wound with necklaces of skulls. The right hand god is in a paroxysm of rage, with forehead of snakes, and in its hand a cobra. The left hand god has pleasure in all its features and the hand has a flower. But there are gods and goddesses in all directions. The chief temple of this rock is one hundred and thirty feet square and has twenty-six pillars rising to the roof. After the conquerors of other lands, and the tourists from all lands have chipped, and defaced, and blasted, and carried away curios and mementos for museums and homes, there are enough arrangements left to detain one, unless he is cautious, until he is down with one of the malarias which encompass this island, or get bitten with some of its snakes. Yes, I left the chilly dampness of the place, and left this congress of gods, this pandemonium of demons, this pantheon of indifferent deities and came to the steps and looked upon the waters which rolled and dashed around the steam yacht that was waiting to return with us to Bombay. We stepped aboard, our minds filled with the wonders of the Elephanta Caves, I was impressed as never before with the thought that man must have a religion of some kind, even if he has to contrive it for himself, and he must have a God big enough to make it with his own hand. I rejoice to know the day will come when the one God of the universe will be acknowledged throughout India. That evening of our return to Bombay visited the Young Men's Christian Association, with the same appointments that you find in the Young Men's Christian Associations of Europe and America, and the night after that I addressed a long line of native children who are in the books of the Christian Missions. Christian universities gather under their wing a benediction a host of the young men of this country. Bombay and Calcutta, the two great commercial cities of India, are developing power of an aggressive Christianity. Episcopalian liturgy and Presbyterian Westminster Catechism, and Methodist Anxious-seat and Baptist Articles of Consecration now stand where the basest idolatries had undisputed sway. The work which Shoemaker Carey inaugurated at Serampore, India, translating the Bible into forty different dialects, and leaving his worn-out body with the natives whom he had come to save, and going up into the heaven from which he came, better watch all the field—work will be completed in the salvation of the millions of India; and beside gazing upon the same high places trodden by Bishop Heber and Alexander Duff and John Scudder, and Mackay, and at Delhi, and Moncrieff, who at Cawnpore, and Johnston, who at Lucknow, and Freeman, who fell at Jeypore, and all heroes and heroines who for Christ's sake lived and died for the Christianization of India, their heaven will not be complete if the Ganges that washes the Ghats of earthen temples shall roll between the banks of the living rock, and the sacred wonderland of Hindoostan shall all be ablaze with the glorious banner of the cross and stars of His own creation, cried out: 'Behold thy kingdom! Behold the Ganges from Bengal Bay to Arabian Sea, and from the Himalayas to the Indian Ocean! Behold the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!'

OUT OF every ten asks for and gets E. B. Eddy's Matches. Experience tells them this. If you are the smith and are open to conviction, try

E. B. EDDY'S MATCHES.

A WOMAN'S CRIME

BY AN EX-DETECTIVE.

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(CONTINUED)

CHAPTER XLIV.—BRADWARDINE AGAIN.

What had become of Jason Bradwardine? We must now look after him, and gather up a few threads that belong to our fabric.

When Mrs. Harris returned from her fruitless errand to the two young ladies, who only existed in the brain of the ingenious Mr. Bradwardine, she came filled with wrath, despite the "extenuating circumstances" of new hat and shawl and the carriage. She rang the bell furiously, and when, after waiting a little time, no one responded, she gave the door itself a vigorous shake; to her surprise the door had not been closed, and then Mrs. Harris bounced in. The first thing to meet her eye was a letter, which lay upon the floor, directly at the foot of the stairs; a letter which Neil Bathurst had let fall, unperceived by Lenore, when they left the house. The ballet-mistress picked it up; it was addressed to herself, and she opened it hurriedly, her eyes dilating with astonishment as she read these lines:

MADAM.—The man who has called himself Senor Castro is an impostor and a criminal. He brought yourself and your young charge here in order to gain the opportunity to murder the other; this he will attempt during your absence. If, when you return, you find both missing, know that he has accomplished his object. If he is here, then he has failed. Be warned against in any way aiding or sheltering this man, otherwise you will involve yourself in difficulties and dangers.

A DETECTIVE.

Mrs. Harris was thoroughly astonished. She gazed about her for a moment, and then started up the stairs, calling, as she went, the assumed name of Lenore. From above a voice answered; it was a man's voice, and she followed the sound, approaching the open door of the room, where lay the wounded mind. She looked in; her late employer lay there, fettered and helpless. Then her courage rose; she was Mrs Harris once more. She stood in the doorway and surveyed him coolly.

"Are you taking a nap, Senor?" she asked sarcastically. "Where is my beauty? How came you in her room?"

"Get something and cut these cursed ropes, quick, cried the man. "I have been robbed and nearly murdered."

"How you talk," seating herself composedly near the door, "was my pretty girl murdered?"

"No; she ran away. Cut these ropes, Mrs. Harris, quick."

"I don't know about that," said the ballet mistress, reflectively. "What made you play me such a trick? Why do you pass yourself for a Cuban? I have found you out."

The man looked startled. Did this woman know the truth, or only a part of it.

"What do you mean, madame?" he asked. "Will you not free me?"

"Not until you win the truth. Confess that you sent me on a fool's errand, that you are an impostor."

He writhed and gnashed his teeth in impotent rage.

"Own up that you tried to murder that sweet girl, that you were defeated—I know you!"

"Then don't ask useless questions. I see you are in the plot, too," he snarled. "I paid you for all you did. Set me free and I will give you more money."

Mrs. Harris arose and drew her mantle about her like a Spartan.

"I'm a theatrical agent, Mr. Liar," she said grandly. "I don't accept bribes from assassins. I believe in striking such men as you when they are down. You couldn't like to have me get you some ballet ladies, would you? No! Then good day. Perhaps I'll send some one to cut you loose after a while; but I may forget it, my memory is so defective." And with a cheerful nod and a mocking laugh Mrs. Harris crossed the hall, gathered together her few effects, and shook the dust of that house from her feet.

"I flatter myself that was well done," she said as she went down the stairs. "I made the man think that I knew something, and then he owned up. I could not afford to help him. I don't run counter to any detectives, not if I know myself. But I must find out more about this, and about the girl."

And Mrs. Harris went back to the friendly roof of Mrs. Horne, the prophetess.

Jason Bradwardine, for very shame, had waited to be released by the ballet mistress, fearing her questioning less than an encounter with strange men, or, perhaps, the police. For long hours he had lain there, growing stiff and sore, under the pressure of this bonds, to be freed at last, by the cunning ballet mistress, and to be left still a prisoner.

He now tried his last resort, he lifted up his voice and cried loudly for help; again and again he called, but no help came; and lying there the entrapped villain swore a terrible oath, that, once free, he would hunt down and slay the man that had caught and caged him; albeit he did not then know that man's name.

At 9 o'clock that evening an officer lounging about the entrance of a certain West Side police station, was approached by a ragged gamin who slipped into his hand a note, and then ran away at the top of his speed. The officer gazed after him, muttered something under his breath and went leisurely inside. There, by the gaslight, he read this scrawl:

A man is alone in house No. — N— street. Bind hand and foot; go and release him, and then report him. He is a grand rascal.

Thus it happened that after 10 o'clock at night the "grand rascal" was visited by a posse of police, and was set at liberty, after having been a helpless prisoner since 10 a.m., twelve long hours. He was very cautious after that, for he knew himself for a marked man. He even made some feeble attempts at a disguise. But he was not quenched yet. In the quiest manner possible he set about a new work. For long hours of several days he searched files of city papers, and finally his search was rewarded. He had found the full account of the Arteveldt tragedy. He had assured himself of the truth of Lenore's statement. Then his courage revived, his assurance returned to him. He devised a new scheme, and set about its accomplishment. One day he boldly approached the Arteveldt mansion, rang the bell and asked to see Mrs. Arteveldt upon important private business. Of course he obtained a hearing; not only this, he came the next day, and the next.

One day a gentleman rang the bell and asked for Kate Seaton. She came down, expecting, hoping, to see Rob Jocelyn; but the face that met hers was a strange one. The gentleman arose as she entered the room, and presented to her a letter, saying courteously:

"Miss Seaton, I bring a letter of introduction from Mr. Jocelyn; it also explains my business here, I believe."

Kate took the note, bowed, blushed and opened it. It was brief, to the point and altogether characteristic of Rob Jocelyn. This it read:

DEAR MISS SEATON.—This will introduce to you the shrewd best of English detectives, Mr Francis Ferrars, who will call upon you in my stead, I being to my deep regret, unable to leave business for a moment now. Can you consent to get from Mrs. A—— a housekeeper the place of Mr Bathurst. If they can be got without the knowledge of Mrs. Artevelt it will be better. Please reply by Ferrars. By the bye—he is the present proprietor and champion of L——A——, who is well, and, I believe, safe.

Yours, ROBERT JOCELYN

Kate Seaton looked up from the perusal of this missive, the color coming and going in her cheeks, her one thought that she might hear good news of Lenore.

"Oh, sir," she cried breathlessly, "Mr. Jocelyn tells me that you are a friend to Miss Armyn. Tell me, is she safe? is she well?"

"She is safe and well, Miss Seaton," replied he with a smile, "and she wants to see you very much. Some day soon, I hope that you may visit her with safety."

Suddenly a shadow fell upon the girl's face.

"Then—she is in the city!" she said gravely. "Mr. Ferrars, I have something to communicate to Mr. Bathurst, something that he should know. Is he where I could see him?"

"I am sorry that I cannot inform you, Miss Seaton. If you feel that you could trust Mr. Jocelyn—or—myself, as our interests are one with his—we would endeavor to communicate with him."

Kate hesitated a moment and then said:

"If you are the present protector of Lenore, you, too, should know this, I think. In telling you, I must betray the confidence of my patroness. But she is implacable against Lenore."

"If it affects Miss Armyn or Mr. Bathurst, Miss Seaton, you should not hesitate; this is not an ordinary case," said Francis Ferrars.

"Be seated, Mr. Ferrars," said Kate, with sudden resolve, at the same time seating herself. "I will tell you all I know."

The detective took a seat near her, and she went on hurriedly:

"Several days ago a man called to see Mrs. Arteveldt, sending up word that his business was important. She went down all eagerness, of course, and a little more than an hour returned terribly excited; and this is the sum of what she told me, in her half hysterical way. The man had introduced himself as a detective from abroad; he said he had been employed to find the mother of Lenore Armyn; she, Lenore's mother, having fled from her home after purloining a will that would enrich certain ones whom she had wronged. He had pursued her in order to regain the will, but finding that the mother was dead, and being informed that her papers were all in her daughter's possession, he had turned his attention to Lenore, of course. Three times, so he said, he had found her, and each time she had escaped him, twice through the interference of a young man whom he believed to be a detective. He had some reason for believing that Mrs. Arteveldt was being trifled with by the detectives in her employ, and came to her privately, as a friend, in the interests of justice and right. If Mrs. Arteveldt would favor him with a description of the man who was operating for her, he could then tell her if his suspicions were correct. As you may guess, he begulled her into giving him a full description of Mr. Bathurst, and then he declared that he was not mistaken; that Lenore was in town, and that she had escaped from him, this man, only a week before. He had tracked her to an obscure lodging, he said, but obtained access to the house and was in the act of arresting her, knowing the charge against her, when a man answering to the description of Mr. Bathurst darted in, knocked him down with some iron weapon and fled with the girl, leaving him lying senseless. All this has disturbed Mrs. Arteveldt, and put all manner of absurd ideas in her head. She declared her intention of sending for her lawyer, but the man held her to a promise to hold his communications as confidential, saying that if she would say nothing about the affair but would inform him when she would receive a visit from Mr. Bathurst he would be near and trace out the hiding place of poor Lenore. He has been here two or three times, and every visit seems more and more to unsettle Mrs. Artevelt's faith in Mr. Bathurst. His brief reports of late, and his mysterious absence from the city, she construes against him—and, I believe, that she has promised to inform this man as soon as she has heard from him, although she has not told me so."

Mr. Farrars was listening to this very gravely, and when Kate ceased speaking he sat for a few moments in thoughtful silence, then he asked:

"Did you see this man, Miss Seaton?"

"Yes. I believed him to be a friend to an enemy to Mr. Bathurst, and I wanted to see him, so that if it seemed right to give warning I would be able to describe him. The second time he came I waited in the drawing-room; they were in the library, and I came out so as to meet him face to face in the hall."

"Describe him, please."

Kate complied, and the detective instantly recognized the picture she drew. It was Bradwardine.

"Miss Seaton," he said gravely, "you have done a brave and wise thing. The man you describe is an enemy, not only to Mr. Bathurst, but Miss Armyn. Mr. Bathurst saved me from death at his hands. I hope it will not be long before you may know the whole truth, meanwhile you have put us on our guard. I will tell you this much now. We hope not only to clear Miss Armyn's name, but to find the true criminal, and you may, nay, you have, aided in this. Now, about the keys. Can you help us there?"

Kate's eyes gleamed with the light of a sudden resolve.

"Yes," she said with decision, "I will. I am a favorite with the housekeeper. I know where she keeps the keys; I will get them and you shall have them."

"When?"

"To-morrow morning. Will that be in time?"

"Ample. How will I receive them?"

"I will walk every morning; if you can promenade the avenue then, say for two or three blocks south from here, at 9 o'clock, I will be there—with the keys."

"Thanks! Mr. Jocelyn was sure we might depend on you."

Again a rosy blush overspread the girl's face.

"I am ready to do anything to serve Lenore," she said.

"And you have served her. Have no further uneasiness about this meddler, Miss Seaton; you have balked his game, and I will look after him henceforth."

A few more words and then they separated; and as Francis Farrar walked briskly towards his "quarters" once more he muttered:

"So, Mr. Bradwardine, we have not done with you yet."

CHAPTER XLV.—AT THE MASQUERADE.

It was the night of the masquerade ball, the night on which Miss Annin desired that Aura Durand should accompany her. Miss Annin had insisted, too, that "Cousin Charles" should not accompany them. There had been some sharp skirmishing between these two young ladies. But in the end Miss Annin had triumphed, and Charles Durand reposed at home in ignorance of all that he might have enjoyed, while the two young ladies, each with a secret dread of the other at her heart, mingled with the masked and brilliant throng at the Tip Top's masquerade. Such a scene as it was, such glow and glitter, such bursts of music, such ripples and shouts of laughter, such knights and ladies of high degree, such an assembly of guests from long close tombs, of elves from other planets, of beings from the impossible realm, and they were so clever and condescending and social withal. There were the Queen of Scots, Darnley and Queen Elizabeth all on the best of terms. And they chatted and danced with Washington, Napoleon, and Marie Antoinette. There was Old Mother Hubbard waltzing madly with a big Cardinal; and Martha Washington taking an ice with Robin Hood. Then the brigands and gypsies, the pages and fairies; the Nights and Mornings, the flower girls, the harlequins, the monks, the nuns, the fiends and the graces, they were all there. Through this glittering, varied throng moved two daughters of Araby, hand clasped in hand; their snowy flowing veils thrown back, their bright eyes gleaming out behind their velvet masks, and wandering restlessly over the throng. They looked like affectionate sister houris, who had stolen from the harem for a brief hour of pleasure, and were somewhat overawed by all this glow and dazzle. Thus they looked, as they paused in a little alcove of vines and flowers; but this is what they said:

"I don't see any such mask, and we have been all through the rooms; you have come on a fool's errand."

"Stuff!" It was the houri who had taken the lead that made this answer. "I tell you I saw the bill for the costume; he will come as Lara; we have only to wait."

"And what then?"

"And then see who she is."

"And after that?"

"After that—" with a short bitter laugh, "I may ask your advice!"

"Bah! I know what will happen. There will be a scene, raving, recriminations; and then—reconciliation. I know you."

"Not so well as you will—later. There will be no scene; neither will there be any bloodshed. My dear, I shall come back to you, and shall ruin him, that is all."

The second houri started back.

"Ruin him!" she exclaimed. "That will be to ruin yourself!"

"Not—if I am within the pale of respectability," with a mocking laugh. "Not if I am protected by you."

"And that you will not be."

"That I will be! Don't be a fool, please."

The second houri moved forward a step and then uttered a sudden exclamation.

"See," she said, turning to the other, "yonder comes your Lara, and he is in excellent company; on one side a priest and on the other the devil."

True enough, advancing toward them, came Lara, Mephistopheles, and a funeral-looking monk; and not far behind them a gray nun, with meekly folded hands, and drooping head, moved after.

"Well," said the houri who had at last spoken. "There is your Lara; now to find his fair enslaver."

The three masks were directly opposite them now, and the eyes of Mephistopheles fell upon them.

"Houris!" he cried, dropping the arm of Lara. "Houris escaped from the Sultan. Look at them, Friar Lawrence."

But the monk crossed himself devoutly. "They are pagans," he groaned. "They are not like this holy sister," putting his hand out as the gray nun approached. The second houri laughed, a soft loving laugh.

"You are powerless to harm us, oh Satan," she said in the softest of tones, drawing near his sulphuric majesty. "We are promised Paradise."

"But I enter Paradise," quoth Mephistopheles, bending toward her, and suddenly seizing her hand. "Come, fair one, I will show you my kingdom, and then—you shall"—he paused, and the monk finished the sentence. "And then—you shall know purgatory. Houri, begone."

The houri laughed again and suffered the Prince of Darkness to lead her away. At the same moment Lara turned impatiently, made a sign to the monk, and moved across the vast hall. As he did so, the first houri, casting a glance in the direction taken by her companion and Mephistopheles, followed him swiftly, keeping within a few paces from him.

When they were a little distance from the others, the second houri, clasping the satanic arm, and lifting appealing eyes to the mephistophelian mask, said:

"Sir Mask, I have suffered you to lead me away that I might ask a boon of you. Will you grant it?"

"If it is within my satanic power."

She looked back, with a pretty bird-like motion of the head, and then lifted her eyes again to his.

"You can," she whispered eagerly. "It is only to convey a scrap of paper into the hand of the knight Lara."

He gazed intently down into those appealing eyes for a moment, and then he said:

"Satan submits; give me the paper, Houri."

She drew from her bodice a scrap of paper and pressed it into his hand.

"Wait for me," he whispered, and in a moment was striding through the throng.

"Oh!" whispered the houri under her breath; "she did not think that I would dare so much. But I do not choose to have them quarrel yet."

At this moment the monk and the nun glided by like two ghosts and sat down in conference in a shadowy recess. A few moments later Lara held in his hand a scrap of paper containing these words:

"Be cautious; you are watched. The houri in the silver tunic is Laura."

Lara read these words, and then he crumpled the paper in his hand, and walked indolently on, pausing a moment to chat with a flower girl, a fairy, or a gypsy. Presently he paused before a pretty page all glittering in blue and gold.

"We will dance together presently, Stella," he whispered; "but we must be cautious, we are watched. Go home before they unmask; I shall do the same."

So the second houri had thwarted the first. Lara and the two houri went wandering about, watching each other, more or less, the while; and wherever one of these were to be seen, Mephistopheles, the monk, or the nun was sure to be near.

Mephistopheles, however, for a long time seemed most interested in the houri, who had trusted him with the note for Lara. He conversed with her, listened to her soft, coaxing tones, watched her quick, graceful movements, the lithe, repentine turnings of the beautful throat, and the varying expressions of the often uplifted, dark eyes. Then he passed on to others, but all the time he watched, from a distance, the movements of the houri in the golden tunic.

Finally he passed near the place where stood the nun, to all appearance contemplating the pomps and vanities of the pageant with an unavorable eye, and made an almost imperceptible sign.

A moment later and the monk was exhorting the houri, who had been the object of the mephistophelian attentions, and Mephistopheles and the nun stood together in an alcove, where, for the moment, they were alone.

"Partner," said Mephistopheles, in a low, decided tone, "I have found her!"

"Found who?" asked the nun, almost carelessly.

"Found my murderess, Schwartz."

"Are you sure? How do you know this?"

"Am I sure! Look here!" opening his hand, in the palm of which lay a piece of canvas upon which was painted a dark, beautiful eye. "Do you take that and follow me. When I stop to converse with a woman, do you approach, look at that piece of canvas, and then look at her eye. After that come back here and tell me your opinion."

The nun laughed. "Do you know who that woman is?" she asked.

"Yes; she is Elise Schwartz. I tell you."

"And what will you do?"

"Follow her home. Watch her—hunt her down."

The nun laughed again. "You did well in coming here to-night. You might not have seen her else," she said.

His majesty started, and then laid a heavy hand upon the nun's shoulder.

"Look here, my friend," he exclaimed; "why did you advise me to come, and why are you here? Do you know that woman?"

"Yes."

"Who is she?"

The nun whispered a name in his ear.

"What!" Mephistopheles recoiled, astonished. "That girl! When did you find it out?"

"Find what out?"

"Why, that she is the one?"

"I did not say that she was Elise Schwartz."

"But you implied it."

"True." Laughing again. "I suspected it long ago. I verified my suspicions quite recently. For further particulars—wait."

"Then I need not follow her home?"

"You may; if you wish to assure yourself that I am not mistaken. I must leave here now. Who put Lara on his guard?"

"I did; by request of the houri. If you leave now, I will shadow her home. Will you be at the rendezvous?"

"At one? Yes. Have you got the keys?"

"Will have them in the morning without fail."

"Then all goes well. Old man, we are narrowing the circle."

"We are, and quarters are getting close."

Mephistopheles moved away, and soon after the nun disappeared from the festive scene.

At one o'clock that morning three stern-faced men sat around the little table, in the rooms of Neil Bathurst; for more than two hours they sat there, conversing in low, eager tones, and then they arose and prepared to depart.

"Then we understand each other thoroughly," said one of those grave-featured men. "We begin now to act."

"Yes; from to-night our deeds will count. Arrest the gang, seize the murderess, expose the conspiracies, and set Lenore Armyn right before the world. Ah! this is work to my taste." And so they separated.

An hour later, a single word was flying over the wires, addressed to James Durand. That word was, "Come."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. BIXBY'S DOG.

It Was an All-Around Terror of the Finest Variety.

"Speaking of dogs," said the man with a glass eye, "reminds me of an experience I had once with a friend of mine named Bixby, Samuel J. Bixby."

"That's a reflection on Mr. Bixby," remarked a listener.

"I'm telling this story," replied the man. "As I was going on to say, Bixby was a friend of mine that I would have done anything in the world for. I think he would have done the same for me. Well, Bixby had a dog that he had great store by because it had belonged to his wife, and when he took a notion to go to California and travel for a big San Francisco grocery house, he asked me to take care of the dog for him because it wasn't possible for him to take it along with him. I tell you, Bixby thought a lot of that dog, and when he told me about how he hated to leave it, the tears actually came to his eyes. Kind of a kind of sniffed a little myself. The dog was an old dog-lancier's in an adjoining town, and I was to send for it as soon as I could conveniantly do so. It was a mastiff—at least I thought he said so—about two years old, and Bixby said if would be mighty useful about the place as a watch-dog. I needed a watch-dog, but that wasn't what I was doing this for. It was simply to please Bixby. Well, he got away at last, and as the train pulled out for the west he waved his hand to me and called back, not to neglect the dog. And I didn't. The very next day I sent one of my stable boys over after it and he brought it back in good shape. And what a dog it was! As big as a calf and would eat four times as much. And what a savage brute! We had to tie him up in the daytime, and the first night, and after that we kept him in the stable, mostly, for the hired girl was scared to death of him, and the boys used to put his meals down in front of him and run as if they had set fire to a fuse of a dynamite bomb, keeping within a few paces from him.

"At the end of the first week that dog owned the place and I had to pay the boys extra to look after him. As for myself, even my devotion to Bixby was not enough to get me within a dozen rods of it. Just the same, though, I had promised Bixby not to neglect the dog, and I kept that promise faithfully. And not for a week or a month or a year, but for four long years. Think of that, will you?" and the man heaved a great sigh, partly of relief at the thought of a duty done, and partly of admiration for himself. "And in that time, gentlemen," he continued, "I lost half my friends; my wife threatened to remove out of the house, the neighbors shook us, servants refused to live with me, I fought the police to keep them off of him, the back yard and the stable became a wilderness and a scene of desolation and I was on the verge of lunacy. Yet through it all, I was loyal to Bixby and the dog.

"Well, the end of all things must come and the end of this trying occasion came at last with Bixby. He had returned with money, and the first thing he wanted to know about was the dog. I had never failed to rejoice to him at least once a month on the general health and happiness of the dog, and he knew pretty well how he was doing, though he never knew what I suffered, for I loved Bixby too much to worry him with my trials. He had enough of his own, going into a new country among strange people. When I got home with Bixby, my wife refused to see him, but I didn't tell him of that, either, and before there was any reason for my lying about it, Bixby was on his way to see the beloved dog after all these weary years of separation and waiting. I cautioned him to be a little careful, for the dog hadn't seen him for so long that he mightn't remember him. But Bixby wouldn't hear to any thing like that and sailed right into the stable. I remaining outside so as not to intrude upon the affecting scene of their meeting. In about two minutes there was a ruction and a rumpus in that stable that was simply terrorizing, and in about two minutes more, Bixby, or what was left of him, came out of the door with the dog hanging to him. How he ever got loose, I don't know, but he did, and the next thing I remember, we were sitting on the top of the fence looking at each other. It took Bixby about seven minutes to get his breath so he could say anything, and I hadn't anything to say. Then what he did say gave me such a shock that I fell off the fence into the alley.

"Good Lord, old man," he groaned, "that isn't my dog, and never was. Mine was a bull pup."

"And to think," concluded the friend of Mr. Bixby, sighing profoundly, "what I suffered from the wrong dog!"

Around the Mahogany.

Epicures, like poets and artists, are born not manufactured.

In early winter the bons vivants' thoughts lightly turn to game.

Reading maketh a full man; so, too, does a regular Christmas dinner.

There is an abundance of kerosene where some sardines are packed.

A dainty morsel to those unprejudiced is the head of a woodcock.

It would be a good law allowing only hermits and sailors to eat onions.

He who is fond of German cookery will enjoy a solo on the trombone.

Genuine manufacture of codfish balls is one of the lost culinary arts.

Gastronomic scholars hold the wing to be the best part of the turkey.

In the matter of corned beef and cabbage, enough is equivalent to a feast.

Few can recite "The Raven" backward; few can properly make Welsh rabbit.

To the average Bridget, "a pinch of salt" means a whole bucketful.

Cherry wine to most soups is what a fresh coat of paint is to an old house.

There must be profanity where chops that should have been broiled are served fried.

Mince pies and brandy peaches are the household treasures for thanksgiving.

An old discussion, red wine or champagne with duck, has been renewed.

Cabbage and cauliflower should not be cooked when company is expected.

Since colonial days the chafing dish has never been so popular as now.

The art of cooking chickens to perfection is best understood by the Chinese.

It is Southern tradition that colored cooks are best to prepare oysters.

Spiced and pickled peaches are now essential at fashionable dinners.

Foot Photography.

A fad over across the sea is to have your foot photographed as well as your hand or face—that is, if you are lucky enough to possess one blessed with artistic curves and outlines. A prominent society woman, on her return from Paris several months ago, exhibited to a roomful of admiring friends the sweetest, daintiest little plaster cast of a foot, which, she declared, was a counterpart of her own, made by a sculptor of world-wide fame. She was at that moment having a life-size one carved in marble to be mounted on cerise velvet, and several small ones, one-half the size, struck off in different shades of pale pink, blue and old rose. The extraordinary popularity of "Trilby" has helped to direct attention to our humblest member, and now the women of New York are experimenting to see whether they have instep that "water will flow under"—a sure sign of blue blood.

Buckram was at first any sort of cloth stiffened with gum.

MISCELLANEOUS READING

GRAVE AND OTHERWISE.

Culled From Many Sources but Each and Every One Worthy of a Careful Reading.

You Kissed Me.

[The following was written in 1867 by a lady under twenty years of age. James Redpath, the historian, thought so much of the poem that he had an edition printed on white satin. John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, wrote of it and its young author that she had truly mastered the secret of English verse.]

You kissed me, My head
Dropped low on your breast
With a feeling of shelter
And infinite rest,
While the holy emotions
My tongue dare not speak
Flashed up in a flame
From my heart to my cheek.
Your arms held me fast;
Oh! your arms were so bold;
Heart beat against heart
In their passionate fold.
Your glances seemed drawing
My soul through my eyes
As the sun draws the mist
From the sea to the skies.
Your lips clung to mine
Till I prayed in my bliss
They might never unclasp
From the rapturous kiss.

You kissed me; My heart,
And my breath, and my will
In delirious joy
For a moment stood still.
Life had for me then
No temptations no charms,
No visions of happiness
Outside of your arms.
And were I this instant
An angel possessed
Of the peace and (fine) joy
That are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes
Unreprimanded down
I would tear from my forehead
Its beautiful crown
To nestle once more
In that haven of rest—
Your lips upon mine.
My head on your breast.

You kissed me! My soul
In a bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man
Foolish with wine.
And I thought were delicious
To die then if death
Would but come, while my lips
Were yet moist with your breath;
I might grow cold
While your arms clasped me round
In their passionate fold.
And these are the questions
I ask day and night:
Must life taste no more
Such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast
Were my shelter as then,
And if you were here,
Would you kiss me again?

The Dream of an Hour.

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that threatened her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that where all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a pedler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sobbin its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will—as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been.

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over, and over under her breath: "Free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him—sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter? What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being.

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door—you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

How fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long, and now what a change.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like the goddess of victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richard stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latch key. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry at Richard's quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife, who just then looked up.

But Richard was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease—the joy that kills.

He Always Has a Passport.

H. L. Benson, of New York, according to a reporter of a St. Louis paper, takes pains to be always provided with a passport. He says that it cost him but a dollar and a little trouble to get it, and that it saves him a great deal of trouble wherever he is where he is not well known. Says he: "With the passport I never have to be identified at a bank, postoffice or other institutions where strangers transacting business always have to be vouched for by some body known to the officials. You see that the body of the paper contains a most minute and unmistakable discription of me, together with my age and residence. The whole bears the great seal of the United States Government, thus making deception or imposture almost impossible. My description was sworn to by notaries public who know me before the State Department at Washington issued the passport. With this affidavit and another one certifying that I was a good citizen, I inclose $1 with my application to the Secretary of State and received the passport."

How It Served Him Right.

The street was slippery at the point where the passenger thought he could alight from the street car, while it was in motion, and walk away in triumph while the more timid passengers had to wait until the car got over to the other side where there was a safe landing. He stood waiting on the top step for a good place to drop to, and when the conductor intimated that he had better not try it, he looked up at that worthy person with an air of scorn that almost made him wife, notwithstanding the weather was anything but of the wilting variety out there on the platform. The conductor was not to be deterred by a look, however, and still insisted on his not jumping, but he might as well have talked to a boarder who never pays his bill. The man was bound to jump and he did. And he jumped all over and lit in twenty places at once and rolled along with the car and the steps hit him in the back, and irregularities of the roadway thumped him from the top of his head to the soles of his feet, and his face banged the stones and his hands dragged holes in the icy surface, after which he gave a final roll and laid over quite still, for he was stunned. The conductor got to him as quickly as he could and lifted him up.

"Are you badly hurt?" he asked, shaking him gently.

The dumped and dazed passenger opened his eyes and looked around leeringly.

"Wha—wha—what—" he began to stammer, meaning to smile.

The conductor felt greatly relieved, and he wanted to cheer the man up.

"That was a horse on you, sir," he said banteringly.

"O-O-Oh, wo—wo—well, I—I thought it was an entire car stable wi—wi—with all the cars piled on top. Where's my hat?" and the conductor, after brushing down a bit and readjusting his fastenings, straightened him out, headed him the right way and let him go.

Feminine Sagacity.

"It's a great mistake," said a philosopher, "for a poor man to go into politics unless he is sure he can make a living at it."

"That's very true," replied the philosopher's wife, "but it seems to me that a man who could make a living at politics could get rich doing most anything else."

The Wickedness In Our Midst.

No matter how far an evangelical system runs up into the sky, it has to start with a subterranean basis of conscience, and now is a capital time to appeal to conscience. It is the puzzle of my life why all the pulpits of our city are not doing it. And when I speak of an appeal to conscience I am not thinking about the abstract nor about the conscience of men who lived and died 4,000 years ago, nor about the social or political conditions of times that preceded the flood. The wickedness that occasioned the Lord's drowning of the earth in the days of Noah has not a title of the sensitive meaning for us that the wickedness now current in our mid time, which is just as full of the potence of social and national and universal overthrow as was the corruption that occasioned the deluge and wiped out antediluvian history.

The present is a moment of crisis, municipal and national, and as I look at the matter, it is treasonable to all the interests we hold most dear to allow this crisis to be passed and the issue reached without our having employed the best of our powers, private and public, secular and religious, lay and clerical, to the end of securing an issue that shall be to the purification of our atmosphere and to the sounding forth through the community a tone or clarion distinctiveness that shall take the languor out of men's consciences and the irresolution out of their determinations and actions.

Sayings of the Children.

A Concrete Abstraction—Teacher—An abstract noun is the name of something you can think of but not touch. Can you give me an example? Tommy—A red-hot poker.

A Reservation—Mamma (to Johnny, who had been given a pear with pills, artfully concealed in it)—Well, dear, have you finished your pear? Yes, mamma, all but the seeds.

Juvenile Skepticism—Minister—And how, do you get on at Sunday school, Billie? Billie—Pretty well. I've just learned about the whale swallowing Jonah. Minister—That's good. Billie—Yes, sir; and next Sunday I'm going to believe it.

A Retort Courteous—"Charles, you must do what I tell you. When I was a little child like you I was always good and obedient." "I'm glad to know that, mamma, and you may be sure that I'll say the same thing to my children when I have any."

Applied Irony—Georgie—Auntie, what does irony mean? Auntie—It means to say one thing and mean the opposite, like calling a rainy day a fine day. Georgie—I think I understand you, auntie. Wouldn't this be irony: "Auntie, I don't want a nice big piece of cake?"

Object Lesson on the Chair—Teacher (having directed the attention of the class to the various parts of a chair)—Of what use is the seat of a chair? Bright little girl (who knows it all)—I know. Teacher—You may tell the class. Bright little girl—To keep people from flopping on the floor.

A Choice of Weapons—A little fellow had been seriously lectured by his mother and finally sent into the garden to find a switch with which he was to be punished. He returned soon and said: "I could not find a switch, mamma, but here's a stone you can throw at me."

Reasoning by Analogy—A caller had mentioned that a neighbor had been obliged to shoot his dog because it had grown old and cross. After he had gone, little Edith, who had been quiet since the dog was spoken of, surprised her mother by as