

HONEST FAME.

BY HOWARD C. TRAPP.

My foot bath trod the sordid sod... All they are weak and lame;... That leads to honest fame...

Dr. Eifenstein's Mission

A Remarkable Romance.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

CHAPTER XXXI—Continued.

While she thus spoke a change, indeed, came over the listener. Surprise gave place to hope, hope to joy, and as the last words were uttered the Doctor had risen and clasped both her hands in his, while he exclaimed: "I see it all now! I have been rash, harsh and cruel in my judgment, and scarcely dare ask you to forgive me. But I must be forgiven or I can never rest..."

me. It was on the ocean when I saw a sweet young girl alone, with a great sorrow and anxiety. Oh, how I longed to take this young traveler into my arms, and bid her rest in my care, my love. Yes, from the first meeting on the sea I have struggled against a wild and yearning fondness for you, my darling. Now I am free to yield to that blessed feeling, and I thus joyfully avow it, and ask if it meets a return. Speak to me, dearest, if he added, as he passed his arm around her slight form, and drew her tenderly toward him: "is this dear girl to be my darling—my own sweet wife?"

est pleasure in soon seeing her again, and perhaps inducing her to accompany him back to his English home. Now all was calm. She was dead; and all that remained to tell of her memory was a green place in Greenwood, where they had placed her by the side of her husband. She had been buried over a week; as the August heat was so intense that year, all thought of keeping her body until he could be summoned to the funeral was impracticable, and Earle's own good sense told him that this was the only wise course to be pursued under the circumstances. Controlling his feelings as best he could, the mourning son resumed his seat and drove onward, resolved, although dazed by the suddenness of this blow, to attend to his duties to the living, even though his own heart bled. We will not follow him upon that ride, which proved successful—a physician of well-known capability being secured to attend to his patients during his absence—nor will we paint the incidents of his voyage, which proved to be short and propitious, but will present him next to our readers when just entering Mr. Kappely's house at Yonkers. His appearance was expected, as he had telegraphed of his arrival in New York and intention of leaving for his residence on the early train. The same elderly colored man-waiter, Tony, answered the bell, and when asked after his master's health, replied: "Tolble; only tolble, massa. To-day he seems lively agin, but yesterday he was way down at de mouf."

stary soaked by the gift of a food laborer, over whose feeble death and declining days he now had a perfect and tender right to watch and guard. As soon as calmness was restored, the young man again resumed his seat, and still holding his father's hand, told him the story of his meeting his sister (whose countenance had reminded him strongly of some person, and now he saw that it was himself) and her niece on his outward trip; of that sister's death, and his love for Ethel, and related her trying history; then told of their engagement, and the daughter he should give him as soon as they returned to their English home. The old man heard the story of his love and waiting bride with a happy smile, and decided to allow Earle to arrange his business matters as soon as possible, in order to start for the home of his boyhood on a certain steamer, which was they found by consulting the papers, to sail in two weeks. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

WEEKLY. What's Woods Grow Done? Weeds often grow so high on railroad tracks in the South that they interfere with the running of the roads. The roadbeds of many of the lines are not covered with stones and the weeds grow up beside the tracks as they do in open fields. This often makes it necessary for the crop of weeds to be every summer. One of the single-track lines of the Delaware Peninsula ceases to run for two weeks every year while the employees mow a way for the trains. An electrical weed-killer, which destroys weeds by the whole about to be introduced on those lines. The new invention works at express train speed and cuts every bit of vegetation on or near the tracks. Weeding has always been considered very hard work, but with the aid of the electrical weeder a man only to touch a button and the weeds vanish. The plan of the railroad was simple. An ordinary flat car is loaded with metal brushes which extend over each side of the car. The height is regulated so that the brush the top of the weeds as they move along. A dynamo on the train while the train is in motion connects with the metallic brushes which receive the full force of the current. The circuit is then ground through the wheels to the track. When the current is turned on, the brushes through the metal plates through the weeds to the ground, completing the circuit. The current so powerful that the weeds are shriveled up. It is necessary to use electrical conductors, so the wait until after a rain. The electrical weeder does its work more cleanly and more thoroughly than any mowing machine, for weeds are literally burned up, they are cut off they soon sprout again, but after they have been touched by the electric current they are destroyed down to the roots. New York World.

AND YARNS BY FANCY MEN OF THE PRESS. Tramp versus Dude—True Comedy—Waiting—Embarrassing—Crushing Sarcasm. I hear you had some money... Yes, it left me long ago. TRAMP VERSUS DUDE. Remember, boss, I was once... (giving him a dollar)—How did it go different? TRAMP ECONOMY. I saved a big pile of money to buy a new suit. Mr. Hardhead... it is lovely. How? said his wife. I had to go to law with a man who was owing me, I let him have it. WAITING. It's funny you don't ride. I'm waiting until they have built for two. Can't get taudens now. I mean a bicycle built for \$2. EMBARRASSING. What is the trouble with Mrs. ...? I don't think that boil on your eye is very serious matter, but you had better get it looked after. HIS OBJECT. May I wake the baby. Why do you want to wake the baby? So's I can play on my drum. REPROACH. (to his tailor)—I will never give you another suit, you charged me three dollars for my last suit. I found you had pawned it to-day. CROOKED ADVICE. I don't think that boil on your eye is very serious matter, but you had better get it looked after. A HUMAN'S HOLIDAY. What are you going to do to-day? Why, nothing. And you? Nothing, either. Then let's go shopping. But I don't want to buy anything. Neither do I. We'll just shop. A MAN'S VIEW. I think you are a trifle too fat. Look here, Jeannette; you bought me two shoes for the same price. How strange! This other pair of shoes is the same foot, too. TO DEAL THE DIFFERENCE. I have a difference between our money and yours. Intelligence of Animals. Dogs and cats, suffering from indigestion, eat certain herbs which have the effect of purging the system. The dog also eats with avidity when in need of purgatives. The horse will eat fat and abstains from it in his normal condition. The horse will eat fat and abstains from it in his normal condition. The horse will eat fat and abstains from it in his normal condition.

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I WILL NEVER UNSHEATH MY SWORD AGAINST THE SOUTH

According to Commodore J. E. Montgomery, who was the greatest naval commander that the South produced during the late war, Gen. Sherman declared at the breaking out of the rebellion that he would never unsheath his sword against the South. Commodore Montgomery, who now lives in Chicago, thus recalls the incident. Sherman being a colonel at the time: "When Fort Sumter was fired on Col. Sherman was president of the Pineville Military Academy, up Red river and across the stream from Alexandria. The students were almost all Southern young men. The school was at once broken up, most of the boys going home to be with their families while their fathers took up arms. Sherman came down Red river to New Orleans to take a boat for his home in St. Louis. "The next afternoon Sherman was escorted to the boat from his hotel by a large party of his Pineville cadets and a great number of the prominent citizens of New Orleans. These, together with those who had come down to the wharf in carriages and on foot to bid friends good-by, made a magnificent concourse of people at the boat's side. After Sherman had boarded the steamer a delegation was sent to him from the crowd asking for a speech. The future great Union general consented. There was great applause as he stepped out on the upper deck and advanced toward the side next the shore. The carriages drew up in line and the ladies leaned out to listen. Sherman made a speech that took all by storm. He told of his great love for the people of the South and of the great kindnesses which had been shown him since he came among them. Concluding his beautiful peroration he said: "I will never unsheath my sword against the South." "The first time I had a chance after Sherman went into the war with sword and spur, I asked him about his speech at New Orleans and his promise to the people of the South. He replied that he meant what he said at the time, but that when he arrived at Cairo he found he had been badly mistaken in his idea of the magnitude of the uprising and felt it his duty to join the Northern forces." Thomas Hughes is dead. No good American should be indifferent to the fact, for America never had a better friend than he. Throughout our civil war he battled steadfastly against the hostility to the Union cause, then so strangely prevalent in English society. Visiting this country at a later date, he entered into cordial relations with our men of letters, particularly Lowell. Probably none of his many benevolent enterprises was closer to his heart than the planting of an English settlement at Rugby, in Tennessee, in which his was the moving spirit. In his own country he was respected as a jurist, as a public man, as a student of social questions and of history. But his strongest claim of all English-speaking people is one which young readers will doubtless be very ready to acknowledge. He wrote "Tom Brown at Rugby," and "Tom Brown at Oxford." It is hardly too much to say that in the first of these books he set the pace for all writers of stories for the young who have followed him. Indeed, it may be said that he opened up a new field of healthy and helpful literature for boys and girls. Who that has ever read the book—and what man or boy of us all has not?—will ever forget Tom, or Harry East, or Arthur, or the foot-ball match, or the fight; or the great Dr. Arnold, revered alike by the hero and the author? How to preach and yet not be prosy, how to put real heroes into their books, and not mere abstractions of youthful virtue or virtue—this is what Thomas Hughes taught to writers for the young. For this he should have the heartiest gratitude of boys of all ages who speak the English tongue. Some formerly sat on seven hills, but just at present Crispie seems to have been substituted for the hills.