THE DREAM.

BY CHAS MIDDLEMISS.

I have slept through the night, John, without you,
Alone on the old cottage bed,
Out the live that I lived in my dreaming;
How delightful it was in its seeming,
Until the bright sun with its beaming
Awakened my old sleepy head.

John, it seemed as though we were both toddlers,
Both stub-toed, bare-footed boys,
With not a thing on us but dresses,
Just escaped from dear mother's caresses,
Each provided with bread and molasses—
For once, John, were not making noise.

We were sitting in beautiful sunlight
Enjoying our meal with the flies,
While the cat and dog, John, were beseeching
And were now and then reaching,
Were us lessons in charity teaching,
With watering mouths and with eyes.

Do not laugh, my dear boy, when I tell you
That Rover's plan worked for him right,
For we let him change bites with each other;
First the one did and then did the other;
But we got a good licking from mother,
He took the whole lunch at one bite.
CHICAGO, Ill.

JANET LEE

—OR—

In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

It was as Janet said. John Lee did not deem it wise to inform his wife and daughter that the authorities had buried what they presumed were the remains of his brother Martin. He had good reason for pursuing this course, as will be seen later. Furthermore, he had traveled many miles in quest of friends upon whom he could rely in his extremity. He called upon influential friends in Boston, who wrote to the judges; the foremost people in the colony interested themselves in behalf of Janet Lee and her mother. Discreet messengers, who were abundantly able to meet all questions, were dispatched to people whom John Lee could not reach by letter. He had by his earnest solicitations prevailed upon one of the judges to visit Ipswich jail and satisfy himself concerning the conduct and appearance of the prisoners.

More than this. He now recalled many things which warranted the opinion that his wife and daughters were victims of a conspiracy. There was something in Giles Ellis' manner that excited John Lee's suspicions. Giles was by turns patronizing and sympathetic. In public he was lofty in his professions of piety, severe in his denunciation of witchcraft. John Lee's mind was in constant turmoil, but as he listened to Giles Ellis his soul revolted. He could not respect the religion that caused a man to turn against his own flesh and blood, as often happened.

When he left his wife and daughter in Ipswich Jail, it was for the purpose of meeting a friend—a man whose influence was acknowledged even by the judges, upon whom he relied to bring the matter to a speedy and safe conclusion.

Meanwhile the jailer yielded to the clamor of the curious, who journeyed many miles to view the witches in Ipswich Jail. The people whose curiosity was thus gratified gazed upon the prisoners, and commented freely upon their appearance.

Shortly after Dorothea Lee regained consciousness, the jailer opened the door and admitted Ezra Easty and Ann Bigger, followed by Grizzle Meade.

"How now?" demanded Janet, fiercely. "By whose authority do you enter here? 'Tis enough you are permitted to look in on us. Heaven preserve us from such base liars!"

"Is this the spirit I find you in?" Grizzle Meade answered, as Ezra recoiled in fear. "Know you not the gallows is nigh?"

"It were better you were attending your customers, Grizzle Meade. The jailer shall answer for admitting you here unbidden."

"And they will not hold their heads so high to-morrow," said Ann Bigger.

"There will be two witches less in the world then," Grizzle added.

Then Dorothea Lee suddenly faced them with flashing eyes.

"Mark my words, Grizzle Meade. 'Tis the evil in thy heart hast brought thee here to gloat upon us. Dost find in my eyes, or in Janet's, signs of fear?"

Here Dorothea advanced with uplifted hand suddenly. The apprentice and Ann fell back hastily, but Grizzle Meade made an effort, as if she would hold her ground; but even she recoiled presently, as Dorothea's voice was raised:

"The hour, be sure, will come—it may be soon—when you will rue the speech you have made to me. Judge not, lest ye be judged."

As these words fell upon Grizzle Meade's ears she trembled and grew deadly pale. She turned about and walked to the door. Ezra Easty, like one in mortal fear, was at her heels, while Ann Bigger, ashamed of his cowardice, caught him roughly, reminding him of his ill manners. Instead of walking forth they were pushed back by the jailer, and a group entered. Then the door was closed quickly again and Dorothea and Janet Lee stood facing two of the Judges. One of these the prisoners had often seen. It was Thomas Danforth, Deputy Governor. Beside him stood his associate. Near him stood Arthur Proctor and the sailor, while Abner Bain looked over Proctor's shoulder.

The Judges spoke apart, and as they spoke the door opened again and Giles Ellis, accompanied by Daniel Meade, stepped inside. Now, those inside the jail formed four groups. First, the mother and daughter, who sat on a rude bench; next, the Judges; then Proctor, his uncle and the sailor; the landlord of Globe Inn, his wife, and John Lee's servants were huddled together around Giles Ellis.

"Think you we will wait on John Lee?" said one of the judges. Sir Thomas Danforth surveyed those near him calmly; Giles Ellis advanced to him, whispered in his ear, then returned to the corner. The Deputy raised his eyebrows as he glanced at his kinsman, and a strange smile flitted over his face.

"John Lee should be here. But time is precious," Thomas Danforth replied. "Thy name?" demanded the Deputy of the sailor.

"Thomas Jones," the sailor answered promptly.

"Art a friend of Martin Lee?"

"I was—I am."

"Didst see the body some said was Martin Lee's?"

"I make bold to say 'tis no more Martin Lee than 'tis me."

"What brought thee here?"

"To serve my old mate, Martin Lee. He thinks my blood is on his head—'twas nothing, but I was most at fault, as half a score will tell you who——"

"Stay. I have heard the story from Proctor," said Thomas Danforth, waving his hand. Then the Deputy turned to Abner Bain. "Dost know this sailor?"

"Truly and well ten years ago—before he went to sea to foreign parts."

"Can you vouch for him?"

"Cheerfully," Abner replied, promptly.

The deputy turned to Giles Ellis.

"'Tis also your opinion the body is not that of Martin Lee. Said he not so to you?"

The deputy looked at his associate, who bowed. The deputy now looked directly at the prisoners. Janet Lee's eyes met his fearlessly.

"Is it true what my kinsman tells me? Have no fear."

"All fear has left me; I could not live otherwise. If Giles Ellis has said I promised to be his wife—and that be what you mean, 'tis true."

Upon hearing this all turned to Ellis; then every eye was fixed upon Arthur Proctor, who advanced quickly to Janet's side, saying:

"What do I hear! Marry Giles Ellis! He looked at her mother in affright. "Dorothea Lee, is it thy wish——"

"'Tis as strange to me as it is to thee. Speak, Janet, hast thou promised Giles Ellis?"

"I speak naught but truth, mother."

There was silence for a time, which was broken by Proctor saying:

"Now do I believe in witchcraft, since I hear with my own ears that which I would not have believed. No! Not and an angel from heaven had told it me."

On hearing which Janet turned aside and burst into tears. The Deputy now spoke.

"We have reason to believe that the body taken from the sea is not that of Martin Lee. Moreover, if the statements made to us within the past four and twenty hours be verified—which those who made them profess to be abundantly able to do—it is possible that you, Dorothea and Janet Lee, will be speedily enlarged, in which case Janet Lee may have good reason to marry Giles Ellis without being subject to the charge of witchcraft or falling a victim to sorcery."

"I had rather see her in her grave!" cried Dorothea, who, after bestowing a look of amazement upon her daughter, also gave way to tears.

The thoughts of all present, and chiefly interested in these extraordinary proceedings, were so fully occupied with the misfortunes of which they were the victims that they did not notice the language of the Deputy Governor nor his manner. Abner Bain alone seemed to be indifferent. Something in his looks and easy bearing restored confidence to the sailor, who, in turn, slapped Proctor hastily by way of congratulation on the shoulder, as he whispered: "All's not lost yet!" And at that instant John Lee entered, with a flushed face, and another followed quickly at his heels, at the sight of whom Daniel Meade threw up his hands. But Grizzle grasped his arm with a grasp that made him wince, and the only outcry made was the startled cry that escaped Dorothea Lee's lips:

"Janet! 'Tis Martin Lee!"

"Aye!" exclaimed Tom Jones, heartily, as he grasped Martin Lee's hand, "this is my old mate, living and hearty."

"How can you rejoice, mother?" said Janet Lee, "seeing he is come to take our place. They will hang him for the horse and lambs. I wish he were a thousand miles from here!"

"Have patience, Janet," said her father; "all will yet end well."

"I fear, Master Lee, you have hastened the ill most men who love their kin would avoid. It were better your brother Martin had not come of his own accord to Ipswich jail. I did not think you would bring him here, or be prevailed upon to set others on his path, keenly as you feel the disgrace he has brought upon the name."

Giles Ellis held himself loftily as he spoke. Janet Lee looked at him with terror and apprehension in her eyes.

"Didst not promise me——"

But Giles interrupted her.

"I did not promise liberty to Martin Lee. That thou canst not say." Whereupon Janet lowered her head and turned her face to the wall, as Giles addressed the Deputy Governor.

"Lest any should be misled, 'tis well I make this matter plain. Knowing full well Martin Lee was alive—the proof of which was given me beyond all dispute—and knowing justice would be merciful with Dorothea and her daughter, whose only offense was in succoring their relative, and not in carrying out compacts with witches, I did say the judges would deal with them according to the light."

"You doubtless encouraged the prisoners because of the great confidence you have in our judgment," said Sir Thomas Danforth.

Giles bowed.

"There is nothing in all the records of the deliberations we have presided over that could warrant the inference that other than the public welfare and strict and impartial justice has guided our conclusions?"

This speech, put in the form of an interrogatory, in a precise and formal manner, elicited another and deeper bow and smile from Giles Ellis as he replied:

"Which I have ever maintained, and ever will."

"'Tis well," answered Sir Thomas. "Justice to yourself and me demands so much, since you have claimed me as your kinsman, which claim, bear in mind, I have never denied. And now, we will hear what Martin Lee has to say. Be brief, and yet make thy meaning plain, passing over the apprehension that caused you to seek lodgings at Globe Inn, instead of going directly to Town Tree's house. This sailor has made it clear you feared the officers might pursue you, when there was no cause for pursuit. 'Tis possible your early visit to your brother's was the result of this fear or apprehension. But is it not much more probable that thou killed John Winslow's best horse and lambs in thy drunken frenzy, just as thy evil passions caused thee to strike down thy fast friend here a little while before? And what hast thou to say finally concerning the death of Daniel Meade's son!"

"An he should clear himself of the murder of the horse and sheep, how will he wash his hands of my son's blood?" said Grizzle Meade, fiercely.

"An you will give me time," began Martin Lee, "I will make straight answer to all these. As for the bad blood against my friend here, there never was any. It was a sudden quarrel in drink—albeit, strange as it may appear, search all the ships' logs I have sailed in, it was my first, as it will be my last, drunken quarrel."

"Yet we can prove he drank a pint in a little time the night he murdered our son," said Daniel Meade.

"Cease. Let no one speak without our permission," said the Deputy, severely.

"I did drink freely, but I was cold, and went to bed as clear in my mind as I am now. I did not tremble as others tremble now," Martin Lee replied, with a meaning glance at the landlord.

"Proceed—say what thou hast to tell concerning all that took place after you went to bed."

The judges gazed upon him sternly; Dorothea and Janet listened with throbbing hearts.

"Say, now, as the landlord makes out, that I've had my drink, and the customers are gone, and I am tired, having walked fast and far on the worst night a man could be out. I am sleepy, and the moment my head touches the bed, I am sound asleep. Then comes a man to my window. I made sure he wanted my money, so I fall foul of him the moment he comes through the window; and he begs my mercy, and tells me he is the landlord's son, and has run away, and is a sailor, which, feeling his hands, I make sure of. He tells me he is in trouble—and I was in trouble, or I would not have been there. He has come home to hide until he gets rest, but durst not let his father and mother know, lest they scold and beat him——"

"That is a lie!" Daniel Meade shouted. His wife exclaimed at the same time:

"An invention of the devil's! We set store by our son, as all know."

The Associate Judge waved a hand at them angrily, and Martin Lee proceeded calmly:

"So I gave him my bed, and laid me down on a bench near the wall, and in the dead of the night I heard a footstep on the stairs."

"After drinking a pint, as he confesses himself," said Daniel Meade.

"A marvelous light sleeper, to be so weary and ready for bed," Grizzle interjected.

"Sirs," said Martin Lee calmly, "I have been a sailor many years—you can judge why sailors may be light sleepers. I listen, and some one—I do not know who—enters. I was a fool to talk of my diamonds——"

"He said never a word of diamonds that night, as Giles Ellis will bear me out—yes, and Samuel Hobbs, were he here." Daniel Meade glared at Martin Lee fiercely.

"Samuel Hobbs will be here presently," said the Deputy, and at that moment the Marshal of Salem quietly entered, and after speaking to some one outside closed the door.

"I said I had that about me," Martin Lee added, "that was worth seeing, as this man"—he turned to the Marshal—"will no doubt testify an he be sworn."

"If you speak of the boast you made when you struck your breast, I saw and heard you," said Hobbs, gravely.

"So, as I have said, I heard a footstep, and some one came into my room, and it being dark I waited until I could understand his errand; but very soon I did hear a blow on the bed, and a ghastly sigh like as if the breath were surely leaving one's body, and then I knew murder was done."

"'Tis a lie! as bald a lie as man ever told!" Daniel Meade's features twitched; the sweat started on his forehead as he faced Martin Lee. "There was no blow struck save that the bullet made that came from your pistol, as all here know."

"Aye, thou base slayer of horses and lambs—thou knowest there was no blow——"

"Silence!" commanded the judge who stood by Sir Thomas Danforth, "and see that you do not interrupt him again at your peril. Proceed—and bear in mind, what thou sayest here thou must repeat in Salem, when this matter is disposed of fully."

Martin Lee bowed and resumed without change of tone, or manifesting more concern than he had before being cautioned.

"Although it was dark, I saw between me and the window a flash; then I knew the man bending over the bed had a knife. So, knowing the peril I was in, seeing the blow was meant for me, because of the money I had on me, but which I had put under my pillow with my diamonds, I took chance aim in the dark, fired, and striking the man down, sprang out of the window, and finding below it the board the landlord's son came in on, I slid to the ground and made my way to John Lee's, more by good fortune than because I knew where to find it. I concealed nothing from first to last."

"He speaks the truth," said Dorothea Lee; "'twas told me and Janet before my husband knew he was in the house."

"Then, forseeing the trouble I would bring upon my brother, I resolved to conceal myself, and so——"

"I did counsel him to conceal himself in the house on Will's Hill," Dorothea interposed.

"That is the truth, your worshipful, if I die for it," Martin Lee concluded.

"And your money and diamonds?" said Sir Thomas.

"I left behind me."

Grizzle Meade's fury on hearing this was uncontrollable. "Thou'rt the prince of liers! See how little makes thee a perjurer of perjurers. Did not all who looked on our son see the place where thy bullet struck him? And now to charge us with robbery—dost not fear lest the Almighty should strike thee dead, base liar!"

"Fit food for the gallows thou art," said Daniel Meade, "with thy lies."

"Who speaks of the gallows knows may find it wiser he hold his tongue," said Justice Harkins, severely.

"Must we hold our peace while his venomous tongue wags!" cried Grizzle Meade.

"Hark ye, Grizzle Meade," said Justice Harkins. "Mayhap the Marshal has something to say to thee."

"'Tis only this. Since Martin Lee has the courage to stand face to face with you and Daniel Meade, you would do well to hold your peace." Whereat Daniel Meade fell back a pace and Grizzle grew paler than the prisoners who were gazing upon her cruel face.

"Thou hast something to say concerning this matter," said Sir Thomas, addressing Proctor, who advanced and spoke out clearly.

"I have, and I bring witnesses to prove what I say."

And now, for the first time since they entered Ipswich Jail, Dorothea and Janet Lee looked from one to the other with as little fear and restraint as though they were merely witnesses to the scene passing before them. The apprentice was haggard and pale, and Ann Bigger looked fearfully from Giles Ellis to Proctor, on whom all eyes were cast.

"Long before I met Martin Lee, certain circumstances, whereof you have been duly advised by my uncle here" (Giles Ellis shot a look of malice at Proctor on hearing this, and trembled), "warranted us in applying to you for authority to exhume the body of the murdered man." (Here Daniel Meade groped blindly, but Grizzle grasped his arm and whispered in his ear.) "Marshal Hobbs, my uncle Abner Bain, Tom Jones, and myself performed the task. But, lest there might be some who would question our knowledge, we had near at hand a physician of repute. We found——"

"Stay," said the Deputy. "Bring the Indian in."

The Marshal advanced to the door, opened it, made a sign, and Indian Joe was suddenly thrust into the midst of them. The Indian walked with difficulty; he crouched when he encountered the eyes of Giles Ellis fixed balefully upon him. He did not trust himself to look at the Judges, but gazed steadfastly upon the floor. Sir Thomas made a sign, and Proctor resumed:

"The physician stripped the body in our presence and we beheld a terrible wound, made by a sword or knife, sufficient to cause instant death, as the paper duly certified by us and signed by the physician and now in your possession plainly proves."

On hearing this Daniel Meade uttered a hoarse cry, lifted his hands wildly in the air, and fell in a fit. Grizzle Meade, seeing him lying at her feet, turned her head slowly. Awe, hatred and terror were depicted in every lineament as she looked at Arthur Proctor.

"Proceed," said Sir Thomas. "'Tis as well Daniel Meade's ears are closed for the present."

"There was a wound in the head, caused by the bullet from Martin Lee's pistol. But the physician, after examining it carefully, declares it could not have produced death, if it even stunned the man. It was a scalp wound. Death was caused instantly by the thrust of the sharp instrument, which cut the heart in twain."

As these terrible words were uttered Grizzle Meade turned a greenish hue, purple spots suddenly shot into her cheeks, that were livid until now: her eyeballs were distended with horror. Then she, too, fell on the floor beside her husband.

There was bustle and confusion; the jailer and his wife brought help and bore them out. Giles Ellis and Ann Bigger approached the entrance, followed by Ezra Easty, but the jailer at a sign suddenly closed the door.

"Since the murder is as good as confessed," said Justice Danforth, "we will proceed with other matters connected with this unnatural crime." And now the countenance of the Deputy was as set and hard as the hinges of fate. "Great injustice has been done John Lee's wife and daughter, I fear, and it will go hard with all who have been instrumental in misleading the authorities. As for these here," he indicated the apprentice, Ann Bigger, and Indian Joe with a sweep of his hand, "they will one and all lie here and await our pleasure. But," here Justice Danforth looked sternly at his kinsman, who strove, but in vain, to meet his look, "as for my kinsman there, the punishment he deserves is much greater, since he has, it seems, brought reproach both upon his father that was my cousin, and disgrace on his own head. Speak!" said the justice, sternly, as he turned to the Indian. "Who was it you saw in John Winslow's field? You swore 'twas Martin Lee here."

The Indian crouched; he looked quickly from one to the other, and, seeing scorn in their faces, suddenly stood erect. "I lied. He," pointing to Giles, "would have killed me."

"Then it was Giles Ellis you saw in the field."

Joe nodded, gravely.

"To perjury and suborning witnesses you have added a crime which must be expiated on the gallows, Giles Ellis," said Justice Danforth. "But you have said I am an upright and impartial judge, and so I charge you to prepare within one week to make answer to the charges brought against you, in the presence of the people of Salem. As for you, Dorothea Lee and Janet, you are free to accompany us to Salem."

So saying, the justices, without farther speech, departed from Ipswich jail, followed by the Lees, Arthur Proctor, his uncle, and Tom Jones walking after them.

The news spread from Ipswich to Salem in advance of them.

Strange as it may seem, when the Lees were well housed again, and Martin Lee rejoiced at the recovery of his diamonds, which were found concealed in Globe Inn, where the landlord and his wife had hoped they would never be discovered, there was not one in Salem that did not openly rejoice at their release, and, judging from their own testimony, many had predicted it.

And now that there was nothing to prevent it, and as all the country knew they were betrothed, Arthur Proctor and Janet Lee were speedily married.

The morning after their marriage, word was brought to Salem from Ipswich of the death of Daniel and Grizzle Meade. The Judges set a day for their trial; the end promised to be speedy. The prisoners, upon learning that the diamonds were found, no longer denied the charge that they had contemplated the murder in his sleep, to get at the silk bag which he carried his diamonds. He testified that he had in the purse upwards of sixty guineas and notes to the value of eighty pounds. Moreover, it was made plain to all that the counterpart to the curiously made purse—and the only one of which anybody had any knowledge—was in the possession of James Lee, a present mate to her by Martin Lee before he made his last voyage. His own had never been out of his possession save in the interval covering the time he was wrecked, and a prisoner in Africa. In the meantime it lay in the hands of a jeweler in Liverpool. The shrewdness of Arthur Proctor displayed in obtaining from John Lee Janet's purse, and producing it in the presence of the landlord of Globe Inn and his wife, thereby obtaining the first clue that led to their exposure, was commented upon more than the exhuming of the remains of the landlord's son. These things being freely commented upon in the presence of Grizzle Meade and her husband, dreading the scorn they knew they would be subjected to during a public trial for their crimes, they mustered sufficient courage to hang themselves in Ipswich Jail. When their fellow-prisoners awoke one morning, they beheld, in the gray light, two forms hanging against the prison walls. When Ezra Easty beheld them, he fell in a fit, and when he revived was a simpleton, and died a simpleton. Ann Bigger was detained many months in Ipswich Jail.

As for Giles Ellis, he presented a pitiable spectacle during his trial, which took place within a fortnight, and when he was hanged on Will's Hill 'twas said no man or woman betrayed such a craven spirit as he who wantonly killed his neighbor's horse and sheep and conspired to cast the blame upon an innocent man.

Tradition says Martin Lee and Tom Jones, having more than sufficed their wants, gave up the sea, and "settled down to their grog and their comfort," to employ their own language, in Salem.

The Globe Inn changed hands repeatedly, but it never throve. From a public house it became a workshop. Years after the incidents here related took place, it was pointed out as the scene of the most striking tragedies to be found in the records of Salem.

[THE END.]

TRAPPED AND FOUGHT A BEAR,

A Tennessee Mountaineer's Desperate Struggle with an Infuriated Beast.

A mountaineer named Jere Sands had a terrible conflict with a bear in Greasy Cove, near Johnson City, Tenn., the other morning. The animal had been entrapped during the night, and when Sands came upon the scene he went directly up to the bear before making an effort to shoot it. He was standing a few feet away when the infuriated beast made a lunge, broke its fetters and was upon him in an instant. Before the surprised hunter could get his gun in position, says a correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, the bear seized his left arm in its caushing jaws, the weapons dropped from the hand of the mangled limb and a battle of death began. In a moment the mountaineer was in the dread embrace of his antagonist. They fell to the ground in the struggle which ensued, and rolling over and over they went down the mountain side thirty yards and dropped on a ledge of rock twelve feet sheer fall. The bear happened to fall underneath and during the momentary shock which followed the half dead man managed to draw from his belt his hunting knife, which fortunately had remained undisturbed, and plunged it with all his strength into the animal's neck, severing the jugular vein. This ended the battle. The bear soon released his hold and was dead, but his slayer was too badly hurt to leave the scene of the struggle. His continued absence caused his friends to go in search of him. They found the victor covered with blood and pillowed upon his shaggy victim nursing his mangled arm. The flesh was terribly lacerated, and the bones of the lower arm so badly shattered that the brave fellow will probably lose that member entirely. The bear was one of the largest ever killed in that region.

Have Parrots Memories?

A Spanish lady had a pet parrot trained only to Spanish language. The lady died and the parrot, still quite young, was sold to an Englishman traveling in Spain, who brought him to this country, where he soon became a family pet. The bird mourned for a long while, seeming to miss his native associates and air woefully indeed, but gradually became accustomed to the new people and language, and eventually began to chatter in English and feel himself perfectly at home. Years passed away, Poll's bright plumage faded, and age left traces all about him. His food had to be of the softest, he could no longer climb upon his perch, but the family cared for him tenderly in his now voiceless old age. One day a Spanish gentleman visited the house, and in the course of conversation some Spanish words were used, and for the first time in years Poll heard his native tongue again. With a shriek of peculiar joy the bird spread out its wings and uttering a string of long-forgotten Spanish, the next moment dropped down upon the floor of its cage—dead.

ALL of the Tudor sovereigns of England were noted for having what is called "a will of their own," and had a strong inclination to be despotic.

NEW HAMPSHIRE was separated from Massachusetts in 1679, and became a royal colony in that year.

The Natal Autograph.

There is born with every one of us and continues unchanged during life an unfailing and ineradicable mark or marks, which absolutely distinguish each one of us from every other fellow-being. These physical marks never change from the cradle to the grave. This born autograph is impossible to counterfeit, and there is no duplicate of it among the seeming billions in the world. Look at the insides of your hands and the soles of your feet, closely examine the ends of your fingers; you see circles and curves and arches and whorls, some prominent with deep corrugations, others minute and delicate, but all a well defined and clearly traced pattern. These are your physiological signature. Run your hands through your hair and press your finger balls on a piece of clear glass. You see all the delicate tracing transferred—no two fingers alike, even "the left hand knoweth not what the right hand doeth; they are distintly different. Even twins may be so similar in face, features and general physical condition as to be scarcely distinguishable, yet their finger autographs are radically different. In fact, in all humanity every being carries with him his baby fingers and his wrinkled hands of decrepid old age, the identical curves, arches and circles that were born with him. Nothing except dismemberment can obliterate or disguise them. Criminals may burn and sear their hands, but nature, when she restores the cuticle, invariably brings back the natal autograph.—[Atlanta Constitution.

Foreign Missionary Movement.

William Carey was the undisputed father of the modern foreign missionary movement. He was born in Middle England, a little over a hundred years ago. He began life as a cobbler and ended as an awakener of the Church to a sense of its duty to seek and save the lost of every race and clime.—[New York World.

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