A YEAR AGO.

Just a little year ago
You used to me
Even yet I scarcely know
How such things can be.

Did you mean it all the time?
Were you false or true?
Is it change of place or clime
That has altered you?

Did you think to love me still?
Did your fancy stray?
Did you discover a rival your will
When you went away?

Do you still remember this,
Many months ago?
Ah! you left your careless kiss
Printed on my heart.

Little did your soul divine
That the year would see
Your dear heart, close kult to mine,
Drift away from me.

Yet I dream you brave and true;
Through the mists of pain
Still I stretch my hands to you
Till we meet again.

Just a year ago!
Ah! my eyes are wet!
Could I but know you know
I can wait for yet!

Chambers's Journal.

Barren Honors.

Have you ever known poverty? O, my reader. I have, the saddest poverty of all, which tries to keep up appearances. My mother was left early a widow, with five children, all girls. We inherited nothing from our well-born ancestors, save well-formed noses, white hands and feet, and cultivated voices. My mother was a proud and courageous woman, and if I am forced to impute blame to her, let the reader never imagine that I am ungrateful for the love and care with she gave to my childhood, or unmindful of the terrible sacrifices which entailed her. So scarce was money with us that we early learned to rise from a daintily-served dinner cruely hungry, and darn, and re-darn our spotlessly clean, though simple dress. Poor mother, hers was a stern rule, but I think at the long hence during which she played the part of housekeeper, governess and seamstress and marvel at her strength of mind and body.

We lived in a country village, for any city residence would have been beyond our reach, and notwithstanding poverty had the entree of every great house in the country. If mamma seldom availed herself of such privileges it was that no decent clothes were forthcoming wherewith she might clothe herself and us.

When I was 17 I was invited to spend a few months with our father's cousin, a Mrs. Beaumont, who lived in great style in London. She was that most adored of beings, a childless widow, but to drive in Hyde Park, or even Regent Park, was bliss to me, and when I had settled my mother into an expression meant deeply sympathetic I felt free to turn but an inattentive ear to my companion's long list of "sinking spells," "nervous headaches" spasms," with which according to her own account, she was constantly and mysteriously seized. That I might do her some credit, Mrs. Beaumont ordered a suitable outfit for me, and fine clothes and good food soon transformed me from a pale, stooping, dark-eyed strip of a girl, into a tall, upright, handsome young woman. She was too hopelessly sunk in self to observe the change, and it was not until her favorite nephew came on his annual visit that the admiration which his young face too plainly showed, opened her eyes to the fact that I was that dangerous specimen of humanity—a penniless beauty.

A sense was troublesome, therefore my hostess contented herself with declaring herself very much worse, and ordering her doctor to prescribe sea air. Jack Beaumont was expected to accompany her to the Isle of Wight, and I was packed off home. I shall never forget my mother's start of surprise when she saw the change in my appearance. All that evening she remained very thoughtful, and I began to fear that my unexpected return was hardly welcome, until two days later, when, with her sweetest smile, she informed me that I was to put on one of my most becoming dresses, and behave my prettiest as she expected an old friend to luncheon. My younger sisters were sent off to partake of a cold dinner in the school-room, while all things completed, with a view to impress our guest with the idea that we fared sumptuously every day, my mother and I awaited Lord Silurian in the drawing room. I knew him to be some 10 years the oldest, as to his England's peers, and I had heard a whisper that mamma might have been his countess had her youthful beauty been much more attractive by the hundred thousands of pounds sterling which the lady that he eventually married had brought him.

He came, a grim-faced, stiff old gentleman, who put up a double eyeglass and scanned me closely. A glance of mutual dislike passed between mamma and his lordship, which did not tend to put me at my ease. However, I rose and talked as well as I could, with a beating heart. At luncheon I was ordered off for a walk with the others, and that evening my mother told me, saying: "Lord Silurian will bring his son, Lord Trenton, to call on Wednesday." There was something in her look and tone that sent me to my bed with a "sudden sinking" of heart, much more real than any of poor Cousin Beaumont's.

What need to dwell on the wretched details of the next few weeks. Lord Trenton came, saw, and, as it eventually proved, conquered. I thought him a most vacant youth, but my mother explained that he was much struck with me, and "such a dear, simple shy boy, notwithstanding his great wealth and high position."

I made a brave fight, for I was no Ipb genis, but mother's stern reminder of all I owed, and of the wretched future which opened before my four young sisters, of the long struggle with sickening poverty which had made my life sum total of her life, finally wore out my desperate opposition, and I burned the half dozen dried flowers Jack Beaumont had given me, and received congratulation of the country on my elevation to the rank of a future countess. Mother, triumphant, wrote announcing my speedy marriage to Mrs. Beaumont, and still Jack made no sign.

The wedding day came, and I had seen my bridegroom but two times. On these occasions his father and mamma had been in the room. Lady Silurian I had never seen at all; her husband brought me a magnificent tiara, necklace, ear-rings and brocelets of diamonds—the Silurian diamonds were famed and suggested that his wife was too great an invalid to present them in person.

I have small recollection of the ceremony; but I remember that my father-in-law bent over and guided his son's hand when he signed the registry, laughing, and call ar him a nervous fellow. I wrote my maiden name, Olive Chase, for the last time, and immediately after I was hurried into a carriage and, accompanied by my father-in-law and husband, began the twenty-mile drive which brought us to Limestone Towers, the home of the Silurian family.

During the whole of the drive Lord Trenton never opened his lips. His father, for very lack of something to say on the weather, offered me sandwiches and sherry, and never took his eyes off his beloved son until that individual, muttering something of me, unloading his sank into a profound slumber.

A host of servants lined the hall through which I passed on my husband's arm; but the aspect of the towers struck me with a cold dread. I was thankful when Lord Silurian intimated that my presence at the dinner table would not be expected, and that my introduction to my mother-in-law would take place the following morning.

I made a hasty dinner alone, in one of the magic florent rooms which had been set apart for me, and slipping on a gorgeous wrapper I tried to forget my woes in the pages of some of my favorite books. Ere long my tired head fell back on the sofa cushion and I slept.

I awoke with a cry, and a sense of terror. A number of twinkling lights, soft radiance over the handsome room, the perfume of rare flowers filled the air, and bending over the couch on which I lay, his hot breath fanning my cheek, was the man I had married, with an expression on his face and in his evil, shifty eyes, that I felt I would I may never see on any human face again. For a moment I was paralyzed with a feeling of sickening terror, then I rose from the sofa and moved toward the table.

"Where are you going?" he cried. "Not so fast. Don't you know you are mine now?"

In an instant he had made him a mien, and was holding me so tightly clasped in his embrace that I was nearly faint, while his rent on: "Yes, you're mine, safe enough, now. I've got away from that old devil who's been standing between us. He thinks I'm in with Black. He's a deep one. O, I know all about it; he wants an heir. Yes, you're mine, and I can kiss you once more, and hear your voice, and look eyes out, or pinch your white flesh, or b'ee you until the red blood comes and strays to your beautiful face."

One struggle I made, only to find myself held all the firmer, and borne swiftly to the couch from which I had risen. He laughed the laugh of his old strong arms, and floated over me, with the same fearful expression which had met my gaze on awakening.

"Shall I tell you what I made the old devi l get you for me? I told him that I didn't want you, that I'd do what I was told, but never could be fond of a cept when I was all right. *I am* all right sometimes, d'ye know. That's the way I got you; and now I can tear and b'ee you as much as I like," and he laughed with his head pressed close to my breast, the unending, joyless laugh of madness.

What I did I know not; I think that I prayed, a despairing, voiceless prayer; that I might not lose consciousness then and that he might not b'ee me black and blue. I tried to scream aloud, but at the first sound his hand covered my mouth.

"Not so!" he cried, with all the cunning of madness in his sometime vacant face, "we want no one here. You know that you are safe in my own. I've never had anything of my own before, and I'll show them how I treat my belongings."

"Oh," I gasped, "if you are mortal, and can feel, you take me to Lady Silurian; take me to your mother."

My words called forth the wildest laughter.

"Lady Silurian," he cried, "you'll never see her, she's mad, as mad as a hatter; curse her, that's where I get it from. We're all mad but that old devil of a father of mine, and he'd be mad too if he was not the devil. Your mother; wanted the money, you see, and she got it; she's got it, I'll bet, and I've got you. The old man didn't care if I had a wife or not, he the old villain, the old scoundrel, the old fool; but he wants an heir. I'm going to have my wife, beautiful Olive, but he's not going to have his heir, O, not much!"

The look which he cast on me froze my very blood, but by its time I began to see all too clearly the nature of the business into which I had fallen. I had still enough strength left to look him in the eye, steady my trembling voice and say, "If you want my money him just take me to him and say that you'll have nothing to do with his plan; that you want to choose your own wife."

I tried to rise as I spoke, but he clasped my garments firmly in both hands.

"Oh, but I won't do that, he'd take you from me. I know the old fellow too well for that."

"Only let me go to him and tell him that we refuse to be made his victim," I urged.

I moved forward as I spoke, but he seized my dress, tearing it from me, and dragging me to my knees he placed one hand over my mouth, and bent his face to mark from my white, round shoulder.

The pain was so intense that I almost fainted; my knees gave way and I fell to the floor.

"By God!" he cried, "dead already!" The exclamation gave me an idea; what if I were to feign death? I acted on it, and presently I heard him swearing about the room, muttering to himself. When I knew him to be at some distance I half opened my eyes, and saw to my horror that he appear d to be trying to open the window. Suddenly he desisted, and I heard him muttering, "Lord! I'd forgot. I want her to fall into the moat and then he won't find her. The bed-room windows is the one."

Again he approached me. I hastily closed my eyes.

"Dead, as dead as nails," he said, in a triumphant whisper. Again he moved, away and this time he turned his steps toward the bed-room which adjoined.

I use was everything. I sprang to my feet, gained the door which opened into the hall, as I supposed, and found myself in a long, dark corridor. Down this I ran until I reached a narrow stra rease leading upward. Agonizing fear lent w ngs to my feet. I gained the upper floor, and ran along the door I entered and crouched behind the door. My terror was somewhat abated when I knew the room to be occupied. Some one moved toward the door, and a man's gruff voice asked, "Who's there?"

I made no answer, for in that moment my determination was made. I would manage to leave the house unseen, and escape forever from the vile and degrading influence of such a marriage as had been forced upon me. The law, I knew, would free me, but I felt that I could not escort without exposing my mother's quit.

I was ev dently in the bedroom of one of the men-servants, and he was fast asleep again, as heavy snoring testified. Evidently, too, I had not been followed. Either my escape alarmed the wretched lunatic or I had passed him in the garden.

With the first glimpse of dawn I crawled from the room and made m y way towards a broader sta rwa; than that which I had ascended the previous night. I went swiftly down a long corridor which ran the length of the opposite wing of the house, hoping to find some maid-servants door ajar, for it was impossible to leave the house in my present dress, or, rather, undress.

Fortune favored me. At the far end was a large closet, dr. more properly, small room, around the walls of which were hung the servants Sunday dresses. I appropriated one of these, a black shawl, and plain bonnet, the last of which would serve to mask me well.

I felt no fear as I glided down the three long flights of oaken steps which led to the back entrance hall, for I was convinced that Lord Trenton had escaped from his keeper, Black, and that finding me flown he would return to his own apartments. In ten minutes I gained the high road, which skirted the park walls, and sat out relieved and travel, for my three miles walk to the station, where I could take the earliest train for London. Here I knew I could dispose of one of my diamond rings to enable to pay my fare to the great city, perhaps the best hiding place in all the world.

In Lo ndon I posted one line to my mother. "When I can forgive you," I wrote, "you shall see me again."

My disappearance was hushed up; but I afterwards learned that Lord Silurian, my mother, and one other moved heaven and earth to find me. Two handsome rings, by which I might have been traced, I sold immediately I arrived in London and long before my money I thus gained was exhausted I had been introduced to a woman who lodged in the same house with me to a manufacturer of artificial flowers. He gave me work and that lived, I soon found, existence may be called living, for three years.

Strange to say, my landlady came from Limestone, and through her I learned the gossip concerning the Silurian family. I learned that the heir was not generally supposed to be a "goner" at 21 times, and also a dull, brutal, and heavy, that his unfortunate mother had been mad for years; and that some years ago a young lady had finally married Lord Kenton, but had left him the next day never to return.

One evening, more weary and downhearted than usual, I was dragging my tired limbs slowly homeward, after the day's work, when a passing hansom stopped suddenly, and the man which sprang across me, who seized me, arm, crying "Thank God, Olive, you are found at last."

It was Jack Beaumont. Jack, good, dear, handsome as ever.

"O, Jack," I cried, breaking down, and sobbing pitifully, "tell me all about them, mamma and the girls, only don't tell them where I am, else they will want me to go back to Lord Silurian, and I can never forgive him, never."

"Oil scoundrel! I should think not. But he can't molest you now, Olive; for me that is ser ablished. He has no more authority over you than I have.

"Dead, Jack?" I cried.

"Yes, three months ago. Ah, Olive, naughty girl to hide from me. If you knew how I have suffered."

On my twenty-first birthday I became Mrs. John Beaumont. My mother, to this day thinks herself the aggrieved party, and has to remember that my precious money enabled her to find suitable husbands for all her girls before she could forgive me for refusing to profit by her excellent bargain.—*Elsa M. Moore in Week's Women.*

WONDERFUL OPERATION.

Removal of a Twelve-Inch Snake by Surgical Operation.

Prince Edward Island papers publish particulars of a wonderful surgical operation, recently performed by Dr. McVale. The patient, a young man, was suddenly seized some time ago with severe pains in his stomach, in the form of a creeping sensation, alternating with the pains there were violent convulsions. The doctor at first did not understand it, but after a case fully considering the symptoms he said: "There is a living animal in tint man's stomach, and I will take it out." Accordingly he proceeded to operate.

He had diagnosed the animal to be located in the right extremity of the stomach, and in making an incision in the epigastrium. The stomach being contracted was overlapped by the liver. Accordingly the latter first presented itself. Anticipating this contingency the annual the operator designed to provide for free manipulation. The liver was drawn aside and the stomach stitched to the under surface of the abdominal wall. Then the stomach was drawn up and the edge of the incision was neatly stitched to the under surface of the abdominal wall.

After a few days to allow the stomch to form a connection in its new location, he opened the organ, when a most remarkable sight was presented. A snake fully twelve inches long lay coiled up in the anterior ventricle. Having observed light through the stomach wall it was read. for action. As soon as the opening of the stomach was made it sprang at the hand of the operator. Missing its aim it changed its tactics. An attempt was made to escape by dashing through the pyloric orifice and into the duodenum. But the gallant operator seized it by the tail and drew it back. Having eided the grip of the forceps, an attempt was made to escape into the esophagus. Its passage there was not interrupted. Finally it merged through the mouth of the patient, who was relieved of his tormentor. The young man remained weak for a long time, but finally he completely recovered.

The Noon Lunch.

Perhaps the doctor is right who says that a great portion of the sickness in this country is caused by the unpleasant habit of eating too rapidly. It is interesting to watch the average citizen when he goes into a restaurant for his noon lunch. He doesn't seem to regard the meal with any degree of fondness, but acts as though the eating of it is one of those disagreeable duties which confront a man at every step on the highway of life. He attacks the meat savagely, and you can hear his knife and fork rattle a furious gavel. He shovels the food into his mouth as a fireman shovels coal into a shelling mach ne, and swallows it without chewing it. He pours down a lot of ice-water when the meat is consumed, and with a frantic endeavor to make as indigestible as possible, and when the last said rites are over he rushes to the cashier's desk and settles with an exclamation of relief manifest in his relaxed countenance like a rainbow after a storm. The stern physician says that people should eat very slowly, and while away the time between bites by pleasant conversation about the weather, the crops, or any other cheerful subject. In this way the days of his years of their pilgrimage may be many.—*Lincoln (Neb.) Journal.*

In Quiz.

Young man (to county-clerk)—Say, I want a marriage l cense.

Clerk—Lady's name, please.

Young man (astonished)—Got to have that in?

Clerk—Of course.

Young Man—Well, say, you be kinder filling the thing in and I'll run around the corner and hunt up somebody. You see, I'm a stranger in town and I didn't know you had to get the girl first.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Utterly Discouraged.

Hobson—So the cable car company has discharged your brother?

Jobson—Yes. The poor fellow is in an unfortunate mental condition, too.

Hobson—How so?

Jobson—Lost his grip, you see.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

How Memphis Caused to be a Municipality.

Under these circumstances the city reported to a novel expedient. It surrendered its charter to the state, and ceased to exist as a municipality. The leaders of this movement gave two reasons for it—the wish not to repudiate the city debt, but to gain breathing time, and that municipal government in this country is a failure. The legislature created the former Memphis into the taxing district of Shelby county, and provided a government for it. This government consists of a legislative council of eight members, made up of the board of fire and police commissioners, consisting of three members, and the board of public works, consisting of five. These are all elected by popular vote to serve a term of four years, but the elections are held every two years, so that the council always contains members who have had experience. The board of fire and police commissioners elects a president, who is the executive officer of the taxing district, and has the power and duties of a mayor; he has a salary of $2,000 and appoints the police commissioners and all the other members of his board at a salary of $500. The members of the board of public works are appointed by consecution. No man can be eligible to either board who has been a member of the council for two years. In addition, there is a board of health, appointed by the council. This government has the ordinary power of a city government, defined carefully in the act, but it cannot run in debt beyond the taxes and appropriate the taxes collected except for the specific purposes named in the act of creation, or, where specific appropriations are voted annually by the legislature on the recommendation of the council. The tax levy of the government of the city is committed to eight men, and the executive of the city is in the hands of the president of the taxing district, who has extraordinary power. The final success of the experiment will be watched with great interest by other cities. On the surface it can be seen that it is a decided improvement on non-partisan rule, and an honest, conscientious president of the taxing district ought to say, upon the choice by popular vote of the best eight men to rule the city. Up to the time, with only eight bitches, it has worked exceedingly well, as will appear in a consideration of the condition of the city. The eight bitch mentioned was that the president was accused of using temporarily the money appropriated for one purpose for another.

The supreme court of the United States decided that Memphis had not evaded its obligations by a change of name and form of government, and that it was a settlement with the creditors at fifty cents on the dollar, and that it was a wonderful relieher for a courageous effort and a new era of prosperity.—*Charles Dudley Warner, in a letter to Harper.*

A RIDICULOUS MISTAKE.

An Heroic Frenchman Mistakes a Nursing Bottle for a Revolver.

When lady and gentleman are tete-a-tete in a public place, it is a well-known fact that it is invariably assumed that the stronger sex has been endeavoring to take some undue advantage of the weaker. In most cases this assumption proved, an exception to the general rule has just occured in a train running from Lille to Paris. The occupants of the carriage in question were a French gentleman and his baby. It was evening, and the florist as soon in a sound sleep. Meanwhile his air neighbor, wishing to give her infant its supper, had unrefilled from the pocket of her traveling-bag a bottle of milk, at which he child was busily sucking, when suddenly he would man awoke with a start. It was infinite surprise of the lady he declared unmistakable signs of terror on the part of the gentleman, into a corner. Soon he crouched and cried for assistance, and finally, pulled at the cord of the alarm bell, and, opening the door, he fled to a neighbouring compartment outside of which he hung. Meanwhile the train had been brought to a standstill. The guard, who had hastened to the scene of the disturbance, was astounded that the man had fled, and the lady, who was in a state of great agitation, the guard gave instructions that the gentleman should be detained at the next station. Accordingly he was found, on the first station, in