

Broken Ties.

The wind roared in the tops of the trees and around the tall chimneys outside, and whistled through every crack and crevice of the desolate mansion; the rain beat ceaselessly against the window-panes; the dogs barked and howled in the distance; the night was dark and dismal, and everything conspired to give me a feeling of dread as I sat alone by the bedside of a lady whose life was despaired of, and who had been ill for many days.

Her husband, mother, and everyone else in the house, worn out with watching and anxiety, had been persuaded to lie down. Since then the doctor had entered noiselessly and examined the patient.

"You are calm and courageous, I know," he said. "You need not alarm the house unnecessarily; but I think the crisis is coming. There will probably be a change about midnight, either for better or worse. With these directions which I now give you in writing, you will know what to do. Good-night."

He was gone at last, and then I sat down by the bedside, alternately watching the patient with her white deathly face, and the hands of the clock upon the wall.

I was not intimately acquainted with the family, though I had known them several years. They were an ill-mated pair, as regards looks and age, for she was under thirty, and very fair and beautiful, while he, though with keen, sagacious eyes, looked like a dried up old mummy, and always treated her with deference.



Then I sat down by the bedside, voted attention, dressed her splendidly, kindly cherished her mother, who was much nearer his own age, and evidently did everything in his power to make them happy.

Yet for all this, she always looked sad, listless and weary; and I never could help wondering how she had married him.

The clock struck 12. Soon afterwards, she began to move uneasily, threw out her arms, and at last opened her eyes. I saw at once that for the first time in many days there was the light of reason in them, and I was at her side in a moment with a reviving draught. I put it to her lips, and she drank it.

"Have I been asleep?" she murmured feebly.

"Yes; and you are certainly better," my dear lady. I am sure of it. You have been ill a long time and now you will recover very soon without doubt."

"Shall I?" she sighed wearily. "Oh, how much better to die! And must I still live on, enduring, loathing, loveless, despairing? Death is far preferable. Oh, my friend! never marry a man you do not love!"

"There, there!" I said, "you must not talk or think in this wild way. Take this soothing draught and go to sleep, dear. You are still nervous. You will not feel so bad after you have slept."

She took it, and was soon fast asleep, while I sat thinking of the strange revelation—wring from those parched and pallid lips by weakness and disgust of life, on the brink of the grave, but never before, I afterwards found, disclosed to mortal ear.

When she was well enough to sit up and we were alone one day, she told me the whole story; though but for that unguarded revelation, she never would.

Her mother, it seemed, was a widow, poor, and with her daughter, depending almost wholly for support upon a well-to-do son. He died very suddenly, leaving them penniless and homeless; because his wife, who had the power in her hands, at once cast them off.

Alice was engaged at the time to a worthy young man, whom she tenderly loved; but they were prudently postponing their marriage until such time as he could see his way clear enough to be able to support her comfortably. Her scheming mother, who had never liked him, longed for a wealthier suitor for her beautiful daughter.

At last one presented himself, who was far richer, but with a tarnished name, and old enough to be her father. After a youth spent in dissipation, he had reformed, made a fortune, and now wanted to settle down with a young and beautiful wife.

He was as artful and intriguing as the mother herself, with wily, flattering lips, and a double tongue; he rode in a fine equipage, made rich presents, and fairly won the old lady's heart. She favored him from the first, and they were soon plotting together, after the girl had refused to marry him.

Machinous charges were brought against the former lover, who was at a distance, struggling for position and fortune. His character was impeached, his name and motives

maligned, and his constancy doubted, until the daughter's faith in him was shaken; and then, all at once, his letters ceased, and she could get no replies to her own. She found that he had left the place where he had resided without one word to her of regret or explanation.

The elderly lover persevered and fawned and flattered, and pleaded with eloquent lips; the mother besought her, with tears in her eyes, to save them from want and shame; and at last, after a weary struggle, the wretched, despairing girl yielded to her destiny, and became the bride of one old enough to be her father.

As a wife and daughter she had done her duty as well as she could, and from the hour of her marriage had never opened her lips to complain of the weary, desolate life she was leading, until that memorable hour of weakness and woe. And this, although she had known for long months that she had been cruelly deceived, and that her marriage had been brought about by the blackest falsehood, that her lover's letters had been suppressed and burned, his stainless character defamed, his heart almost broken, and his reason nearly dethroned by the thought that she was false to him, and had willingly sold herself for gold.

I comforted her as well as I could at the time, and pointed her to the only true source of consolation, and in answer to the repeated cry, "Oh, why, why, why, was I ever permitted to marry him?" I said, "To make of him a better and nobler man. Your influence has already done this in some measure I believe, and I have no doubt that these afflictions will in the end lead you, and perhaps him, up higher."

"Do you think so?" she replied. "I have felt as if my life was a useless burden. I shall be glad if I can do good to anybody in the future."

I left her about that time, and two years later when I returned I found Alice a widow. I went to see her, and she told me with tears, that they had been the happiest years of her married life.

The fear of losing her, and the feeling that he had deeply wronged her, had brought about a true repentance, in her husband, and they had thenceforth lived a better and happier life. He bequeathed to her his entire fortune as a small recompense for all the trouble he had caused her.

It was my fortune afterward, in another land than ours, to meet the lady's early lover—a desolate, disappointed man.

He told me his story at last, and then I knew that I was right, in my suspicions, not only of his identity as Alice's lover, but also of the fact of his having been deceived by forged letters into the belief that she had changed her mind, no longer loved him, and wished to cast him off for the sake of marrying another.

"And she did it," he groaned. "What would you say, Horace Seymour?" I began, after a long silence, if I should tell you that

Alice Neale was true to you—that she never wrote those heartless letters, or received a line from you in return—that she was deceived and blinded by infamous falsehoods; made to believe that you were a "Happiest years of her married life."

And had deserted her; and that in her grief and despair she was led by her own mother to the altar like a martyr to the stake, loving you alone, fondly and truly all the time? I deserted her; and that in her grief and despair she was led by her own mother to the altar like a martyr to the stake, loving you alone, fondly and truly all the time?"

"I would say that you had extracted some of the poison from a wound that still bleeds and stings, though it is too late for all earthly hope," said he earnestly.

"And if I should tell you that it is not too late for earthly hope if you love her still—that Gordon is dead and Alice is free—"

"Oh, I would bless you for ever more!" he exclaimed, starting up suddenly, and clasping my hand. "But is it so? For Heaven's sake do not deceive me."

"It is certainly so, my friend. Alice has been a widow for months."

His face brightened up with a sudden joyful glow, then it faded as he said: "I was forgetting that she may not care for me now—I am so changed in every way."

"She, too, is changed; you must expect that. Remember that you are both ten years older than you were when you wooed and almost won her. Yet she is beautiful still, and loves you without a doubt." And then I felt justified in telling all I had heard from her own lips of her past history.

He left the next morning, and the next time I saw Horace Seymour, two years later—he was in a beautiful home of his own, with Alice beside him, and a handsome and smiling babe upon his knee.

As a rule a man's hair turns gray six years sooner than a woman's.

THE CONDORS OF CALIFORNIA

Great Bizzard Kings of the Pacific Slope becoming Extinct.

One night in the '80s a hatter from the Murietta ranch in Southern California was killed by a mountain lion that lived in the fastnesses back in the San Bernardino range, says a writer in the Century Magazine. From our camp the next day we noticed several buzzards on a dead pine up the hillside. One of the rancheros pointed to a lone speck floating in the summer sky. "King of the buzzards," he said. An hour later the speck had increased in size, and he pointed to another speck just within the scope of vision. The next day the old Mexican took me up the arroyo and I counted 17 buzzards and two other birds that seemed twice the size of a buzzard, feasting on the carcass of the heifer. I was interested in the big birds, but the only information I received was a gesture back toward the highest peak of the range.

Years later as my interest in birds grew I could get comparatively little information about this "king of the buzzards," or California Condor (*Cathartes californicus*), for not many people had ever seen the bird, and very few had first hand information as to its nesting habits.

The report that it was rapidly following the great auk and that the species would soon become extinct was not without some foundation, for the California condor has a range more restricted than any other bird of prey. In the early part of the last century it was reported fairly common as far north as the Columbia river region, but now it seems to have entirely disappeared from that locality. Once it was reported in Utah, and Dr. Elliott Coues saw it in Arizona in 1865. With the exception of a record in southern Oregon, the habitat of the California condor now seems to be the region from Monterey county, Cal., south through the mountains of the east coast range and the extension of the San Bernardino range into Lower California. There is no record of the bird in Mexico.

It is not surprising that collectors have searched the mountains and that museums are willing to pay big prices for the eggs, for after a correspondence of several years W. Lee Chambers has found that there are only 41 California condor eggs (26 first class and 15 second class) in the various museums and private collections of the world, while there are about 70 eggs of the great auk, which is now extinct. There are only half a dozen of the birds in captivity, and that number is not likely to be increased to any extent at present.

German Students More Temperate.

"When I was a student at Heidelberg, twenty-five years ago, the amount of beer the students consumed was something astonishing," said Mr. J. N. Osborne of St. Louis. "In fact many of them drank to excess, and the fellow who could put away the biggest quantity was a sort of hero. Now all that has changed, as my son, who is studying at Heidelberg, writes me. He says that while a good many of the students still use beer, a goodly number are teetotalers and that the wholesale swilling of the old days has gone. I think that everybody will be glad to know that sobriety has taken the place of intemperance among the young men at one of the foremost seats of learning in the world."—Baltimore American.

Where Bridge Helps Charity.

The Russians are the greatest card players in the world. Last year they spent over 2,000,000 rubles (£200,000) on cards. Card making is a government monopoly, and the proceeds of the sales are going to support the Red Cross society. The profits last year was 1,700,000 rubles, as the most of the manufacture was only 300,000. The cards used by the imperial family—the czar is a capital whist player—are made of the finest linen rags with a water mark of the imperial eagle and crown. The czar and court used 1,200 packs last year, which cost 11,000 rubles.—London Tatler.

Demand For Horses.

There is a great and growing demand for good horses possessed of proper breeding and conformation, for both domestic use and export. The automobile has had no appreciable effect on horse values. The world's production of horses has not kept pace with the growing demands of increasing populations.

But really, at times it seems as if the twentieth century could usefully employ itself in just utilizing the discoveries of the nineteenth.

Steam heat, gas ranges, elevators, bathtubs, and other nice things are in the world. Why not make them available for everybody?

Then there is the land. That has always been in the world. Why not make that available for everybody?

The nineteenth century discovered the kindergarten.

The twentieth could usefully make it available for all children.

It discovered the Roentgen ray. But lots of people can't afford to pay for just plain, ordinary sunlight in their houses.

The inventors are a very wonderful class of gentlemen—ladies, too, nowadays—but it really seems as if the twentieth century didn't need them so much as some plain, practical people to utilize what they've done already.

The Difference.

When you are twenty you think you know the world, but when you are forty you know the world knows you.

DESTROYING MOSQUITO LARVAE.

A New Mixture That is Practically Harmless.

A. H. Doty reports on the results of a series of experimental tests undertaken to determine the questions (involved in the destruction of the mosquito.) It was found that a solution containing one pound of sulphate of copper and one pound of unslacked rock lime (calcium oxide) in ten gallons of water was promptly effective in causing the death of mosquito larvae when added in the proportions of one gallon of solution to fifty gallons of the infected water. Solutions of copper and lime alone were less satisfactory. The result is not due to a toxic action of either of the chemicals, but to the fact that a precipitate is formed which rapidly removes from the water the organic matter upon which the larvae depend for nourishment and life. This method is applicable only in collections of stagnant and offensive water where it not only destroys the larvae, but also deodorizes the fluid; in swamps or bodies of water covering large areas other measures are preferable. As a deodorant, the mixture of copper and lime in the proportions stated is the most valuable and practical agent we possess for the purpose. Its action is rapid and permanent, it is practically harmless, is cheap and easily made, and can be employed equally well for deodorizing solids or fluids. The experiments on the germicidal properties of copper sulphate show that it has possibilities as a disinfectant, but no definite statements can as yet be made.—Medical Record.

Singing into a Gramophone.

Part of the terror inspired by gramophones—not by all gramophones, however, of course—is probably due to the distress of the vocalist who sings for them. Few people can have any idea of this. Mr. J. B. Osburn, who yesterday recovered fees from a manufacturing company in Glasgow, said that he sang to the accompaniment of a piano on either side of him, and a piano rattling away for all the pianist was worth. He sang each song seven or eight times to produce a "master record." As the voice varied in pitch and intensity, he had to bend forward or draw back, and he sang until the perspiration dropped from his forehead. First the diaphragm gave way—the one in the instrument—and then a wax cylinder much too hard was used. Mr. Osburn had bound himself, however, to produce twelve master records. He would seem to have done it, in the Glasgow sheriff's opinion, or at all events to have done enough and he states that the task was quite the well believe it. Some of the very mysterious sounds which emerge from gramophones may now be systematically interpreted.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Old Jug Repaired a Church.

A churchwarden of West Malling (Kent) parish church discovered in a lumber room some time ago a peculiarly shaped jug, which was subsequently identified as a rare old Elizabethan stoup. An offer of £50 for it was refused, and the church authorities decided to send it to Christie's, where it was sold for 1,100 guineas. With the proceeds the authorities have just completed several improvements in the fine old church. Parts of the fabric have been restored, a new porch has been erected, and the seating accommodation has been greatly improved.—London Tit-Bits.

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PUNISHMENTS FOR PERJURERS.

Throws From Cliffs, Branded with Irons, Tongues Torn Out, Etc.

Perjury, besides being one of the oldest offenses in the catalogue of crime, has always been very severely punished. With the advance of civilization, however, splendid punishments have been replaced with more humane, if still severe penalties.

In the days of the Roman empire any one who committed perjury was thrown from a precipice, whilst the Greeks branded their false swearers. It is interesting to note that when the latter embraced the Christian religion the punishment was altered to that of having the tongue cut out, a sort of punishment which was considered to fit the crime in the early centuries.

In the middle ages some countries adopted the system of giving the perjurer the punishment for the crime he falsely accused another of. Thus if he swore a neighbor had committed murder, and the charge was disproved, the perjurer would be sentenced to death, and the other penalties of the penal code were exacted for the particular crime alleged.

The two greatest perjurers in the history of the world were Titus Oates and Arthur Orton, the Tichborne claimant. Oates, who had been dismissed from the ship he was serving on, turned lecturer, and, finding that it did not pay, conceived the notion of inventing a popish plot against the king, and reaping the rewards that were always on offer against traitors of the Roman religion in England.

The story was believed for a time and eighteen Catholics of rank were arrested and executed. Meanwhile the court conferred a lavish sum of money on Oates, who quickly became the terror of everybody, for he had merely to point the finger of suspicion at any one, to have that person arrested.

However, he fell into disfavor, was himself arrested, tried for perjury and sentenced to imprisonment for life. Before entering the dungeon he was put in the pillory and afterwards public whipped all the way from Newgate to Tyburn.

This extraordinary man, however, had not reached the end of his career, for the accession of William of Orange, once more brought the Roman Catholic religion into disfavor, and the perjurer was not only released but a pension of \$15 a week for life was conferred upon him.

The Tichborne case, is, of course, the best known in the history of English law, but some of its marvelous features have not been emphasized. How an uneducated man could have hoodwinked a number of firm of astute lawyers of the same fact, and, in short, obtain a following of millions of persons, passes human knowledge.

Fourteen years' penal servitude was a heavy price to pay for his temporary success.—Tit-Bits.

The Marvels of Indian Magic.

A former French Chief Justice in Clarendonshire, Jacquot, gives an account of several curious performances that were displayed for his benefit by a yogi named Bvbinda-Swami on the terrace of his own house. Being by no means credulous, Jacquot took every precaution to prevent deception. Fine sand was strewn on the ground in order to make as even a surface as possible. Jacquot was asked to seat himself at a table upon which were a pencil and paper. The fakir carefully laid a piece of wood upon the sand, and announced that whatever figures Jacquot might draw on the paper the piece of wood would transcribe them precisely upon his hand, and the wooden piece immediately copied upon the sand the most complicated and twisted figures that Jacquot drew. When the Frenchman stopped writing the piece of wood also came to a standstill. The fakir stood at a distance against a wall, while Jacquot laid the paper and pencil in such a way that the Indian could not possibly see what he was inscribing.—Harper's Weekly.

Chamois Maker is a Magician.

Most everybody uses chamois and everybody imagines it comes from the graceful goats of the Swiss Alps. But it doesn't. It really hails from the cavernous depths of tanneries of Peabody, in New England. Peabody tanners make beautiful leathers of sheep pelts. The chamois maker is a magician of the leather trade. To his doors he draws sheep skins from the great ranches of Montana, or their possible future rivals on the plains of Siberia, the pampas of Argentine, or the fields of Australia. Mary's little lamb masquerading as brave Swiss chamois, has a wonderful career.

Ten Tons of Diamonds.

Prodigious diamonds are not so uncommon as is generally supposed, says Sir William Crookes in the North American Review. Diamonds weighing over an ounce (15.15 carats) are not infrequent at Kimberley. I have seen in one parcel of stones eight perfect ounce crystals and one inestimable stone weighing two ounces. The largest known diamond, "the Cullinan," was found in the new Premier mine. It weighs no less than 3,025 carats.

Not Really Ambitious.

The average man takes up so much time talking about his ambition that he has not time to realize it.—Atchinson Globe.

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Bowery Mission Chapel of the Holy Name of Jesus.

The object of this Mission Chapel is to try to reach and to reclaim some of the 30,000 or more homeless and fallen men who live in the Bowery Lodging Houses. The Bowery of New York is the home or mecca of the drift-wood of humanity from all parts of the whole world. Our Divine Master and Redeemer has said: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost" (Luke XIX—10). We, though unfit and all unworthy, are trying in our poor humble way to carry out this wish of the pleading heart of Jesus.

We are sorely in need of means to help and to lift up these poor unfortunate, and for the honor of the Holy Name of Jesus, we ask you to help us in our work, and feel assured that what you do for these unfortunate outcasts of mankind, will not go unrewarded, for He has said, "A cup of cold water given in His name will not go without its reward" (Matt. X, 42). Among these 30,000 or more, are to be found men from lowest to highest walks in life; men graduated from all the universities and colleges of the world; lawyers, doctors, professors, husbands, sons, brothers. Many of them are so sorely tired in the furnace of sorrow, degradation and affliction, that they are longing for some kind hand to whisper to them but a sweet word of encouragement, and perhaps they are saved. We therefore ask you to assist us in this work for souls, and some day in life you will realize what the Holy Spirit meant when he said: "Cast your bread upon the waters, and it shall return to you a hundred fold." Will you become a promoter in this great charity for souls?

Rev. L. J. BYERS, Director, 137 E. Bowery, New York.