

An Old Woman Speaks.

"I think that this world would not be half as bright, if fact it would be rather dear, if, as we passed through it, we never could find some poor soul to be good to, my dear. Some poor soul to be good to, my dear. Is a blessing of blessings, that's clear; for to keep the heart warm there is nothing equals some poor soul to be good to, my dear. Through the paths that we tread may be fragrant with flowers, death a sky where no shadows appear, 'Twill add to our joy if we're always in mind some poor soul to be good to, my dear. Some poor soul to be good to, my dear. Yes, even if sorrow come near, less heavy they'll grow just as long as we know some poor soul to be good to, my dear." Margaret Eytine.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE.

The vicar of Slapton, the Rev. Herbert Gardner, was the happy father of some half a dozen children, the oldest of whom, Mattie was a charming girl of 20.

Mattie's ideas of the world were drawn from occasional visits to a neighboring town, for there was very little society in the village; but though unsophisticated, she was a frank outspoken girl, full of life and spirits, and a great favorite.

As yet she had been free from "heart disease," though the lubberly son of a neighboring squire had paid court to her and been promptly sent about his business.

It was about this time that a young surgeon, looking for practice, determined to settle down in Slapton. As a matter of course he and Mattie often met in the houses of the poor, and though not a word of love passed between them people began to associate their names together, and to speak of what might happen as a certainty.

One day when Mattie was, as usual, among her roses, a servant came to say that Dr. Robertson had asked for her father, and as he was from home for her. When she entered the room with her basket of roses on her arm the doctor might well be excused if he wondered which was fairer—the roses in the basket or the rose with the basket. If such thoughts passed through his mind he quickly put them aside, for he said:

"I came to ask Mr. Gardner if he would step down to old Silas Jones, who is very ill with fever. They are very poor and any help you could give them would be of more use than medicine."

"Papa is away," she said, "and will not be back until to-morrow, but I will get some beef-tea ready for him."

"Nothing could be better," said the doctor. "And, as I am going by the house, I will take it myself, for fear there may be an infection."

But Mattie would not consent to stir her duty, so they went on the errand together. From that day the doctor was a pleasant memory to the girl, and though she tried to persuade herself that she did not love him, yet she knew it was something more than friendship which stirred her heart.

The doctor had gone away for a visit to a neighboring town for a week or so, when one day going by the office she saw his housekeeper standing in the door with a paper in her hand. The old woman looked up and said:

"Laws a-muzzy, Miss Mattie, but do ee just read this paper. My owl eyes binna so good as the yonnet was," and the old lady held out a crumpled newspaper.

And Mattie read; "On the 24th inst., at the parish church, Manchester, James Robertson, M. D., only son of Peter Robertson, M. R. C. S. and L. S. A., of Manchester, to Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of the late Isaac Jefferson of Bolton."

For a moment Mattie was speechless with mingled feelings. Then came the reflection that this garrulous old woman must not see her pain; and summoning up all her resolution, she said: "If you write to him wish him much happiness for me."

In the solitude of her chamber she looked into her heart and learned her secret. This man, who was another's husband, had made himself dearer to her than any one on earth could be, and she had been mistaken in supposing that he cared for her.

One morning she heard that the doctor had come home. She was standing among the roses with a very sad heart when she saw Dr. Robertson passing up the road with a lady. He lifted his hat to her and she tried to return his salutation as she would that of any other friend, but somehow the warm blood came to her cheeks, and it was but a stiff and unfriendly little bow that she gave him. And while she stood thinking of it all, and wondering why she should be so unhappy, she heard foot-steps behind her on the gravel walk, and turning saw Dr. Robertson advancing eagerly toward her. Again the crimson tide flooded her face, making her look very lovely in her confusion. But she managed to stammer out something about "glad to see you," when the doctor broke in with:

"Not half so glad as I am to see you. I have been to wedding since I left Slapton and enjoyed my holiday immensely."

"Yes, I know," she said; "I saw your wife walking with you this morning."

"Did you, indeed?" he said, while a smile of quiet joy lit up his face.

"Where did you see my wife, Mattie?"

"In the road," said Mattie.

"No, that was my sister," he replied.

"In the newspaper," she urged.

"That was my cousin," he explained.

"Come here. Did you look in the glass this morning?"

"Yes," whispered Mattie.

"Then that's where you saw my wife—if you saw her anywhere."

And, of course, that settled it, and you all know what happened as well as I can tell you.

Cape Cod Story.

This dull little fishing hamlet on the heel of Cape Cod is now greatly excited. A remarkable reappearance is the cause.

Young Alpheus Myrick, a handsome young sailor kissed his fair young wife twenty-seven years ago, and departed for foreign lands. This was just prior to the outbreak of the civil war. After a certain lapse of time his friends received letters, but during the war all traces of his whereabouts were lost. It was ascertained that Alpheus got on in his profession and became an officer, and that he cruised in different portions of the world on the high seas, but never did he return to his native land.

Finally a report, apparently well authenticated, came from over the seas to Cape Cod, which put an end to suspense. It stated that the lost son and husband, while serving on an English steam vessel, on a passage from England to the East, and had gone to the bottom of the Indian Ocean with the steamer. The latter foundered in a cyclone.

The poor wife then gave up to the seeming inevitable. Warren Loveling, a worthy citizen of the adjacent village of Chatham, asked her to be his wife. She consented. Happiness ensued, and the birth of two children filled the measure of Mr. Loveling's joy.

A short time ago Alpheus wrote from Liverpool a letter of inquiry to his old home. The sad family history was sent him by his brother Charles.

One night last week a gray-haired man over 50 years of age alighted at the little station of the Old Colony Railroad at Brewster when the evening train from Boston arrived. Repairing at once to the Myrick homestead the stranger disclosed his identity. It was Alpheus Myrick. He had journeyed from England hither to get a glimpse once more of the home of his boyhood and to see his old friends again. He had heard while in a South American port some Cape Cod sailors talking of his wife's second marriage, and he determined to never go back or communicate with his old home. His desires got the better of him, however, and he wrote the letter from Liverpool. He did not receive his brother Charles' reply. After seeing his brother and sister he returned to Boston, never to set face in Brewster again.

Nick Biddle.

The most powerful banker the United States has ever known was Nicholas Biddle, President of the Second Bank of the United States. He was a native and citizen of Philadelphia, where the bank was established, and statesmen, politicians, judges, lawyers, and all sorts and conditions of men thronged his bank parlor, sought his favor, and basked in his smile. At his splendid residence in the city, and his still more princely mansion on the Delaware, he dispensed an elegant hospitality with a grace and courtliness that have been seldom surpassed. His word elected Congressmen and legislators, and commanded their votes. Nor was he a tyrannical master or at all desirous of involving the bank or its dependents in the political whirlpool. But the time came when the bank was obliged to come to death grips with old Hickory, and then Biddle put forth all his strength and tried all his resources. That memorable contest is historic and need not be repeated here. Jackson triumphed and Biddle went to the wall. That was in 1832. In 1839 he failed, and in the crash his private fortune was swept away. Then those who sought him in his day of power turned on him to rend him. His name became a by-word in his native city, and though he had done no dishonest act he was treated with scorn. In 1844 he died of a broken heart.

Short Sermon.

If you wish to know whether Christianity is superseded try to live out some of its cardinal virtues. Try forgiveness, for instance. See if you find it a trite, threadbare, overused habit, in your own life; see if it is something that comes to you naturally; see if it is a capacity that you have so fully attained that you can mete it out seventy times seven to one who has persistently wronged you. Try, and see; and then, perhaps, it will appear that the man who could forgive the enemies that crucified Him lived on a moral plane of life to which the world, with all its intellectual and material advancement, has not yet risen.

HE DIDN'T MARRY HER.

When I was young I was never very powerful in the courting business though afterwards I was gradually brought to, and convalesced. I wasn't afraid of shot-guns, or balky mules, but a young lady I always allowed plenty of room. My memory still keeps one foot on the first night I ever went to see a girl, two miles off—Suke Jinkinson, prettier than a barrel of peaches. I'd never got more than in sparking distance of her, but I had loved her at sixty yards for a long time. I was the only heir and incumbent of my father's quarter section of land; knew her folks, and one night I brushed down and happened to drop in accidentally. We sat around the fireplace, and I talked mostly with the old folks; they talked altogether with me. There is one thing I never could understand, and that is; why the old folks always think that it is necessary for them to sit up with a young man till the last horn blows to entertain him, and waste their whole time in trying to make it pleasant for him, when they don't do any such a thing! They'll do it every time, if they lose sleep by it. They think it is incumbent on them to do so, when it is not at all necessary.

I talked well enough to the old folks, but when I had talked them out I had also talked myself out when I found myself alone in the presence of Suke. I couldn't say much, and she knit a good deal. I was only 19, and was away from home. What could I say! What could I have said! But she knit on. The conversational gossip ran along in the following style—with long rather intervals; the reader can fill up these pauses, as I did, by twirling their thumbs, looking at the ceiling, the floor, and at their boots, occasionally I looked at Suke—when she didn't see me. It was 10 p. m.:

"What time have you, Mr. Brown?"

"Indeed, my watch is in my other vest."

"It gets late very early now nights."

"O yes, indeed it does."

"Do you have to get up very early to-morrow, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes. We are going to chop wood."

"Does not loss of sleep interfere with your working next day?"

"No, not in the least. I can stand it."

"Won't you be afraid to go home in the dark?"

"Not a bit. I am not easily scared, and I know every step of the way in the dark."

"Did you ever sit up at a wake, Mr. Brown?"

"I think four this winter."

"And you never get wearied out?"

"No. I once sat up with two-hand-running, and was already to go to work the third day."

"The corpses they staid quiet?"

"O yes, they were dead."

"I hear someone knocking, Miss Suke."

"Yes, it is father pounding on the partition. I guess he is dreaming."

"He must be, I think."

"Was not that 12 the clock struck just now, Mr. Brown?"

"No, I only counted 11."

"Oh, I forgot; our clock always strikes one less. I wish it would strike one more than it does."

"Do you go to bed early, Mr. Brown?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter when I go to bed."

"You seldom get sleepy, then?"

"I can get along without it very well."

"I wish I were like you."

"Does the kitten sleep there all night, Miss Suke?"

"No, she has gone to sleep there, waiting for me to go to my room."

"She gets sleepy early."

"Well the poor thing has been up all day, like myself, and want to retire."

"Have you good fences, Mr. Brown?"

"Pretty good down our way."

"It's funny. All our fences and everybody else, get the gaps up here at this hour of the night."

"The place is not haunted?"

"Oh, no."

"There, I've got that mitten done since you were here."

"You don't say so? That's quick work. You're a good knitter."

"The fire is not like present company, Mr. Brown."

"Why not, Miss Suke?"

"Because it is out."

(Certainly it was out when there was no wood in it.)

"Are you not chilly, Mr. Brown?"

"So, thank you, I am quite warm."

"Ah, I thought you were very cool."

"I'm very comfortable, Miss Suke."

"Did you ever stay up in a house alone at night, Mr. Brown?"

"You bet I have."

"Well, would it be much of an inconvenience to you to sit up here while I go to my room and sleep a little, and in the morning I will see you again. Just keep your seat. There are no spooks here."

I thought I had better go, as it looked like she had begun to hint in that direction, so I made some kind of an

excuse and left. I never went back there, because from that day to this it has always seemed to me that she somehow meant that she wanted me to go home, but for my life I couldn't prove it.

I didn't marry her, for spite.

Strange Hallucination.

A Louisville, Ky., correspondent of The St. Louis Globe-Democrat writes: John K. Fowler, an old steamboatman who was known from the source to the mouth of the Ohio, died on last Monday evening at his home in a little shanty boat, on Elm, between Shelby and Campbell streets. The circumstances surrounding his death were very remarkable. For several years past the old man had no other companion than his wife in the boat, which had been beached on the commons. In the neighborhood are still many other such habitations. Mr. Fowler was a spiritualist, as is also his wife. They gave seances, and the whole populace of the little settlement became firm believers in the faith—being tolerably well off, and very charitable, they were held in high esteem by the poor people of the "Point." Previous to taking up their residence on the river, the Fowlers kept a saloon on Jefferson street, ear Preston, and made a great deal of money. Then they began dabbling in spiritualism, and sold out their business. Mr. Fowler purchased the steamer Little Fairy, and became a trader. He grew old, and a few years ago settled on the Point.

The strange part of the story dates back to the summer of 1885. Mrs. Fowler had been sick several days. One evening she called her husband to her bedside, and told him she would soon fall into a trance-like state, closely resembling death; she would not die, however, and her husband must stay by her bedside and admit no one. A few moments afterward her breath grew short, and she had apparently joined the silent majority.

For twelve hours her husband watched fearfully by her bedside. At the end of that time her body grew warm, and signs of life became manifest. She grew better and finally recovered. Upon awakening from the death-like sleep she told a wonderful story of heaven, which she said she visited, and gave a glowing description of the life beyond the grave. The old man listened eagerly, and calling in his neighbors told them of his wife's startling revelations. They all believed it, and do so to this day.

About two weeks ago Mr. Fowler became ill, and daily grew worse. On last Saturday morning he arose from his bed, and kneeling down, offered up a prayer that his life might be spared a little longer. While in this position he was afflicted with paralysis, and his wife lifted him back into bed.

On Sunday he felt that death was approaching. He called his wife to him and said he felt that he was about to leave this earth, perhaps for a short time and may be forever. He was inclined to believe, however, that it would simply be a trance, and made his wife promise that in case he seemed to die she would keep his body for three days before making the fact known. At the end of that time, if he did not recover consciousness, he would certainly be dead.

At 10 o'clock Monday night he kissed her affectionately, and fell back upon the bed a corpse. Mrs. Fowler then undressed and retired to sleep as usual. The next day she spent in prayer and in communion with the spirits. On Tuesday night she again lay down to sleep beside the dead body of her husband. When Wednesday morning came she sent for Dr. Newman and Coroner Miller, who examined and pronounced the man dead. Not satisfied, she sent for a Mrs. Hauck, a spiritualistic medium, who called up his spirit from the "unseen world." Mr. Fowler said that he was dead, the pleasures of the hereafter so great that he had no desire to return, that they might bury his body, and he would patiently wait until his dear wife joined him. Yesterday afternoon the remains were interred in White's cemetery and quite a number of the friends of the old man formed the sad procession. He leaves considerable property and quite a large sum of money to his wife, who is his only relative living.

The Oldest Military Body in the World.

At a Court of Assistants of the Honorable Artillery Company, held at Army House, Finsbury, on Monday last, it was resolved, on motion of Capt. Woolmer Williams, "That the court at its next meeting do take into consideration the best means of celebrating the 350th anniversary of the incorporation of the regiment, occurring on August 25, 1887." It is understood that the event will be made the occasion for great festivities, which will be attended by a representative number of the members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, United States, an "offshoot" of the regiment which was founded by a member of the Honorable Artillery Company of London, who emigrated to Boston in 1638—a hundred and one years after the incorporation of the parent stem by royal charter of Henry VIII.—[London Court Journal.]

NEWS AND NOTES.

It is officially announced that the Crown Prince of Germany will attend the coming jubilee ceremonies in London.

The Camberwell Radical Club is making arrangements to give Editor O'Brien a banquet in behalf of the Radicals and Irishmen of London.

The Journal de St. Petersburg says that Turkey's circular relative to Bulgaria does not modify Russia's justified refusal to negotiate with the present Bulgarian Regency.

Charles Ross, stolen from Philadelphia thirteen years ago, has been found again. He is now reported an inmate of the Connecticut State Prison, but the story is not credited.

Gladstone writes that as the Union-Liberals have assisted in passing to a second reading the Permanent Coercion bill, the Irish question is virtually settled for the present.

Dr. Alfred R. Wallace, the eminent English naturalist, is lecturing in San Francisco. He has no difficulty in demonstrating to the satisfaction of the Pacific coast people that the New York dude is descended from the ape.

The Rev. H. W. Dodge of Jacksonville, Fla., is authority for the story that Mr. Peck of New York not long ago caught with rod and line a tarpon over six feet in length, weighing 300 pounds. It was doubtless weighed on fish scales.

President Grevy made a personal donation of 10,000 francs for the benefit of the sufferers by the Opera Comique fire. No search has yet been made in the upper galleries for the bodies of persons supposed to have lost their lives there.

Mrs. L. F. Baldy of California is endeavoring to establish a colony of silk culturists in Maryland. A tract of 100 acres will be divided among ten colonists, and by next spring she hopes to have the experiment fully under way.

Oscar Wilde has blossomed out as a novelist of the blood-and-thunder school. One of the London society papers is printing a serial story from his pen, entitled "Lord Arthur Saville's Crime; a Tale of Cheirromancy."

The grain porters at the Avenmouth docks Bristol, who struck against the use of elevators in unloading vessels, have gone back to work, the employers having promised to use elevators only when they were insufficiently supplied with manual labor.

Prof. Dwight of Columbia says of Henry George's theory: "Without private property in land no man can have an assured birth-place or burial place. No tree can be planted that he can call his own, nor can any dwelling erected that will give him assured shelter."

Senator Ingalls, in his late address at Abilene, Kas., took radical grounds on the suffrage question. In the plainest terms he expressed a conviction that the reception of foreigners was a mistake, that the admission of the negro race to the franchise was a mistake, and that to confer the privilege on women would be another mistake.

Hormusjee Eduljee Koteivae, one of the best sportsmen that ever lived, recently died in a Bombay hospital. This gentleman, who was a Parsee, rejoiced in the title of Tiger slayer, which he had well earned by killing a hundred tigers. His death was caused by a cheetah, a curious beast not often seen in America.

The Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer, a member of the well-known Albany family of that name, and therefore a minister of the Episcopal Church, was Friday ordained a Catholic priest, and will hereafter devote himself to work among the Indians of Montana.

The King of the Belgians is said by Continental papers to be engaged on a "History of the conquest of England by the Normans." His recent visit to England is declared to have been undertaken with the purpose of personally examining the battlefield of Hastings.

John Roach possessed genuine Irish wit. When he came to this country he was only 15 years old. Some time after his arrival he met one of his father's most intimate friends, who asked him how he was getting along. "Getting along foine," said he. "Shure, when I kem to this country I hadn't a rag to me back, an' now I'm covered all over wid them."

Benjamin F. Butler has been giving advice to the students of the Boston University Law School. One of the most characteristic of his remarks ran as follows: "Make a bargain about your fees, and be sure to do this early and get your pay early." There is no reason to believe that the advice will be neglected.

Dr. Elliot Coues, the noted ornithologist of the Smithsonian Institute, recently became impregnated with the doctrine of the theosophists, and is now a Buddhist from his head to his heels. Some days ago he made a farewell address before a learned body of which he was a member and which had given him the cold shoulder. This learned body refused to have the address put into print, and so Dr. C. has had the discourse struck off at his own expense. He considers himself as one persecuted for conscience sake.