

Some gloomy day when young folks **PAVE**  
And wail the weary hours were gone,  
You to your store room and there get  
Brown sugar, and a pound of Yucca  
And some one to a peanut stand.  
A quart fresh roasted, you'll demand,  
Feed all the children shelling these,  
And make them wait for you a while.  
When these are shelled, chop, not too fine,  
Then take a pound of sugar, turn  
To a pan and melt, not too burn,  
But add no water. When it's done,  
And like thick syrup, quickly run  
Your chopped up peanuts lightly saut  
To turn them. When there's no fault,  
But just a minute, pour in this  
And cool, and then the fun begins.  
—Good Housekeeping.

"This is a queer way to deface coins, miss," said the shopkeeper, pausing, to his hand was passing over the change.

He held out the penny which had produced the remark. Myrtle Southwood looked at it, and she had a hard battle to appear self-possessed. What bewildering riddle was this? A deliberate hope superseded grey despair. She read, in his singular legend, "Joseph Auld lives." It was cut roughly upon the surface.

Suddenly she awoke to the fact that she was standing as one dazed.

"Yes, it is exceedingly odd," she said.

She went out as one who walks on air. The penny was in her purse, and its assurance was ringing joy bells in her heart. She went straight to her father, who was preparing to take a journey.

He rather stated it as a fact than put it as a question. And indeed, he could not doubt the propriety of an effort to get at the truth, even if he had slender expectation of any result.

Yes, since we left Wickerton we have moved so often that our traces are lost."

Myrtle spoke almost in accents of reproach, yet she had been eager to exchange town for town, and the city for the sea. In her excitement she had forgotten that her own restless ways had been as real as her father's. Since her stern old grandfather had disapproved them in favor of Maurice's (Gilder, the man of subterranean methods, whom she had refused to marry), chagrin and grief had made them wanderers by choice.

"It was a genuine document—there's one by which you were ousted," said the broken man, between terrible spasms of pain. "There was no forgery. Mr. Beddoes Southwood was angry when you married an actress—though your Myrie's mother was as womanly a woman as I ever met—and I told him so."

"Thank you."

"No, don't do that! Wait. He insisted on putting your cousin—a married man—into your place, and I drafted the will in accordance with

"After you had disappeared." He was seeking you I regretted that I could give him no information. Gilder knew where you were. I did not know at the moment. Afterward Gilder told me, and wished you kept in view. I think he was always afraid you might be stirring in the matter of the will.

"An evil conscience."

The sick man winced.

"Yes," he said, "I know what that is. I am sorry for the part I played."

"Then the penny carried a true word," he soliloquized.

"I don't think I understand."

Cameron Southwood explained. As he went on a smile overspread the man's face on the pillows.

"Ah, that I cannot tell you. I have no clew." "He must be found and brought to book. You will sign a statement." "Yes. I have drawn one up. It was a weary work. There must be witnesses." On the morning Cameron Southwood carried a budget of exhilarating tidings to Myrtle. Her sanguine countenance was justified. "Many inquiries were made, and the latest word of Josephine Atrial came from 'Clay City in Texas. He was said to be surveying there. But the odd fact was that Maurice Atrial there was likewise transacted across the Atlantic. There was a council of war, and Cameron Southwood and Myrtle took the decision of being their own co-defenders. There was nothing to keep them in England. Within the month they were standing in 'Clay City Station, on the edge of a plain which seemed all bare soil and blue distance. A covered wagon was waiting.

"Get in! Room at back, driver here!"

"The man swears he is innocent and somehow I can't see his writ large on his forehead."

"Which proves he's a hardened case. Bah! I never knew the man out West who wouldn't say he'd lived a parson's life since he left off sucking state pencil if that would keep his neck out of a noose."

"But Alvin's different from the run of our people."

"He will be at sundown."

"And you'll have made a mistake."

"I say for sure. You seldom can. I guess Judge Lynch does a blunder once in a way. But the boys are in the majority. You were in a minority of one."

"Which proves he's a hardened case," said "Bab" who never knew the man on West Main who wouldn't say he'd lived a parson's life since he left off sucking slate-pencil if that would keep his neck out of a noose."

"But Alrd's different from the run of our people"

"He will be at sundown"

"And you'll have made a mistake"

"Can say for sure. You seldom can. I give a Judge Lynch does a blunder in a hundred ways. But the boys are in the barn of it. You were in a minority of one, Poynton."

The objecting stockman turned on his heel. He was aware that protests against the coming crimes would only put himself in bad odor with his comrades. But he was mad at the thought that a strong young fellow with whom he had struck up a roving friendship was to die like a dog, mainly on the accusations of a black leg.

with a grim gesture over his shoulder. His dark, handsome face had a look of cheerful satisfaction.

"Way back, too busy to come along: we were a little too early," he said.

Poynton's last hope was dead in his breast.

"Isn't over?" asked Gilder, significantly.

"No. But if Aird fired at Witney, I believe his story that it was in self-defense. As for your identification of him with the miserable horse-thief, Cutler, who was hanging about Denver in 1888, why, you may be mistaken, after all."

"If so, and if he is the person he says—an engineer educated in England—could he not have proved it? Remember, he produced no papers. He had lost them, he said. Robbed. Likely story, that. And there was another witness."

"Yes, but from hearsay only." There was no reply.

ss to quarrel.  
All Clay City was in its one street.  
young man, pale but calm, stood  
of a misadventure. He had  
granted five minutes in which  
to ineffectually declare his  
innocence.  
"I do not even know anything of  
his man, 'Otter, in whose stead I am  
die," he was saying hoarsely; "if  
y papers had not been removed it  
ould be clear as the noonday to you  
at I have not dealt in subterfuges.  
Another has done that. I see now  
that he is my bitter enemy, and I  
think I can guess why. But I will not  
into that here."  
"Is he the expert that I have pen-  
etrated the secret of false clues placed  
my way. The people I came to seek  
never here. That was deception  
o Whitney has sworn to a lie. He  
d to fire my shanty; it was then  
at I used my revolver. I believe he  
ole my letters and memorandum  
s, but I cannot prove that. That  
all No! One other word. Have I  
been here who will communicate  
with Mr. John Patchett, solicitor,  
Pickerton, England?"  
"You call, depend on me," will" said

"Let me tell them; they will believe me," cried Myrtle, with ingenious assurance that was its own warrant of truth. "I will part of some delicate wickedness. We heard some of the boys on the top of the hill from Mr. Ginton." Dick bowed his name. This was a noble girl. "And you know that my dear Airl was in England in 1864—a year after the Rothensay foundation," she turned vehemently upon Gilder. "How then could he have been at Denver? And you were at home, too, considering an estate made yours by the death of your father, all that time?" "Yes, yes. You had better tell us some of it, and quick," said a chorus. "And Maurice Gilder glanced furtively around for a way of escape but there was none. He was ringed in, and there was unance in his neighbors' importment. The wretch was shaking like a leaf.

"Amerson Southwood recounted his

"You will restore my papers?" said Evelyn Ald. "Oh, yes." Gilder had been taken unawares, but was ready to vow amendment fully and to promise anything. Terms were orally made by which the remaining security was cleared up. Witney had taken the papers at Gilder's instigation. He had been one of Cutler's friends, and the details he supplied had been used with prejudicial effect by the master schemer. Both he and Gilder incontinently vanished from Clay county.

Cameron Southwood was now put in the way of securing possession of such portions of his rightful inheritance as were not alienated by his treacherous

“I am afraid,” said her friend, “that you are not firm enough with John; you are to easy with him.”

“On the contrary, I am afraid sometimes that I am too harsh.”

“Why, what have you ever done?”

“O, I haven’t done anything, but I have talked to him a great deal.”

“What have you said; John! John! John! and other severe things.”—

“Answers.

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“A preacher with Gypsopale has to step very close to the Lord to preach the gospel right, says Ram’s Horn.

**Not Too Ill—Peculiar Spinal Injury Renders Lucy Adams a Cripple.**

Lucy Adams lies on a cot in one of the wards at Bellevue Hospital. Her strange case attracts marked attention from the physician seven among the many varieties of human suffering to be found there.

The doctors are puzzled. The case furnishes material for long, scientific essays in the medical journals and Miss Adams' wings are made, showing the strange injury to the spinal column which produced the effects of paralysis. Miss Adams' body is armor and the upper part of her body is armor. Her face is plump and has a good color, in spite of the long months of confinement. Could the injury to the spinal column be remedied she would be a splendid specimen of maidenly beauty and beauty.

Although only eighteen years of age at the time of her injury, Miss Adams was already remarked among her friends as a girl of fine intelligence and kind heart. She was never satisfied unless helping the poor and unfortunate. Her knowledge of suffering humanity gained in the hospital makes her only more enthusiastic to help others if she ever recovers.

There is some hope for Miss Adams. Gradually under skilled treatment, the region of sensation has been extended, and it is not impossible that one day she will "arise and walk." If the restoration comes it may be quite sudden enough to be deemed miraculous.

The story of a remarkable engineering feat in California is told by the **Chicago Railway Review**. A section of mountain was recently torn off by 10,000 pounds of powder, lifted several feet straight up, and then pushed forward, or east, by the continuing force of the gas below the main, and then falling with an awful roar, 125 feet, to remain hereafter for all time as the bulwark of the great dam being built to impound water for the city of San Francisco. The ram is 43 miles east of the city. For two months or more preparations had been made for the monster blast, in common with another blast that is nearly ready. The plan was to cut tunnels into the sides of the mountain at various points above the bed of the creek and to place in these powder, which ignites slower than grain powder, and, therefore, has more pushing power and less shattering effect. On the face and in places through the mountain side were placed big deposits of grain powder for the purpose of shattering the mass and lifting it up. According to plans the black powder when it exploded would hurl the mass straight forward, making a bridge of granite across the gorge and bridging the stream. The plans were carried out with the greatest care, and with a successful result. When the dust cleared away it was found that the blast had dislodged a mass of rock 400 feet up and down stream and an average of 60 feet in height, completely bridging the canyon. The engineers estimated that the amount dislodged weighed about 150,000 tons. The rock was thrown only as the engineers had plan:

ground the gas and the sewer pipe system together, which deteriorates the main lines in great cities here and in Europe. In Paris, where the leaks of gas the mains have become a great nuisance, experiments are now being made with gas mains made of paper, which will be entirely neutral in respect to the underground electric currents. Neither short circuits nor induction currents can have any effect on paper tubes. The new tubing is made of cellulose paper of good quality, the paper being wound around a spool of the proper size and diameter. When the paper has been rolled up to the required thickness it is taken off the spool and dipped into molten asphalt, which is allowed to premeate the fabric. The tubes thus obtained are perfectly impermeable to both water and gas, and can successfully resist gas pressure from the outside. The single portions of the tubes are joined together by means of rings or cuffs of similar manufacture.

the facts of the umbrella is improper. When it is wet, says Hardware, "it rolls up and a wet umbrella is so in vogue that the dyer is not, and one of the reasons for the umbrella manufacture is loaded with dye on silk. Out of one hundred semoles of silk submitted to the writer, not over ten were pure dye, and fifty per cent of the silk thread submitted was over-loaded with dye and would not stand chemical test. This is a fruitful cause of trouble in umbrella-making and our concern insists on all the silks standing a chemical test in this respect. When over-dyed silks are used, the umbrellas rolled and sent away, and the makers complain that they have ruined their umbrellas and lose the folds. Fine holes appear, and they are apt to return the umbrella to the merchant and claim damage.

The Japanese language is said to contain 60,000 words, every one of which requires a different symbol. It is quite impossible for one man to learn the entire language, and a well-educated Japanese is familiar with only about

There were three little sturdy boys sat by  
 their grandpa's knee,  
 And militarily plotted out the plans of what  
 their lives should be;  
 They were quiet ways and mild and  
 thoughtful far,  
 Declared that when a man held go to every  
 heathen race  
 That should be the torrid tropic wilds in  
 manner idly rude,  
 And teach to them the wickedness of being  
 up above the second, Sharp and shrewd, a  
 cunning kid was he,  
 Says he: "That's ust the thing. 'Twill  
 cost your eyes a good deal for me."  
 When Willie deer has taught those folks  
 habbilities to wear,  
 Or come upon a horse to buy them, and  
 that's when you'll find me there.  
 'I'll sell those heathenous overcoats and com-  
 fortless and skates.  
 And other things that I do not need, and  
 charge them triple rates." The youngest mused a moment, with his  
 chin upon his hand,  
 Then said: "I'll as a soldier go to that be-  
 nighted land,  
 And when the natives rise in wrath at  
 the Sioux, I'll fight a war.  
 And show some signs of lapsing to their  
 former heathen states,  
 Lapsing the foreign trade and their im-  
 mortal souls,  
 I'll take my little rifle down and fill them  
 full of holes."

—Indianapolis Journal.

"The best book to read first?" said Judge T., repeating the question I put on entering his office as a law student. "That's the best book to read first, and last, too," he added, laying his hand on a well-thumbed "King James' Bible," on which least dust had been suffered to accumulate than I have often seen on the same volume on a professor's parlor table.

"But I didn't come here to learn to preach," I answered, a little pertly.

"Yes, you did," replied the Judge.

"And the better you preach every time you get before a jury, the better you'll succeed. I'll prove it," said he, quickly.

"My office was a scene of confusion at the end of five minutes. Bob's head had gone through the glass door of my bookcase, two of my three chairs lay with broken legs, and Bob and I had a pair of black eyes between us. It was more than a month before either spoke to the other.

"But I'm wandering from the point. In due time the prisoner was brought up for trial. Old Polfox appeared for the defense.

"Old P. was a character. The only law book he had ever read was Swann's Treatise for Justice of the Peace; but in that and the Scriptures he was powerful. He had a way of quoting and applying the latter, which in a religious community, made it difficult to oppose him without incurring a suspicion of orthodoxy. His forte was in carrying the jury about, he generally succeeded in convincing that he and they were on one side, and his adversary on the other. His style of grammar was original.

"I had carefully written my opening, and when I read it over to Nelly Wynne, to whom I was paying attention at that time, she said it was 'real nice,' which I knew was feminine for the time. My conclusion I felt not a little proud of.

"When the case came on, I spoke

"Old Polfox slowly got up upon his legs, and removed his bandanna, and, taking up the Bible on which the clerk had sworn the witnesses, began:

"I am grieved, my brethering--he always called the jury his 'brethering'--I am grieved and sore amazed to find such a brother dooting me as I do. Charles come home, as we used to be listening to. What say the sacred volume I hold in my hand? why, it says, 'At the mouth of two witnesses, or three, every matter be established.' Now, my brethering, let me ask what say two witnesses--what one witness need my client hook this sheep? Echo answers, 'Nary one!' My deluded young brother has read profane authors to show that findin' of goods on the wrong man is a premium, and a place of healing." "And it is 'a pretence of law," he says, "and a great piece of presumption." Is, my brethering. Now, in this same sacred volume we have narrated a case in pint that of one Benjamin which you all learn about. A silver cup, with a hundred times as much as this trumpety dog here has sworn

"And yet," I remarked, "old Pollock made them the instrument of maintaining an erroneous verdict."  
"There you are mistaken," said the judge. "It transpired subsequently that poor Dawkes was really innocent—a private enemy, the same person who first directed suspicion toward him, having abstracted the property and placed it, through malice, where it was afterwards found."  
I took the judge's advice as to the best book to read.

The February Century contains another article in the series on tramp life written by a young man, who is a disguised character, living among the tramps of a famous country. He thus describes an adventure with a hard-hearted American brakeman: At midnight sixteen tramps, including myself, boarded a freight train bound west. I was now on the main line of the New York Central, and had no further need to fear any large amount of walking. During the night I had a very pleasant talk with the brakeman at my end of the train. It was in a "gondola" (open car), and he stepped me from the top of a box-car, and came down. "Hello, shorty," he said, "and where are you going?" "I'm going up the road to bed," I replied. "Well, let's go to the other end of the car, where we won't catch the conductors' eye. I've got one in my eye now. Fill it up with kerosene." Can you take it out, dyke?" he asked. I held his lantern over my eye, and looked for the insect, which was soon out. Just then the train whistled for Fonda, and the brakeman said: "You want to lay low here, for there's a watchman in the yards. I'll bring you a bit to eat out of my pail after we pull out." He returned, when we were again started, with a parcel of food, and began to talk of the town up the road. "It's a fine place," he said. "If you intend getting your breakfast there in the morning, it's a sort of a safe place, this time of the year. You see, the hop pickers are around there, and the police always arrest a lot of 'em, and you fellows are likely to be jumped, too. This town where we're just left, however, is the meanest one on the road." I was doubtful, but he said: "I'll go with you. I don't know there was a bum on the train. The watchman scouted around, and found three of 'em in a box car, and yanked 'em all up. If I'd known they were round, I'd posted 'em about a mile west of here, and I'd tell them to get there. I hate to see a lad get pulled for ridin' a train, because I've never broke myself, and I know what it is to be on the road. I'll always carry a man on my train if I can. But of course you know, Jack, that sometimes the 'con' is a mean devil, and you can't do anything that'll give him a grudge ag'in us; if he should see a bum on the train, he might report us to you. You see what risks we run. But I've given many a lad a ride, and I'm always willing to be square to a square plug" (fellow). This is a very hard-hearted, English brakeman, and the tramp, like him:

It is a little more than fifty years ago that one of the most potent agencies in modifying the surface features of our country was first recognized. In the year 1840, when James H. Mavor first made his expedition to the Lake District and Wales, discovering everywhere the same indications of the former presence of glaciers as are to be found so abundantly in Switzerland, no geologist had conceived the possibility of a recent glacial epoch in the temperate portion of the northern hemisphere. From that year, however, a new science came into existence, and it was recognized that only by a careful study of the evidence, of the nature of its outward manifestations, and of the indications of the work they have done in past ages, could we explain many curious phenomena that had hitherto been regarded as indications of diurnal agency. One of the first fruits of the new science was the conversion of the author of *Rainaldus Dilluvius*—Dr. Buckland, who, having studied the origin of glaciers in Switzerland in company with Agassiz, became convinced that numerous phenomena he had observed in his country could have been the result of a recent ice age. In a November, 1840, lecture before the Geological Society in London, Evidence of Glaciers in Scotland and the North of England, and from thence to the present the study of glaciers and of their work has been systematically pursued with a new amount of success. Alfred M. Charnock, in the Popular Science Monthly,