ONE CENT A MONTH.

John Smith's Munificent Salary for Three Years.

San Francisco Alta.

At the Pacific Club a few evenings ago the talk turned to the possibilities of mathametics, and one of the group said: Year before last a bright looking young man entered our counting-room in response to an advertisement for an assistant shipping clerk. He told the usual tale of how he desired a position more than wages for the time being, and was willing to accept a nominal salary to start on. The old man was feeling in particularly good humor that afternoon, and said pleasantly to the new comer:

"Well, sir, what would you consider a nominal salary? What would you be willing to accept in beginning?

The young man picked at the lining of his hat with his fingers, and deferentially replied:

"I want to show you sir, that I mean business, and I will work for one cent the remainder of this month, providing you think it would not be too much to double my salary each month hereafter."

"That's a novel proposition, surely," said the old man, with a smile. "Do you know what you're talking about, my dear boy?"

"Well, sir, my principal aim is to learn the business," responded the young fellow, and I would be almost willing to work for nothing, but I'd like to feel and be able to say that I was earning something, you know."

"I'll take you," remarked the old man, decisively. "One cent, two cents, four cents, eight, sixteen," he enumerated. "You won't get much for a while," he added.

He took him up to the cashier. "This is John Smith," he said. "He will go to work as assistant shipping-clerk to-morrow. His salary will be one cent this month. Double it every month from now on."

"In consideration of my working for this small salary, I might ask you to assure me a position for a definite period?" inquired John Smith.

"We don't usually do that," replied the Governor, "but we can't lose much on you, anyhow, I guess, and you look like an honest fellow. How long do you want employment?"

"Three years, sir, if agreeable to you."

Well by Jove the old man agreed, and young Mr. Smith, on pretense of wanting some evidence of the stability of his place, got the Governor to write out and sign a paper that he had been guaranteed a position in the house for three years on the terms I have stated.

He worked along for six months without drawing a cent. He said he would draw all his earnings at Christmas. The cashier one day thought he'd figure up how much would be coming to the young man. He grew so interested in the project that he kept multiplying for the three years. The result almost staggered him. This is the column of figures he took up to the old man.

First month, .01; second, .02; third, .04; fourth, .08; fifth, .16; sixth, .32; seventh, .64; eighth, $1.28; ninth, $2.56; tenth, $5.12; eleventh, $10.24; twelfth, $20.48; thirteenth, $40.96; fourteenth, $81.92; fifteenth, $163.84; sixteenth, $327.68; seventeenth, $655.36; eighteenth, $1,311.72; nineteenth, $2,623.54; twentieth, $5,247.08; twenty-first, $10,494.16; twenty-second, $20,988.32; twenty-third, $41,976.64; twenty-fourth, $82,953.28; twenty-fifth, $165,906.56; twenty-sixth, $331,813.12; twenty-seventh, $663,626.24; twenty-eighth, $1,327,352.48; twenty-ninth, $2,654,504.96; thirtieth, $4,609,009.92; thirty-first, $8,618,019.84; thirty second; $17,236,039.68; thirty-third, $34,472,078.38; thirty-fourth, $68,944,156.72; thirty-fifth, $137,888,313.44; thirty-sixth, $275,776,626.88; total salary for three years, $552,554,253.65.

The Governor nearly fainted when he understood how, even if he were twice as rich as Vanderbilt, he would be ruined in paying John Smith's salary. He concluded to discharge the modest young man as once. Smith had figured up how much would be due him, and reminded the old man of his written agreement. Rather than take chances in courts and let everybody know how he had been duped, the Governor paid Smith $5,000 and bade him good-by. I've heard he tried the same dodge in Chicago after leaving here.

Saved a Kentuckian's Life.

Chicago Herald.

A Rock Island train had just left Moline, Ill., and was slowly crossing the big iron bridge over the wide waters of the Mississippi, when a tall passenger, with a huge moustache and watery eyes looked out from under a slouch hat, jumped excitedly to his feet and shouted:

"Conductor! Hyah, Conductor! Are we in Iowy yet?"

"No, responded that official; but what if we ain't?"

"Then stop this train. Stop her, quick. Stop her!"

"But I don't see any reason why the train should be stopped."

"Stop her, I tell ye. By so doing you can save the life ot one of your passengers. I beg of you stop the train."

The conductor, wondering at the cause of this strange request, hesitated a moment, and then reached for the bell cord. In a few seconds the train came to a standstill, when the excited passenger again inquired:

"Are you sure we are not in Iowy?"

The conductor looked out of the car window and assured his passenger that the train was still in Illinois.

"Then," replied the man with the big moustache and watery eyes, "you have saved my life. I thank you. Only a few minutes ago I read this hand-bill, which says dinner is now ready in the dining-car, and that no liquors will be sold while the train is running through Iowy. Please, Mr. Conductor, hold your train here two mintues till I run back to the buffet and get my bottle filled. Do the legislative galoots out this way think a Kentucky gentleman could ride clear across the State of Iowy with an empty bottle?"

Emmaline Prescott, of Hallowell, is one of the characters of Maine, she is over fifty years old, and for more than twenty-five years has peddled pins and needles, and such small wares, from house to house through the country. She wears the bloomer costume, a full skirt reaching to the knees, with close-fitting trousers. She is modest, gentle, and the soul of benevolence. She says that if women knew what a comfort the bloomer was, they'd all wear it.

A couple from Bangor, Me., were married near Boston some weeks ago, and started homeward by rail, leaving their gifts to follow in the steamer City of Cambridge, which went to pieces on the coast of Maine. They have recently learned that the box of presents drifted ashore, and that the silver table-ware was in use among the fishermen all along the coast, while the less serviceable pictures and ornaments decorated their cabins. The owners have gone in quest.

THE LITTLE DARK DOCTOR.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

From Harper's Bazaar.

The doctors all said that Ladislaw must go to Europe to recover his health, and Ladislaw said I must go with him; but it was necessary that he should travel with a physician, who would watch the variations of his pulse, and a friend introduced him to the "little dark Doctor," as Ladislaw described him to me, who, having been overworked himself, needed a vacation. On my part, I had my chaperon, to be sure—a widow, not too old and not too frivolous, who knew how to be blind at discretion, and who was at the same time, so dreadfully near-sighted that she could hardly distinguish a flirtation from a quarrel, and who, moreover, never made her appearance on deck after the first day during the whole voyage. I found the Doctor a great convenience, you may be sure. Ladislaw said one would suppose I was his patient; but Ladislaw always exaggerates a little about such things. Our passage was long and rough, and Heaven only knows what I should have done but for the little dark Doctor! If I wanted an extra wrap—and one always does on shipboard—or a book, or my chair moved, he was at hand. He read to me on calm days, he sang to me little Spanish and Italian ballads on moonlight nights; he beguiled me with anecdotes of his profession when we sat upon deck in a heavy swell, with our chairs lashed to the house, and the spray driving over us—that is, unless Mr. Finch, the English gentleman who had made our acquaintance through Ladislaw, stole a march upon him, and erected a canopy over my head with his umbrella and mackintosh, or gave me his arm for a promenade on the tipsy deck. The doctor, however, lavished his attentions upon me with an air which made one sensible that he would do as much for any womankind who happened in his way; that there was nothing personal or particular in his devotion. Perhaps I divined his feeling from the perfect case with which he made himself at home with me, as if I were merely a companionable cousin or other indifferent feminine relative. Shall I ever forget that pitch-black night—"a very Walpurgis night," the doctor had said, earlier—when the engine stopped suddenly, like a tired-out heart, on the Irish coast, and all the gentlemen came tearing up from the card-room, and the ladies, in all degrees of toilettes, from their state-rooms, forgetful of seasickness or appearances; and I, with sudden visions of shipwreck in that plunging sea, with the bustle of launching lifeboats, and the terror of being swung into one, and possibly dropping between the two, rising before me like a spectral scene, fainted outright upon the deck, and waked to find myself in the Doctor's arms in the saloon?

You thought this was the end of the world?" he said, smiling as only the dark Doctor could smile.

"I fancy that I am dead—and damned!" I answered laughing hysterically.

He dropped me upon the sofa and turned away. "They stopped to take soundings," he said. "It is nothing. You had better go to bed."

"Do you charge much for your advice?" I asked. Well good-night. I hope we may not meet in the life-boat."

One day in London, as we were walking through the dim old cloisters at the Abbey, and trying to spell out the names of the dusty dead on the worn pavement, having left Ladislaw and Mrs. Adams still-mooning in the Poets' Corner, the Doctor said:

"You were a little frightened that night on the Irish coast. To tell the truth, a small pipe in the engine broke; but there was no real danger, I suspect."

"And you were not frightened at all, knowing this?"

"I? We would all go together, you know. Your company would be as pleasant in heaven as on shipboard."

"Equivocal—but thank you. As for me, I like to choose my company, not have it thrust upon me."

"Yes!" he said, indifferently. "Whose company would you select?"

"I would select an artist, or a musician, or perhaps a poet."

"I see. In heaven they need no doctors."

"Nor on earth either, generally speaking." And then I impertinently repeated to him the little German legend of the Doctor whom Death paid a visit one day, and who, begging to defer the debt of Nature, offered to divide all his future patients with the King of Terrors; and so engrossed were we with this pastime that we barely escaped being locked into the Abbey.

"You do not think well of the profession," he said.

"Oh, don't I? But, honestly, do you think yourself that the one who voluntarily elects to live in the constant sight of disease and suffering can have a sensitive or æsthetic nature? And I love the æsthetic?

He did not answer, but looked at the yellow horn of the new moon, making a rift in the fog, which the sunset light faintly tinged, while I looked at him. There was certainly nothing æsthetic about the Doctor, if you except his triste mustache and his general shapeliness. I remember once, in Holland, as we steamed in a little packet to Zaandam, and counted the windmills and the cottage roofs that appeared to grow up behind the dikes, that he, happening to speak of himself, remarked that he had been mistaken sometimes for a Spaniard.

"Yes, you are dark enough to be the shadow of somebody else," I said.

"And your ideal is a blonde hero," he returned.

"How well you know my ideals!" I answered. "Like Bobby Shafto, fat and fair, combing down his yellow hair—of lofty stature. I'm certain Bobby was tall." The Doctor was incontestably short and thin.

"But the best things are in the smallest parcels." said Mrs. Adams coming to the rescue.

What a quaint old place we found Zaandam, where Peter the Great has left an odor of romance that seemed to cling to the little green cottages with their red-tiled roofs, which resembled the wooden villages of our infancy! And how the Doctor scowled when I wasted my substance on some vivid green pottery of an odd pattern!

"What's the use of buying such trash?" he asked.

"Ah, the æsthetic taste lacking. You call this waste; but you don't understand the art of economy. This green dish, that looks as if it were deformed, and that cost me exactly five cents, will look so foreign and fantastic in the garish light of America that my friends will think I have brought them a bonanza. Besides, I like to spend without counting the cost; I hate to count my money. I hate poverty, or a genteel sufficiency."

"In other words you love luxury."

"Have I ever confided my love to you? I love plenty, I confess. I should die of economy; it is worse than the gout for cramping one."

"You must marry a millionaire," said Mrs. Adams.

"First catch your hare," suggested Ladislaw.

"There's the Herr Docter," I heard Mrs. Adams say in an aside to Ladislaw.

"But he's not a millionaire, nor to caught with chaff."

I wondered if the Doctor's ears were as keen as mine; but his face betrayed nothing.

I think it was in Heidelberg that we met again our friend of the steamship, Mr. Finch. We had climbed to the Schloss, and found him seated in a loop-hole, so to speak, behind its curtain of ivy, sketching the scene.

"Mr. Finch!" I cried.

"Yes," said the Doctor; "a bird in the hand."

"He looks more like one in the bush just now," as he hopped down from his perch to greet us with effusion.

"Welcome to my studio," he said; "I am just sketching the valley of the Neckar in passing."

"What a lovely old ruin this is!" said Ladislaw.

"I like to think of the lords and ladies who made love on that old balcony in the sweet June weather," Mr. Finch replied, "or when the moonlight overlay the valley, who are only a handful of dust to-day."

"I suppose their ghosts walk there?" asked Ladislaw.

"Certainly. What's an old ruin without a ghost?"

"Oh! I wish I could see one!" I cried.

The Doctor "pshawed." "You base materialist! you do not deserve the vision."

"If you will come up here with me some starlight night," vouchsafed Mr. Finch, "we may be able to unearth one."

"And Mrs. Adams will come too," said Ladislaw.

It was Mr. Finch who "pshawed" this time, but beneath his breath.

"Certaintly," put in the Doctor. "Mrs. Adams is as eager to see a ghost as yourself. You should extend to her all the advantages of foreign travel."

But, for all that, Mrs. Adams did not see one. I met Mr. Finch on the staircase the following evening, and we slipped out of the hotel and up to the Schloss, while the others supposed I was writing letters in the retirement of my own room. Was it very wrong? I dare say Mr. Finch thought so. We wandered up and about the old place with its haunting shadows, startling bats and owls and all sorts of night-moths from the tapestry of ivy, while he repeated ghostly verses and whispered a good many ghostly nothings. And I had my reward. For while we rested in a recess that looked out upon the dark sky and river, the moon shot out a beam between the clouds, and revealed the shadows of two figures on the balcony.

"There, I told you you should see a ghost. You are not faint? It is really only two lovers," said Mr. Finch.

Was I faint? Judge whether the sensation that possessed me was fear or pain. I had recognized one of the shadows as that of the "Herr Doctor." As they stirred and walked slowly out of sight, I saw that the lady was veiled, and leaned confidingly upon the doctor's arm. But what business was that of mine? What was the doctor to me, or I to the doctor? Plainly, nothing.

"I think we had better go down," I said presently, to Mr. Finch.

"Those shadows that passed," he said, "are a noble lady who eloped one dark night with her physician. They have been dust these hundred years, but as punishment are doomed to retrace their steps every night. Don't you want to stay till we see the old noble, her father, with all his retainers and men at arms, stalk in ghostly pursuit?"

"S'mother night," I answered, frivolously. "If Mrs. Adams finds I am not in my room—"

"What would she do?"

"Send the Herr Doctor after me."

"And the Herr Doctor is not a favorite," complacently, as we went slowly down the steep.

I lay awake till late that night, wondering who the veiled lady might be. The doctor looked very innocent next morning, and so did I—I hope.

"Why do you look at me in that tone of voice?" he asked, when my eyes had been involuntarily fixed upon him for some time, trying to unravel the mystery.

"I was looking into vacancy," I answered, briefly.

"Speaking of vacancy, have you seen Mr. Finch to-day?"

"Mr. Finch is a highly æsthetic nature," I began.

"And you love the æsthetic—bird of a feather!"

"By the way," I ventured, "why didn't you come up and play cards with us last evening?"

"Did you wait for me?" he asked, regarding me gravely.

"I can't say that I did. But I hate to play with dummy."

"And did you play with dummy?"

"Is this the New England Catechism, Herr Doctor?"

"The New England conscience and Catechism went out of fashion, I believe, some time ago."

"Yes; I fancied you no longer had any use for them," I said.

"No; when I am with the Romans, I do as the Romans do;" and then we both laughed, and Ladislaw said we were like two quarrelsome children. "I expect you will be boxing each other's ears next thing."

"No," said the Doctor; "I always give a kiss for a blow."

But for all that, I couldn't help being a little distant to him afterward, whenever I remembered the veiled lady at Heidelberg Castle. He used to call me "Lady April," I was so inconstant in my moods. I don't know how it happened, but after this, wherever we went, Mr. Finch was sure to be there before us, or to follow later. The Doctor called him my shadow, and Ladislaw said he thought my shadow was the only thing about me which the doctor disliked. But, for my part, I was growing rather tired of Mr. Finch and his everlasting prating about medieval art, and color, and what not; and I couldn't go to a picture-gallery unless he attached himself, and explained the pictures loud enough for all creation to overhear, while I was anxious they should suppose that I had been familiar with the masterpieces all my days, and was only looking at them out of a sincere appreciation of the beautiful. I'm afraid I liked better the Doctor's method of going through a picture-gallery in ten minutes, and the scientific air with which he regarded Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy" in Amsterdam for two minutes, and remarked, patronizingly, that "the arm and hand were well laid open," as if Rembrandt was a pupil in the dissecting-room. But Mrs. Adams said, "I ought to be thankful for such an instructor in art, and that probably Mr. Finch was a nobleman travelling incognito."

"He lives in a castle in the air, I fancy," I said.

But she would go on encouraging his attentions, and he would go on following us hither and thither. Well, we were in Germany at Christmas-time, and we had a Christmas-tree all to ourselves. The Doctor and I went out to select it, and it seemed as if the Black Forest had walked into the market-places. It took a good while to find the right one, and we went out day after day, till Ladislaw said it looked as if we were waiting for one to grow. However, we had it planted in our own parlor, and such lovely things we coaxed into blossom upon it. It was the most wonderful tree in the whole world, when it was fairly in bloom; hung with cut papers that resembled fine gold chains, dripping with a delicate dew of silver, dropping golden pine cones, grown in fairy-land, and silver acorns and walnuts, budding with real roses and lilies, mignonette and Parma violets, blossoming into gorgeous cornucopias of gorgeous sweetmeats, and lighted by a hundred tapers. The Doctor took a keen pleasure in it, as if we were two children. I enjoyed it all of course, as if it were a dream—a poem; but the vision of the veiled lady would rise up anon, and seemed to ask if I had forgotten her, although at times she had seemed like the baseless fabric of a dream. The Doctor and I were extinguishing the tapers, after Mrs. Adams and Ladislaw had gone to their rooms, when he stopped humming the Lorelei, and said, turning to me, "here is a little flower that Christmas trees sometimes bear, which you have overlooked. The reason I was so long in selecting the tree was because I wanted one that was sure to bear this kind of blossom," and he held in his palm a tiny ring box in which a circlet of pearls gleamed. I put out my hand; just then the veiled lady seemed to sweep between us, her long veil almost obscuring the Doctor's face. "Shall I put it on your finger, mein Liebling, for better or worse?" he was asking.

I withdrew my hand. "I did not understand," I stammered; "I do not wear rings." And he blew out the last candle as I left the room.

The Doctor was preparing to leave at this time, having only agreed to spend six months with Ladislaw, who was now restored; but Ladislaw, knowing nothing of his discomfiture, would have him stay over the New-Year; and, as the custom is in Germany, we lighted our Christmas tree again on New Year's, and talked over other dead years, and kept each other awake till all the chimes of the old city pealed midnight with a hundred mellow tongues; then we opened the balcony doors, and listened to the weird music and the voices in the street calling a "Happy New-Year" from far and near; and presently some one stopped beneath us, and sang an Abendlied sweet as the murmuring of a little brook among the grasses, tender as a lullaby.

"A happy New-Year, Mr. Finch," I cried. "Come up and say good-morning."

Then, as I leaned over the Christmas tree to blow out a candle that had burned down to the evergreen, and was making a rich, pungent odor in the room, the lace shawl I had thrown over my head caught in the flame of another candle, and in an instant I seemed to be standing in the centre of a flame. I never knew exactly what happened. I seem to remember seeing the Doctor's face through that red mist, and perhaps Mr. Finch's, I cannot be sure, and then darkness. When I came to myself I was in bed, and the little Doctor was feeling my pulse; and I just lifted myself on my elbow to look in the big mirror opposite, and then buried my head in the pillow. I can never repeat all the nice things the Doctor said just then; how I was dearer to him than even in my beauty; how no flame was so strong as his love, or could burn it to ashes.

"And the veiled lady?" I asked, irrelevantly.

"The veiled lady?" he repeated.

"Yes. Who was she? In the evening at Heidelberg Castle. You must remember. Don't try to deceive me."

"Yes"—and the smile was leaping from every dimple—"yes; the veiled lady of Heidelberg Castle was—Mrs. Adams, your chaperon."

"Yes," said Mrs. Adams afterward, "confess that you thought very little of the woman who would walk to the Schloss with the Doctor alone at that hour. I had missed you, and we went in pursuit."

"And has Mr. Finch been to ask for me?" I inquired later. "Did he send me those Jaqueminot roses?"

"Mr. Finch is not at liberty to inquire for you just now," answered Mrs. Adams, "and roses are not exactly in his line. He has thrown off his disguise."

"And has he turned out to be a cuckoo, or a nightingale?"

"He has turned out to be only a jail-bird, my dear. He has been a famous forger, that is all."

Domestic Life in Washington.

Washington correspondents are greatly given to portraying the gay and fashionable aspects of domestic life at the capital. A view of the other side of the picture shows that all is not glitter and pretense and hollow conventionality. Here is a pleasing sketch furnished in a letter to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat:

A place where all the world meets is at the market, and on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and more especially Saturdays, all the world is there. While waiting for the roasts to be skewered and the chops "Frenched," the matrons have a chance for a stray word with their friends, and notices of charitable meetings and other important communications are quite regularly kept, to be given during the market hour. The women who shone most by dresses and diamonds at an evening's entertainment are to be met in the market house the following morning, intent on provisioning their houses. Mrs. Blaine was always a regular patron of the large market, and her eagle eye was never to be misled by any tricks, or false appearances. Other ladies of equal eminence are still met there, and Mrs. John Davis, Mrs. Curtin, Mrs. Sheridan, and a quorum of senators' wives are regularly to be encountered before the stalls of the butchers, fish and game men. The attractions of the market here are the numerous florists' stands, where cut flowers are piled in fragrant heaps, grouped in jugs and sold for a song, and the ladies can never resist their attractions. It has passed into a standing joke in some families for pater familias to cast a rueful glance at a cluster of fresh flowers on the dinner table, and if the floral display be especially attractive, to declare that the dinner is going to be short of something to make up for the heavy purchase of flowers. Men have not yet reached the stage where they can dine on Jack roses.

Equal to the Occasion.

He had been courting a West End girl for a long time, but he has quit now. It happened Sunday night after church. They were sitting as close together as the sofa would permit. She looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble blue eyes. "George," she murmured with a tremor in her voice, "didn't you tell me once you would be willing to do any great act of heroism for my sake?" "Yes, Fannie; and I gladly reiterate that statement now," he replied in confident tones. "No noble Roman of old was ever fired with a loftier ambition, a braver resolution than I." "Well, George, I want you to do something real heroic for me." "Speak, darling; what is it?" "Ask me to be your wife. We've been fooling long enough." The sequel, adds the Washington Critic, is contained in the preface.

Skeggs' Bound Girl.

"Now be quick about it, and don't stand there lookin' at me that way. Them eyes o' yourn is enough to give one the creeps, they air that ugly. I wish they'd a sent one a girl with blue eyes. I never could abide black ones, there's something so evil in 'em. [Crash.] Well, jest look there! if that ain't the second dish you've broke this week. I'll cuff you for that, I will. You'll go without your dinner now, too. We'll see if you can't learn to be more careful. Sech a thing as you air is enough to wear one's life out."

The "thing" referred to turned to her work. There was a sudden scowl upon the face—a little dark, colorless face, lit up with great, black, wide-open eyes, that were just now shining with a vindictive expression that was anything but pleasant. "How I do hate her," she was saying to herself, as she clinched her small fists. "She is always callin' me ugly. As if I could help it." Then she fell to wondering if by any means the color of her eyes might be changed. She had never heard of such a thing, but if they only could, what a great boon it would be to her. Her mother had thought her eyes beautiful, but she was so different from anybody else. If she could have them changed to blue, just exactly the color of the sky, how pretty they would be. So engrossed was she with the idea that she forgot for a time all about her mistress and her surroundings. But that rasping voice again broke the silence. "Do dabble away there in the water, an' be all the forenoon washin' them dishes. 'Pears as if you tries to see how aggrivatin' you kin be. You never stop to think I reckon, that you ought to do somethin' to pay for the home, an' clothes, and vituals you git; but that's the way with sech creeters as you—they're always ongrateful. I don't know what ever put it into my head to want a boun' girl anyway. If you don't do better I'll jest turn you over to the poor-house, I will."

The "creeter" looked at her mistress. If she only dared to speak what a relief it would be. What ugly, hateful words she would spit forth. A home? And what a home! A bare room in the garret, with a hard, scant bed. She did not mind that, if they would only speak to her kindly sometimes, or give her now and then a word of encouragement or commendation. Clothes? Look at them—cast off garments of her mistress, hastily cut down, ill fitting, faded, and worn. She did not care for the holes in them, or for the fit of them. If they had been put on her by loving hands no queen in robes of velvet would have been happier. Food? The very coarsest. She was never allowed any tid-bits. With what hungry eyes she sometimes watched Mrs. Skeggs caress her boy, Sammy, and feed him sweetmeats—hungering not so much for the sweetmeats as for the caresses. Would anybody ever love her again? she wondered. Not since the day her mother, with an effort, turned her white face toward her, and laying her thin hand upon her head tenderly, had whispered, for her voice was nearly gone: "Janie, be a good girl, and we will meet again by and by," had there been a loving word spoken to her. That was only two years ago, but it seemed an age to the little waif. She had looked in tearful perplexity while they screwed down the lid of the rough coffin in which her mother lay, but no one paid any attention to her. She remembered one neighbor woman had said to another: "What an uncanny little thing it is; she's all eyes." After they had carried her mother away she was sent to a children's almshouse, and in a little time a home was provided for her "out west" in the Skeggs family. She was known as Skeggs' bound girl. The neighbors sometimes remarked that it was very kind of Mrs. Skeggs to take that girl to raise; they wouldn't want such a responsibility.

"Well, what air you standin' there about? Why don't you scour your knives now? You always have to wait to be told. And do take them eyes off me. If I had such ugly eyes I'd never look at ennybody." So the day wore away. The days since she came to the Skeggs family were always tedious, but this one seemed unusually long, perhaps because she had to go without her dinner. She had snatched a crust unperceived, but toward evening she felt faint with hunger, and oppressed with an unaccountable heaviness.

She was drawing a pail of water at the well when Sammy came in from the field with his father. He was a great, overgrown, freckled-faced boy of 12. His father went on to the barn, but Sammy, seeing that Jane had just about got her bucket to the top slipped up behind her, grabbing her arms so suddenly that in fright she let go the windlass, and away rolled the heavy bucket to the bottom again. Sammy, who thought it his legitimate right to tease the "boun' girl" whenever he chose to, burst into loud laughter, but Jane had borne much during the day, and this was the last straw. Snatching up a stick that lay convenient, with a voice full of passion she declared she'd "kill him!" There was no doubt murder in her heart, but the slenderness of the stick, and Sammy's overgrown bulk, were insurmountable difficulties in the way. Something unusual in her manner convinced Sammy she was terribly in earnest. He ran into the house crying, "Ma, Jane says she'll kill me." Mrs. Skeggs sent Sammy for his father. Consternation seized the family. What should be done with a creature that showed such dangerous proclivities? "It's born and bred in her," moaned Mrs. Skeggs, "and however air we goin' to break her?" It was decided that she must be whipped, but Jane was like an animal at bay, dumb, but full of fight. So Mr. Skeggs was obliged to give her a good beating before he could subdue her. She was then dragged up stairs and thrust into her little room. She sat down on the one rickety wooden chair by the window. For a time she was conscious of only one feeling, and that was anger; but after a while other thoughts took possession of her. She went back to her parting from her mother, and wondered what she meant by saying they would meet again. She had heard something about heaven. Her mother had said she was going to her home in the sky. Mrs. Skeggs had told her that only good people went to heaven, and if she didn't mend her ways she would never get there; God could never love such an ill-natured, ugly creature as she. Still her ideas of heaven were very vague. She looked up at the broad expanse of blue, where the stars were just beginning to twinkle, for twilight was just disappearing into the deeper shades of night. She thought the sky very beautiful, but how did people get there? The ache in her heart seemed the biggest part of her now. It filled her breast, and choked her breath. Someone opened her door and put a plate of bread and a mug of water on the floor. She was not hungry now, so she sat still, watching the stars and listening to the frogs croaking in the meadow swale, and the crickets chirping under the window. Suddenly a voice seemed to speak to her: "Why don't you leave them?" She sprang to her feet electrified. Why had she not thought of that before? Yes, she would go. Eagerly she ate of the bread and drank the water. Then she sat down to wait for the family to retire. How the stars sparkled and laughed in her face; the very frogs seemed croaking: "Come! Come!" She clasped her hands together in ecstacy. She would go out into the beautiful, unknown world. What might she not find? Perhaps—aye, perhaps she would find heaven. She listened—only an owl hooting mournfully in the distance.

At 10 o'clock the house was all quiet. Jane got out of her window upon the roof of the low porch, then crept quietly to the corner furtherest from the farmer's sleeping room and easily slipped down the post to the ground. She hurried to the open highway. Awe-stricken, she looked around. She had never been out at night alone before, but she would not go back, not the worst of hobgoblins could equal the horrors she was leaving behind. So she walked on. After a time the moon came up and looked smilingly down upon the wanderer. "What a kind face it has," she thought; "may be that's God," and she was no longer afraid. The dark shadows of the trees, with bright patches of moonlight between, charmed her. The scene reminded her, some way, of the fairy tales her mother used to tell her. On, and on she went, but how tired she was growing, and what a strange, confused feeling in her head. She was now in the outskirts of a village. Creeping under a vine-clad porch she laid down.

"John, see, she is coming to. Why, the poor little pale thing! What beautiful eyes she has, John."

"Oh," thought Jane, "this must be heaven." She looked up; a sweet face was bending over her.

"What do you suppose ever brought her to our porch, John? How pitiful and sorrowful she looks. I wonder if she lay there all night? Here, Maggie, get the tub ready, we will give her a bath and put her right to bed—her pulse seems feverish—make her some gruel."

Yes, it must be heaven, for had they not spoken kindly to her, and called her eyes beautiful. She felt she could be good here. "It must not be so hard to be good when people are kind to you," she argued.

Jane lay in that soft bed sleeping the most of the time, but when awake only about half conscious until the afternoon of the next day, when a voice from the adjoining room reached her ears, startling her into the full possession of her faculties. "It's my boun' girl, sure. We've been lookin' everywhere for her. She's an awful piece, too. Why, the very day she left the little wretch tried to kill my boy Sammy."

Jane got right out of bed. Where were her clothes? She could not find them. No matter, she must go in her night-clothes—anything to get away from that woman. She tried to raise the window, but she had no strength. Everything seemed growing dark. When a few minutes later the good lady of the house came in to look after her charge she found her on the floor in a dead faint. They restored her to consciousness, but she soon became delirious. "Don't let them take me back," she raved. I can't be good there. I want to stay here where they love me." I a few days the fever had done its work. The "little wretch" lay quiet and peaceable enough, with her hands crossed on her bosom, and eyelids closed over the black eyes forever. She was well out of the reach of the Skeggs family—the bound girl was free.

Friends at Breakfast.

From the French of Alexis Clerc.

"The more we know men the more we love beasts," said Gavarni.

And the old peasant, if he did not say it, thought so.

He had hunted all morning in the woods, then about noon he had seated himself upon a stone in the shade of the tall beeches, had laid his gun down beside him, a superb gun—"a present from Monsieur." He had killed a hare, a magnificent hare; he had placed it on the moss beside his gun, to enjoy his success while he was breakfasting. Then he took from his game-bag a big piece of bread, some bacon, a full gourd, and all three had breakfast—himself and his two dogs.

At the same time they talked—all three; they talked silently, without saying a word, speaking only with their eyes. And they understood each other; for gradually, as their hunger was appeased, the looks of all three became sad. The old man's brow had grown dark; black thoughts and memories were flitting before him; and his friends, his two good dogs, rubbed affectionately against his limbs. One sat back on his haunches and his intelligent head rested on his master's shoulder; the other lay, right in front of him as though to remind him that he was there, devoted and loving.

He was thinking.

"She is 22 now—six years ago—six years already—she left me. She was 16 when the Countess took her away from me to make her her waiting-maid. I didn't want to give her, I didn't. Something told me that I should never see her again. She was all that was left me to depend on for happiness and peace in my old days. And now I have nothing to love—nothing to love."

And his hands patted the two animals which seemed to be telling him. "Courage, O friend."

He thought on:

"I had had a hard time. Those I called my friends deceived me; one night's fire destroyed the result of my twenty years' work. My poor wife had been long gone; she had gone to meet in the flowery cemetery all her sons who were sleeping under the sod and whom she could not survive. There were only the two of us, Emma and I—we were poor, very poor. She was not brave enough to endure poverty with me; she wanted to earn money, wear fine clothes, live in fine rooms; she preferred to serve others rather than to remain with me and earn her daily black bread by farm labor. Poor girl!

"There are so many who do like her. She didn't think that the Paris she was going to was a gulf, and that that gulf swallows up girls who are beautiful and who are led away by the love of fine things. She didn't know that a child's heart is a flower which men have little respect for over there. Her master's son was first to tarnish her purity, then she herself left her seducer and—now what has become of her?

"Does she even think of her poor father sometimes? Does she think that when he goes through the village he holds down his head so that he won't see a smile or a look that would tell him that people know what his daughter is doing in Paris? Does she know that he dares not offer his hand to any one lest they should ask him for news about her? That he never goes on Sunday to the public house with his cronies as he used to; that he does not go to mass to sing as he used to—before that; that he's even afraid to go to the cemetery, where he might hear a voice from the grave of the forgotten mother reproaching him for having let her child go?"

Tears flowed fast down the old man's thin and weather-beaten cheeks, and his breast heaved with sighs.

But suddenly the dogs jump up, bark furiously and plunge into a copse. The old man lifts his head—and, drying his tears away, bidding grief be gone, he grasps his gun.

"The devil!" he exclaims—"a buck! After him, Fox! after him, Towser!"

Hartford now prohibits the selling of Sunday newspapers on the streets after 10 a. m.

Mr. Potter, an English shipbuilder, obtained a separation by reason of his wife's cruelty.

Seventeen bushels of wheat is the product from one grain of seed in three years on a Dakota farm.

In Portugal elections are held on Sunday in the churches and the ballot-box stands between two saints.

No fewer than 100,000 cattle chew the cud on ex-Senator Dorsey's ranch in Colfax county, New Mexico.

The new town of Dunreith, in Dakota, offers $300 and a town lot to the first boy baby born in the place.

Mr. Tennyson admits that he once tried for six weeks to be a vegetarian, but slipped on Christmas roast pig.

Important

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

615 rooms, fitted up at the cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day, European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

IN THE COUNTRY ALL SUMMER.

The man who takes his family into the country for the summer should remember that he will save his children a gread deal of pain and himself a large amount of money in doctors' bills, if he is thoughtful enough to carry a supply of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. The medicine is a standard specific for all cases of cramps, colic cholera morbus, diarrhœa, or dysentery

Rev. H. R. Hawels, the musical enthusiast, is a diminutive, dark, affable man, with black eyes, hair and side-whiskers and usually dresses in black.

Hall's Hair Renewer is cooling to the scalp and cures all itching eruptions.

For ague, bilious, intermittent, breakbone and swamp fevers, use Ayer's Ague Cure.

Men are scarce in Dakota. Mrs. Jackson of Bismarck, was compelled to clean out her own well, and it caved in and killed her.

Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhea, impotency and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocele, Hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalid's Guide Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Cheshire, Mass., farmers are disposing of their surplus apples at $10 a ton, to be shipped to a mince meat factory in Mexico.

Sick and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By Druggists.

It is estimated that not less than 130,000,000 tons of mine waste are heaped in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania.

* * * Delicate diseases of either sex radically cured. Send 10 cents in stamps for book. Address, World's Dispensary Medical association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A woman in a Congregational church in the west asked for $10 from the deacons' fund to help her to procure a divorce.

What Is the Use

Of your dragging yourself around, day after day, without any life or activity, feeling all tired out and miserable, when you might be as quick and lively and strong as ever? Take care of yourself at once, or in the depleted condition of your system, a complaint otherwise trivial, may fasten upon you with serious or fatal result. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to build up your entire system, to purify and quicken your blood, and to give you appetite and strength.

"Being run down from hard work I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and it so built me up that I have continued its use. I have great faith in it as a blood purifier and regulator." J. A. SMITH, Commercial Bulletin office, Boston, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier has no equal. It tones the system, strengthens and invigorates, giving new life. I have taken it for kidney complaint with the best results." D. R. SAUNDERS, 81 Pearl Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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The Providence dairy company of Rhode Island, made 1,750,000 pounds of bogus butter last year.

Shoe and hardware dealers sell Lyon's Heel Stiffeners. They keep boots and shoes straight.

Sixteen colleges in this country are said to be on the lookout for presidents.

"Strictly Vegetable" is Strictly True When applied to Carter's Little Liver Pills. No Mercury.

Bishop Tuttle of Utah, has been elected bishop of Missouri, in place of the late Dr. Robertson.

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The city of Denver has substituted electricity for gas in street lighting.

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ANSWERED.

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