Spaniel Who Can Tell Time.

Carlo, a half-spaniel, aged two, is the property of an Auburn newsdealer. His specialty is telling the time of day by the town clock.

"I want you to run up street, Carlo, look at the town clock, and return here in just fifteen minutes," said his master, the other day, in the presence of several friends. Carlo trotted on up street, and at the expiration of just fifteen minutes returned. He was sent out again, with orders to return in half an hour. One of the men present followed him to observe his actions. The dog went up State street to a point where he could see the clock, and soon engaged in play with several other canines. The watcher noticed that Carlo frequently glanced in the direction of the clock. Suddenly he stopped short, wagged his tail, and started on a run down the street. It lacked two minutes of the appointed time, and at the end of that two minutes the dog was back in the store.—New York Mail and Express.

Don't Wear Night Dresses.

A New Yorker who visited Canada some time ago made a trip through one of the Northwestern territories, and spent a time as the guest of a rancher.

"I fixed him up as well as I could" the rancher relates, "but he complained that he did not like sleeping with his clothe son. So, after the first night, I stretched a cowskin across the shack, and told him he might undress if he liked. He took off most of his garments and put on a long white night dress. In the morning my foreman came in while the gentleman was still sleeping. Observing the white night dress, he said, inawhisper:

"'Rathersudden—eh?'

"'What?' I asked.

"'The death of the old man.'

"'He's not dead—he's asleep,' I explained.

"'Then what's he wearin' them b'led clothes for?' was the reply 'Never saw a chap laid out in b'iled clothes afore, 'cept he were dead.'"

Luck in Horse Shoes.

"I have kept a horseshoe over my door for years," said a man whom good luck had never oppressed, "but luck has never come my way very much, and I had almost begun to lose faith in the horse shoe. But this morning a friend of mine came along and saw the horseshoe over my door.

"'Hello!' he says. 'You've got your horseshoe wrong end up.'

"'What?' I says.

"And he says I've got my horseshoe wrong end up: I've got it hung with the point up and the ends down, and it ought to be hung with the point down and the ends up. Hung the other way, the luck runs off.

"And he says this is old as the hills. He thought everybody knew that. But I didn't; I never heard of it before.

"But I've taken my horseshoe down and hung it with the ends up; and now I'm waiting."

Lying.

It was said of Dr. Johnson that he always talked as though he were taking an oath. He detested the habit of lying or prevaricating in the slightest degree, and would not allow his servants to say he was not at home if he was. "A servant's strict regard for the truth," said he, "must be weakened by such a practice. If I accustom my servant to tell a lie for me, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell them for himself?" A strict adherence to truth the doctor considered as a sacred obligation, and, in relating the smallest anecdote, he would not allow himself the minutest addition to embellish his story.

An Opportunity to Catch Up.

If the next century added not a dollar to the world's material wealth, nor a single discovery to science, nor a new mechanical appliance, it might be just as well or better for the sons of earth. It would give the spiritual an opportunity to catch up. If you have read the history of nations dead and gone, you know that their decline began when their prosperity was at its height; and when they felt most secure then it was that their foundations crumbled.—Ebert Hubbard, in the Philistine.

Mild Winter In Russia.

Not within living memory has there been known so abnormally snowless a winter in European Russia as the season just closing. Throughout the whole of these southern latitudes, says an Odessa correspondent, and for a stretch of nearly 2,000 miles northward, there is only here and there the merest sprinkling of snow, while the temperature alternates between a few degrees of frost and crisp spring weather.

A Rank One.

Agent—This lamp uses only one-half the oil of any other. It is made of aluminum.

Individual—I don't see what that's got to do with it.

"Aluminum is the lightest metal known."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED.)

Ralph sent for Judge Ireton, Imogene's father, but the fatal news had already reached him, and it had been too much for the proud old man. His feeble constitution had been unable to withstand the shock of his daughter's guilt, and he was stricken down in a fit. He never regained his consciousness, but on the third day after the attack, he died in blissful insensibility.

Imogene was confined to the room in the third story, which was made as comfortable as might be for her use, and Ralph went about the house a gloomy, grief-stricken man. For sorrow such as his, who could offer words of comfort?

Governor Fulton prepared to return home, and he insisted on taking Helen with him. The Rock now was no place for a giddy thing like her, he said. On the day of her departure Helen met Guy St. Cyril in one of the empty parlors. She went up to him and held out her hand.

"Mr. St. Cyril," she said, "I am going to start for home today. Let us shake hands and part good friends."

He took her hand in his, and looked into her face a little reproachfully.

"Do you think I have been very naughty with you, Mr. St. Cyril?" she asked, demurely.

"Yes, I do. You have treated me shamefully, when I have loved you so!"

"Indeed. Well, I wasn't aware I had been so wicked! Will you ever forgive me?"

"Do you wish me to?"

"I don't much care—if you do?"

"And if I do not?"

"Guy, I shall be sorry."

She bowed her head a little, her soft curls swept his hand. He flung his arm around her.

"Helen, one thing tell me. Do you love me?"

"Let me go! I won't tell you!"

"You shall not go until you do tell me! And here is your honored father to witness your assertion."

The governor looked on in a puzzled perplexity.

"What? how? What is the meaning of this! I don't understand."

"You don't see it, do you, papa?" said Helen, saucily.

"I really don't think I do," said the governor, slowly. "I'll be obliged if somebody will explain."

"I love your daughter, sir," said St. Cyril, manfully; "but I cannot win a like confession from her. Still, I take the liberty of thinking I am not indifferent to her."

"Box his ears, papa. He is an impertinent puppy."

"Helen, you must tell me! Do you love me? Yes or no?"

"Yes and no both. I love you till you let me go, and then I don't."

"Then I will never let you go!"

"It strikes me your arms will ache in about a week from now.

"Helen, answer me!"

"Well, what if I do love you?"

He strained her closer, and put down his face to hers.

"Papa, run out quick!" cried the incorrigible girl. "This fellow is puckering up his mouth to kiss me! And I wouldn't have you see him for the world!"

The governor put their hands together.

"She loves you, my boy," he said, kindly, "and I give her to you; but I warn you in the beginning, she's hard to manage. You'll lead an awful life of it!"

"I'll take the responsibility, and reckon myself the most fortunate," replied St. Cyril.

"And now you'll come home with us, won't you, and see sister Letitia?" said Helen. "I want her to look you over and see if you'll do. She's a great judge of men. So much so that she's never found one to suit her. You'll come, won't you, dear Guy?"

The last words were spoken so low that no one heard them save St. Cyril, but with them she could have coaxed him to the ends of the earth.

"Yes," said the governor, "you must go with us, and your sister, also. I must look upon you now as one of the family."

So when Governor Fulton and his daughter departed, they took away with them the St. Cyrils, and a quiet that was absolutely horrible settled down over the household at the Rock.

Lynde Graham was the only visitor, and he did not come very often, for he feared that his presence might make it harder for Ralph Trenholme to bear his terrible affliction.

But he and Agnes met very often out on the cliffs that overhung the sea, and sat there through the long sweet summer twilights, hand in hand, forgetful of everything save the perfect peace and content in their own hearts.

Lynde had been two months out of prison before he said anything to Agnes of what lay so near his heart. They were sitting one evening on the beach, watching the tide creep up the glittering sand. He turned suddenly toward her.

"Agnes, dear," he said, "you have not misunderstood me during all these days we have been together? You know that I love you?"

Her blushing silence answered him.

"I have not spoken, because I hardly thought it right for us to be selfishly happy while poor Ralph is miserable so very near us. But it is best to understand each other fully, Agnes. Once I loved Imogene; but as I told you, that love died long ago, and another has taken its place. Not the wild, headstrong passion I felt for her, but the calm, pure, all-enduring affection that will last through all time. Once you periled your life, and, what is even dearer to a woman than her life—your reputation—for me. Why did you do it? Shall I—dare I—put upon that action the sweetest interpretation I can think of?"

"What would that be?" she asked timidly.

"It would be that you did it because you loved me."

"I did love you. O Lynde! I suffered so much because of it! And I never dared to think you would care for me."

"My darling! I trust in God the suffering is o'er past. The joy is begun."

CHAPTER XX.

IMOGENE TRENHOLME'S condition did not improve. On the contrary, her violent fits grew more frequent as time passed. Ralph had the best medical advice that could be procured, but without giving her any benefit. She became so dangerous that he did not trust any of the servants to take her food, but attended her constantly himself. And singularly enough, with him she was always gentle and pliable. She never yielded to one of her paroxysms in his presence. It was pitiful to see how her wan face would light up at his coming, and her great eyes lose their restless brilliancy and grow soft and almost tender. She talked to him confidingly, as a little child might; always of things long past, incidents connected with her childhood. She told him plaintive stories of the brooks she had played beside, the bird's nests she had found and the nice books she had read. She used to beg for flowers, and he brought them to her in lavish profusion, and she would twine the red roses and the white lilies in her black hair, and fasten knots of them upon her bosom. All memory of the dark two years just past seemed to have fled from her; she never alluded to any past save that which crowned the years of her childhood. But if a stranger ventured into her presence, then all was changed. It was frightful to see her. Her eyes became like livid coals, her fair face purpled, her pale lips were drawn away from the sharp, white teeth, and she took on all the form of an infuriate demon.

It was the first of September—a wild night of storm and wet. Ralph had retired early, but there was no sleep for him. He had fallen into a kind of waking dream, when he was aroused by what seemed to him like the stealthy closing of a door. He started up and listened, but all was still, save the roar of the waves on the beach and the thunder of the wind in the chimneys. He must have been deceived, he said to himself. He was absolutely getting weak and nervous. He lay back and composed himself to sleep. But in vain. He thought of Imogene. Perhaps he had forgotten to secure her door properly when he took up her supper. He sprang out of bed, threw on a dressing-gown, and hurried up to the third story. He tried the door. It was fast. He listened at the keyhole. All within was quiet. He hastened back to his chamber and flung himself down on the bed. He was falling into a state of semi-forgetfulness, when he heard Quito howl dolorously. Since the confinement of Imogene the dog had been suffered to go at large, as he showed no disposition to be quarrelsome. There was something in that midnight wail that grated ominously on the nerves of Mr. Trenholme. He was not a superstitious man, but it always startled him to hear a dog howl at night.

He rose again, and dressed himself in haste. And, led by some uncontrollable impulse, he stepped into the passage, walking up the corridor until he came opposite the door of the haunted chamber. There he stopped. He could not well do otherwise. A bright glare of light shot through the keyhole, and he heard a strange, rushing sound within. He tried the handle. It turned, but the door was secured on the inside. With one blow of his foot he sent it shattered from the hinges; and stood transfixed by the sight he beheld.

Before the great mirror, dressed in the bridal robe of the dead Marina, her black hair covered with the blood-stained veil, and wreathed with the faded orange flowers, stood Imogene. Her dress left her neck and arms bare, and they literally blazed with jewels; the diamonds that for years had been the pride of the Trenholmes. Her cheeks were crimson with strange excitement, her eyes blazed like stars. All around her she had piled everything of a combustible nature that the room contained, and she was surrounded by smoke and flame. Even as he looked, her light dress was a mass of fire. He sprang forward, but she waved him back.

"Keep off, all of you!" she cried. "I am to be married! Don't murder me on my bridal day! See! the flames are my wedding garments, and my jewels are coals of living fire!"

He rushed toward her, tearing away the blazing obstacles that intervened between them, but even as he laid his hand upon her, she fell forward into the surging sea of fire, and then the smoke and flame closed over everything.

Ralph's loud cry of horror brought the servants to the spot, and the flames were stayed; but when they lifted Imogene up, she was past all aid. In this world she would never suffer more.

They buried her in the old graveyard by the sea, and with her they buried her great crime. It was never after mentioned in the family.

(The end.)

A NATURAL LIFE BELT.

Air Injected Under the Skin Will Float a Man.

Dr. Schneider-Preiswerk, in Basle, has discovered a novel means of saving life in marine accidents, which if generally used will probably lessen greatly the number of lives lost by such accidents, says the Philadelphia Record.

His invention has been pronounced very important by the French Academy of Sciences, which in one of their last meetings listened very attentively to a lecture by Dr. Lanveraux upon the new invention. The inventor does away with all artificial belts and other floating appliances; he proposes to inflate the cellular texture beneath the human skin on the breast, which, if filled with air, forms a natural pneumatic belt, by the aid of which one may not only float himself but even support another body. The idea is said to be perfectly practicable. It has been proved that a man weighing 160 pounds, whose specific weight is between 1.08 and 1.10, whose head may weigh seven pounds, needs only about 200 cubic inches of air within his body in order to float with the head out of the water. This amount of air is easily inserted into this hollow space beneath the skin with Dr. Schneider's aseptic syringes, which will in one injection inflate from twenty to thirty-five cubic inches of air. The introduction of the point, which is only two millimeters thick, will hardly be felt. Such a pump is not even necessary. It is much simpler to use a little apparatus, also patented by Dr. Schneider, which consists of a hollow needle, a thin rubber hose eighteen inches long, into which this needle is inserted. A little aseptic cotton placed into the open end of the rubber hose is all that is necessary. The skin is simply raised, the hollow needle introduced into it, and then the other end of the rubber hose is taken into the mouth and the man's own breath blown into it. Two deep respirations, which are blown into each side of the breast, will be sufficient to float a man, however heavy.

Didn't Know His Neighbor.

Jonathan has been into the Maine woods eighteen seasons, and his occupation there has been gathering spruce gum. He builds a cabin in the fall when he is about to begin work in a new territory. It is generally a small one, but he takes great pains to make it one that can easily be kept warm. One year he passed five months without seeing a human being, and at the end of that time he found that another man had been in camp less than two miles from his all winter. They did not see each other's tracks for the reason that the other fellow was trapping, and confined his journeyings to a valley where a large stream and its branches gave him a field for his operations. Two miles away Mr. Stone lived in his little camp on the edge of a big spruce growth, and in following this he went away from, instead of toward, his neighbor, the trapper. When they had finished their season's work and got acquainted coming out, they told each other of the lonesome evenings passed in their respective camps.

The Postal Staff and the Cats.

The cats are invariably treated with great kindness by the postal staff. Kittens are born in all sorts of odd corners, even occasionally under a desk or table in the sorting office. One cat has successfully reared during the present year a family of six in the registered letter department, but this, of course, is exceptional. They are generally born in the kitchens, as there are plenty of old wornout coats about which makes a comfortable bed. As soon as they are old enough some one requiring a cat takes one home to the domestic hearth. There is often a keen struggle for their possession and a man will feed both mother and kitten on milk and watch them with anxious eye, only to find in the end that he is a day too late, some one having forestalled him and disappeared with the coveted pet.—Westminster Gazette.

Tickets are Transferrable.

The Supreme court of Maryland has decided that the purchaser of a berth or a section of a sleeping car has the right to give another person the use thereof if he leaves the car before it reaches the end of the trip for which the berth was bought. A passenger secured a section, rode in it for part of the trip and then sold his section ticket to another passenger, he leaving the train. The second purchaser was refused the use of the section by the conductor of the car and was ejected, whereupon he brought suit with the above result.

Getting Even with Worcester.

The story is told of Oliver Wendel Holmes that when one of his friends announced his intention of delivering a lecture in Worcester Holmes cheerfully responded: "I'm awfully glad to hear it. I always did hate those Worcester people."

Business.

Bookkeeper—This man has always paid cash, and now he wants to open an account. Shall I accommodate him?

Manager—Certainly not.

Bookkeeper—And this man has had an account and now pays cash.

Manager—Never trust him again.—Brooklyn LYife.

Home, Sweet Home.

"My brain is on fire!" tragically exclaimed Mrs. Bobkins, as she threw herself down on the sofa.

"Why don't you blow it out?" absentmindedly replied Bobkins, deeply absorbed in the evening paper.

And then he dodged a flying hair brush.—New

About the only thing they sell at a church fair is the public.

Early risers—breakfast rolls.

Hard Knocks.

"One ust expect a great many hard knocks in this world," he remarked, thoughtfully.

"Well, I should say so!" she returned, with great emphasis.

Then he recalled that only the day before he had seen her practicing with a pair of roller skates.—Chicago Post.

A Long Look Ahead.

Politicians are now weighing the possibilities involved in the next presidential election. The papers are full of predictions as to the future, which are somewhat too self-confident. But it is safe to say that a systematic course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will renew health in the bilious, rheumatic or nervous.

Cumso—Those deaf and dumb persons are engaged in energetic conversation.

Cawker—They are talking straight from the shoulder.—Judge.

Whisky has a peculiar way of getting a man down after he gets it down.

Read the Advertisements.

You will enjoy this publication much better if you will get into the habit of reading the advertisements; they will afford a most interesting study and will put you in the way of getting some excellent bargains. Our advertisers are reliable; they send what they advertise.

He—Do you really believe ignorance is bliss?"

She—"I don't know. You seem to be happy."—New YYrk Mail and Express.

Politeness yields large dividends, but it is an investment often overlooked.

Some people who have more money than brains are not considered wealthy.

His Etymological Classification.

Puck: Cumso—Is Gov. Pingree of Michigan a gold bug?

Cawker—I always understood that he was a potato bug.

The old maid is always a matchless woman.

A product of the ground—sausage.