door is almost too much for the was all to be suffered by the of nature and of fortune-the se life hitherto had been al e sportsman to whom horse and were among the necessaries of had been of so proud a temper. never brooked control, not even straint of love; he was to sub. neekly to the government of a reler, to humble himself before d slaves—worse than a slave

at of all this, sadly enough, as in the precincts of the assize g to question one of the officials e of the prisoner's transference , and the rules as to visitors

a friendly sergean: at last, who Dartmoor regulations, which and cruel to her, who would d from London to DevoneLire just for the comfort of the captive's side for an urnful silence for the most

met her as she was leaving en looking for you, Margaret," ly mother would like to see u go back to London. May J

ike to see Lady Belfield very is no train that will take me don th's evenin. I have en. for the night, a shall go by to morrow." can spend the evening with

er wants to talk to you-to your devotion to my brother." o need to thank me. I have ly destiny. I could not help loved him only the better in sery, than I loved him when and happy."

d together to the old gray Lady Belfield was lodging, d Madge Dawley up to the where his mother was sitting r by the fire, weeping the esignation for the son whom o seldom in those two un. She had seen him led off as a piate his crime among other It was not enough that he is guilt, that he had suffered es of remorse. He must pay and he had looked so ill and winter light, and afterwards the gas. Would he live to penance? Would he ever n into the the light of day, a

over to the sorrowing mother beside her. Lady Belfield and the girl's neck and kissed

all that you had done for "I thank God that there nan in the world who loves

BE CONTINUED.)

G-FACED GIRL.

. Gait, and Speach Have

ne Peculiarities. oin on the banks of Otselic town of Willett, Cortland ork State, may be found a of nature, known through dabout as the "dog-faced ther and daughter named lla and Sarah Walls, live verty, gaining a precarious ing berries and gathering and from gifts at the hands visitors whom curiosity

y of the dog fased girl's the chin, mouth and nose, rem the head and neck to unnatural degree, and in a like a dog's snout or se she is well formed and or a girl of 15 years, and at and active. But she is the wonderful thing about ts canine characteristics in

years old the girl persisted on all fours, and in this d outrun any child of her tterances, also, were marbarking or howling of a dog. the period of womanhood k erect, and her voice lost anine tones, but her featurare still so unmist kably act marked attention and

nt stream of visitors, inand scientists as well as mongers, and these are at her father, who died th, was in no way malform. er mother is good looking re, and ordinarily intelligdog-faced girl's visitors ed any plausible theory of ve her to the wor d.

st Night Out.

)-My husband seems to night. 's after 11 o'clock.

Do you suppose he could ner sweetheart, andum; the butler tells me the club having a good lor friends, and I think, o do something about it. se. How thoughtless I box of phosphorus from

ou ain't going to commit must be crazy. I'm

ont door to rub phosphor-

-Day Matter. as the matter at your

unusual

passed your house I

voice yelling, Brute! 'Old hen! old fool!' nat all, and then there ng of furniture, and tick came through the at something unusual,

YOUNG FOLKS.

JACKY'S TRAMP.

BY H. BOTSFORD.

Father left Jacky and me in charge of the farm when he and mother started off for Stoney Creek. They only meant to be gone one day, returning on the early train next morning; but they might, I'm sure, have gaid all winter, if they'd chosen-we could cone of the out-door work that I'm not pretwell posted about, if I do say it myself, time." Jacky's cooking is good enough tor any-

There's nothing strange in Jacky's knowing something about housework, for, you see, Jaqueline, and I ought to call her by it; but that's too long for every-day use, so I call her Jacky, and when she puts on her highheeled shoes, and piles all her hair on top of her head to look young-ladyfied, I make it a point of calling her Jack. It teases her more than anything I could call her.

Well, things went on all right while our folks were cff, until just at night. When we were eating supper there was a knock at the door, and Jacky answered it. That, you see, was where I missed it. I should have gone myself, and saved all the fuss that came afterwards. I wouldn't have let an unknown man come in to stay all night. But that was just what Jacky did. Then neither she nor I could understand what he said, except that he wanted to see Mr. Benson and would wait till he came. That was all we could make out, for we couldn't talk German, and he only seemed to know a few English words. Wasn't it a nice situation?

If the stranger couldn't talk he could see well enough, and he seemed to notice everything. Wasn't it likely that he was playing a part, merely to get into the house? He would have a good chance to rob or murder as in the night, and no one ever find him out. I thought then as I think now-that it wasn't wise to let him stay; but Jacky wouldn't hear to turning him outdoors on a stormy night. Besides, it's doubtful if we could have made him understand that we wanted him to leave.

"Why, it's four miles back to the village, and he looks tired out already. think it would be cruel to turn him away Jacky said. "There's no harm in him, I'm sure. He doesn't look like a tramp, but like a weary, travelstained gentleman. He may be poor, but I know he isn't a rascal I never thought you were timid, George, but it looks like it," she added.

That settled the question. I wouldn' have sent him off then for considerable but I know she did not feel the responsibil ity I did, if she was sixteen, and two years older than 1.

So the stranger stayed; and when ft grew late I showed him to the bedroom next to and opening from the sitting-I meant to sleep with one eye and wanted to have him near by for company, of course. I wished that I owned a pistol, but father would never let me buy one; so I put the old gun (it's almost as old as my grandfather, on a chair at the head of my bed, and I went to

I do not know how long I had been and that it was past midnight, when I suddenly awoke. I listened to find out if all was quiet in the next room, and an indistinct murmur caught my attention. been what waked me.

The man must have accomplices, thought, and wondered what I could what I had to do. do. Could I rout two, or perhaps more wits together, to make some bold move, I the matter. pistol. What was on foot?

reached the door the footsteps seemed to be books, he did not succeed very well with struck me. I laid the gun down, and find that we thought he was speaking his crept cautiously out of the room. The native tongue, when he was using the best sitting room was dark, though we usually English at his command. He had never left the lamp burning; but the darkness favor- before realized the difference between read. ed my plan. I reached the bedroom door, ing a language and understanding it when drew it stealthily to, and locked it, before spoken, or speaking it one's self. anyone inside the room could prevent me.

ed, and, with gun in hand; waited for the quizzically at me(the words he wished to other man. I felt pretty sure of Jacky's use next morning, that he might speak them tramp, for I knew he could not raise the better. Then, as he wished to consult the side man was about, I could not guess. It moment. He was examining the book by Wasn't very jolly to sit there in the dark, and the light which had been left burning, when Wonder and listen. It was a cold night, the he saw something was wrong with the very coldest, it seemed to me, that I ever lamp. 8aw. My hands began to get numb, my | He seized it and hurried to the window. teet were like lumps of ice, and in spite of By tais time the oil was blazing within the my resolution I began to get sleepy. I did lamp, and he barely succeeded in hurling it mean to watch till morning if I freze in the at- out side. The explosion that followed was tempt. Time went very slowly. It seemed | the pistol shot I had heard. exasperating thing kept on as long as it pos- loaded gun, so my vigilance was entirely sibly could, and struck twelve. Then the wasted. house was perfectly quiet again.

I began to feel doubtful about staying awake until morning. At any rate, I must make myself a little more comfortable. So laid the gun down within reach of my hand, and pulled a blanket off the bed to Wrap myself in; and that is the last I remember of the night's experiences.

I was waked by a loud knocking at th outside door. I started up, saw that it was caylight, and heard my tather's voice callme to let him in. At the same time acky hurried out from the kitchen, where she had been getting breakfast, and greeted me with an astonished look and said:

"Why George, didn't you go to the train to meet the folks? I was wondering that you were gone so long."

Then, when I had let them in, father was provoked that I failed to come after him with the carriage, and I saw there was a scolding ready for me. "We have been waiting in the station a

full hour," he said, "and I began to think We would have to come on foot. I'd like to have you explain how it happened that you didn't drive over. I shan't trust you another min, dot you loaf me petter as everybody time, young man, if you can't do better than else?"

tried to excuse myself, though I felt pro- hundred und feefty per shent. Toked at myself for oversleeping.

"Appened since you went away, you wouldn't Benjamin, und he gives his consent."

promised. You couldn't guess what a time

to find everything safe to scold me." Then I went on to tell about that stranger, and Jacky's obstinacy in keeping him made as brief as possible, he said :

been telling, I should think the first thing time he set down his camera. Fourteen have managed well enough alone. There's to be done was to see if your prisoner has men emerged from the particular bit of

So we marched straight to the bed-room,

wanted to know if the man had escaped, and tying him.

While I was explaining that father seemed to be acquainted with him I heard a long and loud peal of laughter from the other room, and I knew they must be talking about me and the adventures of the night. I did feel as if I would like to go out to the barn and see to the horses just then, but there was no way to escape. At any race, the pistol shot had not yet been explained, and I did not believe I had dreamed it.

Father now came into the room and introduced the stranger to mother as "My dear friend, Friedrich Kaufman, of Berlin. You remember the time when I was so sick in that city? For six weeks I lay at the point of death, but the Kaufmans, with whom I had been boarding, tended me with unceasing kindness. They brought me back to life and health from the very border of the grave. I can never repay their goodness to me, nor express one-half my gratitude. But I am very glad to welcome one of the family to my own home, I hope we can show him hospitality as warm hearted as they gave me, a sick and friendless stranger in a foreign land."

"Jacky, come here and we'come the friend whom George persisted in calling your 'tramp.'"

So Jack stepped up to Mr. Kaufman, as I suppose I must call him, and shook hands with him. I think he must have seen the welcome in her face, if he did not understand the pretty English words she said, for he smiled pleasantly, and said something agreeable in German. I could only guess what in its sack they held pious conversation with | up after the cage comes to rest by a moveit was from the look in father's eyes.

and I would give two years of Latin to have understood that bit of Deutsch. The stranger had hard work to keep his face straight, and I felt like a fool. I didn't feel much better, either, when father told me to step out into the yard and bring in the "pistol" I would find there.

I walked out without a word, and hunted all around the house before I discovered any asleep, but I suppose it was quite awhile, pistol. At last I noticed, a few yards from the sitting-room window, a deep hollow in the snow. From this hole I pulled out the remains of a fanciful lamp, which I recognized as the one which usually stood on the I could not hear the words, but there was sitting room table. I understood it all now,

After the general merriment had subsided grown men? While I was getting my father gave us Mr. Kaufman's account of

I sprang up, seized the gun, but before I learned what he knew of the language from

He even, after going to his room for the Then I crept back to my own room, dress. | night, practiced aloud (here father glanced window to escape without my knowledge. dictionary he had noticed on the sitting-What that report meant, or what the out- room table, he stepped into that room for a

as though hours must have passed, when at | Of the locking of his door he had not last I heard a clock strike. It began, one, two known until the morning, and, of course. -I thought it must be as late as that-three, it puzzled him greatly, for he knew it must four-why, it is near morning-five, six- have been done in the course of the night. and yet the strokes did not cease. "That He was sleeping the sleep of the just while clock must be wrong," I muttered; but the I was watching in the next room with that

> I hoped that father would not tell him all the suspicions I had entertained, or how much opposed to his even spending the night at our house; but, if I may judge by the twinkle of his eyes as they follow me around, he has listened to a graphic account

of my proceedings that night. Of course, I shall not hear the last of the matter while he is with us. and that may be for some time. He wants to buy some land in our vicinity, and he and father are looking for the right piece. Then, he is studying English, and teaching Jacky German. I stumble across them lately, wherever I go, both heads bent over the same book, both tongues talking unintell igible nonsense. I must say he has improved considerably since I first saw him, but the name of "Jacky's tramp" sticks to him still. It isn't my doings; indeed, I think they call him so mostly to plague me, for it doesn't annoy him or Jacky.

An Irresistible Plea.

Miss Isaacstein-"Are you sure, Penja-

Benjamin-" Ah, Rachel, dot vas sure. As soon as I could get a chance to speak I I loaf you petter as everybody else by two

Miss Isaacstein-"Two hundert "Now, father, if you knew all that had feefty per shent! You tell fodder dot,

wonder that I failed to meet you, as I had BRIGANDS SPARE KABASTOJANOFF.

I had last night, or you would be too glad | The Experiences of a Bulgarian Photographer in the Hands of Outlaws.

M. Karastojanoff, a photographer sent out from Sophia some time ago to take picover night; his mysterious movements, and tures of some famous views near the monasthe pistol shot I was sure I had heard. tery of Rilo, in Bulgaria, has just returned When I had finished the story, which I without the views, but with a tale of divers and dire experiences at the hands of bri-"If you haven't dreamed all this you've gands, by whom he was captured the first escaped. He may be miles away by this scenery he was about to photograph, and pointing fourteen guns at him casually remarked that he would avoid any danger of he in front and I a few step ; behind. Father | being shot by keeping perfectly still. Subseunlocked the door, and there sat the tramp | quent proceedings showed that the brigands by the window, with his face turned from | thought they had captured Stambouloff, one sie is a girl. She insists that her name is us; but as the door opened he looked around, of the King's Ministers, and no protests and then the two men fairly rushed at each of the poor photographer were sufficient other, and began to shake hands as warmly to convince them to the contrary, his as though they were long-separated brothers. resemblance to the Minister being marked. You may be sure I was glad to slip out of The unfortunate man was marched all night the room as quickly and quietly as I could. | through the mountains until he was ready to But out in the sitting-room I was inter- drop from fatigue. At dawn Elia, the chief cepted by Jacky, who had slept quietly of the brigands, gave him pen, ink and through the night, and had not seemed to paper, and bade him write a letter to the have much faith in my story. And mother Prince demanding \$25,000 ransom for his Minister. The poor captive protested that whether father wouldn't need my help in he was only a photographer and that the Prince wouldn't give a bogus copeck, let alone \$25,000, for his release. Elia at last consented that the amount of the ranson should be lowered to \$10,000, and a letter demanding that sum was sent. No answer was ever received, and this fact, together with the identification of the photographer by other brigands who joined the band, finally convinced Elia that his prize was less valuable than he had supposed, after which he spared his victim the daily beating that he every expper time.

Once in their travelling about a large force of Turkish soldiers were discovered coming toward them. The brigands concealed themselves in a thicket, and two men with long knives were placed over the captive and told to stab him the moment he attempted to utter a cry. The brigands remained in concealment several hours, and when they started on came across one of the soldiers who days he liked the brigand business so well canvas painted to show the stratification in mitted to the band.

edly, and when Petko had replaced 'he robe one another. Afterward Petko told the Then "pater familias" introduced me, captive that he had got the robe a year be-Archimandrite and stolen the vestments from the sacristy of the church.

At last after several weeks of wandering about, the brigands told the photographer that the time had come when they must consult together to decide whether to kill him or let him go. Three brigands thereupon led him to one side and stood guard ovar him while the other eleven held a council a little way off. They talked the matter over for six hours, after which blia called him to the circle and told him that by a vote of nine to two the band had decided that he was not a public Minister or whispering going on there, which must have and felt cheaper than ever. How I hated to any other objectional sort of a bloodsucker, carry in that absurd pistol, and meet the but only a poor decent man. Elia asked I laughter of the family. Yet that was just him to pardon any injustice he might have suffered at the hands of the brigands, and the others crowded around to embrace him and kiss him and to beg for keepsakes. heard some one come out of the next room | In the first place, he had lost his travel. | when the capture was made, but upon his and walk about the sitting room, looking ingbag, containing his letters of introduction saying that it was a souvenir of his dead for money, of course. Then I heard a and his German-English dictionary, so that father it was at once returned. His photowindow opened, and the loud report of a he was compelled to rely entirely on his graphic apparatus was also returned to him, small stock of English words. As he had but not until all the plates he had taken

were destroyed. When evening came Elia blindfolded him retreating into the bedroom. An idea some peculiar sounds, and was surprised to and led him away a little distance, leaving him with a warning to remain blindfolded for fifteen minutes. In due time he removed the bandage and found that all the brigands had disappeared, and that he himself was not far distant from the Monastery of Rilo, which he regained the same night.

Wall's Extraordinary Bee Story.

Many readers, says the Napa "Register," are familiar with Wall's extraordinary feat, in 1849, in driving, according to his statement, a swarm of bees across the plains. A day or two since, as one of our business men was coming down town, he happened to discover a huge bee quietly resting on Wall's shoulder as preparations were being made for | buildin' fires? sprinkling the Court house lawn. "Say, Wall, what are you doing with that bee on

your shoulder ?' Wall was startled for a moment, but, recovering his usual composure, spoke with gravity, carrying conviction of untarnishable | do : as you don't look to be a very stren'thy truth. "I'll tell you, and it's the solmen old leddy, I'll fill it with wind ter you. truth, if ever I spoke it in my life. That I bee is the queen of the swarm that I drove across the plains. She has been hunting me for years and knew me moment I called her name. You see, she Uncle Rastus? is getting a little gray, but I knew her on sight. She piloted the swarm, and I used to feed her from my own molasses can. That bee is the last of her race, and I shall take care of her in her old age. I tell you, John, that bee brings up many reminiscences of that memorable trip. Several times that swarmstood by me in an hour of peril. They could scent an Indian several miles away, and they got to really enjoy an Indian attack. The fact is, they understood tactics as well as the best trained soldiers. When the queen sounded an alarm every bee was under arms, ready for fight. First a skirmish line was thrown out, and you could see more or less uneasiness among the redskins as one and another would claw at his ears, eyes, or nose, but when the order to 'charge' was sounded, and the bee battalions began to move in 'double quick,' a rout and stampede always followed. It is a fact, John, if I ever told the truth in my life, what I am saying is true. Those bees fought all my battles across the plains, and this is my 'old | bination of all dressy gowns. queen 'sure enough."

Consolation-" I wouldn't cry, little boy," said a kind old gentleman consolingly, "you may be unhappy for the moment, but it will to cry, would you, every time I'm a little unhappy?" "No sir," responded the tearful little lad, "you'd prob'ly go an' get a

Sudden Hospitality.

A couple of tramps stopped at a farm house in West Tennessee. "You can come in and drink all the water you want," said the farmer "but you neenter ask for any-

thing to eat, for you won't get it." The tramps looked at a table that had just been set for dinner and sighed. "You neenter sigh," said the farmer,

world for the throat and chest, for the voice "fur you don't get a bite of that grub. W'y, unequalled. See that the letters R. & T. W. we've got 'possum, don't you see; sweet potatoes, b'iled ham, curly mustard greens and three kinds of bread. I wouldn't twit you fellers, but the last tramp that come along here stole the only good set of harness on

"Don't put yourself to any uneasiness on our account," replied one of the tramps, for we ain't hungry.' "Not hungry !" the farmer exclaimed.

"No; all we want is a place to sit down n the shade. "Wa'll, this is the first time I ever heerd

of tramps not being hungry." "It's sorter rare with us, I can tell you. I'm sorter feverish, myself. Don't exactly understand it, for I never was this way before. Oh, I have had slight bilious attacks, but I never had such pains in the back of my neck before. Just before leaving Jack-

A sudden scuffling in the room caused the tramp to break off his narration. The skirts of the tarmer's wife flapped against the gate, and an old man lost his hat as he leaped into the road. The two tramps moved their chairs up to the table.

"The hospitality of this neighborhood," one of them remarked, " has found a place in romance and verse.

had theretofore administered as sauce at peculiar charm about it is its extreme

An Artificial Coal Mine.

Among the novelties of the Paris Exhibition of next year there will be, according to Toronto, Ont. a letter in the "Colliery Guardian," "subterranean exhibit, of which the most coal mine. During the descent the visitor had been left behind by the main troop. is to be made the subject of an illusion. The They captured him, and after two or three | sides of the artificial shaft will be formed of that he swore allegiance to E ia, and was ad- | a typical deep pit. The cage begins to des- | SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES cend with a considerable velocity, but is The brigands were very pious. A week | brought gradually to rest within a few yards of fasting wa rigorously observed. At the of the pit bank. As the motion of the cage beginning of the fast one of the brigands | is retarded, the canvas sides of the shaft are called Petro Petko put on a splendid gold- drawn up with increasing velocity, the embroidered priest's mantle and read acceleration being proportional to the reprayers out of a book. All the robbers stood | tardation of the cage. The effect upon the up, the photographer says, and listened | spectator standing upon the deck of the cage reverently. They crossed themselves repeat- is one of continued descent at the same speed at which he started, and the illusion is kept ment of trepidation communicated to the latter. The illusion is said to be perfect. fore, when the gang had murdered a Greek | When a great depth has apparently been reached the canvas is brought to rest gradually, the trepidation of the cage being made to cease at the same instant. The visitor, who believes himself to be deep in the bowels of the earth, then steps out of the cage and enters the workings, where he may see the various operations of coal getting.'

The Convalescent.

Under the above title Charles Lamle writes one of his best essays. He imparts to his picture of the sick-room every shade of coloring needful to set it out in all its striking reality. The brilliant qualities of this renowned essayist have their amplest play. Evidently Lamb is not drawing on his imagination. He calls it "a magnificent dream for a man to lie a-bed and draw Elia had taken his gold watch and chain insensible to all the operations of life, exdaylight curtains about him." "To become cept the beatings of one feeble pulse." Describing the tumbling and torsing and Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; Wm. Brookie, Philadeshifting of the patient, he says: "He phia; H. A Allen Portland Boston, Montreal. changes sides oftener than a politician." "He compassionates himself all over, he pities his long, clammy, attenuated fingers. Convalescence bids adieu to all the monarch. ical prerogatives of the sick bed, and a man rapidly shrivels into the lean and meagre figure of his insignificant self.

How It Happened.

"What are you here for ?" was asked of a

colored man in jail. "Stealin' a pig, sah."

"But you knew better than to steal?" "I'll know better next time, sah. I won't steal nuffin dat will squeal on me."

A Small Concession.

Elderly lady (to boy in hardware store): Hev ye got any o' them hand-bellows fer

Boy: Yes'm; there's somethin' nicetwenty-five cents each. Elderly lady: Is that the cheapest ye can

Boy: Yes'm; but I'll tell you what I'll

Taken at His Word.

Grocer: So you've given up drinking, Uncle Rastus: Yes, sah. I haint teached er drap in fo' weeks.

Uncle Rastus: Yes, sah. That's jes what I sez, an' I was gwine ter ask yo'. Mistah Smif, ef yo' cud trus' me to er ham ?

Grocer: You deserve a great deal of

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Citizen (to elderly physician): You don't bleed patients as often as you did fifteen or twenty years ago?

Physician (looking over package of unpaid bills): No, we don't bleed 'em at all; they bleed us!

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