

#### 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 bulk! 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 timeworn, 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 ills 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 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 squallid 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 remonstrate 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."

"Ye hear that, Bill? Doctor says ye to pass in yer checks, so just yer git ready 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 recollect 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 sommat else. I had better tell ye that Jem Barker and I wor mates; he wor called 'Guzzler,' 'cause he could swallow so much drink—like soap suds down aough, at 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

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, but I loved her the bestest. Ay, though we be 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 'twix 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 them bein' bored. I wor on day-duty, and Jem wor workin' at nights, 'cause then we worked day and night in shifts. She had taen 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 thought 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 turns on 'er heel and walks off, sayin' as when the drink wor in the wit wor out! I had had drink, thee know'at I went down to the tunnel and meets Jem a-comin' out w' a trax o' muck—we call earth muck, thee know'at I didna let him see that I wor angry, so I just jokes w' him like. As I wor goin' through the tunnel a thow struck me; if I wor just to come up behind Jem, and, gl'e 'm 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

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

Still the woman sobbed on. Her grief was poignant—was it for the sinfulness or 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 dying! 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."

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

I took Jem's place driving, and twere then I worked out my plans. Thee know'st there be timbers, called side trees on each side to support the roof o' the tunnel 'till the brickies take the work in hand, and I thought 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 give him a push, it would do all I wanted. 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 heerd 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 gently pushes 'im. He falls down on the line, and the truck goes o'er him, 'cause I heerd 'im groan. I slipped behind the truck and out again into the cutting w/out bein' seen, and bunked off back to town. I wor scared! Next mornin' I herd as how Jem 'ad met w' a accident and that he had stumbled o'er a stope, 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 nowt to nobody, 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! Thee know'st it, docta, 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, "t'no good a-callin' me that now; what thees's better do is to fetch a preachin' chap to pray for me!"

"A preachin' chap! No! I did like thee a bit till now, but—A preachin' chap!" she broke off in a voice of supreme disdain and mockery. "No! What soul thee 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 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.

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hers, and there he read his forgiveness. A smile of peace and contentment illuminated 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 washed 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 Bonfires' Extortionate Demands Precipitate a Crusade.

The Berlin *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 dollar to the waiter who attends to you.

In hotels, for bills up to \$8, percent 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.