SUBJECT TO THE LAW OF CHANGE.

"I remember," said Nancy," when I was quite a little girl, I remember that Richard was a cruel boy."

The old man on the sofa moved uneasily, and sighed. Then he took the girl's hand between his two thin ones and patted it softly,

"Well," he said feebly, "well?"

Nancy's fingers tightened over his.

"I was thinking to-day, Uncle Charles, of something that happened years ago, a very foolish little incident, as far as common sense is concerned, but rather serious for the rats."

"The rats! My dear girl, what do you mean?"

"I'll tell you. I was a very sensitive child, and things affected me deeply. One day Richard and another boy caught two rats in my father's stables. I used to see the traps set every night, for the rats came after the corn, but I never knew if they were caught or not. But that morning I met Richard and his friend, each with a caged victim, forcing its poor thin nose through the wires.

"'What are you going to do?' I asked.

"For answer Richard whistled to a terrier. I guessed his meaning, and flinging myself on the ground, caught the dog in my arms.

"'Oh, don't let him kill them!' I implored the tears starting to my eyes.

"Richard laughed, and told me that rats were vermin, and must be destroyed. All the time the little sharp faces were peering at me with terror in their eyes, and one rat gave a sharp squeak as Richard poked it with a stick:

"The thought of the approaching doom horrified me. I flung myself into a paroxysm of grief; I cried, I begged, I half choked with sobbing, till my nurse came out and told the boys they would throw me into a fit, which they very nearly did.'

"And were the rats killed after all?"

"No, I made such a fuss that at last Richard said their lives would be spared, and consoled me by promising to let them go 'scot free,' as he expressed it, with just enough tar on their backs to frighten the other rats away from the place. I was assured that a coating of tar was quite harmless and painless, so the wretched animals were let out, to become a misery to themselves and a horror to their fellow creatures. A few days later they crawled into the open to die, and I found them, I, who had been the innocent cause of their prolonged wretchedness."

"They had better have been killed at once," replied the old man; "but why do you think of this to-day?"

"You may well ask, it is strange, and perhaps silly such a trivial incident, and one that happened so many, many years ago. You see I was thinking of it in connection with Richard. I little guessed then that the boy would grow into so handsome and attractive a man, that he would win my heart, my love, that I should be engaged to him —to Richard!"

"And you are happy?"

"No.

The girl drew away her hand and brushed something very like a tear from her eye.

"It is the old story of the rats over again, only I am the rat this time. He won't kill me out right, so he has tarred me instead, that I may die by slow degrees. I am not talking of the death of the body, but the death of every tender feeling—of all that makes for happiness—for peace! It is cruel to kill, so Richard will not tell me the truth. He cannot bring himself to say, 'I am tired of my role of lover; I am tired of you.'

"He would rather prevaricate and let me discover myself deserted by degrees, like those poor loathsome animals! Then at last, I too, shall come out into the open and die, but Richard will not be responsible—not Richard, but the tar from his brush!"

Nancy spoke quickly, bitterly. Her uncle sat up, letting his cushions fall to the ground, and despite the look of ill-health on his features, a slight flush gave him the momentary semblance of a strong man. He loved his niece dearly, and her words angered him against Richard.

"It can't be true," he said excitedly. "You are mistaken, Nan. No man could be such a cur—he must love you!"

She shook her head despondently.

"When we were first engaged," she replied, "I told Richard that I was a penniless orphan, living upon your charity, but he did not care. He used to say he was glad I was poor, so that he could work for me. We would plan all sorts of little economies; the thought of poverty had no fears for either of us. Then after we had been engaged some months, I noticed a gradual change. Richard spoke of small houses by the unpoetical term of 'pig-holes!'

"He talked more of his ambition and less of love. He seemed self-absorbed, and occasionally lost his temper. This I bore uncomplainingly, with the hundred tender excuses that a foolish woman can make for the man she idealizes. But when he spoke of our affection as 'a dream of unsubstantial delight,' from which 'a rude and practical sense of worldly wisdom' must soon awake us, then I first began to doubt his sincerity, to see that he was seeking an excuse.

"He would draw horrible pictures of poverty, and the misery of marriage unless means were ample, declaring that the thought of dragging me down was weighing on his mind. He would question his own responsibility in this matter, and try his best to persuade me that the step we contemplated was a fatal and degrading one. But I made no reply. I could not. I was too numb, too frozen! But now I have had time to think it out, and I see that his love for me was only a passing fancy, and that we could never be happy together. He cares too much for money and for the fat things of life!"

"Then," cried her uncle, still with the red flush standing out on his sunken cheeks, "he is not worthy of you, and the sooner you break with him the better."

"A broken engagement is always a slur on a girl," replied Nancy, "but that is only a little of the tar that kills; it cannot hold weight with broken illusions and outraged faith."

"My poor little girl! My poor Nancy!" he said.

As he spoke a servant announced that Mr. Doremus was below, waiting to see Miss Waller.

"I will go to him, Uncle Charles," she whispered. "It is time that the farce ended: I must face facts."

Then she went quietly down to Richard, with a sense of assured control. She pitied herself with the sympathy of an outsider, for her heart was dead; and she did not suffer for the moment; she did not feel the pain.

"I was surprised you came," she said, refusing his proffered kiss, "after the way you talked last night. Your views of life—or I should say of poverty—were very distressing to me, and so, as I am poor, don't you think it would be better—"

Nancy could not get any further. She felt a choking in her throat, and was obliged to poke the fire to cover her confusion.

"Dearest," he whispered, with feigned passion so different to the fire of his early wooing, "it was for your own sake I spoke. But you are right Nancy and though it breaks my heart, it is better that we—"

"Your heart won't break," she answered, sharply, "Well, it is over, I suppose. Good-by!"

She held out her hand. He pressed it to his lips.

"As you will my darling. If you command—"

But Nancy tore her hand away, and left him alone with the unfinished sentence halting on his lips.

"It's settled, uncle," she said, rushing breathlessly to the invalid's couch, "and I'm glad—glad. I never thought that Richard was a hypocrite, but I know now, and I could not love him again, if I tried—not if I were as rich as Croesus!"

The old man smiled rather sadly at her.

"Richard will be sorry some day," he said, but Nancy did not understand his meaning.

A week later and the old man was dead. For the last year he had been suffering from an incurable disease, and now that the end had come, his numerous nephews and nieces waited expectantly for the reading of the will.

Their amazement and consternation knew no bounds when it was made public that the whole bulk of Charles Hollis' property had been left to Nancy.

In her grief at the loss of her uncle, she could give no thought to the wonderful news, and it seemed to her quite natural that Richard's first act should be a visit of condolence to the woman he had practically jilted.

He was tender and solicitous as in past days he gradually crept back step by step to the old footing, till at last he was clasping her hands and whispering words of love with an ardor she had missed in the past months.

"You will let it be the same again now, darling," he said. "Your uncle is dead, so I must take care of you!"

"Yes," she answered her eyes drooping.

"And you will marry me?"

"Yes."

For a moment his joy was too great for words.

"My angel! How happy you have made me!"

"Did you see Uncle Charles' will?"

"No; but how can you suspect me of such a base motive," reading the look in her eyes. "Of course, I know he left you his money, but after all—what is money?"

"You don't care for it so much as you pretended?"

"No," emphatically

"I'm so glad, Richard dear, because uncle made it a stipulation that if I married you all the money should go to his other nephews and nieces, so it is only fair to them."

But Nancy broke off as she watched his face, and for the first time since her uncle's death she smiled, glorying in his discomfiture.

"They will be so grateful," she said; "and as you do not really care for money, that stipulation will not matter."

"You noble woman!" he cried, "to contemplate sacrificing yourself for me! Do you think I would be so selfish as to let you give up your fortune for the sake of my love? No, I would sooner bury my grief in far-off lands—hide my despair across the seas —than rob you of your rights. My conscience would never rest were I guilty of such unmanliness."

A look of triumphant scorn came over Nancy's face as she sarcastically applauded his sentiments in bidding him farewell.

SAID ABOUT WOMEN.

He that hath a fair wife never wants trouble.

Woman is seldom merciful to the man who is timid.—Edward Bulwer Lytton.

Women have more of what is termed good sense than men.—William Hazlitt.

She who spit in my face whilst I was, shall come to kiss my feet when I am no more.—Michael de Montaigne.

The man flaps about with a bunch of feathers; the woman goes to work softly with a cloth.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

There will always remain something to be said of woman as long as there is one on the earth.—Stanislas de Boufflers.

A woman should never accept a lover without the consent of her heart, nor a husband, without the consent of her judgment.—Ninon de Lenclos.

A FOOL AT A BOARDING HOUSE.

Jinks—That fellow Sillipate, is the most inexcusable fool I ever saw.

Winks—What has he been doing to you?

Jinks—A few days ago some one invited him to dinner at our boardinghouse. Well, sir, that idiot just praised every dish on the table, and complimented the landlady on her cooking, until she raised our rates two dollars a week.

TRIP IN A DIVING BELL.

What a Man Saw at the Bottom of Lake Huron—A Submarine Explosion.

Two months ago the wreck of the steamer Pewabic, which was sunk in 1865 in Lake Huron, off Alpena, Mich., was located. Since then an insurance company which paid $61,000 on the loss of the copper with which the vessel was loaded, has been negotiating with a wrecking firm for the recovery of as much of the cargo as is practicable.

The depth of the water made diving operations impossible, as no diver can work with safety at a depth of 160 feet. It became necessary, therefore, for any wrecking concern that would take hold of it to construct a special diving apparatus, strong and safe enough to withstand the pressure of water at such a depth. Worden G. Smith, of Milwaukee, invented a diving bell and organized a company to raise the cargo, and the apparatus has been at work for several weeks. While in the vicinity Mr. J. S. Gadsden, agent of the insurance company had the experience of seeing a charge of dynamite placed in the vessel and fired off by electricity.

"When we were about twenty feet below the water's surface," said Mr. Gadsden, in relating his experience in we got down deeper the overhead pres- the diving bell, "there was a slight leak at the edges of the cover, but as sure was so great that it was sealed tight, and not a drop came through. We were in telephonic communication with the surface all the time and the bell was lighted by electricity. We were lowered first on one side of the steamer, which we inspected. It was a hazy day and rather dark ;still at that depth we could see the heads of the bolts that held the gunwale of the steamer in place at a distance of six or seven feet. Then we were lifted and moved over to the other side of the vessel. Through the glass in the bottom and sides we could see below us and on every side through the water. Several fine specimens of lake trout went swimming by, several of them almost touching the glass.

A WOMAN GOES DOWN.

"The bell has four legs on the outside, worked by cogs and cranks from the inside for balancing it on the bottom, where there is a sloping surface. There is also a little propeller for moving it round to any desired position, also worked from the inside. An ingenious feature is two steel rods, working in ball bearing joints or journals, which pass through the bottom of the bell and at their ends are grappling hooks for handling the wreckage.

"A piece of rock was lowered from the surface, and it was pushed into a position where it would hold the cable to which it was attached. Then a piece of dynamite was lowered and placed in the same way. An electric wire was attached to it and we told them to exploded the surface of the lake was greatly agitated and large numbers of lake trout were killed by the shock and soon were seen floating on the water. The men on the barge were so eager in gathering in the trout with nets that they neglected to lower us to see the big bubbles made at the bottom. When we went down the sediment was so agitated that we could see nothing.

"Three weeks before I was there the wife of Captain Peterson, who is in charge of the life saving station at Thunder Bay, her sister and another lady were down in the bell. It was the first time ever women were at the bottom of the lake and survived. The inventor of the bell claims that it can be lowered to a depth of 450 feet with perfect safety, and, by putting in heavier glass, to a depth of 1,000 feet."

PLUCKING THE INNOCENT.

A Wily Fakir Who Was "Done" by the Farmers.

"No," said the soap fakir to a group of people that had gathered around him, "there is no use talking to me about the innocence of the countryman. He may buy a gold brick occasionally or sign a bank cheque and lose his farm, but, as a rule, he can take care of himself just as well as the next one, and generally a little better. If I knew as much as some farmers I wouldn't be in the business, and you can gamble on that."

"Why, say, do you know what happened to me the last time I was down in the country? I got pinched, that's what I done. I got my satchel out in front of the hotel in a little town about thirty miles east here and began to do a few tricks to draw a crowd.

"After I'd made an egg disappear and pulled a few knots open for them, I says, "Now, gentlemen, I'm goin' to show you a trick that nobody else on earth has ever attempted. You see my hat here? Well, we'll imagine for the time bein' that it's a flower pot. Out of this hat I'm goin' to make a bush grow up, and when I've done that I'll make every leaf on it turn into a $5 note.

"What? Did I do it? Of course I did. But, say, do you know what come of it? Blamed if they didn't arrest me and fine me $15 for raisin' bills, which the Justice of the Peace said was 'contrary to the statoots made and provided.

"Well, I sort of had a hankerin' to know whether they done it in good faith or just because they thought I was easy pickin', and what do you think I found out? Why, the people of that town hadn't paid any taxes for eight years. They'd actually been runnin' things by plucking just such innocent fellows as me.

"Now, gentlemen, there's a $1 bill in one of these little packages. Who will give me 10 cents for the first choice?"!

BATTE OF WATERLOO.

DEATH OF THE LAST WITNESS OF NAPOLEON'S DEFEAT.

James R. Greene's Graphic Account of the Greatest Conflict of History Given to a Reporter Just Before His Death—An Admirer of Napoleon, Although an Englishman.

The battle of Waterloo was fought eighty-two years ago, yet a man who saw that great conflict, and who was probably the last of the witnesses of Napoleon's final defeat, died only a few days ago. His name was James R. Greene, and he lived at the little town of Ellsworth, Ohio, writes a correspondent. A few weeks ago I saw and interviewed this relic of a past age. When I approached his humble cottage he was sitting on his little stoop or porch enjoying the warm August sunshine, and pulling off one by one the leaves from a peach twig he held in his hand. He greeted me with a hospitality and welcome that savored of the old South, and his modulation reminded one of the old school of planters. Though English by birth he was an American by adoption. He was born in England, at Bolton, on the London road, near Liverpool, July 25, 1798. Without prompting, without hesitation or solicitation, after a few preliminaries as to his birthplace, "Uncle Jimmy," as his neighbors called him, found himself on the field of Waterloo. His whole life seemed to gravitate around the 18th of June, 1815, and venturesome and romantic as had been his career, Waterloo, a day on the field with the great French Emperor, was the event compared with which all others paled into insignificance.

"No, I was not engaged in the battle," he said. "A brother was a member of the 45th Regiment, and I had uncles and cousins in other regiments. I was a lad of 17 years old, and doing service on the British ship, the Royal George. All Europe was looking for

THE GREAT BATTLE

between the French Emperor and the English Duke. In fact, Wellington had selected Waterloo as a fitting place for a pitched battle more than a year before. I got leave to go and look after my friends and relatives in the approaching conflict. The captain amidships, a cousin, and others got leave, also.

"The two great armies had been deliberately planning for the fight, Napoleon, you remember, said when he left Paris, I go to measure myself with Wellington." The French crossed the frontier on the 15th and advanced so rapidly that the battle of Ligny was fought on the 16th. Napoleon's right here, under his own command, met the Prussians under old 'Marshal Forwards', Blucher. In this first battle, which lasted five hours, the French were victorious.

"On the 17th Wellington engaged 40,000 of the Emperor's troops at Quartre Bras. Marshal Ney was in command, but the English had a little the best of this second day's fighting, although history says the honors of war were about equally divided. Wellington, you know, to whom was the glory of crushing in many respects the most remarkable man in history, was himself a marvel of coolness, bravery and calculation. Imagine any other man in the world on the eve of a battle with the hero of Austerlitz, whose very name brought fear to every court of Europe, calmly donning a dress suit and attending the Duchess of Richmond's ball at Brussels. Yet this very thing Wellington did, and remained until 3 o'clock in the morning on the night before the battle of Ligny. Baron Muffling says he was 'looking very cheerful,' and at 5 o'clock was in the saddle riding toward Quartre Bras.

"But my young friend, I will not live long enough to tell you all. Let's on to Waterloo. Ligny and Quartre Bras, though great battles, were but

THE SKIRMISH LINE

of Waterloo. Though defeated the first day, the old Field Marshal Blucher retreated in good order. Wellington had communicated to the Prussian that he would retire north from Quartre Bras and accept a pitched battle in front of Mont St. Jean, provided he, Blucher, would join him with a single corps. The old Marshal promised, and history records, eh? that he kept his word. But Grouchy, Grouchy, the traiter, the scoundrel, who was ordered to pursue Blucher after his defeat at Ligny and keep him from joining Wellington, he was bought by British gold.

"Oh, I can see the field just as if it were this morning. The thick forest of Soignes north of Mont St. Jean and in front the plain of Waterloo, a valley between two ridges. On the northern and southern ridges were the English and French respectively. There was an awful storm on the night of the 17th and the rain was falling on the morning of the great battle. Between 8 and 9 the sun broke through the clouds, the rain ceased and active preparations began for the greatest duel in history—Europe's baptism in blood. Oh! it was a magnificent sight to look upon those old soldiers of France, and English infantry under Kempt, and Vivian's light cavalry, together with the rest of the bright-uniformed men taking their positions on either side of the "Valley of the Shadow of Death.'

"It was about 11 o'clock when Napoleon ordered an attack on Hougomont, the farm house. Time after time did the French troops charge, and as often were they forced back. Before long the firing became general; a grand charge had been made by Marshal Ney. Then the terrible struggle began in all its horror.

THUNDER AND FIRE

belched from Ney's big guns. Shouts of officers, charging troops and dying men filled the air. Kellerman's cavalry, English infantry, Scotch Greys, British horse with bayonets, sabers, big guns and little guns, played awful havoc with men and officers, but there was no wavering. At one time it seemed every strong position was in the hands of the French,. Napoleon thought fate was still striking with him, and exclaimed to his staff, 'Wellington is beaten, but his bulldog courage keeps him there waiting for Blucher.' Grouchy, the traitor, might have kept Blucher back, or he might have left Wavre and re-enforced Napoleon at Waterloo, but he was bought, bought by British gold. All Europe, you know, was against him," referring to Napoleon.

Here the old man paused as if lamenting for the nonio th eill luck of the French General.

"I had strong field glasses and saw Napoleon with his staff several times that day. But wherever there was a French cuirassier to attack, there was an English or allied soldier to resist. Such bravery and utter indifference to death or danger were never seen before or since. Oh, the Old Guard, the Old Gunrd! How magnificent they were! How true, how brave, but how vain against the shot and shell of Wellington's British reserve line! Ney lost his horse. Maitland's Brigade did deadly work, and hundreds of the Old Imperial Guard fell at a volley. Soon Wellington took the offensive, and as the sun was setting—a late summer evening—on an already bloody battlefield, the word was given, and the thousands of surviving allied forces who had stood since noon accepting the punishment of the French sprang forward and the Old Guard of France, defeated, demoralized, decimated, turned andfled.

Again "Uncle Jimmy" put his hand to his head as if suffering the same mental agony that Napoleon felt when he said, "Old Guard, farewell; Old Guard, farewell, and forever." The peach twig with which he had gesticulated and emphasized fell to the floor; for a moment.

A DEATH-LIKE PALLOR

overspread his face. His pulse, which for years had beat but twenty-five a minute, became more sluggish, and I felt that the old man's lease had at last expired; that he would die, as it were, on the field of Waterloo; die as he had lived, amid the din and roar and rout of one of the world's decisive battles. Ere long, however, much to my relief, a smile played about his lips the color returned and "Uncle Jimmy" was again sitting on the porch of his lonely little home in Ellsworth and fourscore and two years had passed since the acting of the scenes he had so vividly described.

He apologized for monopolizing the conversation—protesting that I had been ill-repaid for coming so far to see him—and after a little rest related experiences of his life both before and after Waterloo that read like tales from Kipling.

"What is your opinion of Napoleon?" I asked.

"Napoleon was a gentleman, no coward, a fair fighter and a great General, Wellington was not so great a General as Napoleon," he replied.

For eleven years after Waterloo he was in the British marines and touched every seaport in the world.

"I am a Mason," he said, "I became a member of the High Griffith lodge, Doncaster, England, in 1822. So you see I come pretty nearly, if not quite, being the oldest Mason. Are you a Mason?" he asked. "No, I have not that honor," I replied. "Oh, every citizen is a Mason if he only knew it," he rejoined.

ROUTED BY BEES.

How a Highland Regiment Were Put to Flight in India.

The Scottish Highland dress with its kilt, in which the trousers are totally lacking, has certain advantages for a soldier, and certain disadvantages—as the Highlanders who accompanied Lord Roberts on one of his expeditions to Afghanistan once foun dout to their cost. Lord Roberts tells the story of the occurrence, in his "Forty-one Years in India."

As the troops were advancing, Lord Roberts was employed for a little time within an enclosure at Alambagh, when he heard great confusion, as of a panic, among his troops without on the plain. Getting on the roof, he looked out over the plain, and saw the troops flying in every direction. There was no firing and the enemy was not in sight, but evidently something serious had happened to throw the men into such confusion.

The general mounted and rode to the scene. There he found that the enemy was not the Afghan, but a mass of infuriated bees, which seemed to penetrate everywhere, and which were especially active against the Highlanders, who were particularly vulnerable to their attacks.

The general promptly decided that discretion was the better part of valor in such a contest, and withdrew the command in as good order as possible to a position remote from the scene of the attack. Then he instituted an inquiry, and found that the stampede had been the result of the thoughtlessness of an officer of the 9th Lancers, who had thrust his lance into a hive of bees. The intrepid insects had instantly rushed to the assault—as they would have done if the whole British army had been present.

"There were no serious consequences," Lord Roberts concludes; "but the Highlanders were heard to remark on the unsuitability of their dress for an encounter with an enemy of that description."

BESSIE'S FIRST DINNER OUT.

Bessie, in a whisper,—Papa, is it beef he's going to bring us?

Papa—Yes, dear.

Bessie—Can I have any part of it I want?

Papa—Certainly.

Bessie, to waiter,—Please bring me the gizzard.