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VOL. 43.

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By FRANCIS LYNDE.

[Copyright, 1807, by the Author.] Vigo-not the Spanish city of that name, but Vigo of the coal mines in Harmony valley, Tennessee—had two faily events-the departure of the passenger train in the morning and its arrival at supper time. To do honor to both of these the Vigon corps de loisir was wont to gather in force on the station platform twice a day, and, knowing this, Inspector Jaffray dropped from the farther side of the incoming train and beckoned to a man who stood in the shadow of a loaded coke car on the mine siding.

"How are you, Layne? Let's get away from here before anybody recognizes me," he said. "You got my letter?"

"I did so. Hit come last night." "Good. I hope it won't put you out to take care of me."

"I reckon you know better'n that." said Layne reproachfully. He was a Tennessee farmer in whom hospitality was in some sort a birthright, and Inspector Jaffray was an old friend.

"I do know it, but it's one of those things a man says from force of habit. Have you seen Cantrell?" "Yes. He'll be 'long up to the house

after he's called the mail. I didn't tell him you all was comin."

"That was right." Layne led the way up to the mine shoot, keeping behind the coal and coke cars, and from thence they skirted the village, reaching the farmhouse in its farther fringe without meeting any one. As a man the inspector was known throughout his district as a jovial companion, the best of story tellers and an undisguised good fellow, but as an officer of the postoffice department he was skillful to plan, quick to execute and a very beagle of the service in the secrecy of his methods and the rapidity of his movements. And it was an as officer that he came to Vigo on this Septem-

ber evening. The little mining town was the terminal station on the Long Mountain branch of the railway and the distributing office for a biweekly mail route which included a half dozen villages in the upper end of the valley. Within a month a number of valuable letters and packages had been missing on this route, and the inspector had come to Vigo to locate the leak, and, having found it, to

Will Cantrell, the Vigo postmaster, met him at Layne's after supper, and the inspector was soon in possession of such information as Cantrell had to

"You say it's always money that's missing?" asked Jaffray after the post- Lafe?"

master had told what he knew. "Yes, mostly. But as far as we know it began with a ring that John Corny ordered from Nashville for his girl. It came this far all right because I mind seein a little package marked to John. But he says it nev' did re'ch him."

"What kind of a ring was it?" "Plain gold was what he sent for. There was goin to be a marryin, I reckon.

"Where does Corny live?" "Up in Loder's Cove. Graffville's

his postoffice." That's this side of the gap, isn't it?" "No, it's on the far side, the way the route's carried. Ande'son goes up on

this side of the valley and comes back

on the other-makes a circuit." 'Humph! Anderson's the carrier, I suppose. What do you know about

"Well, I don't know. Lafe's a toler-'ble good sort of a boy-son of old man Ande'son up on Long mountain. Does his work all right, far as I know, and I nev' heard anything against him."

The inspector nodded absently and began to make idle hieroglyphs with his pencil on the margin of a newspaper he had been reading. Cantrell waited patiently for the final question, and presently it came.

"What is your theory about this thing, Cantrell?"

The postmaster tilted his chair and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. "I don't know as I've got any, Mr. Jaffray. Seems like it's amongst half a dozen of us up here, and I reckon I'd better stand on a line with the rest till you find out who's doin it." "But you reported the thing your-

self," said the inspector.

Cantrell smiled. "Ye-es. But a heap bigger fool than I am might've thought of doin that."

"That's so. We'll keep you in mind as one of the possibles," said the inspector. But he laughed in a way to set Cantrell's mind at rest upon that score. Then, with a sudden return to the business of the moment: "Let's see. Tomorrow is the regular mail day. I suppose you have the pouch Anderson carries?" 'Yes. It's down at the store."

"Get your hat, and we'll go down and have a look at it."

They went out together and stumbled along the rocky road through a half mile of inky darkness to the country store. Cantrell admitted his companion, struck a light and found the pouch. It was old and well worn, and the inthrough one of the creases in the leather.

plumb tired. You know the supplies for him as long as he was in sight.

gap, and I've sent word to him by Lafe return route, and when the carrier went half a dozen times."

counter. "That's the leak," he said "Good night."

Layne would have called his guest to with a letter in his hand. breakfast, the porch bedroom was empty.

young Anderson rode up to the porch in it'll have to be registered." front of Cantrell Bros.' store, threw the "Cayn't take it now nohow; mail's lean mail pouch across his saddle and set out whistling upon his 23 mile ride to the gap. He was a handsome young fellow, as the mountain youth go, which fo' mile to get that thar letter off this is to say that he was not leaner than mornin. Hit's got \$10 in for that feller that instead of turning off up the lane Jaffray."

was consistent with grace and suppleness, that his face had not yet taken on the expression of settled melancholy which seems to be the heritage of the mountain folk, men and women, and that his eye was bright and fearless, and his laugh had the ring in it which is supposed to vouch for a light heart and a clear conscience. If Inspector Jaffray, being endowed with the gift of invisibility, could have ridden beside the mail carrier through the September forenoon, he would have seen nothing amiss. At Bray's Flat, at Powderville, and again at Long Mountain, Anderson kept well within the letter of his instructions, handing the locked pouch to the postmaster and lounging about in front of the store until it was brought out to him again. At the Gap, however, which was the end of his route for the day, he hitched his horse before the largest of the three stores and carried



What is your theory about this thing, Cantrell?" young girl was perched upon a stool, knitting her brows over a dog's eared

"Howdy, Lafe?" she said, getting down to open the pouch. "Purty toler'ble. Whar's you uns

pawr?" "I don't know-down to Lukens', I reckon."

She pulled the strap through the staples and, dumping the mail on the counter, began to call it off to the group of expectant loungers and townspec-'e, keeping up a desultory conversation with the mail carrier at the same time. "Doc Parks, Many Golfin, John Trevor-what-all news is there down at

Vigo, Lafe?"
"Nothin much, not as I heerd." "You'd nev' hear anything, nohow Jeff Greer-Eph Sanders-here's a letter for you-all, Eph-hawss gone lame,

"No. Why?"

"Thought you-all seemed sort of tired-Bud Gordon-Wiley Pryor"-Lafe straightened up, and then thought better of it, resuming his lounging position on the counter because it brought him nearer to her. She went on calling the names, and he watched her dexterous fingers juggling the letters and stole occasional glances under the brim of his soft hat at her face. It was a face for which the language provides no adjective. "Pretty" is too trivial. "Beautiful" is too fine. It was a face on which strength of character was written very legibly and yet without marring its womanly attractiveness; dark eyes that mocked oftener than they caressed; finely penciled brows; masses of dark hair gathered back into a heavy knot which was transfixed by a lead pencil; a nose that would have been pert without the correcting suggestion of firmness about the mouth and chin; a young woman who would rise to her opportunities, one would say, adding the saving clause that she would probably never miss them if they should happen

to pass by on the other side. When the last of the expectant ones had gone, Lafe asked, "Have you told you uns pawr yet, Willie?" "No-o. Seems like yeu're in a power-

ful hurry, Lafe."

"Reckon I have to be, don't I?" She twisted the ring on her finger and smiled down upon him. "There's plenty of time." Then suddenly, "Where did you-all get this-get this ring, Lafe?" Bought hit, of course. Whar did you 'low I got hit?"

"I didn't know. I was just thinkin of John Corny and Annie Hester. He lowed to get her a ring and says he sent to Nashville for it. It nev' did come, and now Annie she don't believe he ever meant to get it, and she won't so much as say 'Howdy?' to him. Didn't you all hear about it down at Graff-

ville?" Lafe's lips said "No," but he looked up into her eyes and changed it to Yes." Then some one came in, and there was no more said about John

Corny or his ring. The dew was still on the grass the following morning when Lafe called at Godfrey's store for the mail pouch. The

girl brought it out to him. "Lookout you all don't fall off the hawss," she said, mocking him. And then, by way of compensation, "Maybe

I'll tell paw before Friday.' "I wisht you weald, Willie. Seems spector pointed out a small hole frayed like I cayn't look him in the face no mo' till you do. He wouldn't take nothin "Why haven't you reported this?" he from me, but he'll listen at you."

"Maybe," was all she would say. "I have. I've kicked about it till I'm But she stood on the porch and watched

Jaffray threw the pouch under the busy. When he got around to the government's business, he made a show of hurrying. He was relocking the pouch, And the next morning, when Farmer when a farmer drove up and came in

"Hold up a minute, Mr. Johnson At half past 8 the same morning got a letter to go in thar, and I reckon

all ready to go."
"Shucks!" said the farmer, mopping

'lowed to him be could count on hit the road toward the Gap, urging the shore today." "Cayn't he'p it, Mr. Kilgore. Like mighty well to do you all a favor, but I cayn't hold the mail to register no let-

Then Lafe spoke up: "Thess put hit in with the rest of 'em," he suggested. The front porch to themselves. Jaf-

awav. The farmer hesitated for a moment and then concluded to risk it, and five minutes later Anderson was once more jogging on his way to Vigo.

There was the usual crowd of loafdismounted on the high platform. brother and giving the pouch to Will no law 'gainst hit,' he said in explana-Throwing the bridle to his 10-year-old Cantrell, Lafe edged his way into the group of loungers to distribute his budgthe pouch back to the high desk, where

et of up valley gossip.

Cantrell went behind the counter and disappeared beyond the low partition which fenced off a sleeping room in the end of the building. Behind the partition Inspector Jaffray was smoking a cigar, sitting with his chair tilted back at a comfortable angle against the wall. But he came out of his listlessness with a jerk when Cantrell entered with the mail pouch.

"Open it quick-right here," he commenced. And in a moment he had scanned the address on every letter in the small heap.

"It's gone. I knew it would be. Slip

out quietly and send your brother back can change it. Give Anderson a chance

to do it if he will." ately and gave the inspector four bank notes. There were two twos, a one and and put him in a place where he has to a five, and Jaffray glanced at the num- rub up against temptation every day. bers before putting the money into his That's the long and short of it. Just the

"He's our man," he said quietly. "Go and talk to him and take him to him. That might have been the making him. That might have been the making him. That might have been the making him but this is going to rain him."

"I do know," she said piteously, "and it's such a little, little thing—just the door with you. When you see me at of him, but this is going to ruin him his other elbow, grab him and hold him. Do you understand?"

Cantrell nodded and sauntered back that of the mail carrier and leading him toward the front door. On the step Cantrell saw the inspector over Lafe's shoulder and obeyed his instructions first feels the weight of a man on his the house. back, ending in the ratchetlike click of the handcuffs, and then the prisoner course," he muttered. "Now, how the relapsed quickly into quietude and sul- devil did she find out?"

up to Layne's for the night." the farmhouse. There the inspector placed three chairs and sat down to began. question his prisoner.

"You may as well make a clean breast | Sit down, Miss Godfrey." of it, my boy," he said after Lafe had sulkily resisted for a time. "It'll go ful for the permission. "I reckon you easier with you in the end, and I'll do know what I've come for. I heard you what I can to get your sentence short- all had taken Lafe Anderson for robened if you'll open your head and tell bin the mail, and"us all about it."

peal there was a rustling in the laurel | that out?" bush at the end of the porch, and Jaffray got up to investigate. He came back in I heard about it, and I've come 23 miles a moment, apparently satisfied, but this on that hawss to keep you all from carwas because he failed to see little Joe ryin an innocent man to jail. Lafe Anderson cowering under the drooping nev' did take anything that didn't bebranches of the laurel.

"You'd better open up, Anderson, he repeated. "We've got all the evi- full minute. "Supposing I were to tell dence we need; but, as I say, I'll do all I you that he has confessed?" can to help you if you'll tell us the

whole story. Whereupon, being something less than a hardened criminal, the young mountaineer broke down.

"I don't keer much what—all you do with me, 's long as you git me out of frey?" here 'fore pawr 'r-'r Willie Godfrey fin's out," he said. "I reckon she'd say things 'at I nev' could forgit. Hit all commence' with that thar ring of John Corny's. You see, I done ast Willie, and I was a wonderin which way I could git a ring when that thar little box dropped out thoo the hole in the mail bag. I knowed what hit was, 'caze John he 'lowed to me he was a-lookin for hit. I didn't 'low to keep hit, and I on'y opened the box to see what for kind of ring hit was. But that thar very evenin I slipped hit on Willie's finger, thess in fun, an she 'lowed I done meant hit to be her'n."

The sweat stood thickly on his forehead, and he tried to get his manacled hands around to his pocket for a handkerchief. Jaffray helped him and said, 'Well, what then?"

"Then I didn't have sense enough to tell her the straight of hit, an after that the fence seem' sort of broke down, and -and they's been other things come out thoo that hole-money mostly." "How much?" asked the inspector.

" 'Bout \$65, countin hit all, I reckon. You uns'll find hit under the chimley stone in the room up at Ma'am Wilkeson's, whar I been sleepin."

"I see. You were afraid to spend it, suppose." Lafe hung his head. "I nev' thort much about bein afraid. I was savin hit ag'inst the time when Willie'd let on

like she was ready." "Oh!" Inspector Jaffray went into a brown study, coming out of it presently to say to Cantrell: "You can go now, Bud, if you want to. I can take care of him all right. I only wanted you to hear what he had to say for himself."

Cantrell went back to the store, where he found little Joe Anderson trying to climb into his brother's saddle. The boy had been crying, and his face was streaked with dirt and tears.

"Mighty tough, ain't it, Joey?" said Cantrell, lifting the boy to the horse's back. "What all was you lowin to do with the hawss?"

"I thess gwine take him home," said the small one, gathering up the reins and wriggling his bare feet into the

that sold me the mowin machine, and r to Ma'am Wilkeson's the child kept over the rocky hillside beyond Layne's. shape in his mind. Inspector Jaffray's guard duties dur-

ing the remainder of the afternoon were of a kind merely nominal. Layne was "Might' nigh ever'body does that fray said little, but he encouraged Anderson to talk, tilting his chair against the side of the house and shrouding himself in clouds of smoke while Lafe told of his life on Long mountain with his old father; of his courting of Willie Godfrey; of the young girl's loyalty, ers in Cantrell Bros.' store when the and of her father's contempt for the son mail carrier rode up to the porch and of a mountaineer. "The valley folks don't marry with we uns, n'r we uns with them, though I reckon they ain't tion, and Jaffray agreed with him.

When Layne came home, a few words explained the situation, and the farmer's hospitality was broad enough to cover not only his friend's friend, but in this case his friend's prisoner. The inspector again afterward, and when the early bedtime of the family came he led the young mountaineer into the porch bed-

"Not very pleasant for you, my boy," he said, "but I can't help it. I mustn't give you a chance to slip through my fingers.'

After which the inspector went back to his chair on the porch, where he When Bud Cantrell came in, the inspector handed him a \$10 bill. "Go into the crowd out there and ask if any one er. Once his reflections slipped into you take me?" speech: "It all goes back to the same thing in the end. We've got no manner Cantrell came back almost immedi- of right to take a man who has never been taught the lesson of responsibility same I wish I might have given this youngster a shock without catching

world without end. At 10 o'clock the inspector had serions thoughts of turning in, but before into the store. "Want to see you a min- the inclination gathered force enough ute, Lafe," he said, linking his arm in to overcome the inertia of the tilted chair there came a clattering of a horse's hoofs on the loose shingle of the Gap road. The rider dismounted at Layne's gate, and the inspector lighted us."Oh, no, it isn't that," she went on, literally. There was a fierce struggle, a fresh cigar when he saw the figure of

"This is the girl in the case of

In another moment she stood before Jaffray spoke to Cantrell. "I want him, and though the cigar was burning get up and go home before I get angry you to come with me. We'll take him well enough he made it the excuse to and say things I'll be sorry for.' strike another match, in the brief flare Lafe suffered himself to be walked of which he got a glimpse of a pair of and she rose, trembling. "Cayn't I see believed it! But, then, Lafe's hands away between them, and no word was flashing eyes set in a face whereon grief spoken until they reached the porch of and resolution fought for the mastery. "You're Mr. Jaffray, ain't you?" she

> "Yes, and you are Willie Godfrey. She dropped into a chair as if thank-

"Pardon me, Miss Godfrey," inter-In the silence that followed this ap- rupted the inspector. "How did you find

"Bad news don't wait for an ox team. word with the boy. By the Lord Harry, long to him, Mr. Jaffray."

The inspector smoked in silence for a

"It don't make any difference. He ain't the thief." "Then why should he say he was?"

"Cayn't you see? He just told you a heap of lies to cover up the real one." "And who is the real one, Miss God-

It was well for the girl's peace of mind that she could not see the inefface-



Lafe hung his head.

able smile that stole over the face of the inspector at this, but there was no hint of levity in his voice when he said, 'Tell me all about it, Miss Willie." She held out her hand and dropped a

ring into his palm. "That's John Corny's," she said. "I took it out of the mail myself. And I've taken other things-letters with money in them." "What did you do with the money?" "I-I gave it to Lafe to keep for me.

"And what did he do with it?" "I don't know. I nev' asked him." "Did he know where you got it?" The questions followed each other too rapidly, and the girl caught her breath and fought for consistency. Being naturally truthful, she nedged in the wrong place. "He-he sort of suspected it, I

"Being an honest fellow himself. wonder he didn't try to stop you." "You wouldn't say that if you knew. You see, Lafe and me-that is-well, he thinks a mighty sight of me, Mr.

the moment," said the inspector gravely. Then he sprung an innocent little trap that had been gradually taking

"Now, what clears up some things I couldn't quite understand. I wonder what Lafe did with the money."

The girl was too new to the business of equivocation and she promptly betrayed herself. "He put it under the hearthstone at Ma am what he began, and then she saw the trap.

"Ah, I see!" said the inspector. course this is merely supposition on your part, since he never spoke to you about hiding the money." He smiled under cover of the darkness. It was transparently clear now, all save one particular detail. How did it happen that the girl knew Anderson's confession word for word? Jaffray was puzzled for a moment,

recollection the rustling in the laurel bush and the picture of a barelegged boy galloping northward on Anderson's horse. Having thus solved the puzzle, supper, but he put the handcuffs on he asked quietly, "What is it you want me to do, Miss Godfrey?" "It seems to me like there ain't but

one thing to do. Lafe hain't done anyroom and took additional precaution of thing and—and I have. Cayn't you all snapping another set of irons on his just turn him loose and take me in-

The inspector fought a good fight for self control and lost it. "By God, young woman, he isn't worth it!" he burst out. But she put her hand on his arm and straightway forgot her part. "Oh, yes, indeed he is, Mr. Jaffray! You don't know Lafe, and you nev' can

know how much I-I love him. Cayn't "No," said the inspector roughly, driven to the last resort of the sorely tempted. "You go back home, and I'll see what can be done toward getting him off easy- No, don't say anything

Before he could stretch out his hand to prevent her she went on her knees beside his chair. to let me go in his place. What do you

care as long as you got somebody to own

more. You don't know what you ask.'

up to everything you ask?" "Get up, Miss Godfrey," he said sternly. "I repeat, you don't know what you ask. The law is not to be set aside or tampered with simply because its workings happen to hurt some of

unmindful of his command. "I don't like that of an unbroken horse when he a woman coming up the path toward mind the hurt only for Lafe's sake. It'll much as winged him," said the inspector kill him, Mr. Jaffray. It'll spoil his whole life, and I reckon the law don't mean to be that hard. Oh, please take me and let him go, won't you?"

"No, I tell you, once for all. Now She felt herself refused and dismissed.

Lafe-just for a minute?" she pleaded. "No; I can't allow even that." She went down the steps slowly and

last one to ask softly, "Where is he now, Mr. Jaffray?" "He's asleep in that room. Now go, and don't ask any more questions." She paused a moment and then went swiftly to the gate, and the inspector sat listening until the click of horse-

he sprang to his feet and began to talk to his beard. "That's what I might have expected. make me think she's gone home, and now she is coming back afoot to get a

I've a mind to- No; that would never do. And yet"-He tramped up and down the porch, this sworn officer of the law who was yet but a man, fighting over again the Jaffray's reputation for daring bravery old battle between justice and mercy as many a loyal servant of justice has nan, the revenue collector. fought it since the law first set itself over against lawlessness. Then he flung the stump of his cigar far out into the grass and went into the porch bedroom, where he bent over the sleeping man as if to satisfy himself that the fetters

were still in place. Anderson stirred uneasily. "Is that you uns, Mr. Jaffray?" he asked.

"Yes." He took the irons from the boy's ankles. "Now you can stretch ple imagine, a vast bog sunk low in the your legs a bit. I'm going to take ground, into which the drainage of the chances on your running away." Anderson laughed mirthlessly. couldn't do much with these here on,'

he said, holding up his hands. The inspector felt the handcuffs on tight," he said. And he loosened them.

'Is that better?" head of the bed and listened. It was a wood, the two principal woods that calm night, but there was a sound as of grow there being the juniper and the the wind rustling the dry leaves in the cypress, which never rot. They fall on little grove at the side of the house. The inspector heard it and turred to of decomposing they turn into peat, and take his overcoat from its peg on the in that form remain unchangeable and

"What the devil did you do it for?" love and let other people's property alone?"

darkness he knew that the boy was trying to cover his face with his hands. 'Cause I didn't have no better sense, I reckon." The inspector heard something like a sob, and then the boy went on, "I wish to God you'd thess put me years. Those who live near it are not out of my mis'ry, Cap'n Jaffray!"

"How?" "Any ways; I don't keer how. Thess lemme git outside, and then you can make out like I was a-tryin to git away and turn loose on me with you uns gun. 'And you'd rather die than stand

"For shore I would-for Willie's sake. Hit wouldn't be nigh as hard on "Lord! Lord!" groaned the inspector

behind his teeth. "Did anybody ever hear of two such young fools?" Then to Anderson, "You mean that, do you?" "'Fore God, I do, Cap'n Jaffray.

These you try me and see." "Then as the Lord liveth you shall the third night.

"That's so. I'd lost sight of that for have your choice," said the inspector solemnly. "Get up. Anderson obeyed.

"Now climb out of that window-No; hold on till I take the irons off. I don't want the name of having shot a handcuffed man. Now, then, out with

Lafe climbed out and dropped to the ground. Then he took a deep breath of the free night air and began to realize dimly that it was going to be hard to die in the full flush of youth and health. None the less he turned quickly and faced the inspector, who stood with cocked pistol at the open window. "I'm

ready," he said firmly.

Jaffray snorted: "Run, you fool! Do you suppose I'm going to commit a cold blooded murder and shoot you stand-

Lafe hesitated a moment as if in doubt as to whether he had heard aright. and then there flashed across the field of Then he turned and walked slowly away. At the third step the pistol barked thrice, and Layne's dog, chained in the barnyard, set up a sympathetic howl. After that all was still until the farmer came hurrying to the porch bed-



"Run, you fool!"

room with a light. The inspector was standing at the window, peering out into the darkness, and he put back his hand for silence. Layne heard rapid footfalls as of some one running over the dry leaves in the grove. Then there was a glad little cry and the impatient sniff of a horse, quickly followed by a diminishing clatter of hoofs and silence. "Layne, he's gone, and I'd be willing to bet a hen worth \$50 that I never so

"How do you reckon he got loose?" asked the farmer excitedly. Jaffray held up the locked handcuffs. You can see for yourself. I got here

just in time to hurry him a little." Layne put the lamp down to examine the fetters. "By Jacks, I wouldn't have nev' was no bigger than a woman's. Shall I saddle the hawsses?"

"To chase him tonight? Not much. with evident reluctance, turning on the ['ll know where to find him when I want him. Go you back to bed and tell the women there's nobody killed. And say, Layne, when this thing gets itself talked about, just tell the facts as you know them. Good night." The next morning Layne looked to

see the chase organized in due form, but shoes on stone stopped suddenly. Then he was disappointed. Inspector Jaffray ate his breakfast leisurely, never once referring to the events of the night, and afterward took the train south. The She cantered the horse up the hill to farmer wondered at this lack of zeal until he went around behind the porch bedroom and saw three bullet scars on

the brick walk under the window. "Well, by Jacks!" was all he said at the time. But later in the day he went down to the Cantrell boys' store and lied to the corps de loisir until Inspector was second only to that of Buck Bran-

THE END.

Beautiful Dismal Swamp.

dismal as it has been painted, and according to the description of local geographers possesses features which ought to make it an attractive watering place and sanitarium. It is not, as most peosurrounding country flows. On the contrary, according to accurate surveys, it is above the level ground some 15 or 20 feet, and instead of being the receptacle is, in its immense, spongelike bulk, the boy's slender wrists. "They're too gathering the waters that descend upon it, the source of rivers, five of which take their origin within it and flow on-"A mighty sight better, thank you." ward to the sea. The swamp is entirely Jaffray threw up the window at the of green timber. There is no decaying the ground like other trees, but instead

indissoluble. There is nothing in the swamp to crehe broke out savagely. "Why on earth couldn't you be content with the girl's decomposition of rank vegetables; no marshes exposed to the burning rays of the sun. All is fresh and sweet, and the The handcuffs rattled, and though air is laden with balmy odors. The wa-Jaffray could see nothing in the thick ter is tinged with the juniper to a faint wine hue and is thought to possess valuable sanitary qualities. It is often used by vessels going on a foreign cruise on account of its healthful properties and also because it keeps fresh and clear for slow to declare that it is the healthiest place on the continent, and are perhaps not without reason for the faith which is in them.

How to Kill Cockroaches.

A housekeeper who was recommended to try cucumber peeling as a remedy for cockroaches strewed the floor with pieces of the peel cut not very thin and watched the sequel. The pests covered the peel in a short time so that it could not be seen, so voraciously were they engaged in sucking the poisonous moisture. The second night this was tried the number of cockroaches was reduced to a quarter, and none was left alive on

## NO. 44. Miscellaneous Reading.

LAND OF INCREDIBLE BARBARITY. When the prisoner in Morocco hears the doors of the jail close behind him, he knows if he be poor and without friends, however trivial be the offense for which he has been imprisoned, that he may possibly not leave those walls alive. It is a matter of indifference to the authorities how many are imprisoned, for these wretched captives are no cause of expense to the state. The prisoners have to purchase their own bread and water and to pay their jailers. Many a man imprisoned for some light debt, which he has long ago discharged, is still detained because he is unable to meet the debt he has contracted toward his jailers, and

creases. In some prisons they are only permitted to receive a supply of fresh water every second day. What an amount of suffering this means in an African climate and in the fetid atmosohere of dungeons such as those to be ound in Morocco, it is difficult for a

which his forced capitivity daily in-

European to realize. In a Moorish prison the captives sleep half-naked on the mud floor; they are all huddled together in one apartment, without distinction as regards crime or innocence, for many are simply thrown into prison on account of their reputed wealth or prosperity by avaricious officials, who, by prolonged imprisonment and sometimes by torture, hope to squeeze money out of them or discover where they have hidden treasure.

Of an evening it is not unusual for the prisoners to be all bound together by a chain passing through an iron collar which each captive wears, thus making it necessary for all to rise, or sit, or lie down together. Open and uncleaned cesspools within the prison add sometimes to the indescribable horror and misery of the place. There s no inspection, no medical attendance, no alleviation in sickness. If a man is ill, and unable to drag himself to the hole in the wall through which the bread and water is passed, he must trust to the mercy of his fellows to supply him with food. Only when death overtakes the poor miserable wretch do the guards bestir themselves in their own interest, and remove the tortured body which at length has found relief from its overwhelming sufferings. When a prisoner is an absolute pauper and unable to purchase food, the authorities give him daily a small piece of coarse bread, provided by religious endowment, sufficient to prolong the agenies of starvation.—Earl of Meath in the Nineteenth Century.

MARRIAGES IN CHINA.-Love and omance play little part in the marriages of China. The custom of the Chinese to marry off their sons and daughters at an early age does not seem advisable to the Europeans. It is also the rule in China that unions only take place between families of equal social and financial standing. Disregard of this rule would cause subsequent trouble invariably. The custom of early marriages is founded, moreover, on principles incomprehensible to the western mind. The boy and girl joined in wedlock do not form a new family, but rather the youngest branch of the family tree, upon which they are henceforth de-

The duty of parents toward their sons does not end with their marriage: they are obliged to care for them after that time also. There is a great disadvantage in this system. The sons, being under the eyes of the parent as long as they are alive, really never become independent. All members of a family live, when possible, under one roof, and even after the death of the parents the sons continue, as a rule, to live together in the family home. When the father dies the oldest broth-The Dismal swamp is by no means so er assumes his place as the head of the family, and when the mother dies. the wife of the oldest brother takes

her place. It is nothing rare for boys 12 to 14 years old to marry.

CAN BLIND PEOPLE WEEP .- The state of emotion-tenderness, grief, excessive joy-which cause weeping in those who are not blind, show themselves in the blind and, and their affliction, great though it is, does not cut them off from the common joys and sorrows of mankind. Their happiness and their grief manifest themselves in the same way-in laughter, and in weeping. Tears are an overflowing from the lachrymal gland, the secretion of which is generally drained off by the lachrymal duct, after it has performed its function of lubricating the eyeballs. But, under strong mental excitement, this secretion is greatly increased, and as the duct is no longer able to carry it all off, the surplus flows over as tears. Now, blindness results from many causes, the great majority of which do not affect these external lubricating organs, but are connected with the internal mechanism of the eye, and the secretion of tears goes on as in the seeing subject. Some cases there are in which blindness is the result of virulent ophthalmia, and the inflammation and suppuration of this disease, more or less, completely destroy the eye and its surroundings, including the tear-producing apparatus, stopping tears entirely. These are comparatively rare, however.

How to REST THE EYES .- A medical journal says that in the continued use of the eyes, in such work as sewing, typesetting, bookkeeping, reading and studying, the saving point is in breaking off at short intervals and looking around the room. This may be practiced every 10 or 15 minutes. By doing this the muscular tension is relieved, the eyes are rested, and the blood supply becomes better.