that hour comes, and no one kno

of sweeter joys that follow after who rules us; then say He knoweth

-Waverly Magazine

## TWO EAVESDROPPERS.

It was a glorious afternoon in July, bright and warm. A south wind blew across Lake Ontario, and freed by the greedily-absorbent waters from the impurities with which thickly populated cities had charged its breath, it reached the northern shore delightfully pure and cool.

The water-line—a marvel of curves -was beaten back in places by "cribs" thrown out to protect the land by meeting and repelling its

One of these rude breakwaters, half demolished by violent storms now lay high on the beach, with only its outer half touched by the small waves. They gurgled and danced about its worn beams, leaping in through the storm-widened crevices. then rushing back to overtake their

less troublesome companions.

Stretched at full sength, with his ad toward the shore, held from too se contact with the pebbles by his ped hands, sheltered from observation by the three beams which formed the crib's side, with his brown eyes resting on the dancing waters— behold Douglas McDonald. A man past thirty, with a full brown beard, thick mustache, a complexion arned to a foreign hue by exposure old Sol's caresses, he looked very handsome and very happy as he lay there with a smile arching his lins.

Suddenly the sound of moving pebbles announced the approach of some one, and almost at the same mont he heard his sister's voice addressing her young friend who was boarding at the same house in the little town where they were spending the summer months. "Now tell me honestly, Mattie, if

you like Douglas. Dear old boy, it ms so nice to have him around after being away so many years—only I wish he were married," she added

"And I suppose," said Mattie Morthat you will ask your dear husnd to find out from your brother his opinion of me, and then what fun you and Jack will have comparing

A little pause, during which the ladies seated themselves near the

"What on earth shall I docover myself to them or go to sleep and not listen?" mutter the subject of the conversation.

He decided finally that his appearance at so inopportune a moment would cause more annoyance than his eavesdropping could.

Again Mattie's low voice reached him, and instead of sleeping, he listened very eagerly, for what man would not wish to hear a conversation in which the woman he was half in ove with might be expected to confess her feelings to his sister. But if Douglas McDonald listened for a tender confession, he was disappointed. for half laughing she exclaimed,-"I don't think he is hamdsome

"The mischief you don't?" said the listener with a smile

"He is not my ideal at all," Mattie rattled on unsuspectingly. "Her hair is too long, and he has too much beard, and, dear me, Bella, why doesn't he straighten his shoulders and wear becoming ties?"

"My hair is rather long," admitted the distressed listener, to himself, as he drew a lock through his fingers. "Is that the boat, Mattie?" asked Bella, straining her eyes to obtain a better view of a smoke in the dis-

"I think it is," replied her com-

"Let us go up and dress in time to meet Jack on the dock," went on the young wite; and Mattie assenting. they walked up the beach, and were soon out of sight.

Douglas waited until he thought they should have left the house and then, rising, prepared to go, say-

ing, as he stretched himself,-"Ah, Douglas, my boy, you must firmer voice. improve if you are to be pleasing to "Yes, I'll." the fair Mattie. I always had an meditatively; then as a bright look Mattle! It is rather hard on her." ceeded the thoughtful one, he added, 'I think I shall go to some

other place to spend my holidays."
When Mrs. Morton and Bella, accompanied by Mr. Jack Sterling, reached the house, Douglas, dressed for dinner, was reading a new maga-

What have you been doing all whole weight. day, Douglas?" asked his brother-in-

of the business which her brother as-serted called him away on the mor-thought of Jack.

him, in spite of the

Obnexious beard.

The following day, at the time Bella began to expect Douglas, who had promised to come out from the city early, a telegram was put her hand, which acquainted with the fact that her brother had found affairs so combined, as to renbad der his absence for some time a mat ter of necessity, though he assured her he would come as soon as he could—perhaps in less than a week. Jack came duly by the evening boat, and declared that he would

'take his holidays now.' "Oh, dear," urged Bella, you wait till Douglas comes back?"
"No," answered Jack, shortly, "it was all arranged this morning, and I told him of it. He needn't have gone in such a hurry."

"Business before pleasure, orbegan Mattie. "Civility," suggested Jack, who eemed to be in no very benign frame

of mind. "No. scarcely that," she laughed a she pulled aside the curtain, and admitted the silvery light from the crescent moon; but her sentence remained unfinished except with a mocking shrug of her shoulders.

"I am going to bring a friend out with me," said Jack, presently. Bella looked distressed. It was bad enough, she thought, to have Douglas go off this way without Jack's bringing up some one who would be sure to fall in love with Mattie. The little half-woven romance seemed to be all angles now:

thowed toward the invading stranger as to ask, "Who is it, Jack? I mean what is his name?"

and Bella sighed heavily. However,

being a wise little woman, she put

down all useless repining, and so far

"I have his card here somewhere and so will give you his name in full,' the husband made reply as he took it from his pocket and read: "Robert S. Evans," then he added hastily, 'an old schoolmate, Bella, I had not seen him for years till the other day. He's a fine looking fellow," to Mattie, as she turned toward him with a questioning look on her face. "and I prophesy he'll fall in love with you.

"Oh, no, don't prophesy that," an swered the girl who was seated at the window. "Bella has been forecasting the future, and," with a little laugh, Mr. McDonald and I did not travel well in friendship's road." She laid her pretty little brown-tressed head on one dainty hand, and assumed a look of mock sorrow.

Jack laughed and they discussed picnic parties and walking expeditions for the rest of the evening.

The next night the stranger came and the following weeks were pleasantly spent by this party of four. They took long walks in the early morning; they read to one another in the sultry afternoons, lounging beneath the shade trees fringing the banks of the lake; they rowed on the moon-lit waters in the evenings. All four declared it was a continual sur prise to find, each day, something

new to do, even in such a little town. It became apparent to Mattie before long, that she and Mr. Evans were often a little way behind in the walks; and once a row had been planned, Bella pleaded a headache, and Jack-sympathetic husband-remained at home with her.

But one day she overheard something which very rudely awakened her to the fact that she cared more for this handsome man than any other she had ever met; that she loved him, and, that he was unworthy of her affection; undeserving with the great blue tent stretched out above, and the water at their feet. even of her esteem.

She had gone up-stairs one hot afternoon intending to dress, but on the shore, gurgled, murmured and finding it still a little early, came sang in low, sweet notes a weird and down again, and entering the cool fascinating melody, seeming to voice drawing-room, proceeded to write a the gladness of the two who sat on letter. Mr. Evans was on one side the beach, happy beyond expression. of the piazza smoking; Jack was up town for the mail; Bella was in her room. Soon there was a stealthy step on the stair, and then Bella's footfall sounded down the hall, and nagerie and circus two weeks ago, into the dining-room, separated from the drawing-room only by portieres. at Hednesford, near London, says an A blind was opened cautiously, and a whispered:

"Come in here, dear, I want to talk with you," fell from Bella's lips. "Is the coast clear" Mr. Evans' him in a moment. The hyena first attacked him and threw him savagely smooth voice replied.

Sterling, as she closed the blind. across the cage. The bears then Mattie is in her room. I saw her go in, and presume she is asleep for biting at the poor fellow savagely. It was all quiet, as I passed her door

V. N. Ford assumed the duties of Lamowever, still living when eventually ighter and Street Commissioner caken from them, and was removed Saturday of last week.

Ed. Morton is painting Chas. Kublanties were of so serious a nature that no James Philp St. was in Woodstock de tingered until about 11 o'clock and then expired. The scene in the ousiness on Monday of this week.

Mr. Sedlecek has his new residenmenageria during the unfortunate nearly ready to move into. Miss Ella Hart spent Saturday anvas one of the wildest excitement. Sunday last at Marengo, with he female portion of the audience brother, Prof C. W. Hart.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Keyes attendeushed about in the vain endeavor to the reunion of the 15th Illinois Volumet out of the place. Many were teers, at Waukegan, on Tuesday of thompelled to witness the terrible Mrs. John Gillespie, of Chicago, is ting able to assist the poor fellow who

ward, with bated breath, listened. "You must tell, or go away, or something soon," said Bella, in a

"Yes, I'll do it to-day," answered Mr. Evans, after a pause; then, idea that women liked this kind of "thank you, my dear, for your kind-thing," stroking the brown beard ness in this little matter. Poor little There was a sound of meeting lips,

and presently Bella's footsteps sounded upon the stairs again. Mattie waited until Mrs. Sterling had entered her room, and then she, too, ascended to her apartment, slowly and so falteringly that more than once the banisters supported her

Once in her own room, she shed the tears she had before driven back, "Sunning myself and building released the sobs which struggled in shocking scene occurred, stated that anish castles, my boy; and, by the her throat, muttering the stinging way, Jack, I must go to the city to- little words, "Poor little Mattle-it norrow morning: will you please see is rather hard on her;" laughed hat I am properly waked up in time harshly as she chided herself for evincing the slightest sign by which Jack promised, while Bella pro-ested her unbelief in the existence dried her eyes and then turned her

A GREAT many men can stand their own singing who will leave the house "Poor Jack!" she murmured: "and at night when the baby cries.

twenty minutes.

Very Busy, but PHONE PARTY

Two asile, orat cycs mared at him; an impetuous gesture silenced him,

as he attempted to go on, and Mattle

"I heard you this afternoon.

have been and I—loathe you!"

in the matter," he exclaimed.

now her listener's turn.

row, I shall tell Jack!"

"Whew!"

laughter.

ties.

friend.

know how deceitful and wicked you

The fire had burned out, and it was

"Deceitful, Mattie, it is true, but

not wicked. I have not been wicked

A look of utter contempt passed

over her face, but he went on,—
"It was foolish, I know, but it was

"Because you loved me," scorn-

-urged her to consent to se-

fully. "You confessed your love for

crecy for the sake of her love for you;

and finally declared you would settle the matter soon. Do not imagine you deceive me. I heard all, and if

you do not go away from here to-mor-

The long-drawn whistle was Mr.

Evans' only answer. His features worked convulsively, and the air re-

sounded with a burst of hearty

"Soon, however, the grave look

came into his face again, and draw-

are making a mistake, and I did not

understand your reference to this

afternoon. A month ago to-day I

came to this town to visit my sister.

In the afternoon, lying in yonder

crib, I overheard her and her dearest

friend criticizing my personal appear-

ance, complaining of my long hair,

my overgrown beard, my unbecoming

twinkle in the eves bent on Mattie's

rosy, startled face- "I resolved to

play a practical joke on my fair critics.

had my beard removed, my hair cut,

and invested in an entirely different

outfit, made a wager with Jack that

you would not recognize me, extorted

a promise from him that he would

help me to conceal my identity if I

remained undetected in my ruse; and,

with a great amount of persuasion,

my dear brother-in-law induced Bella

to allow you to be introduced to Jack's

I must tell you, and I have done so. Come, Mattie," drawing the little

brown hand to his shoulder, "let me

finish my story which you so indig-

nantly interrupted a short time ago.

The story was told, the question

asked, and the answer given. And

there in the summer dusk they sat,

A Lion-Tamer's Leath.

A terrible occurrence was wit-

nessed at Wombwell & Bailey's me-

while an exhibition was being held

exchange Delhi Montarno, a lion-tamer, was in the act of entering a

cage containing three bears and a

hyena when, it appears, he slipped

down, and the animals pounced upon

worried him for about fifteen minutes.

is a wonder that he was brought

glive out of their cage. He was,

o the Anglesy Hotel, but his inju-

nope was entertained of his recovery.

nan's struggle with the savage beasts

cene enacted in the cage without be-

was in such imminent danger of losing

An inquest on the body was held.

his life.

This afternoon she declared

went to the city the following day,

and"—with a mischievous

ing a little nearer to her he said,-

Dear little Mattie, listen!

all because I loved you. Mattie.

proceeded:

tmaster General Wanamake the project, is the establishme stal savings banks. He believ the people of this country wou Large quantities of first class, new anthe Government. Before two Conchandles, which is placed on our countergresses he has urged the adoption of able with cash and experience. We make plan. Respecting its details, as style, prices etc., but simply and candidate has formulated them, he spoke convinced.

treely a few days ago in conversation with a representative of the Washing. See our new Spring on Star.

"One reason why postal savings or the light of the United States is that the light of the United States is the light of the United States is the light of the United States is the light of the light

he loves and trust her sol Bella n | POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS

Is black, tad. gray, moire, mahogany re-rivate banks have opposed the bronze green, mystle green, drab, terrcheme," he said. "They have feared and stripes in the most fashionable weahat their business would be interloades trimmings we have a good stockred with. As a matter of fact cords, braids, patterns, etc. to match dreiere is no foundation for such an apwhether for wedding or funeral require rehension, inasmuch as postal savhgs denositories would not antagonize

WE HA rate concerns. The Government yould always pay a smaller rate of interest to depositors, and its cus-For all the Men, Youths tomers would be a different class from those of private savings banks. Whereas the latter handle large sums for business men and have the custody of estates, trusts and the like Uncle Sam would deal with the comparatively inconsiderable savings of the working people.

"Another obstacle has been the lack of interest-bearing securities of the Government in which to invest the enormous sums that would be received on deposit. A conservative estimate has placed the amount which would come into postal savings depositories, if they were established in this country, at \$500,000,000, which sum would probably oe reached in less than two years. This money. of course, could not be locked up in vaults and thus withdrawn from circulation. It must be made to pay its way, so to speak—to earn interest for depositors and also to compensate postoffice employes in wages for work they would do in connection with handling it and keeping records of it. The most natural and secure way of disposing of these deposits would be to invest them in Government bonds. Unfortunately Government bonds are rapidly disappearing; the last of them will mature in about sixteen years. "How far does public sentiment

favor the scheme?" "Public sentiment universally demands its adoption," replied Mr. Wanamaker. "The people are eager for a chance to deposit their savings with the Government. They feel that in Uncle Sam's hands their money would be absolutely safe, whereas there is always a possibility that the strongest private firm may burst. Thousands and thousands of individuals all over the United States who now hoard their savings in stockings and teapots through distrust of the private banks would rush immediately to give them into the keeping of the Government.

"Another point I should mention right here is the fact that private savings banks are distributed very unequally over the country. There are 647 mutual savings banks in the Union, and all but eleven of them are in the New England and Middle States. There are 364 stock savings banks, and of these only forty-two are in the Southern States, which section is provided with no mutual savings banks at all. While in New England the average distance from the nearest savings bank to the postoffice, which may be assumed to be the center of any community, is ten miles, in the Southern States it is thirtythree miles, on the Pacific slope fiftytwo miles, in the Middle States twenty-five miles and in the Western

be damaged by government savings depositories?

ter. On the contrary they declare the amounts of their deposits have increased, the government drawing its own custom from an entirely different class of natrons."

Why do not private banks possess the confidence of small depositors?" "Partly because in many of the supervision. From the best informasix States of the Union, three Territories, and the District of Columbia ever-decreasing circles. The bullocks private banks—that is to say, any out supervision or control under the law. In eight States and three Territories no reports of condition nor examinations are required by law of banks incorporated under State authority. The Treasury reports show Mr. Frank Bostock, the proprietor of that prior to 1879 the losses incident the menagerie, stated that Delhi to three or four failures of private Montarno, the lion-tamer, was a banking concerns were equal to the negro. The animals with which he total losses which had up to that went into the cage to perform were time occurred under the national

the quietest in the show. When they attacked the deceased, witness system." How far has this matter been entered the den, but failed for some brought to the attention of Coutime to get them away from Montarno. gress?" Mr. Wanamaker was asked. The latter had long been a tamer of "I made a detailed argument on the wild beasts and had never before met subject during the last session of with an accident in the pursuit of his Congress," he replied, "and I have calling. Jagus Martin, a lion-tamer, just addresssed another to Chairman attached to the menagerie, stated Sawyer of the Senate Postoffice Comthat the deceased stumbed and fell as mittee in response to an inquiry from he entered the bears' cage and the brutes at once attacked him. Dr. Butler, who was present when the the best reasons known to me, which I regard as conclusive ones, why postal savings depositories ought to be inaugurated. To these I have added everything possible was done to get the poor fellow out of the clutches of the animals, but he was so seriously injured when eventually removed the views on the same question expressed by a number of my predecessors; also a table showing the atfrom the cage that he died within systems, describing their plans of Highlands of Scotland.

"What is your plan in detail. Mr.

will readily adapt its cards with stamps to be received in lieu of cash as deposits. In the ab-sence of government securities for in-vestment of the cash, I suggest that the money be kept in circulation and made to earn a low rate of interest by lending the deposits received in each State to the national banks of the same State. The latter, of course, would be glad to pay a low rate of interest to the Government, making their profits from the prevailing higher rate. The savings deposits would be made preferred claims against the assets of the national banks. This seems to me an entirely safe and practicable method. No exception can be taken on the score that it does not offer adequate ecurity, for statistics show that in the case of national banks only one-twentieth of 1 per cent. annually of their liabilities has been lost by failures."

There Was a Dog.

The tramp, hardened though was by an unhappy struggle of life, was really touched at the sight of the sweet young girl who opened the door in response to his knock, says the Detroit Tribune. There was a dreamy look in her big blue eyes, as if her thoughts were not centered in the book in her hand, between whose leaves was thrust a dainty forefinger to keep the place. And she blushed confusedly to see a stranger. "Kind lady," whined the man, "can you give a poor wanderer something to eat?' She stared in innocent indecision. "I -I con't know you," she faltered after a moment. "Papa and mamma are both away and-The tramp instantly discarded his air of humility and advanced toward the slight young woman. "Gimme a dollar!" he growled. She gasped and turned pale with fright. "Oh, good sir, don't." His horrid, leering face was so near that she could feel his breath upon her cheek. "Ow! Wow! Help! Tige! Oh, come, Toige!" There was a rushing sound from the direction of the woodshed, with a clicking as of claws upon the floor, and a body of some sort was precipitated against the closed door behind the slender, girlish figure. "Here, Tige." Trembingly and hysterically she placed her hand upon the latch. "D-don't open the d-door." The rough, heartless man was crying again. "Pardon me, I beg of you. I I really meant nothing. I was only trying to scare you. Would you kindly oblige me with the time of Weak with horror the girl day?" leaned against the wall, like a stricken flower. She could not speak. "Yip, yip, yip." It was an exceedingly small dog that was barking in the woodshed. The sounda was so extremely attenuated as to preclude any other supposition. "Aha!" tramp scowled malignantly. "Young woman," he hissed, 'gimme \$5 this With nerveless touch she raised the latch. "Minute or—"
"Sic'em Tige!" In after years the man was unable to tell clearly how it all happened. He merely retained a shadowy recollection of a large brown mastiff and an excited, barking poodle bursting through the door simultaneously, with adimp, frightened girl in the background; but the details of his escape left absolutely no impression on his memory.

Black Buck Hunting in India.

The black buck of India is a very States twenty-six miles."

The black buck of India is a very graceful animal, weighing between for fearing that their business would thirty and fifty pounds. The hide of the male, when full-grown, is of inky blackness on the back, while the None whatever, if the experience belly is as white as snow; the conof the whole civilized world is to have | trast being very striking. The horns any weight," said the Postmaster are black and spiral in shape, and in General. "I have received very in- length average about eighteen teresting reports from all the coun-inches, although they have been tries where successful government known to reach twenty-six inches. savings banks are in operation. The animals are usually found in These embrace France, Austria, Italy, herds, and are difficult to approach on Belgium, Hungary, Sweden, and the foot, as the bucks toss their Netherlands. They are unanimous heads in the air from time to time in in the statement that there has been a very graceful manner, and some no antagonism whatever between pri- one of them is almost sure to detect vate banks and those under govern- any attempt at stalking. They are ment control, and that the former at times hunted on horseback. but have received no injury from the lat- the usual method in many sections is to use a conveyance very much like that the number of private banks and the back of a horse, only shorter and made of wood. This is on wheels. is drawn by bullocks, and is called a jungle-cart. It is very close to the ground, and from both sides project flat pieces of wood, upon which the feet rest. The inside is hollow and holds ammunition and luncheon. It States there is no adequate State is believed they take the queer little wooden arrangement on wheels for a tion I can get it seems that in twenty- plow, and consequently are not much alarmed as it draws nearer them in no law whatever exists in respect to move at the word of command, and are accompanied by a shikaree, or person or firm can undertake the native hunter. The bucks never ousiness of private banking in any of seem to fear the inhabitants, doubtthose States or Territories without less having learned they are without legal restriction of any sort and with- guns, and therefore not to be dreaded. -St. Nicholas.

Is Consumption Contagious?

Health Officer Veale reported to the Board of Health recently that 72,275 deaths from consumption had occurred in this city since July, 1860, up to date, and suggested whether it would not be advisable to add consumption to the list of contagious diseases to be reported to him. He pointed out that if, as certain, people claim, consumption is a contagious, infectious, or communicable disease it must to a certain extent be pre ventable. The matter was referred to the Sanitary Committee.

Maj. Veale stated afterward that there are from 2,800 to 3,000 deaths from consumption in Philadelphia every year, and was clearly of opinion his committee. In this I have stated that preventable action was necessary.—Philadelphia Record.

Gypties and Natis.

The alleged connection between gypsies and the nails used in the crucifixion has frequently been referred to. It is said that the tinkers are tempted legislation in the matter, descendants of the one who made the and, what is likely to be of great nails for the cross and are condemned value, a careful compilation of the to wander continually without rest. essential details of all existing foreign This tradition is very common in this

much like the Cossacks themselves that he entered the camp quite unnoticed. Then he sat down on a stone, and took out a colored map of the country, knowing well that the strange sight would bring the men

about him immediately.

So it proved. He suddenly became aware of a gaunt, sallow, gray-moustached visage—so criss-crossed with sabre-scars as to look like a railwaymap—peering inquisitively over his shoulder. Then another and another came edging in, till he was completely surrounded by wild figures and grim

"What's that picture father? We can't quite make it out."

"It's not a picture at all, brothers -it's a plan that shows me the very way by which you have come here from Holy Russia, and all the places you have passed through."

Then, seeming not to notice the

grins with which his hearers received what they considered to be a most outrageous lie, he went on,--"Up here, at Orenburg, you passed the Ural River, and then marched

looks of unbelief, and the meaning

eastward to Orsk, where you crossed the frontier and turned to the south east." "So we did, comrades!" shouted

half a dozen voices at once. speaks the truth-so we did." "Then you passed Fort Kara Butak crossed the Kara Koum Desert, and

halted here, and here, and here, naming and describing various posts. The Cossacks listened open-mouthed to the familiar names, and the excited clamor was followed by a silence oi utter amazement. said-

"Fat ier, can you show us the very place we are now?"

"To be sure I can, my lad. See that black spot is the village yonder; there's the river twisting and wind ing; and here is your camp."

There was another pause of blank bewilderment, and then the scarred veteran, with the gray moustache, asked, in awe-stricken whisper: "But, father, tell me for the love of Heaven, if we've marched a thousand miles since leaving Holy Russia, how can it all go into a little scrap of paper no bigger than an Easter cake?

I saw the advantages the little woman possesses chronicled the other

day, but the tall girl has her own good points. The present fashions suits her down to the ground and a good way along the ground, too. She can make pic tures of herself leaning on things and reclining and all that. She can lean and sway and wind toward a fellow when he has his arms about her, as the little woman can't at all. A She is just a little shorter, of course, than the average man, and being that much nearer she is just that much more temptation when she looks up

She can run and row and ride more comfortably, and with more grace than can the little woman, and to a lot of men this is a great attraction. You can suspect her of soulfulness, deep feeling and thought, and her attention can just by so much flatter a

man. She can be elusive and slippery, and now-I-have-vou-and-now-I-don't in a portic and pulse-driving way. course any woman can be that, but it suits the tali woman particularly well. She can suggest Bernhardt, if hiding in the thicker you like that sort of thing, and besides, you feel as if you had gotten more, as it were, when you do get hold of her.

A tall woman can push her head up under your chin and about your throat, while the little woman has to burrow about your third vest button. She can let her cheek touch yours by mistake, you know in the dance, or wherever it may happen. There is hardly any. thing so fetching as that. A little woman would have to get on stilts to do it.

A fellow can keep his shirt front in better order, too, and love-making is less hard work when your girl is somewhere within easy reach. Then, too, if she does take to ordering you around you feel less like a fool than when a five-foot-nothing woman makes you walk chalk. I have even heard men say that a woman taller that themselves was-but I can't be-

Fancy looking up at your girl and getting an under view of her chin instead of a sweep of eve-lashes!-Washington Post

trim Humor

Among the peculiarities of Selwyn, which attracted attention, were his love of children and his morbid taste to see death or the dead. Not an execution escaped him, and he is said to have made a journey to Paris to see Damiens broken on the wheel. This last propensity was the subject of many a joke among his intimates, of which the first Lord Holland's was the best. When on his deathbed, he was told that Selwyn had called to inquire after him. "The next time Mr. Selwyn calls," said he, "show him up; for if I am alive I shall be delighted to see, and if I am dead he will be glad to see me."

Sheridan, too, when dying, on being requested to undergo an operation, humorously replied that he had al ready submitted to two, which was enough for one man's lifetime. Being asked what they were, he answered: "Having my hair cut and sitting for my picture." The field of battle has produced many an example of grim humor, and a capital story is told of how, when Sir William Scrope was about to charge with his troops at the famous conflict of Edgehill, at the opening ball of the Parliamentary campaign against Charles I., he said to his young scanegrace of a son: "Jack, if I should be killed, lad, you will have enough to spend," to which the witty rogue answered: "And egad, father, if I should be killed, you will have enough to pay."

A DOLLAR in your pocket is worth five invested in a lottery ticket.

of hills of the esulted in the death of Ind says the San Francisco Chi tion of a feud of nearly twenty standing, and the working out of revenge by an Indian who all this tim had been supposed dead by the mem-bers of his tribe and had been almost forgotten by his people. There is a piece of savage romance connected with it that would figure well in the novel of the border.

The story as told here this morning

is that some twenty years ago,

nearly that long, two Indians,

that time savages, named Maze and Purrit, were smitten with the charms of a dusky maiden of their own tribe, and, inasmuch as they were unable to settle the matter in the ordinary ways of courtship, they decided to settle it in combat. Without any seconds or witnesses to take note of the afray they met one day in Sycamore Valley, a small canyon, which is still unsettled by white men. The weapons were clubs and the fight was to a finish, and at its close Indian Purrit lay like one dead and his antagonist went away victorious from the scene of the conflict. He supposed he had killed his foe, but the prostrate Indian was not in the spirit land, but only stunned by the blows of the club. the blows of the club. Whether Indian Maze won the hand of the dusky maiden who was the cause of the battle is not stated in the information. It is not essential to the story, but it may be supposed that he did, and that for the succeeding years she was the queen of his lovely wigwam. Purrit, the defeated Indian, was not dead, and after he regained consciousness he made off, no one knows where. His antagonist spread the report that Purrit was sleeping with his fathers and it was so believed. That ended the first chapter of the story. Nearly twenty years elapsed before anything else was heard of the affair. The other day some cattlemen who were passing through Sycamore Canyon were horrifled to find the dead

body of old Indian Maze tied hand and foot to a log. His death was due to a very small wound in the jugular vain made by the point of a knife, or, as there is reason to believe, by a horseshoe nail ground down to a sharp point. The surroundings showed that a terrible struggle had taken place, and it was evident that old Maze had been overpowered, tied firmly to the log, and then the sharpened nail driven into the vein of his neck and he allowed to bleed slowly to death. The deed had evidently been done that day. It was a mystery, and one very peculiar, and the cattle herders spread the report. The Indians, and there are many of them in that locality, gathered from all sides and set up their dismal howls and horrible lamentations preparatory to burying the dead brother. Gradually the affair began to receive light from the combined memories of the old sachems of the Diggers. Additional light was thrown on the matter by some one, and then another and another of the assembly, recalling that a strange Indian had been several times seen of late skulking about the hills and hiding in the thickets of Manzanita. The death of old Maze and the strange appearance of the skulking Indian began to be associated, and when the former tragedy was recalled, the fight between Maze and Purrit, the Indians remembered that the stranger who had been skulking about the hills and other than Purrit. They thought he had come from the spirit world to avenge him on his adversary, and well had he done it, as the cold body of poor old Maze, lashed to the log, was

ample evidence. The defeated lover had planned well that revenge which is sweet to the child of the forest. He had waited long, and had nursed his hate through almost twenty years, biding his time to strike the blow which should balance accounts between himself and his mortal foe, according to the Indian style of bookkeening. By what means he had decoved old Maze into that glen-to the very spot where the duel of years before had taken place—is not known. Probably he lay in wait, and overpowered the old man by sheer strength, bound him fast, and then killed him. Neither is it known where he had remained al. the years. No tidings of him had ever come back to his kindred, and they had long ago given him up as among the dead. But they did not reckon rightly. No trace of Purrit has been found since. The Indians have searched for him through all the thickets, but in vain. Per-haps he has gone back to the land where he had hidden and had found a home during all the years in which he had been nursing his revenge and was waiting for the day when he would settle scores with old Maze.

Crowded Cities of the Dead.

Long Island is the burying ground for New York's dead, and a round trip to the present cometeries is now a day's journey. But little space is left in Greenwoods. Evergreen, Caivary and Cypress Hill, the big cities of the dead across the East River. and if it becomes necessary to seek new burying grounds further away, busy New Yorkers will never find time to go to funerals. As it is now, funerals are rushed with a haste that would shock people in slow-going communities. New York is too busy to waste any time over the dead. They are in the way and the sooner out of it the better, seems to be the idea here. Hearses are driven at a swift trot from church to cemetary, and there is often an exciting race be tween funeral processions to be first on board the ferry-boat. The first thing a New Yorker learns is to run to catch a ferry-boat. When he crosses the river for the last time he leads the rushing, struggling procesion, and it ought to be some consolation to him to know that he was first on board for once. New York is a great place to live, but it must be an unsatisfactory place to die for those who care to be buried in the old-fashioned, slow and solemn way. -Pittsburgh Leader.

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