

FADING-LEAF AND FALLEN-LEAF.

Said Fading-Leaf to Fallen-Leaf—

I toss alone on a forsaken tree,
It racks and cracks with every gust that rocks
Its straining bough! Say, how is it with thee?

Said Fallen-Leaf to Fading-Leaf—

A heavy foot went by, an hour ago;
Crushed into clay, I stain the way;
The loud wind calls me, and I cannot go.

Said Fading-Leaf to Fallen-Leaf—

Death lessons Life, a ghost is ever wise;
Teach me a way to live till May
Laughs fair with fragrant lips and loving eyes!

Said Fallen-Leaf to Fading-Leaf—

Hast loved fair eyes and lips of gentle breath?
Fade then, and fall; thou hast had all
That Life can give; ask somewhat now of Death!

—Richard Garnett.

DARKIE'S CRIME

"A woman is in the surgery, sir, and says she must see you at once." I looked up from my paper at the speaker—Mary, the housemaid—with a weary sigh. The life of a doctor, is not, to use a tawdry, and perhaps vulgar, aphorism, "all beer and skittles," and certainly mine on that day had not been. Sickness was very prevalent in Colbourne, and the ill of four thousand inhabitants were in the hands of two doctors. Besides, there had been an outbreak of smallpox among the navvies engaged in cutting a new railway to join the Colbourne terminus, and of late we had our hands full. Evidently my desire for the quiet evening I had coveted was now destroyed.

"Did the person send in her name?" I inquired.

"No, sir; she said I was to look sharp and ask you to come at once—she repeated 'at once,' sir; and, oh, there was an awful look in her eyes." I rose and went to the surgery, and there found a young woman. She did not reply to my greeting, but at once plunged into the object of her mission. Her husband, Bill Crossland, had met with an accident on a cutting of the new railway, and had been brought home on a stretcher in a "bad way."

"I will be with your husband in a few minutes," I replied, seeing that the nature of the case demanded my instant attention.

The woman left me, and procuring what I thought necessary, I hurried to the squalid yard in which Bill Crossland lived. Colbourne, like many other small towns, had slums almost as bad as some of those which we are told exist in the East End of London, where fever and other pestilences thrive like weeds in an ill kept garden. The houses in this yard were rickety, and some of them filthy and abominable.

I found the injured man lying on a sofa, which had been improvised into a bed. An old woman was attending to his wants, and by the fire-place an elderly man—a navvy—stood. As I approached the bed, he left the house. My patient was a strong, lusty-looking fellow, with an almost negro complexion, crisp black hair and mustache. I speedily examined his injuries, and found them of a serious nature. His ribs had been severely crushed, and a portion of one had penetrated a lung. But he bore up with wonderful courage, and scarcely emitted a groan when I handled him. Having done everything possible for his comfort, I prepared to leave the house, at the same time beckoning his wife to follow me, with the idea of warning her of the danger her husband was in. The injured man noticed the motion, and called me.

"Doctor," he said faintly, "there's one thing I want to know. Now tell me—am I done for?"

The question was so pointedly put that it quite upset my equilibrium. I began to hesitate in my evasive answer to him, but he quickly stopped me.

"Don't be afraid o' tellin' me," he said roughly. "Bill Crossland ain't a coward—he's stood worse than this—he's cheated the hangman o' his noose, and he'll not shrink from a decent death now."

I wondered at this allusion to the "hangman's noose," but tried to repress it with him, telling him it was necessary that he should be quiet, and not talk.

"Look here, doctor," he replied, in a more determined tone, "I'm a-going to hear the truth from you before you go. I'll have it out o' you or I'll limb it out, I will!" and his black eyes gleamed like burning coals.

Again I remonstrated with him, but he would not heed me, and at last his wife interfered.

"You can tell Bill anythin', sir," she said. "Let him know if he's got to pass in his checks, and maybe he'll prepare for it. It's none too good a life he's lived," and she jerked her thumb over her shoulder at the recumbent figure.

"Well, then," I replied, "I may as well be frank. The fact is, I entertain very little hope of your husband's recovery."

"To hear that, Bill? Doctor says yer to pass in yer checks, so just yer git red-dy and do it!"

I was amazed at her cold-blooded tone.

"I know'd it, lass! I know'd it!" Bill replied. "Doctor!" I turned to the bed. "Sit down, Martha, bring

the doctor a chair," and the old woman placed one close to the bed for me. When I had seated myself—for I thought it best to humor him—he looked round the room and said:

"Now, I'm a-goin' to make a confession. Don't any of yer git interruptin', 'cause I can't speak so well." He paused, and then deliberately went on: "Breath seems terrible short!" Then, turning his head to me, he remarked: "Yer remember that 'ere accident to Jem Barker nigh on a twelve-month sin'?"

I nodded, for I recollected it perfectly. One of the drivers in the tunnel just outside the town had slipped and fallen on a rail in the dark. A load of earth had passed over his body, breaking his back, and death had resulted almost instantly. He was found shortly afterwards, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "accidental death."

"Well," the injured man pursued, "that 'ere accident wor no accident! It wor no accident! It wor somat else. I had better tell ye that Jem Barker and I wor mates; he wor called 'Guzler,' 'cause he could swallow so much drink—like soap suds down a sough, as the sayin' is. I wor called 'Darkie,' 'cause—well, ye can see why if ye look at me physog. I could do a fairish drop o' liquor at times, but the wust of it wor that we both wor fond o' the same gell—that's Liz o'er yonder," and he nodded in the direction of his wife, who was seated on a box



SHE DROPPED ON HER KNEES BESIDE THE BED.

which stood beneath a window. Her eyes were fixed on the speaker. "Liz!" he suddenly exclaimed, and with somewhat more energy than he had displayed in the narrative, for his breath had failed him several times then, "Liz, Liz! don't look at me like that! I canna bear it! I canna!" and he broke off into a long groan.

His wife dropped her eyes, but still sat like a statue, with her hands clasped in her lap. The injured man struggled for breath, and then went on:

"I know'd Liz wor fond o' Jem, 'cause he wor fair and handsome, and I loved her the bestest. Ay, though we wor navvies, doctor, we can love—only some people thinks as how we just pair off like! But they're wrong. Well, to be gettin' on w' my story. Liz 'ere had no eyes for me when Jem wor about, and I got jealous. All the old friendship 'tween me and Jem wor gone on my side, and I began to hate 'im. The crisis came one night when I meets Liz a-comin' back from the tunnel, which wor then beln' bored. I wor on day duty, and Jem wor workin' at nights, 'cause then we worked day and night in shifts. She had ta'en him down some supper, and I could see how things wor goin'. So I up and tells her of me love, and axes her to marry me. Liz treated me better 'an I thowt she would have; she just says, 'Bill, I don't dislike ye, but I like Jem better, and I've promised 'im.' I wor furious—thet's remember it, I dessay, Liz—but she just turns on 'er heel and walks off, sayin' as when the drink wor in the wit wor out! I had had drink, thet's know't! I went down to the tunnel and meets Jem a-comin' out w' a track o' muck—we call earth muck, thet's know't. I didna let him see that I wor angry, so I just fokes w' him like. As I wor goin' through the tunnel a thowt struck me; if I wor just to come up behind Jem, and, giv' 'im a push in front of the truck, it would perhaps lame 'im, and then perhaps Liz would na be bothered w' a lame chap. I left the tunnel and went 'ome, but I didna sleep that 'ere night. Next day

I took Jem's place driving, and 'twere then I worked out my plans. Thet's know't there be timbers, called side trees, on each side to support the roof o' the tunnel 'til the brickies take the work in hand, and I thowt as how, if I wor to hide in one of them just in the darkest place, and when Jem comes on just put out my 'and and gie him a push, it would do all I want-ed. I shanna forget that 'ere day! The idea growed on me, and when I left work, I made up my mind to do it. So I walks down about 9 o'clock the same night, and just as I reached the open cutting I heard Jem wish Liz good-night. I wor fair mad w' jealousy. I had murder in my art. Keepin' out o' sight o' Liz, I creeps down just in time to see Jem take the horses back into the tunnel to bring a load o' muck up. I creeps down in the darkest part, and past the shed where Bob Dalton wor pumpin' air into the tunnel, w'out bein' seen. I know'd every inch o' the place, and I 'ad made up my mind where to hide. I soon found it, 'cause I 'ad put a big stone there. Besides, I 'ad picked out a spot which wor always wet, 'cause of a spring which he had tapped above, which wor always runnin'. Then, it strikes me as how, if I wor to put the stone in Jem's path he might stumble o'er it; so I puts it there. I 'adna long to wait afore Jem comes down the tunnel, which wor a bit on the incline.

"My 'art begins to thump until I wor afraid Jem might 'ear it, but just then he comes up to wheer I had put the stone. He stumbled o'er it, and the horse swerved a little, but he nearly recovered himself, and so I puts out my hand and gentle pushes 'im. He falls down on the line, and the truck goes o'er him, 'cause I heard 'im groan. I slipped behind the truck and out again into the cutting w'out bein' seed, and bunked off back to town. I wor scared! Next mornin' I herd as how Jem 'ad met w' a accident—and that he 'ad stumbled o'er a stoep, supposed to have tumbled from a truck afore him, and the truck 'ad broke his back. I wor a bit sorry at first, and then I began to be afraid they might trace it to me. But I said now to no-body, and the inquest said as how 'twere a accident, and I didna trouble myself. Then Liz and I wor spliced, and though we quarreled, yet I would a done anythin' for her! Thet's know't it, dostna, Liz?"

The woman looked up. Her face was pale in the extreme; her black eyes blazed, and her fingers twitched. She rose and approached the bedside. "Murderer!" she hissed between her clenched teeth.

"Ah, Liz," the man replied calmly enough, "tis no good a-callin' me that now; what thet's better do is to fetch a preachin' chap to pray for me!"

"A preachin' chap! No! I did like thet a bit till now, but—A preachin' chap!" she broke off in a voice of supreme disdain and mockery. "No! What soul thet hast, let it go to 'ell!" "Liz! Liz!" the man's voice broke in imploring sobs. "Forgive me! Forgive me! Doctor," and he turned with a piteous look to me, "ax her to forgive me."

The woman was standing with her hands clenched, and her eyes gleaming—a statue of Fury. I then noticed, for the first time, that she was a remarkably handsome woman, though rather coarse. I went round the bed to her.

"Mrs. Crossland," I said quietly, "your husband may not live through-out the night. Do not let him go from this world to the next, whatever it may have in store for him, without your forgiveness. Don't you remember the old prayer, 'Father, forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us'?"

The fury gradually died out of the woman's face, her hands unclenched, and tears welled into her eyes. Her bosom heaved as if suppressed sobs were almost bursting it; then, as though the effort were too much, she dropped on her knees beside the bed, and sobbed aloud.

Crossland was fast sinking, his breath came in difficult gasps, and his dark visage grew almost ashy pale.

"Liz! Liz!" he murmured faintly, "do you forgive me?"

Still the woman sobbed on. Her grief was poignant—was it for the sinfulness of her husband or for the memory of her past love? I asked myself. The old woman—Martha—who was evidently a Roman Catholic, crossed herself and called upon the Virgin Saint to have mercy on the unfortunate man's soul, while he, in most endearing tones, implored his wife's forgiveness.

At last the paroxysm of tears spent itself and the woman became calmer, though she still knelt with her face hidden in her hands. I bent over her and whispered:

"Mrs. Crossland, one word to make him happy. He's dyin'! Remember the prayer, 'Forgive us our trespasses—'"

She raised her head. There was a new light shining on the tear-stained face.

"Yes," she returned, "we should forgive. Years ago, when I went to a Sunday school, I was told that! But 'tis hard, sir—so hard—'cause I loved Jem so, and 'im I didna care—"

"Hush!" I raised a warning finger. "His life is ebbing away. Come, Mrs. Crossland."

"Liz!" The name came very faintly. Crossland's hand strayed over the coverlet, and I took hers and placed it within his. She rose, bending over the murderer, pressed a long kiss upon his forehead. He opened his eyes and met

hers, and there he read his forgiveness. A smile of peace and contentment illumined his features; he slowly closed his eyes and sighed, and on that sigh the stained soul of Darkie Crossland floated over the border to that land from which no traveler returns.—Grit.

COWS IN THE LAP OF LUXURY.

Extraordinary Pains Taken to Provide Pure Milk for Babies.

The milk which is furnished in the seven depots of the New York milk committee to the babies of the tenements is what all country milk could and should be. The cows on the farm supplying the committee are taken care of as if a cow were the rarest of animals and likely soon to join the dodo and disappear entirely.

They live in a St. Regis sort of barn, the concrete floors and iron and glass walls of which are kept as clean as a parlor. Twice daily the cow stalls are sterilized with live steam. As a precaution against dust they keep no hay or other food in the barn, but send it in as it is needed, by means of a trolley system.

Every day the cows are inspected by a physician, and any cow not in perfect condition is immediately removed from the herd. Twice a month chemists analyze the milk to make sure that it is fully up to the standard of richness and purity.

Before being milked each cow is groomed and sprayed with pure spring water by a man who has been medically examined and has just had a bath and put on a perfectly clean white suit. A second man dries the cow with sterilized single service towels, after which the white-clad milkers, sitting on spotless metal stools, perform their duties.

The milk is strained through sterilized cotton pads into sterilized cans and cooled in a dustproof room, which no one except the white-clad workers is ever permitted to enter. Here the milk is bottled, sealed and packed for its journey to the city. Within 30 hours after the milk is packed it is delivered at the doors of the milk committee's model laboratory in New York.

Five men work in the laboratory sterilizing and filling the bottles. In reality they are filling prescriptions, for every baby has its food especially designated by a skilled physician, the prescriptions varying from week to week according to the age and condition of the child.

These men in their spotless white suits and caps work in a speckless room that is sterilized with steam every morning, preparing food after the most scientific methods and according to physicians' prescriptions, not for infant millionaires, but for babies of the tenements.—Hampton's Magazine.

CAUTION TO HOTEL GUESTS.

Berlin Bonifaces' Extortionate Demands Precipitate a Crusade.

The Berliner Fremdenzeitung, which, according to a resolution passed by the Society of the Berlin Hotel Proprietors, must be handed to all hotel visitors, states that guests would do well to conform to the customary mode of "tipping" if they wish to avoid annoyance, a Berlin dispatch says. The demand made is so outrageous that it is worthy of serious attention.

The visitor is told that he ought to give the waiter a tip of 10 per cent of the amount of his bill in the restaurant. In cafes, where there is a special "Zahl Kellner" (cash waiter), it is the custom to hand an extra douceur to the waiter who attends you.

In hotels, for bills up to \$8, percentage of 25 per cent is claimed, and above \$8, 20 per cent. Thus for a bill of \$15, a levy of \$3 is made, which is divided between the booth, the chambermaid, the lift boy, the page, the porter and the waiter.

The Taegliche Rundschau, in commenting on the impudent publication, says: "According to our experience Englishmen and Americans as a rule either give no tips at all or very moderate ones. The German gives excessive tips and is mostly served worse than the American. Things have come to such a pass in Berlin that in elegant restaurants the waiter refuses, with a lordly wave of the hand, to accept 10 per cent of the bill, even if the bill amounts to \$25, and the manager declares on being spoken to that the man has a right to demand 20 per cent.

Consequent on this publication steps are being taken to initiate a crusade against tipping which has assumed enormous proportions in the Prussian capital.

A New Industry.

"I see that some of these theatrical stars have plays written especially for them."

"What of it, senator?"

"Why couldn't I have a few anecdotes written especially for me to figure in? Eh, what?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Their Reality.

"Are those two sisters fine girls? Well, one is a pattern and the other a model."

"Are they so good as all that?"

"Good in each one's own way. The pattern girl is a dressmaker and the model one with a cloak manufacturer."

—Baltimore American.

He Would Never Know.

"Half a pound of tea, please."

"Green or black?"

"Doesn't matter which. It's for a blind person."—Bon Vivant.

The man who insists he is as good as anybody believes he is better

BADGES A HOBBY WITH MEN.

In Cleveland Failure to Wear One Regarded as Significant.

He was a plain man who walked down the steps from the Hollenden Hotel. His clothes were as quiet as his manner, and his manner was most unassuming.

His shoes were square toed and a dusty black. His collar was low and his necktie was of the ready-made sort you hook to the collar button in front. His hat was black. His suit was old-fashioned pepper and salt. He was not trying to impress any one.

But across his coat front a row of badges, red and yellow, made unprovoked assault upon the eyes of bystanders, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. There were rosettes at the top and gold lace at the bottom. Letters of gold proclaimed the fact that the plain and unassuming citizen was a member of an organization with a long name; that said organization was holding a convention and that the man behind the badge was on some committee.

The man himself would have told you quietly enough. His badges shrieked it. He seemed somewhat embarrassed by the attention he attracted. One wondered why he suffered them so patiently.

He was willing to talk. He gave his name and said he had come from Peninsula, Ohio. It developed that he did not suffer from the badges at all. He thought them pretty. He was proud of them.

It's a weakness we men folk have. It's like the passion for red neckties, but more general. More than half the men in Cleveland wear badges.

Some wear them all the time. Some wear them on special occasion only, just as one would wear a medal or a decoration from the emperor of some place or another.

If you don't wear a badge it's a pretty fair sign you don't belong to anything. Most everybody belongs to some organization and nearly every organization in Cleveland has badges for its members. Many of us have half a dozen. We wear one in one lapel button hole and keep the others in a bureau drawer at home.

The badges or emblems that we wear for every day are mostly small. It may be a fraternity pin or it may be an emblem that signifies we belong to the Brotherhood of Pretzel Varnishers. It may be on the under side of our coat lapel or it may be on the edge of our waistcoat. It may take the form of a necktie pin or decorate the end of a watch fob. You may not see it the first glance, but two chances in three it's somewhere about.

These every-day pins of labor organizations, fraternal and benevolent organizations, miscellaneous clubs and societies are small enough. The ones for conventions, balls and other special occasions may be nearly as big as folded bath towels.

One can't get too many rosettes or too much gold lace or too many metal medallions and cross bars and spread eagles hung on a badge. The more there are the more pleased and proud we men are to wear the badge. Alfred Henriques runs an office in the Williamson building—from which all sorts of badges and buttons are sold. He says more buttons are worn now than during the button craze a few years ago, a craze that preceded the present picture postal-card madness. The difference is that the buttons are not worn all the time, but more for special occasions.

Many of the badges cost as much as \$5 each. They are elaborate with enamel. Some of gold are even more expensive.

Three Kinds of Women.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, the society leader and convert to woman suffrage, said in a recent speech:

"In this country I see three classes of women—first, the woman who starts out in life with the inculcated idea that some man must support her; second, the woman who finds out she must do everything that man does not want to do, and through force of necessity does it; third, a grand army of self-reliant, self-supporting women fulfilling all civic requirements; women strong in their own independence, expecting no man to bear their burdens, asking for equal rights, knowing their obligations as citizens and determined to meet these obligations.

"We women who demand our suffrage from men ask them to honor the women of the United States. From the hour the first white woman landed on our shores woman has stood shoulder to shoulder with man. She has been his equal in toil, in hardship, in devotion. She has been his mother, his wife.

"I appeal to man's sense of justice and of honor, for both of these characteristics are the strong, dominant traits of American men or we would not have the nation we have. And I ask, are these men just to women? To their sons they have given the right of citizenship. They make bondwomen of their daughters.

"Now we women want to be great. We want our independence. We want to show men how we can stand side by side with them in the open field of life. Then shall the world judge us, and my faith in my own womanhood has taught me to believe in all women."

The Parist Agent.

Inquirer—What is the next train to New York?

Station Master—Twelve o'clock, sir.

I—Isn't there one before that?

S. M.—No, sir; we never run one before the next.—Boston Transcript.

Old Favorites

Down to Sleep.

November woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning chill;
The morning's snow is gone by night;
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie down to sleep.

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to swell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
I never knew before how much
Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep
When all wild things lie down to sleep.

Each day I find new coverlets
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometime the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;
I hear their chorus of "good-night,"
And half I smile, and half I weep,
Listening while they lie down to sleep.

November woods are bare and still;
November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill;
Life's night rests feet which long
Have stood;
Some warm soft bed, in field or wood,
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can lay us down to sleep.
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Fame.
(From Lycidas.)
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?

Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amoryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit
Doth raise—
That last infirmity of noble mind—
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And cuts the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears:
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glittering fall
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumormies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

—John Milton.

MEMORIAL FOR JOHN FITCH.
Thinks Honors in Steam Navigation
Should Go to Philadelphia.

The case of John Fitch is a sad one. He was the pioneer and was successful. He ran his boat on the Delaware river for months, but he was received with derision. There was then no man in this city—probably not in the whole country—with the prophetic vision of Chancellor Livingston at a later day who possessed the wealth and influence to impress the fact of Fitch's success on the public, the Philadelphia Inquirer says. It argues ill for the state of enlightenment at that time that there was no one who could foresee the possibilities of steam navigation. If some Philadelphian had arisen at that moment to do what Livingston did subsequently in New York, much of our history might have been changed. We should have had steamboats on the western waters nearly twenty years earlier than we did, the events of the War of 1812 might have been more decided, and Napoleon might have had his steamers to cross the channel from Boulogne.

It is idle to speculate on what might have been, but it is certain that this city owes something to the memory of Fitch, the prophet whom it rejected. The least that can be done is to rear a monument to his memory and to place a headstone over his grave. In the library of the Historical Society to-day reposes the combined diary and autobiography of this man. It is one of the most pathetic of human documents. It shows the mighty soul of a man struggling against the stupidity and conservatism of his age. We think the Historical Society should take the initiative in the matter, and we believe that a reasonable sum can be secured for a suitable memorial to a man who was born out of due season, who deserved so much and got the worst.

The Place for It.
An old Scotswoman was advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon. She answered briskly, "Wha'dinna ye pu' the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

The Shake.
"What did you say last night when Jack asked you to marry him?"
"I shook my head."

"Sideways or up and down?"—Boston Transcript.

We have quit worshipping great heroes who live a long way off; instead, in future we shall worship the good citizens around home.

So far as is known, no widow ever eloped.