

HOPE AND MEMORY.

Hope, like a bird of morning, sweetly sings, And charms us till we mount with joy and pride...

The one, bright as the Star of Bethlehem, Before us beckoning, shines thro' good or ill.

Of Jewels rare she crowns us with at will, MEXICO, IND.

BY GEORGES OHNET. The English Adaptation by Phillips Precaut.

CHAPTER I. JEZU, what a beautiful girl!

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part of each to enable him to think calmly over the adventure of the half-hour just past, and the words which it had prompted...

"René!" exclaimed Guillot solemnly, so solemnly that his friend was quite startled by it.

"René, I believe it is an old German proverb which says that in money matters all sociability ceases. I think it should be amended and the words 'love affairs' be put in place of 'money matters'...

"I do, most assuredly," exclaimed the notary's son, in a very earnest tone of voice...

"Good! then we are perfectly matched!" of a waltz, out of the glare of the ball-room and into the seeming world of fantasy which lay around the chateau.

"Mademoiselle," he uttered, almost in a whisper, "my leave of absence has almost run its length. Mademoiselle drew closer to Armand's side as these words were spoken, and he could faintly feel her hold tighten upon his arm.

"I mean," replied his friend, "that in this matter we must be more than honorable; we must be honest itself. Mademoiselle must be the star of our night, our light, our must not, nor must anyone for us, strive in any way to gain an undue advantage.

"Not so, my friend," replied the young officer, "you are a rich man's son, while I have nothing but my sword, and his blade is, as you know, new and bright."

words. That he loved Madeline as deeply as Guillot he did not doubt, but would he be able to tell her so, and to tell her so in such a way as to persuade her that he was speaking the truth?

"That was the question, and a very important question it was. Days and weeks went by, and with such excellent poetry did the beautiful Madeline reel the rapt attentions of the two friends that they half began to persuade themselves that she would really end in dismissing them both as suitors.

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SMUGGLING "ON THE INSIDE."

How It is Carried on by Ocean Steamship Employees. Hardly at any time has there ever supposed to have been a more rigid watchfulness by Custom House officers to prevent smuggling than now, and still it continues on a much larger scale than most people think.

While it is true that the value of the smuggled goods singly may not be large, yet their aggregate value during the year must be considerable. If an inspector was told that the smuggling of fans, perfumery, umbrellas, suits of clothing, silk dresses, lace, meerschaum pipes and many other lines of goods upon which there is a large import duty was carried on under his very nose, so to speak, he would probably regard the assertion as a "fairy story," interesting enough, perhaps, to read about, but with no foundation in fact.

Yet the assertion is true, nevertheless, and similar statements emanate from two persons, both unacquainted with each other, one being connected with a German steamship line, the other with the United States line. It is not necessary to state how the writer discovered the acts that are here presented, except to add that the discovery was partly accidental, and that the versions were voluntarily supplied by the persons engaged on the lines on which the smuggling is done.

"It may surprise you to learn that half a dozen fans have been concealed in a woman's employee's best leg. A suit of clothes specially made for a party in New York has been worn by another employee who has returned in an old suit which he has put on at the place he left the new one. Choice perfumery has been taken off the ship in an oil can to avert suspicion. Silk dresses partly made up have been put by women employees, and silk umbrellas are frequently taken ashore without any concealment whatever.

"No one who is unfamiliar with the true character of these houses of call, as many of the employees would be, could be the proprietor of being ever remotely concerned in smuggling. They are in other respects thoroughly respectable. Honor between the parties concerned in this business is an absolute necessity. The principals and secondaries meet. The former produces a sample of the goods wanted, which is to cost so much, and the person who is to bring it over gets the money in advance, or is paid on delivery, as the case may be. When it cannot be procured, he or she get paid for their trouble, and that is the end of the transaction for the time being. Correspondence is always a last resource.

"Very frequently the persons interested do not see each other for months. There are several reasons why this sort of traffic goes on uninterruptedly. One is the miserably low wages that is paid to stewards and other employees, male and female, who upon an average do not get more than \$5 or \$6 a week on the German lines and not much more on the English steamers. Besides, they are fined for breakages of crockery, except in a storm, and for loss of table and bed linen. Their fees and tips are not large, so one would suppose, because the larger the number of cabin passengers the greater is the opportunity for people inclined to be mean to slip off without paying the steward anything.

"The chief officers are just as well aware of what is going on as the subordinate ones. Their fees and tips are not large, so one would suppose, because the larger the number of cabin passengers the greater is the opportunity for people inclined to be mean to slip off without paying the steward anything.

"Another and stronger reason is this: There is scarcely a European passenger steamer coming into the port of New York that does not feed the Customs House officers during the vessel's stay. They eat and drink of the best the ship can supply. And it doesn't cost them a cent. Custom's officers, like other people, like to be well fed. Perhaps they are under these circumstances less scrupulous in the execution of their duties toward the company's employees than they otherwise would be, and it would appear to be a gross breach of hospitality to arrest one or more of the very waiters who try to make them so comfortable.

self was a Jew, or of Jewish birth. The name Christopher was frequently used by converts, while the surname Colon was borne by a distinguished family of Jewish scholars. Christopher's brother, Diego, bore originally the Jewish name Jacob, which sounds surprisingly like a Shom Kadosh. Perhaps some Jewish scholars in Italy will make inquiry into the validity of this daring suggestion.—Jewish World.

A Burst of Royal Wrath. King William III. of the Netherlands, who died a few weeks ago, was, in his last days, a man of frightful temper. The person who excited him above all others was the plump, plagiatic Thorbecke, who left the desk of a Utrecht professorship to become a Minister of State. The King expressed his contempt by always addressing him as "Sir Professor." In 1870, while William was drifting swiftly toward an alliance with France, in order that he might avenge the wrongs all the Dutchmen feel they have sustained at German hands, the "Professor" was selected to accompany the King on his journey. Thorbecke entered the King's bed-chamber with his hands behind him on the day of the decision.

"Good morning, Sir Professor. What is the news?" said the King. "Nothing special, sire; only the people of the Hague are talking a good deal of nonsense," said Thorbecke, with diplomatic deliberateness. "Humph! Concerning my Ministers?" "No, sire," droned on Thorbecke, "concerning you."

"Concerning me?" shouted the King, "and what, O honored Professor, concerning me?" "Sire, I hardly wish to repeat it, I—"

"Enough, I wish to hear it." "Well, sire, the people of the Hague say you are as crazy as a loon."

"The King dropped the inkstand in the curtain that had caught it and glowered at the Professor, who hastened to pile reasons on reasons why the Netherlands should remain neutral during the Franco-German war. A few days later, in the presence of all his Ministers, William III. tore into bits and stamped on the declaration of war which he had all but forced on his unwilling subjects.

"The hour most fatal to life. Have the hours most fatal to life ever been ascertained? was the question recently asked of a prominent Philadelphia physician.

"Yes, to a certain extent, was his reply. I have the data here of some very interesting conclusions ascertained in 2,880 instances of death at all ages. The examples are taken from the statistics of life and death in the month of several years. If the deaths of these 2,880 had occurred indifferently at any hour during the twenty-four, 120 would have occurred each hour; but this was by no means the case. There are two hours in which the proportion was remarkably below this—two minima, as it were—namely; from midnight to 1 o'clock, when the deaths were 83 per cent. below the average, and from noon to 1 o'clock, when they were 20 1/2 per cent. below. From 3 to 6 o'clock a. m., inclusive, and from 3 to 7 p. m., there is a gradual increase in the number of deaths, cent. above the average, in the latter of 5 1/2 per cent. The maximum of death is from 5 o'clock to 6 o'clock a. m., when it is 40 per cent. above the average; the next during the hour before midnight, when it is 25 per cent. in excess. A third hour of excess is that from 9 o'clock to 10 o'clock in the morning, that hour being 17 1/2 per cent. above the average. From 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. the deaths are less numerous, being 16 1/2 per cent. below the average, the hour before noon being the most fatal. From 3 o'clock p. m. to 7 p. m. the death-rates rises 5 per cent. above the average, and then falls from that hour until 11 p. m., when it averages 6 1/2 below the mean. During the hours from 9 to 11 o'clock in the evening there is a minimum of 6 1/2 below the average. Thus it will be seen that the greatest mortality is during the hours from 3 to 6 o'clock in the morning, the midday hours, from 10 to 3 o'clock furnishing the least average hourly death-rate.

CANFIELD IS IN PRISON.

MERITED DOOM OF NELLIE GRIFFIN'S SLAYER. Pleading Guilty for Fear of Mob Vengeance. He is Sent for Life to the Jackson Penitentiary—Speedy Justice for an Inhuman Wretch.

Russell C. Canfield, the inhuman murderer of little Nellie Griffin, escaped the lynchers' rope by pleading guilty and receiving the sentence of life imprisonment. Less than twenty-four hours ago he was captured, and to-night he is in the State Penitentiary at Jackson. Justice has been swift in his case, but in the opinion of the enraged people here she has been far too merciful. Horrific and maddened by the fearful crime of the monster, the people demanded blood, and had Canfield been still in the jail here this night would have been his last in any form of mortal punishment that caused him to confess, and dread of the vigilantes' rope drove him to plead guilty and seek safety behind the solid walls of the State's prison. Sheriff Pollock saw the prisoner in his cell this morning and told him of the danger now in his company of the enraged people. He seemed to feel this by intuition, and seemed to be willing to do anything to save his miserable neck. When the Sheriff asked him if he desired to plead guilty as he had confessed he replied, "Yes, I'll plead guilty to murdering the girl at any price." The prosecuting attorney was seen and Judge Hooker notified. Early in the afternoon Canfield, the Sheriff and the prosecutor slipped quietly into the court-room by a side door, and the charge was read to Canfield. His dull, sleepy eyes looked uncomprehendingly at the outraged people. He hardly understood the reading or the importance of the charge as it was read to him. When it was finished he was asked: "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" "I am guilty," said the wretch, and he shivered as if with an ague chill. Judge Hooker then sentenced him to imprisonment for life, and at once the Sheriff hustled him on a Michigan Central train, and he was taken to the State's prison to undergo his life-long punishment.

The story as told by the murderer and taken down is substantially the same as that given by Dimondale to Jonesville on Tuesday morning, Jan. 27, by rail, from the latter place going to Coldwater. After spending some time in this town, he visited the State School and had a talk with Superintendent Newkirk. He told the latter that he was a convict from the State institution, saying he would provide a good home for her and alleging, as was true, that he was possessed of a comfortable property. He gave his name to the Superintendent as G. Hendershott, and finally made arrangements to take Nellie Griffin with him to his alleged home in Jonesville. He returned to Dimondale. After getting off the train at the latter place Canfield, with his victim, took the road leading to Mr. Harrison's farm. Before reaching it he struck off the traveled highway, going through the woods, and finally reached his charge, reaching the piece of timber by the river where the body was found. They talked for a few moments and Nellie manifested great distress of mind and went bitterly begging Canfield to take her back to the institution at Coldwater. Turning to the right, Canfield and his victim were struck her down and choked her to death. He then denuded her body of clothing, and taking the corpse in his arms, threw it headlong into the river. The clothes he took to Harrison's farm and hid them under the floor of the cow stable. On the morning after the murder to the last that he had not abused his victim.

When Canfield had signed this confession of his guilt he was at once locked up and a guard placed over him. Sheriff Pollock, after taking precautions to guard the jail in case of an attack, called on the State's attorney, G. H. Dimondale, to search for the girl's clothes. Under the floor of the cow stable on Mr. Harrison's farm the clothes were found wrapped in a bundle.

To the people who read Canfield's confession, his admissions concerning the murder of the girl, and the picture he so fully and so truthfully gave of the truth, he has regular features, a full beard, mild, honest-looking blue eyes, and is as far from looking the villain he acknowledges himself to be as can be imagined. The Harrison family, for whom he drove a milk wagon daily, had long refused to believe him guilty until his own confession forced them to admit it. They state that he was a quiet, unobtrusive man who never had much to say and did his work well. He is understood to be fairly well fixed, and has an income from a small farm. He was seen to drive a milk wagon for Mr. Harrison rather than conduct his own farm and do his own cooking and housework. The other convicts in the penitentiary say they will knock him on the head when he gets to work.

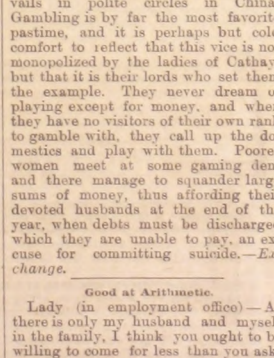
A suggestion has been made that oil night with advantage be used at the most exposed light-houses to reduce the force of the waves. It is thought that this end might be attained by placing, say, a couple of small steel buoys in the most exposed direction at a distance from the lighthouse of some 150 feet. There should be a pulley on the buoy and a slight rope, so that the bag or appliance for distributing the oil could be hauled in when required. The method is most simple, and can be tested without great expense.

The English papers report among the "overdue" vessels for New Orleans, "in a heavy condition, overloaded, and three men short of her complement. If there is any good reason why a brig should not be at the bottom of the Atlantic we should like to hear it.

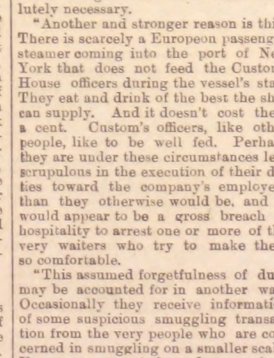
NEVER speak ill of anybody; you can do just as much execution with a shrug of the shoulders or a significant look. ARE women born contrary, or is it acquired?



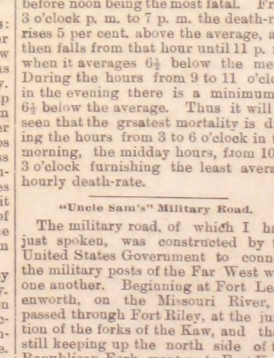
"IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT WITH ME TOO."



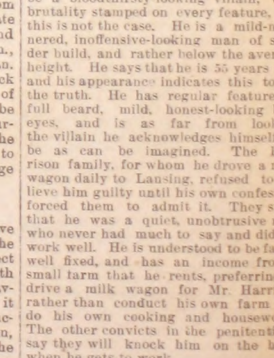
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