A MYSTERIOUS STORY.

The story of her life as gleaned from her self, her aunt and a cousin who came on from Philadelphia early in the day to urge her to return to her home, is interesting. She wa married to Mr. Bergmann, so the story runs about two years ago in Philadelphia. She was then about fifteen years old. They went abroad at once and have lived there most of the time since. Both are wealthy, and Mrs Bergmann, who now has \$7,000 a year in her own right, will shortly, it is said become the sole he ress of \$25 000 per annum. Their married life was happy until last summer when, in a city in Spain the first cloud made its appearance. It ithere that Mrs. Bergmann b.gin to be more or less di-contented, and her acti ns were s strange that a warch was placed on her by her husband. This she in time discovered and she became more restless than ever. Mr Bergmann at last determined to come home to America and left France on the steamer France, of the Companie Generale Transat I ntique. That the steamer arrived here or the 2nd of November and Mr. and Mrs. Berg mann left at once for Philadelphia. There was on board the France, so the story runs, a young Frenchman who paid most devo ed attention to his young wife. Day by day, they mat on the promenace deck, and every opportunity was afforded for firstation. This, of course, was notice able, and the hashand re-mountrated with her and obtained her prom-ise to stop the firstation. When leaving the ship, it is said, she made it known that she was possessed of a wild infatu ing for the French strauger, and her parting with him was a source of great grief to her.

On their arrival in Pulla lelphia they were surrounded by friends and relatives, and everything went happily until the accident that befelt Mr. Bergmann. His wife, taking advantage of the state of affairs, took a train Her flight was discovered, how ever, and a dispatch preceded her, with the result as related above. Mrs. Bergmann was in no way affrighted at her arrest, and expressed her determination not to retrace her steps. She makes no secret of the fact that her married life is distasteful to her. Some of the officials are inclined to believe with the family that the lady is in-ane. Two physicians of Philadelphia are ready, it is said, to come on and testify to the fact, and dispatches were sent to that city late last night that the physicians had arrived and were closeted wish Inspector. Dilks and Mr. Bergmann. The latter, it is said, expressed himself as being determined to compel his wife to return home or else offer her the alternative of a medical examination with a view of putting her in an asylum for the

New York, Nov. 20. - Mrs. Bergmann, the Philadelphia heiress, whose husband and friends have been endeavoring to have her return to Philadelphia, was in the Sapreme Court this afternoon on a writ of habeas corecti d the delight d exchange editor. You see pus directing Police Commissioner French to produce her in court. Mr. French made a return to the writ, stating that the bidy was not detained in custody, but was at liberty to leave police headquarters whenever she liked.

Mrs. Bergmann supported this statement and land you get fidelity to fact with a wealth of was allowed to go. She drove away in charge of Police Commissioner French and Dr. Hammond to Jersey City. Mr. French, on his were solicatous for her welfare.

NOT RESPONSIBLE. by several physicians. Their unanimous of course you are the best judge. Pathought opinion was that, owing to her misguided infatuation, she was not responsible. actions, though otherwise sane, and with rest, quiet and proper treatment her recovery would be complete in a short time

GRIFFITHS' VALUATION.

Griffiths' valuation, about which we are now hearing so much, is, I suppose, Sanscrit to most people, and as it is now a watchword of the Land League I will explain the term briefly. If one were to ask an Irish landlord who Griffishs was the reply would be: "A gentleman whom we would take great pleasure in hanging were he but alive." To the Land I eague be has been invaluable, however, in consequence of the ignorance of the masses and the high sounding jugle of the phrase "Griffiths' valuation." Sir Richard Griffiths, Bart., was an eminent government valuator who in 1846 began a valuation of the land in Ireland for the purpose of obtain ing a uniform basis for the purpose of taxa-The valuation had no reference to the rent of the land valued. No one has ever before contended that it had. It was merely intended to fix the local taxation, and on this point the best evidence in the world in Sir book. " Outime of System of General Valua tion in Ireland": "If one third be added the result will give very nearly the full ren value of the land under ordinary proprietors." But the cry is " Griffiths' valuation, and that is all the tenant farmers will pas Onnun treds of estates they go in a body t the agent, proffer "Griffiths' valuation, which in but few cases can possibly be accepted. Being refusel they pocket the rent and go away vowing they will pay nothing ever the government valuation. In one case in Kildare that I heard of last week the agent tion, the rents being exceptionally low any way and the landlord more able to give tha reduction, but it happened that one tenant had his land at " Griffiths' valuation," and he demanded a reduction of twenty five per cent. from that amount, feeling that he should get this amount as well as the others -Cor. N. Y. Herald.

"How's wheat?" "Dollar thirteen " Ah, how sweet."

It is estimated that 8,000 wild ducks were hot on the Susquehanna fl.ts, near Harve de Grace, on the first day of the duck shooting. Ju ge Gildersleeve was conspicuous among the slayers.

TASTES DIFFER. - A Galveston candidate who became very affectionate with colored voters during election, told an influential darkey in an outburst of election excitement "I would nather ten times over take the hand of an honest colored man than that of a white loafer !

Dat's where we differs, jedge. I'll take

de hand of de white loafer fust ebery time. And they shook - Galeston News.

THE YORK HERALD

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FINISHING THE VERSES.

How a Brooklyn Exchange Editor Helped a Fair Poetess Out of a Difficulty, and How He was Rewarded. (Brooklyn Eagle.)

'If you please, wir." said the young lady, timedly, as the exchange editor handed her a chair, "I have composed a few verses, or partially composed them, and I thought you might help me finish them and then print them. Ma says they are real nice as far as

they go. She was a handsome creature, with beautiful blue eyes and a crowning glory as yellow as golden rods. There was an expectant look on her face, a hopefulness that appealed to the holiest emotions, and the exchange editor made up his mind not to crush the longing of that pure heart, if he never struck another

"May I show you the poetry?" continued the ripe, red mouth. 'You will see that I couldn't get the last line of the verses, and if you would please be so kind as to help

Help her ! Though he had never read even a line of poetry, the exchange editor felt the spirit of the divine art flood his soul as he vielded to the bewildering muno. Help her Well, he should smile !

"The first verse runs like this," she went on, taking courage from his eyes " How softly sweet the autumn air

The dying woodland fills,
And nature turns from restful care—.'.
"To anti-bilious pills!" a ided the exchange editor, with a jerk. "Just the thing. It " Just the thing. It

Half the people you meet are -"I suppose you know best," interrupted
the your egirl. "I hadn't thought or it in that way, but or u have a better idea of such things. Now the second verse is m re like this :

"The dove-eyed kine upon the moor ook tender, meck and sad, While from the valley comes the rear-

"Of the matchess liver pad!" roared the exchange editor. "There you get it. That finishes the second so as to match with the It combines the fashions with poetry and carries the idea right home to the fire side. If I only had your ability in starting a verse with my genius in winding it up. I'd quit the shears and open in the poetry busi-

ue-s to morrow."
"Think so?" asked the fair young lady "It don't strike me askeeping up the theme"
"You don't want to. You want to break
the theme here and there. The reader likes it better. Oh, yes! Where you keep up the theme it gets monotonous"

"Perhaps that's so" rejoined t' a beauty, brightening un. "I oiln't think of that. Now

"How sadly droops the dying day,
As night a chigs from the gleu,
And monning twilight seems to say—
"The old man's drunk again, wouldn't do, would it ?" asked the exchange editor.
"Somebody else wrote that, and we might be accused of plagiarism. We must have the athing original. Suppose we say; now just suppose we say; 'Why did I spout my Ben?'"
Is that new?' it quired the sweet rosy

ling. "At least, I never heard it before. don't know what it means."
"New? 'Deed is's new. Ben is the Preshyterian name for overcoat, and spont means to hock. 'Why d d I spout my Ben?' means why did I shove my topper. That's just what twilght would think of first, you know. Oh! don't be afraid, that's just immense."

"Well, I'll leave it to you," said the glor-

ious girl with a smyle that pinned the excharge editor's heart to his side. This is the fourth

"The merry milkmaid's somber song Re-e-hoes from the recks, As silen by she trips along——

"Oh ! no. no !" remonstrated the blushing

poetical expression. The worst of peetry generally is, you can't state things as they mond to Jersey City. Mr. French, on his are. It aim't like prose. But here we've return, said she had not been placed in an busted all the established notions, and put up asylum, but had been left with friends who actual ex stence with a veil of genuine poetry over it. I think that's the best idea we've

I ought to say:

As silently she trips along
In autumn's yellow tracks."

Wouldn't that do?"

"Do! Just look at it. Does tracks rhyme rocks? Not in the Brooklyn Eagle it don't. Besides, when you say 'tacks' and 'rocks,' you give the impress on of some fellow heav-ing thing- at another fellow who's scratching for safety. 'Socks,' on the other hands rhvmes with 'rocks,' and beautifies them while it touches up the milkmaid, and by describing her condition shows her to be a child of the very nature you are showing

'I think you're right," said the sweet Think you're high, sand the sweet angel. "I'll tell pa where he was wrong. This is the way the fifth verse runs:

And close behind the farmer's boy
Trills forth his simple tunes,
And slips beside the maiden coy—
"And splits his pantaloons; done it myself; know just exactly how it is. Why, bless

you heart, you..."
Snip, snip, snip, Paste, paste, paste. But it is with a saidened heart he snips and pastes among his exchanges now. The beautiful vision that for a moment dawned upon him has left but the recollection in his neart of one sumbeam in his life, quenched by the shower of tears with which she denounced him as a " nasty brute" and went out from

TYPES OF PARTIAN SOCIETY.

him forever.

(From the Cincinnati Enquirer.) Take for instance the coquette before us she is beaut ful, with the black eyes, the dail asir, the piquant f a ures of a Freuch woman. Her complexion is the per ection of artanut, soft, cream tint, with a passing tinge of thaunts her fancy by wearing a robe of violet-colored velvet, cut, though the day is cool, very rangue in the neck, the exqu si e white as of which, is shaded by nothing more than a diam and locket; her hat of the same color as her dress, and trimined according to the prevailing mode, with two long ostrich plumes, fastened in front with buckle, and sweeping he sloping shoulders of the wearer. nonds spukled in her ears and on her arms the lay back in her carriage with an air languishing indifference, and rested her feet ipon the opposite seat without disguise. he manner of doing it had been excusable she might have been pardoned for showing them, so infinitely small and well shaped were they, and covered with silk stockings little pointed slip, er, with its high heels and brilliant buckles, hardly c-vering more than the sole. In her tiny hands she carried a auge bunch of violets, the flower the Napo leons always loved, and from time to time she would detach two or three and twirl them between her red lips a la Carmen. Her turnout was showy, but really cheap. The horses, ball covered with gaudy trappings, still illconcealed their bores, and, apropos to this, it

must be remarked that in proportion to the

beauty and richness of everything else here the horses are out of all harmony, with few exceptions, the handsome ones belonging to the Bussians, the English and resident Ameri-cans. They are ill-shaped, bony affairs, and it does not require a stretch of the imagination to believe they are fed half the time on bran and sawdust. Still, the equipages are fine, and the horses are so elaborately tricked out that, unless one is fond of, or takes an interest in animals, they would not be so likely

to notice it. The fair Imperialist had hardly pussed when the clatter of a pony's hoofs was heard, and there flew by a lady in a little dog cart, with a miniature groom behind her. She was alone and driving herself sitting very straight, and with a sort of martial air. Every one turned to look at her. "Who is she?" a ked your correspondent. "Oh, that is Mlle. Grevy, the daughter of the Pre-ident. She affects Ameri can ways altogether, and will walk and ridalone, much to the horror of the aristocrats and even our Republican papers here attack her for infringing on long-established ous-

A BONAPARTE'S MARRIAGE. A Great Nephew of the First Napoleon

Marries the Daughter of a Gambler Paris, Nov. 18 .- Prince Roland Bon sparte son of the well known Prince Pierre Napol son, who in 1870 shot Victor Noir and wa

acquitted, was vesterday married to Mile inc, the second daughter of the late Frau cois Blanc, proprietor of the Monte Carle gaming establishment. The bride inherits i

Prince Roland Boundante is a sub-licutenant u the Thirty sixth French regiment of infantry, and is not otherwise known to faine than as the son of his noter ous father, wh long is fore the escapade with Pascal Greusset friend, had mair ed a s-amstress, without the consent of Napoleon III., and had to submit to having his marriage declared bull and void Pietre is the third in the true order of Bonapartist succession, being only pre-eded by Prince Naroleon, commonly called Nap leon Charles, brother of the Cardinal, and by Prince L us Lucien, the eldest living son of Luc en, brother of Napoleon 1. He is the econd of Lucien's sons, and has been distin-

guished since the days when he saw service in Columbia under General Santander for the firce and sanguinary contests auto which his Corrican temper has led him. He was at one time expelled from Corfu, at another disminsed from the French aims and was seldom without a duel on his hands After shooting Victor N. ir he and his wife who had ben remarried, opened a millinery shop in Bond street, London, and the Prince devoted his time to the translation of tragedies and the education of his children. h a daughters developed a very fair talent for sculpture, and Roland, the bridegroom of to-day pursued his studies at St. Cyr with much satisfaction to his parents and no very great profit to himself. Ml e. Blanc, mean was growing to womanhood under the oleander shades of Monte Carlo. In the wellor sered garden of the Casino, sweet with the breath or roses and heliotrope, her si-ter had be n woodd and won by Prince Radzivial. Be side the undimmed blue of the Mediterran an she would go on her daily errands of chariy, carry food to the poor, while last napoleon, and the coho of a suicide's pin tol would break the calm of the summer day She grew to be as pretty as she was good, and when her father died she was deemed the best matrimonial "catch 'in Europe. Her mother's wedd ng present is nothing less than the famous palace of San Donato. There are seventy-five acres in Prince Demidoff's estate: the paisce has a marble terrace and a gilded dome; there are stables for fifty horses coachhouses for thirty carriages, a riding school; liot, temperate, and cold greenhouses orangeries; a p geon shooting lawn; steam baths; lawns, lakes, bridges, aviaries,grottos, swimming schools, orchards, olive groves citchen gardens, vineyards and dairies. princess could desire a fairer wedding gift. and Mile. Blanc is to be really a princess, for the King of Italy, who is always lavish of his patents of nobility, has created her husband the Prince of San Denato.

HANLAN'S SECRET.

Why do not some of our carsman learn to row like Hanlan? He is not a very big man, nor all over a nowerful one though he is ex coptionally well developed, not only where an oarsman always wants it - in the loins - but where one who rows as he does absolutely must have it -- namely, in the extensor muscle of the legs For he does not kick his stretcher or shove his feet against it with auvithing like s jerk, but he sets them against it and pushes with the heaviest and mightiest force he can possibly apply, much as a man pushes with his legs as d feet upon the floor when he he strides half a ton and lifts it - if he can. This supreme push, far more forceful than any sudden kick could be, throws every ounce o pressure against the fulcrum that he can pos stilly impose. Hence he gets more power into his work than any less effective pusher could get, and it rushes him forward accordingly. ingly. This is largely why thirty six of his strokes send him faster than forty-one of Trickett's, and put him two good lengths to the fore before either is off the Crab Tree and while both are comparatively fresh. It is hard work, and accountfor Hanlan's many stops to rest. But it does the business. It looks about hopeless for a tower on the old method to try to cope with him. It really need not be so, for at least to he more intell gent among the rowing me it must seem astonishing that a man like Fricket, a professional, who has for years been champion of the world, has not sense and indoment enough to let such a rosper go on about his business, and, instead of trying like a freshman, to catch him by crazy spurt at the start, so distribute his strength and win i as to carry him his fastest, whatever that may ne, over the whole four miles and three furlong not over a pattry half mile. For, as usua in Hanlan's races, the time over the whole ccitric is slow, though marvelously fast for little way-as long as is necessary. If or that dead flat water, and with the current as t was. Trickett and his friends had not ought before the fight he could have done e d stance in less than twenty five minute they would probably never have let him leave Australia. And yet his little rival thrashes him hopelessly and makes a laughing stock of im in twenty six munutes and twerve second-There is a lesson for Oxford and Cambridge in all this. There is a lesson for Harvard and Yale in it, and for every oarsman or culler, amateur or professional, who ever means to row a race. Let us see who wil first learn it .- New York Hereld.

-M. Emile de Girard n, the so-called princ of Parisian journalists, whose career as a writer as been marked by brilliancy rather than by unvarying consistency, is disgusted with th anguage of the new crop of ultra-Republicationrnals, and says: "I openly confe-s that do not feel proud of my connection with ions nalism when I read all that is being printe since the liberty of the press has existed de The free dom which certain papers use and abuse is not the freedom of discussion but of calumny outrage and insult. It is enough to disgust one at he longing to a pro-fession so destitute of self respect."

BURIED IN A MINE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Was I ever down in a coal mine? Yes, once. will tell you the story.

I had a une friends living in the coal mining region of Pennsylvania, and I was induced to

pay them a visit. While there I was asked if I would like to descend into one of the most famous mines and see how the hird, black fuel, which affords us such grateful sensations on a cold winter night, is procured from the bowels of

the earth. Now I have a strong natural desire to see everything new and strange; but then I am also very cautious, and do not care to put my ife in peril merely to gratify my curiosity, so hesitated and reflected a little before

answered:
"I should like to see the miners at work f it could be done without ri-k of life."

A pretty, bright, blue-eyed young lady who was present, and to whom I had taken a great

fancy, bust out with a ringing laugh:
"Surely you are not afraid, Mr. Maples?"
she exclaimed, with a mischievous twinkle of her blue eyes that did more to urge me on than all the arguments of all her relations could have done in a mouth, for no man lik s to be thought a coward in the presence

f beauty.
"I cortainly would not like to be concidered atia d, Miss Stuart, merely because I have a repelling sense of danger," I replied. "Surely ron do not think it necessary for a man to be foolhardy in order to prove that have not portro in? I beli-ve every one is in some de gree afraid when he sees danger, but some people are gitted with the faculty of seeing langer where others do not."

' And sometimes where it does not exist.' " It may be." "And you possess that gift largely," she

" Nay, Miss Stuart, you hardly do m us ice. I at least cla m to be reasonable. In the case of mining coal, neither you nor ny one else who is familiar with past occur pences in the mines can truthfully declare that there is not all the time danger down in those dark and awful depths, and that every one who descends thether, be it for a a nute or mouth, car les his life in his

"Well, I at least am not afraid," she re joined, somewhat boastingly; "and I at least have been down there as many times as am years old."

"A matter of nineteen," I observed.
"Exactly nineteen," she smiled.
"Well, then make it twenty, and I will as

mpany yov, said.

'Agreed," was her prompt response. The instant she said this I experienced trangs sensation, like a presentment of evil and I would gladly have had my promise un piken. But it was too late for me to think f changing my declaration, even had the ancer been a thousan I times more apparent. or I am one of those stubbornly firm in nividuals who always live up to ry given oid, let the consequences be what they may and so we prepared our elves and went down into the mine-a party of four of us-two gentlemen besides myself and the lady I have nantioned.

The descent for the first two hundred few. was in a pre-bucket, lowered by a windlass; in the any one for the first time ever yet took that plunge into the awful wird shruking akin to horror, however our ess and indiff reut may have been his out-

One of our party, who was connected with the mines, and was to act as our guide on the present occison, carried a Davy lamp fasten d to his can and by this feeb e light we could dimly see each other's faces and the black, damp walls which surrounded us, as down, down, ever down we kept sinking. deeper and deeper into the bowle of the cident might land us suddenly on the shores

of eternity. The two gentlemen and myself looked grave as became the place and the occasion; but pretty Sibyl Stuart was full of talk and ani mation, rattling on from one thing to an other, never seeming to care for a reply but apparently satisfied to hear the sound o ber own voice. Was she really heedless of any possible danger, or was this light chatter done to cover serious fancies and misgivings I could not believe the words came from a neart as light and free as they seemed to represent.

Reaching our first landing, we began our exploration turough long dark galleries, where every here and there a heavy prope supported the rocky roof, with the thin layer of foundaion supported in turn in the same manner still below us, tier on tier, so that the vield ing of any weak spot, far down in those awful depths, might precipitate thousands of square eet into one shapeless mass, and bury us for

ever from human sight. Still, as there was no more danger, annar eutly, of this occurring now, than at any time within the past twenty years, there was no good of reason for my taking the subject into consideration, except that of my being stil bounted by that presentment of evil, of which

I have spoken. Our gnile led the way to some moving light-, which we could see sparkling in the profound darkness, and we soon found ourselves at the top of another shaft, where another de cent of a hundred and fifty feet was made in hicket: after which followed some rough climbing over rocks and fissures, with he and there a descent by ladders, which proved both precarious and tiresome, till, at last, we stood upon a ledge, from which, a hundred ket still below us, we beheld a hundred mov ing lights, and heard the peculiar sound o the miners at their daily toil of digging out and breaking the black lumps of coal that were intended to find their way to the bright world above.

"There they are," exclaimed our fair com panion, vivaciously, "locking, with their red, bothing lights and shalowy forms, I ke so many fiends of Panlemonium! Would you roany fiends of Panlemonium! Would v. lke to go down among them, Mr. Maples?" "If you are sat she I where you are, Miss Stuart, I will venture to say I have seen was my reply, with a kind of

shudder. "Oh, for that matter, I am willing to let you have your own way now," the rejoined, with a light, careless laugh. You have braved the danger so far like a gallant soldier, and are now emitted to your discharge " " I se that, in your thoughtless way, you

cantien," I replied, a little severely; "but I would very much like you to comprehend that reasonable caution is not cowardice, nor in any degree allied to it; and, to prove it in my own person, I now throw down the gage to dare anything that either you, or any ambitious friend of yours, may have the couraget

Even in the dim light I could see that my sharp words had sent a deep color into he pretty fac ; and, after a momentary heaita ion, she faltered out : "I crave your pardon, Mr. Maples, if my

light, flippant remarks have wounded your "All s already forgotten." I cordially plied, extending my hand, which was accepted

in token of amity.

An exclamation from one of our two com-

pipe!"
" Which one " demanded his companion in a quick, excited tone. "Show me the in a vague ort of a way whether we werman, and I will have him discharged forth tenants of this world or the other. with !

down upon the rocks; and a crashing explostunned us, and shook down the rocks around

us like a terrible earthquake. When I came to my senses, all in the blackness of that rayle-s abyse. I heard a low, wailing moan of terror and despair, accompanied

with the words:

"Oh, my God! my God! what has happened, and where am 1?'

It was the plaintive voice of Sibyl Stuart, and I was grateful to God that she was still

I knew where we were, and what awful hing had happened, for my recollection came

with my consciou-ness.

Reaching out my hand I touched her, and in a scothing tone, said :
"There has been a terrible explosion, Miss

Sibyl, and I fear that many lives have bee ost : but, thank Go l, we still survive, and I lost; but, thank Go1, we still survive, and I hope you have e-caped injury."

"Oh, merciful Heaven, I comprehend all now!" she moaned. "Forgive me. dear friend! forgive me!"

" For what? "Making light of your forebodings and bringing you here to your doom."
"All is foregiven and forgotten dear girl shall this kot nothing now but how to get von cut of this h rror alive. The foul air here is almost sufforating. Where are cur com

She hurriedly called them by name, but re

ceived no reply.

I thought they might still be unconscious on the ground, and began to feel out for them.
They were only a few feet from us when the explosion occured; but as I reached out for them now in the darkness, my hands c me in confact with a huge rock on the very spo

where they had been standing.
In a moment I compresended the horric truih ; they had both been crished to dea l I hurriedly made ku vato my fa'r com

onnon the starting fact and aided:
"It may be that we two, or all within the mine, are the only ones that Providence bas Mar. d. "Oh, Heaven! 'she groaned; " spared.per

naps for a more terrible death! For how car

we ever find our way through the awful dark ess to the wor'd above? "
"We will try, at all events, and while there s life there is hope," I rejoined in a cheer altime, though with no cheerful tee ings. fo thought the chances were all against our

even seeing the light of beaven again. Taking the hand of my fair companion lat we might not become separated in the awful darkness. I began to carefully grore in the direction which I supposed would retrace our steps.

The air was very foul with poisonous gases and at times it seemed as if it would paralyze our lungs to inhale it. soon came to a broad chasm, and had

I not been carefully feeling my way, inch by nch, so to speak, I should have plunged head-ong into a death pit, and dragged Miss Stuart down with me.
I could not tell the width of this fissure in the darkness, but evidently we could not cross it; for when I lay down on the edge and

stretched forth my hands, I could not touch the other side.
"Alas! we are doomed to perish here, and it is all my wicked doing I' said the self-accusing girl, when I announced to her the

" Nav. dear Miss Sibvl: I will not hear you olame yourself for our being here," I replied You simply did not see the danger in the ame light that I did -- or perhaps ather say that you did not see the danger

" Only as we see danger when it lightens, the responded; "we know we may be struck but we can scarcely be said to fear it. Oh Mr. Maples, if there is any way by which you can save your life. do not give a thought to me, but make the effort alone, and I will pray or your success."

"Ah! now you do indeed wrong me, and

would my sensitive nature, by assuming it all seriousness that I am a coward!" said reproachfully. Oh, no! no! I meant not that," she pro

ested. "It is only that, if there is one life to be saved, I would have it yours instead of mine. "Oh, dear Miss Sibyl, dare I understand that you would save my life at the sacrifice of

Yes," she faintly signed, after a momenary pause. I quickly drew back from the verge of th

dread abyss, and there in that rayless dark ness and that awful tomb of death, I caught her in my arms and pressed her to my "You love me then. Sibyl-dear, dearest

Sibyl-you love me?" I exclaimed, as I pas sionately kissed her sweet, trenulous I ps. "Yes; here in the presence of death, I frankly confess that I love you, dear Henry!" the faintly murmured. " Heaven bless you, darling!" I returned

it makes me happy to hear these sweet death be near us both words, even though death be near us both! What is death, dailing, if we are loved by our beloved and know we shall die with our love? for death here is only life hereafter. But we will not die now, if any effort of our own in save us, and so let us work tog ther for life 1 ' With this keeping a firm hold of the dear

girl, I began to feel my way in another direcion; and so we wandered about in the dark ness, hour after hour, seeing nothing, and knowing nothing of our course, whether it weierght or wiong.

I said all I could to cheer my sweet com-

panien: but at len the he began to despair and I, to tell the trush, lost all hope of leavor prison pit alive.

If we could have known that we were going

in the right direction, there would have been some little encouragement to persevere; but when it considered that the chances were equil of our getting still further away from the point we wis! ed to reach, there seemed no reason for time exertion and we sat down completely disheartened " Well, darling, it will be as God wills!"
[sighed. " I have no other consolation to

"And I am to be punished for box tiul presumption, in the suffering of one whose I fe is dearer to me than my own 1'

" Oh, Sibyl, darling, you must not accus mrself, for that toriures me !" cried I. "Our being here is one of those misfortunes which were to be. We have reached a point where the air seems less poisonous, and we may possibly exist here for days; and who knows what time may do, when there are so many anxious souls above who will not est day nor night until thev shall have explored the mine in search of the living and the dead ?'

In that rayless darkness we could An exclamation from one of our two com- not make a note of time, nor tell whether it panions at this moment drew our astention to were day or night in the world above. We

him. He was looking down at the miners only knew that, after a long period, we began through a field glass, and his words were: to feel the pangs of hunger and "Ha! what culpable imprudence! One thirst; that we gradually grew weaker; that of the miners has struck a match to light his we slept at times; and that at last we began to have strange sen-ations in our brains, and mee dancing li_hts and | hantoms, and wonder

That is the last I remember till I found my Just as he spoke, and while he was in the self in a roum, on a bed, weak as an infant act of reaching out his hand for the glass, a and numbers of anxious friends standing blinding sheet of flame was seen to envelop around me. Even then my first thought was all below; a rush of foul, heated air threw us of my dear companion, and my first words

were an inquiry for her. When as-ured that she was safe, I remem ber feeling as if I were in heaven, and at once

fell off into a dreamless all ep.

I subsequently learned that we both had been found after a three days' search. in as unconscious state; and that, of all the parties as far down in the mine as ourselves, we were the only ones brought to the surface alive One hundred and nine persons had perished in that awful explosion, and the whole village

wisin mourning. I have only to add that my dear Sibyl and both recovered, and in time regained our health, and that she is now my loving wife.

AN "ITEM."

How a Traveling Gentlemen of Leisure "Played" a Farmer.

He was a tramp - and evidently "away up" in the fraternity. His face was covered with a shavgy beard, an old hat slouched down over his eyes, and his raiment was a most extraordinary collection of garments culled from many a rural scarcerow. His feet were wrapped in a pair of gunny sicks, bound with sections of clothes line, and his tout ensouble was extremely picture que and dirry. About one o'clock Monday morning he tumbled up the dark stringay of the night entrance, shoft d along the dimly lit corridor, and stuck his

head in at the door of the reporter's room.

"Good evenin'-1--Get out. "I beg pardon, but I ---"

"You're going to get down stairs quicker's ightning will scorch a teather ! "Helt on, now, mister-I've got an item.

" Oh. Au item is an nem, no matter if it comes written on initialled and perfumed paper, or from the whickey and onton odered lips of a ramp. Hence the change in the reporter lem-anor. The tramp walked in.

"Well; I've been scootin' around the centry a good deal, and don't you permit it to kentry a good dest, and don't you permit it to evaporate from your memory. I suppose you don't want to go any furder back then Loudon. That's a purty good place—cops succey—tadi chuck full of mercy for the unfortunate, and -

"But -the i.em?" "Oh, don't permit your internal improve ments to get into a violent commotion. I'm omin' to the i'em all right, and don't you orget it. Berlin is the hunky place for orget it. thights of the read. Nice warm fire-blanks: a-and glub. Schible old snoozer, the police there. Name's Con something. Fell asheep and I sampled his bottle. It was Hiram Walker's best. Guelph's a poor town to strike. Po ice duty struck-tall Chief with an eye lke a hawk-wouldn't b lieve his mother if she was on tramp - Magistrate oncertain - sometimes dismiss with tuic - cometimes 1911. Jail a pretty soft snap though, nothing to do but saw wood enough to keep warm. Galt's good nud for me-

Scotch town-swallow most any racket, and—— "Coming to that item presty soon?" Pres ree your equimity for a few mo-ments of precious time. Started from Galt, and got down pret y near Dundsa. that to id's been puty well worked. Farmers wouldn't give no grub - didn't give no grub - didn't want no work done -- all seemed to tumble. Got hungry as an office seeker. reapon that we could advance no faither in Struck a benevolent lookin' old farmer pilin' enurs onto his reot-house. Sunday and all Wouldn't give a tramp anything, not even if he was starvin', see he. An idea percolated -that's a good word ain't it-inte

my brain, and sez I. Much bothered with tramps?

Bothered! heeh mon, but they fash the

life o st o' me.'
"Told him I would fix it so's they'd steer clear of him if he'd give me fifty cents. The fifty cent business nearly took his breath away; but he asked how. 'Why,' set I, tramps has signs which they put on gate posts, to tell the next gang as comes along whether to strike that place or not.' That was a double-barreled lie, but I was hungry. I knowed neonle touck tramps has a soil of Freemason hiz to gui le one another - but its all rot - and I worked it on the old mar. He send he wouldn't give me but ten cents.
'Fitty cents,' sea I, 'or I'll put on a mark that'll fetch every mother's on of 'em into your house.' That settled the thing, and he torked out. I made some sort of a heiroglyphic on his gate-post, and started back to the camp in the bu-b, where there were thirteen of up Told the boys, and started 'em of down to the old man's, one by one-regular procession-with instructions in the take a cent less in fifty. Id have given a good deal to wait around and see the fun, but the weather wasn't sultry, and I wanted to strike this

The tramp rolled of his chair with langhter at the discomfiture of the benevolent farm- r ·· Well?"

" That all -Jerusalem! ain't that enough! Don't you think that's an item? How are igins at the p lice station?" Tip top-first floor-hot and cold wate bath-cocktail in the morning-fried oysters

for break ast - wine"-" Hold on — taby is for infacts —ta-ta."

" Good morning." CLEVER COLLECTION. How a Wentworth Farmer Paid a Note.

Constable Thomas Ingram, jr., of Aber foyle, will be remembered as being the con

stable who had the exciting and dangerous chase after the Hilm, the Black's Corners burglar. Mr. Ingram subsequently gave systems in the case at the Police Court here. The other day a farmer living this side of Freelton was sufficiently impressed with Ingram's ingenuity and strat-gic ability. This farmer had made a note which he refused to meet when it became due. The holder of the note, which was parable to bearer, handed it to Ingram for collection. The constable was in no hurry about the collection, and pa iently billed his time. A few days since the maker of the note arrived at Aberfoyle, on his way to Guelph, with a load of potatoes. He did not know that Ingram held his note. The constable bargain d with the farmer for the potatoes, and purchased the load for a sum slightly above the face value of the note. The potatoes were duly delivered, and Mr. Farmer sought his pay, when the constable produced and tendered the note, and the smal balance in cash. The farmer was excessively wroth, and refused tha sort of auid pro quo to nt blank. He went result of his interview was that he altered his mind, accepted the note in payment for the pot stoes, and went home a trifle sulky. but thoroughly posted in a new wrinkle.

-Translations of Mill, Spencer, and Darwin are common in Japan, where the "Origin We of Species " has a large sale.

A TALE OF HORROR

Secrets of a Russian Prison House-Why Prisoners Confess. (From the St. Petersburg Go'os)

From the 4th to the 14th of October 1981 the military court of Knarkoff was engaged in

trying fourteen persons accused of belonging to a secret society the purpose of which was to overthrow the existing Government and

rocial system of Russia. In the course of the trial it was shown that A. Sytzianko at

Legky had distributed pamphlets and p o-clamations inciting the people to insurrec-tion; that Philipoff had forged passes; that Daniloff had insulted the officers who went to arrest him; that Prof. Sytzianko had not reported to the authorities the crimes of his son, Alexander, a youth of 19 years. The occusations against the otler pai oners were comparatively insignificant. The defers was conducted vrv poorly, all the counsel being appointed by the court from among the military counsel. The trial of the outh Sytz anko produced an unusual excitement in the court. Dr. Sytzianko had all the sympathy of the public, being esteemed both as an able professor of the University of Kharkoff and as a physician. Eight months of prison life had made lim almost unrecogn 2 sble: his face was deadly oale. Still when examined he defended him elf ably. His son, Alexander, a gymnasium pupil, was undoubtedly the most remarkable of all the accused. His beautiful face, his clear and charming voice, and his cliquence produced a very favorable impression on the ublic. The most striking moment of the tid was this. The attorney for the Shife askel Alexander why, on the preliminary investigation, he had made certain statements which on the trial he recalled. In explanation the youth described most cloquently all the horrers of the prison life he had been submitted to. His physical suffering and moral tortures, he said, bad reduced him to a condivion in which no person can be responsible either for his words or for his actions. He told how he felt when during the winter he was shut in a small, dark damp, underground cell, and subsisted for a time on one gives of water that was given to him once in twenty four hours. The father of the outh could not stand such a d eadful tale e fainted and so put an end to the export tion of the secrets of the political prison. A nost exciting scene followed. All the ladies present in the court room cried and soib d and tears were seen on the faces of the stout-est men. The court adjourned. When it reappeared the attorney for the prosecution requested that the prison authorities and guardinns should be summoned as witnesses. On the next day they were brought. Alexander Sytzianko was reque-ted to repeat what is had said on the previous day about the abuse received by him at the hands of the prison su horities. This he did, and added some details even more shocking. Again his father felt sick, and requested the Court to be allowed to leave the court room. This petition was granted. The prison authorities were unable o contradict the startling revolutions made by

the youthful prisoner. On Oct 14 the judgment of the court was announced to the accused. Alexander Sytz-lanko and Legky, being deprived of all rights, were sent to Sileria for two years and eight months at hard labor; Phinpoff, being denived of certain special rights, was exiled to Sileria for two years; Blinoff and Kuzn-tz ff were sent to a fortress for four monties; Danloff also got four menths, and Gott beff two months. The rest of the accuse i, including Dr. Sylz anko, were acquitted. On Oct. 25 the same court will try a burgher, Julia ff burgess, Julisoff; the son of the priest K. in, a daughter of the prinst Knjin, the sim of State Counselor Balabuch, Dr. Rudskoff, and the daughter of the sergeant, Gangozoff, all

accused of political crimes. A SAD FATE.

A Girl of Thirteen Compelled to Marry a Man of Fifty, who Murders Her.

In May last, at Cranberry Brook, N. J., sines ti Grover married Jemma thambore, ged thute n years. She protested against eing morried to him, as he fifty: but her mother in iste ton her union with Grover, as he had money and a comfortable home, while she (the mother) could not

support her.

For a few months the child wife and her middle aged husban lived happily on Grover's place at Cranberry Brook. The pension money hich Grover had received, it is said, he lav ished upon his wife until it was exhausted. It is alleged that then Grover began to treat his wife harshly. On Saturday last he beat er, and in terror she fled to her mother's

home, which is near Pina Brook Accompanied by two relatives, Mrs. Grover went to her husband's house at Cruberry Grover met the trie, an I, addressing h a wife. Grover feil to packing up her effects, and at one time said, "Jermie, I am awful jealous of you, because I love you, and because I love you you can have everything worth anything

in the house." As Mrs. Grover and her two relatives were preparing to depart Grover exclaimed, Jemmie, come nustairs : there's something the trap which the husband had bid for her, and, following him, lightly tripped up the staircase. As she reached the top s ep she was confronted by her husband with a drawn revolver. Instantly, before she could turn, Grover fired. The ball struck her just below he right eye. She reeled an fell backward and another shot was Gischarged, the ball ashing tirough [the ekil and itself in the brain. The wounded girl fell head ong to the buttom of the starca-e. A hi d shot went spinning by her, not taking

offect. Rushing down stairs and over the prostrate body of his wife, Grover escaped to the street. Medical aid was soon summoned, but Dr Hunt sail that fatal results would follow probing. An hour later Constable Robert Fay, of Eatontown, arrested Grover on the ray, of Eatontown, arrested Grover on the highway. When told that he was under ar-rest Grovers sid, "I expected it; I only shot her for fun." The prisoner was taken refore his wife, who lay pide and suffering on sofa. To a deposition made by the two rel stives who saw the shooting she feely sign d her name. The paper was then read to Grover, and he said, "Yes, all right." Ho betrayed no remoree. He was handcuffed and

aken to the Freehold jail.

It is believed this evening that the girl can not live. She would have been thirteen years of age on the 18 h inst. There is no doubt

that Grover in demented. Mr. Mott, brother-in-law of Grover. sav: hat Mrs. Aumack tred to have Grover marry her eldest daughter Elizabeth, but this she rejected him. The mother then conseived the notion of marry ug her youngest daughter Grover .- N. Y. Herald.

A SUPPOSED ELOPEMENT

Quite a ripple of excitement has been used in the city over a case of supposed lorement which it is alleged t ok place from this city on Sunday last. The man in the case is Capt. Sheldon, an old resident of the ty, and captain of the schooner Marzanilla This ancient mariner is well up in years, and for a long time has been in the employ of Cart. James Murray. All that is at present known of the case is that on Sunday last he nired a horse and buggy at a livery stable. He drove to the International Hot I, where a woman jo ned him. The two then dive off, neading towards the Suspension Bridge, and hey are reported to have crossed the river ending the conveyance back to the city. No. thing ties been heard of the parties ince Capt Sheldon leaves behind him a wife and hies young children, to whom he has always bien most devoted. His wife left in a bad way She is said to be entirely without me as of subsistence, with rent amounting to \$50 overdue on the dwelling. On Saturday last Sheldon is said to have drawn ati his pay from Mr. Murray. It the case is as reported it is a very heartless dire-