#### OUEENIE HETHERTON.

By Mars. Mary J. Holmes, author of "Tempest

CHAPTER LIII.

CONCLUSION. As soon as they were located in their new quarters at the farm-house, which they had chosen in preference to the hotel, Phil sent the following telegram to his mother:

Queenie and I were married two days ago and are spending our honeymoon at Brierstone. Margery will explain. PHIL."

Margery's little phaeton, which she had bought for her own use, was standing before the Knoll, where she was calling, while Grandma Ferguson was spending the afternoon with her step-daughter, when the telegram was received, and thus the parties most interested had the news at the same time And they were not greatly surprised, except at the place from which the telegram was How came Phil there in Tennessee, when they supposed him to be in Florida It was Margery who explained to them, then, what she had purposely withheld for the sake of sparing them the anxiety they would have felt had they known that not only was Queenie in the midst of the yeilow fever at Memphis, but that Phil was going there, too. Queenie had written her immediately after Christine's death, and had told her of Phil's illness, but added that he was past all danger, and there was no cause for alarm. Margory had wept in silence over the sad end of one who had been uniformly kind to her, and whom she had loved as a mother, even after she knew the true story of her parentage. Phil she felt that it was better so, that by dying as she did Christine had atoned for th past even to Queenie, who must necessarily e happier with her dead than she could have been with her living. That Phil should have taken the fever so soon filled Margery with dismay lest he might have a relapse, or Queenie be smitten down and her errand to the Knoll that afternoon was to tell her cousins, Ethel and Grace, the truth, and with them devise some means of getting the two away from the plague smitten town. She had told them all of Christine's death, but did not say how she received her information, and, with her characteristic bluntness, grandma

"I won't deny but I've felt pesky hard toward her, and could nigh about have killed her, but I do b'lieve she'd met with a change and got to be a good woman, and most likely has gone to heaven, and on Rennet's account I ain't sorry an atom."

Mrs. Rossiter and her daughters undoubted

ly shared grandma's opinion, but they did not express themselves in just that way, and they were talking of Queenie and wondering why they did not hear from Phil, who must have been some days at Magnolia Park, when his telegram was brought in, and they heard for the first time that Queenie, too, had been a nurse in Memphis, and of her falling in with Phil through Christine, but for whom he would For a few moments they almost have died. felt as if he were dead or, at least, in great danger still, and Mrs. Rossiter's face was very white as she listened to Queenie's letter, which Margery read, and in which were so many assurances of his safety that her fears grad ually subsided and she could at last speak calmly of his marriage, of which she was very glad. It was sure to take place some time, she new, and as Queenie ought to be with him during his convalescence, they could not have managed better than they did. But she was not willing to have them remain away from her any longer; they must come home at once, and she wrote to that effect to Phil that very night, welcoming Queenie as a daughter whom she already loved, and insisting upon their immediate return to Merrivale. This letter Phil received in the heydey of his first married days, when he was perfectly happy with Queenie, who was as sweet, and lovely and gentie as a new bride well could be.

"Only think, I haven't had a single tanwhole weeks," she said to Phil on the day he received his mother's letter, to which she did not take kindly. "Don't let's go," she said. nestling close to him, and laying her head on his arm. "We are having such a nice time here with you all to myself, where I can act just as silly as I please, and kiss you a hun dred times a minute if I like."

" And couldn't you do that in Merrivale Phil asked, as he stooped to caress her shining hair.

"Of course I couldn't. It wouldn't be confather, for he would not notice, or your and the young moon looked down at the mother either, so very much. She has been newly wedded pair. There was a short visit married, though I doubt if she ever loved her husband as I do you. I know she didn't, in fact; but then she loved him some, and would make an allowance, but Ethel and Palatka. By this time Mr. Beresford's feet, and after taking plenty of time about it business necessitated his return to the North business necessitated his return to the North but as Phil had no business except to oversee ple saw the performance, and there was a general laugh. It had not yet ceased when a man every minute. No, Phil, don't go home just camped out for two or three days on the yet. I shall not be half as good there as I am Indian River, and hunted and fished, and here. Only think, I haven't had a single were almost as happy as were the first tantrum yet and we have been married two pair in Eden before the serpent entered

That settled it, and Phil wrote his mother not to expect him for a few weeks, as the tion had received a great shock from his long mountain air was doing him a great deal of illness in Africa, and who thus gained good, and he was growing stronger every day. strength and vigor for the new life before him Rossiter carried one from Queenie, who wrote in raptures of her happiness as Phil's wife, and begged Margery to come to Brierstone and himself a most efficient farmer, and manager

And so one day early in September Man Called herself its "auntic. Queenic has been so much a child her on the walk and I laughed till I was sore, children, but she seems so much a child her on the walk and I laughed till I was sore. Children, but she seems so much a child her on the walk and I laughed till I was sore. It was my Angelina's old man, and he broke self, and looks so small beside her tall hus band who at any time can pick her up and of a position in a bank, and but for the same of a position in a bank, and but for the same of a position in a bank, and but for the same of a position in a bank, and but for the same of a position in a bank, and but for the same of a position in a bank, and but for the same of a position in a bank, and but for the same of a position in a bank, and but for the same of a position in a bank, and but for the same of a position in a bank, and but for the same of a position in a bank, and but for the same of a position in a bank, and but for the same of a position in a bank, and but for the same of a position in a bank and I laughed till I was my Angelina's old man, and he broke of a position in a bank and I laughed till I was my Angelina's old man, and he broke of a position in a bank and I laughed till I was my Angelina's old man, and he broke of a position in a bank and I laughed till I was my Angelina's old man, and he broke of a position in a bank and I laughed till I was my Angelina's old man, and he broke of a position in a bank and I laughed till I was my Angelina's old man, and he broke of a position in a bank and I laughed till I was my Angelina's old man, and he broke of a position in a bank and I laughed till I was my Angelina's old man, and he broke of a position in a bank and I laughed till I was my Angelina's old man and he broke of a position in a bank and I laughed till I was my Angelina's old man and he broke of a position in a bank and I laughed till I was my Angelina's old man and a position in a bank and I laughed till I was my Angelina's old man and a po Queenie's, into whose happiness and plans she entered heart and soul, and was not at all in the way of the newly married couple, whose love passages she never seemed to see.

And ten days after her arrival Mr. Beresford came to escort Merrour home to escort Merrour home.

Self, and looks so small beside her tall hus. It was my Angelina's old man, and he broke blood.

The lone picket takes his station under a failure I should to day have a place in the riable as the April sunshine, she goes on her way, happy in the love which her extend to each the same lamentable events. It have learned wisdom. whose love passages she never seemed to see.
And ten days after her arrival Mr. Beresford came to escort Margery home, and then was a settled thing now, the marriage between Mr. Beresford and Margery, and the four talked the matter ever together and settled some things to which, without Mr. Beresford and Phil, Queenie would never have consented. It was Margery's wish the There is a tall monute of the solution of the has 1 look solution and pass on. If he has 1 look solution and pass on Queenie shut her eyes, and was as oblivious have consented. It was Margery's wish that in Merrivale, and a smaller, less pretentious Queenie should share equally with her in their father sestate. And as this was sleo the wish of Mr. Beresford, while Phil himself said he saw no objection to it, and that it was probably what Mr. Hetherton would wish could he speak to them, Queenie consented, and found herself an heiress again, with money enough to support herself and Phil. even if he had no business—no occupation.

They talked that over, too, and Phil asked

"The only time I ever tried in earnest to do anything I came near losing my life," he Shall I turn lawyer, or preacher, or dress-

answered, warmly. "A dressmaker or clerk! ker's, and talks to his valet whom he employs, What nonsense! You are too indolent to be he scarcely knows why, except that Anna either; f.r, as a clerk, you would want to sit down most of the time, and dressmaking would give you a pain in your side, while you couldn't stand. So you are going to be a farmer—my head man at Magnolia Park, which wants some one to bring it up. With money, and trace one with the bad taste to prefer for their wants some one to bring it up. With money, and care it can be made one of the finest places in Florida. Mr. Johnson, who lives on the adjoining plantation, told me so and there are plenty of negroes to be hired. In the drives of the driver, and drives from five to six in who are supposed to number forty.

Isten !!'

Asleep on any land Deming dispatches report that the stage listen!'

Was attacked by Indians on Friday fourteen miles from Fort Cummins. The bodies of loward? Count the sears on his body—miles from Fort Cummins. The bodies of loward? No, not a coward, and yet his pale face comes to you from the dark. The troops are in pursuit of the Indians, ice, he would crouch down. If it was coward, and dressed by four, and drives from five to six in who are supposed to number forty.

living in some way."

direct them.'

y Nars. Mary J. Holmes, author of "Tempest and Sunshine." "Ethelyn's Mistake," "Forrest than that of a negro overseer! Truly the mighty have fallen!" Phil said, laughingly, but well pleased on the whole with the prospect before him He liked nothing better than superintend-

he did not convert it into something like the famous Kew Gardens in England. It was far than any recorded in fiction." to be their home proper, where all their winters were to be passed; but the sum-mers were to be spent at the North, sometimes at Hetherton Place, sometimes at the them

Thus they settled their future, with Mr. Beresford and Margery to approve; and when the former went back to Merrivale the latter part of September, Phil and Queenie went with them, and were received with great rejoicings by the Rossiters and by the people generally, for Phil and Queenie had both been very popular, and the whole town turned out to do them honor; while even Mrs. Lord Seymour Rossiter, who was boarding the stati n to meet them in her elegant new "Are you sick, or have you been hurt?" the stati n to meet them in her elegant new carriage, which, with its thoroughbreds and its brass-buttoned driver, was making such a

sensation in Merrivale.

Anna was very happy in her prosperity, and very gracious to Queenie, who could afford to forget the slights put upon her at the

Before returning to Florida, there was a aside her mourning, was resplendent in cream-colored satin, with diamonds in her ears and liamonds on her neck and in her jet black mercy." All the bridal gift of Margery, who at He wiped his eyes on his ragged sleeve, Queenie's earnest request wore the beautiful made a great effort to control his feelings, pearls which had belonged to her mother, and and went on: which Queenie had once thought her own. It was Queenie who took them from the box in my home, and a young boy rode on my where she had kept them so carefully, and, knee and filled the house with his shouts and aying them on Margery's lap, said, with

"I know now why father did not like to They are yours by right and I wish you to vear them for my sake. Pearls are just suited te your style.'

So the pearls were sent to New York and reset in more modern fashion, and Margery vore them with a pale blue satin, in which she almost eclipsed the bride herself. Pearl and the Diamond Mr. Beresford had well designated the sisters in the picture be gun so long ago, and sadly neglected of late because the original of the Pearl absorbed so

much of his time.
Mrs. Lord Seymour Rossiter was, of course there, and outshone everyone in the length of her train and the low cut of her dress, which was a marvel of satin, and tulle, and lace, and cost, it was said, over two hundred dollars, but that sum was a trifle to Anna now and she bore herself like a duchess, and pat ronized everybody, and roused her grand-mother by telling her that her dress was quite too short in front, and that she showed the tops of her boots every time she sat down But grandma was too gorgeous in her new black silk and pink ribbons, with a gold chair around her neck of wonderful size and length her good humored face shone with delight and pride as she constantly followed Queenie

with her eyes.

"She is really my granddarter now," she sail, "and I b'lieve I love the little critter better now than the whole of 'em."

And the good old lady's affection was fully rned, forture of all her husband's relatives whom she once thought her own, Queenie seemed to love Grandma Ferguson the bust and during the few weeks she remained in Merrivale she spent a great deal of her time at the house under the poplars, and if in grandma's heart there had been the least remembrance of the waywardness and pettishness which had once characterized Queenie's manner toward her it was all wiped out by the love and respect paid to her now, and Rennet was her idol, of whom she talked and thought continually.
It was late in November when Phil and

where, during the holidays, they were joined sobbed, and by and by, when by Margery, and where a little later Mr. Berhim, they heard him whisper: esford came to claim the hand of his bride, for Margery was to be married at Magnolia Jamie!"—Detroit Free Press. ventional or proper," and Queenie looked one January evening, when the air was as alvly up at him. "I should not mind your soft and mild as the air of June at the North, through it. She knows what it is to be just to St. James, where Margery and Queenie married, though I doubt if she ever loved her reigned triumphant as belies for a few weeks, think us—they are so nice and proper, and a the negroes, and as these did not need over the negroes, and as these did not need over bit prudish too—for you see they never either seeing then, he and Queenie tarried longer of them had a beau in their lives, and don't know what love is. I should shock them upper St. John's, and fired at alligators, and

there.
All this was good for Phil, whose constitu The same mail which took this letter to Mrs. that of improving and bringing up Magnolia raptures of her happiness as runs with the himself a most efficient farmer, and manager of the negroes, who call him mas'r, and worshe for herself.

"There is such a pleasant chamber right with him and his beautiful wife as kind of divinities. Last winter was spent at Hetherhall from mine which you can divinities. Last winter was spent at Hetherhall from mine which you can divinities. Last winter was spent at Hetherhall from mine which you can divinities. Last winter was spent at Hetherhall from mine which you can divinities. Last winter was spent at Hetherhall from mine which you can divinities. Last winter was spent at Hetherhall from mine which you can divinities. Last winter was spent at Hetherhall from mine which you can divinities. Last winter was spent at Hetherhall from mine which you can divinities. Last winter was spent at Hetherhall from mine which you can divinities. Last winter was spent at Hetherhall from mine which you can divinities. Last winter was spent at Hetherhall from mine which you can divinities. Last winter was spent at Hetherhall from mine which you can divinities. Last winter was spent at Hetherhall from mine which you can divinities. Last winter was spent at Hetherhall from mine which you can divinities. Last winter was spent at Hetherhall from mine which you can divinities. Last winter was spent at Hetherhall from mine which you can divinities. Last winter was spent at Hetherhall from mine which you can divinities. Last winter was spent at Hetherhall from mine which you can divinities. Last winter was spent at Hetherhall from mine which you can divinities at the property of the negroes, who call him mas'r, and wor.

\*\*There is such a pleasant chamber right with a most efficient farmer, and manager of the negroes, who call him mas'r, and wor.

\*\*There is such a pleasant chamber right with a most efficient farmer, and manager of the world wor.

\*\*There is a most efficient farmer, and manager of the negroes who can divinity the property of the property of the property of the property o "There is such a pleasant chamber right across the hall from mine which you can have," she wrote, "and I want you here so much to see how happy we are, and how good I am getting to be."

And so one day early in September Marrery came to Brierstone, and took possession

Ship him and his beautiful wife as kind of the cannot be a long of the louse, with a fine chance for promotion. One house, with a fine chance for promotion. One day a man just ahead of me fell down and I lay in its cradle and opened its big laughed. It was our old man, and he displayed to a rich girl. As I came out of the Postoffice one day a man sprawled out of the Postoffice o

> one marks the grave of Christine in Mem phis, erected, it says upon it, "erected by her daughters." This was Margery's idea. "for," she said to Queenie, "she was to all intents and purposes my mother -- the only one I ever

> And there among the dead, many of whon, she soothed in their last hour, she sleeps until the resurrection morning, when He who bade the guilty woman "Go and sin no more," may sav to her as of Mary of old,

" She hath done what she could."

is and so now I'll let you decide for me.

I turn lawyer, or preacher, or dresseen everything worth seeing, and has gotten

Seen everything worth seeing, and has gotten

Seen everything worth seeing, and has gotten maker? I have really more talent for the latter than for anything else. I might, with a little practice, be a second Worth; or I has a suite of rooms, and a French maid, and has a suite of rooms, and a French maid, and a little practice, be a second Wortn; or 1 has a suite of rooms, and a French maid, and should make a pretty good salesman of laces and silks in some dry-goods store. So which shall it be—preacher, dressmaker, or clerk? I am bound to carn my own tered both German and French. Major Rostered by the store of the little Paul born a year ago in Florence, and who is never to speak a word of English until be has mas tered both German and French. Major Rostered by the store of the little Paul born a year ago in Florence, and who is never to speak a word of English until be has mas tered both German and French. Major Rostered by the store of the little Paul born a year ago in Florence, and who is never to speak a word of English until be has mas tered both German and French maid, and a florence which we have the store of the little Paul born a year ago in Florence, and who is never to speak a word of English until be has mas tered both German and French. siter is there, too, and plays whist, and smokes, "You'll do nothing of the sort,' Queenie and reads the papers, and goes to his ban-

> wishes him to do so.
>
> Anna is very stylish, and grand, and foreign, and is high up in art. and castles, and ruins and would look with ineffable scorn on any

only they must have a head, an overseer, to Hyde Park, where her haughty face, and A MEETING OF CAPTAINS is not fear, and yet he thinks it a feeling unshowy dress, and elegant turn out attract al-"So I am to have no higher occupation most as much attention as does the Princess herself. Yesterday afternoon I paid my penny for a chair, and sitting down watched the gay pageant as it went by, and saw her in it, the gayest of them all, with her red parasol and her white poodle dog in her lap. And when ing utdoor work, and with Queenie believed I thought of her past, and of the two girls, that in a little time he could make Magnolia Queenie and Margery, whose lives had been Park a second Chatesu des Fluers, if indeed so full of romance, I said to myself: "Truly there are events passing around us stranger

And so, amid the clang of England's metropolis, with the summer rain falling softly upon the flowers and shrubs beneath my window, and the sun trying to break through Knoll, or wherever their fancy might lead the clouds which hang so darkly over the them.

London, July 28th, 1880.

THE END. JAMIE'S GOOD-NIGHT.

At a late hour the other night a poor old man, weak with hunger, and stiff with entered the Central Station to ask for lodg-While he sat by the stove to get warn they heard him groan like one is distress, and

"It is here," answered the old man as he life and pr touched his breast. "It all came back to me to advance an hour ago as I passed a window and saw a

old man answered. "I have had them gnawing away at my life for years. I have wanted grand reception given at the Knoll for Phil to die—I have prayed for death—but life and Queenie, the latter of whom, having laid still clings to this poor old frame. I am old still clings to this poor old frame. I am old and friendless and worn out, and were some wheel to crush me it would be an act of

" Forty years ago I had plenty. A wife sang

laughter. I sought to be a good man and kind father, and people called me such. One night I came home vexed. I found my boy have me talk of them, and would never let siling and that vexed me still more. I don't me wear them, but it does not apply to you know what ailed me to act so that night, but t seemed as if everything went wrong. The hild had a bed beside us, and every nigh since he had been able to speak, he had called to me before closing his eyes in sleep, 'good night, my pa!, Oh, sir, and I hear these words sounding in my ears every day and every hour, and they wring my old heart until

ain faint."

For a moment he sobbed like a child, then ne found voice to continue:
"God forgive me, but I was cross to the

boy that night. When he called to me good night, I would not reply. Good night, my pa?' he kept calling, and fiend that I was, I would make ao answer. He must have thought me asleep, for he finally cuddled down with a sob in his throat. I wanted to get up and kiss him, but I kept waiting, and waiting, and

finally I fell askeep.
"Well?" queried the captain, as the silence

"When I awoke it was day. It was a shriek in my ears which broke my slumbers, and as I started up my poor wife called: 'Oh! It was so. He was dead and cold There were tears on his pale face—the tears he had shed when he had called; 'Good night. Then remorse came and I was frannorse. I cannot forget. It was almost a life across the valley of the past, from the little ample: grave thousands of miles away. I hear the daintive call as I heard it that night: 'Good night, my pa!' Bend me to prison, to the poor-house, anywhere that I may halt long —a poor mystic effort to fortill the past enough to die! I am an old wreck, and I history of engineering, and politics in Engeare not how soon death drags me down." He was tendered food, but he could not eat. Queenie started at last for their Florida home He rocked his body to and fro and wept and ous, ignorant of Hindley's fraud introduced to

## HE WAITED TO LAUGH.

At mid forenoon yesterday, a man who was crossing Woodward avenue at Congress street suddenly began to paw the air with his hands with a funeral countenance pushed his way

into the crowd and asked: "It's Jones," answered a voice.

"What Jones?

"Thomas Jones." "Sure ?" "Yes, I've known him for over twenty

cars. "Then I'll laugh," said the solemn faced man, and he leaned against the wall and chuckled and laughed until he could hardly get his breath. One of the crowd remarked on his singular conduct, and the laugher wiped the tears from his eyes and replied:
"Gentlemen, nothing tickles me all over

riable as the April sunshine, she goes on her way, happy in the love which has crowned her so completely, and not a shadow crosses her and find out if he has any influence to put pathway, except when she remembers the me out of my clerkship. If he has I look

## A FORGER CAPTURED.

CLIFTON, Jan. 12 .- On the strength of s telegram received from Thorold this morning, officer T. K. Wynn, of the Ontario Police Force, cleverly captured a man named Harvey Secord, alias W. S. Raymond, at one of the hotels here, on a charge of forgery. It appears that he has been operating throughout the country and is an expert at the business, only getting out of prison in October last, where he served a term for a similar offence. Mrs. Lord Seymour Rossiter has been in Page, beth of Thorold township, for \$380 Two notes on S. W. Hill and one on Seth \$72, are the cause of his arrest. He has also lisposed of other notes to the amount of \$152 to R. C. Murgatrovd, of Smithville, as a receipt in his possession shows. John Wilson, of Thorold, identified him this afternoon as the man who sold him three notes yesterday for \$214, all of which are forgeries. He was remanded till Friday, when other forgeries are expected to come to light.

## ATTACKED BY INDIANS.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 16.—Tucson advance and Deming dispatches report that the stage listen!

AND VESSEL OWNERS.

PORT HOPE. Jan. 12 .- A meeting of captains and vessel owners interested navigation was held in the Town Hall to-day. Mr. R. C. Smith, jun., was called to the chair and Mr. W. Preston, of the News, was appointed Secretary. In opening the meeting the chairman briefly expressed his object in addressing a circular to vessel owners and captains requesting their attendance on that is something darker than the dark ground beoccasion. Having read a large number of letters from prominent vessel owners in To-ronto. Hau ilton,St. Catharines, Kingston, etc., expressing their approval with a movement to unite their interest, but regretting their inabil-ity to be present. He proceeded to state that he desired to see some scheme devised which would protect the interests of vessel owners There should be co-operation to such an ex tent that they would not be compelled to run their vessels at a loss. Some of those who had written to him on the subject had stated that their object should be to advance freight charges to protect themselves against the sailors union and deck hands to prevent the tying up vessels in American ports by sailors fore the spring. This is a human tiger. God deserting their post or for a trifling sum of put mercy in his heart, but it was driven out wages, to impress upon the Hope authorities the necessity of protecting life and property, and to work generally to advance their own interests. After explaining his own views to the meeting. Capt. Roony, of Cobourg, next are the call, but he does not move. He is thinking of the wife whose tears wet his meeting. Capt. Roony, of Cobourg, next arms—of the miles and the dangers between him and them. an hour ago as I passed a window and to bit of a boy in his night gown. I would to God that I were dead!"

"What is it?" asked the captain as he sat their rights against unions, etc. Captain with the same ford to forget the slights put upon her at the St. James when she was lonely and sad, and was ready to accept all the good the gods proof old man answered. "I have had them gnaw old man answered. "I have had them gnaw old man answered." After sneeches by done. question at an early day. After speeches by Capts. Manson, Wright, Clarke and B. Allan, a committee was appointed consisting of Messrs R. C. Smith, ir., Capt. G. Wright, Capt. Henning and J. Lydon, to take the whole subject into consideration and report wiped his eyes on his ragged sleeve, at an early date. The vessel owners of a great effort to control his feelings, Oshawa, Darlington, Colborne, Brighton and Cobourg were represented at the convention. The usual votes of thanks were passed and the meeting adjourned.

### MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY.

An evening paper recently published an in teresting and well written article on comet and the several theories as to the creation and destruction of stars, but the major part gave the history, so far as known, of the fam-ous Newton comet, which, after an absence of thirty seven years, is now astonishing and alarming the antipodes, and in a short time will be seen in our firmament, rushing on its course toward the sun at the velocity of 200 miles a second. In his long essay on this fiery eccentric monster, Newton says it is within the range of possibilties that in strik-ing the sun terrible disorder and havoc may be caused in our planetary system, and the author of said article sites old Mother Shipton:

The world to an end shall come In eighteen hundred and eighty one

Albeit a household word in Great Britain phecies are not familiar to Americans gener ally, and so prone is human nature to super stition and the marvelous there are many who will continue to believe she was a see and prophetess, even though the fact has and as I started up my poor wife called: 'Oh! been overwhelmingly proved that she was not Richard! Richard! our Jamie is dead in his the author of anyof the predictions accredited

to her which have been fulfilled.

In the British Museum can be seen Mothhe had shed when he had called; 'Good night. er Shipton s original book, published 1641, bet a boy the cigars this morning that he my pa!' and I had refused to answer! I was but an earlier manuscript of the same bore the couldn't teeh his tonoms to a lamn not and date 1448. They contain nothing important, tic. I did not know when they buried him, mere old women's chatter, a jumble of vague for I was under restraint as a lunatic. For forecasts of local interests, which, like tons five long years life was a dark midnight to me. When reason returned and I went forth ed in oblivion but for the enterprise of one into the world my wife slept beside Jamie, my Charles Hindley, of Brighton, England, who might go up there and tell that 'ere boy home was gone, my friends had forgotten me and I had no mission in life but to suffer reexact reprint of the book. Interspersed morse. I cannot forget. It was almost a life with the senseless, as unfilled predictions, time ago, but through the mist of years, he had inserted ten or twelve lines. An ex-

Carriages without horses shall go, And iron shall swim on the water. Through mountains men shall ride England shall at last admit a Jew, et

land.

nibiting fifteen cents, said The superstitious and lovers of the marvel-

obbed, and by and by, when sleep came to make his book sell seized upon these proofs of Mother Shipton's gift of prophecy. The pren, they heard him whisper:

Good night, my boy, good night, my diction of the end of the world in 1881 he stole from Piazza Smith's and Philo Israel's stole from Piazza Smith's and Philo Israel's spot, and after asking him two or three times interpretation of the hieroglyphics in the great

The imposture was soon detected and ex-posed, and Hindley publicly confessed to the fabricated interpolations, which did not lessen the sale of his book.

## ON PICKET.

The relief is going out from the reserve oicket. Between the reserve and the camp, where 10,000 men are slumbering, is half mile of woods, fields and broken ground. Between the reserve and the enemy is a thin line of pickets-a man stationed here and there to give advance warning of any movement.

Follow the relief and you will notice how cautiously the men tread. The dark line winds around through the trees, flits across open spaces, and halts there and there for a moment to relieve the old picket. Musket-shot away are the pickets of the enemy, and a loud word may bring a volley of bullets. The a loud word may bring a volley of bullets. The Spet's tepee without interruption. Stranger line might pass you twenty feet away, and Horse returned from the hunt to find his fire you would hardly catch a sound.

Sit you here on this bank where you can

eyes are constantly searching the darkness in by the first of the race of men: "She led me front, and his ears catch every sound. They into it," said the wayward chief. After a full front, and his ears catch every sound. They tell of men found asleep on picket. It must be a strange man who could close his eyes in sleep with the night wind whispering in his ears: "Beware! beware! In the bushes to the left is a foe !" and the waters of the creek plainly saying: "Keep watch to the right: right! right! right!"

That man has been in a dozen battles, and has been wounded three times. Don't call him a coward, and yet he trembles and turns pale before he has been fifteen minutes alone The skirmish line with its deliberate murder dead when the relief comes again it will be worse than murder. Call that babbling creek company? Hark! hear what? company? Hark! hear what it is saying to him, every word as plainly spoken as if their language was the same;
"Look out! Look out! There is a fierce-

faced guerrilla crawling through the bushes toward you! He has a knife in his teeth, and he is coming to assassinate you!"

If the creek did not say so, and if the picket did not understand, why did he give that sudden start and change his position. Why does he kneel to get a clearer look around him? Why does he keep his eyes fastened upon that stump until the intensity of his gaze brings out every knot and splinter? If fifty men were askep in that space and one other were awake he would feel the loneliness and danger. By daylight a schoolgirl might weave a romance from the babble of the waters. Hark! Is there any romance in this:

"Beware! beware! That man with tangled hair, fierce eyes and savage face is still advancing! Be on your guard-watch-

Coward? Count the sears on his body—look up his record! No. not a coward, and

worthy of him, and he braces against it. turns a deaf ear to the whispers of the creek. He refuses to hear the warnings of the breeze. You can almost seehim as he shuts his teeth hard together and tries to force his thoughts into other channels. "Look out! look out!" whispers the creek.

but he refuses to hear. Something is moving over the ground behind

fierce eyes almost light up the darkness, as it makes out the muffled ferm of the picket leaning against the tree.
"Murder! Murder!" gurgles the

You hear it, but the picket is thinking o home. A thousand miles away is a quiet farm-house. If the same night wind blows there it kisses the apple blossoms and lulls the wife and children to deeper slumbers.

You see the dark something coming nearer. It is creeping up behind him. A tiger would rustle the leaves or snap a twig, and his vic-tim would have time to call God's name be-Port by hate. Save him! Save him!" cries the creek.

him and them.

That something rises up behind him. Tha terrible knife is transferred from mouth to

" Murder! Murder! Mur---!" but it was done. Not a cry-not even a groan. The dead sank down with only a sigh. The picture of wife and children was hardly hidden between earth and Heaven.
"One less!" hissed the human tiger as he

peered into the blanched face, and with a gar gle in his throat, as if he had lapped at the hot blood flowing toward the creek, he crep away to seek another viotim.
"This is war!" whispered the creek as is shrank away from the blood, "and war is

murder !"-M. Quad.

THE BOY WHO SMOKED.

A boy about 14 years of age was smoking s cigar on the south portico of the City Hall the other morning when a citizen balted before him and said:
"Boy, do you realize what you are do

Smokin' a powerful good five center, won on a bet," was the reply.
"But don't you know that you are filling

our system with poison ? '

"Well, you are. That eigar contains enough icotine to kill a cat."

"I'm no cat." "I know. It does not kill you suddenly, but poisons the blood and sows the seed to fell disease. You may drop dead on your way

home. "I ain't going home." "It fills me with horror to see a lad of you age destroying both soul and body. Boy, entreat you to throw away that vile cigar." "I dasn't. Some one else would pick it up

and be pizened. "Throw it away and I'll buy you three apples.'

"Don't like 'em."

"Or a quart of peanuts." "Say," said the boy as he fondly regarded the inch of ashes at the end of the eigar, "I couldn't teeh his tongue to a lamp post and then sing 'Sally Waters.' He teched, and there's a crowd up there now tryin' to thaw him loose. I ain't very scart about bein pizened, and I don't care much for fatherly that a chunk of natural philosophy is worth a hull barnful of experiments. '-Detroit Free

Press. HOW A DETROIT BOY FOOLED JAR RETT.

Mr. H. C. Jarrett tells the following story One evening, while his party were playing at the Opera House in Detroit, a small boy approached him, and holding out his hand, ex-

" Please, mister, I would so much like to see Cinderella, but that's all the money I've

The boy's manner touched Jarrett's tender gave him a quarter. The boy's countenance beamed with delight, and he did not know how to express his gratitude. Finally, moving toward the street, he said:

"You don't know how thankful I feel, sir I am ever so much obliged to you, sir: but now that you have been so generous, I guess I'll go to the other theater and see 'Jack Sheppard." Curtain.

# A SIOUX SCANDAL

A scandal among the highest circles of the Sioux nation has just been agitating aboriginal society at Rosebud Agency. The particulars are given the *Herald* by a gentleman who came from the place a day or two ago. Some days since young Spotted Tail, son of Spotted Tail, the renowned chief of all the Sionx, took advantage of the absence of Chief Stranger Horse on a hunting expedition, to persuade Stranger Horse's squaw to clope and live with him. They remained several days in young out, his squaw-he had but one-departed, and his tepes desolate. Gathering his friends about him, he started out with his rifle, threat ening the life of the chief who had brought shame in his household. The affair was reported to the agent, who summoned the faith less wife and her paramour to the agency, where they were confronted with the wronged

husband. Young Spetted Tail appeared to have passed hearing of the case, in which the agent acted as a mediator, it was decided that the wounded honor of Stranger Horse should be healed with the gift of an American horse and a number of valuable articles, and that he should take back his wife and live with her

DISCOVERY OF A LETTER WRI ITE BY ADAM TO EVE.

In Josh Billings' "Cook Book and Pick-

DEAR Exa-I have been on the rampage now one month, prospecting for our new home, and have seen some ranches that will o pretty well, but none of them just the ticket. The old garden is a hard place to heat but we have lost that, and are turned out now to root hog or die. We will fight it out now, on this line, if it takes all summer. Eating that apple was a great blunder, but, my dear girl, let bygones be bygones; there is

ADAM. P. S .- Has Cain cut another tooth yet?

No more now from your loving

-Wells, Fargo & Co.'s annual report of the precious metals produced west of the Missouri River, including British Columbia, and the receipts of the Francisco by express from the west coast of Mexico, aggregates: Gold, \$33,522,182; silver, \$40,005,365; lead, \$5,-752,300; copper, \$898,000. In comparison with that of last year, California shows an increase in gold of \$579,579, and a decrease in siluer of \$360,873. Nevada shows a total falling off of \$8,960,093.

OUR SPECIAL BUDGET.

Madame Nilsson, the Swedish singer, receives for a night's singing two hundred guineas, and Madame Patti gets two hundred

Mr. S. C. Hall, the well-known journalist and magazine writer, has retired into private He was upwards of forty years editor of the London Art Journal, and is now in his eightieth vear.

Mexico, in spite of all that is said about its want of spirit and enterprise, has 10,000 ger to tell. one across A new poem, "The Iliad of India," is com nenced in the current number of the Inter national Review The author, Mr. Edwin Arnold, has risen into eminence solely through his eastern poetry. His work on Wordsworth ras, perhaps, the introduction.

Mrs. Jamieson wrote a book, many years

ago, entitled "The Loves of the Poets," and now Mr. Rosseti is to write "The Wives of the Poets' for the Atlantic Monthly.

Mr. Burdette, the funny man of the Burington Hawkeye, is to visit Mr. Clemensneeting between the great humorists. Here is a stanza worth quoting. It i from a poem " Wake me a Song," by a South-

ern poet, Father Ryan, whose poems have re ently been published in Baltimore : "Out of the stillness in your heart—
A thousand songs are sleeping there—
Wake me a song, thou child of art!
The song of hope in last despair,
Dark and low,
A chant of woe,
Out of the stillness, tone by tone,
Cold as a snow-flake, low as a moan,"

In another poem, "The Sword of Rober Lee," occurs these stirring lines : "Out of its scabbard, where, full long,
It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smitting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
Gleamed the sword of Lee."

Bancroft's new and closing volume of hi History of the United States is in the hands of the printers.

Mr. Thomas Carlyle, the veteran author is now in his eighty-sixth year, and is in poor

health at present. Footwomen are taking the place of foo men in England. A writer for a London paper says: "Dining the other night in Eaton lace, the door was opened by one of the latter in a most charming are becoming livery. Black-and-white mob cap for head iress, stand up collar with white cravat and small pin in it, rich brown-cloth coat with buttons cut somewhat like a man's hunting-coat, and a buff waistcoat with ligh Church collar—such was the uniform I was so struck with the upper portion of the dress that I never thought of looking at the extremities; but I fancy my eye once got a glimpse, going up stairs, of red stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. During dinner four winsome lasses, all similarly attired, waited on me hand and foot; and certainly ever was a dinner more defuly handed and erved.

Lord Macaulay must have been gifted with an extraordinary memory if we are to believe that he once repeated the whole of "Para-dise Lost," while crossing the Irish Channel; dise Lost," while crossing the Irish Channer, and while waiting for a post chaise he read from a newspaper "Reflections of an Exile," to see the color of health and strength. and "A Parody on a Welsh Ballad," both of hear him sat his wife, and clinging to her dress were two pale, flaxened haired chilthough he had only read them once.

The Rev. Sy iney Smith once gave this adtrash, to be bawling in the streets about the Green Isle the Isle of the Ocean the A somewhat remarkable lady, Miss Eliza-

beth Rome Morgan, has died at Burnside years. She was life owner of a small perty, ought of which she maintained hersely and dispensed charity to all who came. The door of her residence, beautifully situated on the Aunaw Road, was never shut against the wayfarer. Her first work every week was to provide for her visitors. The general fare was a hot dish of soup and bread. She made matter whether they were imposing on her or

Lord Beaconsfield is said to have arranged with his publishers to write another novel, in which the strange history will be brought

down to our own days."

Speaking of the author of "Endymion,"

low me to say so much of myself) have come to distinction since. Now, at that time fied with our ourselves, depend on it. was not one amongst us who had not plenty of confidence in himself at all times, and more than a hope of future greatness; and yet if when we separated we had each been yet if when we separated we had each been to say was by this time ravenous." who was the eleverest man in the party, every one of us would have answered, 'The man ir

the green velvet trousers.' One of the most remarkable sales that have occured took place recently in Liecester Square, London, the articles being the wardbe and jewels of the late Dowager Duchess of Somerset, Among the articles sold were six hundred pairs of silk hose, two thousand pairs of gloves, five hundred pocket handkerchiefs. The walls were covered with shawls and lace. An Indian shawl presented by the Shah of Persia, which was embroidered with gold, brought only nineteen guineas, and a court dress embroidered with thistle and eagle brought only six pounds.

Notes and Queries gives these curious names as appearing in the Parish Register of Cowley near Oxford, England: Lioness, daughter of Richard Lee; Lockey, son of Edward Haynes Dalilah White: Tirzah and Melitta Gibbens Mahla King; Decima Bowell; Keziah Sim-mons; Mahala King; Mary Fashti Calliopea Rosa Selina Hodgkin.

the poet and journalist, was in this country, he delivered a lecture in Hammon, and reeated these strange lines:

Many years ago, when Mr. Charles Mackay,

Then thirty thousand Cornish boys will know the

The lines are from a ballad supposed to for us yet. Just as soon as I strike a good have been chanted by the peasants of Corn-wall in the time of James the Second, and on claim I will come back for you. Watch over Cain closely; he is a brick. The weather is occount of the persecution of Sir John Trelaw aw and cold; I feel that I am too thinly clad. ney, bishop of Bristol, and one of the seven

posed upon the great English historian and the present Premier of England.

126 DAYS.

selves from Freezing.

Tossed on the Wild Atlantic-Food Gone and Burning Spars to Keep Them-

The crew of the ship Hannan Morris, 126 days from Liverpool, arriving Sunday, have a terrible story of hardship, privation and dan-ger to tell. The voyage was the longest but one across the Atlantic Ocean in twenty years. Sailing from Liverpool in the early days of September, she attempted the northern pas sage. Her destination was Philadelphia, and her cargo railroad iron and soda. She might reasonably have been expected in port within thirty days. When eight days out she encountered a terrific gale in which her cargo shifted. Then she tried to come by the southern passage. When eighty days out she was off Hatteras, short of provisions, buffeted by the wintry gales and in danger every hour, as the crew with good reason believed, of going to the bottom. The great weight of iron in her hold went first to one side and then to the other as she rolled in the tempestuous seas, threatening every moment to burst open her sides. Starvation threatened the crew, and four times they were supplied by passing vessels. Finally, when the pilot came on board, they were absolutely without food of any kind, the last weevil-eaten piece of hard bread hav-ing been divided on the evening of the day before. When the ship entered the colde latitudes the crew found themselves short of wood and they were forced to cut up and

BURN THE EXTRA SPARS

of the ship and some of the deck furniture. To add to the horror of the condition of those on board were the captain's wife with a babe at the breast and two children-one 2 and the other 4 years of age—and a stewardess. The suffering of the two women and children was terrible. The crew several times came aft to beg of the captain to abandon the ship in boats and risk their fate in the open sea. He pointed out to them that to pursue such a course was to cast away every chance of safety. To add to the danger the ship's bottom became so covered with barnacles that she would not answer her helm, and once in the height of the gale when the safety of the vessel demanded that the crew should at once wear ship more than three hours were required for that evolution. All this happened o a ship rating A1 at Lloyd's, well manned and found in every particular, indicating how terrible the stress of weather she has under-gone. The ship was being towed into the Erie basin, Brooklyn, last evening when a reporter of the *Herald* boarded her. The crew were making preparations to dock the ship, and a more gaunt and haggard lot of men at work were perhaps never seen is a land of plenty. "Thank God," said the mate, as he led the way into the cabin, "we stand a chance for sleep and food to-night. This is Capt, Dunbar, sir."

#### THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

At a table in a dimly-lighted cabin sat a man with long, untrimmed beard, whose pale face and sunken cheeks looked strangely

dren.
"The meal we had on this table day before vice to Irishmen in Ireland: "What yesterday," sa'd Capt. Dunbar, " was the divided shares of four ship biscuits, and when they were broken the crumbs went scurrying bold anthem of 'Erin Go Bragh!' A far around and over the board. You can get some better anthem would be 'Erin go bread and i lea of the wormy condition of our last morcheese. Erin go cabins that will keep out the sel of food. The men in the forecastle as well around and over the board. You can get some rain, Erin go pantaloons without holes in as the people in the cabin shared alike. It was very hard on the children and hard enough on the men, for the matter of that. However, we have had fresh meat and vegetables from cottage, Gretna Green, Scotland, aged 78 the pilot boat, and we are getting much better

OUT OF PROVISIONS

"Finally, on the last of November we found ourselves at Hatterss in a gale of wind. nearly out of provisions. All the tea and coffee were out; there was no more meat or sugar. no flour or canned provisions; in short, nothing but a small half barrel of hard bread, and no distinction and served all who came, no it was bad. We were eighty-six days out matter whether they were imposing on her or when we spoke the Norwegian bark Viking. We had put up our signal of distress, and al though it was blowing a close reef topsail gale she hove to and gave us some beef -a small cask. Fourteen days later, our ship having in , the meantime made no headway at all, we Lord Dalling (Sir Henry Bulwer) tells this a barkentine. From her we got some beef, a story about him: story about him:

"I remember," said he, "when I first met
Mr. Disraeli. It was in a company of five
ambitious, confident, very young men—nobodies then, but all of whom (if you can albodies then, but all of wrealf) have come

little bread, some sugar and coffee—all sne
could spare. The gale never abated, and the
iron in the ship kept gringing against the
side so that every hour I expected it would
break out and that the ship would go to the bottom. The crew went about their work with pale faces, and what with want of food mone of us were personally acquainted with Mr. Disraeli except my brother, whose dinner party it was. I well remember that Mr. Disraeli came late; and we were speaking of him, traeli came late; and we were speaking of him, the vessel at a moment's notice, if necessary. some of us with frank dubiety, when he came in; and a strange appearance he made. In Christmas day our previsions were again exin; and a strange appearance he made. In those days dress was not so severe as it is now, and a certain license was tolerable. But Mr. Disraeli, then a far more athletic figure than you imagine him perhaps, appeared in a daring coat of I now forget what bright color, a yellow waistcoat, green velvet trousers, and low shoes with silver buckles. The impression he made was not favorable; and I for one, and I am sure —— and —— also, and I the steamship Santiago de Cuba. It was blowing a terrible gelegical and a strange are a strange. I for one, and I am sure — and — also, go de Cuba. It was blowing a terrible gale, instantly prepared to find that my brother but she stopped. I dare not order a boat Edward had vastly over-praised his man. So we sat down to dinner; and every man talked his best, and there was such a bright rattle of the best, and there was such a bright rattle of the best, and there was such a bright rattle of the best, and there was such a bright rattle of the best and every man stepped forward. They gave us provisions that lasted until we got a pilot the best and every man stepped forward. conversation as you may suppose. We were all in good cue, all emulous and all well satis oll satis

There had given up all hopes of making Philadel-

## A VALUABLE SKIRT.

The Portland (Oregon) Standard says : Joseph Zigman is the name of a man who re-cently came to the great Northwest from the Wolverine State, accompanied by his wife. The couple arrived in this city by the steamer a few days since, and put up at the Burton House. Plain, honest-looking persons that they were, attracted no attention, and after viewing the sights of the city, Zigman and his wife left here on Wednesday morning for Walla Walla, and nothing more would probably have been thought or heard of them had in gold, the gift of the Emperor Napoleon, it not been for a dispatch received by Chief Police Lappeus, early yesterday morning from Blalock's Station, forwarded to that officer by Zigman, and stating that his wife had left in their room at that hotel, sewed up in an old underskirt, the sum of \$3.830, of which \$1.4 120 were in greenbacks, the remainder in notes. Chief Lappeus directed Detective Hudson to inquire into the case, and that efficer, on going to the Burton House, found the room occupied by Zigman and his wife just as they left it, not having been made up since their departure, and there in plain sight was the old discarded garment which the woman had forgotten to put on in the hurry to And shall Trelawney die, and shall Trelawney catch the boat. The money and notes were found to be all right.

> -- The St. George Leader is the best creditor in the country. In the last issue it publishes a report of a railway meeting and credits it to the St. George Leader.

bishops persecuted by the reigning King. —The experiments which have been made Macaulay says the fact of the ballad having in France with a view to the substitution of been in vogue at the time referred to was printing types made of toughened glass in communicated to him by the Rev. R. S. Haw- place of those of metal have proved quite enker, of Morwenstow, Cornwall. A writer in the Newcastle Chronicle professes to have disliness would, it is alleged, be not insignificant. covered that the ballad was a forgery, and that it was written by Mr. Hawker himself, er than the usual metallic composition, and who died a few years ago, after leaving his can hardly be crushed out of shape by those church and entering the Roman Catholic small accidents which shorten the life and faith. Mr. Hawker passed for a poet who so mar the beauty of the type now employed captivated Mr. Gladstone that he has placed The glass, too, is capable of being east into the widow for an annuity on the civil list. If more delicate shapes, so that the difference true, it is one of the most shameful things on between the thin and the black strokes can record, that a person should so far have im- be more clearly defined.