A WOMAN'S CRIME.

BY AN EX-DETECTIVE.

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(CONTINUED.)

"As I grew older, my mother taught me never to speak of the voyage across the ocean, and of the foreign lands that seemed like the recollections of a dream. I must be an American. I was never permitted to speak of that other home we had known for a little time. I was by nature fearless, curious, and difficult to deal with; and I know that my poor mother's wrongs had made her morbidly sensitive. She had the Italian exaggeration of language, and in exhorting me to prudence, to caution, and to obedience, in my younger days, she alluded to her past in such vague, mysterious language and with such a look in her eyes, that I became possessed; haunted, by a vague terror. And there is no terror like that which we can not comprehend. I knew that we were exiles from some other land, and I began to believe, as I grew up, that because of some crime or treason, on the part of my father, we had been compelled to flee the country. My mother taught me that we were in constant danger and she described to me the man Jason Bradwardine, imploring me to be ever watchful, ever cautious, and to fear this man always, because he sought my life.

"When she believed herself dying, my mother called me to her, and told me that I would soon be alone and surrounded by danger; that men, strong and high in power, sought my destruction; that I stood between one of these men and the position that he longed for, and that my life would be sacrificed if I ever fell into his hands. That I was, to the other of these men, a hated thing, a symbol of his own misery and downfall. She told me that to escape from these men and from dangers to both of us, she had brought me across the sea. She said that even there, these enemies might be aware of our hiding place, and waiting only a suitable time to spring upon us, or upon me. 'Fear curiosity; fear strangers,' my mother said. 'If they set out to find you they will move earth and heaven. One of these men, Jason Bradwardine, crossed the ocean once to destroy you; you are growing to womanhood now, and will be doubly dangerous in his eyes. Live retired; baffle all inquiries; shun large public assemblies, and beware of detectives; they are the means often employed by bad men to hunt down their victims.'

"I implored her to tell me all, not to leave me in the dark, concerning this shadow upon my life, and she replied that to tell me would only increase my danger, that ignorance was my best and only safeguard.

"As her last hour drew near, she exacted from me a vow of the most solemn nature. I was to conceal all that I knew of my past; never to examine the papers she left behind, unless some movement on the part of my enemies revealed to me my identity and made further enlightenment necessary. I was never to leave America, unless the time should come when I was assured that my foes were powerless to harm me, and ever and always I was to avoid inquiry, to shun and fear no one supposed to be a detective, or investigator of any sort, and never, by any act, to bring myself forward conspicuously so as to become a marked personage in any community. She wished that I should leave Fairlie, after her death; she believed I would be safer among strangers.

"Last, she had left all her papers, and the control of her little fortune, in the hands of Doctor Austin. He is the only being my mother fully trusted. She left with him, too, a letter, which was to be placed in my hands on my twenty-fifth birthday; but, if I ever stood in peril; if any great danger menaced me, or fell upon me—any danger which I could not avert or avoid, because I could not comprehend it—then I was to have the letter sooner; have it at the time of need.

"Well, I have learned through others who I am and what it was that my mother feared, and Mr. Ferrars tells me that all her life she has been laboring under a sad, sad delusion. She had married the only son of Sir Hillary Massinger. She believed herself abandoned, and that they, my father and grandfather, would seek to steal me from her. For years she trusted Jason Bradwardine; he was her only adviser, and of course, he contrived to keep her from any knowledge of her husband, or how it fared with him. But after we came to America—which she did against his will—she found him out. He sent an emissary over from England to steal me away. Then my mother, who, from her husband, from Jason Bradwardine, from everyone who knew Sir Hillary Massinger, had learned to think him stern, bitter, implacable, and always her enemy, believed that this old man so hated her and her child that he had bought over Jason Bradwardine. She knew that my father could not set himself free and marry again, if he would, and she knew that Jason Bradwardine was the next of kin, and she believed that he hoped to outlive my father, and succeed to the Massinger title and the estates."

Her voice broke and she paused to regain her composure.

"From Mr. Ferrars I learn that my father died years ago," she resumed, in a tremulous tone. "That he was deluded and betrayed, not by his father, but by Jason Bradwardine. Sir Hillary received an anonymous letter telling him of his son's marriage; he went to the place where the letter said he should find that son. He did not find him, but he found my mother, and they had a stormy interview. My father was absent; he did not return at the time appointed. And then same Jason Bradwardine with a false tale. My father had returned to Hillary Hall, he said; he had deserted his wife and child. I suppose my mother nearly went mad then; she fled from her home, that had been so happy, and no one, save Jason Bradwardine, knew where she went. When my father came back we were gone; his wife, his child. He searched for us, fruitlessly; he would not be reconciled to his father—and—finally—he died. His life wasted; himself a victim. And my mother—she died, believing him false. Ah, heavens! to think of these two blighted lives, and then to think that Jason Bradwardine, the man who wrought all this misery, still walks the earth. Mr. Bathurst," turning suddenly toward Neil, and changing as suddenly her look and tone, "I wish he had moved that day when I held his own pistol at his head." It was a startling climax to her sad recital, and it seemed to arouse her hearers from the sorrowful silence caused by this pitiful story of past wrongs and past mistakes. It brought that past straight down to the present, where action was possible.

CHAPTER LII.—BRADWARDINE'S FATE.

"Mrs. Arteveldt, we have found Lenore Armyn."

These words, spoken by Neil Bathurst, brought Mrs. Arteveldt to her feet as if startled by a bugle blast. She was sitting in the drawing-room with Kate Seaton near her, and the detective and Mr. Hale had just presented themselves. She had been prepared for a visit from Mr. Hale, but she had not expected this news, for Kate Seaton had been mute on the subject, and there was no one else to enlighten her.

"At last!" she cried, her eyes flashing with excitement; "at last my poor boy will be avenged."

"At last," replied Neil Bathurst, gravely, "many wrongs will be righted. Mrs. Arteveldt, if it were discovered that another, and not Miss Armyn, had killed your son, would you hate that other as bitterly as you do her?"

"What do you mean, Neil Bathurst?" [illegible] almost fiercely. "Oh, is [illegible] Are you seeking to screen [illegible] girl?"

[illegible] What the man who [illegible] late would have you [illegible] except the one state[illegible] Miss Armyn from him. That man is an assassin. He tried to murder Miss Armyn."

Miss Arteveldt started back in surprise and some confusion.

"Who told you about him?" she asked. "How do you know?"

"I have many ways of finding out things," replied he, smiling slightly. "Are you ready to hear my statement now, madame?"

"Yes. Go on!"

"Mr. Hale here knows everything; he will give you all the particulars. My duty is simply to state the truth concerning Miss Armyn."

"The truth!" bitterly. "Well, tell me the truth about this murderess."

"The truth concerning Miss Armyn is briefly this," said Neil, not noticing her sarcasm. "She went from your son's house in the mysterious carriage that drove away just at the time of her disappearance, and that could never be traced, for the simple reason that it was driven by no hireling, but by Dr. Austin, the guardian of Miss Armyn. Doctor Austin took her straight to the asylum of Doctor Burton, and there, as you know, she remained until my visit scared her away. Now, there was a secret in her life, and in the life of her mother, and on her death bed that mother had exacted a promise, a vow, that she, Lenore, would guard her own life carefully, and guard this secret as well; to this end she must promise to avoid all detectives and curious persons, and most of all, this villain, who tells you that I rescued the girl from his hands.

"Your son pointed me out to her, and she knew that I was a detective. I believed myself unknown to her and so visited the hospital without disguise, thus defeating myself. She saw me, recognized me, and fled from me. At this time, Mrs. Arteveldt, she did not even know that your son was dead."

"What!" cried Mrs. Arteveldt. "Dare you say that to me, sir?" If you wish to be heard do not advocate the cause of my son's murderess. Ah! her witch-like beauty has turned your head, as it did the head of my poor boy."

"Madame!" he said sternly, and bending upon her a look that caused her to lower her own angry orbs, "allow me to say what I wish to say; after which I will listen to any comments you may choose to make. I repeat that Lenore Armyn's strange conduct, that looked so much like guilt, was not guilt. She fled from me because she had promised her mother to avoid all pursuers, and she had strong reason to fear pursuit. Innocent of any crime, she has been doubly hunted, doubly wronged. I repeat it, until after she fled from the asylum she did not know that your son was dead. She had feared me, and all detectives; she had feared your informer Jason Bradwardine, and most of all, she feared your son. She is a woman in a thousand; or when she suddenly came upon the paper containing the account of the murder, publishing her as the murderess, and setting a price upon her head, she must have gone mad."

Mrs. Arteveldt had with difficulty controlled herself thus far; now she fairly shrieked:

"So you are all combined against me. You would let this murderess go. Do you think I will permit it? No, my son, we shall be avenged; his murderess shall expiate her crime!"

"Mrs. Arteveldt," it was Mr. Hale's cool voice that interposed. "Your son's murderess will expiate her crime; she is now a prisoner."

Mrs. Arteveldt reeled as if about to fall and finally sank back in her chair, murmuring faintly: "What!—what are you telling me; why talk of her innocence?"

Kate Seaton came quietly to her side, and placed a cool hand on her throbbing forehead.

"Madame," she said, softly, "you do not understand, the murderess is found, but it is not Lenore Armyn."

Mrs. Arteveldt started. She turned her eyes again toward Neil Bathurst.

"What does it mean—what are you trying to do?" she gasped. "Oh, you said you would find the creature who killed my boy."

"And I have found her, madame," said Neil, more gently than he had previously spoken. "She was arrested last night. You must compose yourself; you must prepare yourself for a great shock. Your son's bride did not shed his blood. Shall I tell you who did?"

"Yes," faintly.

"Your son was murdered by the woman we have all known as Aura Durand."

"Hear him!" fairly shrieked the frantic woman, turning toward the lawyer. "Hear whom he accuses; ah, who will tell me the truth?"

"I will!" replied the lawyer, firmly. "Madame, if you do not listen and control yourself, we must leave you to find this out from the daily papers. I tell you that Aura Durand is the murderess—she has confessed her crime."

Slowly and with eyes that seemed starting from their sockets, Mrs. Arteveldt arose to her feet. Then with a sudden and piercing shriek, she threw out her hands and fell at the very feet of the detective. He lifted her from the floor and carried her to a soft couch in the rear drawing-room. Then Kate and the housekeeper applied restoratives, but when Mrs. Arteveldt recovered from her swoon, she turned her face toward Neil Bathurst and then broke out in a violent fit of hysterics.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Economy.

In every mouth the word "economy" finds a place these days, and in almost every home the need is felt for certain retrenchment, therefore it behooves the thoughtful to consider what kind of economy is practical and of lasting value. There are certain kinds of economy that degenerate into petty meanness unless watched with eagle eye and staying hand. It is not economy to discharge the one servant and then slave yourself to death to make up for her absence. It is never economy to overtax one's strength, for what is saved at one end must of necessity be expended at the other, either for doctors' bills or the expenses of a trip to recuperate after the double strain. It is not economy to shop all day and never stop for a bite of luncheon, or to walk squares out of your way in order to save car fare. Retrench, if you must, in those parts of the domestic economy that are not vital. Pinch where the surface is toughest and can stand it best; but do not become miserly in the carrying out of your commendable ambition. Be economical of health, of strength, but never economical of sleep. Steal a nap, if need be, from the busy hours of the day; it will return you compound interest of refreshing ability to go on with the labor mapped out for you. Economize in the number of your garments, but not in their quality. A good bit of cloth wears ten times longer than its sleazy neighbor at half price. Bring judgment to bear upon your economies, and the result will be satisfactory, but without keen sense and discrimination economy degenerates into a foolish watchfulness over certain things while others are allowed to take their own course, unproductive of any other result than chaotic entanglement that will need dollars and much thought to straighten out.

Do You Know?

That a white felt hat may be cleaned with pipe clay. It should be applied with a soft flannel.

That fine woollen shirts, which have grown too short from washing, may be lengthened and at the same time beautified by adding a deep frill of woven lace. Or the skirt may also be taken off the band and sewed to a cotton yoke, which should fit smoothly across the hips.

That the chafing dish needs especial care to keep it looking nice and new enough for the table. The pans should not be put in water when washed, but the water put in them, and the nickel surface carefully wiped and polished with a chamois. If particles of whatever has been cooked in it adhere to the pan clean them off with grease and salt, then wash with clean, hot soap suds, rinse and dry thoroughly.

That boiling milk will remove white stains.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

SEED-TIME.

CHAPTER I.

"It is the admirer of himself, and not the admirer of virtue, that thinks himself superior to others."

"'Poor Martha Snell, her's gone away;
Her would if her could, but her couldn't stay;
Her'd two sore legs and a baddish cough,
But her legs it was as carried her off!'"

That's mine. Have you anything today, Alice?"

"Nothing," says our lovely sister, lifting her head from "Paley's Evidences," "but Nell has."

"Bring it out, then!" says Jack, rapping the table smartly with his ruler.

Happy Jack! who is deterred from amusing himself by no such considerations concerning Scripture exercises and the like as lie heavy upon the rest of us; he is home for the holidays, and, as his soul is supposed to be well weeded and watered by his pastors and masters while he is away, it is left in peace while it is at home.

"It is a little vulgar, I admit," looking round, "but then you know you all like vulgar jokes. Not that this is a joke—far from it, it is a veritable, properly authenticated family—"

"Business is business," says Jack, interrupting, "gives us the epitaph first and your remarks after."

"'Here lies the body of Betsy Binn,
Who was so very pure within,
She bust this outer shell of sin,
And hatched herself a cherubim!'"

"There! burst, not bust," says Jack, reprovingly; don't expose your ignorance, Nell."

"It is not," I say, stoutly; "burst is quite a leisurely way of doing things. Bust gives you an idea of cracking all over like a chrysalis and flying straight up through the air, as Betsy did."

"I don't think it's as good as Thomas Woodhen," says Alice, gravely. "His widow showed so much sense in adapting herself to circumstances."

"Or that one," says Milly, looking up:

"'Poor Martha Kitchen! her days were spent,
She kicked up her heels and away she went.'"

"I like the baby's best," says Jack; "that one on an infant three months old, you know:

"'Since I am so quick done for,
I wonder what I was begun for?'"

"Nurse told me of one yesterday," says Milly, resting her elbows on a Pinnock, "that she saw with her very own eyes:

"'Here lies the unworthy son of a worthy father.'

The stone was erected by the father."

"That is nasty," said Alice; "the others only show extraordinary levity. I wonder what the people were like who made them up?"

"Shaky as to their grammar," says Jack, "and sadly in want of a dictionary."

"Would you like a grammatical one?" I ask, "and a properly spelt one? I don't say it is a particularly good one."

"Good heavens!" says Jack, leaning forward. "Nell is—yes—no—yes, she is positively blushing."

"I am not!" I say, looking at them all steadily. "No one ever accused me of such a thing before."

"Then to what,' asks Alice, laughing, "may we ascribe this sudden access of color? Heat, modesty, shame or pride at having made a rhyme? for I do believe you have."

"Heat!" I say, shortly; "how we shall broil in church!"

"Now then," says Jack, "we must not permit the first literary effort of the family to die for want of air; let's have it."

"It is not much of it," I say, apologetically, "but our riddles and epitaphs were running so low that I thought it was high time some new ones were invented, and anything is better than nothing, you know. Here it is:

"'Here lies the body of
Helen Adair,
Cruelly slain in the Flower of her
Youth and Beauty, by
Amberley's Nags.

P.S.—Amberley's Nags were the only horses visible at her funeral, for she died a pauper.'"

"Ha! ha! ha!" goes Jack. "'Youth and beauty,' first rate, that."

"And Amberley does nag at Nell shamfully," says Alice.

"And you all say," I put in, standing up for my bantling, "that my extravagant tastes will bring me to want some day, do you not? Only I don't see how I can ever be very lavish on nothing."

"The governor tells us every day that we shall come to the—union," says Milly. "I wonder if it is very bad?"

"They separate the sexes," I say, looking fondly at Jack, who is whittling away at a pencil in utter ignorance of my affectionate glance, "and I should never like that."

"What's the matter with Amberley?" he asks, looking up. "Has she got spasms?"

"Bilious," I say, nodding. "She calls it sick-headache, but I know better. She won't be able to get up till to-morrow; therefore, can't harass our already too highly cultivated brains with Paley and Pinnock. I wonder why Sunday is called a day of rest? It is not to us."

"I wish the holidays would come," says Milly, sighing. "Why should we have them in July instead of June? It can't make any difference."

"Amberley is not going away for her holidays," says Alice; "her brother, who is sixty, has got the measles. Did I tell you about her boots yesterday?"

"No; what was it?"

"You know we walked into Silverbridge? Well, she went into Summers' to buy a pair of boots, and she managed to squeeze her feet into a pair much too small for her, then said to the old man, who was standing by with his mouth screwed up on one side: 'I think these will do, though they may hurt me a little at first.' 'Lor, miss,' said old Summers, 'that don't siggerfy, that ain't of no account, but I know they'll bust!'"

"After that delicate warning, did she take them?" asks Jack.

"She did!"

"Let us hope, then," says Milly, "that she will not wear them in one of our breathless scampers behind the governor, or she will come back without them!"

"I have done my exercise," says Dolly, speaking for the first time, "and so has Alan."

"Of course you have," says Jack, "did either of you ever do anything without the other? You eat, drink, weep, wipe up the blots from your copy-books with your noses, and, I believe, snore simultaneously!"

"I wonder how soon the bells will strike up!" I say, walking to the window and looking out into the broad, peaceful fairness of the Sabbath morning. There is no sound of work or voices abroad, the court is very still save for the voice of a thrush in the yew-tree yonder, who sings as gayly and loudly as though it were not Sunday at all, but common, homely week-day. The shrill bark of the grasshoppers sounds quite plainly from the lawn, the flowers are ruffled gently by the soft light wind; they have not changed their lovely garments or put on a different color because it is Sunday, happier in this than we mortals who make it a point of honor to smarten ourselves up for the Lord's day, and yet never emulate those dainty blossoms in their delicate, heaven-dyed tints. The cocks and hens pass gravely by, dirty and disreputable as on any other day, and I look at them with attention, wondering whether either of them has laid an egg—a practice in very great disfavor among the tribe—and am inclined to think, from the sidelong strut and complacency of a youthful maiden of the Brahma species, that she has done her duty in that state of life to which it has pleased Providence to call her.

"I shall kill that pair of black Hamburgs to-morrow," says Jack, nodding toward two straggling wretches (why are all his fowls so lean?) who are scratching in blessed unconsciousness of the Nemesis of impecuniosity that walks behind them, "I want three shillings, and I don't know any other way of getting it."

"Mamma won't buy any more of you," I say, with conviction, "the last were so stingy and thin that she said she dared not; the governor would call on the poultry-woman, and it would all come out."

"If he only knew," said Milly, "that after feeding their bodies in life he had to pay for their carcasses in death, how comfortable it would be to his feelings! and every morning, regularly, he says their heads shall be cut off before night."

"And they deserve it," says Jack, with unusual viciousness, "for, of all the ill-behaved brutes I ever came across, they are the worst. They never lay eggs, or grow fat, or do any of the things all other well-regulated fowls are supposed to do."

"Mr. and Mrs. Skipworth are coming to dinner," says Alice, "to their quarterly festival, you know, and, thank goodness, we shall not be expected to talk. I wonder," she adds, with the gay laugh that never degenerates into a bellow like Jack's, or a cackle like mine, "whether she will wear her purple satin gown."

"I hope so," says Jack, unkindly; "for, sooner or later, I am certain that she will blow up in it, as Betsy Binn did, and sit calm and smiling in the midst of the purple ruins. Why should not the event take place to-day, indeed?"

Ding-dong! ding-dong! goes a squeaky little bell hard by; it is the voice of silverbridge church, summoning its flock to worship. We are so near the churchyard that from our windows we can throw a pebble at the railings that close in the vault of our ancestors, by whose side we must all lie some day (if there is room), everyone. There are so many of us though, that some will have to lie in state, and some simply, as poor folks do; those who go first will have the best place, those who go last the lower one. We do not pause to put away our books, but set off down the long passage, and up the stairs, and down more steps, and up others, for the Manor House is built with the especial purpose of breaking the necks, legs and arms of the inhabitants thereof, and though we from acquaintance escape scot-free, so do not stranger servants, who usually pitch head fore most down one or other of the many pitfalls, and come heavily to grief. Our bedrooms are low and wide, opening one out of the other inconveniently enough, and they have latticed casements, through which the queen of flowers herself nods gayly in, reflecting herself in myriad shapes of crimson, yellow, white, pink. Out of her beautiful breast drop those ugly parasites, the earwigs, and make themselves very much at home among our hair-brushes and the simple appointments of our dressing tables. As yet these latter are primitive enough; they hold a glass of flowers, a pincushion, a few trinket-cases, a ribbon or two, and that is all. We have no powder, or cosmetics, or appliances for painting the lily, but look in our glasses and see our faces, pretty or ugly, just as God made them. Alice's mirror gives back a dainty picture enough as she stands before it, tying the brown strings of the Quakerish brown bonnet, that is just the color of the love-locks that lie rich and smooth beneath. I wish you could see her as she is at this moment, with the freshness of a wild-rose in her exquisite cheeks, with the bloom of perfect health in her blue-eyes, with the lovely severity of a sculptured Venus in the low white brow, and curved lips, and perfectly-modeled cleft chin, and slender neck. We are very proud of our sixteen-year-old sister, our eldest and our only beauty; we are not a bad-looking family, people say, but none of us come within a mile of Alice. Milly is handsome, after a sturdy, square, determined fashion, with a fine pair of dark-blue eyes, black-lashed and a shock of lightish hair that sets straight out from her head in every direction. Now, if there is one thing for which we owe gratitude to the governor, it is for providing the family with such real, good, blue eyes. Reckoning his own and mother's, we number just twelve pairs among us; and by blue I do not mean that mixture of slate and gray, or green, so commonly mismamed blue, but a color as pure and vivid as the tint of a flower, from a clear, saucy blue of the forget-me-not to the deep purple that lurks in the heart of the violet. We are eleven, boys and girls altogether, and I have said that we number twelve pairs of eyes of one color, so, it is plain there must be one exception to the general rule and that is me. My eyes were green from the day of my birth, and will be green to the hour of my death; mamma calls them gray, but where one's personal appearance is concerned it is always safer to believe one's enemies than one's friends.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Who Lost the Sausage?

A lady went marketing. On her way home she went along waiting for a car to overtake her. While crossing the street she almost stepped on a small, nicely-wrapped parcel and picked it up. She tore off a bit of the paper and found that the package contained a quantity of sausages. Her marketing had included the purchase of some sausages, and she felt that there would be no need of any more of those delicacies at her home; but she didn't like the idea of leaving the meat there in the street.

She looked about her and saw that she was standing directly in front of the house of a woman who, at times, did some washing for her. "I'll just tell Mrs. Blank," said the lady, and she laid the package down in the street again and went to the door of the washerwoman's house. When the laundress came out the lady told her that the package lying out in the street contained some very nice sausages which she might as well have. The woman thanked her, went out and picked the sausages up, and they, in due time, were devoured.

The lady arrived home betimes, and pretty soon the but her's boy came with the supply of meat, but there was one package missing, and it contained sausages. The case was plain enough. The butcher had lost the sausages which the lady had found and so kindly turned over to the poor woman, and now there is a very nice question at law standing for the difference between the lady and her butcher. Who is to be responsible for the loss of the sausages, the butcher who lost them, the lady who found them and told the laundress where she might pick them up or the latter, whose family ate the sausage?

GEN. LEW WALLACE'S IRE

Stirred by an Incident in a Canadian Train.

General Lew Wallace proposes to make somebody sweat because he was not compelled to pay duty at the Detroit custom house on a copy of "Ben Hur," which he bought on a train in Canada while on his way to Detroit. Among a pile of books which the train butcher threw down beside him he found a paper covered volume of his work, which the boy offered to him for 25 cents. As the book cannot be purchased in the United States for less than $1.50, owing to the copyright, the General was ruffled. His displeasure increased when he examined the book, for he found the Canadian pirate had altered the subtitle of the work, inserted a preface, changed the headings of the chapters, omitted portions of the story and in other ways mutilated the production. General Wallace bought the book and placed it in his satchel where it would be sure to meet the eye of the customs officers, for the purpose of finding out if travelers who purchased the book were allowed to bring them in free of duty and in violation of the copyright law.

Inspector J. D. Long went through the satchel of General Wallace at the station but passed the volume without asking for duty. The General called his attention to it particularly, and asked if it was the custom to admit free cheap Canadian editions of copyrighted books. General Wallace announced his intention of taking the matter to Washington. He says that although "Ben Hur" has been translated into almost every tongue he has only received fifteen cents royalty from foreign publishers.

Every life has unfinished towers were begun in opposition to Ge[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

Magazines as well as Daily Papers Contribute to Make this Department of Our Paper of General Interest.

The Teacher's Mistake.

The teacher 'n me don't see things just the same;
There's pints on which we never can agree;
Fur when there's fun he thinks that I'm to blame,
And always lays the racket right to me.

O'course, I 'spose I gen'ly make my share;
I ain't the quietest feller ever wuz;
But, then, don't seem to me it's hardly fair
To wallup me fur what my seatmate does.

You see, 'twas just like this: Jim bent a pin
And stuck it in the back of teacher's chair;
I knew it, but I didn't dare to grin,
For fear the teacher 'd think I put it there.

And Jim, he kep' a figgerin' away
As though he thought twas wrong to play in school;
He's an in'cent lookin' chicken every day;
You'd never think that he would break a rule.

But somehow all my thoughts were out of jint;
The teacher 'splained out suthin' pretty clear,
And when he asked me if I saw theint
I said, "Yes, I kin see it clear from here."

And then I kinder snickered when I thought
That maybe he would find it pretty quick;
I never stopped to think I might be caught
And spanked, because I knew Jim played the trick.

You know our teacher, he is kinder proud,
And when I saw him bound up off the chair,
He looked so queer I snorted right out loud,
And 'course the boys all thought I put it there.

And that is why I don't feel very well.
Of course the thing was all the fault of Jim.
The teacher never knew, I would not tell—
Jim said I ought to've studied, just like him

Alms in Life.

Many people waste their lives trying to find some great aim in the pursuit of which to spend their days. They are certainly more deserving of credit than their fellows who are not even so much as concerned to see the emptiness of an aimless existence. But how much happier and how much more useful are those who see the need that is nearest at hand and supply it, who have an aim, yes a great aim, to brighten the life of their fellows, not by great deeds of prowess, not by going off to foreign lands to convert Hindoos, or even by preaching at home, but by a kind word here and a thoughtful, helpful action there. These indeed are the people whose aims bring content and happiness, who like the immortal poet finds "Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks and good in everything."

SONGS THEY SING.

How the Bee and the Katydid Make Their Music.

Many insects make a noise of some sort, at least most of them do. And as this noise is of different kinds in different animals, so it is produced in different ways. Scarcely any two insects make their music in the same manner.

There is the little katydid. You all know the katydid, of course. It is in color a light green, its wings are gauzy and beautiful. Just where the wings of the katydid joins the body there is a thick ridge, and another ridge corresponding to it on the wing. On these ridges is stretched a thin but strong skin, which makes a sort of drumhead. It is the rubbing together of these two ridges or drumheads which makes the queer noise we hear from the katydid. It is loud and distinct, but not very musical, and the next time we hear the sound "Katy-did! Katy-didn't!" you may know that this katydid is rubbing the ridges of her body together and perhaps enjoying doing it. The moment it is dark she and all her friends begin. Perhaps some of them rest sometimes, but if they do there are plenty more to take up the music.

Then there is the bee. The bee's hum comes from under its wings too, but is produced in a different way. It is the air drawing in and out of the air tubes in the bee's quick flight which makes the humming. The faster a bee flies the louder he hums. Darting back and forth he hums busily, because he can't help it, until presently he lights on a flower or even a fence, and all at once he is still again.

Teachers' Responsibilities.

A Sunday school teacher may not appreciate the responsibility that rests on him because it may seem of so small importance if one solitary class of scholars is indifferently treated, among so many. But when it is remembered that there are in the United States nearly 10,000,000 children who go to Sunday school, whose lives are in a large measure to be influenced for bad or good by the training they receive in the Sunday school, it becomes a matter not only of duty to God, but of patriotism and humanity to see that the lives of these children who are in time to come to be citizens and perhaps rulers are brought into the proper grooves. Apropos it is noticeable from statistics that while the scholars are numerous as stated above, the teachers number only something over 1,500,000, so that on an average there are more than nine pupils to a class.

"Emancipation" of Woman.

Time was when divorced people were a rarity in society; now they are a standing feature in social life. People are married, divorced, and married again "while you wait." These lightning matrimonial changes are calculated to cause confusion in keeping one's visiting list straight. You come back to town after several years' absence, and you will find your friend Browne, who was wild at that time about pretty Miss Jones, has married her, gotten a Dakota divorce, and married plain Miss Smith. The funny feature of the whole business is to see how little society bothers itself about the merits of the quarrels which separate people. As a rule, it is only necessary for a man to have the reputation of having been unhappily married, or recently divorced, for society to take him up and make a lion of him if he gives good dinners. He may have been the veriest brute who ever bullied a woman, and may richly deserve killing, but his side of the story will be believed, and he will get an amount of maudlin sympathy from the silly women and tuft-hunting men incredible to see. The divorced woman often gains more notoriety from the fact of being divorced and is more sought after and admired than if she had remained plain Mrs. Blank and continued to be an exemplary wife and mother. The ordinary wives are like militia—they have never been in battle—but the divorced woman has received her "baptism of fire" and is a veteran. The man who tackles her must be brave, indeed. If she has come out of the fight with an unsmirched reputation and plenty of alimony, she is more than a match in gaining admiration for any widow or rosebud that ever fluttered a fan. Men's sympathies are generally with the divorced woman. Sometimes they are mistaken, however, and their sympathy is wasted. It is safe to presume, as a general rule, that many of the divorces might have been prevented by a little common sense and forbearance on both sides. The so-called "emancipation" of woman has, perhaps, had as much to do with fostering a spirit of insubordination among women as anything else. They seem to be rapidly getting to that point when even suggestions from their husbands, fathers and brothers as to what they should do under critical circumstances are considered impertinent. The divorce wave may in time spend its force, and we may return to a simpler and healthier condition of life. At present, however, divorce, which once meant almost social ostracism, is now only an episode in the business of life.

A Mean Fellow.

"There goes a big brute of a man," said one of the saleswomen in the house-furnishing department to her friend in crockery counter.

"What did he do?" asked the crockery girl, as she took a look at the departing figure of the male customer.

"Do? Why, he asked me to show him the largest coal scuttle we had, and when I showed it to him he said he wanted a bigger one; but he took it. He said he wanted it for present for his wife, and he wanted it big, so she would not have to go down to the cellar so often."

The girl at the crockery counter agreed with her friend that a man who would make his wife a present of a coal scuttle was a "brute."

Soul Hunger.

The Christian Endeavor topic for the week is "Soul Hunger and Soul Food," and the scripture lesson is taken from the beautiful psalm entitled "Quam Delecta" commencing, "How amiable are Thy dwellings, oh, Lord of Hosts." The theme is suggested by the Sunday school lesson, or more strictly speaking, is the spiritual application of the lesson allegory. There are few more encouraging passages than this one which might be summed up in the words of one of the beatitudes. Blessed are they who hunger and thirst for righteousness sake, for they shall be filled. The thought was the continual burden of Christ's teachings and pervades his utterances throughout the New Testament.

Grand Duke George, the Czarewitch, the brother of the reigning Czar, who is passing the winter at Livadia, in the Crimea, is daily growing worse from the pulmonary disease with which he is afflicted. The unusually severe weather has had a bad effect upon the royal sufferer.

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