——

"What a fool I am!" exclaimed Mr. Neville. Then after a pause I heard him striking a match. In another second the hut was lighted by a wax vesta.

"I have six or seven more," he said. Then he stooped, and by the light of the tiny taper we saw that Miss Katie was pale as death, her eyes and mouth tightly closed, her hands clenched and rigid.

"Force some cordial down her throat," he said. "I will chafe her feet;" and he knelt down.

"Hold another match, sir," I said. "Look; what's that yonder?"

He jumped up. "An old lantern and a bit of candle in it. Now we are all right."

He had apparently forgotten the terrible situation we were in. The candle was lighted, and while it burned we turned all our attention to Miss Katie. After awhile she again breathed regularly, and then the candle went out.

"Hurrah!" cried Mr. Neville, who was nearly crying, too. "Oh, my darling, you are better now? Katie, dearest, speak to me!"

She only closed her eyes wearily.

"Keep her awake, for heaven's sake—keep her awake! She will die if she sleeps!" he screamed; "I would give my life for hers."

He rushed toward the doorway, and began wildly to pick out handfuls of the snow. Was he mad? I called to him and begged him to desist. He raved and seemed demented, in truth, calling Miss Katie, who lay still in my arms, while I caressed her, and did all I could to keep her awake.

At length Mr. Neville calmed down in despair. He came and sat beside me, holding Miss Katie's hands, and occasionally kissing them, as I could hear.

How long we remained seated thus I cannot tell you. It seemed hours, when suddenly we heard a thud overhead.

"We are saved!" shouted Mr. Neville. "They are digging for us. Shout! shout!"

We two shouted. A cry answered us. Then we heard voices plainly. At length a gray light came in. A man with a rope leaped down from what seemed a white sheet overhead; and we were drawn up as tenderly as babes.

We were laid, wrapped in blankets, on stretchers, and carried to what remained of the village. It had been nearly demolished; and many of the inhabitants still lie buried in the landslip which accompanied the avalanche. Most fortunately the "pension," at the extremity of the valley, escaped, with some few houses; but the village is no more. Our friends were all safe.

It was long before Miss Katie recovered. Her father came out with Miss Rose and carried her home. Mr. Neville and his sister accompanied them to London. I was sent home before that, for I was very anxious about Charley; but some weeks after my return Miss Katie drove up in her little pony chaise and overdid me with thanks and kisses.

"Mr. Neville is coming to stay here, Mrs. Farmer, and we—are engaged to be married in August." Then she whispered: "Did you hear about poor Gideon Grasper?"

"No, miss," I said in surprise. "What about him?"

"It was he who carried the news of our danger to the villagers, and who rescued us. He managed to avoid the track of the avalanche after all."

"Poor Grasper!" I exclaimed. "Did you hear what became of him, miss?"

"Yes; he came and begged my pardon, and lectured me kindly, too—gave me advice never to play with a man's feelings again; and oh! Mrs. Farmer, I am so sorry; I am afraid I have been a miserable flirt."

She began to cry, and I comforted her. Then she said that Gideon had left for America, and her father had supplied him with ample means.

"And so you are really going to be married, miss?" I said, after a while.

"Yes, Mrs. Farmer, I am really—in August. Fancy that!"

It was no fancy. She was married, and is still very happy in her new home, for although she had tolerated some gentlemen for a while, and had had many offers of marriage, she found her match in Mr. Neville, and with him she kept her last engagement.—Lucy Farmer in Cassell's Magazine.

Among the things cheapened by dishonest tricks is "skimmed" oil of peppermint, by which is meant the oil deprived of its menthol.

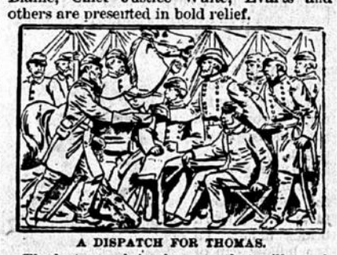
IN GARFIELD'S MEMORY.

Relievos Which Are the Work of a Young New York Artist.

The Garfield monument at Cleveland is to have five immense panels in relievo, which are very well spoken of by art critics. They will possess additional interest for young artists, because in their composition the old conventional or survived classical style has been completely abandoned; they are life size American representations; groups and events are presented as they actually were, and harmony is secured without that draping and unreal characterization—moderns in the dress of antiquity—which still shows in most European art. These panels are, in fact, entirely of the new school, and their beauty, the harmony of the groups and the excellent effect obtained prove that the men, the dress and the scenes of our time furnish all needed materials and inspiration for the plastic art. They are the production of Mr. Caspar Bubert, of West Thirteenth street, New York, who has devoted fifteen months to their production.

GARFIELD TAKING THE OATH.

Each of the five panels is 7 feet high and 16 long, and the whole contain 110 figures, life size, and in all the positions needed to represent five scenes in the life of Garfield. The first presents him as a boy in school; the class, the dignified teacher, the lesson on the wall, all are presented just as millions of mature Americans now remember seeing them fifty years ago. The second panel presents a scene on the field of Chickamauga—Garfield delivering a message from Rosecrans to Thomas. Critics who have examined the cast say that nothing they have seen in Europe excels this panel in life and movement, or even equals it as a presentation of a martial story. In the third panel we see Garfield as the popular orator, addressing the people in the American style. It is a surprise to see how completely Mr. Bubert (a native of Bohemia, but for thirty years an American resident) has caught the American idea and how faithfully he has presented it in this relief. The next panel represents the heroic subject at the very height of his career—March 4, 1881. "Taking the Oath as President" is the subject, and the panel is of great interest on account of its faithful portraits. Arthur, Sherman, Logan, Schurz, Blaine, Chief Justice Waite, Evarts and others are presented in bold relief.



A DISPATCH FOR THOMAS.

The last panel is the one that will touch most hearts—every heart, indeed, imbued with any deep feeling. It presents the last sad scene of that eventful history—the deathbed of the president. The wife and children are there, the old soldier, the faithful attendants, the physician and the official; the grief variously manifested, the solemnity of the occasion and the hushed attitudes of those who watch for the end are shown with great effect.

VASSAR BROTHERS' HOSPITAL.

A Model Institution at the Seat of Vassar College.

We present herewith a view of a new hospital designed to be a sort of model for this class of buildings. It is called the Vassar Brothers' hospital, and is located at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., the seat of the famous Vassar college for young ladies. It is comparatively small, according to the new idea of constructing several detached hospitals rather than one large one, so that any one may be torn down if there be good cause to believe it unfit for use. Indeed, some hospital authorities now maintain that such structures should be entirely of wood and torn down at the end of a few years' use; but experience has not yet proved this view correct.

The Poughkeepsie hospital is of brick, and in a complex style of architecture, as the picture shows, with towers, turrets, gabled roofs and arched doors and windows. The grounds cover fifteen acres. The building consists of a central corridor and two wings of exactly equal make; each wing and the prolongation of the center terminates in towers; the center projects to the front, and the entire arrangement is calculated to secure the best possible arrangement of wards, bath room, operating room and offices. The structure is designed not only for these purposes, but to secure thorough ventilation; and this last is ingeniously secured by a system of pipes through the building, by which all the foul odors are conducted to one of the towers for escape. The interior finish of all the rooms is smooth and hard, with no moldings or elaborate work to increase the labor of cleaning. The uses of the hospital are, first, for the unfortunates of Poughkeepsie; second, for those of Dutchess county, and third, for those of New York. Its chief interest to the general public, however, consists in the fact that it is built upon a plan conceived in accordance with the latest conclusions of medical science, and success there in securing perfect ventilation and preventing gangrene will be of vast benefit in building hospitals hereafter.

VASSAR BROTHERS' HOSPITAL.

Wilkie Collins, the novelist, is as noticeable for the bagginess of the knees of his trousers as some public men are for their shocking bad hats.

To kill a dove is a sign of death to the negroes of Louisiana.

THE MIND CURE.

WHAT IS ASSERTED BY THE APOSTLES OF THIS OPTIMISTIC CREED.

The System Held in High Esteem at Ancient Athens—Mind and Matter. Nervousness and Hysteria—A Hopeful Sign—Semi-Invalids.

Shakespeare, the Universal, seems to have formulated the theory of the new school of healing when he makes Hamlet say that "there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so." Perhaps we should not speak of that system as "new" that would appear to have been in high esteem at ancient Athens, and that had an extraordinary vogue in the east at the beginning of our era. At first thought the present interest and excitement in the subject seem unreal and anachronistic. But, after all, is it not natural and fitting that the mind should be most easily and absorbingly occupied by matters pertaining to the mind itself?

To accept the doctrine of the mind cure, as we understand it, is to believe that health, sanity and virtue are the normal attributes, the birthright possession, of man. Disease, dementia, sin, are negative conditions which it is weak, dishonorable and sinful to harbor. "Refuse to believe in illness, deny pain, resist weakness," say the apostles of this optimistic creed, "and illness, pain and weakness vanish, because they exist only in your thought of them. Suffering is simply that state of mind that makes you imagine that you suffer. You have only to get above suffering."

The influence of mind over matter hardly needs assertion. The old illustrations of the moral philosophies alone are proof enough. The miner dying of fright on finding his sustaining rope too short, in the pitch dark mine, with his feet in reality six inches from the ground; the blindfolded man fainting in the belief that he was bleeding to death, when only warm water was trickling down his arm; the workman undergoing the horrible manifestations of cholera because he was told falsely that a cholera victim had just died in the same bed—show the effect of belief. The madness of the insane, which is but a perverted and exaggerated will power, gives them the strength of a dozen sane men. And quite lately the shock of the earthquake in the Riviera roused a bedridden woman to rush down four flights of stairs to the safety of the street.

WHAT THE LANCET SAYS.

Even The London Lancet, which is nothing if not conservative, asserts that in some cases mind has such an effect upon an organic disease as to cause new and healthy formations. This, it will be seen, goes far beyond the old admission that "nervousness" and "hysteria" were subject to mental influences. There is no doubt that the tendency of the medical profession has been decidedly materialistic, and that any leaning toward spiritual methods, as shown in "magnetism," "hypnotism," "clairvoyance" and their like, has been made at once disreputable, so that any germ of truth they may have possessed was smothered out of sight. Yet the little we know of the potency of the mind over the body shows us that there must be an illimitable field for its action, if we could but find out how to set it at work. And it would seem that our help must come chiefly from within, not from without. "'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus."

It appears to us a hopeful sign of a more wholesome life that large classes of women take time and spend money to hear this theory of the reality of spiritual existence expounded. After the poet, they are discovering that "soul is form, and doth the body make." They are semi invalids. They have suffered. They have allowed their thoughts to dwell upon their pains and limitations until these have come largely to fill their mental horizon. Their talk is of sickness. Even young girls, among the well to do and idle classes, compare symptoms and suggest diagnoses as staple topics of conversation. Nothing could be worse, it seems to us, on the score of good taste or of good health. As dwelling upon one's griefs magnifies them, so dwelling upon one's pains magnifies them. If the mind cure can be made to work upon these subjects it must restore to activity energies worse than wasted; it would save time and money; it would make a gray world into a joyous one; it would multiply past calculation the sum of human happiness.—Harper's Bazar.

A Wide and Suggestive Field.

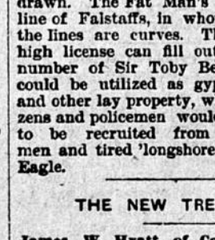
Mme. Janauschek's success is unquestionable, for she is Meg Merilles even in the respect of hardly having even to make up for the part, and because a warp of imagination, a susceptibility to superstition and a collective feebleness of aged powers are a gift from nature or a contribution by time of precisely the qualities which art would have to supply to others filling the role. I know of no other instance than this one in which the weight of mental and bodily failure which prescribes a retirement from the stage has been organized into a feat which insures a definite continuance upon it.

The field it opens is wide and suggestive. Consumptives can be cast for Camille. Starving and emaciated actors can be cast for the apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet." From old men's homes Adams to go forestward with Orlando can be drawn. The Fat Man's club can keep a line of Falstaffs, in whom, however, all the lines are curves. The opponents of high license can fill out orders for any number of Sir Toby Belches. Tramps could be utilized as gypsies and rabble and other lay property, while Roman citizens and policemen would no more have to be recruited from fatigued draymen and tired 'longshoremen.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE NEW TREASURER.

James W. Hyatt, of Connecticut, Who Succeeds Mr. Jordan.

The president has named James W. Hyatt, bank examiner of Connecticut and Rhode Island, as treasurer of the United States, to succeed the present Treasurer Jordan, who will retire at once. The new appointee was born in Norwalk, Conn., Sept. 19, 1837, and obtained but a meager schooling in the common schools; for at the age of 11 he had to quit school and go to work in a lumber yard, at the low wages of fifty cents a week. He slowly and steadily improved his condition till 1860, when he entered business with Bishop & Waterbury, of Stamford. Finally he went into the bank of Le Grand Lockwood & Co., of New York, where he attained great skill and reputation as a quick and accurate accountant. In 1873 he returned to Norwalk, which has since been his residence, he filling various positions of trust since that date. He was a Republican previous to 1872, but supported Greeley that year and has since acted with the Democrats, by whom he was elected to the state senate in 1883. He was soon after appointed bank commissioner by Governor Harrison, this being his second term in that office; and after a short term as national bank examiner for Connecticut and Rhode Island, he goes to the responsible position at Washington. He was married at the age of 23 to a Miss Jane N. Hoyt, of Norwalk, and has a daughter and two sons.



JAMES W. HYATT.

Leopold of Prussia.

New York city has had a princely visitor, young Leopold, of the house of Hohenzollern, great grand nephew of the aged Emperor William. The prince arrived on the 9th and sailed for Europe on the 14th instant, which trip will complete his tour around the world. He landed at San Francisco, visited Yosemite and other wonders of the west and came east by Chicago and Niagara Falls. As the accompanying picture shows, the prince is a smooth faced lad of 22, a ruddy blonde with a downy mustache. He travels incognito, as the phrase is—not "unknown," as the word literally means, but simply as a private gentleman—and accepting no unusual attentions on account of his rank. It means also that German consuls and diplomatic agents are not expected to make any demonstrations in his honor when he reaches the cities of their location. He is accompanied by Baron Nickisch Rosenegg (got that name down fine) and the Count of Kanitz, and has made few acquaintances aside from such German officials as have called on him.

PRINCE LEOPOLD.

RECONCILIATION.

I had a friend, but in the heat of rage,
When passion killed his nobler sense of mind,
He smote me, and in silence worse than words
We parted.

A weary round of years went by, when came,
Like flood tide on the angry deep, great waves
Of trouble rolling onward in our paths;
Alike the skies were dark for both,
Alike the gentle, smiling sun beamed forth.

Then, after we had felt the fire of life,
Fate, chance, or God, or what you will, took up
The raveled ends of our remaining days,
And brought us face to face.
I met him in the early dawn when morn,
Gray hooded, and with somber mien,
Looked o'er the hills upon a drowsy world.

Pale was his face and in his eyes I saw
Few were the moments till his race was run.
He turned upon his couch—his dying couch,
And bade me hear the last words of his life.

Yet ere he spake, his breath forsook his lips,
And with a gentle, winning smile, he passed
"Into the confines of another world"—
And I rejoiced he spake not, for his smile
Was better far than idle words.
—Will B. Dickson in Kansas City Journal.

CLOTHES BY THE HOUR.

How the Impecunious Dude Manages to Keep Up Appearances as to Dress.

"Ah! Chap! Is that one of Fwank's?" said one of those beings that give strong reason to believe in the Darwinian theory the other afternoon on Chestnut street. The object addressed was quite as nice an "if" as the one that spoke, and the cause of the remark was one of those coats intended for the spring trade but cut short in its growth by the continued cold weather.

"Yahs, deah boy. You see, it's bloomin' cold ter-day an' I made a date with a fairy to walk ter-day, an' I had to do it, me boy."

"How hawd did he stwike ye, chappie?"

"Seventeen cents till 5 o'clock, an' five cents an howh aftah, but I must be back, ye know, and the posey cost two cents an howh, an' I could only bowwah a quawtaw fwom my little sistah." Then they parted. At 5 o'clock "Chappie" was seen coming down the street. He turned off Chestnut street at Twelfth and went a few doors, rang a bell, and entered a house. The stroller followed it. In a nicely furnished back room was seated a well dressed youth of 27 years of age. He turned out to be "Fwank." All around the room were hung garments of all shades and kinds, but all were of the latest "English cut." Here "Chappie" carefully took off his coat, after removing the rose that nestled in the upper button hole. The bill was twenty-three cents.

"What cahn I do faw ye, chappie?" was "Fwank's" salutation as soon as the wind had opened the door and cleared the room.

"Well, this 'chappie' doesn't want anything, except to know a little bit about this industry of yours. Where do you get these clothes hanging around here, and is your business a flourishing success?"

At first there was an apparent indisposition to answer, but it didn't take long to make up the little mind possessed, and a few startling facts were developed. The details will not, however, be told in the silly lingo of the informer.

The establishment has been in existence nearly two years, and has been growing rapidly ever since its organization. The proprietor buys all kinds of fashionable clothing from slender dudes whose fathers give them plenty. When they get hard up they go to "Fwank's," and there they receive a very fair price for their clothing. The cheap dude, that stands on Chestnut street curb stones and meanders dolefully up and down, wondering all day when something is going to happen to make it rich, so it can enjoy life like other "chaps," or waiting for some heiress to fall in love with its shape, is the one that enriches "Fwank." This branch of the "genus dudii" seldom has more than a dollar at one time, but it must make an appearance. So it goes to "Fwank," and there it can get one of those dickey "top" coats for 10 cents the first hour and five cents an hour after. On Saturdays and Sundays the price is raised 50 per cent. Dress suits are hired in the evenings for 40 cents. It often makes them go broke for a week on these occasions. Trousers can be hired for from 5 to 8 cents an hour. No security is required. On Saturdays "Fwank" buys a job lot stock of flowers, and hires them out in lots ranging from 2 to 5 cents an hour.—Philadelphia Times.

Some One Must Lead.

A Vermont joker claimed that he had felt an earthquake, and in two hours he had 3,000 people ready to swear that their dishes rattled on the shelves. Some one must always lead in these matters.—Detroit Free Press.