A BLACK CHRISTMAS.

Missy tole me doan' be stuffin'
Yore inside wid pie an' cake;
Kase you ll shuly en' you' C'ris'mus
Wid a monstrous stummick ache.

"Coss," she said, "I ain't dernyin'
Dat de fixin's good an' sweet;
But you aks like it de lastes'
Dat you ebber spec ter eat."

Lan' er goodness! es ter stuffin'
She doan' need ter be erfraid;
I am skeered er consequences,
Dat's foh why dat I wus made.

Pie! um, lawdy! 'clar ter gracious
Pie dess fitten ter my hef';
Dis de las' piece ob foh quahtahs,
So dey ain' moah quahtahs lef'.

Cake an' puddin', nuts an' raisins,
Syllabub an' seen—my eye!
W'en hit's all done gone an' eated,
Lan' er goodness, lemme die.

Doan' you skeer erbout me, missy,
Jess you lef' dis niggah be;
Kase I 'spec my C'ris'mus stuffin'
Hu'ts you wuss'n hit do me.

Huh! you hab de mostes worrit
Wid yo' own astonish' self;
Kase you see de hole I'se makin',
In ermomgs' you' pantry shelf.

FANCY'S FLIGHT.

What a Little Girl Saw on a Ride With Kris Kingle.

"Goody!"

It was snowing; inumerable flakes went whirling, floating, drifting. They festooned the branches of the shivering trees, transformed the posts and railings into grotesque statuary, and over the streets stretched the softest carpets.

Boreas was prowling. Early that night had he sent his messenger, Jack Frost, to fetch in bulletins of silvery rime the advent of the snow; and sure enough here it was conducted by Boreas himself, and heralded on every side by shivering blares of his trumpet.

It was Christmas Eve.

"Goody!"—a little golden-hairded girl, stood at the window gazing into the night, her blue eyes alight with the happiness of a gratified wish, and her little fingers kept drumming a merry accompaniment on the window as she hummed in a sweet, childish treble—

Kris Kingle is coming, hi o—i o,
Kris Kingle is coming, hi o—i o,

over and over, and over again.

And, even as she turned away from the window and sought her mamma and papa to kiss them good night, the rhythm of that melodious measure adjusted itself to her footsteps; it followed her up the stairs; along the hall; to her bed room door.

Kris Kingle is coming, hi o—i o.

"O!" she opened her bedroom door; a flood of delightful warmth and light came from the fire so brightly aglow in the grate; then she closed the door and was alone in her own little room.

She looked toward the mantlepiece. Yes, there it hung. Surely the little girl couldn't wear that large stocking. O, no; that was mamma's. But Santa Claus wouldn't mind that, she thought; beside, she had been a good girl, and then Christmas only came once a year.

The firelight, with a tender touch, transformed her curly locks into ruddy gold. It embraced her with a guardian kindliness and fell upon her as a benediction as she knelt to say her prayers.

"Oh God, bless papa and mamma and make Estelle a good girl"—that was all, at least that was usually all her prayer, but to-night she added: "And please tell Kris Kinkle to send mamma and papa lots of Christmas presents," and then—dear little heart! reserving her request for the last, "I want a new dolly, because the sawdust is all out of Polly's left leg, and a new sled, and a fur muff, and please God tell Kris Kinkle to bring—O!" Estelle raised her head and listened, her blue eyes wide with wondering expectancy. There it was again "tinkle, tinkle, jing-a-ling" away off in the distance—the sound of silvery sleigh-bells, coming nearer and nearer. "Tinkle, tinkle, jing-a-ling," louder and louder. Ah! it is on the roof—at the chimney. "Whoa!" shouted a merry voice. Estelle's face beamed with joy. She was not afraid. Her hands were clasped before her, and her eyes are fastened upon the fireplace.

"See—a pair of fur-clad legs appear, a round body, and at last a merry face with twinkling, roguish eyes, and there upon the hearth-rug before her stood Kris Kingle. And O! what a pack he bore upon his shoulders! Gifts for everybody, large and small dollies, hobby-horses, sleds, drums, trumpets—everything.

She paused for one tremulous moment of hesitation, and then running forward boldly clasped Kris Kingle about one of his fat arms, and, although her little mind was full of questions and messages, all she said was—"O! O! O!!" Kris Kingle eyed the little girl with a startled, though kindly glance. "Well! well!" he exclaimed, "this is unusual, I must say; I can't recollect anything of kind before." And laying his chubby hand softly upon her golden hair, he asked: "And how does it come this little girl is not fast asleep like other good girls?"

"O, but I have been a good girl," exclaimed Estelle; "and I didn't think good people need be afraid of Kris Kingle."

"Well, there's some truth in that," acknowledged the jolly little fellow, "and you needn't be afraid of anybody else either."

"But tell me," interrupted Estelle, "what have you brought me?" and encouraged by his kindly glance she asked, "Have you a dolly that can roll its eyes and talk and laugh and cry; a new sled, a fur muff, and lots and lots of books?"

"Ho, Ho!" laughed Kris Kringle as he produced for the delighted child the articles she named—"what a greedy little girl it is! Anything else?"

"O, yes; nuts and candies," answered Estelle, looking toward the stocking on the mantelpiece.

"Bless me," said Kris Kringle, as he prepared to put the sweetmeats into the stocking. "Can it be that this little girl wears that big thing? Why, if I fill that what will the other little girls in the neighborhood do? Do you wear that?"

"No," acknowledged Estelle, "it's mamma's; but I don't think you would mind, because you only come once a year."

The kindliest and friendliest of smiles winkled in the jolly old fellow's eyes, dimpled his cheeks, slipped in chuckles from his lips, turned to contagious laughter; then going to the mantel piece he filled the stocking with sweetmeats until it was full to running over.

"Now, little girl," he said, "be careful not to make yourself sick: don't try to eat all the candy at once. Come now, haven't you a kiss for an old chap like me?"

"O yes! dozens and dozens," cried Estelle, and pulling his face down to the level of hers she kissed him on the cheeks, the nose, the lips, until he cried out, "There, there! that will do; you'll eat me presently. Now, good-bye," and he started toward the fireplace.

"O, Kris Kringle! exclaimed the little girl, her eyes aglow with the light of unusual thought, "wait a moment; won't you take me a-riding with you in your sleigh, and let me go down the chimney with you? Please do."

"Well, did you ever!" exclaimed Kris Kingle; "what a funny little girl it is to be sure!—take you a riding in my sleigh—let me see," he added, reflectively. "Why not? We will be back long before morning, and—yes—come along. Here, put this over you." And he drew from his pack a beautiful sealskin sacque. "It belongs to somebody else, but we will be here long before she will get it. Now, wrap up warm —don't be afraid," and taking Estelle in his arms he went to the fireplace. Up the chimney they flew—out on the roof and there stood the sleigh and reindeer of Kris Kingle.

He placed Estelle snugly in the seat, and after tucking the heavy robe about her in warm graceful folds, jumped in himself. "Gee up!" he cried, and with a merry jingle and clatter away they went.

It had stopped snowing; the moon was in the sky, millions of twinkling stars shone upon them, and their silvery light transformed the snowy crystals into innumerable sparkling gems.

At last Kris Kingle directed the sleigh toward a dilapidated-looking building; it stretched its dismal length skyward eleven stories, and like grim sentinels of a dungeon-keep five grimy chimneys stood in a row.

There was no light in any of the windows, save here and there a straggling gleam, and from the chimneys no smoke escaped. "Whoa!" cried Kris Kingle, and obediently the reindeer checked their speed and came to a standstill upon the roof.

"Come," he said to Estelle, "do not be afraid; you will meet with no harm. Shut your eyes if you like;" and taking the little girl in his arms, who nestled to him with tightly closed eyes, he leaped from the sleigh, clambered to the chimney top, and lo! in a moment they had disappeared in its dark depths. "Now, dear," said Kris Kingle, "you may open your eyes."

At first, she could see nothing. There was no light, no fire, all was cold and cheerless; but presently, as her eyes became accustomed to the gloom she beheld a huddling heap in one corner of a miserable room, and next she discerned that it was three little children lying upon a wretched mattress on the floor, clinging together for the warmth of contact.

"O!" said Estelle, sorrowfully, "how cold they are, poor, little dears!"

"Hush!" whispered Kris Kingle, for at that moment one of the children spoke; "Sister, is oo told?"

"Yes, very cold," came the answer in pitiful, shivering accents.

"I wonder where papa is," piped a faint little voice from a shuddering form lying between the two sisters, "an' if he will tum home drunk aden."

There was no answer, save a sob, which seemed to come from both of the older children, and two big tears dimmed Estelle's blue eyes.

"Sister," again said the little one, "Ise doin' to ask Dod to bwing papa home, tause Ise so told," and here a fit of coughing interrupted the sweet, trembling voice. But the child, in a tremulous tone, continued, "O, Dod, please send papa home to-night—don't let him det drunk aden, an' tell him to bwing some fire tause we's so told, O, so told—" There was a sound of a stifled sob; it came from neither the children, Kris Kingle or Estelle, but from the landing where, half hid in the deep shadow, stood a burly man weeping, his powerful frame shaken with emotion. He listened with his ear close to the door, as over the broken transom came the pitiful plea of the child: "And, Dod, please tell Kris Kingle to dive us some twismus difts—I wants a hobby-horse an' 'tory book; an' dive Molly a new dolly wif dwesses, an' hat an' shoes, and Dod dive Mary a dolly, too, wif wed hair and blue eyes, and dive us all some fire so we tan dit warm—an'—an'—dood night Dod," and then overcome by shivering, the little one snuggled closely between his weeping sisters.

The door opened slowly. The man entered and approached the poor children, now sleeping the fitful sleep of the hungry and exhausted. He knelt beside them. Alas! they had but little over them to shelter from cold; and all that was pitiful seemed to dwell in their pinched faces in mute appeal. The tears had scarcely dried upon their cheeks; but as he gazed upon them, the child sleeping between his sisters, smiled, O! so sorrowfully, in his dreams, and his lips appeared to repeat that plaintive plea, "Dod bress papa." He raised his hands in the air. "Please God," he said solemnly, "from this night forward I will never touch another drop of liquor. God help me to keep my word." And O, it seemed to Estelle that two little tear-drops came to her eyes, and through their sorrowful prison she beheld a sudden glory. There was a sound of heavenly music, and down from the starry sky in the cheerless room, on steps of light, flitted innumberable angels, and before a holy presence in dim distance knelt a penitent soul—a forgiving hand is laid upon it in a benediction—while on every side the thrilling music of Heaven sounded a paean of triumph.

The penitent looked up. "O," cried Estelle to Kris Kingle, "it is the children's father;" then as suddenly as it came the beautiful vision disappeared, and as they looked toward the bed the man arose, a new light in his face, and he said, as he buttoned up his coat closely about him, "Dear little ones, you shall have your Christmas—hobby-horse, dollies, fire and all," and sobbing he left the room. "O, Kris Kingle," said the little girl, "let me give them something," and going toward the bed she placed, with all the resignation of a sorrowful parting in her sweet face, the little dolly that Kris Kingle had given her, on the mattress beside the sleeping children. Then she returned to Kris Kingle, who placed his hands gently on her golden curls, and smiled so brightly that her eyes beamed with responsive cheerfulness.

"Come," said Kris Kingle, "we have other places to go," and taking Estelle by the hand he led her through the hall and, gently pushing aside the opposite door, they entered a dismal-looking room. There was no light save that of the moon, which sifted drearily though the grimy window glass; no fire; all was cold and cheerless, and over in the remotest corner on a miserable bed lay a poor, emaciated woman. Her eyes were sunken and her face was so thin that the shrunken skin adhered in pitiful creases between the knuckles.

"O!" whispered Estelle, "what is the matter with her?"

"She is starving," answered Kris Kringle; "she has had nothing to eat since—hark!"

There was a sound of rapidly approaching footsteps, of heavy breathing; the door was pushed quickly open and a panting man entered the room.

"Ned, is that you?" gasped the woman from the bed; "and did yo-you get anything to eat?"

"Yes, wife; there, take it," and he started across the room to give her a loaf of bread he had concealed under his wretched coat.

But he paused midway. He heard footsteps in the passage. He tossed the loaf to the bed, and returning quickly to the door put his shoulders against it, resisting with his might the efforts of some one outside to open it.

But in vain; gradually but surely the door swung inward till, with a cry of rage, the weary man ceased struggling, and turned to meet a burly police officer who entered.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the official, "so I have you; come, now, where's that bread you prigged from the baker's? I saw you." And going forward he grasped the trembling man by the arm.

From the bed the poor woman looked with startled eyes upon the struggle. One thin hand clasped the miserable loaf, while she held the other appealingly to her unhappy husband.

The fury of a hunted fugitive, desperate with wrong and hunger, was in the captive man's eyes. He struck at the officer again and again, but the big policeman was too strong for him, and finally held both arms in a powerful grasp.

"Ned!" The poor woman cried, as she half raised herself from the bed. "Ned—" there was an ominous rattle in her throat, her eyes grew fixed. "Ne—ned," she gasped once more, then fell back rigid.

"See," cried the struggling man, furiously, "see, she is dead," and breaking away from the grasp of the officer, he started forward toward the bed; but alas! before he reached it fell prostrate. The officer bent forward and looked into his face. "Thunderation!" he exclaimed, he has fainted. This is a bad night's work." Then going to the bed, he gazed upon the woman's face, and started back with a cry of alarm—she was dead.

"O!" sobbed Estelle, "take me away, Kris Kingle, please do."

"Wait," he whispered, pointing upward, "look!"

As before, a sudden glory filled the room; there was the same bewildering avenue of light, and on both sides of it endless rows of celestial beings flitted to and fro, and between them, moving toward a holy presence in the dim distance, was a happy soul just liberated from its earthly imprisonment.

"O!" exclaimed Estelle, as she gazed from the set face of the dead woman to that of the happy spirit, "it is the woman's soul!"

"Yes," said Kris Kingle, solemnly, "her troubles are over; she will hunger no more; but come!" he added quickly, and softly by the kneeling official, and the unconscious man, they reached the door, and going through the hall to the room they had first entered, paused by the chimney, and Kris Kingle took Estelle in his arms. "Shut your eyes, dear," he said, and whiz!—when she opened them again they were snugly seated in the sleigh. Kris Kingle cracked his whip and with a merry "Hio!" that almost obliterated the memory of the sad occurrences below, off they went through the moonlight, over the roofs, and far away.

"Kris Kingle!" said Estelle, "please take me home; I don't want to see any more sorrow to-night."

"All right, my dear," aswered Kris Kingle, "but before we return I want you to come with me and see a little boy whose Christmas will soon come to him."

"Where is he?" asked Estelle.

In answer Kris Kingle directed his flying reindeer toward a large building. The windows were all alight, and there were shadows of moving figures flitting across the blinds.

"Whoa!" The sleigh came to a standstill, and Kris Kingle, taking the little girl in his arms, leaped to the roof, clambered to a tall chimney, and in a moment the big fur cap and the little golden head disappeared in its depths.

When the little girl again opened her eyes they stood in a long low room; on both sides of it little cots were arranged, and on each lay a childish form.

Here and there a pale face looked toward the ceiling; some were sleeping, some with flushed cheeks tossing their little arms about, and on one or two of the beds lay little ones with arms and heads bandaged.

"Kris Kingle," asked Estelle, "what place is this?"

"It is the children's hospital," he answered.

"But won't they see us?"

"No," answered Kris Kringle; "I have provided against that."

Ladies were moving from cot to cot, their faces alight with the beauty of a tender sympathy. To some of the little sufferers they gave flowers; to others, toys, dollies, trumpets, books; and over each bed a sprig of holly was tied.

"Ah!" There came a startled exclamation from one of the nurses bending over a little cot and all the ladies and several kindly-faced gentlemen hurried in that direction. "Come," said Kris Kringle; then taking Estelle in his arms he carried her to the bedside.

There lay a little newsboy. Estelle had often seen the poor little fellow on the streets, but his cheery voice was hushed, and his eyes were dim; over his pinched face the shadow of death was creeping and one maimed hand was raised in the air, held softly by the nurse.

"How do you feel, my dear?" asked one of the ladies with tearful eyes. "O," gasped the little boy, "I am so—tired—but the parson said that ef—ef I'ud hold my hand up—tha—that G—God would see it, an' when He cum here to-night—He 'ud hold it an' take me home."

"And does my little friend feel happy?" asked a kindly-faced gentleman, kneeling beside him.

"O, y—yes," whispered the little fellow "God has—ha—" the little head fell back upon the pillow; the plaintive voice was hushed forever, and as the nurse softly drew the eyelids over the slightless eyes, the gentleman kneeling by the cot finished the sentence that the poor little sufferer had began as he said "God has come."

And Kris Kingle whispered to Estelle, who hid her sorrowful face upon his shoulders and sobbed. "See, dear, Johnny's Christmas has come." And lo! as she raised her eyes the room, had disappeared—the beautiful ladies, the kindly gentlemen. A flood of light spread everywhere. Once more she saw the angels, and once more up the avenue of light went a happy soul.

"O!" cried Estelle, "it is Johnny! I am so glad—so glad!"

Yes: it was Johnny; a beautiful angel led him by the hand through that glorious multitude. His face was light and happy, and see, his hand was no longer maimed, his little voice joins in the sweet song that fills the Heavens; there was a twinkle of stars, the gleam of moonlight, a celestial glamour and glory; then it all faded away, and the little girl, hiding her face on her kindly guardian's shoulder, sobbed and said, "O, I am so glad, so glad!"

Wonderful! When she opened her eyes she found herself in the sleigh once more.

They flew through the silvery moonlight; over the housetops; up to breathless heights; down startling depths; and then with a "Hi!" and "Hullo!" a crack of the long whip, the jingle and clatter of merry bells, up, up over the cathedral spire, then down the sides of night faster than the pursuing wind, till, just as the faintest of blending gray announced approaching morn, the sleigh stopped on a roof, and Kris Kingle, leaping therefrom, took her once more in his arms. Down the chimney they went, and then the little girl laughed with delight, for she stood once more in her own room.

"Now, good bye, dear," said Kris Kingle, "remember what you have seen—think in all your pleasures that there are others who suffer—little girls who get cuffs and bruises instead of dollies—and poor boys whose only Christmas is a crust. Think of them, too, and you will never be selfish and cannot help being happy. Now, one farewell kiss."

"O, good-bye, dear old Kris Kingle," exclaimed the little girl—and she was alone.

Estelle never exactly understood how it was, but there was a sound of chiming bells, the blare of noisy trumpets in the streets below, the hubbub of frolic and holiday and she—why she was snug in her own little bed. "This is funny," she thought; then she looked toward the fireplace. "O!" there was the big stocking full to overflowing, and on the floor, directly beneath it, a new dolly and a muff, and what picture books!

"Dear, good Kris Kingle!" she said. And jumping from bed she knelt again by the fireside and asked God to help her to be a good girl, and to "bless papa and mamma, and—everybody."

And it was in this position that her mamma found her, as she came to wake her little Estelle to the joys and festivities of the Christmas Day. And I know if this little girl could say what is in her heart, it would be—"A merry, merry Christmas to you all, and a happy New Year."

Monkey Skin Muffs.

Muffs of monkey skin are always much admired. This fur is really taken from the back of chimpanzees like the late Mr. Crowley, of New York. Five years ago they were almost unknown, and dealers on the west coast of Africa bought them of the natives for $1.50 a dozen, shipping them to London with instructions to make them up into driving gloves and offer them to the trade. But their peculiarly long black hairs, for the monkey can scarcely be said to have a fur, at once won favor, and the price went up so rapidly that agents at Sierra Leone fairly coined money before the natives discovered the advance in values. But the animal from which this strange material is secured is comparatively rare in Africa, and exists nowhere else on the globe. A few years more and monkey skins will be almost as rare as blacks ables.

Love is the greatest of human affections and friendship the noblest and most refined improvement of love.—South.

TOO MUCH TO SWALLOW.

EVA LOVETT CARSON.

Once a snake stuck his head through a hole in a wall,
'Twas a pretty tight squeeze, for the hole was but small.
But a sight met his eyes that repaid him for pain,
A fat hop-toad sat sunning himself on the plain.
The snake viewed the beast with delightful surprise,
And, opening his jaws, quickly swallowed the prize;
And then smacked his lips, as a snake would say,
"Well, a pretty good dinner, I've managed to-day."
But scarcely his dinner had vanished from sight,
When the snake found himself in a pitiful plight,
With the hop-toad half down his best efforts were vain,
He could not draw his head through the hole back again;
Nor would the small hole let his body pass through.
In such frightful dilemma, what could the snake do?
Well—the hop-toad hopped home, and his snake-ship backed out,
A much wiser and hungrier snake, there's no doubt.
This nice little tale (I assure you 'tis fact.)
Shows we'd better think twice when beginning to act,
And also, that trouble may sometimes befall
From sticking our heads through a hole in the wall.

TESSA.

CHAPTER XII.

"Poor little Tessa! Poor little girl! Oh, I had only known!" he thought There was a flash of righteous anger in his eyes as he looked back at Austen.

"And you let her go," he said slowly, but with a withering contempt in his voice which sent the blood rushing into Austen's face—"you thought this, and you let her go, and never raised a finger to save from certain ruin and shame the woman you professed to love? Why, if I had been you"—and his sallow face flushed and his eyes grew bright and angry—"I would have gone after her to the very end of the world—I would have put a bullet through the scroundrel who tempted her away, and I would have saved her —in spite of herself—of all!" With an uncontrolled excitement he sprang from his chair walked up and down the room, flashing angry glances at Austen's white suffering face. "I would to heaven that you had been right—that she loved me, poor little girl," he cried passionately.

Austen listened, but he scarcely heard the words. Another voice—other words, forgotten till now, rang in his ears and drowned Noel's passionate words.

"Some day you will remember that you would not listen," Tessa had said calmly. He could remember the very tone of her voice—see her sad eyes looking back as she lingered by the doorway.

Noel, a little ashamed of his excitement, came back to his chair again and resumed his pipe; he looked furtively at Austen between the sharp, quick pulls of smoke.

"Do you really mean to say that you don't know where she is?" he asked.

"No." Austen shook his head. Cleveland hesitated a moment.

"You don't deserve it, but I think I may possibly help you to find out," he said after a short silence. "Are you aware that a few days before your mother's death your brother Antony was at the Hall?"

"Antony! Impossible!"—and Antony looked up with a startled exclamation.

"Quite possible?" answered Noel with a short laugh. "I ought to know for I was the means of bringing him there. It seems that your mother had an intense desire to see him again —a desire which she knew that neither you nor Mrs. Callender would be likely to gratify; and so Tessa—she was always a tender-hearted little soul, bless her!—came to me and asked me to find out his address. I did so, not without some trouble; and I know the fact," Noel went on, looking steadfastly into Austen's anxious face, "that Antony was once, if not twice, at the Hall unknown to you about the time of Mrs. Bevan's death."

"And you think that Tessa is with him now?" There was a new light, a radiant flush on Austen's face.

"I think it is probable enough; or at all events he may know where she is. I can give you his address if you care to inquire." Noel could not resist the sneer. "Indeed I got Antony a berth in the office of a friend of mine—a lawyer in Gray's Inn." He turned over the pages of his pocket book until he found the address. "Yes, here it is."

He scribbled a few lines of a card and gave it to Austen; but he did not wish him God-speed, and he turned impatiently away as the other thanked him eagerly.

"Thank you, and forgive me!" Austen said huskily, as he turned toward the door; and Noel laughed oddly.

"I will forgive you when Tessa does," he said.

He went back to his chair and look up his pipe and book again as the door closed behind the visitor; but the book soon dropped unheeded from his hand, and the pipe went out as he lay back in his chair and meditated over the past interview and Austen's late repentance. How would the quest end? he wondered. Would Tessa forgive Austen? What sin was there too great for a woman to forgive in the man she loved? But yet Tessa was scarcely one of the tender all-forgiving order of womanhood, he thought, with a half-smile. She was rather one who would passionately resent injustice and harshness. And if she would not forgive Austen—well, there might be a chance for some one else. Noel's lips curved into a tender smile as he fancied what that might mean to him. How good he would be to her! he thought.

And so he lay back in his chair and indulged just for a brief half-hour in a blissful dream of the happy future and the perfect life which—alas for poor Noel!—was never to dawn for him.

• • •

Antony was much surprised one morning when Austen walked into the dingy little office in Gray's Inn where, by Cleveland's recommendation, he was employed as copying clerk. He bent lower over his desk, which was at the farther end of the room, and turned his face away, and listened eagerly as the familiar voice asked to see the principal of the firm. But he was still more astonished by-and-by to be called into the inner room where Austen was waiting for him. He had said once that he would never stoop to ask or receive a favor from his brother; but now the cases were reversed, and Austen had come to ask a favor from Antony—the elder brother to seek help and advice from the prodigal son; and Antony could afford to be generous and accept the hand of reconciliation which Austen so eagerly proffered.

"Yes, you are right, Tessa is with us," he said in answer to Austen's question. "She came to me just after my mother's death, and she has been like an angel in the house ever since. We were at very low water just then: for my wife was ill and obliged to give up her engagements at the theatre; and, as you may fancy"—and he smiled bitterly—"my salary here is not a very magnificent one. I don't know what we should have done without Tessa; and now I suppose you have come to take her away?"

"If she will let me," Austen said doubtfully.

His heart was beating painfully as at last he stood before the door of the little house where Antony and his wife had set up their household goods; it beat still more violently as the little maid took him up the narrow staircase and, opening a door, ushered him in with the brief annoucement, "A gentleman, please, miss!" He heard the door close behind him—felt rather than saw Tessa rise from her seat by the window.

The room was very dingy, but neat and clean enough. Two little children were playing on the rug before the fire; a canary was singing loudly, and its shrill voice blended with Tessa's cry of surprise as she started to her feet and looked at the new-comer. The color surged into her face, her lips trembled. She made one step forward; then, with a little proud gesture, drew herself up to her full hight, and stood looking at Austen with grave questioning eyes.

Hurriedly he crossed the floor to her side, and took the unwilling little hands in his tight clasp.

"Tessa, will you forgive me? I know what a fool I have been!" he in a low pained voice.

Tessa drew her hands gently away.

"Yes—I forgave long ago," she answered coldly.

"And you will make your forgiveness complete? You will come back to me again—let everything be as it was before?" Austen pleaded.

Tessa shook her head, and the eyes which looked up into Austen's face were full of a great sadness.

"I think that could scarcely be," she answered, speaking very slowly and quietly. "One cannot so easily take up the broken threads of one's life and weave them into a perfect whole again. I was a child then, and I had a child's perfect trust in your love and justice; but I am a woman now, and I know."

Austen's heart sank low. This cold calmness was so different from Tessa's old impetuosity; but still he persevered.

"I was mad, Tessa!" he said humbly. "I loved you so dearly, and I was mad with love and jealousy! Can't you forgive me, sweet? Or are you indeed changed so completely? The old Tessa would never have been so unforgiving and hard! Can't you forgive?"

Tessa gave a quick passionate sob. "Ah, that is the worst of it, Austen!" she said sadly. "I am changed —terribly changed! I think the old Tessa whom you used to love died that day when you told her to go. But she can never come back again, my dear. I forgive—oh, yes, with all my heart I forgive—but I cannot forget—I can never be my old self again!"

"You forgive, but you cannot forget? That is a half-hearted sort of forgiveness, sweet!" Austen's hopes rose at the sight of the tearful agitated face. Once more he took the trembling hands within his own. "Let me teach you to forget: no pupil should ever have a more patient, more zealous master than I will be, Tessa, if you will let me try."

"I think it would be better not to try," she faltered. "It might only be a failure again. And I am happy here; they love me, and I am of use to them in many ways, and here no one thinks it is wicked to laugh and be gay—to dance and sing; there are no chilling looks, cold words! Oh, I think I had better stay! There are the children too—I could not bear to part from them now."

"I will not part you from them, Tessa. Antony's place in the bank is open to him—I have just told him so," Austen answered earnestly.

"Have you seen him?" Tessa looked up quickly "You are reconciled then?" she went on.

"Yes, we have just parted; he sent me here."

"I am so glad! And, Austen"—Tessa hesitated and colored—"you will try to like Milly, will you not? She is not very refined perhaps: but she is very kind, and she has been, oh, so good to me!"

"I will like her for that reason alone," Austen declared. "And, Tessa"—he put his hands upon the girl's shoulders and looked down searchingly into her troubled eyes—"Antony and I are friends again. Will you be less forgiving, sweetheart? Will you not forget my cruelty and injustice, and come back with me?"

But still Tessa hesitated. Her face was very pale and troubled, and there was great unshed tears in the eyes which she raised to Austen's face.

"Oh, what can I say!" she said piteously. "It is so hard to refuse you; and yet they want me so badly here."

"But I want you too, my Tessa," Austen pleaded tenderly. "Antony has his wife and children, and I have no one. I want you most of all. Will you not come, sweet?"

"I will come, since you want me so much—I will come!" she cried; and Austen bent and kissed the sweet pale face.

• • •

So Tessa came back to the Hall again—came back to be, as of old, the brightness and sunshine of Austen's life. Yet not quite as of old either. The gay light-hearted Tessa, whose trust and faith in her lover had once been so boundless, had vanished, and in her place was a sadder, wiser woman, who had suffered wrong and injustice, and learnt doubt and mistrust from both.

Mrs. Callender, who removed from the Hall after her brother's marriage, to a house nearer the town, much approves of the change in Tessa; and Austen, even while he grieves over the loss of the old bright gaiety, loves better still the sweet seriousness which has come in its stead. Only sometimes, as he watches his wife romping in the garden with her children, he fancies that he catches a glimpse of the old light-hearted Tessa.

Some one else looks on and watches as well as Austen. The old intimacy between the Priory and the Hall has been resumed; and in the rooms where the poor mad lady moaned over her lost child the voices of Tessa's children make sweet music in the ears of the man whose life, though lonely, is far from being unhappy. Noel was always patient and unselfish, and, seeing Tessa happy and contented, he is, after a fashion, happy too.

THE END.

FROM THE NORTH POLE.

Chat With Lieut. Schwatka, the Eminent Artic Explorer.

Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, the famous artic traveler, resides on Michigan avenue, Chicago, in one of the few unostentatious but very cozy and comfortable homes of the aristocratic thoroughfare. He has in years just arrived at that interesting period where the young man imperceptibly passes into middle age.

"Lieutenant, how did you become an arctic explorer?" asked a Chicago Herald reporter of the explorer.

An amused smile played around the expressive mouth as he replied: "That is a long tale, or a short one, as you like it. Briefly speaking, the venturesome in my nature came to the surface on account of the very dullness of my surroundings while I was serving in the army. I was stationed at the Spotted Tail Agency on the Upper Missouri. The smaller frontier posts had been contracted to the larger garrisons, and with this consolidations disappeared much of the exciting side of the service. Not but that there was a good deal of hard riding to do—I figured up once that I made 8,000 miles in the saddle, 2,600 in one year. Why, when I was only three years old my parents took me across the plains to Oregon, where they settled. As a boy I roamed all over Idaho, Oregon and British Columbia, and when I received my appointment for West Point I reached the academy by way of Canada. Then came the army life with its transfers from post to post, and when I happened to read about an expedition to the arctics in search of the remains of the Sir John Franklin exploring party, it struck me that I should like to go."

Lieutenant Schwatka, by the way, is an Illinois boy. He was appointed West Point cadet from Oregon in 1867 and served in the army until Feb. 1, 1885, when he resigned.

This famous arctic trip falls in this period. Judge Daly, president of the New York Geographical Society, and others had started a popular subscription to raise funds for an exploring party to follow on the trail of Sir John Franklin, who was lost with his entire following in an expedition to discover the Northwest passage. The record which contained the end of this expedition was written upon one of the blanks supplied by the British admiralty to surveying vessels, to be thrown overboard after the required data had been filled in. But upon the margins around the printed form was an addendum, dated April 25, 1848, which extinguished all hopes of a successful termination of the grand enterprise. The terse and expressive words of the record were:

APRIL 25, 1848.—H. M. ships Terror and Erebus were deserted on 22d April, five leagues N. N. W. of this, having been beset since 12th September, 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of 105 souls, under the command of Captain F. R. M. Crozier, landed here in lat. 69 deg. 37 min, 42 sec. N., long. 91 deg. 41 min. W. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th June, 1847, and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been to this date 9 officers and 15 men.

A briefer record has never been told of so tragic a story. It is all that is known of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his brave men. Some remnants were found in the shape of records antedeting those quoted and of bleached bones of human beings.

Lieutenant Schwatka found some of them along King William's Land and north of Black's Fish River. The expedition left New York June 19, 1878, and arrived in Hudson Bay Aug. 8, where the party disembarked. They remained during the winter with the Esquimaux in snow houses and began their memorable sledge trip of eleven months and twenty days April 1, 1879. In the party were four white men and seventeen Esquimaux westward, and four more Esquimaux eastward, and three sledges drawn by forty-five dogs. Inasmuch as the sledges were only used for the transportation of supplies, the men walked the entire distance of 3,251 miles.

Paris and London Ways.

In the streets French traffic all goes to the right; London coachmen drive always to the left. Parisians live together in large houses like barracks; Londoners have one family in a house. They have a latchkey; the Frenchman a concierge. Paris has its cafes, London its clubs. Parisian beds are up in an alcove in the wall; Londoners sleep in the middle of the room. London takes three or four meals a day; Paris two. Paris dines; London eats. Paris loaves are long; London loaves are square. Paris drinks wine; London beer. Paris takes coffee; London tea. Frenchmen, while dining, talk to their neighbors and enjoy each other's society; Britons sit alone at table and don't say much, but enjoy their food. London workmen work in their ordinary clothes, call each other "mate," smoke clay pipes and punch each other's heads occasionally; Parisian workmen do their business in blouses, call their friends "citizens" or "sir," smoke cigaretts, take their hats off to each other, and do their fighting with their feet.

A prophet, they say, is no good in his own country; but there is an exception to this proverb, Dr. Bull has been of infinite good to his countrymen, and his Cough Syrup has become a national balm.

Three smugglers were arrested in Tacoma, Washington, the other day, and $22,000 worth of opium confiscated.

Chilblains, cuts or wounds, can be cured in short time by the use of Salvation Oil. All druggists sell it at 25 cents a bottle.

During the present year John Quincy Adams of Negaunee has managed to sell eight of the largest iron mines on the Marquette range.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers. Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

Miss White, the young woman who was recently arrested in Chicago for $25,000 forgeries in and around Elmira, N. Y., stopped at Coldwater on her way west and swindled a lady in that city out of $1,000.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY, }
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
[SEAL] A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

Confederate veterans of New Orleans, have decided to establish a fund for the family of Jefferson Davis.

Would You Believe
The proprietor of Kemp's Balsam gives thousands of bottles away yearly! This mode of advertising would prove ruinous if the Balsam was not a perfect cure for coughs and all throat and lung troubles. You will see the excellent effect after the first dose. Don't hesitate! Secure a bottle to-day to keep in your house or room for immediate or future use. Trial bottles free at all druggists'. Large size 50c and $1.

A committee has been appointed to investigate the charge of complicity in the Ohio ballot box fraud.

Jeff's Tribute to Grant.

When Gen. Grant was dying at Mount McGregor, the Boston Globe instructed its New Orleans correspondent to interview Jefferson Davis. Mr. Davis was not seen personally, but a few days later he penned the following letter:

Dear Sir—Your request on behalf of a Boston journal for me to prepare a criticism of Gen. Grant's military career cannot be complied with for the following reasons:

First—Gen. Grant is dying.

Second—Though he invaded our country with a ruthless, it was with an open hand, and, as far as I know, he abbetted neither arson nor pillage, and has since the war, I believe, shown no malignity to confederates, either of the military or civil service.

Therefore, instead of seeking to disturb the quiet of his closing hours, I would, if it were in my power, contribute to the peace of his mind and comfort of his body.

(Signed) JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Copy of Original.
VAN WERT, O., July 11, 1889.
RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO., Jackson, Mich.
GENTS: This is to certify that I had what is called sciatic rheumatism so badly that I was all drawn over to one side. My hip sank in so that you could lay your hand in the cavity, and I could do no work for over one year. I tried some of the best physicians and did almost everything I could hear or think of, and nothing did me any good until I purchased a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup of Hines & Son, Druggists, Van Wert, O. Four bottles cured me and have never had it since.
ALBERT KING.
We certify to the above testimonial.
HINES & SON, Druggists.

English capitalists are investing heavily in Duluth enterprises.

The Ladies Delighted.
The pleasant effect and the perfect safety with which ladies may use the liquid fruit laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions make it their favorite remedy. It is pleasing to the eye and to the taste, gentle, yet effectual in acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels.

Rev. Joseph Ward, D. D., president of the college at Yankton, Dakota, is dead.

A Cure of Catarrh
in the head, as well as of all bronchial throat and lung diseases, if taken in time, is effected by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, or money paid for it will be promptly returned.

A more pleasant physic
You never will find
Than Pierce's small "Pellets,"
The Purgative kind.

There is no change in political matters in Montana.

Children Starving to Death
On account of their inability to digest food, will find a most marvelous food and remedy in Scott's Emulsion. Very palatable and easily digested. Dr. S. W. Cohen of Waco, Texas, says: "I have used your Emulsion in infantile wasting. It not only restores wasted tissues, but gives strength and increases the appetite."

Senator Moody of South Dakota, has appointed his son as a page at a salary of $2.50 per day.

Washing powders are strong alkalies, and ruin cloths. The purest soap obtainable is the best and cheapest. Dobbin's Electric Soap has been acknowledged for 24 years to be the purest of all. Try it right away.

W. L. Todd, who lived in Jackson thirty years, and never was outside the corporation, died a few days ago.

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give instant relief.

The body of an infant wrapped in a copy of the Milwaukee Sentinel was found in Lake Linden the other day.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

John R. Wallace's barn, horses, buggy, etc., at Dearborn were burned the other day.

Smoke the best—"Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

John Scanlon of Ironton, while drunk, attempted to slide down the fire escape at the Eagle hotel in Grand Rapids the other night. He is in jail awaiting the arrival of his friends.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.
These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Billiousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

On a 40-acre farm 14 miles from Gladstone have been discovered a bed of gypsum, mineral oil, a valuable fertilizer rock, and gold and silver.

THE GOOD OFFICE OF St. Jacobs Oil
Is well illustrated in the cure of neuralgia, the chief symptom of which is, an intermitting pain which follows the course of the nerve affected. St. Jacobs Oil by gentle rubbing and applied frequently, will cure
NEURALGIA.
196 Sackett St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 31, 1889.
I was taken with neuralgia in side and suffered 6 months. I was given up by doctors, but was cured by St. Jacobs Oil.
MICHAEL McGINN.
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THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.
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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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SELF CLEANING. Drill drops 60 to 90 times a minute.
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Write us what work you wish to do with a well machine.
ALL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.

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Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.
I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.
We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.
Trade Mark $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

NO DULL KNIVES OR SCISSORS Where the 'Little Gem Knife and Scissors Sharpeners Are Used.
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CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS, Red Cross Diamond Brand.
The only reliable pill for sale. Safe and sure. Ladies, ask Druggist for the Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by mail. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Philada, Pa.

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MAGIC REMEDY Will cure Blood Poison where mer'y fails. Owned and for sale only by Cook Remedy Co., Omaha, Neb. Write.

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W. N. U., D.—VII—51.

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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A new method of compounding Tar.
SURE CURE for PILES, SALT RHEUM and all Skin Diseases. Send 3 2c-stamps for Free Sample with Book. Sold by all Druggists and by TAR-OID CO., 73 Randolph St., Chicago. Price, 50c.

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Apply Balm into each nostril.
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THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c

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25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION 25 CTS
Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

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