KNICKERBOCKER WOOING.

A Story Written for This Paper, by Julian Ralph.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

When I made my way through the drawing-room in the Henning mansion on my next visit, Miss Henning was seated on a low stool rocking to and fro with a sheet of paper crumpled between her locked fingers and the knee they clasped. So absorbed was she in thought that she did not notice my presence. It seemed to me that I never had seen such a change in a person's face, nor could I have believed such a transformation could have been possible as that which in a single glance I noted in hers. She had grown ten years older in three days. The confident, proud expression that even in repose her features had always worn, the flash that accompanied every motion of her eyes, the curl that had seemed part of the fashioning of her upper lip, all were gone, and there sat a pale girl, blankly staring at the carpet, with her face contorted as by worriment and lined as if by the strain of illness. Her self-command never before relinquished was now so far gone that when she saw me she sprang to her feet in alarm, crumpled the paper in the palm of her hand, and then stood nervously clutching the back of a chair and exhibiting a hesitation, as it appeared to me, between falling into the chair or by force of will continuing to stand. Astonished, I so far forgot myself as to pause in passing her. But I managed to salute her in an approach to a natural tone, and to pass into the library. Need I say that for a few minutes my old friends on the shelves failed to hold my attention, and that I took them down and put them up again and even opened and scanned them mechanically.

What possible thing could have changed the haughty beauty so completely and suddenly? Her father came in and I delayed looking at him, expecting him to show agitation and excitement. But the tones of his voice were full and normal. I looked and he was the same bright-eyed, clear-skinned, plump and ruddy-visaged young old man.

Visitors made themselves heard in the drawing-room, young lady visitors, and Mr. Henning excused himself. I felt at ease again, opened a volume, and leaning back in my chair and crossing my legs went to the Feejee Islands with a daring traveler. The sound of my name, spoken hurriedly and somewhat sharply, brought me back with a start.

Miss Henning, pale yet, and wan-looking, but holding herself with all her wonted haughtiness of mien, was standing before me.

"Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Swensen dislikes you——"

"I know it," I said.

"It is because you know something of him that is not known by us here—something he would not wish us to know?"

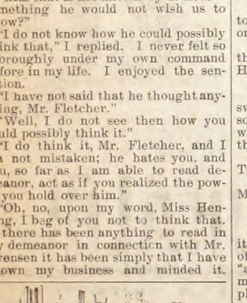
"I do not know how he could possibly think that," I replied. I never felt so thoroughly under my own command before in my life. I enjoyed the sensation.

"I have not said that he thought anything, Mr. Fletcher."

"Well, I do not see then how you could possibly think it."

"I do think it, Mr. Fletcher, and I am not mistaken; he hates you, and you, so far as I am able to read demeanor, act as if you realized the power you hold over him."

"Oh, no, upon my word, Miss Henning, I beg of you not to think that. If there has been anything to read in my demeanor in connection with Mr. Swensen it has been simply that I have known my business and minded it.



"SWENSEN MADE THE LEAP."

Has he spoken to you as you just spoke? Does he say this?

"Mr. Fletcher, I have not come to make explanations to you. Mr. Swensen has always acted like a gentleman and has interfered in no one's affairs."

"Excuse me, have I then done differently?"

"You are not frank. It seems to me that I ought to be met differently on the first occasion of my asking a favor from you."

Her tone was most peculiar. She assumed command over me.

What would you have me say, Miss Henning."

"Tell me what there is against Mr. Swensen that you know, and that we in this house ought to share with you."

"I know nothing."

"Nothing!" She seemed startled.

"Of my personal, absolute knowledge, nothing."

"Then, what does it all mean?"

"I have done and said nothing that means anything."

Miss Henning looked at me as though she was completely at a loss how to act, as though she with one breath would go away with an appearance of having triumphed over me, with another as though she would plead with me. Perhaps this was my imagination. At all events, just then Robert, the porter, with a low cough, gave warning of his presence.

"Mr. Swensen, ma'am, wishes to thee you moth important."

Miss Henning started at the words so that she all but jumped. There was no imagination about that.

"Yes," said she; "say that I said yes."

There was my moment of triumph. I arose and stood by her, and my tone and words were exactly suited to an honest and kindly intention. I inwardly thanked heaven that the proud beauty did not, as she might, rebuke or repel me, but seemed to understand my purpose.

"One of the many things I have heard but do not know about the man," said I, "is that he has within a few days procured money with which to invest in what his accomplices think will be a profitable speculation. That speculation is to be a wedding with a rich young woman."

"How do you know that? Could you prove it?"

As she spoke there was a violent clang of the door bell, which was followed by loud voices, the loudest and highest of which was a woman's. Miss Henning moved as if to go and see what occasioned the disturbance.

"One moment," said I. "You can judge whether what I have heard is true, and so you can also weigh this, that I have heard that that marriage cannot be—under the law."

The uproar gave place to the voices of men.

"Have you heard what he really is?"

"Yes."

"Then that at least is true."

The voices were nearer than before. There was something jarring in their tone. Miss Henning and I went into the drawing-room. Mr. Swensen was there with his face the color of chalk, pretending to look at a picture. His back was toward the rough-looking men in the open doorway. Two or three young women stood as if riveted to the floor, staring at the men. At the same instant—it was all in an instant—the wretched woman who had called herself Ella Palmer came into the room by the lower door. She walked straight to Swensen, and, looking first at him and then at the two strangers, said:

"Here he is, as I told you."

The men advanced. Swensen turned his blanched face toward them.

"We want you, Lafarge," said one of the men; "we are officers."

"You are making a mistake," said Swensen, speaking somehow down his chest. "My name is not Lafarge."

"That's all right, young feller," spoke one of the detectives, in a low, firm voice; "don't make a kick; we've got onto you, so come along."

"Oh, this is some mistake," said Miss Henning. "We can vouch for his being Mr. Swensen."

"We're onto him, as I jest told him," said the detective, "and we are responsible for all mistakes."

"This woman has annoyed me several times," said Swenson. "I can easily disprove her assertions. Let me know at what court and at what hour to present myself and I give my word I'll be there."

"This woman," said the outcast, with a sneering emphasis on the words, "has made a more circumstantial charge than that you are Alfred Lafarge, and you can't disprove that."

"Come, young feller, we ain't agoin' to take board and lodging here. We're on business; come along."

"Tell him who you are, Rudolph. Let this farce go no farther," said Miss Henning.

"What's the charge?" said Swensen.

"Come along," said the detective, swinging a pair of shining handcuffs so that they jangled. "You'll find out what it is. No use talking of such things in people's parlors."

"Get my hat, Robert," said Swensen. The negro disappeared.

"What does this mean, Beatrice?" Mr. Henning asked.

"Tell him, Rudolph."

The guilty man was silent.

"Then I will, for surely the time for it has come. He is the Count Norberg of Sweden," said the girl confidently, "and has reasons for assuming his mother's name 'Swensen' he has explained satisfactorily to me."

"Excuse me, young lady," said the spokesman of the detectives, with politeness sarcastically simulated. "But it's for a little affair connected with the Count Norberg that we want him." (Swensen started.) "The Count is dead; Lafarge we found done it. It's for the murder of the Count Norberg that the Swedish Government has politely requested anyons that knows him as we do for to perform this here disagreeable duty."

Robert came in and handed Swensen his hat. Miss Henning reeled and fell in a chair.

"Murder?" said Mr. Henning in a loud whisper.

Miss Ella Palmer laughed aloud so that for once my blood ran cold.

Swensen walked toward the detectives with two steps, then wheeled, and with a bound reached the library, and with another the broad sill of the window in the western end of that room. This window looked down upon a square of pavement hemmed in on its four sides by a kitchen window, a projection of the house, a fence separating it from the next yard, and the end wall of the family stable.

Both detectives bounded after him. He strained and tugged at the window. It had a catch that he did not see. He bent himself, then straightened up, and with desperate strength tore away the inch thick top bar of the lower sash. As it gave way he slipped and stood upon the floor. One of the detectives was three feet from him then, and Swensen, with the rapidity of thought, drew a pistol and fired. The shot missed, but while the detective paused only the shade of a second, the desperate man had reached the window sill, burst out the huge pane, and was ready to leap to the ground. "Bang," went the detective's pistol, and Swensen made the leap.

I saw at the same time much more than I have described: Mr. Henning lifting his daughter's limp body and trying to carry it out of the room. The negro servant, though called to aid him, darted out of the door as if beside himself with fright, the young detective who had not spoken pressing up close to the one who was shot at and who returned the fire, the young women huddling in one corner—two with their faces against the wall and one with her back to theirs, hiding her eyes with her hands.

The shot Swensen fired buried itself in the door by which the foremost officer had been standing. He paused, it seemed to me, as if to determine whether he had been wounded. He reached the window just as Swensen leaped from the little. He looked out, then looked further out and then he leaned half way o[illegible] sill and looked everywhere, ev[illegible] air.

CHAPTER III.

THE SKELETON'S LAST VISIT.

I was astonished at the sight of Miss Beatrice Henning in Forsythe street. There was no doubt about it. There she stood, and, more surprising yet, she was talking to Ella Palmer. And then I felt grateful as I saw Mr. Henning, holding aloof from the two, and talking to his coachman, but evidently with only one eye and one ear for the latter. I bowed to Miss Henning, and was about to ask Mr. Henning "What in the world ——" when he interrupted me.

"We're crazy, that's why we are here," he replied. "It isn't bad enough that criminals should come into my house, and turn it into a shooting gallery, but we now enter into communication with irresponsible characters in the slums."

"But you are not going to see Swensen——"

"Oh, but I believe we are to be shown where he is. My daughter is set upon it, and of course I have had to accompany her."

"There is no danger where I have asked her to go," said the girl Palmer. "He won't hurt a flea. He hates me worst of all, and I ain't afraid of him."

Miss Palmer snapped her fingers and hissed East Side fashion at a boy-shaped bundle of rags, as a signal for it to approach. "Show us the rosemaker's room," said she.

"Thar you is," said the rags, having led us to the end of a pitch-dark hall.

A man in the end hall room was talking to a woman, who was moving from one apartment to another. He was cursing her. "I tell you I must have whisky," he said.

"Oh, don't talk like that," said the feminine voice. Then he cursed and demanded again, and she made no answer. We rapped at a door, and it was opened. Miss Henning swept in without leave or invitation. The blaspheming man, in the adjoining room was screaming in a paroxysm of profanity, and he heard none of the noise we made. A soiled white cotton, shot from the door within a foot of Miss Henning's feet. I turned and saw the Doctor's daughter Alice, who looked at me with a piteous expression of surprise and alarm.

"She'll show you your man," said Ella Palmer, and withdrew.

"Great Heavens!" I said. "Miss Alice, you here?"

I saw, as one sees without looking, a room with a bare floor and with pictures cut from illustrated papers on the walls, board boxes piled to the ceiling, at one side two long tables, and here and there some stools, but everywhere roses—in heaps on the tables, piled on the floor, and in a gorgeous loop depending from the gas bracket. All were artificial, for it was here, as I afterward learned, that Alice Whitfield conducted a shop, all unknown to her father, for making artificial flowers. Thus she provided the family with support without injuring his family pride.

Beatrice Henning strode into the small room, and we followed her. There we saw the face of Swensen above the quilt that covered his body, as it rested on a couch. How changed it was. How his eyes glared. They accounted for his speech and manner. He was delirious.

"Rudolph, tell me what I ask you," Miss Henning said.

"Whisky—whisky! I want whisky," was his only exclamation.

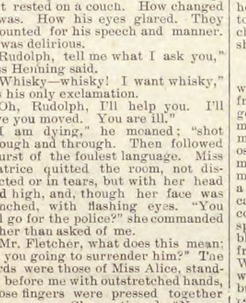
"Oh, Rudolph, I'll help you. I'll have you moved. You are ill."

"I am dying," he meaned; "shot through and through. Then followed a burst of the foulest language. Miss Beatrice quitted the room, not distracted or in tears, but with her head held high, and, though her face was blanched, with flashing eyes. "You will go for the police?" she commanded rather than asked of me.

"Mr. Fletcher, what does this mean; are you going to surrender him?" The words were those of Miss Alice, standing before me with outstretched hands, whose fingers were pressed together as in prayer. She continued: "No one but you and a physician knows he is here. He cannot live many days—perhaps not many hours. Let him die here."

A frightful volley of vile epithets issued from an inner room. They were in all probability addressed to the woman who was defending the outlaw, but as the words fell upon the ears of Miss Henning her face became a mass of raging hate. She bounded toward the door, but was seized and held back by the Doctor's daughter.

"Stop!" cried Alice. "I don't know what cause you have to wish him ill, but Mr. Fletcher will tell you I am the mother of his child: I am his wife. It is for my child that I plead. Whatever you know against my husband, I know



"WHISKY—I WANT WHISKY!"

worse. Whatever he has done elsewhere is not likely to equal what he has done to me and mine. But he is dying, and I had hoped my child might live to hear his name no worse stained than it is. Let the man die here out of jail, attended as a man should be."

Miss Henning touched her father's arm. He did not turn his face. She shook his arm petulantly. Then they both went down-stairs, she leading her father.

"God bless you, Mr. Fletcher," said Miss Alice. "Now go away, dear friend, and may what you have seen be our joint secret."

At the end of the hall, by the street door, stood Ella Palmer with a hand in each pocket and her foot stamping her feet like a man and whistling.

"I have a twenty-dollar note here," I said, holding it up, "and this is only the beginning of what I will give you if you will tell no one of what you know." And I informed her of Alice's husband and child. I was not sure whether she had been wounded. I only fancied that she was affected.

"Keep your money," said she; "I'll not tell a soul."

"Thank you," said I.

"Keep your thanks, too," she retorted. "I ain't worth them, and I can't stand them. I like a blow and a crack with the club, a curse, and a night in the lockup better, because I'm used to it and it's part of my business."

Three days later there was a knot of white crape on one of the bell knobs at the door of the Big Barracks. Alice's boy was dead. The bereaved mother put her hand in mine, and left it there, and bowed her head, despising mere words. I opened my mouth, but my heart closed my speech, and a tear ran down each of my cheeks. She pressed my hand, and I understood that she was grateful to me for my emotion.

The Doctor's wife caught my eye and seemed to invite me to her. I made my way on tiptoe to her side.

"Hush," she said. "You know the skeleton? It comes and goes, you know. It will come and go to-night, but never again." This was whispered very earnestly and confidentially. "It will come only once more, to-night, but never again. Oh, we shall be so happy after that."

A little later, as we were all in the front room, there was a knock at the door, and a ragged bootblack entered with a movement that was something between leaping and being thrown forward.

"Axcuse me," said a man who appeared at the open door, and to whom the boy had evidently shown the way. "Is this Dr. Whitfield's? I have a man in the back downstairs. He was after telling me to leave him here, and God forgive him for what he has done to me. Bring him up if he is wanted and let me go."

We went downstairs. A closed carriage stood at the curb. Alice was first to look into the vehicle. She drew back, and grasping my arm, turned a face distorted with horror upon me. "He is dead," she exclaimed, "My husband is dead. Oh, Mr. Fletcher, what shall we do now?"

I whispered to the driver a promise of money and of my company on his box if he would wait another five minutes. Then I led the Doctor's daughter into the house. I told them that there would be a coroner's inquest, and that if the body was brought into the house the most sacred secrets of the family would be made public. I volunteered to take the remains to an undertaker's shop, to notify the police, acquaint the Coroner with all the facts necessary, and to manage that the existence of the wife should not be disclosed.

Swensen was buried the day after the inquest. His widow had hoped that he might be interred with her little boy, but the Doctor would not, had that been done, have attended the funeral. The child was buried on the afternoon of the day of the inquest. The Doctor, his daughter and I were the only mourners. The next day Miss Alice and I followed the hearse for the second time. She wept bitterly for her little boy on the way to its grave. And next day, as we buried her husband, she yielded again to excessive grief. I spoke a few comforting words and found that all the tears were for her baby boy. Even when she drew me beside her close to the grave in which her husband's body had been laid, she told me of the winsome attributes the child had possessed. I do not believe she shed a tear for her husband.

* * * * * * * *

I have determined upon the woman I want for a wife. I deliberately started from my tailor's hands a year ago to get a bride as I had been getting my meals, my clothe and the workmen in my shop—to order. I started out philosophically and in cold blood, saying to myself that I had the years and the money and the need of a home, now for a wife. Without my knowing how it came about, or dreaming that it ever could, I have been guided to a familiar spot, oft visited in the past but always blindly. Certain bandages have fallen from my eyes and I see before me Alice Whitfield. She is just where she always was, in her home at her work, but I see her in a new light, which makes her seem no longer simply the friend whose sorrow-laden secrets have been betrayed to me. The same person is now subordinated to something ethereal, subtle and magnetic, as if I saw her through a halo. Full well I know that it is because love is looking through my eyes and lending me his sight. I love her. Does she love me? The month of my waiting for her answer will be up to-morrow. With it will close that era in my life of which this is a history.

[THE END.]

Copyright. All rights reserved.

That Would Do.

One of the new ones came down the avenue yesterday afternoon on a cable car. Near him sat a lady of an uncertain age and certain avoirdupois. Something in his conversation attracted her attention.

"Sir," she said, "are you a Congressman?"

"Madam," he responded, "I am."

"Well, then," she said, "my son is employed in the architect's division of the Navy Department, and he is a good boy and he is competent. They have given all othe employes thirty days leaves of absence, and my boy wants to go to the Fair. We don't want to lose his salary meantime, and they have not given him any holiday, and I want you to pass a bil giving him thirty days' rest, with full pay, and——"

"Madam," he interposed, "I fear it would be impossible in the short time allowed me."

"Well, there was something about leaves of absence and bills in the appendix of the last Congressional Record. Couldn't you get your bill in there?"

"It would be hardly possible for me to call in all the Government printing," he said, "but I might get it in the next index."

"That will do perfectly," she said, as she stopped the car.—Washington Post.

Machinery.

It is said that the problem of silent machinery has been solved by a Vienna firm, who are manufacturing cogwheels of pressed raw hide. The new wheels have, it is claimed, great strength, and they do not require lubricating; on the other hand, they are very expensive.

CRICKET THERMOMETERS.

More Accurate Than Our Most Scientific Appliances.

My little cousin and I used to listen every evening to the chirping of the crickets, writes a Youth's Companion contributor, and we found that the hotter it was the faster they chirped, which shows very well that hot weather agrees with crickets and makes them more lively. We thought we could use them for a thermometer—a very useful device if we were ever cast away on a deserted island, and did not happen to save a thermometer from the wreck.

We counted every evening the number of times the crickets chirped in a minute, and wrote it down on a piece of payer, and put beside it the height of the thermometer, till pretty soon we had formulated a rule by which to find the temperature. If a caller said, "I wonder how hot it is," I would take out my watch, count the chirps of the crickets for a minute, and then tell my visitor, much to his surprise, the exact degree of temperature.

Our rule was this: When the crickets chirped one hundred times a minute, the thermometer will read sixty-four degrees, and for every five additional chirps one degree is to be added.

Thus one evening in August I found that the crickets were chirping 130 times a minute. One hundred chirps is equal to sixty four degrees; in thirty chirps more there are six fives, so I added six degrees to sixty-four, which made seventy degrees.

My cousin and I tried it a good many times, and compared our cricket thermometer with a real thermometer, and always found the crickets exactly right. It is like counting a sick person's pulse, and is good practice for boys, and perhaps girls, too, who hope to be doctors.

There are many different kinds of crickets, and perhaps the Western crickets are more lively than the ones we have here near the old city of Boston, so each person will have to make his own rule.

The cricket that we made use of is a very pretty pale green fellow that lives in flowering bushes and vines, and especially delights in honeysuckle. In fact, his name, which is Œcanthus, means a dweller among flowers. He is far superior in looks to the plain black cricket that lives under stones and does not begin to chirp until the summer is nearly gone.

My cousin and I were very anxious to see our little green friends while they were chirping. At first it was hard to tell where the sounds came from, but soon we saw two or three crickets with their great gauzy wing-covers raised high and rubbing together, as if the wing-covers were knives they were sharpening.

Every time they rub the wing-covers together the sound is made, for it is not made, as we might suppose, by their mouths.

He Had Changed.

The peripatetic, as he sat at the kitchen table partaking of the bread of charity, might have been a much worse looking specimen, for he had evidently lately received a pair of shoes and a suit of respectable clothes from some kindly hand.

"You have a pretty hard time of it, don't you?" ventured the cook, contemplatively.

"Yes, ma'am," sighed the tramp, as he bit a horseshoe out of a piece of pie.

"How long have you been tramping?"

"Seven or eight years, ma'am."

"Do you like it?"

"'Taint bad at times."

"Now, for instance?" she smiled, as he wiped his mouth on his coat sleeve and prepared to leave.

"Yes, ma'am," and he smiled in response.

"Are you never going to give it up?"

The tramp became thoughtful.

"I can't say as to that, ma'am," he said. "I wasn't always as you see me now," he added, as he took a survey of himself.

"No?" she asked in surprise. "What were you?"

"I was a good deal worse, ma'am," and somehow he felt that it was time to go, and he went rapidly, with the cook after him.—Free Press.

What the Dog Knew.

I happened one day to be in a Tennessee mountain town when an election was taking place, and there was one fellow who was doing more talking than anybody else and getting into repeated rows. He was followed everywhere by a shepherd dog, and late in the evening I found him on the edge of town in a most dilapidated condition, the result of a fight with the wrong man. The dog was trying to lead him home.

"Well," I said, "what's the matter?"

"Fightin'," was his brief response.

"You look it," said I, quite fearlessly, for I felt safe under the circumstances. "That's a good dog you have. Do you want to sell him?"

"No, siree," he replied, brightening up a little. "Here, Carlo," he said, and the dog faced about and sat up.

Then he put him through a lot of difficult tricks, apparently forgetting all about his own battered condition.

"Why," I exclaimed, "blamed if he doesn't know as much as you do." The man looked at me aggressively.

"More, mister," he said, "he knows enough to keep his mouth shut."

SHE—What makes you have such a poor opinion of the medical fraternity? He—I am a doctor myself

REPEAL BILL A LAW.

Voorhees Measure Signed by the President.

FIGHT IS AT AN END.

Closing Scenes in the House Were Quiet.

House Concurs in the Senate Bill for Unconditional Repeal by Vote of 193 to 94—President Cleveland Puts the Finishing Touch on the Measure That Has Been So Long Before Congress—Text of the Voorhees Substitute for the Wilson Bill as Enacted.

The unconditional repeal bill is now the law of the land. Since Aug. 7 Congress has been in extra session, and in all that time it had been trying to pass a bill repealing the purchasing clause of the Sherman silver law. Wednesday it succeeded, and the Voorhees bill, which was substituted by the Senate for the House measure, is now a law. The measure which has engrossed the attention of Congress and the entire country for the last three months reached its last legislative stage early in the afternoon when the House of Representatives concurred in the Senate amendment by the decisive vote of 193 to 94. When the original bill passed the House Aug. 28 the vote stood 204 to 100, so that, although the total vote on Wednesday was smaller, the proportion was practically the same.

The final vote was taken at 2:50 p. m. The bill was engrossed immediately, and twenty minutes later, at 3:10, the formal announcement was made to the Senate that its amendment had been agreed to by the House. The bill was hurriedly enrolled by Chairman Pearson of the Committee on Enrolled Bills, and at 3:30 was presented to Speaker Crisp for his signature. A fleet-footed messenger carried it to the Senate, where it was signed two minutes later by Vice President Stevenson. Chairman Pearson, with the bill under his arm, entered a carriage waiting for him on the plaza in front of the Capitol and drove rapidly to the White House.

Signed by the President.

The President had been kept duly advised of the progress of events. Indeed, he manifested so much interest in the vote in the House that at his request a duplicate of the names of those who had voted for and against the concurrence was made soon after the roll-call was completed. This list was lying on his desk when Mr. Pearson arrived with the bill. Secretary Carlisle, Attorney General Olney and Private Secretary Thurber were present. After felicitating with each other for a few moments the President took up the engrossed copy of the bill and read it aloud. Then picking up a quill pen he affixed his autograph at 4:25. And thus eighty-five days, four hours and twenty-five minutes after the extraordinary session convened the remedy for the financial distress which Mr. Cleveland demanded in his message was applied, and the greatest parliamentary struggle ever known was ended. The bill as passed is as follows:

That so much of the act approved July 14, 1890, entitled "An act directing the purchase of silver bullion and issue of Treasury notes thereon and for other purposes," authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase from time to time silver bullion to the aggregate amount of 4,500,000 ounces or so much thereof as may be offered in each month at the market price thereof, not exceeding $1 for 371 25-100 grains of pure silver, and to issue in payment for such purchases Treasury notes of the United States, be and the same is hereby repealed. And it is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to continue the use of both gold and silver as standard money, and to coin both gold and silver into money of equal intrinsic and exchangable value, such equality to be secured through international agreement, or by such safeguards of legislation as will insure the maintenance of parity in value of coins of the two metals, and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the markets and in the payment of debts. And it is hereby further declared that the efforts of the Government should be steadily directed to the establishment of such a safe system of bimetallism as will maintain at all times the equal power of every dollar coined or issued by the United States in the markets and in the payment of debts.

High Art.

In a decorative age all sorts of things become decorative. The Detroit Free Press reports that a colored man went into a grocery in that city not long ago, and asked the proprietor if he had any burlap lying about the shop.

"Yes," said the grocer, "I've got a few coffee sacks, but they are old and in pretty bad shape."

"Dat's all de better, sah. I want 'bout four of 'em."

The grocer brought them out, and the negro looked round the shop.

"Has you any pieces of rope to spare?" he asked. "I want about fifty feet."

A tangled lot of old cord and rope was handed to him.

"Going to pack something for moving?" asked the grocer.

"No, sah. My wife was workin' fer a lady on High street de odder day, an' she cotched on to a new idea. She's gwine to use dis stuff, 'long wid a few suspender buckles an' shoe-strings, to make a planer-kiver."

"Land! but what a cover that will make!"

"Dat's what I done tole her, but she brung home all de perticklers in her mind, an' she's boun' to turn one out. If you h'ar of anybody as wants a twenty-five-dollar planer-kiver, home-made an' chuck full of art, jes' le me know."

Telegraphic Clicks.

THE German-American Bank at St. Paul has resumed business.

COLORADO coal miners in the Erie and Louisville district are on a strike.

THE will of Lucy Stone leaves her estate to her husband and daughter.

ENOCH DURGIN was burned to death in his dwelling at East Alton, N. Y.

FIRE wiped out the business part of Dunbar, Pa., causing a loss of $40,000.

MISS REBECCA MCDOWELL was found dead in a pile of lumber at Alliance, Ohio.