What Comes to Amy Thinks.

(LOCKSLEY HALL TWENTY MINUTES AFTER.)

(From the Minneapolis Tribune.)

Let me rest a little from your well-worn
sandy tracks,
Rest; and for your Action summon up
some sober facts.

I have held my peace, and amply have set
forth your thirteen tales;
Now I boldly venture now a
theme so stale.

Your earlier verse you call me names that
scarcely were refined;
But I wrote no answering verses to disturb your
peace of mind.

Now that well-nigh eighty winters whiten both
our heads with snow,
Let me turn, a few brief moments, to those
scenes of long ago.

When about the beach we wandered we were
happy, you and I;
And you loved me, or you said so—that at least
I'll not deny.

'Twas the springtime, when the iris changes on
the burnished dove,
And a young man's lively fancy lightly turns to
thoughts of love.

But it is not always spring time; youthful
fancies soon are past;
And an April love, though ardent, may not stand
a wintry blast.

You were quick to think me fickle, though I
knew your fears were wild;
For you thought yourself a man, and me a shallow-hearted child.

I was but a lesser You; and me you kindly did
define
As to you like moon to sunlight, for as water
unto wine.

Wiser than your fancy fathomed, wiser than
your song hath sung—
I, a child, had even then a prudent dread of your
sharp tongue.

Though subdued the chord of self when love
took up the harp of life,
Yet I felt you loved yourself much better than
you could your wife.

So said I, for both our sakes, 'twere better far
that I retired;
Although a future baron, yet you were not one
to be desired.

And you—you quickly dried your grief and took
another to your breast,
As in spring the wanton lapwing gets himself
another crest.

And we went, our separate ways, held our separate careers—
Toiled and struggled, failed or triumphed
through the slowly lengthening years.

I, in simple cares and duties, led my quiet life
apart,
All my griefs and my few triumphs folded close
within my heart.

You have won a world's applause, have seen its
trophies at your feet;
The laurel and the lordling's crown upon your
ample forehead meet.

The grand old gardener and his wife, from you
blue heavens above us bent,
Must smile to hear your sage conclusion: "There
is something in descent."

Honors come, but wisdom lingers, and you hear
a burdened breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of your rest.

Now I see you old and formal, fitted to your
petty part,
With your little hoard of maxims preaching
down a grandson's heart.

"They were dangerous guides, the feelings."
Youth is vain and age is wise—
Ah! that Love's pulse slacks at fourscore is no
matter for surprise!

And the world, for whose advancement rang your
bugle "Forward," then,
"Chaos, cosmos! Cosmos, chaos!" seems unto
your latter ken.

Ah, that he who ever foremost cheered the
people's standards on
Now would "hush this cry of forward till ten
thousand years have gone."

Ah, that e'er the trumpet's voice that loudest
cheered the brave assault,
'Gainst the hordes of wrong and error, now should
sound a piping "Halt!"

I am but a simple woman; yet I feel a thrill of
pain
As I catch those tremulous echoes of that old
heroic strain.

Weakness that is born of weakness; phantasies
that are but real
To an old man's failing faith that withers from
his youth's ideal.

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward let
the great world range,
Sweeping on, and ever upward, through the ringing grooves of change.

Set the flag of Human Rights unfurled above
Wrong's dread abysm;
Trust the common sense of most to avert a social
cataclysm.

Robber lords and despots tremble; they who have
the people yoked
Well may dread the storm they've tempted, fear
the wrath they have invoked.

If there comes a hungry people, like a lion creeping nigher,
Tyrants nod and wink no longer. Larum! Let
them mend their fire.

But howsoever these things be, you scarcely now
will care to know;
Enough we've had of Locksley Hall—now, Alfred,
let the subject go.

We Owe No Man a Dollar.

Oh, do not envy, my own dear wife,
The wealth of our next door neighbor,
But bid me still be stout of heart,
And cheerfully follow my labor.
You must know, the last of those little debts
That have been our lingering sorrow
Is paid this night! So we'll both go forth
And shake hands with the world to-morrow!

Oh, the debtor is but a shame faced dog,
With the creditor's name on his collar;
While I am a king and you a queen,
For we owe no man a dollar!

Our neighbor you saw in his coach to-day,
With his wife and his flaunting daughter,
While we sat down, at our coverless board,
To a crust and a cup of water.
I saw that the tear drop stood in your eye,
Though you tried your best to conceal it;
I knew that the contrast reached your heart,
And I could not help but feel it.

But knowing now, that our scanty fare
Has freed my neck from the collar,
You'll join in my laugh, and help me shout
That we owe no man a dollar!

This neighbor, whose show has dazzled your
eyes,
In fact, is a wretched debtor;
I pity him oft, from my very heart,
And I wish that his lot were better.
Why, the man is the veriest slave alive,
For his dashing wife and daughter
Will live in style, though ruin should come,
So he goes like a lamb to the slaughter.

But he feels it the tighter every day,
That terrible debtor's collar;
Oh, what would he give could he say with us
That he owed no man a dollar!

You seem amazed, but I'll tell you more,
Within two hours I met him
Sneaking along with a frightened air,
As if a fiend had beset him.
Yet he fled from a very worthy man,
Whom I met with the grandest pleasure;
Whom I called by name and forced to stop,
Though he said he was not at leisure.

He held my last note, so I held him fast,
Till he freed my neck from the collar,
Then I shook his hand as I proudly said:
"Now, I owe no man a dollar!"

Ah! now you smile, for you feel the force
Of the truths I've been repeating;
I knew that a downright honest heart
In that gentle breast was beating!
To-morrow I'll rise with a giant's strength
To follow my daily labor;
But ere we sleep let us humbly pray
For our wretched next door neighbor;

And we pray for the time when all shall be
free
From the weight of the debtor's collar;
When the poorest will lift his voice and cry:
"Now, I owe no man a dollar!"

He Understood.

"But, father," she protested as the old man ceased speaking, "you do not seem to understand the case."

"Oh, but I do. Yor shall never marry William, even if he is my confidential clerk."

"Father, you——"

"That is all, Helen—say no more."

Four days later she wrote him from Toronto, saying: "Will and I arrived here safely, and were married at once. We have $60,000 of your money. Is all forgiven, or shall we settle down here?"

He telegraphed his forgiveness.—*N. Y. Wall Street News.*

Abigail C. Garrett, who has just been granted a divorce from her husband in Cincinnati, is but 21 years old now, yet she has four children, and has been married seven years. Her husband was 35 when he induced the child to marry him.

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

And so Ernest posted his letters, and then, partly to employ his thoughts, and partly because it was his nature to throw himself into whatever stream of life was flowing past him, he set himself to master the state of political affairs in the country in which he found himself.

This need not be entered into here, further than to say that it was such as might with advantage have employed wiser heads than his, and indeed did employ them. Suffice it to say that he contrived to make himself of considerable use to the English party, both before and after the annexation of the Transvaal to the dominions of the Crown.

Together with the proclamation by which the Transvaal was annexed to Her Majesty's dominions was issued another that was to have a considerable bearing upon our hero's fortunes. This was none other than a promise of Her Majesty's gracious pardon to all such as had been resident in the Transvaal for a period of six months previous to the date of annexation, being former British subjects and offenders against the English criminal law, who would register their name and offence within a given time. The object of this proclamation was to give immunity from prosecution to many individuals formerly deserters from the English army, and other people who had in some way transgressed the laws, but were now occupying respectable positions in their adopted country.

Mr. Alston read this proclamation attentively when it came out in a special number of the *Gazette*. Then, after thinking for a while, he handed it to Ernest.

"You have read this amnesty proclamation?" he said.

"Yes," answered Ernest; "what of it?"

"What of it? Ah, the stupidity of youth! Can't you very well see that it takes your neck out of the halter? Off with you and register your name and offence with the Secretary to Government, and you will be clear forever from any consequences that might ensue from the slight indiscretion of shooting your own first cousin."

"By Jove, Alston! you don't mean that?"

"Mean it? Of course I do. The proclamation does not specify any particular offence to which pardon is denied and you have lived more than six months on Transvaal territory. Off you go."

And Ernest went like an arrow.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FOUND WANTING.

Ernest reached the Government office and registered his name, and in due course received "Her Majesty's gracious pardon."

When this precious document was in his pocket, Ernest thought that he now for the first time realized what the feelings of a slave unexpectedly manumited must be. Had it not been for this fortunate accident, the consequences of that fatal duel must have continually overshadowed him. He would, had he returned to England, have been liable at any period of his life to a prosecution for murder.

His first idea on getting his pardon was to return straightway to England; but that silent fate which directs men's lives, driving them whither they would not, and forcing their bare and bleeding feet to stumble along the stony paths of its hidden purpose, came into his mind and made him see that it would be better to delay awhile. In a few weeks Eva's answer would surely reach him. If he were to go now it would be even possible that he might pass her in mid-ocean, for in his heart he never doubted but that she would come.

And indeed the very next mail there came a letter from Dorothy, written in answer to that which he had posted on the same day that he had written to Eva. It was only a short letter; the last post that could catch the mail was just going out, and his welcome letter had only just arrived; but she had twenty minutes, and she would send one line. She told them how grateful they were to hear that he was well and safe, and reproached him gently for not writing. Then she thanked him for making her his confidante about Eva Ceswick. She had guessed it long before, she said; and she thought they were both lucky in each other, and hoped and prayed that when the time came they would be as completely happy as it was possible for people to be. She had never spoken to Eva about him; but she should no longer feel any diffidence in doing so now. She would go and see her very soon and plead his cause; not that it wanted any pleading, however, she was sure of that. Eva looked sad now that he was gone. There had been some talk awhile back of Mr. Plowden, the new clergyman; but she supposed that Eva had given him his quietus, as she heard no more of it now; and so on, till the "postman is at the door waiting for this letter."

Little did Ernest guess what it cost poor Dorothy to write her congratulations and wishes of happiness. A man—the nobler animal, remember—could hardly have done it; only the inferior woman would show such unselfishness.

This letter filled Ernest with a sure and certain hope. Eva, he clearly saw, had not had time to write by that mail; by the next her answer would come. It can be imagined that he waited for its advent with some anxiety.

Mr. Alston, Ernest and Jeremy had taken a house in Pretoria, and for the past month or two had been living in it very comfortably.

One morning—it was a particularly lovely morning—Ernest was standing after breakfast on a garden path smoking and directing Mazooku as to the erection of his "parasols" over his favorite melons.

"Mazooku, you lazy hound," said the latter at last, "if you don't put that tuft right in two shakes, I'll break your head with your own kerrie!"

"Ow Inkoos," replied the Zulu, sulkily, again trying to prop up the tuft, and muttering to himself meanwhile.

"Do you catch what that fellow of yours is saying?" asked Mr. Alston. "He is saying that all Englishmen are mad, and that you are the maddest of the mad. He considers that nobody who was not a lunatic would bother his head with those 'weeds that stink' (flowers), or these fruits which, even if you succeed in growing them—and surely the things are bewitched or they would grow without 'hats'" (Ernest's parasols)—"must lie very cold on the stomach."

At that moment the particular "hat" which Mazooku was trying to arrange fell down again, whereupon the Zulu's patience gave out, and cursing it for a witch in the most vigorous language, he emphasized his words by bringing his fist straight down on the melon, smashing it to pieces. Whereupon Ernest made for him and he vanished swiftly.

Mr. Alston stood by laughing at the scene, and awaited Ernest's return. Presently he came strolling back, not having caught Mazooku. Indeed, it would not have greatly mattered if he had, for as that swarthy gentleman very well knew, great, indeed, must be the provocation that could induce Ernest to touch a native. It was a thing to which he had an unconquerable aversion, in the same way that he objected to the word "nigger" as applied to a people who, whatever their faults may be, are, as a rule, gentlemen in the truest sense of the word.

As he came strolling down the path toward him, his face a little flushed with the exertion, Mr. Alston thought to himself that Ernest was growing into a very handsome fellow. The tall frame, narrow at the waist and broad at the shoulders, the eloquent dark eyes, which so far surpass the loveliest gray or blue, the silken hair which curled over his head like that on a Grecian statue, the curved lips, the quick intelligence and kindly smile that lit the whole face, all these things helped to make his appearance not so much handsome as charming, and to women captivating to a dangerous extent. His dress, too, which consisted of riding-breeches, boots and spurs, a white waistcoat and linen coat, with a very broad, soft felt hat looped up at one side, so as to throw the face into alternate light and shadow, helped the general effect considerably. Altogether Ernest was a pretty fellow in those days.

Jeremy was lounging on an easy-chair in the veranda, in company with the boy Roger Alston, and intensely interested in watching a furious battle between two lines of ants, black and red, who had their homes somewhere in the stonework. For a long while the issue of the battle remained doubtful, victory inclining, if anything, to the side of the thin red line, when suddenly from the entrance to the nest of the black ants there emerged a battalion of giants, great fellows, at least six times the size of the others, who fell upon the red ants and routed them, taking many prisoners. Then followed the most curious spectacle, namely, the deliberate execution of the captive red ants, by having their heads bitten off by the great black soldiers. Jeremy and Roger knew what was coming very well, for these battles were of frequent occurrence, and the casualties among the red ants simply frightful. On this occasion they determined to save the prisoners, which was effected by dipping a match in some of the nicotine at the bottom of a pipe, and placing it in front of the black giants. The ferocious insects would thereupon abandon their captives, and rushing at the strange intruder, hang on like bulldogs till the poison did its work, and they dropped off senseless, to recover presently and stagger off home, holding their legs to their antennæ and exhibiting every other symptom of frightful headache.

Jeremy was sitting on a chair oiling the matches, and Roger, kneeling on the pavement, was employed in beguiling the giants into biting them, when suddenly they heard the sound of galloping horses and the rattle of wheels. The lad, lowering his head still more, looked out toward the market-square through a gap between the willow-stems.

"Hurrah, Mr. Jones!" he said, "here comes the mail."

Next minute, amid loud blasts from a bugle, and enveloped in a cloud of dust, the heavy cart, to the sides and seats of which the begrimed, worn-out passengers were clinging like drowning men to straws, came rattling along as fast as the six grays reserved for the last stage could gallop, and vanished toward the post office.

"There's the mail, Ernest," hallooed Jeremy; "she will bring the English letters."

Ernest nodded, turned a little pale, and nervously knocked out his pipe. No wonder; that mail-cart carried his destiny and he knew it. Presently he walked across the square to the post-office. The letters were not sorted, and he was the first person there. Very soon one of His Excellency's staff came riding down to get the Government-house bag. It was the same gentleman with whom he had sung "Auld Lang Syne" so enthusiastically on the day of Jeremy's encounter with the giant, and had afterward been wheeled home in a wheelbarrow.

"Hallo, Kershaw, here we are, 'primos inter omnes,' 'primos primi primores,' which is it? Come, Kershaw, you are the last from school—which is it? I don't believe you know, ha! ha! ha! What are you doing down here so soon? Does the 'expectant swain await the postman's knock?' Why, my dear fellow, you look pale; you must be in love, or thirsty. So am I—the latter, not the former. Love, I do abjure thee. 'Quis separabit,' who will have a split? I think that the sun can't be far from the line. Shall we, my dear Kershaw, shall we take an observation? Ha! ha! ha!"

"No, thank you, I never drink anything between meals."

"Ah, my boy, a bad habit; give it up before it is too late. Break it off, my dear Kershaw, and always wet your whistle in the strictest moderation, or you will die young. What says the poet?

"He who drinks strong beer and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to live, lives as he ought to live,
Lives as he ought to live, and dies a jolly good
fellow.

Byron, I think, is it not? ha! ha! ha!"

Just then some others came up, and somewhat to Ernest's relief, his friend turned the light of his kindly countenance to shine elsewhere and left him to his thoughts.

At last the little shutter of the post-office was thrown up, and Ernest got his own letters, together with those of Mr. Alston and Jeremy. He turned into the shade of a neighboring veranda, and rapidly sorted the pile. There was no letter in Eva's handwriting. But there was one in that of her sister Florence. Ernest knew the writing well; there was no mistaking its peculiar upright, powerful-looking characters. This he opened hurriedly. Inclosed in the letter was a note, which was in the writing he had expected to see. He rapidly unfolded it, and as he did so a flash of fear passed through his brain.

"Why did she write in this way?"

The note could not have been a long one, for in another minute it was lying on the ground, and Ernest, pale-faced, and with catching breath, was clinging to the veranda-post with both hands to save himself from falling. In a few seconds he recovered, and picking up the note, walked quickly across the square to his house. Halfway across he was overtaken by his friend on the staff cantering gayly along on a particularly wooden-looking pony, from the sides of which his legs projected widely, and waving in one hand the Colonial Office bag addressed to the Administrator of the Government.

"Hallo, my abstemious friend," he hallooed, as he pulled up the wooden pony with a jerk that sent each of its stiff legs sprawling in a different direction. "Was patience rewarded? Is Chloe over the water kind? If not, take my advice, and don't trouble your head about her. Quand on a pas ce qu'on aime, the wise man aimes ce qu'il a, Kershaw. I have conceived a great affection for you, and I will let you into a secret. Come with me this afternoon, and I will introduce you to two charming specimens of indigenous beauty. Like roses they bloom upon the veldt and waste their sweetness on the desert air. Mater pulchra, puella pulcherrima, as Virgil says. I, as befits my years, will attach myself to the matter, for your sweet youth shall be reserved the puella. Ha! ha! ha!" and he brought the dispatch-bag down with a sounding whack between the ears of the wooden pony, with the result that he was nearly sent flying into the sluit, being landed by a sudden plunge well on to the animal's crupper.

"Woho! Bucephalus, whoho! or your mealies shall be cut off." Just then he for the first time caught sight of the face of his companion, who was plodding along in silence by his side.

"Hullo! what's up, Kershaw?" he said, in an altered tone; "you don't look well. Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Nothing, nothing," answered Ernest, quietly; "that is, I have got some bad news, that is all. Nothing to speak of, nothing."

"My dear fellow, I am so sorry, and I have been troubling you with my nonsense. Forgive me. There, you wish to be alone. Good-by."

A few seconds later Mr. Alston and Jeremy, from their point of vantage on the veranda, saw Ernest coming with swift strides up the garden path. His face was drawn with pain, and there was a fleck of blood upon his lip. He passed them without a word, and, entering the house, slammed the door of his own room. Mr. Alston and Jeremy looked at one another.

"What's up?" said the laconic Jeremy.

Mr. Alston thought awhile before he answered, as was his fashion.

"Something gone wrong with 'the ideal,' I should say," he said at length; "that is the way of ideals."

"Shall we go and see?" said Jeremy uneasily.

"No, give him a minute or two to pull himself together. Lots of time for consolation afterward."

Meanwhile Ernest, having got into his room, sat down upon the bed, and again read the note which was inclosed in Florence's letter. Then he folded it up and put it down, slowly and methodically. Next he opened the other letter, which he had not yet looked at, and read that too. After he had done it he threw himself face downward on the pillow and thought awhile. Presently he arose, and going to the other side of the room, took down a revolver-case which hung to a nail and drew out the revolver which was loaded. Returning, he again sat down upon the bed and cocked it. So he remained for a minute or two, and then slowly lifted the pistol toward his head. At that moment he heard footsteps approaching, and with a quick movement threw the weapon under the bed. As he did so Mr. Alston and Jeremy entered.

"Any letters, Ernest?" asked the former.

"Letters! Oh, yes, I beg your pardon; here they are," and he took a packet from the pocket of his white coat and handed them to him.

Mr. Alston took them, looking all the while fixedly at Ernest, who avoided his glance.

"What is the matter, my boy?" he said kindly at last; "nothing wrong, I hope?"

Ernest looked at him blankly.

"What is it, old chap?" said Jeremy, seating himself on the bed beside him, and laying his hand on his arm.

Then Ernest broke out into a paroxysm of grief painful to behold. Fortunately for all concerned, it was brief. Had it lasted much longer, something must have given way. Suddenly his mood changed and he grew hard and bitter.

"Nothing, my dear fellows, nothing," he said; "that is, only the sequel to a pretty little idyl. You may remember a letter I wrote—to a woman—some months back. There, you both of you know the story. Now you shall hear the answer or to be more correct the answers.

"That—woman has a sister. Both she and her sister have written to me. My—her sister's letter is the longest. We will take it first. I think that we may skip the first page, there is nothing particular in it, and I do not wish to—waste your time. Now listen:

"'By-the-way, I have a piece of news for you which will interest you, and which you will I am sure be glad to hear; for, of course, you will have by this time got over any little tendresse you may have had in that direction. Eva' (that is the woman to whom I wrote, and to whom I thought I was engaged) 'is going to be married to a Mr. Plowden, a gentleman who has been acting as locum tenens for Mr. Halford.'"

Here Jeremy sprang up and used strong language. Ernest motioned him down and went on: "'I say I am certain that you will be glad to hear this, because the match is in every respect a satisfactory one, and will, I am sure, bring dear Eva happiness. Mr. Plowden is well off and, of course, a clergyman, two great guarantees for the success of their matrimonial venture. Eva tells me that she had a letter from you last mail' (the letter I read you, gentlemen), 'and asks me to thank you for it. If she can find time she will send you a line shortly; but, as you will understand, she has her hands very full just at present. The wedding is to take place at Kesterwick Church on the 17th of May' (that is to-morrow, gentlemen), 'and, if this letter reaches you in time, I am sure that you will think of us all on that day. It will be very quiet, owing to our dear aunt's death being still so comparatively recent. Indeed, the engagement has, in obedience to Mr. Plowden's wishes, for he is very retiring, been kept quite secret, and you are absolutely the first person to whom it has been announced. I hope that you will feel duly flattered, sir. We are very busy about the trousseau, and just now the burning question is, of what color the dress in which Eva is to go away in after the wedding shall be. Eva and I are all for gray. Mr. Plowden is for olive-green, and, as is natural under the circumstances, I expect that he will carry the day. They are together in the drawing-room settling it now. You always admired Eva (rather wrmly once; do you remember how cut up you both were when you went away? alas for the fickleness of human nature!); you should see her now. Her happiness makes her look lovely; but I hear her calling me. No doubt they have settled the momentous question. Good-by. I am not clever at writing, but I hope that my news will make up for my want of skill.—Always yours. "'FLORENCE CESWICK.'"

"Now for the inclosure," said Ernest:

"'DEAR ERNEST: I got your letter. Florence will tell you what there is to tell. I am going to be married. Think what you will of me; I cannot help my mayself. Believe me, this has cost me great suffering, but my duty seems clear. I hope that you will forget me, Ernest, as henceforth it will be my duty to forget you. Good-by, my dear Ernest, oh, good-bye. E."

"Humph!" murmured Mr. Alston beneath his breath, "as I thought, clay, and extremely bad clay, too!"

Slowly Ernest tore the letter into small fragments, threw them down, and stamped upon them with his foot as though they were a living thing.

"I wish that I had shaken the life out of that parson!" groaned Jeremy, who was in his way as much affected by the news as his friend.

"Curse you!" said Ernest, turning on him fiercely, "why didn't you stop where you were and look after her, instead of coming humbugging after me?"

Jeremy only groaned by way of answer. Mr. Alston, as was his way when perplexed, filled his pipe and lit it. Ernest paced swiftly up and down the little room, the white walls of which he had decorated with pictures cut from illustrated papers, Christmas cards and photographs. Over the head of the bed was a photograph of Eva herself, which he had framed in some beautiful native wood. He reached it down.

"Look," he said, "that is the lady herself. Handsome, isn't she, and pleasant to look on? Who would have thought that she was such a devil? Tells me to forget her, and talks about 'her duty'! Women love a little joke!"

He hurled the photograph on to the floor, and tread it as he had treaded the letter, grinding it to pieces with his heel.

"They say," he went on, "that a man's curses are sometimes heard wherever it is they arrange these pleasant surprises for us. Now you fellows bear witness to what I say, and watch that woman's life. May she lay down her head in sorrow night by night, and year by year! May her—"

"Stop, Ernest," said Mr. Alston, with a shrug, "you may be taken at your word, and you wouldn't like that, you know. Besides, it is cowardly to go on cursing at a woman."

He paused, standing for a moment, with his clinched fist still raised above his head, his pale lips quivering with intense excitement, and his dark eyes flashing and blazing like stars.

"You are right," he said, dropping his fist on the table. "It is with the man that I have to deal."

"What man?"

"This Plowden. I feel that I shall disturb his honeymoon."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I am going to kill him or he is going to kill me, it does not matter which."

"Why, what quarrel have you with the man? Of course he looked after himself. You could not expect him to consider your interests, could you?"

"If he had cut me out fairly, I should not have a word to say. Every man for himself in this pleasant world. But, mark my words, this parson and Florence have forced her into this unholy business, and I will have his life in payment. If you don't believe me, ask Jeremy. He saw something of the game before he left."

"Look here, Kershaw, the man's a parson. He will take shelter behind his cloth, he won't fight. What shall you do then?"

"I shall shoot him," was the cool reply.

"Ernest, you are mad; it won't do, you shall not go, and that is all about it. You shall not ruin yourself over this woman, who is not fit to black an honest man's shoes."

"Shall not! shall not! Alston, you use strong language. Who will prevent me?"

"I will prevent you. I am your superior officer, and the corps you belong to is not disbanded. If you try to leave this place you shall be arrested as a deserter. Now don't be a fool, lad; you have killed one man, and got out of the mess. If you kill another, you will not get out of it. Besides, what will the satisfaction be? If you want revenge, be patient. It will come. I have seen something of life; at least I am old enough to be your father, and I know you think me a cynic because I laugh at your 'high-faluting' about women. How justly, I warned you, you see now. But, cynic or no, I believe in the God above us, and I believe, too, that there is a rough justice in this world. It is in the world principally that people expiate the sins of the world, and if this marriage is such a wicked thing, as you think, it will bring its own trouble with it, without any help from you. Time will avenge you. Everything comes to him who can wait."

Ernest's eyes glittered coldly as he answered:

"I cannot wait. I am a ruined man already, all my life is laid waste. I wish to die, but I wish to kill him before I die.

"So sure as my name is Alston you shall not go!"

"So sure as my name is Kershaw I will go!"

For a moment the two men faced one another; it would have been hard to say which looked the most determined. Then Mr. Alston turned and left the room and the house. On the veranda he paused and thought for a moment.

"The boy means business," he thought to himself. "He will try and bolt. How can I stop him? Ah, I have it," and he set off briskly toward Government House, saying aloud as he went, "I love that lad too well to let him destroy himself over a jilt."

(To be continued.)

Kissing in Church.

Worshippers at the German Baptist Church on Fourteenth street, between First and Second avenues, were treated to a sensation yesterday morning. In the middle of the service a tall, slender, sallow-faced man of about 30 years rose in a pew in the centre aisle, clasped a young lady who sat next him by the waist, drew her face to his, and frantically embraced her. They were the only occupants of that pew. Other members of the congregation looked on amazed and inactive. The young lady screamed, but the man, not relaxing his grasp in the least, sent forth a succession of earsplitting shouts. The pastor, Rev. G. A. Schulte, who had suspended his sermon at the first outcry, left the pulpit and came down the aisle. When he tried to take the young man out of the pew he found he had a big contract on his hands. Others came to his assistance, and the lady was released. She immediately fainted from excitement and terror.

The pastor walked the young man up and down the aisle, exhorting him in soothing tones to calm himself. This treatment was unsuccessful, the man becoming more violent each moment. He was taken to the Seventeenth precinct station house on a stretcher, but when he got there it took several policemen to hold him down. He was evidently dangerously insane, and was sent to Bellevue hospital, where the surgeons consigned him to a padded cell.

Dr. Schulte, pastor of the church, says the young man has been a regular attendant there for several years. He is Cornelius Hendrickson, a clerk out of employment, living with a relative at No. 138 Essex street. His mind has been affected for a number of years, softening of the brain having resulted from an old sickness. He was hitherto mild and harmless in his demeanor. He was from home all Christmas Day and attended the Christmas night service at the church. Nothing out of the way was then observable in his conduct.—*New York Star.*

After They Found Out.

A Detroiter who was driving out on the old road the other day came to a spot where the snow was badly drifted on each side of the track just as a woman driving a horse and "pung" entered the other end of the cut. As they both held to the road their horses soon came head on and stopped.

"Why didn't you turn out?" shouted the man.

"Why didn't you?" replied the woman.

"I've got seven miles to drive, but I'll stay here all winter before I'll turn out!"

"And I've got five dozen eggs here, and I'll let them freeze as hard as rocks before I'll give an inch!"

The man dropped the lines, lighted a cigar and leaned back on his seat. The woman dropped her lines, lighted her pipe and wrapped the old buffalo robe around her feet. Thus they sat for eight minutes, when the man grew impatient and called:

"What's the price of hogs out your way?"

"Oh, you've got all the pork you want in your sleigh," she replied.

"I'm glad I'm a widower!"

"And I'm glad I'm a widder!"

"Eh? Are you a widow?"

"Sartin, and I own 225 acres of the best land in Greenfield. So you are a widower?"

"Yes'm. Madam, pray excuse me. I'll cheerfully turn out."

"Oh, don't mention it. I'm perfectly willing to haul into the snowbank."

"Ah! madam, allow me to hope that you will overlook my——"

"Oh, certainly. Fine weather, but rather cold. Good-bye."

"Good-bye madam. Wish you a safe journey."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Precocious Wisdom.

From the earliest age the children of the poor are initiated into the mysteries of pawning, and they look upon it as a recognized feature of every day life, says a London *News* correspondent. In an infant school in South London the other day the teacher was explaining to the children the parable of the prodigal son.

Said the teacher—And now all the prodigal son's clothes are gone and he has no food. What must he do?

To which a little girl, 3½ years old, immediately responded: "Why, pawn his little gal's boots and fings."

For a Returning Sinner.

Husband—My dear, that is a long motto you are working.

Wife—Yes, John.

He reads on it:

"While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

"Is it to be hung in the vestibule of the church, my dear?

"No, John; I'll hang it on the chandelier in the hall."—*Harper's Bazar.*

While Patti was in Kansas City she visited the "points of interest." These consisted, commented the organ of a rival city, of three rendering establishments and a soap factory.

CURRENT TOPICS.

GEN. BOULANGER, French Minister of War, though his popularity is more civil than military, is a cause of uneasiness to Germany. He has taken no step to alarm any one so far. But as he says nothing, while devoting all his energies to the reorganization of the armies of France, his very silence is suspicious and makes his enemies uneasy.

EDITORIAL writers in various parts of the country are making the mistake of calling the recent Chanceller of the English Exchequer Lord Churchill. There is a Lord Churchill in the English peerage, but Lord Randolph Churchill is an entirely different person. Lord Churchill is only 22 and has never held a higher office than page of honor to the Queen.

TAKE a back seat, all you Hamilton toboggan slides, please. Tuxedo has just put into operation the longest slide in America. The much-vaunted Montreal slide is 1,600 feet long, the one at Saratoga 1,600 feet, while the Tuxedo slide is over 4,000 feet from top to bottom, and the tobogganers go down the mile in half a minute. One man has broken his leg on it, too.

THE difficulty of sighting rifles in the dark in warfare has been ingeniously overcome by the use of luminous paint. A small luminous bead is clipped on to the rifle over the fore sight and another over the rear sight when used at night in reply to an enemy's fire, forming two luminous sights. The English War Office authorities have had some of these sights under trial for the past six months, and have now given their first order for some.

NOT many years ago the seeds of the cotton boll were thrown away. Now olive oil is made of it that the chemists cannot tell from the best Italian product, save by the freezing test. Oil cake is made from the refuse, and the husk is employed as fuel in the above processes. Even the ashes are made into the finest quality of toilet soap. If cotton isn't king, it is royally connected.

IT is high time to settle the year's outstanding accounts. He is a wise man who opens the new year free of debt. The wisdom of Micawber—not his folly—is most pertinent at present: "Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen, nineteen six; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds, nought and six; result, misery." If men would live within their incomes the United States and the prisons would see fewer of despairing faces.

THE usefulness of asphalt paper appears to be demonstrated by its constantly multiplying applications. In thin sheets it is found admirably adapted for wrapping silks or other fabrics that need protection from moisture, also for lining cases, packing boxes for pianos, etc., and, rolled up into pipes, for conveying water. Asphalt tubes are but one-fifth the weight of iron, will not rust, and are quite tough and strong; they are simply sheets of paper of a peculiar quality dipped in melted asphalt and then rolled upon a cylinder.

MADAGASCAR, until quite recently a barbarous country, whose dusky inhabitants displayed a taste for cannibalism and human sacrifices, is progressing with giant strides in the acquisition of what we are pleased to term civilization. Queen Ranavalo, having been given to understand that every respectable nation possesses a national debt, has just caused a Malagese loan of $3,000,000 to be floated at Paris, mortgaging the Customs revenue of six of her principal ports as security for the payment of the interest. The French are clever people, for it appears that of the $3,000,000, $2,000,000 are to be handed over to M. Grevy's Government in payment of the war indemnity; another half a million will probably be retained by the Paris financiers as commission and expenses incidental to the issue of the loan, and the National Treasury of Madagascar will obtain the balance—that is, if any remains.

AN interesting account is given by Mr. Richards, superintendent of the motive power of the Boston & Providence Railroad, of a visit made by him to the famous Krupp steel works at Essen. He saw a 10-ton crucible steel casting being poured, and an enormous 70-ton steel casting being very gradually cooled, the outside being warmed with coke fires until the inside has partly solidified, when the block is hammered into shape to form the main piece of an immense gun. The enormous array of furnaces in which the crucibles are heated and the perfect manner in which such a large number of men—in some cases as many as 800—all lift their 80-pound crucibles out of the furnaces and pour them into the mould in rapid succession is described as a wonderful sight. The scrupulous care bestowed upon the minutest detail was a noticeable feature about their manipulation of steel. If, after extended trials, a certain practice or proportion of ingredients has been found to give the best results, that practice is absolutely and exactly adhered to, nothing in the whole range of the vast operations of the establishment being left to mere possibilities.

MATTERS have been so arranged in connection with the restoration of the Scottish Parliament Hall, Edinburgh Castle—the cost of which is to be born by Mr. William Nelson—that the work will now be proceeded with. The building is a work of the fifteenth century—an entry in the Exchequer Rolls giving the date of construction as 1434—and is the same in which kings and nobles deliberated throughout the reigns of the Scottish Jameses and their successors, on to the time when in 1648 Cromwell was entertained there by the Earl of Leven. The works will comprise the cleaning and completion of the handsome hardwood roof, which is almost entire, the removal of the modern "garderobe" excrescence on the south front, and the opening out and completion of the large windows on that elevation, where the original rybats are still visible. The private stair leading from the Hall to the kitchen on the lower floor, recently discovered by Major Gore Booth, constructed in the thickness of the west gable, will also be repaired; and it is understood that it is Mr. Nelson's intention to complete the Hall and fit it internally in a manner resembling what its original appearance must have been, so that when finished it will doubtless add much to the attractions of the venerable castle. The Hall, as is known, is at present occupied as a military hospital; but it is understood that an arrangement has been come to, under War Office sanction, whereby military patients from the castle—of whom at present there are only about a dozen—will be received into the Edinburgh Royal Asylum.

A Cautious Daughter.

Mrs. Peterby—Why did you cut an item out of the paper?

Miss Peterby—Because I want pa and the boys to swear off on New Year's.

Mrs. P—What's the item got to do with it?

Miss P—Its got a great deal to do with it. If they read that whisky is a sure remedy for the cholera they will never draw another sober breath.

Peaches and Persimmons.

In the New York market peaches are quoted at "$2 a dozen and very scarce." Among persons of moderate means peaches at that rate are always scarce. There is more solid comfort in a quart of persimmons at 25 cents a quart than in a peck of $2-a-dozen peaches.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

H. R. H. the Comte de Paris has taken Sir Douglas Stewart's grouse shootings of Grantully and Loch Kennard.

FASTER THAN THE WIND.

A Runaway Train on a Down Grade—Two Miles Per Minute.

Wm. Tillie, one of the men who were on board the train which met with the recent thrilling accident on the Canadian Pacific Railway, gives a graphic account of the disaster. Station Fields is at the bottom of Kicking Horse Pass grade. The track here ascends the mountain in a grade of four and one-half feet to the hundred for eight miles. Hector Station is at the top of the grade. The steepest part of the grade is about two miles from the top, where it is an inch to a foot. Each train has two engines, a small one going before and a large one behind. The large engine behind prevents any car becoming detached and rushing down the mountain side. As a further precaution there are, in the steepest part of the road, two miles apart, safety switches, which are left open, so that should any cars break loose they run off on to the switch, which slopes gradually up in the opposite direction. It was found necessary to divide the train, and the second section, composed of the second-class car and the baggage-car, was being hauled to the top of the mountain when the coupling broke. There were no engine behind them and they went tearing down the mountain side at a fearful speed that was constantly increasing. It was very early in the morning and not yet daylight. There were about twenty passengers in the car. "It went through us like an electric shock," said Mr. Tillie, "when we felt that the train was detached, and every person on board supposed that his end had come. The conductor and brakemen in a second were at the brakes, but unfortunately for us the air-brakes were frozen stiff and the other brakes would not catch. It is impossible to describe the scene. There was hardly time to realize the awfulness of the danger which threatened us. Fear seemed to freeze every pulse. There was not a single cry or shout or any expression of emotion. The pace was terrific. It was like a flash of lightning. I can compare it to nothing else. One or two tried to rise, but the speed was so great that they could not stir off their seats. They seemed drawn to the seats, as a piece of steel to a huge magnet. Only one voice was heard to whisper, in a tone of absolute despair, "hang on," and each clung to his seat as a drowning man clings to a straw. The cars were swaying from side to side with a motion that felt like that of a cradle. It seemed an age, but it was in reality not a minute, from the time that the cars broke loose till they reached the switch upon which we had lain all night. Two miles in one minute! When we reached the switch it was half closed by the snow. Our car ran off on the switch, but the baggage car kept right on the main line. There was a 'crack!' we felt ourselves in mid-air, and then we were lying stunned and wounded in a mass of *debris* at the bottom of the hill among the rocks and stumps. It was not yet day-light, and darkness added to the horrors of our condition. The car was smashed to atoms."

Every person on board was more or less hurt, but only two died as a result of their injuries.

Clothes for Princess Beatrice's Baby.

For the exclusive benefit of l