A ROMANTIC TRADITION.

THE HISTORICAL TRUTH.

ilently as the serpent crawls, by Un-

For days this retreat and stealthy pur-

suit through the forest was maintained. At last Miantonomoh reached a level

plain near that rementic New England spot where the Quincebang (a name given afterward to one of the Uncle Sau's most famous warships) and the

HOW THE MOUND OF STONES

WAS BUILT.

Thus, according to best tradition, Miantonomoh died, and he was buried there, on the spot where he was so foully murdered at the instigation of the whites, and when members of his tribe passed that way, or filled with love for their chief inversed.

for their chief, journeyed to the place, they cast stones upon his grave that they might mark his resting place. So after years had passed the pile became conspicuous, and for more than 200 years it was known as "Miantonomeh's pourment."

Uncas received his reward, for the

THE WARSHIP THE CHIEF'S MON-

Miantonomoh's nemory has at last also been honored by the government; but while his grave has a modest shaft newly erected, the name of the noble ludian chief received its best honor in being bestowed in justice to his memory and his wrongs, upon one of the noblest and most majestic battlessips that a great government has ever built.

Mrs. Mary A. Riddle, for many years known as the real estate meen of At-lantic City, died recently after an illness of several weeks. She was in her 59th

Father Gillett, one of the pricats in charge of the Jesuit mission at Belize, British Honduras, is now in New Orleans, making arrangements for the consecration of Father de Pietro, the oldest prices in that country, as bishop at British Hollers.

UMENT



Two carriages with postillions and liveried servants had drawn up. From the second a sentleman alighted quickly, almost demanding shelter for the whole party at once. There was no time for explanation.

In the first carriage were two ladies and an attendant energing a little child.
The gentleman assered them all large the large old room as gravely as though

he were its master. Some words in rapid Spanish passed between himself

KING'S PORTRAIT

lory of the Advanture of Two American Girls on the Spanish Border.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

were in a village on the Spanish shen it imphened—the Pendleton d a very queer plight they were

bragley, their chaperone, a kind ewhat erratic woman, had gone agnites de Bisnoo for a week, them at Madame Poutary's old and on the day the adventure, the week had lengthened into at the girls were, as they said, fate in the face with a week's

had expected their Uncle Robert forade ever sloce their mother's we months ago. When Mrs.



THERE THEY ARE!"

fored berself as chaperene, secural protector, the girls to grateful and ready to actual Uncle Robert had written of their at once and "It was bout Mrs. Bragley," er wing the pair of young remained. Marcia trying to

everything and everybody with an elever young ponell and, as adag up Gen's spirits. Mrs. Braziey and her daughter irs. Bragiey and her daughter Plagueres it had been obvious girls could afford no such trip singly, "just for a week," they

rapid Spanish passal between himself and the tailer of the faddes.

Madam at his hidding despatched her sen Pierre to assist in putting up the second horse and conveyance, after which, with much courtesy to the storm-driven party, the gentleman, evidently following the lady's request, departed, driving rapidly away in the direction whence he had come.

Meanwhile Marcia stood back, a wondering, fasemated spectator of the ring and three frames left of their

wondering, fasemated spectator of the little scene. The ladies laughed and talked with each other. The wrap reboy of perliaps two years, delicate fea-ture, but very charming. The elder lady, evidently his mother, furfisted upon taking him in her lap. She hissed and fondled him as she held his little hands out to the warmth of the fire.

She was a young woman, her face in usually sad when in repose, the eyes pathetically expressive, but lighting quickly when she spoke or looked at the Her companion was a vivacious, rather brilliant looking young lady who swept the reom with her quick glance, smiling and nodding at the other as Madam Fatarby pushed for word the most confortable chairs and departed for het claret.

There was no question but that they were ladies of wealth and rank; the very dress of the attendant, evidently the child's nurse, betrayed this.

Marcia glanced at the delicately shod feet of the young mother, won-

feet of the young mother, won-dering whether she had better offer her warm woolen slippers, while the dainty kid boots were dried, involun-terily she spoke in English: "Madam's feet are wet. Will I bring down my slippers?"

The eyes of the your The even of the young mother here quickly lifted from her child's tiny face.

She smiled—all the youth and lightness coming back into her face.

"You are English, mademoiselle?"
There was the slightest trace of German account on the words, "English," laughed Marcia moving for-

"Better still," said the second lady

She worked on, taking in every detail of the scene before her—the corprous, although pleasant costume of the bonne, who quite illuminated a dark corner of the room; the young lady in trailing silks and On the other side of the stream a precipice sixty feet in hight suggests, even to this day, the tradition that was told 100 years and more ago of Miantonomot, who, having been fayodved in a war with Uneas through the plots of the white men, was defeated on the blain beyond the precipice, and fleeing with his band jumped over it without an instant's pause rather than tall into the hands of Uneas as a captive. and with the eager way of moving and looking; the almost Madonia-like repose of the mother and child in the center of fire light-parting down with her pencil only what seemed necessary to the portrait.

Meanwhile the storm outside still spun along the village roadway, then suddenly censed. There was a lull in everything tempestoous in nature. The sun broke out like a naughty child who had been bidden hide his head for a time, but with most dancing, laughing radiance, re-

turned.

The sketch, such its it was, was finished, and Marcia was the center of an admiring group, when the carriage was brought out from the stude yard and Madame Fotniby reappeared with an eager bustle of politoness. The child's mother contrived to say a few words apart to Marcia, while the young lady and the bonne were putting blus late. and the boone were putting bin late

and the bonne were putting bin into many wraps.

"Mademoiselle, will you be kind," she said gently. "I want very much that picture—but to buy it—ail for myself. May I have it, with your promise that you will do no more like it?"

Marcia binshed again.

"Oh, of course, you can have it," Marcia exclaimed. It's just nothing anyway." charge them with ingratitude for an as friendship to the whites.

He was set free apparently. But it seems as though the white men must have had a private understanding with Uneas; for after Miantonomoh turned his face to the east and went along the Indian trails day by day, hoping seem to reach the hunting grounds of his own Narragaussett, he was followed steathily, silently as the serient crawls, by Un-

I must feel I own it." said the lady Later Marchi could hardly tell how the transaction ended. She knew that some-thing quietly imperious in the lady's manner induced her to rall up the sketch and receive a payment for it—not given without the kindest expressions of ap-

"When you are a fine, famous arrist, mademoiselle," she said, I hope you will-Then came flying around the curving road another carriage, three gentlement within it new, and then, as Marcin said to Genevelye, 'just like a fairy tale they

to Genevelve, "just like a fairy tale they were gone!"

Marcia stood on the decestep with old Maderne Fotarby is they all drove away. The samptuous carriages, the fine liveried outriders, coachinen and footnes, it made a glowing picture on the narrow hill bound road. The sky shuing now reflected the dease blue sapphire of the bay; the vines and trees were all glistening; little gasts of wind deased the glittering drops down upon Marcia's soft brown kais.

Who and whence were they? she was wendering.

Madame could only say: "Some grand people from San Sabastica" So Marcia sped up stairs to tell Gen all about it, show her the gold pieces and wonder

"Somobedy," old Robert Pendleton growled, when a week later he and the Bragleys were discussing the adventure with the girls. "I should think, Marcin, if you buil any Pendleton blood in you you'd have found it out!"

But there was this sequel to the story which settles it to the old gentleman's satisfaction. "Somebed

They were in Old Madrid. It was a They were in Old Madrid. It was a festal day. The Pendleton party en masse, Bentleys and all, occupied a balcony overlooking the great square along which the royal carriages were to pass. They came at last outridors, guards—with all the splendor and ceremonial of a court pageant in the land of the Alhanbra.

Suddenly Marcia gave a little cry and

rose to hor feet.

The carriage of the queen regent was passing. Within, the young widow of Alphonso XII sat, her little boy on her know, and while the crowd rent the air with cheers, she bowed right and left, smiling tenderly on all as she held up the tiny king that all his people might see him, the little girl in front of her, by a bright, gayly cheered young lady nodding and bowing with equal good humor.

"Ah!" surmured someone near by. "The Infanta Mercedes, the Infanta Elualia! And the queen? The little king." rose to hor feet.

"Genevieve," whispered Marcia,
"There they are, My child and his
mother and the young lady! I cannot
be mistaken."

THE MIANTONOMOH.

A Famous Ship in the World's Fair Sea Parade-Origin of its Name.

BY E. JAY EDWARDS.

Professor John Fisher will deliver the opening address at the first university extension summer meeting, to be opened in Philadelphia July 5 under the auspices of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching. Father George Deshon, acting superior of the Paulist fathers, graduated in the same class with General Grant, and was in service during the earlier years of the

In the great parade upon the sea, which is all the celebration in honor of the opening of the World's fair, which anyone living on the Atlantic seaconst can witness, one of the famous vessels will be the monitor "Miantonomoh."

She is a wonderful warrior of the sea, having double turrents, and is vasily larger and more powerful than was that little "cheese box of a raft." as the vessel was called, which sailed into Hump-

vear.

sh Hodurus.

ment which Miantonomoh had for more LAST DAYS than 330 years. It is only in recent times that a shaft has been exceed over the dust of the once powerful and friend-

Atlantanemoh was one of those who Aliantonemoh was one of those who were cruelly used by the whites. Ho was chief of the powerful tribe of Narraganesit Indians. These so-called savanes had received Roger Williams with kindness, and had welcamed the coming of his little colony. They felt and projected the white mea, and would have been friendly with them but for crit counsels, and hitter jealousies which arose between white settlers in various parts of the New England colonies.

The chief of the powerful Mohegan tribe was at that time Uncas. His band controlled the territory in the vicinity of the Thames river in Connecticut, and their burging ground was upon a bluff which bounded the remantic falls of the Yantie river. Of Abraham Lincoln in the White House.

HE WAS CONSTANTLY GUARDED

The Last Cards that Word Taken to Him on the Night He was Assassinated-The Book of Proverbs-Letter to the

Widow Lincoln.

That "no man is a here to his valet"

BY LIDA ROSE M'CABE.

finds an elequent denial in the devotion borne to the memory of Abraham Lin-coin by his faithful servant, Thomas F. Pendel, who enters with the Cleveland Uncas as a captive.
But this tradition does not have the truth in it. Minatonomeh was captured in battle by some of Uncas' warriors, and was taken alive to Hartford, which was the capital of Connection; colony before its union with the colony of New Haven. Exactly what was done with this nobie warrior when he was brought before the waite man is not known, but tradition says that his dignity was splendled to look upon, his patience great, sod that he did not even revile his captors and charge them with ingratitude for all his friendship to the whites. administration upon his twenty-ninth year as usher at the White House.

Year as usher at the White House.

The last surviving link that blinds the White House of today with the tragedy of April 15, 1864, is the same tall, gentlemanly usher, now in his seventy-fourth from He sat especially for the portrait given here, glad to please the young people of the country; the chair in which he sits was presented by Mr. Lincoln to Brady, the famous old Washington photographer. "Ah, those were days that



Sam's most famous warships) and the Shetucket rivers unite.

There Ministenemen was almost within a stone's throw of the Narragausett territory, and then the time for Uncas to do that which he had in mind to do in all that steathly pursuit was at hand. Stealing gently up behind the Narragausett chief. Uncas raised his tome-hawk and Duried it in the noble warrior's brain. Then with his great rival prostrate by assassination at his feet. Uncas took out his hunting kuife and cut a bit of flesh from Minutenemon's shoulder, and enting it while it was still warm, he said: "This is the sweetest meat I ever ste."

HOW THE MOUND OF STONES MR. PENDEL OF LINCOLN'S BODY GUARD, AND AT THE WHITE HOUSE. tried men's souls when I first crossed the White House threshold," said Pendel, as he stood in the stathed-glass corridor of the White House at the witching hour of midnight and turned his memory back twenty-eight years. HOW THE BODYGUARD WAS

> FORMED. "It was the 3rd of November, 1864, that four of us—Sergeant Cronia, Andrew J. Smith, Alphonsus Dunn and mayself—all policemen—were summoned in citizens' dress to the office of the chief of the metropolitan police and conducted to the White House," said Pendel, "where we were met by Marshal Lamon, who, you know, was from Lincoln's old home at Springfield, Ill.
>
> "The marshal introduced us to the president and his secretary, and subsequently

dent and his secretary, and subsequently the purpose of our coming was made known to every member of the president's Uncas received his reward, for the whites gave him much wampum and those things which the Indians valued highly, and he was esteemed by the whites as a man who had done great things. In after years they set up a grante shaft with the single word "Uncas" upon it, and President Andrew Jackson dedicated it, and it stands in the ancient burying ground of the tribe to this day.

"That the president's life was then in jeopardy no one questioned, and it was decided to have a bedy-guard. As Lincoln disliked to be under military surveillance, we were detailed in citizen's dress, with our budges and a six abouter concerled.

"Shortly after our arrival we were



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, FROM A PAINTING BY HUNT, DESTROYED IN THE BOSTON FIRE

sitting in the entry at the foot of the sirting in the entry at the foot of the private staircase.' continued the old man, "when the president descended the stairs and said, 'which of you had will walk with me to the war department?' "The others were timid like," smiled the old man, "but I had saided the sear and seen much of human nature. Says I. Mr. President, I will go with you.' It was night when we reached the door of the department. Lincoln said, 'now, Pendel, rou go back to the honse. It will be late before I am ready to return. Your family will need you. Major Hayes will accompany me back.' It was the kindness, the thoughtfulness of the man kindness, the thoughtfulness of the man kindness, the thoughtfulness of the man that spoke, before his own safety," scal he usher with a tremor in his voice. There's no mistaking-Mr. Lincoln was good man, and we will never look upon

his like again.
"The first Sabbath morning I walked with him to Secretary Stanton's house, 'I have received many threatening letters,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'but I have as

"Mr. President," said I, "because you

"Mr. President, said 1, "because you do not four is no reason why danges should not occur." "Proc," said Mr. Lincoln.
"Many a good man, many a brave man," says I, "Mr. President, has lost his life just because he did not four." "That is so: that is so: and the president full a-thinking. He had a heap on his mind those days and it was a relief for him to tell a joke in the midst of the saidest scenes.

CONSTANTLY GUARDED.

the stairs of the Navy department. Crouched at the bottom of the staircase was a man. The President turned and looked him sharply in the face. It was unusual, because he rarely looked right or left, for when not engaged in conversation he was absorbed in thought.

"When the man reached the second landing, he turned and looked again at Mr. Lincoln, and Mr. Lincoln turned and looked at him. Then we proceeded on our way in silence. When we got in the White House grounds, Mr. Lincoln said: Tendel, I got a letter last right, warning me against a man who exactly answers the description of that man en the stairs.

"I kept a sharp lookout," said Pendel,

"I kept a sharp lookout,' said Pendel, but the stranger perhaps only wanted to get a good look at the president. There were great square tree boxes by the side of the walk, and I always put myself between Mr. Lincoln and the box es, for there was no teiling who might be hid on the other side. I had my hand all the time on the six-shooter. She wouldn't have missed. She wasn't that

WOMEN WERE WATCHED.

WOMEN WERE WATCHED.

"All day and night men and women poured in apon the president, pleading for a brother, husband, father or lover. His days were long drawn out tales of ninery and woo. I always kept a sharp eye on the women. These hot blooded Southern women. I used to think there was no telling what they mongit not do. I remember two beautiful Southern women called one day and asked Mr. Lincoin for a pass to Richmond.

"No, I won't give it to you, said the president. You will go down there and tell what our army is doing."

The women sait down and the president attended to other duties. When the roam had cleared he turned and saw the women still sitting there. Mr. Lincoin wiped his glasses, crossed his knees, took up a card and wrote one order. If I don't give you the pass,' be said, 'you will only stay here and smuggle information to Richmond, so you might as well take it in person.

Another time an excited man approached the president with loud abuse against Secretary Stanton.

"Your order has not been obeyed, Mr.

ed the president with loud abuse against Secretary Stanton.

"Your order has not been obeyed, Mr. President. It's more than two weeks since you ordered my brother's release, and he is still in captivity."

Liucoln turned his great eyes wearily on the complainant. "Accuse not a servant unto his master, said the president. lest he curse thee and thou be found guilty."

guilty."
The man looked incredulous. There in the Bible, be is no such passage in the Bible,' he oried, excitedly.

"I think you will find it there,' was

Lincoln's reply.

When the man had gone Pendel and Walt the president were alone. Wats said the latter, and he disappeared into his private apartments to return a Bilble

with a Bible,
"Here is it, Pendel. In the book of
Proverbs,' he said.
"I wasn't a christian man then," said
the old usher, blushing, 'but I am now,
and I often turn to the proverb with
which Mr. Lincoln first acquainted me.
"The morning following Lincoln's sec-



MRS. LINCOLN, FROM HER LAST PHO-TOGRAPH.

ond inauguration he met Simon Cameron in the glass corridor. Unit you ever see anything like that? said Lincoln, extending to the senator his great right hand, every joint bruised and swollen from the thousands that had grasped it with affectionate feeling. BADE GOOD-BY TO TWO ASSAS-

SINATED PRESIDENTS.

"I took the last cards to Mr. Lincoln before he left for Ford's thenter on that fateful night," said Fendel. "They were the cards of Speaker Coffax and Mr. Ashinond of Massachusetts, choirman of the convention that nominated Mr. Lincoln in the red parlor until the latter entered the carriage and drave away. The photograph from which the picture given here is made, was the last for which Mrs. Lincoln ever sat. She were a Paris dress of rich brounde, the style identical with the present mode. "I was the last to whom he said good-night, good-night, Pendel." And it was I who closed the door on Garfield as he entered the earriage with Mr. Blaine on that tragic morning. SINATED PRESIDENTS. as he entered the earriage with air. Hlaine on that tragic morning.
"Not many men," and the asher squared his tall form with just pride, "have participated so closely in such historic

THE OLD USHER'S SOUVENIRS. Pendel has many sourenirs of his as-sociation with Lincoln's household. Lec-ters and pictures and a lock of the presi-dent's bair, for which Tiffany made a gald locket which be presented to the old man during the Hayes adminstra-tion. HOW A PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN

WAS PAINTED.

Among tenderly prized letters is one from Governor Andrews organg Mrs. Lin-coln to commission Hunt, the Boston mil'st, to paint the president's portrait, was Pendel who went to Boston under Sire Liquola's direction, to sid the painter in his work. It was Pendel who donned Lincola's clothes and possil for the pertrait a photograph of which, in its aucompleted state, is shown for the first that in the portrait printed here.

The banvas was taken to England and

under eleconstances no other living man has seen him, and I tell on," said the old usher, "he had the greatest, warm-est, tenderest heart, and we will never have another Abraham Lincoln." HIS ESTIMATE OF THE PRESI-

DENT'S WIVES. With the ladies of the White House Pendel has always been a favorite, and of their varied character he has been a

close observer.

Mrs. Lincoln had her faults. Who has not? She was good at heart and the president never seemed to see her defects. If I had only kept a record," he said regretfully. "Every day we live we are making history, but we do not realize it until it is past." "The Grants were the greatest enter-tainers," said he, "but there were more tears shed at the White House the day Mrs. Hayes left it than ever before or

wince,
"It's a curious coincident," said Pendel, "but I was the last to close the White House door on Mrs. President Cleveland four years ago, and the first to open at to her on her return."

IN THE ARCHIVES OF STATE. In a huge volume in the state ar-

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paid to the memory of Lincoln from all parts of the world. They are in languages of all climes;

They are in languages of all climes; some are written on scraps of paper in the heat of the moment, cloquent of indignation and sorrow; others models of penmanship; some stately in parchment and illuminated script and bearing the ensigns of mourning all speak the universal sorrow. These enogies to the character of Lincoln time has not lessened, and, like Washington's, the spleador of Lincoln's fame deepens with the years.

Interesting is the condolence sent by the Covent Gorden Theatrical fund, expressing grief and horror, coupled with its sad and solemn regret that the unnatural particide who deprived the president of existence and the wife of the bosom of her level protector, should in the slightest way have been connected with the profession this corporation represents, whose honor and levalty have been its most cherished pride." CURIOUS LETTERS TO THE WID-OW LINCOLN.

A curious printed pamphlet is the letter of J. H. Vries, the black doctor of Paris, addressed "To the Widow Lincoln and the illustrious nation of the United States of America." The black doctor was a curious quack, popular with the poor of Paris, and reputed to have accomplished many cures, which roused the country of the legitimate profession

accomplished many cures, which roused the cumity of the legitimate profession so that he was driven from France.

He warned the Widow Lancoln that a conspiracy a thousand times more perilous than that which had deprived her of her husband was breeding in Europa against the United States. By shipping contagious disease to New York they hoped to devastate America. The anti-dotes he preferred are not without intered in these days of anticipated days of cholera scource. Flowers of enumbitae cholern scourge. Flawers of encurbitae taken in a small glass of wine every hour. For nourishment, fish fried in olive oil and not prepared otherwise. Smoked fish may be substituted. Discharge pistels round the house to purify the air and agreement contraction. and arrest contagion.

THRILLING STATE PAPERS. Filed in the archives also is a bundle of affidavits accured by the committee appointed to investigate the assassination. Governor Boutwell, the surviving member of the committee, told me that the contents of the affidavits have never been disclosed. They have recaped Cabot lodge and all historians. Their publication would implicate many unsuspected parties, all of whom are now dend. LINCOLN'S PEW AN HISTORICAL

The pew that Lincoln occupied in the old New York avenue church has just been restored to the seventh row on the right hand side of the pulpit. Its black, right hand side of the pulpit. Its black, homely contour stands out among the modern maple-wood pews that have replaced the ancient benches. It requires no lively imagination to summen from its anenshioned depths the fall, angular form and homely, kindly face of Lincoln, as he used to stretch out his long arm. Sunday after Sanday to invite to his side a queer old man who was wont to turry in the vestibule until all the sents were taken, then make his way to the Lincoln pew, knowing that in the kindliness of his heart the president would invite him to a seat with him.

BIGLAC.

AT PEARSALL.

A Terrific Wind Does Considerable Damage to Property.

Preparall. Tex. April 14.—(Special.)—
Between 5 and 6 o'clock this morning a hard rain fell here for hearly an hour, accompanied by wind of such terriffic force that very few buildings escaped injury. Outhouses, galleries, chimneys, roots, and wind mins were scattered in all directions. The store awaings and iron works along Front street were all wrecked, and the now brick gin was partly blown down and badly damaged. The chimney of the new brick gin was partly blown down and some private residences received considerable damage.

The suit of Tapley vs. Abe McPike's estate, which is still on trial in the courts of Piles county. Missouri, was originally docketed in 1856. The action was brought to recover the value of some negro slaves that McPike had taken

For some years past Greece has been gradually monopolizing the earthquak-s of Europe. Several heantiful towns and villages have lately been turned in a few noments into heaps of roline. Amphibas. Leucida, Corinth, Egion, Phillatra, and lattly the flower of the Lavant Zaate, have been badly shaken up.

Payson Pasker, the general manager of the Maine Central rullrend, recently adopted the novel social expedient of entertaining his friends at the station in Partiand, having a reception in the offices and a dinner in the station dining-



hews of Kate Bragley's illness; it caught a feverish cold, and the changeful sort of morning to that lovely Tusque country win leaning out of their upper her chin on her hands, trying to the tears, while she was wonat to do-how to pay their land-exist at all for perhaps au-ek on three francs—less than American dollar! le Gen's plaintive voice with-

Strip! How can we face Strip! Think of it! And its because we'er queer Why don't Uncle Robert, at least why doesn't Mrs.

Suppose she has it, or thinks Marcin. "Never mind, Gen, Potarby will buy that sketch her. You know I do catch a opright suddenly with a little

other storm coming Marcia?" Imed almost as though it would arcia's doing were such the my word it is!" declared Marmy word at is!" declared Maring up and down the quaint litvillage street, where everybody
ing along in commution. In the
santry audden wild storms come
sheadled. The waters of the
Tiseny leap and foam as though
a sea-king's wand—the sky
the rediant colors of the hillsuarphy defined in the brillmarply defined in the birld is a sort of whirlwind down e rain, aweeping the roadways,

nd swaying all objects to its is bad had experience with ran, and they knew that while ed old Madam Fotarhy forgot is but the speechless terror leed her, Marcia fastening the securety had scarcely thate to arby will be up directly to get stairs, before the old woman's neard and an instant later, have are sister comfortable before fire, Marcia was following her down the old oak stairense into room of the house, Madam as usual there was the "evil con, the without.

on, two contaries ago the main wayside hostelry, low-celled, yel and floored, was March's low in the changing, almost cause lights, and raddy glow it. It dill it up picturesquely, the furchars, the faded crimson and the corner cabinat with its of deir and brass work. The made set Marcia's pulse bearmade set Marcia's pulse bent-in's costume was not its least eried the old weman auddenly, caring

turning from her contemplation of the sketches on the wall, and the other added quickly!

Slippers-Oh, yes, my feet are wet. That is right."
They all laughed and Marcia before the ran up stairs put her arms around the little boy and kissed him.

If the little boy and rightle dim," she

"He is like our poor little Jim," she
"He is like our poor little Jim," she
sid, "Mother loved him so dearly."

It took but a minute for Marcia to
explain to Gen that the blue wool slippers were needed—people were down She was back speedily and kneeling

down on the hearthstone drew off the kid bots and put on the slippers. When she told me the story she said a horrifica-look crossed the face of the bonne, and that madam lifted up a warning hand-then turned to Marcia with the gentlest "Thank you, my child," she said quiet-ly. The little boy began to cry; a sort of babyish whimped He leaned his head restlessly against his mother, to

sooth him she pointed out the pictures on the wall.

They were all Marcia's work.

Her block and pencil lay in the furthest window seat. She said she thought it might keep the child quiet and pass m the wall. It might keep the child quiet and pass
the time if she began a sketch of the
pratty scene before. The new figures in
the old room made up something which
caught her fancy, and without saying
what she meant to do, she took up her
sketching materials and began to work.
The child half slumbered against his
mother's breast, but now and again
opened dregmy eyes. Altogether he
proved a good "sitter" and as I have
mid Marcia's forte lay in catching the
salient points of a likeness.

salient points of a likeness.

She was not allowed to work unobserved. The younger lady, evidently it response to something said to her is Spanish, cause across the room and with a gentle "Permit me, mademoiselle," looked over Marcia's shoulder, and at once with rapid gestures exclaimed, "Admirable! Parfait" Marcia long afterward said she was sure the words

terward said she was sure the words "Il Ite" except ' rear.
However, Marcia, thoroughly in the spirit of her subject, worked on, repid clever strokes taking the place of fine

She was scarcely conscious of Madam Fotarby's return until she caught her own name and Gen's in the conversation between their landlady and the strangers Something had been told them of their forlers position. "You are alone here then, undemed-olle?" said the lady by the fire in he

gentle voice.
"My aister and I, rendame," Marcia said, not raising her hend, "are waiting for our friends. They will be here very "I know," thought poor Marcia, "they will have some dreadful idea of us an American girls—just stranded and not

ton Roads in the spring of 1862, and gave andardous battle to the great Confederate ironclad, the Merrians.

When the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus was celebrated in New York city has autumn, the Miantonomoh led the procession of warships the White Fleet, as it was termed—which was one of the most fascinating aights on that occasion, and there were many who wondered why this vessel had been given a name of such peculiar spelling that many were imable to pronounce it; even now for persons know whether that name commenorates a man, a nation or a place.

All the mountain absence to Colorado are all the mountain all the mountain all the mountain and the colorado are all the colorado are all the mountain all the mountain and the colorado are all the colorado are

But the boys of Rhode Island and Eastern Connecticut know well what Miantonemah mesus. Many of therm years ago, were familiar with a little mound of atones which had been cast mound of atones which had been cast over a grave by those who passed that way for many years. That heap of stones, some of them pebbles no larger than a man's fist, was the only monu-A PAMOUS HEAP OF STONES.

emorates a man, a nation or a place.

THE MIANTONOMOH.

DAMES OF THE PARTY OF

All the mountain sheep in Colorado are owned by the state and carefully protected. The penalty of slaying a mountain sheep in Colorado is ten years in the

"I never left his adde. Wherever he

f the saddest scenes.

went I was there.
"I recollect once we were descending