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VIOLET DALE

Mr. Steele had never married; he enjoyed his riches without companionship; he had not a relative in the world. A hard, selfish, grasping man, beloved by none, and respected only because of his great wealth. Spite of his power to do good, the world was none the better for Richard Steele's existence.

No one in Milford remembered Mr. Steele as other than the miser he was to-day; for fifteen years he had been a citizen of the town, and no change, either for better or worse, had come over him, in a moral point of view.

His gardens at Ireton Hall were the finest for scores of miles; the yellow pears and luscious nectarines mellowed on its walls, the ungathered grapes purpled on the trellises, and no school-boy's daring hands disturbed the ripe treasures. Mr. Steele's great dog, Pluto, was as selfish as his master, and his cruel teeth were always ready to inflict summary punishment on all depredators.

One quiet afternoon, as Mr. Steele sat on the piazza gazing out on the broad acres of Ireton, his eyes fell on two little children who were coming down the road hand in hand. They arrived in front of the gardens, and cast a wistful look at the damask roses which hung over the quaintly carved gate. For a moment they conversed together in subdued voices, and then they turned in at the iron-guarded gateway, and went slowly up the avenue.

An angry scowl contracted the brow of Mr. Steele at this unwelcome intrusion, and he half arose from his seat to drive away the unwelcome guests. They were the first children who had ever dared to trespass on the estate of Ireton Hall.

They came fearlessly up to the piazza still holding each other's hands. The eldest was a boy of perhaps twelve years, a noble, brave little fellow with brown eyes and dark, glossy hair. The other was a girl; she could not have been more than nine summers, and beauty like hers is seldom seen save in some old, rare picture.

The sight of her face struck a strange thrill to the heart of Richard Steele, and involuntarily he bent down to look at her. She was fair as a water-lily, save the crimson which tinged her lips and leaped at intervals to her white cheeks.

Her eyes were deep blue, and her hair like ripples of molten gold touched by sunbeams. Both the children were mourning garments, cheap and coarse, but neat as human hands could make them.

The little girl spoke first.
"Please, sir, will you give my brother and me some roses?"
The tone was musical and sweet as harp notes, but the rich man's countenances grew hard and cold. He pointed to the highway.

"Be off!" he exclaimed; "I do not raise flowers for beggars."
How the dark eyes of the boy flashed; and he was about to make some sharp answer, but the pressure of the girl's fingers on his arm checked him.

"We are not beggars," she said, calmly; "but our mother is dead, and we are orphans. She loved the roses, and we love them, too. Please, give us one apiece. It will seem so good to smell flowers once more."

The hard face did not relax—the long thin finger still pointed to the gate, but the blue-eyed petitioner did not move. She was regarding him with an expression strangely tender and plying, and it annoyed him more than anything else to be pitted.

"Why do you look at me in that way?" he demanded, harshly.
"Because I am sorry for you," she said, sweetly. "You are old and sad and all alone. Where are your children?"
"I have none," he answered, and wondered at the same time why he did so.

"None! Have you no little girl to sit on your knee and call you papa? I'm sure I pity you very much."
"Humph!"
"But I do! Indeed I do! It must be dreadful not to love anybody. Did you never have anybody to love you?"

A spasm of pain shot athwart the rigid face of Richard Steele, and his tall frame quivered, it might be with agony or anger, one could not decide from his words. He pushed the child away.

"The lady. Did you not see her when you came?"
"A caprice, my dear boy. I saw no lady. No; you sat there mooning, staring in a most sentimental manner at that Moorish lantern hanging over there. Come along, they are waiting for us."

They lingered long over their supper. There was merry, high-pitched talking and much laughter, but Carson was not in a state of hilarity. He restless, bored glance wandered over the assembly, and once he started and turned sharply in his chair at the low voice of a woman who, with her escort, passed close beside him. Taro tried to rally him on his abstraction, but his brow contracted fretfully, and he nervously fingered a spray of flowers that lay by his plate. He was not sorry when the ball was over and he found himself on the pavement outside of the palace.

A cab was waiting; but, without knowing why, he declined to accompany his friend, saying he preferred to walk to his hotel. He sauntered along slowly, with bowed head, absently staring at the dim shadows cast by the waning moon. As he was passing across the Piazza de Farnese, he heard a low voice speaking.

"So we meet again!"
He halted. She, his new acquaintance, was beside him.
"Signora! You here at this hour, and alone! Where are your friends?" She smiled. "You will walk with me to the street below, will you not?"
"Certainly; but your friends? Their carelessness is criminal."

They walked through the square and down several streets almost in silence. Presently she stopped before the entrance of a house.
"Here, signor," she said.
Almost simultaneously she swayed forward and caught his arm, at the same time uttering a smothered cry.

"You are hurt!" he exclaimed, anxiously. You have twisted your ankle on those wretched stones."
"I fear so." She pressed her hand upon her bosom and looked into his eyes with mute appeal.
"You cannot walk." He stooped and gathered her up in his arms. "I will carry you. Which floor?"

"The fourth," she replied, her face flushing as the light of the early day fell upon it.
A drowsy janitor answered his ring. He ascended the first flight of stairs without pausing, carrying her as a nurse might a child, happy at the delicious touch of her bare arms against his neck as she clasped him.

On the second flight ascent was not so easy. Her weight grew heavier, and the head that had now fallen on his shoulder pressed like a ball of iron; her arms were relaxing their clasp and lay against his neck with startling coldness. She seemed to be letting herself go, and at each step grew heavier in proportion. He was no longer carrying a lifeless maiden, but something burdensome and horrible—something that was bearing him down and suffocating him with a sensation as though his chest was burning.

On the third landing he felt her slipping.
"Signora," he faltered.
He sought to renew his hold, but the burden, now a dead weight, slid from his arms, and she fell with a heavy thud to the floor.

"What noise is this?" called a masculine voice in Italian.
Carson began a hasty explanation to the man, whose head protruded from a partially open door.
The man came forward and bent over her.

"She does not belong here," he said. "She is a stranger. She is pale as death. Unfasten her clothing, she must have fainted. Where is the janitor? The fool—he never is here when he is needed. Call him, signor, and send for a physician." His hasty hand broke the knot of ribbon that confined her bodice. With a wild exclamation he instantly loosened his hold on her dress and started backward. The full throat and white bust were exposed. There were deep bluish-purple bands around the throat and a gaping dagger-wound, dark with coagulated blood, on the snowy bosom.

Their cries aroused the janitor, who hastened to call the police. Presently he returned, panting up the stairs, accompanied by an officer. Carson drew aside the curtain, and the bright light of day fell upon the body.
"Holy Virgin!" cried the policeman, as he saw the dead woman.
"Can you identify her?" asked Carson.

"Yes," returned the man, "she is the woman who was found murdered on the Corso night before last. How came she here?"—M. M. Halm, in Argonaut.

The Railway.
The Underground Railway in London was the most expensive to construct, not only in England, but in the world. Some parts of it cost as much as 1,000 guineas per yard, or \$150 for every inch. The cost of constructing the Great Western Railway was also very great, passing, as it does, through the very hilly districts of Devon and Cornwall.

The longest reach of railway without a curve is claimed by travelers to be that of the Argentine Pacific Railway, from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes. For 211 miles it is without a curve, and has no cutting or embankment deeper than two or three feet.

"Der's always bound to be kickers," exclaimed a Meandering Mike. "Did you ever know a time when the people agreed unanimously that day had no right man in de right place?" "On'y once," replied Plodding Pete. "I was being put into jail on de occasion."—Washington Star.

MEETING FATHER.

Margery stands at the garden gate, Breathing the odor of a briar-rose. Smiling, expectant, 'tis hers to wait. Freshly arrayed in her dainty clothes, The pleasure of meeting father.

The breezes ripple her silky hair, And cricket chirp to her from the world, While rosy beams from the sunset's glare Paint her in tones of pink and gold, As she stands looking for father.

Hark! There's the roar of a coming train; Margery's face is a picture bright. Melody never held sweeter strain Than the shrill toot, toot, she hears each night With the coming home of father.

Daffodils skirting the garden wall Nod to the pair as they take their way, And wandering night birds softly call: "The blithest happening of the day Is the welcoming of father."

IS A ROBIN A WILD BEAST?
A New York Magistrate Maintaining That It Is One.
Few persons, young or old, would be inclined to call a robin a wild beast, yet that is the astonishing ruling recently made by a N. Y. magistrate.

The robin had been in the possession of Charles Murcha, a shoemaker, of East Seventy-third street. One night the bird disappeared and a policeman found it with Adam Redwitz, who is 10 years old. He said another boy had given it to him. Redwitz was arrested for larceny, but in court Judge Pool said:

"It is a maxim of common law which is incorporated in our laws that ownership in a wild animal (ferae naturae) does not extend beyond the possession of it, and when once possession is lost the possessor has a good title in and to it. I hold that the robin in question is a wild animal. The prisoner is discharged."

The Ship of the Desert.
The pack camel travels very slowly, and until you are sufficiently reconciled to the motion to be able to doze on its back, you are constantly tempted to get off and walk. If you want speed, you must buy a racing camel. This seems to belong to a different creation. It is much taller, more alert and more intelligent. It can accomplish 160 miles in sixteen hours without undue effort, and, in the matter of price, compares with the pack camel as the thoroughbred does with the cab horse.

The racing camel is very carefully bred, and valuable prizes are offered by a racing society at Biskra for the fleetest racer. I have seen the start of a race, the camels were all arranged in line, and they snuffed the air in their anxiety to be off. A flag was waved and they set off at a terrible pace, as if they were only racing for a short distance.

They kept together until they were almost out of sight. Then they seemed to settle down to their habitual pace, and the race proceeded with long intervals between the competitors.

I have also seen the finish of a camel race, and it reminded me of the first motor-car promenade between London and Brighton. The camels were certainly not so broken down and dragged, but they came in at intervals of several hours, and great patience was necessary to watch them arrive.

Smoking Out an Owl.
City Treasurer Hachenev is one of those old-fashioned men who get up first in the morning, build fires and make some coffee for the refreshment of himself and the others as they turn out. One evening he laid the fire in the kitchen stove as usual before going to bed. In the morning when he opened the stove door to apply a match to the kindling he was startled by a vicious snapping and the sight of some hideous, sooty-looking goblin, with huge eyes and ears, which caused him to jump half way across the kitchen and imagine the devil or one of hisimps had taken possession of his stove. On recovering his equanimity he made an investigation and found that a gray owl had made its way down the chimney, through the stove-pipe and draught, into the stove. Mr. Hachenev could hardly believe his senses, and at first imagined that some one had been playing a belated April fool trick on him, but the disclaimers of all the family and the fact that the owl was liberally covered with soot and ashes convinced him that the bird had come down the chimney.

Little Encyclopedia.
The eye of a dragon-fly contains 28,000 polished lenses.
The tolling of church bells on the occasion of a burial is based on the old pagan custom of hanging gongs when a body was to be interred in order to scare away the evil spirits.

The Gallas tribe in Africa is reported by a Belgian authority to regard it as a sacred duty to kill cows on every possible occasion, with a view of discovering a certain volume of sacred lore which a cow once swallowed.

Asparagus was originally a wild sea coast weed of Great Britain and Russia. It now grows so thickly on the Russian steppes that the cattle eat it like grass. In some parts of southern Europe the seeds are dried and used as a substitute for coffee.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.
From Our Special Correspondent.

The grand vicar of our diocese, Mr. John G. Grogan, was 47 years of age over the late anniversary of his becoming a promising American citizen, who will vote in twenty-one years. Mr. and Mrs. Grogan now listen to the music of a domestic trio instead of a duet as formerly. Reader, go home and do likewise.

The pastoral letter from our Rt. Rev. Bishop concerning St. Bernard's Seminary was read at mass last Sunday. It was listened to with much interest by the congregation, and great satisfaction was expressed over the flourishing condition of the institution, with hopes and good wishes for its future success. This is all very well, but the footing of the seminary's books a few months hence may be depended on to show how much of the enthusiasm is from the inside outwards. Doubtless the priest and the Levite were sorry for the man who fell among robbers, but the Samaritan was the only one who was sorry two-pence worth.

The many friends of Miss Kittie Mackin will be pleased to hear that she has recovered her wonted health after her severe illness. Miss Mackin will probably soon return to Boston to complete her four years' course in music at the New England Conservatory.

Mr. Harry Miles has been laid up for some days with a severe cold. Nothing serious however, merely an aggravated attack of the "snuffles."

The county fair at this village last week was very successful, and was largely attended. Two couples were married on the grandstand at the race track Friday. Married lives begun in this manner are likely to be payable at beginning and termination—race track and divorce court with the d—l between.

Huffman & Robinson, jewelers, received a telephone message from Newark Saturday morning stating their store at that place had been entered by burglars during the preceding night, and that goods of some value had been stolen. No trace, as yet, of the burglars.

The prizes, \$250, \$150 and \$100 respectively, for the hundred yard dash at the county fair were won by three of the altar boys at Fall Creek, against two adults. The winners, George Lewis and Richard Westham, in the order named, captured the money.

Coming.
Miss Mame Kinney has been quite ill at her home on East Market street.

About forty young people gathered at the residence of Miss Teresa Kelly on West Third street, Friday evening and were pleasantly entertained by that popular young lady, assisted by her friend Miss Mabel Higgins. All who were present report an enjoyable time.

The season for gunning accidents draws on apace and it behooves those who would talk about the lively rabbit to use caution in carrying their firearms and not to stand about at fall woods, against tree trunks and other places where their accidents, if they occur, would be almost a sure foregone conclusion.

James Gould has returned to Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

On Wednesday morning of last week occurred the wedding of Miss Anna Maxwell and Mr. Thomas Calligan. A beautiful mass was celebrated at St. Mary's church by Rev. J. M. Buslin at which a large number of friends of the young people were present. Afterward a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. F. E. Hard, of East Second street. Mr. and Mrs. Calligan then left on a trip to Albany and New York taking with them the best wishes of their many friends.

A Palace Dining Hall has been opened at 27 West Market street and looks attractive and inviting. As it is the only ladies' restaurant in the city it ought to succeed. Meals are served at all hours and special attention given to dancing and theatre parties.

Edward Matimore of New York, has been visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. Michael Cogan and child have been visiting at the residence of John Cogan, Sr.

W. F. O'Shaughnessy, of Buffalo, was in the city during the past week greeting his many friends.

Frank Jennings, one of Cortland's bright young men, will go to New York this fall to enter Columbia University where he will study law.

Miss Alice Grogan is on a visit to friends in New York and Philadelphia.

Frank S. Swain has entered the medical department of Niagara University.

A considerable extension is being made to the glass-cutting shop of O. F. Egginton of State and Fifth streets. Owing to increase of business the facilities for turning out ware have been found inadequate to the demand and a force of men has been employed during the week extending the foundation of the building to Fifth street, thus nearly doubling its size. The new building when completed will occupy a frontage of 125 feet and will furnish employment to about eighty workmen.

Timothy J. O'Connell and Thomas Rodgers will go to Columbia College, New York, this fall to take up the study of medicine.

Larry Cahill, whose brilliant work on second base during the season just over will be long and pleasantly remembered, tells me that the Spaulding baseball will play no more this season. This interesting group of players who have done so much to keep up public interest in the National game, deserves, now that their work is over, a word of commendation. Their conduct this summer, has been such that it reflects credit upon them, not only as ball players, but as young gentlemen. I intend to publish a roster of conduct, readiness and readiness to be lambasted by the Spaulding team nobly conspicuous. We have heard of no fights, no depravity, no mobbing of umpires, in connection with any of the games in which the Spaulding have figured. They have always behaved well, and if not always victors they have at least been always admirable. As it is in this column, has seemed to be a little hard on them, the readers, I intend to publish a good night's rest. Even a very fast bowler requires occasionally to be touched by the whip, in order to make him do his very best. With these few laudatory remarks, we extend the hand of congratulation to the ball that came down from the "meadow" and batted and ran and slid and picked their way into public favor.

(Continued on 5th page.)
Personal advertisements.

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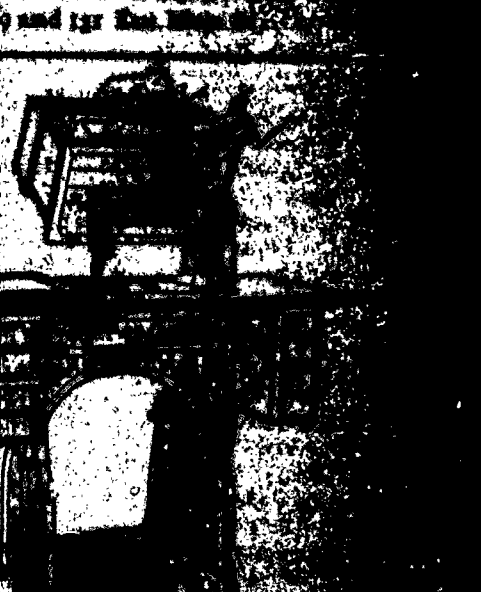
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