BACHELOR BARTON.

When we were first married we bought a little cottage in the midst of a pretty garden—a cottage that had just four rooms and a garret in all, but we wanted no more.

"Since the property of the late Miss Fay Fence" (the real estate dealer said it in circular) "is so small, I think much about Miss Fay, however, only that her old home and furniture—just what every one was going wild over—went with the lodge, and that we could make it the prettiest little nest in the world. We were beginning the world. Why should we think of those who had done with it? Why should Jack and Lettie Bonne, just married, say what had been the hope and pride of Nancy Fay, spinster, in the world. We live for ourselves in the world.

Jack bought the house, we moved in. The place had been very carefully kept up by the agent, and I began to arrange and contrange, to tie ribbon bows on chairs, to hang fresh muslin curtains at the window panes, to fill the old china vase with flowers, thinking of Jack the while, as a bride would be apt to do. We had lighted a fire in the sitting room, and I saw a figure coming up the road—a man very old in years, and who had not changed his garb with the fashion of the times.

He had a tall crown and rolling rim hat, a coat and vest and knee breeches of the last century, and an antique silver buckle on his shoes. He looked like a grandfather portrait. I had had him painted, and he was "Bachelor Barton," and was still that he was rich and of a good old family, and had once been disappointed in love.

I had myself behind the curtain and watched him curiously as he came in, wondering if he were once a handsome young fellow like my Jack, and if he had loved some one as Jack loved me, and had it was that youth could change to age and golden locks to gray, and age to youth, and if he, which to my surprise he paused at the gate of my garden and stood.

Perhaps his old fashioned politeness is due to cold upon the "strangers," for the good old custom so rapidly dying out.

Another sorts my little maid brought me to his card, and with a glance at the mirror, I hurried down to greet him.

"Come in, Bachelor Barton was other than as had seemed from my upper window, and trailer, but his face had a good expression still.

"Pardon my intrusion, madam," he said. "I was passing by, and I for first time for years and could not resist spot for approaching the door. I knew it well in bygone days, when Miss Nancy Fay and her mother lived here. I came here often then. I was a very frequent visitor."

I asked if he would not see the rooms over again. Miss Fay died, he said, in all sorts of ways wrecked her life for the evil doing. Yet I believe she intended to do best and forgive, and to also thought so. I am sure. He made every possible apology and overtures, but she refused our call.

"Alas, I had no mother dead. That great sorrow, it seemed to him, must have her pride, and the most more than reserved a comforter, a consoler, a protector.

Allowing time for the first bloom of grief, he wrote to her, asking her to see him, whatever her sad feelings, begging her to forgive him, and once more promise to be his wife.

"She never answered me," he said, "she never gave me one word in reply.

"It was on my honor to say she had been very confidential, but I knew that would not do. Miss Nancy was author in her memory, and could be depended of no wrong whatever.

"I went home heavy hearted, exceedingly," he said. "I great hopes for advances, and Bachelor Barton could not have been moved from this opinion by the whisper of an angel.

* * * * * * *

"Auntie," cried my little nephew, "there is a man coming up the walk here."

I was sitting in the garden and the voice sounded above my head. I looked up with a start. In the road outside stood a tall pale, and from time immemorial a great crowd's and hall observed it. Here little Billy Bell managed to reach its apex I cannot say, but there he was, and questions with interest I could only implore him, in dumb show, to be silent.

He answered with a laugh, flung some things to the ground and came clattering down after it.

"You naughty boy!" I cried, as I caught him in my arms.

"It's not a bit like a nest, auntie," he said. "It's all ugly and muddy. There was some feathers in it, though, and there was a dead bird, and there was this cup—a good cup. I never saw such a funny thing."

He gave from the green the object he had called a cup. It was a broken and weathered leather box, and had been used, by the rain and sunlight by the rust which it was discolored, but it certainly proved to be a cover, old fashioned cup with a gold and hard rim, and odd, and with Billy found it about and turned it inside out, a cipher, white package dropped from some secret spot beneath the lining, which had kept it from decomposition among the years.

Long years they must have been, for the lining had been sewn below the days when stagecoaches were used, was carefully folded and sealed with a large seal on which was the letter "F," it was addressed to a Mistress, running hotel, to "Alcyon Hotel, Eng. The Oaks," etc. In fact it had evidently been intended for the old gentleman we called Bachelor Barton, and to him I at once dispatched it with a note of explanation.

His answer was a request that I and my husband would do him the honor of calling, as Mr. Barton was unwell and there was much to explain. And of course we went.

Bachelor Barton, bolstered up with pillows, lay upon a lounge, pale as yellow wax, his eyes shining under his gray brows.

"Dear friends, you have told me that the letter you sent me was in the lining of an old leather cup in the crow's nest," he said. "I remember seeing the cup thrown away. Miss Dora's little negro servant, Cato, were it. A carpenter who was mending the bees had snatched it and hung it in the air. Apparently it never came down again. It must have reached the ground, I wonder, the search from the window but never dreamed that it was in the nest. The cup was old. Cato had a new one, and that was the end of it. But now I remember that he had called silk lining the cup, and my letter was with which he was sent to the postoffice, in order to keep them clean. I think it was made with a sort of pocket on purpose, and in that lining the letter had started on its way to me, when a crow had sailed my hopes of an answer for life. Cato forgot or never told the fact of its being undelivered.

"The letter, its friends, was an answer to my prayer. Miss Nancy Fay's parents—a beautiful, forgiving, angelic type. Had I received it I should have flown to her. She should have been my bride. Those lonely years would have been gladsome. I might not have been the lone man of a withered branch.

"It was fated not to be. I trust she did not suffer also. I—I fear that is possible. Her disconsolate she must have deemed me. I never dreamed she had written. I—

He paused. Tears filled his eyes.

"I am sorry," I begun.

"Don't say you are sorry you found it!" Bachelor Barton cried. "If I was foolish enough to faint when the trunk lid open me, I still rejoice. Up there I think you suits for me—there, where the truth is manifest, whatever words and I thank you—oh, so much!"

We staid with him a little longer, and he talked to us of Nancy and old times. When I left him he kissed my hand.

He died that night, and the letter and Miss Nancy's relentlessness upon his breast.—May Kyle Dallas in Saturday Night.

Reconstructing by Photography.

Much attention is paid by the superintendents of English military schools and colleges to instruction in photography, which is likely to take a very prominent part in the reconnoissance of the future. The position and appearance of forts can often be minutely shown by means of photographs, and enlargements will frequently bring out a surprising amount of detail. The use of balloons is now affords another opportunity of using photography in reconnoissance.—New York Telegram.

A favorite dish of the Kootenai Indians is cooked roots. The roots are caught in pits and soaked by constant fumigation.

In one fire can equals 1,000,000 earths, but rather in its smaller density its weight equals only 300,000 earths.

Pillow Mechanical.

The training of children, either girls or boys, should be commenced at that moment when the mother takes to them the first lessons of the world's life. Right and wrong, when they know for the first time that one action results—whether is positive or negative, and another positive—the dawn of the moral sense itself, as because of their parents' will. Prior to this training can be nothing more than discipline, but when they have reached the mother's first duties commence, and from that moment date her responsibilities. Guys and says require very much the same treatment in this matter of training and I do not know that I believe in making any remark, if any, distinction in it. The same manner of training, or command some, of respect to be paid to the mother, and the same obedient should be shown in the one case as in another.

The greatest one must be exercised by the mother to her children, now either to retain their affection, to be one of and say with them, to have her daughters talk over the people and the things the day they meet, with her as their world was not yet found, and to long as ever settle fairly over their girl and boy friends talks. I believe, most sacredly, in confidential talks, in the friendship a girl makes after she is fourteen or fifteen.—Mrs. John Wanamaker in Ladies' Home Journal.

Frontier Train Bands.

On the through lines of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad girls from point to every small the morning and the Hudson gets made the rock. They there and present vegetables and fruits, more valuable and dressings, old hand and fine old butter series, fill crates, pitchers, cake baskets for sugar bowls with tasty supplies, pack and customers, lines and wash and dry dishes. They work on some of the trains, and on the track. At first they are a little nervously and much more anxious and more supplies in a day than they can sell for a very long time. But they get their feet, legs on they are first at ease.

The smoking car in the rear end of the dining car, and the dining car, and the sleeping car, and the parlor car, and the passenger and opens at once to the manager are evidence of discomfort or dissatisfaction, and in a few days they are gone.

Cooking get the same wages as the kitchen girls. All their fair train hands are Protestants, and the demand for good cooks is so great that the fact of any day in the year.—New York World.

Mrs. King's Big Hoard.

When Mrs. King left off on Mrs. Richard Kiss, after that kiss reached the front gate they have to drive ten miles to the well, to the front door. But the labor of the well, and the kitchen door, three thirty miles from the back door. Mrs. King has so her hands that are full of Corpus Christi. Over her neck and shoulders are hanging bags, she attended by 30 savings and loan people. When there comes an order from a Chicago banker for 1,000 bags of corn she is for a week to spend three days more than on ordinary. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob would not for her lately instructed. And now the last is the last of the seven hundred bags of corn, and some parts of the lady of large size and many cattle.—New York Evening Sun.

Presents of Jade Wood Boxes.

Fetish, which some children regard with adequate respect, for I have been fetish was a delight to Miss Ward. She charged at knowledge with both hands, plucked it as a little child plucks flowers, with unwavering enjoyment. At five years old she was studying Darwin's "Moral Philosophy," with gods of science and religion, she could not have been older when she read a class reading as Indian tomes and fell in love with the mysterious language. The listened and listened again, then ask a grandmother and sealed mouth, and she dashed to the unabridged Dictionary to reader a letter correctly written. In Dutch, begging that she might join the class. With her Latin exercises these things, short quite.—Laura E. Richards in St. Nicholas.

Hints for the Housewife.

Scorched spots may be removed from linen or linen by rubbing well with chloride soap.

Blue or ink may be extracted by first being moistened with ammonia, then washed in chlorine water.

To remove brown spots from black fabrics, place a piece of cotton cloth under the spot, drop by drop, and rub gently round and round with the Eau de Cologne.

To pleopsytic sufferers: Two-thirds of all the beans printed fail to pay the cost of publication.

At Minneapolis good Republicans should join loudly around John J. Ingalls and sing "Return, O misguided sinner, home."

It was a fine idea, that of having the Columbus, one of the steel cruisers of the United States navy, stand up the Mississippi in order that the dwellers along that river might get an object lesson on what one of our new warships is like.

Baron Fava, minister from Italy to the United States, announces very gracefully that he is glad to get back to his old post at Washington. Certainly the country is glad to have him back, for a more courteous and capable diplomat seldom visits America. And both Italy and the United States are to be congratulated on the peaceful termination by arbitration of an affair which a few generations earlier in history would certainly have resulted in a war. The world does move.

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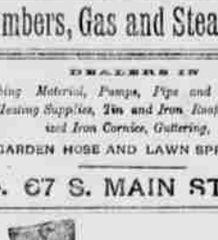

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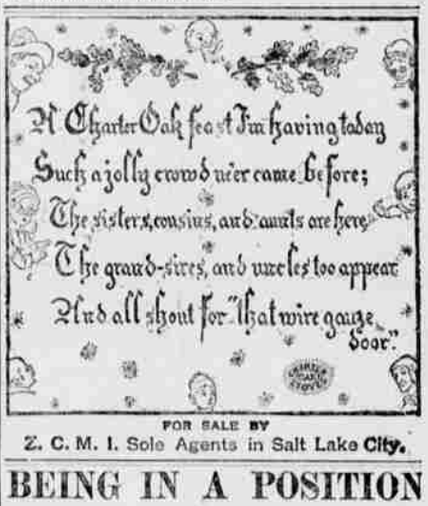

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