

HARRISON IS SLAIN.

Chicago's Mayor Victim of a Murderer's Bullets.

SHOT DEAD AT HOME.

THE ASSASSIN WAS A CRAZY OFFICE-SEEKER.

Chief Executive of the World's Fair City Called from Slumber to Death—Three Bullets Fired at Him in His Own Hallway—No Word of Warning Is Spoken by the Murderer—The Struck Deceased by Indignant Crowd—The Assassin Astonished by the News of the Killing.

Carter Henry Harrison, Mayor of the city of Chicago, has been assassinated—shot down in the hallway of his own home by an irresponsible crank. This is a shocking announcement to go before the world in these closing days of the Columbian Exposition. Just when the name of Chicago is on the tongues of all men in every clime, when every mention of the name brings pleasant memories to millions of people, it is a cruel fate that associates the name of the city with the crime of assassination. It was the cherished ambition of Mr. Harrison to serve as the World's Fair Mayor. He had almost completed the six months covering the period of the Fair; the papers of the morning of his death had announced the date of his marriage to a most estimable lady; he was at the proudest moment of a most extraordinary career when cut down by the cruel shot of an assassin. The story of the murder seems to indicate that it was committed by an insane or partially demented man. The



CARTER H. HARRISON. Speaking at the World's Fair on the day of his assassination.

act was cold-blooded and deliberate. The man had come to the Harrison mansion bent on murder, and whether actuated by motives the birth of an unbalanced mind or not, he did his fiendish work well. Shortly after a 7 o'clock dinner Saturday night, the Mayor, feeling fatigued from a day spent at the World's Fair, laid down on an ottoman in the dining room of the mansion. There had attended him at the meal William Preston Harrison, Miss Harrison, his daughter, and Miss Annie Howard, his affianced wife. All of these, save the Mayor himself, had retired to rooms above. There were two servants in attendance, Mary Hansen and Maggie French, when at 8:10 o'clock the door bell rang, and the former of the two servants named went to the door. A man giving his name as Eugene Patrick Prendergast inquired for the Mayor and was admitted into the hallway. Mr. Harrison came forward at the call of his name and met the caller near the front door of the residence. Without a moment's warning Prendergast drew a revolver and fired three shots in rapid succession. The first shot struck Mr. Harrison in the abdomen, near the stomach, and he threw up his hands and staggered backward. As he did so, another bullet hit him in the left breast near the shoulder and over the region of the heart. Not content with these deadly wounds, the assassin again fired, piercing the left hand of his vic-



MISS ANNIE HOWARD. Carter Harrison's Betrothed.

tim as he sank to the floor mortally wounded. Preston Harrison, son of the Mayor, when the first shot was fired was in his room on the second floor. He ran down with all haste and rushed after the man as he left the hall. Prendergast fired a shot at Mr. Harrison, but missed him. The assassin, having completed his work, turned back to the door, the butler of the Harrison household at his heels, fled across the lawn, out of the gateway, and out of sight. The police were quickly on the spot. Preston Harrison was soon at the side of his prostrate father, the latter pale and uttering hardly articulate groans. "I'm shot," moaned the Mayor. "Get a doctor." Dr. Foster, who lives half a square removed from the Harrisons, hastened to the side of the wounded man. A hurried examination, during which the patient gritted his teeth and bore up heroically, and Dr. Foster pronounced the sufferer beyond surgical aid. "I've been shot," muttered Chicago's chief executive, and I am going to die. I know it. I cannot live. "You're not hurt, father," returned the son, reassuringly. "You'll be all right," with a feigned smile. But the Mayor had caught the look of discouragement from the doctor, and added

his own apprehensions thereto. "Yes, I am going to die," firmly, and then, modulating his intonation somewhat, he gasped: "Where's Annie?" This reference to her who was soon to become his wife brought the tears to his eyes, and, growing faint at heart as in body, he fell back on the rudely improvised couch of rugs. "Where's Annie?" he repeated, his voice now almost still. A convulsive throb, his voice failed him, he choked up with the blood that was forcing up from the awful gape in his abdomen, a last look about him, and the Mayor of the great Western city turned his head slightly to the right and gasped his last.

Betrothed Subs by Her Death. A few minutes later Miss Howard rushed in, distracted, to see if the Mayor was still alive. She was told that he was dead. She threw herself on his bleeding body and sobbed as if her heart would break. Her pitiful cries brought tears to the eyes of those near her. Preston Harrison alone stood dry-eyed. He seemed to be transfixed with horror. Miss Howard wept over her dead lover like one distraught. She had almost to be torn from the body. Mrs. Owsley, daughter



SCENE AT THE HARRISON RESIDENCE DURING THE INQUEST SUNDAY MORNING.

of the Mayor, uttered heartrending cries over her father. Overcome with grief Miss Sophie Harrison fainted near her father's body. The three women were taken upstairs and the doctors turned their attention to them. There was a sad scene between those three women upstairs. Mrs. Harrison, Jr., also arrived, distracted at the fate of her husband's father. The four women went together, consoling each other by their tears. Miss Howard refused consolation. The name of her dead lover was on her lips, and she cried that she might die and go with him. Despairing walls and hysterical groans, prayers, pleadings for the restoration of her lover to life, imprecations on the assassin's head, all followed in disjointed and disconnected sentences. The physicians tried to calm her, but she would not listen to the words of solace and comfort, and continued her strange actions until the doctors concluded to destroy her ability to brood with a potent and powerful anesthetic. The drug had its effect, and soon Miss Howard fell off in a troubled slumber. Unconscious of his father's fate, Carter Harrison, Jr., was on his way from the World's Fair when Prendergast fired the fatal shots. The news had traveled fast, and before the son had started on his journey west he heard of the terrible fate that had befallen his father.

The Assassin Surrenders. Thirty minutes later Prendergast, excited, out of breath, and panting from his long run, bounded up the steps of the Desplaines street station, nearly two miles distant, and, handing a revolver across the desk to Sergeant Barber, exclaimed: "I shot Mayor Harrison. I want to give myself up." The officers were startled by the exclamation, but, being accustomed to erratic visitors, were not inclined to take the man's words seriously until they saw that he carried a revolver in his hand. They immediately placed the man under arrest and took the weapon from him. The man said his name was Patrick Eugene Prendergast and that he had shot the Mayor because he had betrayed him. He wanted to be made Corporation Counsel, he said. All the time he acted with coolness and showed no signs of excitement. He was only about twenty minutes at the Desplaines Street Station when Chief of Police Brennan arrived and ordered his removal to the Central Station, as evidences were shown that his stay there was dangerous. He preserved his coolness on the journey to the City Hall. He repeated the statement that he shot the Mayor because he would not appoint him Corporation Counsel. He said he was 25 years old and that he worked a morning paper route for a livelihood. According to a statement he bought the revolver in the afternoon, intending to shoot the Mayor unless he was given some satisfaction to his repeated demands for an appointment. "I went to Mayor Harrison's house," he said, "and asked him what he was going to do for me. He would do nothing I wished and what he had promised, and I drew my revolver and shot him. I have done some work in a political way in my ward for the last few campaigns and was for William Harrison, because of my influence Harrison promised me a position if he was elected. In the last campaign, I was asked what I wanted and I said that I had a scheme for the elevation of the railroad tracks. I wanted to be Corporation Counsel so that I could push this scheme. I was told that I might have the position. Since election I have asked for the office again and again, and have been put off repeatedly. The office has been given to another. The Mayor had betrayed me, and I resolved to have revenge. I have had it." It was learned that Prendergast had for some time been pestering the Mayor with letters asking for the position of Corporation Counsel. The letters are described as the production of a person of unbalanced mind.

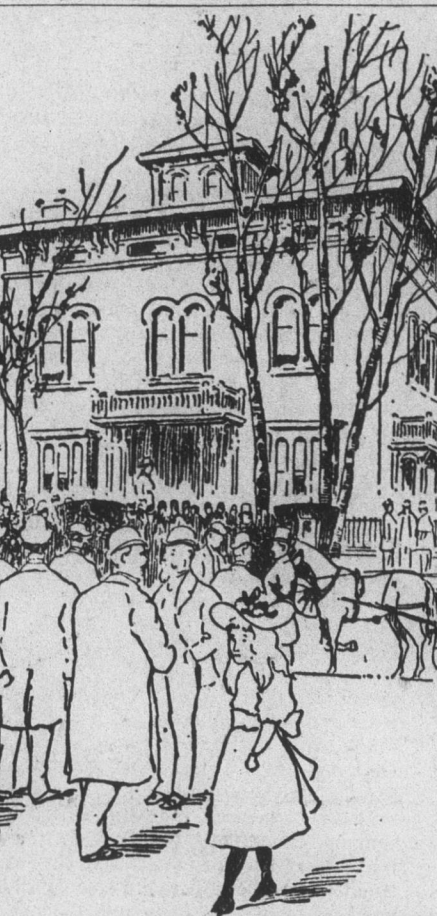
Crowd at the House. Friends had rushed to the house as soon as the news spread around the neighborhood, to offer what help they could. The police alarm had brought wagons dashing to the house from all directions. It was a riot alarm, for the horses sped like lightning along the streets, landing many officers at the house. But the deed was done when the officers arrived. An angry crowd gathered about the house and there were threats of lynching if the assassin could be found. When the news came that he had been arrested, one man declared that he would lead the crowd to the Desplaines Street Station and drag the murderer out. When it was known that the Mayor had been

assassinated the whole city was aroused. The people came from all directions, both in cabs and on foot. They gathered on the sidewalk in front of the house, and crowded into the large front yard. A few tried to enter the house. The police, however, prevented this, and soon a guard was set at the door. Then the yard was cleared. Still the crowd lingered, pressing against the iron fence.

The Inquest. Five bullet wounds were found in the body of the murdered Mayor. A coroner's jury, composed of C. C. Kohlson, Ulric King, S. A. Scribner, W. J. Chalmers, P. R. O'Brien, and Charles F. Elmes, impaneled by Coroner McKee, rendered a verdict of murder without delay. The inquest was held at the Harrison mansion Sunday morning. The assassin was present under a heavy guard and a line of stalwart policemen surrounded the house, guarding every gate and door. There were but few witnesses to examine, and the proceedings occupied a short time. Previous to the inquest a post mortem examination had been made, and the testimony of the surgeons was the only information differing from that printed in Sunday's papers.

Politics Forgotten in Sympathy. The news spread to a big Republican campaign meeting being held at the North Side Turner Hall and the meeting terminated suddenly. The men were wild enough to rush to the jail and hang the murderer to the nearest lamp post. Another crowd gathered around the Desplaines street station, but the police were all out and the men were kept back.

Prendergast was taken to the City Hall and examined by Inspector Shea and three other officers. He gave a clear statement concerning his deed. From his own account it was a cold-blooded action, deliberately planned and carried out. Here, again, another crowd waited to catch



GLIMPSE OF THE MURDERER. After the examination the murderer was kept at the City Hall under a heavy guard, to prevent any demonstration. The crowd soon dispersed, but it would have boded ill for Prendergast if he had been taken back to the Desplaines Street Station.

Threats of Lynching. While the civilized world wondered at the infamy of the deed and the law-abiding citizens paced the streets and asked each other whether lynching was justifiable under certain circumstances, the cringing wretch cowered in a cell at the Central Station. He had made a bold front before Chief Brennan and Inspector Shea, but when thrust back into his cell he slunk into a corner like a beast at bay. It was nearly midnight then. A crowd had gathered in the street. It gathered with the primal object of hearing authentic news of the assassination and when the verification of the rumor came to them there were hotheads who talked of lynching.

Never in the history of the city since the great calamity of 1871 were such serious threats of lynching indulged in as on Saturday night and Sunday morning. In a crowd of men gathered at the corner of La Salle and Washington streets on Sunday morning was a burly Irishman who towered above every other man. "I say," he shouted, "what we Lynch the dog? I am a Republican and have fought Harrison in politics, but he was an American and the first citizen of Chicago. This is no town for anarchists and assassins. Kill the dog!" His shout was taken up by a score of men, but the picket men of the Central station marched out and told the people to move on. Their cool determination was enough and they went.

CHICAGO IN SORROW. Signs of Mourning Everywhere Show the Grief of the Residents.

Chicago passed Sunday in sorrow. For the first time since the terrible fire of twenty-two years ago the metropolis of the West mourned for a blow struck at its very vitals. The city recovered slowly from the shock



ASSASSINATION OF MAYOR HARRISON IN HIS OWN HALLWAY.

of the assassination. When the dawn first broke far across the gray waters of Lake Michigan the new day pushed away the darkness of a night stained by so black a crime, and was welcomed with relief by the thousands of citizens whom the excitement of the murder had kept from their accustomed beds. But the cold and cloudy morn came as a harbinger of evil to the vast majority of the residents. The hoarse shouts of the tireless newsmen as they penetrated every street and avenue of the city, far and near, brought the awful tidings for the first time to hundreds of thousands who had gone to their homes Saturday night before the rumors of the assassination reached the downtown hotels and resorts. Awakened by these unwelcome cries all Chicago knew

long before church time of the irreparable disaster that had befallen it on the night before. The churches were all crowded in the morning with the regular parishioners and strangers eager to hear whatever eulogies or other references that might be made by the pastors to the dead Mayor.

Excepting a technical description of the wounds little was added to the information already at the disposal of officers of the law. The verdict recommended that Prendergast be held for the murder until discharged by due process of law.

Sketch of Carter Harrison's Career. According to a recent biographer, Carter Harrison was born in Kentucky in 1825, but traced his ancestry back to Cromwell's Lieutenant General. His official life began as County Commissioner in 1871. In 1872 he ran for Congress against Jasper D. Ward, and was defeated. In 1874 he ran again, and was elected. He was re-elected in 1876. George R. Davis being his opponent. In 1878 Miles Keoh defeated him for the nomination. He was nominated for Mayor in the following spring, was elected, and served four terms. In 1884 he ran for Governor on the Democratic ticket. He has since been a Mayoralty candidate twice, in 1891 as an independent, and last spring, when he was elected. He had been twice married. It was announced on the day of his tragic death that his marriage

to Miss Howard, of New Orleans, La., would take place at Biloxi, Miss., Nov. 16.

Currency's Condensed. There are 3,000 unemployed people in Dayton, Ohio. Prairie fires have caused heavy losses in Holt County, Neb. Sir John Abbott, ex-Premier of Canada, is dying at Montreal.

ILLINOIS authorities will attempt to overthrow the school furniture trust. JAMES A. DEMAREE, founder of the Knights of Honor, is dead at Louisville, Ky. THE boiler of the steamship Alexander, plying on the River Volga, exploded at Kasloffka. Eight of the crew were killed.

Meanwhile Captain Paul Fleming walked on. He would not admit that he was disappointed; he said to himself that a soldier must bear the blows of fortune as he bears the blows of the enemy, without flinching. As he walked on beneath the sapphire sky, the sun pouring down golden floods of light upon him, he thought much of the lovely young countess who was now mistress of Crown Leighton. He repeated her name to himself.

"I resign it cheerfully," he returned. "I should have liked it, but it is here, and I would not take it from her if I could. Heaven knows. She is welcome to it. So I part with my hopes as easily as I part with this." And Captain Paul Fleming, as he spoke, tore a piece of paper into shreds and threw them away.

"You are a hero. If I had just lost a peerage, I should be in a most un-Christian frame of mind with the whole world. I can admire your heroism, but cannot imitate it. Do you know what I should do if I were in your place, mon brave sabreur?" "No, I cannot even guess." "Should get leave of absence, go home to England, woo, win, and marry the countess." "All young ladies are not so willing to be married," said Captain Fleming. "But I must go now, Major: it is time I paid my visit to the General. Will you accompany me?" "No, I feel that I should be to drop. I shall see you this evening." And the two, without more words, parted after the fashion of Englishmen, although Major St. John had such a warm affection for his friend that he could have wept like a woman over his disappointment.

CHAPTER X. Meanwhile Captain Paul Fleming walked on. He would not admit that he was disappointed; he said to himself that a soldier must bear the blows of fortune as he bears the blows of the enemy, without flinching. As he walked on beneath the sapphire sky, the sun pouring down golden floods of light upon him, he thought much of the lovely young countess who was now mistress of Crown Leighton. He repeated her name to himself.

AT WAR WITH HERSELF.

The Story of a Woman's Atonement, by Charlotte M. Braeme.

CHAPTER IX—Continued. Then they sat for some minutes in silence, Major St. John amusing himself by throwing small stones from the rock into the sea. Captain Fleming looking with a far-off, dreamy gaze at the heaving waters and the sapphire sky. Suddenly Major St. John broke the silence that seemed to have enfolded them.

"General Sir Huntley Dacre understands how to give a good ball. I never remember a better entertainment in Malta than that of last night." Paul Fleming made no reply, the subject evidently did not interest him. "I am a beautiful girl," said Paul, rousing herself; "it seems a pity that youth and beauty like hers should be buried here." "The General is sure to return to England, and when he does that young lady will create a furor. If I, for instance, had any idea of asking her to marry me, I should do so at once." And Major St. John looked curiously at the calm, handsome face.

"That would doubtless prove a wise precaution," said the Captain, carelessly; "I am not a great believer in the felicity of either love or marriage." "Then you are no soldier," was the quick reply; "next to glory a soldier values love."

"It may be that I have had no actual experience," laughed Paul Fleming. "I have imagined to myself a kind of ideal woman, but I have never met any one like her." "That's all very well. I prefer the real myself," returned the Major, dryly. "I should have imagined, for example, that a belle Ethel was infinitely superior to any ideal that you or I could imagine." "She is a beautiful girl," said Paul. "She is more than that," remarked the Major. "I can read passion, genius, fire, power, in her face. Do you know, I questioned her, abruptly, 'I fancied there was some little tenderness between you and Miss Dacre?' "I never care to discuss such matters," said Paul, calmly.

"That is so, you will not boast of 'good fortune.' " "I have none to boast of, and if I had there is honor in love, I suppose, as well as in war." "We all noticed Miss Dacre's bouquet of white rosebuds," continued Major St. John, "and we could not help seeing that when you left the ball-room you carried one of them in your coat." "There is nothing in that. Miss Dacre gave it to me because I admired them."

"Young ladies do not give rosebuds for nothing," said the Major, laughing. "I consider it a most suspicious circumstance." "To this Captain Fleming made no reply. "You will call at the General's sometime to-day," said Major St. John. "Yes, I told my servant to follow me here first with the papers and letters from the mail." "Then you will not tell me anything about Miss Dacre, Paul?" "I have nothing to tell, except that I think her very beautiful, and of an amiable disposition. How nicely she speaks to her father and how kind she is to every one! Ah, here comes the letters!"

There were several letters and papers. Captain Fleming gave the papers to his friend, while he read the closely written pages of his English correspondence. He came at length to a blue official-looking envelope, and Major St. John, instead of reading the news, looked at him while he opened it.

The letter was of great moment to the young soldier. It was to tell him whether he was Lord Charnleigh, of Crown Leighton, a peer of the realm, with a vast fortune at his command; or whether he was to remain Captain Fleming, with nothing save his undaunted bravery and his noble heart. Yet his hands did not tremble as he broke the seal, his face neither flushed nor grew pale with emotion—he was calm and collected; and the Major, a brave man himself, did silent homage to his comrade's self-command. Captain Fleming read the letter through, then laid it aside, and calmly opened the rest. Nothing could be gathered from his face—there was neither great elation nor disappointment in it.

"What news?" asked the Major, curiously, unable to bear the suspense any longer. "I was just going to tell you. For a lawyer's letter, this is really romantic. The true heir is found, and, to use a homely expression, he is an heiress. There will be no Earl of Charnleigh, but a countess. It is quite a romance. Even Mr. Clements seems touched by it; he says there is not the least doubt as to perfect legality of the young lady's claims. The court has passed judgment in her favor. Will you call on her, and she is the nearest of kin. He adds that she is young, exceedingly lovely, and has led a most retired life." "Who was she?" asked the Major. "That he does not say; but, to give her her full title, she was the noble Countess of Charnleigh and Baroness Fieldstone." "What a position for a young girl!" exclaimed the Major. "I cannot help wishing, Paul, that the great prize had been yours."

"I resign it cheerfully," he returned. "I should have liked it, but it is here, and I would not take it from her if I could. Heaven knows. She is welcome to it. So I part with my hopes as easily as I part with this." And Captain Paul Fleming, as he spoke, tore a piece of paper into shreds and threw them away.

"People," he said. "The face that goes with the name should be bright, rich and dainty. I wonder what the richest countess is like. Only 18, and one of the richest heiresses in England, she should have some one to take care of her."

Until he reached the General's handsome house did Captain Fleming cease to dwell upon such thoughts; then he was roused from his dreams of far-off England, and returned to the every-day practical duties of life.

General Dacre was not at home, but Miss Dacre was, and the young soldier followed the servant into the drawing-room. She was not there, but through the long French windows he saw the gleam of her dress in the balcony. Even as he crossed the room he thought to himself what a perfect picture was before him. The golden sunlight came brokenly through the cool green vine-leaves; the light from balcony was one mass of blooming flowers, and the lovely girl in their midst looked like a little white bird, her robes twined round the slender pillars, and purple passion-flowers lay at her feet.

"A flower among flowers," he said, laughing. "I called to thank you for one of the happiest evenings I have ever spent, Miss Dacre." "You owe me little gratitude, Captain Fleming; the ball was papa's idea, not mine. Will you come out here on to the balcony? It is so much pleasanter than in the warm room. I think July is a month that tries one's temper severely."

"I do not think you have any temper to try," he remarked, pushing back the roses while he found a place by her side. She looked at him with flashing eyes. "You are mistaken, Captain Fleming; a man's idea of feminine excellence is always inanity. Now, do believe me, a woman without a temper would be simply insipid and unbearable." He laughed at her earnest, vehement words.

"You must allow one thing—even if she has a little spice of temper, she must not show it." "I shall not agree even to that," she replied. "What would tire any one more than a continual diet of sugar?" He smiled to himself, wondering if the young Countess in far-off England was of the same opinion, and she, looking up at him suddenly, caught the smile. He had not noticed that while she spoke to him her beautiful face turned shyly away, and never saw how the white hands trembled and the dark eyes dropped, so he did not read their secret. He was blind to all these signs, that would have been so well understood by a man of greater vanity. She caught the smile, and he turned to change the subject.

"Captain Fleming," she said, "I wonder if I may ask you a question?" "I will do me honor," he replied. "I know the English mail was in to-day, and—pray, pardon me—I heard papa talking about you to my aunt. I ask you whether the Charnleigh case is settled?"

Looking at her lovely face, and the clear, true eyes bent so kindly upon him, the impulse came to him to tell her the whole truth. She listened, even as he read his letters, with a calm face; but when his story was ended, there was little of calm in the flushed face and trembling lips.

"Then you have not entirely," she said; "there is no chance for you?" "None at all," he answered; "the affair is finally settled." "And you know that only two hours since, when the mail came in?" "I received the news, and learned my fate then," he replied. "Yet, with that knowledge, you could come here calmly to fulfill a trifling social duty, and never once mention what must have lain heavily on your heart?" "I assure you," he explained, earnestly, "that since I have stood in this balcony until you asked me about it, I have never given it one thought." She was to be forgiven if she misunderstood him; her lovely face flushed, and her eyes dropped, and a glad, happy look which she did not seek to repress.

So the sweet, fragrant sunshine hours passed while the two conversed among the flowers. To the young girl the hours seemed stolen from paradise, they were full of happiness; they few like golden moments; she could hardly realize that they were ended when Captain Fleming said that he must go.

He held the little white hand in his for one minute, then he withdrew, and to the girl it seemed as if all the sunshine, the fragrance, and the beauty had gone with him. He had been standing with one leg lying lightly on the iron railing; when he was gone, she stooped down and kissed the place where his hand had lain, and then a hot blush burned her face.

"I would I were a queen," she said, "that I might give him all the riches that would be mine. I wish I had the largest fortune ever given to a woman, that I might share it with him."

CHAPTER XI. Captain Paul Fleming never spoke of his disappointment; he had not mentioned his expectations, but every one knew from the papers what they were. But one feeling was general, and that was universal admiration of the countess, her courage, the grace with which she bore what to most men would have seemed an almost unbearable disappointment. No one admired his cool, calm courage more than Ethel Dacre.

"If ever we go to London," she said to Captain Fleming, one day, "I shall hope to see your beautiful young countess. Have you ever seen her yourself?" "No," he replied; "to tell you a still more startling truth, I do not know of her existence. I shall not be sorry when leave of absence comes, so that I may go home; then I shall see her."

"You will be sure to like her very much," said Ethel, with a sigh. "She is the head of the family; I must look up to her as 'chloffe'ness of a great ree." He did not understand the wistful look she gave him. "You will think her very beautiful, without doubt, Captain Fleming," an lawyer gave rather to romance nor to exaggeration, said Mr. Clements tells me she is lovely."

"You will be sure to think her the very nicest girl you ever saw." He looked up with an amused smile. "I cannot tell," said Dacre; "will let you know if the matter interests you." "Of course it interests me," she replied, turning away with something like faint envy of the young countess. Yet he did not understand—granite itself was not colder or harder, nor more insensible than he. Meanwhile Leonie, Countess of Charnleigh, was learning to fulfill all the duties of her station.

Crown Leighton had in former times been just celebrated for its magnificent hospitalities. Lady Charnleigh was very anxious to resume them.

"Imagine a fete in these grounds!" she said, with the ardor of one of whom all such things were new. "Imagine colored lamps and these trees, fountains scattering silver spray high in the air, and the music of the fountains, the trees and flowers—ladies in jewels as bright as the stars in the sky! Oh,

Lady Fanshawe, do let us have one fete!" "Not until you have been presented, my dear Lady Charnleigh. I know what is due to your position and rank. There can be no objection to a few quiet parties, but your first public appearance must be at the court of her Most Gracious Majesty." She had been to a very few quiet evening parties, and Lady Fanshawe had invited some young people to Crown Leighton, but Lady Charnleigh did not care for these dull entertainments.

"I am so tired of seeing young ladies in white muslin," she said one day, with a sigh; "they all sing, and play, and dance, and talk in low voices about the latest new fashions. 'Auntie'—for by that name 'my lady' chose to designate her guardian—'told me, does not the mind require food as well as the body?' " "Most assuredly, Leonie."

"Then my mind is starving. I thought people talked so cleverly—they do in books. No one ever says anything that is worth your age or food for my mind, and I cannot find it in the society of these white-robed young ladies." One day in April she entered the drawing-room where Lady Fanshawe awaited her. "Oh, auntie," she cried, "I wish it were May! You said we should go to London in May; I am counting the hours."

"You are to be presented in May, Leonie," returned the older lady; "so we must decide upon your own court dress. Of course you will wear the Charnleigh diamonds."

There came to the young girl, who had been reared in the midst of poverty and privation, a kind of wonder as to whether this was all a dream, whether she would wake up suddenly and laugh at her own folly. Lady Fanshawe looked at the brilliant face. "Leonie," she said, suddenly, "you ought to marry well—you are sure to marry well."

A low peep of laughter came from Lady Charnleigh, as she looked up with the frank, sweet smile that characterized her. "Marry?" she said; "why, what can marriage give me?" Lady Fanshawe made no reply.

"I have wealth," continued the girl, "jewels, rank—what more does life require to make it happy?" "You will find out some day—that is, if you are of the same nature as other girls; I am not romantic, nor do I teach romance, but I think you should have thought that love would take precedence of all."

"Perhaps it might if I knew anything at all about it; but Miss Templeton did not allow such a thing to be mentioned. Any young lady found guilty of receiving a love letter would have been severely punished."

"Miss Templeton acted rightly," said Lady Fanshawe; "girls at school have no business to think of such a thing." "Of course," returned Leonie; "with an air of charming candor, 'we were allowed to talk as much as we liked about money; so that I understand that better than love.'"

But in the eyes of Leonie, Lady Charnleigh, as she spoke, there was something that was not words.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OLD VIRGINIA.

Queer Customs Existing in That Conservative State.

A curious custom existing in conservative Virginia is that of considering it impolite to drive past another carriage on the road and going in the same direction. True it is, some iconoclasts and outsiders drive past their fellow travelers without compunction, but they, therefore, prove their claim to be called iconoclasts and outsiders. When it is a very pressing case, an apology is called out, such as, "Pray excuse me, but my horse is restless," or "I am in haste to catch the boat," or something of the kind. But to drive ruthlessly ahead without a word of apology is considered the acme of ill breeding.

The roads in Virginia are not interesting, except for their natural beauty, as the people of wealth, following their English ancestors in practice, seek a proud conclusion for their houses. Only the poorest people build their houses on the main road, and one may travel from one end of the country to another and not find a more handsome residence than the public highway. There was in early times another and a very practical reason for abjuring the public highway. Every man's house was at the service of every man, woman and child in the country; an Arab hospitality obtained and was enjoyed to the full. The people who had undesirable homes were always willing to bestow their company upon their more fortunate neighbors, so that it wouldn't do to be too proud to give a stranger a place in one's house. Especially was this so when a visit from a family meant the entertaining of two coach horses, a coachman, and a maid; for the negroes, and even the white people, were expected to give a good dinner. Hospitality was one of the great virtues, and it still is; for these people excel in social virtues, and this particular virtue costs little. It only meant the killing of half a dozen more chickens for dinner, when there are hundreds, perhaps, creating a stir in the poultry yard; and the gardens were overgrown with vegetables, for which there was neither sale or consumption.

A Queer Thing About Camels. Some years ago, when the British troops were fighting against the forces of the Mahdi in the Sudan, opportunity was afforded to many of the correspondents accompanying the expedition to study the habits of the camel. Most of the transportation of the soldiers' baggage was done by these "ships of the desert," as they are called, and at night some of the newspaper men spent a portion of their leisure trying to learn something new about these strange creatures.

One of them, who was an inveterate smoker, discovered that the camel is a great lover of tobacco. Let any one smoke a pipe or cigar in the camel compound, said he, and the camel will follow the smoker about, place his nose close to the burning tobacco, inhale the fumes with a prolonged snuff, swallow the smoke, then throwing his head up, with mouth agape, and eyes whites, will grunt a sign of ecstasy that would make the fortune of a low comedian in a love scene.

So if any of you have a pet camel who seems to be longing for something and refuses to be comforted until he gets it, you might give him a cigar. He is usually so intelligent that it would probably take very few lessons to teach him how to smoke in a most expert fashion.—Harper's Young People.

The World's Largest Vine. The vine at Hampton Courts is believed to be the largest in Europe, its branches extending over a space of 2,300 feet. It was planted from a slip in the year 1770, and now it bears upward of 2,000 bunches of grapes of the black Hambro' kind.

A Trial of Married Life. "Just as I expected!" muttered Mr. Billus, examining his shaving implements. "My wife has just complained about her corns and my razor is ruined!"