RIVALS.

A Story of the Vengeance of the Sea, Written for This Paper.

BY MAXWELL GRAY.

CHAPTER I.

The village straggles over a windy, treeless level above steep cliffs, the bases of which are eaten away and tunneled under by the perpetual action of the sea. Thence in quiet weather comes the low lullaby of a scarcely audible surge; there at the broken base of the storm-battered wall it murmurs a caressingly through sunny noons and moonlit nights, rarely quite still; it deepens at times to a mellow roar, when a white sheet of surf spreads over the far-stretching reef.

From this low roar, through many a crescendo, the sea music rises to a complex symphony of warning thunders and blending harmonies, heard far inland, then the soft surf rolls and rages into tumbling avalanches, the breakers rise and rush up the cliffs till these are half sunken in a white waste of foam and crowned by a blinding spray mist. Sometimes a billow can rush like winged monsters out of the very heart of the sea and hurl themselves crashing on the limestone walls, till the spray flies far over the summits and dissolves, dream-like, upon the windy waste. That is why the square, two-storied tower, rising above the graves of shipwrecked strangers, is often crusted over with fine salt, and only sea-loving things grow near it.

All this fury of waters has so wasted the shore that only the hardest rocks remain in towering cliff and ragged reef; the sandstone has either been torn out by the sea or worn out by a tiny rill wandering seawards and making a chasm, irregular and broken into many a ledge, steep at the bottom and shelving broadly toward the top.

Here is short, scant pasture, and many a sea-loving plant, with heather and gorse feathering, away at the top. And here, high in a sheltered nook, commanding the southward sea, is, or rather was some years ago, Mary Deane's low stone cottage, in its well-tended garden, with its shining myrtles and fuchsia bushes.

Walled from the north and east by the cliff, partially screened from the west and fully open to the south, this garden was a paradise, and was for many years the chief support of Widow Deane and her son, now a strong, broad-faced man of much resource, partly fisher, partly gardener, and partly boatman, who tended the cow, the pigs, the few hardy sheep browsing on the broken cliff, and the donkey which drew garden stuff, crabs and lobsters, eggs and butter to market weekly. Robert Deane could knock up a shed out of a few planks of driftwood, and most things out of odds and ends. He was a comely, square-built fellow, with bright, merry blue eyes, and short, curly brown beard and hair.

One gray still October afternoon he was whistling in front of a lean-to shed at the foot of the cliff chopping firewood, of which he had already piled a good stock, made chiefly from the spars and ribs of a bark that went to pieces on the reef in the last winter. Through the open cottage door he could see his mother sitting at work by a crackling hearth fire, over which a swinging kettle sang, the oak-cased clock ticked cosily by the staircase. The dark oak dresser displayed its gleaming crockery. Flowers bloomed in the window. All was tidy and clean, including Widow Deane in her white cap and gray hair. Sea shells, coral and foreign figures on the mantelpiece, the shell of a large tortoise, and the model of a full-rigged man-of-war gave the little cabin a full sea flavor.

Presently Robert's rough-coated dog Reefer cocked his ears, Robert's face brightened, foot steps sounded along the cliff, the gate clicked open, and two women stepped up the single path.

"Here we be, Robert," said the elder of the two.

"Ay, ay, Mrs. Fielding," he replied, dropping his bill-hook and coming forward; "here you be, and welcome you be, and here's a fine lot of fire-wood for Rosie to come winter."

The younger woman colored with happiness and spoke to the dog dancing round her.

"Reefer knows the new missus already," said Widow Deane, coming out and kissing Rosie's fresh, firm cheek.

A man was passing down the steep path, screened from their sight by a fuchsia-tree growing by the gate, but not so thickly that he could not see through its outer sprays. When he saw the two mothers and Robert and the

HE STOPPED AND SWORE QUIETLY TO HIMSELF.

sunshine bringing out the gold gleams in Rose's hair, and the red coming to her cheeks at Robert's voice, he stopped and swore quietly to himself, until the last one went in by the fireside and the door was partially closed. Then he turned away.

"Cursed jilt!" he muttered, pursuing his downward path, with his lobster pots on his shoulder. "Ay, Bob Deane, you smiles superior on me, do ye? Married Monday and me to ring your bells, eh! George Attrill ring for another chap's wedding his own girl! Look to yourself, Bob Deane; a deal may chance between this and Monday!"

He stopped again at a lower turn of the narrow path and looked once more at the fast glow from the cottage window, fronting the moaning sea, then he suddenly dashed his lobster-pots to the ground and himself beside them, face downwards. The wail of a sea-gull flying homewards and the low murmur of the surf at the cliff bases alone broke the silence of the desolate place.

"But I'm not to be mistress here," Rose was saying, standing in the glow of the hearth, so soon to be hers; "the house and all is yourn, Mrs. Deane; 'tisn't even Robert's." So she said in her courtesy, looking round the pretty neat nest she meant to keep and arrange so carefully.

"Taint all shipshape yet, Rosie," said Robert; "but mother and me reckons to get all trim and taut by bedtime."

"To be sure, Robert worked like a horse," added his mother; "but things is thirtover when anybody's in a hurry."

Everything was perfect, the Fieldings said. They admired the various contrivances effected by Robert's ingenuity—the fresh curtains he had nailed up, and the sofa he had made out of a chest, covered with chintz, the new crockery, the large new family Bible.

"And father's present ain't come yet," Mrs. Fielding said mysteriously. Rose grew brighter as each treasure was displayed. She thought of the short winter days, when Mrs. Deane was to be with a brother ten miles away, and she and Robert were to be alone together. How warm the cottage would look in the early dusk, when Bob came home tired and cold to his bright fire and his tea. And then the long evenings with the concertina and a book and her needle, and his pipe and the pleasant chat. And then——

"Come on, Rosie," Robert said, holding the open door open; "mother is gone upstairs."

She woke from golden dream to golden reality, took and returned Robert's kiss, and followed him up the steep stairs opening upon the sitting-room below to the sleeping-rooms above, one on the right hand, which was Mrs. Deane's, and one, to the left, screened from the upper stair by a partition of Robert's contrivance, with an adapted door bought second-hand and put into a rough lintel of his making.

"That is nice," Rose exclaimed. "Why, Robert, you're as good as any 'prenticed cabinet-maker!"

All was made ready, neat and spotless by Robert's deft hands. A satisfied smile crisped his brown face when he looked at the simple plenishings and askek if all were as Rose wished.

The mothers commended and commented, Rose, looking shyly on, thought everything perfect; the new looking-glass, the clean, coarse linen, the geraniums blooming in the small diamond-paned window set nest-like in the thatch; the row of pegs fixed against the gay, new wall-paper for the wife's gowns; Robert's wedding suit folded neatly on a chair.

Rosy morning sunbeams would steal in through that window, turning to gold and tracing a cross-barred pattern on the boarded floor that she would keep so white—on the strip of carpet and on the patchwork quilt. Through dark winter nights the sea would roar its hoarse lullaby, shrieking winds would coil themselves round the safe cottage-nest till it shuddered in their grasp; at times the deep groundswell would boom through the stillness of the coming storm. Summer moonbeams would weave a silvery glamour about the room, while soft airs stirred the myrtle-blossom, and the low murmur of surf on the beach sounded faintly through the charmed silence.

The mothers were busy putting some final touches; Robert called Rose's attention to a lettered scroll on the wall: "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."

A sudden bewildering, half-grasped sense of the deep significance of life, the solemnity of human ties, and the divinity enfolding all, rushed up from hidden depths to the girl's unawakened soul and broke upon her, just as a giant billow rushes out of the sea's heart, and breaks on the cliff-face in storm; her face crimsoned; her heart throbbed.

Robert led her to the window.

"Look," he said; "a vessel in the offing! Many a craft you'll make out of a summer's day. And here's myrtle still abloom."

He leaned out of the open casement and plucked a spray, leaning over it and talking of the sea, while the mothers laughed with nodding heads and hands held before their mouths, together.

A robin was piping softly in the sheltered garden. The song of the sea came up from below, louder now and with sonorous menace in it, softer then a while since. Robert's brown face was traced upon the wide, slow-heaving sea-plain; and far down at the mouth of the chasm, by the white surf-fringe on the yellow shingle, was the figure of a solitary man, too far off to be recognized.

But it came into Rose's mind that it might be George Attrill, and the thought was like a cloud passing across the sun.

"'Tis a pleasant lookout," she said, taking the myrtle blossom. "I never could seem to get on for long without I could see the sea."

"Me and you like the same things mostly," he replied; "I seem lost away from the sea. Look at her now! Storm's coming. There's a groundswell growling. Mother, she can't abide the ground-swell. Minds her of father," he added, in an undertone. "But it's meat and drink to me to hear it. Many a time I've said I should never have nor a wife, only the sea. She was my first sweetheart."

"That's true enough," broke in his mother, for whose sake Bob had given up his wish to follow his shipwrecked father's calling.

The inspection over, and all pronounced in order, they went down stairs. The earthenware teapot was set on the round table, and Bob took up the mushrooms and potatoes which had been roasting in the wood ashes, and they fell to with country heartiness, while Reefer looked on, bolt upright, with his paws dropping beseechingly on his chest, and a heedless and improvident kitten played with his tail and frisked about in irresponsible gayety.

Many details had yet to be [illegible] because, as Mrs. [illegible] don't get married every day," and each arrangement evoked some reminiscence of her wedding and that of Mrs. Deane, and they suggested some sage counsel to Robert and Rose, so that before they rose from table dusk had begun to close in, with little shivering gusts of wind and ominous rumblings in the chimney. The sea-song was rising in fitful crescendo; the firelight played upon Rose's face and soft, braided hair. Her lover thought her more and more like her own flower, especially when he drew something bright from his pocket and fitted it on her finger under the table.

"It's a big 'un for to last," he whispered, replacing it in his pocket.

Just as the Fieldings stepped out onto the winding path on the way home with Robert they almost ran against a man climbing up from the shore.

"Good night," Bob sang out.

"Good night," the other returned, gruffly, shrinking back in the dim light that still lingered.

"Why, 'tis Jarge Attrill," cried Robert; "come on, Jarge, say you'll come a Monday. Me and you was always mates, you mind."

"Me and you'll never be mates no more, Robert Deane," he growled, striding on, a tall, strong fellow, with a sailor's gait and dark eyes flashing through the obscurity. Then he turned on a sudden and shouted: "When that light wench gets tired of you, same as she does of me, you'll wish you'd a let marryin' alone, Bob Deane," and marched on again, whistling.

"It's a shame!" cried Rose, bursting into tears. "I never favored him, Robert."

All that night the sea's song was loud and exultant. Next morning the waves came rolling in like long-ranged cliffs of glassy green, with beetling foam summits, raging into snow cataracts and clashing up the cliff face in blinding masses of spray; the groundswell sucked the shingle back with a threatening rattle that sounded like an angry cry above the continuous thunder of the breakers. Men stood gazing seawards, battling with the gusty wind, and talking of the lifeboat house in the adjacent bay, saying that it could never round the point with such a surf.

Rose was little troubled by the gathering storm, for she was too full of personal matters. The church bells rang out from the windy tower in fitful clashes as the sound was caught and tossed about by the gale, now pealing loud on the blast, now unheard for minutes together, and then pealing out, jangled again. She had not to go to church, partly because her banns were called, and the hours flew swiftly on to the wedding day.

Robert came up to tea in the afternoon, all blown about and staggering in the gusts, which grew fiercer with the

"I NEVER FAVORED HIM."

close of the day; he was to take Rose to church, but her father advised her to stay in.

"You'll be blown over the cliff, and then there won't be no wedding," he said laughing.

But they set off in the twilight, which was prolonged by a moon fitfully breaking through black clouds.

"The Lord help any vessel anigh this coast to-night," said Robert, as they heard the sudden swirl of church bells above the roar of the sea, and Rose pressed closer to him. When the moon sailed out from the wrack they could see the great breakers caught sideways by the wind and thrown up in tall white columns, moving ghostlike and vanishing in a white whirl of foam; misty white wings of it flew over the land, the salt was in their faces and hair.

The church was some way inland by the village proper, a second village having grown up about the seaward gorge, the ancient haunt of smugglers and wreckers. When the lovers reached the church they drew up breathless in the lee of a buttress to recover before going in. Rose was to go home with her brothers, Robert having promised to get back early to his mother, who was lonesome in storms.

"So good-night Rosie," he said, "this here's the last unmarried kiss, my dear. Ten o'clock sharp, mind."

As he spoke, a low, sullen boom sounded, through a slight lull in the wind. The heavy stroke fell as if on their hearts. "Hark!" cried Bob, and through the fury of the storm and the broken pealing of the bells they heard the low boom again, the guns of a ship in distress.

"The Lord keep her off this coast!" said Robert, lingering after Rose went in, and looking seawards in a moon-glimpse, and seeing nothing but the raging waste and the light on the headland.

His heart yearned to his first love, the beautiful, terrible sea; she was calling him; he did not go into the church. Try as she would to fix them on the prayers, Rose's thoughts wandered to the iris-tinted future, and George Attrill's words haunted her. Conscience told her that she had given him some slight encouragement before she knew that Robert cared for her. Poor George! She heard him come in with the other ringers after the service began.

The clergyman's voice sounded thinly through pauses in the wild revelry without. The church shuddered at the fierce onset of the winds, the roof shook, now and then a bell gave out a tremulous vibration, the storm noises were multiplied and prolonged in the lofty spaces of the vaulted building, which had battled with and echoed the tempests of centuries.

The congregation was small and thinly scattered about the large, dimly lighted church; the responses died in ghost-like murmurs; the clergyman's raised voice was drowned from time to time in louder gusts of wind; the hymn was like a faint cry of distress heard fitfully through the tempest.

Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

Many details had yet to be [illegible] quaveringly from the choir, when [illegible]ough the dying cadence of the last line there broke forth a loud and hurried knocking on the solid church doors, which were shut and barred against the storm.

The organ rumble stopped abruptly, the more resolute voices beginning the next verse were left solitary and ceased in half-uttered notes; the knocking was repeated more loudly and urgently, a veritable stroke of doom to some present. It was the call for such of the lifeboat's crew as were there.

The congregation stood silent and expectant. The heavy tramp of men's feet down the windy aisles sounded through the rumble and crash of the storm, and echoed in the hearts of women. Rose was ignorant of Robert's absence; the young men sat behind her, but she knew, though she could not see, that George Attrill, one of the crew, went out, as did most of the men. A heavy sadness fell upon her; the sound of the church doors closing with an echoing clang struck to her very heart.

The organ rumbled out again, the grand hymn, with its surge-like rhythm and long-gathering swell, became, in the tremulous women's and boys' throbbles, a piteous wail, drifting away into the storm and darkness. Rose's full voice failed her, and she sang no more. The sparse congregation were visibly disquieted, they could scarcely keep their seats, the pulpit candles went out in a gust, the unheeded sermon broke off prematurely, the clergyman dismissed his flock, and went down to the shore.

Late that night Rose's younger brothers came home with tidings that the vessel had struck on the reef, the lifeboat had twice gone out to her, and twice had to put back; nothing could live near her.

Midnight came, but Moses, the grown-up son, had not returned. The mother and daughter sat up for him far into the night, listening to the roaring storm and talking fitfully, now of bygone wrecks, now of the approaching wedding, until Rose was sent to bed, and immediately fell asleep, with the golden tissue of her dreams perpetually broken by that loud and hurried knocking on the church doors.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Keep Up with the Children.

There is in every community a class of people who seem incapable of receiving any education outside of their own limited experience. Life runs along easily enough for them until their children grow up and begin to look forward to something broader for themselves. Then the battle for supremacy begins in earnest. The child seems ungrateful to the mother and the mother seems tyrannous to the child.

It is very hard for a mother who has laid down precise ideas of how her life and belongings shall be arranged and finds that life fails to arrange itself according to her plans; to discover that her own daughter is one of the chief opponents of her ideas. And yet this is exactly what happens to the woman who fails to learn. Progression is a law of the universe, and one who attempts to retard its wheels is sure to be crushed beneath them. There is something pitiless in the power that so often carries the child so far beyond the parent.

It is the law of heaven that love should go downward to the child—not backward to the parent. A true mother's love is sacrificial of self and asks no return. No child's love, however tender, can equal a mother's love, and it is not natural that it should. A great deal has been said of the duty of children to their parents when every thinking man and woman must recognize that the chief obligation is due from the parents to the children. One obligation is to keep abreast of the times with the child, so that the parent shall be a mentor in times of need—a safe, unfailing guide and companion; not an incubus. To do all this is to fulfill in the highest sense the trust heaven has laid upon parents.

The Marriage Tie.

Said a brilliant woman, whom not one of the refined coterie who heard her thought of calling "immoral:" "At 18 I married, of my own foolish will, a man of 50, who adored me. At 20 I had learned that it would be a sin to waste my full young life—the only life I could know this side of the grave—in so monstrous a union. He was a good man, and, according to his lights, a model husband. I could not but respect him, but we had not one emotion in common. We were wholly incompatible in feeling, sentiment, in nature. Upon this ground, and this alone, I obtained a divorce."

Tear away sentimental verbiage and this woman's case stands thus: Her husband's ideas and tastes were not, to her apprehension, favorable to the development of what she sketched as the life she ought to lead. Her individual happiness outranked all other considerations in her mind. The marriage vow, uttered of her own free will, because she then fancied that she was forwarding her selfish interests by the union, became a rope of sand when inclination veered to another quarter.—Marion Harland, in Harper's Bazar.

Making Real Diamonds.

M. Moissan, member of the Academie des Sciences, has produced a number of microscopic specimens of true diamonds for ordinary carbon, which he had crystallized by means of an electrical furnace, invented by himself. Results were obtained by dissolving pure carbon, obtained by combusion of sugar in an ingot of iron heated to 3,000 degree centigrade, and then crystallizing it by the application of cold water. The crystals thus produced are very minute, not above the thousandth part of a carat, but they exhibit all the qualities of the real diamond.

Sealing Wax.

The old-time fashion of sealing letters is coming in again, and everywhere may be seen wax of every conceivable hue. In place of the small and thin sticks once in vogue large and solid shapes are now adopted

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

WORK OF THE STATE SOLONS AT THE CAPITAL.

Record of One Week's Business—Measures Presented, Considered and Passed—What Our Public Servants Are Doing.—In and Around Legislative Halls.

The Law-Makers.

The time in the Senate Wednesday was chiefly occupied by the discussion of the Coon woman suffrage and the Thiem municipal electric light plant bills, which are treated in detail in other dispatches. The bill introduced by the "sweating" investigating committee, providing for state inspection of clothing shops was passed without a dissenting vote. In the House Mr. Callahan gave notice that he would move to amend the rules by providing that hereafter the House shall hold two sessions daily. A motion to make the Nohe $5,000 limit bill a special order for Tuesday was lost by a vote of 53 to 52, it requiring a two-thirds vote. The rules were then suspended and a batch of Senate bills taken up on first reading.

The resolution to submit to a popular vote the proposition to amend the constitution so as to authorize the Assembly to enact legislation regulating contracts and conditions between corporations and their employes was favorably reported to the House Thursday morning by the Judiciary Committee and made a special order for the following Thursday. The following bills were ordered to third reading: To enable the fruit growers, dairymen, brick and tile makers, and bee-keepers to make an independent display of the World's Fair; that certain factory books shall contain columns opposite each piece of land showing sales made of the same for the two preceding years and not candidates to appropriate sums to pay for services rendered the State in case of James Lillie against the State; for the amendment of an act to exempt certain property from taxation; giving miners authority to construct ditches necessary to the operation of their mines, and authorizing the organization of and to regulate district mutual windstorm insurance companies. After a long vote the Senate was chiefly occupied in discussing the Coon woman-suffrage and the anti-pool-selling bills and listening to the report of the committee appointed to investigate the school furniture and the school book trusts. The Senatorial apportionment bill adopted by the Democratic caucus was passed by a strict party vote of 28 to 20, several Republicans not voting. Mr. Dunlap's bill appropriating $20,000 to the Agricultural, Dairymen's and Beekeepers' Associations, so as to make an exhibit at the World's Fair, was passed by a vote of 34 to 11.

The following nominations were sent to the Senate Friday by the Governor to be members of the State Board of Education: Charles J. Parker, of Chicago, to succeed Rufus Cope, term expired; Forrest F. Cook, of Galesburg, to succeed B. L. Dodge, term expired; Allen W. Stolp, of Aurora, to succeed George B. Harrington, term expired; Ulric Dunsette, of DeKalb, to succeed John D. Benedict, term expired; Jacob L. Bailey, of Macomb, to succeed Ira C. Mosier, term expired; Edward Doocey, of Pittsfield, to succeed Robert T. Evans, resigned; Lyon Carr, of Eureka, to succeed Richard Edwards, resigned; E. R. Kimbrough, of Danville, to succeed E. C. Rositer, removed; Charles L. Capen, of Bloomington, to succeed W. R. Sandham, removed. By unanimous consent Senator Nichaus' bill to prevent coal mining companies from screening their coal before weighing it, so that the miners may get pay for the full weight of the coal they dig, was taken up and read a second time and made a special order for third reading April 26. The House proceeded to the order of unfinished business, under which head came Representative Snyder's bill requiring insurance companies to comply with the insurance act and prohibiting the placing of insurance on property in Illinois through agents outside of the State. After several minor arguments the bill was ordered to third reading. Under the order of introduction of bills, Mr. Morris introduced a bill to provide for constructing, maintaining, and operating elevated railroads. Mr. McMillan introduced a bill to abolish the Board of Public Charities. Representative O'Donnell's bill for the prevention of employes from discharge without notice was passed without a dissenting vote. Both houses adjourned until five o'clock on Monday evening.

In the Senate Tuesday the bill prepared by the Senate Committee on Judiciary to prevent the State Treasurer from loaning the public funds in his charge came up on third reading in the Senate and failed to pass. The vote stood 27 ayes, 23 nays. The following measures were read a third time and passed: To enable the director of the soldiers and sailors' home to take charge of the pensions and pay of such inmates as had families for their support; to prevent the adulteration of honey; to enable county treasurers to loan out the public money collected by them on legal rate of interest; to provide against the desertion or abandonment by husbands and fathers of their wives and children. Senator Hamer's bill, to provide for the organization of a naval militia in the State, came up on third reading and failed to pass. The consideration of Senator Johnson's bill, permitting appeals on writs of error from the Supreme Court in the "Valentine Bill." At the close of the debate the bill was ordered engrossed for a third reading, without having been amended.

They Go Far for Beauty's Sake.

There really seems to be no end to the queer things which are done by the women of other countries to make their faces conform to their own ideas of female beauty. But it remains for the Chinese to do something which we in our country would consider very barbarous and cruel indeed, and it is this: The Chinese do not admire small eyes, and to reach their standard of beauty a girl's eyes must be not only very large, but very long and brilliant. The eyes are easily made brilliant by putting certain drugs in them, but to make them long when nature has not intended to be so is quite another matter. To accomplish it the women have often recourse to a kind of home surgery which must be very painful. A Chinese mother who has a child affected with small eyes takes the child at the age of 10 or 12 and slits the eye-lid at the corner just where it joins the lower lid. A very small slit is made, and this is then left to heal. As soon as it is healed it is slit again. And this process is continued until the eyes appear very long and prominent.

Types and Printing.

THE first Sunday paper appeared in London in 1788.

IN 1786, Cares, Paris, stereotyped with half molten lead.

THE Stanhope press was invented in 1800; in general use in 1810.

A PAPER-MAKING machine was patented by Fourdrinier in 1801.

THE roller press, an idea of Nicholson's, was introduced in 1816.

STEREOTYPING was so named by the Parisian printer Didot, in 1798.

THE first complete printing machine was patented by Koenig in 1814.

SLAIN BY SADNESS.

Great Men Whose Melancholy Lives Ended in Suicide.

Haydon, the celebrated painter and writer, overcome by debt, disappointment and ingratitude, laid down the brush and with a pistol-shot put an end to his unhappy existence.

Richard Payne Knight, the poet, Greek scholar and antiquary, was a victim of melancholia, and finally destroyed himself with poison.

Burton, the vivacious author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," who had the reputation of being able to raise laughter in any company, however "mute or mopish," ended his life in a fit of melancholy.

Kleist, poet and dramatist, brooded over suicide, attempted it once unsuccessfully, and finally, by agreement with Henriette Vogel, who believed herself affected by an incurable disease, repaired to a small inn near Potsdam, where they ended their lives together.

Lessmann, the humorous writer, like Burton, put an end to himself in a fit of melancholy.

Sir Samuel Romilly, a man of brilliant genius, by whose efforts the criminal laws of England were remodeled—a man loved for his sweet nature and upright manliness—while overcome with grief by the death of his wife, with his own hand sought rest beyond.

Michael Angelo, after receiving a painful injury to his leg by falling from a scaffold while at work upon "The Last Judgment," shut himself in his room and "resolved to let himself die." The celebrated physician, Bacio Rontini, who learned by accident of his condition, persuaded him to live.—Popular Science Monthly.

William Wants a Better View.

An official notice that Emperor William must have a better view from the windows of his palace, and that to that end all the private property from the Schlosplatz and the Breitenstrasse, in Berlin, to the river Spree will be condemned, has created a bitter feeling here against the Emperor. The ground thus acquired will be converted into a park. The money with which to buy this will be raised by a lottery which the Prussian government will get up.

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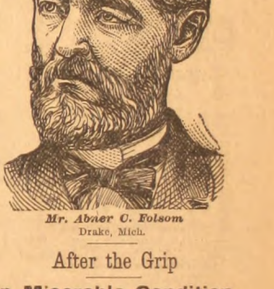
Hood's Cures



Mr. Abner C. Folsom
Drake, Mich.

After the Grip

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Reduced to a Mere Skeleton.

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