

STRAIGHT down the city's crowded street
A little traveler went
The crowd, with hurrying feet,
Gave place to him as he went.
He was a small, round, rosy-faced
Boy, with a head as round as a ball,
Only a child, yet for his sake
Wealth, thoughtful, stepped aside,
Power moved a while to right of place,
And rank forgot its right of place,
While many a head a moment bent
As on the little Traveler went.

A stranger from the city and
Spoke then in doubtful tone:
"Tis said your race has now no King,
But unto North alone."
"Why, then, is this to whom all pay
Such homage in the crowded way?"
"A traveler, more noble far
Than kings of nobles and small,
Purer than any praying priest,
Wiser than any sage.
He rests in lonely holy place,
Come, then, and look upon his face."
The tender lights fell soft and dim;
The child was hushed with pain;
He lay in cold white and small,
With lilies in his palms.
Serenely peaceful, as those sleep
Who have no longer work to keep.

NANNIE.

I CANNOT set down in so many words
just when or how it came to be under-
stood between my partner, John Still-
man, and myself that I was to marry
his daughter Nannie when she was old
enough. I have a vague impression
that she was in long clothes at the time
we first talked of it.

Her mother died, when she was a little
girl, and old Mrs. Stillman took her
home to the family house at Owl's Cor-
ner, one of the prettiest little villages I
ever had the good fortune to see. But
Nannie was eighteen when I first met
her as a woman, and this was the scene
of our meeting.

John had sent for me to come to
Owl's Corner on a certain July day,
promising to drive over to the station
and meet me, as my elderly legs cov-
ered the ground but slowly. We had
retired from business, rich men both,
some five years before, and correspond-
ed regularly. But I had been abroad,
and this was my first visit to
Owl's Corner in ten years. I remem-
bered Nannie as a romping child, fond
of swinging on the gate, climbing up
grape-arbors and imperiling her neck
fifty times a day, John always saying
on each occasion:

"She's a little wild, but she'll get
over that."

I waited, at the station for half an
hour; then, seeing no sign of John, I
started to walk home. It was midday
and fearfully hot, and when I had ac-
complished half the distance I turned
off the road and started through a
grove that gave me a longer walk, but
thick shade. I was resting there on a
broad stone, completely hidden by the
bushes on every side, when I heard
John's voice:

"Where have you been?"

There was such dismay and astonish-
ment in the voice that I looked up in
surprise, to find that he was not greet-
ing me but a tall, slender girl coming
toward him. Such a sight! She was
dark and beautiful, dressed in a thin
dress of rose-pink, faultless about the
face and throat, but from the waist
down, clinging to her one mass of the
greenest, blackest, thickest mud and
water.

"In the duck pond," she answered
with a voice as clear and musical as a
chime of bells. "Don't come near me."

"You are enough to wear a man into
his grave!"

"There, don't scold," was the coax-
ing reply. "Little Bob Ryan fell in face
down. It did not make any material
difference in his costume, but I was
afraid he would smother, so I waded
in after him. The water is not over
two feet deep, but the mud goes clear
through to China, I imagine. It is
rather a pity about my new dress, isn't it?"

"A pity," roared John; "you'll come
to an untimely end some day with your
frecks. As if there was nobody to
pick a little brat out of the duck pond
but you!"

"There actually was nobody else
about. There now, don't be angry.
I'll go up to the house and put on that
beitching white affair that came from
New York last week, and be all ready
to drive over to the station with you,
at what time?"

"About 3. Lawrence is coming on
the 2:10 train."

And I had come on the 12:10. This
accounted for the failure to meet me.
I kept snug in my retreat until John
and Nannie were well on their way
homeward, wondering a little how many
young ladies in my circle of friends
would have so recklessly sacrificed a
new dress to pick up a beggar's brat
out of the mud.

When I, in my turn, reached the
house, John was on the porch, waiting
for Nannie's reappearance. He gave
me a most cordial welcome, or rather a
luncheon, called Nannie, his mother
and a man to go for my trunk, all in one
breath, and seemed really rejoiced to
see me.

Presently a slender girl, with a truly
"bewitching" white dress, trimmed
with dashes of scarlet ribbon, and
smoothly braided black hair, tied with
scarlet bows, came demurely into the
room and was introduced. Never, how-
ever, in that first hour could the wild-
est imagination have pictured Nannie
Stillman wading into a duck-pond. But
the half-shy, half-dignified com-
pany manner soon wore away, and
Nannie and I were fast friends before
dinner. She sang for me in a voice as
deliciously fresh as a bird's carol; she
took me to see her pets, the new horse
that was her last birthday gift from
"papa," the ugly little Scotch terrier
with the beautiful brown eyes, the rab-
bits, Guinea hens, and the superan-
nated old pony, who had preceded the
new horse.

In a week I was as much in love as

ever John could have desired. Nannie
was the most bewitching maiden I had
ever met, childlike and yet womanly,
frank, bright and full of girlish freaks
and boyish mischief, and yet well edu-
cated, with really wonderful musical
gifts and full of noble thoughts. She
was a perfect idol in the village, her
friends and neighbors thinking no
party complete without her, while the
poor fairly worshipped her.

John allowed her an almost unlimited
supply of pocket-money, and she was
lavish in all charity, from blankets for
old women, tobacco for old men, to
candies for the children, and rides on
horseback for the urchins. And she had
a way of conferring favors that
never wounded the pride of the most
sensitive.

One morning, very early, we
walked in the cool evening hours; we
spent much time at the piano, and dis-
cussed our favorite authors, and one
day when I asked Nannie to be my
wife, she said, coyly:

"Why, of course; I thought that was
all understood long ago."

I was rather amazed at such matter-
of-fact wooing, but delighted at the re-
sult. How could I expect any soft,
blushing speeches? I supposed I ranked
just where John and Nannie's grand-
mother did in her affections.

But one morning, when Mrs. Still-
man was snipping her geraniums in the
sitting-room, and John was reading the
morning's newspapers, Nannie burst
in, her beautiful face all aglow, her
eyes bright with delight, crying:

"Oh, grandma! Walt has come
home! I saw him from my window
riding up the road."

She was going then, just as John
exclaimed:

"Confound Walt!"

"Who is Walt?" I naturally in-
quired.

"Walter Bruce, the son of one of our
neighbors. He has been like a brother
to Nannie all her life, but went off to
Europe two years ago, when he came
of age. They wanted to correspond
but I forbade that. So he has turned
up again."

It was evident that John was terribly
vexed, and I very soon shared his an-
noyance. Walt, a tall, handsome young
fellow, improved, not spoiled, by travel,
just haunted the house.

He was generally off with Nannie as
soon as he arrived, and blind to Mrs.
Stillman's ill-concealed coldness and
John's sarcastic speeches about boys
and puppies.

As for me, by the time my sleepy
eyes were opened in the morning, Nan-
nie had taken a long ride with Walt,
was at the piano when I came into the
room, and Walt was walking beside
Nannie when the hour for our usual
stroll arrived.

And the very demon of mischief pos-
sessed the girl. There was no freak
she was not inventing to imperil her
life, riding, driving, boating, and I
fairly shivered sometimes at the pros-
pect of my nervous terrors when it
would be my task to try to control this
quicksilver temperament.

But one day when I was in the sum-
mer house, a very useful little maiden,
with a tear-stained face, came to my
side.

"Walt is going away," she said.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, and he says I'm a wicked
fart," with a choking sob; "I thought
I would ask you about it."

"About what?"

"Our getting married. You know
papa told me I was to marry you ages
and ages ago."

"Yes."

"And I knew it was all right if he
said so. But Walt says you must be a
nuff if you want a wife who is all the
time thinking of somebody else."

"And you know I can't help it."

Walt has been my friend ever since we
were always together. And when he
was in Europe papa wouldn't let us
write to each other, but I kissed his
picture every night and morning, and
wore his hair in a lock, and thought
of him all the time. And he says you
won't like it after we are married."

"Well, not exactly," I said dryly.

"You'll have to stop thinking of him
then."

"I don't believe I ever can. And so
I thought I'd tell you, and perhaps—
perhaps you will tell papa we don't
care about being married after all. I
don't think I could ever be sedate and
grave like an old lady, and of course I
ought to be if I am to be an old man's
wife."

"Of course."

"And I am so rude and horrid, I
know I am not like nice city girls, and
I am altogether hateful, but Walt don't
care."

I rather agreed with Walt as she
stood in shy confusion before me, her
eyes still misty, her sweet lips quiver-
ing. It was a sore wrong to give her
up, but I was not quite an idiot, and I
said, gravely:

"But your father?"

"Yes, I know; he'll make a real
storm. But then his storm don't last
long, and maybe you would tell him
that you have changed your mind. You
have, haven't you?"

"Yes; the last half hour has quite
changed my matrimonial views."

I could not help smiling, and the next
moment two arms encircled my neck, a
warm kiss fell upon my cheek, and
Nannie cried:

"You are a perfect darling, a per-
fect darling, and I shall love you dearly
all my life."

So when I lost her love I gained it.
She flitted away presently, and I gave
myself a good mental shaking up, and
concluded my fool's paradise would soon
have vanished if I had undertaken to
make an "old lady" out of Nannie.

John's wrath was loud and violent.
He exhausted all the vituperative
language in the dictionary, and then sat
down, panting and furious.

"Come, now," I said, "what is the
objection to young Bruce? Is he poor?"

"No, confound him! He inherits
his grandfather's property, beside
what his father will probably leave him."

"Is he immoral?"

"I never heard so."

"What does all him, then?"

"Nothing, but I have set my heart on
Nannie's marrying you."

"Well, you see she has set her heart
in another direction, and I strongly ob-
ject to a wife who is in love with some-
body else."

"What on earth sent the puppy
home?"

"Love for Nannie, I imagine. Come,
John, you won't be my father-in-law,
for I will not marry Nannie if you are
ever so tyrannical, but we can jog
along as usual, the best of friends—
look!"

I pointed out of the window as I
spoke. On the garden walk, shaded by
a great oak tree, Walter Bruce stood,
looking down at Nannie with love-
lighted eyes. Her beautiful face, all
dimpled with smiles and blushes, was
lifted up to meet his gaze, and both her
little hands were fast prisoned in his
strong ones.

John looked. His face softened, his
eyes grew misty, and presently he said:

"How happy she is, Lawrence."

"And we will not cloud her happi-
ness, John," I answered. "This is
right and fitting. Nannie is too bright
a May flower to be wilted by being tied
up to an old December log like me."

So when, half fearful, the lovers came
in, they met only words of affection,
and Nannie's face lost nothing of its
sunshine.

She was the loveliest of brides a few
months later, and wore the diamond
parure I had ordered for my bride at
her wedding. And she is the most
charming little matron imaginable,
with all her old freaks merged into sun-
shiny cheerfulness, and her husband is
a proud, happy man, while I am Uncle
Lawrence to the children and the warm
friend of the whole family.

The Recent Earthquake in Venezuela.

A PASSENGER who arrived from
Puerto Cabello in the bark Rocket,
yesterday, gives some additional par-
ticulars of the great earthquake in
Venezuela last month. This gentle-
man was in Valencia at the time, and
says that, although severe shocks were
felt everywhere, no loss of life was re-
ported except in the valley of the River
Tuy. This valley lies between two
ranges of mountains near the coast of
the Caribbean Sea, and is very fertile,
being used chiefly for growing sugar.

The Town of Cua, about thirty-five miles
southwest of Caracas, was entirely de-
stroyed on the 14th. A terrible shock
was suddenly felt at about 8:30 in the
evening. The ground seemed to roll
like sea waves, throwing down the
walls of the houses, crushing many,
and entangling others in the debris.

The roofs were made of light material,
which caught fire from the lamps
which were overturned, and a general
conflagration ensued. In vain the poor
unfortunates who had escaped the fall-
ing walls endeavored to gain open
ground. The flames spread rapidly,
and the people on the outskirts of the
village were unable to offer any assist-
ance. The shrieks of the dying were
to be heard for a long time above the
crackling of the flames. Fully 300
lives were lost at Cua that night. Repet-
itions of the earthquake were looked
for, and those who had escaped were in
a constant state of terror for a number
of days. Word was sent to Caracas,
and subscriptions were made in all the
large towns of the neighborhood to aid
the sufferers. The President of
Venezuela started for the scene, and on
the way was thrown from his carriage,
owing to the roughness of the road,
but was not seriously injured. Shocks
were felt all over the country, up to
about the 4th of May, when the Rocket
sailed. Telegrams were sent out fre-
quently from Caracas to the towns with
which there was telegraphic communi-
cation, stating that another severe shock
was hourly expected. It was during
Holy Week that the first shocks were
felt, and the inhabitants, who are super-
stitious, seemed to regard the occur-
rence as ominous. The wildest rumors
were constantly afloat. The Town of
Ocumare, about twenty miles east of
Cua, and in the same valley, suffered
extremely, the houses being wrecked
and a number of serious accidents oc-
curring, but the number of persons
killed or injured had not been ascer-
tained when the bark left. The busi-
ness of the country was at a stand-still
and the greatest terror prevailed when-
ever telegrams prophesying the ap-
proach of a heavy shock were received.

The people in the towns, on such occa-
sions, would remain in the street
through the greater part of the night.
The shocks have severely damaged the
industries of the whole country. Work-
men had not the heart to work in the
sugar factories, many of which had
fallen in. The losses will be very large,
but cannot yet be estimated. The earth-
quake was the severest experienced in
Venezuela for many years, it being con-
sidered much heavier than that of 1812.

—N. Y. Times.

A Shocking Gambling Scene.

BUT perhaps the most soul-harrowing
scene that ever took place at a gaming
table transpired at a public house in
Port au Prince some years ago. Several
parties were waiting about the room for
the game to commence. Among the
crowd of loiterers was a Capt. St.
Every, a noted gambler, deadly duelist
and well-known man of pluck.

Some one spoke up, "Who'll play?"
"I will play," said the Captain of a
French frigate, which had just arrived
in the harbor, and seizing a dice-box
threw to win or lose the amount of a
small sum of money that then lay upon
the table. He was ignorant of the stake
to be played.

"Monsieur Commandant, you have
won," said Capt. St. Every, pushing to-
ward him several piles of gold.

ASTONISHED at the sight of so much
wealth, the Captain drew back saying,
"Gentlemen, I should be wanting, not
only in common honesty, but even in
good manners, were I to appropriate
the sums, the winning of which I never
expected in the least degree, for I
thought I was playing for the trifling
stake laying on the table. I cannot,
therefore, take the enormous sum as
my own by right."

"Sir," said Capt. St. Every, "you
must take it, for if you had lost you
would have been obliged to pay the
same sum."

"You are mistaken, sir, if you think
so. I do not conceive my honor endan-
gered in reference to paying a debt of
honor which I never contracted, nor in
refusing to accept of so large a sum
which I never expected to win."

"Monsieur le Commandant," shrieked
Capt. St. Every, raising his voice to the
highest pitch, "if you had lost you
should have paid. I would have made
you do so."

This was fire to the gunpowder, in-
tended to provoke a challenge, and it
accomplished its purpose. "Sir," said
Capt. St. Every, "I don't wish to take
any advantage of you, which my ac-
knowledgeed ability in the use of the
sword and pistol gives me, so I offer
you terms of equality. Bring a pistol
here at once, load it, and the chance of
the dice shall determine which shall
blow each other's brains out."

"Agreed," said the nothing-daunted
frigate Commandant.

A shock of horror ran through the
veins of the assembled crowd at the
blood-curdling affair. Some shrank
from the room; others more hardened
in sights of horror crowded near the
gambling table, perfectly cognizant of
the desperate character of St. Every
and inwardly lauding the bravery of
the unknown.

Each party examined the pistols. The
naval Captain first threw the fatal dice.

He threw eleven.

"A good throw," said St. Every,
holding for a moment his own; "the
chances are now in your favor; but
listen, if it turns out, as it appears to
me it will, that fortune favors you and
not me, I wish neither mercy nor pity,
as I should think either a coward who
would spare the other."

"Sir, I need your impertinent remon-
strances to back me neither now nor at
any time," replied the Commandant.

St. Every took the box and threw fif-
teen.

The company were paralyzed with
horror.

Monsieur le Commandant arose.
"Your life belongs to me, sir," said St.
Every, throwing down the dice on the
table.

"Fire, sir," said the Commandant,
placing his hand on his heart, "an
honest man is never afraid to—"

St. Every's ball scattered the brains
and blood of the unlucky Commandant
over the clothes and persons of the by-
standers, as his lifeless body fell to the
saloon floor.

St. Every deserted to the English,
and soon after fell mortally wounded
at the Battle of Orlais, as the English
were carrying the day. — Cincinnati
Commercial.

A Workman Falls Into a Vat of Seeth- ing Oil.

A VERY sad accident occurred on
Monday at the Belleville Oilworks of
Brostus & Co. Henry Hartmann, a
man in the prime of manhood, and an
experienced mechanic, fell into a cauld-
ron containing eight barrels of castor-
oil, which was heated to 212 degrees
Fahrenheit, and was so badly burned
that death must finally ensue from the
injuries received. It is only to be won-
dered at that he escaped alive from the
hot liquid. Mr. Hartmann is a man
in the prime of life, about thirty-three
years of age. He is a carpenter by
trade, but during several years of work,
off and on, at the oil-works, has be-
come an expert in the oil-refining busi-
ness. On Monday, he was engaged in
steaming castor-oil. After the oil has
been extracted it is heated by steam to
a certain degree, and all the impuri-
ties are skimmed from the top. While
engaged in the work of skimming at
one of the kettles, capable of contain-
ing about sixteen barrels of fluid oil,
but which was only half-filled, the
man's feet slipped from under him,
and he plunged into the cauldron
head foremost. He righted himself in
the hot liquid and came up with the
upper part of his body above the sur-
face of the oil. He then grasped with
both hands a steam-pipe which ran
horizontally above the cauldron, in the
center of it. The pipe was charged
with steam at about 220 Fahrenheit.

The fleshy parts of his hands covered
with oil soon became charred and com-
menced to smoke. He shouted for
help, and the two sons of his employer,
John and Henry Brosius, hastened to
his aid as soon as they heard the cry
of distress, but they were so bewildered
that they could not rescue him. The
engineer, Mr. Casper Knebelkamp, who
heard the cry of distress from the man
and the boys above the din made by
the running of the machinery, after
hastily shutting off the steam, ran to
the chamber where the oil
kettles were placed. He took the sit-
uation in at a glance, and, with almost
superhuman efforts, reached over the
edge of the kettle, grasped the suffer-
ing victim around the waist, and
shouted to him to let go his hands. He
succeeded in lifting him out of the cauld-
ron though he burned his own hands
and face in the act. As soon as Mr.
Hartmann was placed outside and came
in contact with the air he felt the in-
evitable torture, and ran some distance
before those around him were able to
catch him and strip him of his clothing.

He finally fell exhausted, and the
clothes were cut off his body, and he
was carried on a mattress across Main
street to his residence. Drs. Rubach
and Leifert were soon after on hand,
and caused the body to be enveloped in
cotton batting and every other aid and
assistance which would ameliorate the
excruciating pain was applied. That
part of the body which had originally
been clothed, was literally cooked, and
the flesh and muscles fell off, and the
palms of the hands, which had grasped
the hot steam-pipe, were so burned that
the fleshy part fell off, and the
bones, muscles and sinews were visible.

Though the man plunged in head fore-
most, his head and face were but
slightly disfigured, but the pain in the
lower part of the body contorted the
muscles of his face, while the medical
gentlemen and neighbors who did all
they could to ameliorate his condition,
and save his life, were busy dressing
his wounds. Hartmann has a wife and
two small children, and their distress
was a sad sight to the sympathizing
neighbors. Last night he was still
alive, but it is considered that he can
hardly recover, or that if he does he
will ever be able to perform any manual
labor. He is a member of the Knights
of Honor, and his brethren are doing
all in their power to help him and his
family. — St. Louis Republic.

Youths' Department.

WHO DID IT?

Who tracked the mud across the floor?
And through the hall, and up the stair?
And left it clinging to the chair?
Whose finger prints deface the door?

Whose crumbs beneath the table lie?
Who spilled the butter on the cloth?
Who smeared the gravy, slopped the broth,
And dropped a pickle in the pie?

Who pulled the curtain with a jerk,
And left it hanging all askew,
And broke the cord?—'twas nearly new;
I wonder if 'twas mother's work?

Whose knife is this, with handle stained,
And open blade with rust so marred?
'Twas found this morning in the yard,
Upon the grass—last night it rained.

Just now I slipped and nearly fell—
A marble rolled a rod or more,
And then I crushed an apple-core—
Whose was it, mother? Can you tell?

Face downward on the slab, a book
Lies open, leaves dog-eared and thumb-ed;
And near, a handkerchief, be-rummed;
And stiff with tears—only look!

Upon the door-knob hangs a hat—
'Tis passing strange it hangs at all;
And in the corner is a ball,
And on the sofa rests a bat.

I missed the hammer, yesterday;
The hatchet vanished long ago;
All winter, underneath the snow,
Behind the house the shovel lay.

Are things bewitched? Do genii hide
Within my closets and my drawers,
And stalk behind the chamber door,
And through the darkened attic glide?

I often go from room to room,
And sweep the floating cobwebs down,
And wonder when the spiders brown
Departed with their dainty loom.

But then—where knows?—these films so fine
May once have lain upon my shelf
Beneath the little bowl of delf;
'Twas there I used to keep my twine.

The tiny toads I lost last spring—
A paper full, with polished heads
As black as jet and round as beads,
But deader than a mummied king.

What do you think they did to-day?
My sugar-bucket's sides they stormed,
And in the sugar fairly swarmed,
Who turned tracks into ants, tell me, pray?

The elves are in the house, 'tis clear;
I'd like to catch that one who took
The clothes-brush down from off the hook
And left it on the staircase.

Who was it, little Johnny Bell?
Why do you stand so shame-faced there,
And blush from chin to forehead fair?
I think you know the culprit well.

Youths' Department.

WHO DID IT?

Who tracked the mud across the floor?
And through the hall, and up the stair?
And left it clinging to the chair?
Whose finger prints deface the door?

Whose crumbs beneath the table lie?
Who spilled the butter on the cloth?
Who smeared the gravy, slopped the broth,
And dropped a pickle in the pie?

Who pulled the curtain with a jerk,
And left it hanging all askew,
And broke the cord?—'twas nearly new;
I wonder if 'twas mother's work?

Whose knife is this, with handle stained,
And open blade with rust so marred?
'Twas found this morning in the yard,
Upon the grass—last night it rained.

Just now I slipped and nearly fell—
A marble rolled a rod or more,
And then I crushed an apple-core—
Whose was it, mother? Can you tell?

Face downward on the slab, a book
Lies open, leaves dog-eared and thumb-ed;
And near, a handkerchief, be-rummed;
And stiff with tears—only look!

Upon the door-knob hangs a hat—
'Tis passing strange it hangs at all;
And in the corner is a ball,
And on the sofa rests a bat.

I missed the hammer, yesterday;
The hatchet vanished long ago;<