

entering the township of Hardscrabble, determined to punish him a little for former cruelties, when the open graveyard arrested his pace. He was shocked to hear for whom the grave was waiting. In an instant his thoughts took a better turn, and he bitterly lamented that he could not have seen, and freely, fully, and unconditionally expressed his forgiveness to his early persecutor. And bitterly too did he muse on the pitiful malice which can find place in the heart of one dying word against another, while toward both are warring the missiles of that "insatiable archer," whose arrows check thought, and life, and purpose, while even that thought is imagining evil—and that purpose is seeking ill!

But if other eyes failed to recognize Jonathan Smiley, there was one who could not be deceived. As Margaret turned with her guardian to enter the house, she too cast a glance at the apparition—but she by instinct as it were caught a knowledge of his identity. With a sharp but low cry she pulled the Deacon's arm, and both stood in the door half doubting, half expectant, to welcome him as he alighted. No assumed distance on the part of Margaret damped her welcome—no stiff ceremony prevented the Deacon from fairly hugging Jone in his arms, as one who in his absence had deeply grown in his affections.

And now was all Hardscrabble in an instant excitement. All feet of men tended to the Deacon's house to welcome home, as they said, (though they said nothing about his home, years before,) our Jonathan—the Hon. Jonathan Smiley. And the women, bless their hearts! who could not rendezvous at the tavern, ran from house to house, comparing notes, and consulting recollections as to what manner of man Hon. J. Smiley now was, and what manner of boy Jone Smiley was once. Pretty young women, who were pretty children when he left Hardscrabble, each in her inmost heart studied whether she were too strongly affianced. If affianced, to break loose and marry a Member of Congress, provided he were so important as to refuse to listen to "no," at any rate. As to those who had no flame on hand, each in her own mind sat the Hon. J. S. down as her sure and lawful prize, and wondered if anybody else would be so foolish as to think of appropriating him!

And what thought Margaret? In the first place, that her early friend had come home, safe, sound, and honored, and that he brought joy to the Deacon's heart, and good news of his own and a good account of that son's wife and prospects, spread over her heart a summer time—a lassitude of joy, so to speak, which permitted her to trouble herself not one iota about the morrow. She was as entirely unselfish as a dear, good, whole-souled woman could be—she rejoiced in the joy of Jone, and in the pleasure of the Deacon, and her only selfish thoughts ran in aspirations of praise to that good God, who had crowned Jonathan's early griefs with mercy and with loving kindness.

Hurriedly were the "tea-things" set aside in Hardscrabble that evening and though it was Saturday, and therefore in New England the "preparation," we were compelled as a veracious historian to acknowledge that the said preparation for the Sabbath was on this occasion most sadly neglected. The women could not go in the afternoon to the Deacon's bar-room, but there was no rule in the Hardscrabble code of etiquette which could forbid them calling upon Margaret. They found Mrs. Smiley there, for Jonathan had been seen but a few minutes before waiting upon his mother to the Deacon's house—but Margaret had "just stepped out," nor was the Hon. Jonathan Smiley present. Such a coincidence with any other unmarried lady in the case would have made quite a buzz, but the Hardscrabble belles only whispered to each other that Margaret was a dear good creature, and that when Mr. Smiley was a boy, they had understood, she was quite a nurse to him!

But as every one who came "set and set," the Deacon at last said he would "go look up the girl." He was not long in the search, and in a moment more, Miss Margaret, with some confusion in her manner, introduced a fine sun-burned fellow, as "Ladies and Gentlemen, the Hon. Jonathan Smiley." Etiquette might have told a more artificial lady to present the company to him, instead of him to them—but she took the shortest way.

He pronounced the "Honorable" with full emphasis, and regular accent, a keen observer might have suspected something from her manner—something foreign, instance, like a forced flippancy to conceal deeper thought. But the keen observers were all looking at the lion—not at that dear, good-natured, old-fashioned creature, Margaret Smith.

Margaret was forthwith elbowed out of sight by her visitors, who coming under the pretext of seeing her, were entirely taken up with a creature of another color. Common consent among her kind young friends fixed the conclusion that she, in fact a kind of upper "help," could not possibly take any interest in Hon. Jonathan Smiley, except to air his shirt and darn his stockings, for the present, and the village elite felt quite obliged to the village for their good nature that they had honored her so far as to make a bridge of her nose to climb to the presence of Hon. Jonathan Smiley. And they also complacently remarked that she was "a dear good sensible woman, and did not require to have her place even hinted to her." And by a strange anomaly, they considered the mother of the Hon. J. S. fit company for one whom they placed in the social scale below the son. Heigho! To be sure her old crumpled dress was faded!

There must be an end to every evening, and there was an end to this, when Jonathan took his mother on his arm to go home, and Margaret bade Mr. Smiley "Good night, Jonathan!"

"I declare!" said a young lady, "how familiar and motherly she is to Hon. Mr. Smiley! I do believe if the Deacon should die, Mr. Smiley would give her a home, as long as she lived, to take care of his children!"

On the day following, the hoary-headed pastor was amazed at the dilatoriness of his people at coming into the meeting-house; and at the words in whispers, and the significant looks which were exchanged among his usually sedate congregation. The very

children (quick observers) seemed to catch the infection of the day, and never were they more troublesome. The seats which in olden time hung on hinges in New England meeting-houses, slammed over and anon in all directions, by the restlessness of the juveniles, and altogether the reverend man never felt before so scandalized at the conduct of the congregation.

"What is the matter?" whispered the parson to the aged sexton, as that functionary came up the pulpit stairs as usual, to hand in the "notes" of those who "desired the prayers of the church and congregation."

"Why, nothing at all," said the sexton, "only the intentions of matrimony are first published to-day, between Jonathan Smiley, and Margaret Smith."

"Oh!" said the parson with a suppressed scream, as he let his pulpit Bible fall from his knees upon his toes. The truth was that everybody was astonished—except Deacon Underwood. As, on the evening previous, he had seen Margaret's head start from Jonathan's shoulder, when he found them together at the early trysting-place in his garden; and as he had picked up on the grass, that very morning, a note of which the reader has heard before, and furthermore as he had carried a written message from Hon. Jonathan Smiley, to the town-clerk, with strict injunctions of secrecy, he was not at all surprised. With a face full of grave fun, he stole peeps at the disturbed congregation, as he sat alone in his pew, modestly having kept the lovers away from church; and with a most iron look of "don't you wish you knew all about it?" he met all glances. But when he saw the parson let the Bible fall, for the first time in his life and the last, the Deacon "laughed in meeting"—and a very silent laugh either, though it reverberated turned into a distressing cough by way of finale.

Now what remains to be said. Of course, the couple were married; and Hardscrabble forgot its surprises, and its momentary assumption of misplaced aristocracy, to be present at the wedding and wish the couple joy; and sincerely too, did all congratulate good Margaret Smith, though some protested they did not know that "white would make her look so young." As to Peltiah's heir, he could not be present, but he took an early opportunity to make a call. Previously, that he landed Jone to the skies, and exalted Margaret with him. Subsequently he humphed and said "an 'old maid' would do well enough for a Western Congressman's wife. It was pretty cheap to get into Congress from the West, as you might know by that Jone doing it." Sacrilege! That Jone Smiley! But Jone was a new politician—a straightforward, honest man; or else when Peltiah's heir had asked the M. C. to give him the Hardscrabble post-office, he would not have answered that it was not his to give.

The Deacon sold out in Hardscrabble, and at the close of the session of Congress, went out with Hon. Jonathan Smiley, his lady and his mother, to live in the West—where, at this present writing, we trust they are well and happy. As to John Perkins, he remains still in Hardscrabble, and there we fancy he will remain; for the overseers of the town have long counted on him as a resident in their Public Mansion whenever sickness shall complete his helplessness, the fine Perkins' farm having already come under mortgage for much more than it is worth.

THE END.

A Palpable Plot.

Mrs. Du Tile—"John, my dressmaker arrived to-day and I must have the materials to-morrow."

Mrs. Du Tile—"Eh? What? You said that you had written to her not to come until next month."

Mrs. Du Tile—"Yes, I did, but she never got the letter."

Mrs. Du Tile (clapping his hand to his brow, panted)—"Woman! This is a plot—a vile plot. If I had really wanted her to stay away you would have handed that letter to the postman yourself; you wouldn't have given it to me to mail!"—New York Weekly.

Nothing to Fear.

Lady—"Little boy, isn't that your mother calling you?"

Little Boy—"Yes'm."

"Why don't you answer her, then?"

"Pop's away."

The Meeker grove of redwood trees on the Russian river, in Sonoma county, has been bought for \$27,500 by the Bohemian club of San Francisco. The action of the club in preserving this beautiful grove, one of the most attractive in the redwood zone of California, will be commended by all who have seen the place. It is only three hours' travel from San Francisco. The "high jinks" of the club have taken place there for several years and the next will be held in the grove Saturday, July 22.

The Shah of Persia thinks that the art of printing transcends all others and has a particular admiration for his court printer. He has lately seen a typewriter, and the idea that "printing" can be accomplished by the mere tapping of the keys was almost too much for him.

There are eight inches more rainfall on the south shore of Lake Superior than on the north shore, and three inches more in the cases of Erie and Ontario. There is also a greater precipitation on the eastern shores of Lakes Huron and Michigan than on the western.

The Rocky Mountain News prints the story of a man who says that the word of farewell which he shouted in a mountain canyon some 20 years ago, started the avalanche which immediately followed, causing the death of two persons and the severe injury of another.

Peggy Pendergrass, of Anniston, Ala., who was baptized by immersion in the Oxaava Baptist Church this week, is 103 years old, and has been bedridden for some time. She was placed in a chair for the ceremony and immersed in that way. She stood well, and as yet shows no ill effects.

NOTES FROM GOTHAM

THE DEWEY PARADE AND THE YACHT RACE HOLD ATTENTION.

Tammany Has Troubles of Its Own—Hopeful Independents—John Y. McKane Passes Away—No Election for Mayor The Ramapo Company.

The last trial demonstrated the right of the Columbia to defend the cup. She defeated the old defender without much trouble and the yachtmen are confident that she can sail away from the Shamrock with equal ease. But the Shamrock is a very smart boat, and the race will not be a walkover for either. The coming of Sir Thomas Lipton, the owner of the Shamrock,

has been an interesting event, and he has been most heartily welcomed by the professionals, as well as by the press of the city. He is represented to be a cheerful and clever gentleman, and just the kind which it will be an additional honor to defeat. Interest in the coming race increases every day even with the Dewey celebration so near at hand.

John Y. McKane.

The differing elements of character were strangely blended in John Y. McKane, who passed away the other day at his home in that part of Greater New York, formerly known as Graves. McKane was born in Ireland and came to this country when very young. He learned the carpenter's trade and became a builder. He was a prominent member of a Methodist church, and for years was the superintendent of the Sunday school. He went into politics and in a short time became the absolute autocrat of Coney Island. Every interest in the town revolved around McKane, and no man ever had greater political power than he did. The town gave Cleveland a big majority when McKane was for Cleveland, and the reverse when McKane was for Harrison. Out of a population of 8,000 McKane's manipulations brought forth a poll of 6,000, and a corresponding majority for McKane's candidates.

It was the loss of the Gravesend vote, by the direction of McKane, that defeated Blaine for the Presidency. Feeling secure in his position and backing, McKane openly defied the law on many occasions, but it was not until the election of 1893 that a determined effort was made to defeat McKane. It was in that memorable contest that McKane declared "injunctions don't go here." For this he was held for contempt and subsequently indicted on a number of charges. He was convicted and sent to prison for four years. After his release from prison McKane resumed his old business as master builder, and was very successful in getting contracts. He also wrote \$350,000 in fire and life insurance policies in the last year, on which his commissions were \$21,000. He will leave a fortune.

Labor Day Politics.

The appearance of former Governor John P. Altgeld in this city on Labor Day, and his address at the Cooper Union, does not indicate that there is to be the smoothest sailing for either party this year, or next. The former Governor appeared to have a large following among the thousands who made up the meeting if the enthusiasm aroused by his address can be taken as a guide. But his coming was not welcomed by the press of the city, and it is not too much to say that he was treated with scant courtesy by a very large portion of the city press, while some of the up-country papers have emphatically protested against his coming into the State at all in the name of Democracy.

Hopeful Independents.

The Independents who cling to the skirts of the Republican party, are in a different frame of mind from those who occupy a like position with the Democracy. The former ran a ticket for Mayor in 1897 and were defeated, but in doing this they also defeated the regular Republican candidate. There is always consolation for a politician when he can accomplish this much. These facts of history having now been recorded the next most natural thing is for the two opposing factions to come together. Conferences have been held, and there is said to be a probability of the Citizens' Union and the Republicans making the same nominations in many of the Assembly districts, so as to insure a Republican majority in the Assembly.

Tammany's Troubles.

The dominant party in this city will always have troubles of its own. That was demonstrated when Mayor Strong held the office for one brief term and then the opposition to Tammany so rampant and successful in 1896, became dispirited and turned to shade two years later, giving Tammany another chance at the first place of city

and contracts. Tammany has now had the undivided control of the city government for two years, and it would indeed be a miracle if there was not vigorous opposition to it. Tammany is a wonderful organization and it is conducted on lines which contemplate just such opposition as is now developing. In fact it is to guard against just such rebellions as we now hear of, that the district leader and the election district captains stay up night after night looking after the affairs of the party.

No Election for Mayor.

One of the great and influential newspapers is insisting that there shall be a special session of the Legislature and that the city government shall be legislated out of office, and the people given an opportunity to elect another Mayor this year. The Republican leaders talked of this for a time, but concluded that such action would only give added force to the contention that the city was governed from Albany too much, and that from a party standpoint it would be unwise.

Thieves Business Brisk.

Every one agrees that the business of the city was never better, and even the thieves must be regarded as enjoying their full share of prosperity. Since last January the robbery books of the police department show that this profession has taxed the people of the city, and the strangers who happened within its gates the very handsome sum of \$3,500,000. Of this amount \$500,000 has been recovered, and the balance appears as clear profit. But the books do not show it all. There is many a man from the country who is robbed in the Tenderloin district who never tells his troubles to his wife, and, of course, the robbery book never records the amount. The remarkable prosperity which the thieves have enjoyed is very naturally attracting attention to the police department, and it is certainly in order for the chief to rise and explain.

Dewey Day.

Very naturally the question is being asked if it is safe for the ordinary unsophisticated individual to visit the Metropolis and attend the Dewey Reception. Many who contemplate coming would be very glad to see an order issued such as Inspector Byrnes put into effect some years ago on a similar occasion, when he directed his officers to arrest all crooks who were known to be such, without warrants, but on general principles. Those who hesitated in the city, lost their liberty until the parade was over and then they were released. It was perhaps a serious infraction of the personal liberty which the constitution guarantees to every citizen of the State, but those arrested had their remedy by civil action. Probably if any had resorted to that remedy, they would have been confronted with a "pat" that would have landed them in Sing Sing. At all events none of them ever brought actions against Byrnes, and honest people felt much easier for the enforcement of the order.

The Navy Group on Dewey Colonnade.

In Bissell's group, "The Navy," part of the Dewey Arch colonnade decoration, three figures are placed on a Dutch lugger. Liberty stands on the prow, holding a laurel wreath and sword in one hand and an olive branch in the other. At her back, against the square sail, are Roman standards, the dates on them—1776, 1812, 1861 and 1898—symbolizing the four principal wars of the republic. The old navy is represented by a figure with a cutlass, and the new navy by a gunner.

The Underground Road.

At last the city is to have an underground railroad, and it is expected that this will solve the long unsolved problem of rapid transit. Possibly it may for a time, but it will scarcely have been completed before the demand will be so great that some other means of transporting the people will have to be considered. The city officials who have so long opposed the construction of the road at the expense of the city, have changed front, and the corporation counsel has approved the form of contract that shall be made by the commissioners. The finance department finds that the city can borrow the money necessary to carry on this great work, and there now seems to be no reason why work should not be commenced very soon. The working men, it is alleged, have been a factor in bringing about this result. They were, and are still, organizing a political party which is likely to make some of the leaders of the old parties enjoy some sleepless nights. They are therefore to be put to work digging the big tunnel, and then they will have less time for the collection of political gifts.

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