

HOPE AND FEAR.

Beneath the shadow of dawn's aerial cope,
With eyes enkindled as the sun's own sphere,
Hope from the front of youth in gaudy cheer
Looks downward, past the shades where blind
men grope
Round the dark door that prayers nor dreams can
ope
And makes for joy the very darkness dear
That gives her wide wings play; nor dreams
that four
At noon may rise and pierce the heart of hope.
Then, when the soul leaves off to dream and
yearn,
May truth first purge her eyesight to discern
What once being known leaves time no power
to appal:
Till youth at last, ere yet youth be not, learn
The kind wise word that falls from years that
fall.
"Hope thou not much, and fear thou not at all."
—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

THE VANISHED VILLAGE.

One midsummer day, which was a Sunday as well, a youth was walking along a dusty country road. His name was Diethart, and he belonged to a guild of stonemasons. His goal was the next town, where he was to find work in the building of a church. In his girdle he carried an abundance of spare money, in a valise sealed letters, which commended his skill, and an important introduction to the master, who superintended the building of the house of God.

Glowing hung the sun in the cloudless sky and poured its blinding light on a wide sea of ripening wheat. Not a bird was heard; everything that was feathered had flown into the mountain woods which surrounded the broad valley; but grasshoppers, crickets and dancing gnats scraped and hummed unceasingly their monotonous tunes.

The boy thought heavily on the traveler's shoulders, and the flask which he carried by his side had long been empty. His eyes wandered longingly over the waving fields of corn, but no inviting roof appeared above the field—only here and there a fruit tree, and beyond, in the blue distance, the walls and towers of the city whither he was going. He stood still and looked up at the sun. "It is midday," he said, and at the same time thought of his last rest in the Golden Rose and of the cool drink which ran out of an open cask. He sighed, pressed his hat over his forehead so that the rim would shade his dazzled eyes, and went on.

He had, perhaps, gone as far as a strong man's voice could be heard when he stopped in astonishment, when right before him lay houses surrounded by orchards, and above them rose the reticulated spire of a church. The traveler rubbed his eyes, but could not see it. He had overlooked this village? he asked himself. "It must have been the glare of the sun that blinded my eyes." And he hastened his footsteps.

It was a pretty village that he was approaching. The windows shone in the sunshine, the roofs were decorated with tiles, and in the gardens blossomed lilies and white roses. But the deep stillness which lay over the village struck the youth as very strange. No dog barked, no cock crowed, no cattle lowed, and no sound of people's voices was heard. The youth thought it remarkable, too, that no smoke rose from any of the chimneys. It was as if the village had been dead.

But the village was not empty. As the stonemason entered he saw men and women stepping out of the houses. They were dressed in holiday attire, and there was no lack of silver in chains and buckles, but the dress of the people was entirely different from that usually seen in the country. Their faces were pale and anxious, their eyes were fastened on the ground, no sound came from their lips, and even their footsteps could not be heard.

The youth felt uneasy at the sight of this still people, but he mustered courage and approached one of the men to get information about the village. But the man laid his forefinger significantly on his mouth, and went his way in silence. Diethart in perplexity followed the beaten path which led towards the church. The church doors stood open, the lights of candles streamed from the nave, but neither singing nor organ peals were heard, and as the youth climbed to raise his eyes to the tower he saw no one in the belfry swung to and fro, but no tone was heard from it. With secret horror he watched the church goers pass by—men, women, maidens and children. All walked with bended heads, and nobody gave him a look.

At the very last came a maiden. She wore a lily on her breast, and was herself as pale and beautiful as a lily. And as she passed, by the youth she dropped her drooping lids, looked at him with the mildest eyes and paused. Then the feeling of oppression left the young man's mind, sweet longing rose in his heart, and he followed her that he might speak to her. But she, too, laid her finger on her lips and went silently up the steps which led to the church door. But before she crossed the threshold she turned once more and tore a ring from her hand, which rolled silently down the steps and fell at the youth's feet. He bent down, picked up the ring and placed it on his finger, and when he looked up, maiden, church and village had all disappeared, and he stood in the middle of the country road, with the cornfields on the right hand and on the left, the blue sky and the gleaming midsummer sun overhead.

Was it all a dream? No, he could feel the gold ring on his finger, and it glistened in the sunshine. Some magic was at work here. At the time of midsummer many things become visible, which are usually hidden from mortal eyes.

Diethart glanced timidly at his surroundings, and hastened his steps. He really felt uneasy, but the love which the silent maiden aroused in him was stronger than fear and horror. He looked at the ring with beaming eyes, and he had a presentiment that this first meeting with the beautiful girl would not be the last. Puzzled and hopeful he continued his way along the dusty road. The sun went down, and as the roofs of the city grew golden, the stonemason passed through the arched gateway.

In the market place stood a handsome house, that bore on its signboard a wild man with feathers in his hair and a ring in his nose, and was celebrated far and wide as an inn, and also house. Diethart took lodging there, and when he had removed all traces of his wearisome journey he went to the common room to refresh himself with food and drink.

At a long oak table, behind the tankard, sat two citizens conversing about the affairs of the world. The arrival of the stranger was pleasing to them. They questioned him as to who he was, whence he had come and what he was seeking in the city. Willingly and politely he satisfied their curiosity, and the citizens asked him to draw nearer and to tell them what was taking place in the outside world. Diethart related what he had seen, but he was silent about the uncanny adventures which he had met with, and then he praised the city and the fruitful fields he had passed through that day.

"Yes," said one of the citizens, and he stroked his beard complacently. "Yes, it is a blessed piece of country, and if the taxes were not so high we might be contented, even if it isn't any longer as it was in the old times. Then things were different. Wheat, corn and barley still grew plentifully in our fields, and the mountains gave us wood in abundance, but in old times they gave us other treasures besides, that is silver and gold; but all that was over long ago."

"Yes," said another guest, "if what is written in our chronicle is true, our community was formerly rich beyond compare. Once the emperor visited the city, and it was an ancient custom among the inhabitants to honor the emperor with a gift, namely, a sheep and a lamb; why just this and nothing more I cannot say. Therefore the people brought the emperor the usual offering, only the sheep was of silver and the lamb of gold. And his majesty is said to have been very much amazed at it."

"They say, too," began a third, "that in old times there stood near here a village which has now disappeared. The village possessed inexhaustible silver mines, and the people hardly knew what to do with the excessive riches. Then, as is apt to be the case, they became proud and haughty, and in their arrogance, played nuptials with gold and silver of gold, and committed all sorts of crime besides; and one night the village, with children and maidens, was swallowed up, and at the present day it is hardly known where it stood."

Now the landlady, who came and went with keys and mugs, entered into the conversation of the men. "You have heard the story, but haven't told it correctly. The case of the vanished village is altogether different. The people who dwell there spent good lives and had no bad ones, like ourselves. They were prosperous, but they did not play with golden maidens. Now, it once happened that a whole year passed without a death among the inhabitants of the village, and when all souls came they said, 'Why should we pray and mourn? We have carried nobody to the grave in the last year!' So they were merry and gay, played and danced, and existed in the joyful time of May. Only one woman, who was proud and inclined to take no part in the joyous doings, but went to church in the next village. And when he returned home at evening his village had disappeared. A golden cross only rose above the ground. That was the cross on the church spire. Little by little that sank too, and now grain grows over the place where the village once lay. But from time to time it rises and becomes visible, and there are people living in the village, but they do not talk of such things." Thus spoke the landlady and drew a long breath.

What he had heard gave the stonemason much to think about. He had only half heard what had been said at the drinking table and looked constantly at the drink ring on his finger. When the watchman's cry sounded on the street and the guests left the table for the night, Diethart went to his room. He had traveled a long distance, but sleep would not come to him tonight. He sat up awake on his couch, and thought about his adventure and the beautiful silent maiden. Again he fastened his eyes on the ring and tried to find some engraving mark. The outside was smooth; perhaps there might be something written on the inside, and he drew the ring off his finger.

Then the door opened gently, and into the room stepped the one who had worn the ring before. With joyful fear Diethart's eyes reached out his longing arms to the lovely woman, and the silent maiden sank, blissfully smiling, on his breast, and returned the caresses of the loving youth. When the stars began to grow pale the beautiful, mysterious maid stole away from her lover's arms, and now she gained the power of speech. "Now we must part," she said, "but we shall see each other again. As often as you long for me, take the ring from your finger, and I will come to you."

"And do you tell me nothing more, my heart's love, about yourself and the place where I first saw you?" She looked at him earnestly and laid her finger silently on her mouth. Then she went toward the door. "I am called Signe," answered the beautiful girl. Once more she waved her white hand, then left the room as silently as she had come.

In the courtyard the cocks were crowing to announce the dawn of day. For the young stonemason a blissful time had begun. All day long he worked on the building with hammer and chisel; but when night came on, and the other young men sat behind the full tankards, or joined in the merry dance with their sweethearts, Diethart drank in love and happiness from a rosy mouth, and in the arms of his Signe forgot the world.

"Oh, why has the day so many hours, when I cannot have you with me?" said he once, intoxicated with love, to his beautiful wife. "Why must I only careen you secretly? Why may I not follow you to your silent home?" "Do not wish that," she replied, anxiously. "Woe to me if you should once compel me to take you with me. Listen to me and take my words to heart. I know that you love me above everything, but you men are fickle creatures, and your fidelity is not as steadfast as the everlasting stars. If another woman should gain power over you and your heart should turn away from me, then take this ring which I have given you from your hand and throw it in the deepest well. Then the chain which binds me to you, and you to me, will be broken, you will forget me, and I may never come to you again. But if you should call me after another has taken my place, then you will be obliged to follow me to the place you know, and from there will there be return for you."

The beautiful Signe spoke these words with sadness, but he kissed the tears from her lashes, and swore that he would always be true. The most beautiful girl of all the city was Miss Elsa, the only child of the wealthy architect, but she was proud, and of all the burgess' sons who courted her favor not one was good enough for her. Some weeks since a change had taken place in Elsa. She had taken a fancy to none other than the strange young stonemason who worked for her father. But the youth had no eyes for the young girl's beauty, and the beaming glances which she cast at Diethart's robust, youthful form, when he entered her father's house, made his heart no warmer than the eyes of the carved angel over the church door. That disturbed the patriarch's daughter, but vainly she strove against the love which had arisen in her proud heart.

With a woman's art she knew how to bring it about that Diethart became dearer and dearer to her father, and that finally he came and went in the house daily. With her own hand she poured the golden wine into his glass, and at the same time her arm brushed his brown curly locks as if unaware; she sang to the lute for him her native airs and sweet Italian melodies that she had learned from a foreign master; but Diethart showed only measured politeness and cold respect for all favors bestowed upon him. Jealousy was added to Elsa's love when her sharp eyes noticed how often Diethart gazed at the ring on his finger, and she tried to discover whether another maiden had possession of his heart. There was no one in the city who had bewitched the youth, that she found out easily; but perhaps he had a sweetheart far away. Oh, how she hated this unknown rival!

One day about noon Elsa was passing the new building. It was still within the workmen were taking their midday rest. With hesitating steps she entered the house and found what she had hoped for. Diethart lay stretched out on the floor asleep. Nobody else was about. The maiden bent over the sleeper to kiss his red lips, but just then her eyes fell on the gold ring on the young man's right hand. Jealousy blazed up in her heart. Cautiously she took hold of the ring, slipped it gently from the sleeper's finger and concealed it in her dress. Then Diethart awoke from his sleep. He arose in confusion when he saw the master builder's daughter standing before him in great excitement. He did not notice the loss of the ring; with the ring, everything connected with it had disappeared from his memory, like a writing erased from a slate. Therefore, for the first time, he was aware of Elsa's captivating beauty, and as he, seized by sudden love, held out his arms towards the beautiful form, she fell glowing with love on his breast, and embraced his sunburnt neck. From the tower of the church, which was now completed, the bells were ringing for the first time, and old and young were hastening towards the new house of God, which was to be consecrated today. But the feast of consecration was to be followed by a second, and that seemed quite as important to the people as the first. Elsa, the architect's daughter, courted Diethart, was to give her hand to-day at the altar to the young stonemason Diethart, and the bride's father had provided the richest and most brilliant wedding the city had ever seen. It was a good omen for such a handsome pair as Diethart and Elsa to be the first to be united at the new altar. For both of them were beautiful and stately; that was admitted even by those who envied them, and they were not a few.

The church festival passed off according to the established custom. Then the bridal procession marched to the gayly decorated house of the bride's father, and soon its walls resounded with music and dancing. When the wedding supper was over and Elsa had danced the last dance of honor, the bride's garter was unfasted and each one of the guests had a piece of the blue silk ribbon as a remembrance. The bride's father filled a great silver bumper with sweet wine and drank the health of his children, the bride and groom, and then he turned to the bride and said, "I have never worn a ring before you placed this one on my finger."

"What?" said Elsa, becoming excited. "Will you deny that you wore a ring on your right hand when I first saw you at my father's?" "You are mistaken, Elsa," replied Diethart, growing red. "Oh, you false man!" cried the angry bride. "Shall I hold the ring before your eyes?" And with a swift movement she drew the ring, which she had taken from her sleeping lover, from her bosom, and held it before her husband's eyes. "Will you still deny it?" "Very strange!" said Diethart. "Is it possible that I have worn that ring, my Elsa? Let me see it." He took the ring and placed it on his finger.

Then he drew a deep sigh. "Yes," he said, "I know the ring. Signe, Signe, you have I owe to thee!" Elsa screamed aloud. "Oh, you faithless, you deceitful man! Depart from me and never let me see your face again!" Suddenly she stopped speaking, and cold shivers chilled her to her marrow. They were no longer together in the bridal chamber, but a third person was with them. In the doorway stood the form of a beautiful, pale woman who beamed with her white spirit hand. "Signe!" cried the bridegroom, "thou callest me, and I must come to thee." He sprang up and turned toward the apparition, but before he reached her he fell to the floor.

Elsa's cry of distress had been heard in the hall, where the people were still making merry. When the bride's father, followed by the wedding guests, entered the room, he found his children lying lifeless on the floor. Elsa came back to life, but the confused words which she uttered while the fever kept her for weeks on her bed nobody understood, and when she came well again, and people questioned about the incident of that horrible night, she had not a word to say. All efforts to restore the bridegroom to consciousness were in vain. He had followed his first love to that silent place from which there is no return.—Translated from the German of Rudolf Baumbach by Mrs. Nathan Haskell Dole for The Boston Transcript.

When he was stationed in Canada Lord Wolsey spent a holiday in the interior, where he and his attendants built a wigwam and enjoyed the peaceful solitude of nature. He had not seen an Indian chief, and his knowledge of the individual was derived chiefly from the perusal of the works of Fenimore Cooper. He had a desire to see the real article, and some friends of his living twenty miles away promised to send along the first Indian chief they met.

One morning Lord Wolsey was informed that a nobleman of the west had arrived. With him full of the conventional picture of the high souled, noble minded red man, he went out and found a gentleman clothed in an out-of-date dress suit and waistcoat, who, having had a great deal to do with the Hudson bay traders, knew a fair smattering of French and of English. He talked incessantly for upward of an hour, and at the expiration of that time the general became bored. Feeling in his pocket for a coin, he produced a two shilling piece, and with some fear that he was grossly insulting his guest, offered it to him. The noble Indian looked at it carefully, felt the edges and said, "Can you make it half crown?"—London Correspondence.

The Depopulation of Asia. Portions of Asia—such as Arabia and Persia—from all accounts must have lost half, if not more, of their population during the last thousand years. Great as the slain of Persia fancies himself to be, he is but a puny price compared with the great Darius or Xerxes. Africa has likewise suffered an enormous loss of population since ancient times. We have ample proof that the valley of the Nile once swarmed with life, and all through North Africa, now almost a desert, given up to wild beasts and wild men, civilization once flourished to a remarkable extent.—Golden Days.

HE'S POPULAR IN PARIS.

The Giant American Dentist Who Is Just Now the Rage.

The biggest man in Paris outside of a show is Dr. G. C. Daboll, who went there from Buffalo. He is seven feet high and well proportioned, except that his shoulders are too broad even for a seven footer. His beard excites amazement, being so very thick and black and long, and crowding often gathered around him in the street to gaze at it and him.

But it is as a dentist that he enjoys the highest reputation. When he located in Paris, a French nobleman, who owned a nervous horror of dentist work submitted his mouth to Dr. Daboll, and though he had to lie back with it fastened open for five hours, while the doctor bored and drilled and drilled among the molars, he slept more than half the time. Dr. Daboll's hands are anaesthetic in their touch, and the nobleman declared that the buzz of the boring machine sounded in his head like the humming of bees in a June garden. The doctor's fortune was made. Every nervous Frenchman who could afford it wanted Dr. Daboll for a dentist, and many declare that they never enjoyed a rest more refreshing than that taken while he was digging out the cavities and jamming in the gold.

The doctor recently sailed for the United States to attend the annual meeting of the American dentists, and to get some new instruments of kinds which he thinks are made better in his native land than in Europe.

St. Louis City's October Jubilee. The St. Louis City corn palace opens its fifth annual festival on Oct. 1 and continues for seventeen days. Great preparations are being made for the festival, which promises to be one of the most notable events ever celebrated in Iowa.

The palace building will be 380 feet long and 300 feet to the top of the dome. The great arch in the center completely spans Pierce street.

One wing of the building will contain an auditorium with a seating capacity of 2,000 people. The Mexican National band from the City of Mexico has been engaged for the entire season, and will give two concerts daily. This band is composed of fifty-six skilled musicians, under the leadership of Senor E. Payen, who directed the Mexican band at the cotton centennial at New Orleans in 1884.



SILOUS CITY'S CORN PALACE.

In another wing of the palace will be found an exhibit from Central and South America, which will include over forty varieties of the fine woods, such as mahogany, rosewood, oilwood, etc.; coffee bushes, growing and loaded down with coffee; pineapples just as they are transplanted; cocoanuts on a section of the tree; India rubber plants and india rubber in the crude and manufactured state; banana plants and a score of other varieties of tropical plants; Indian relics and souvenirs; views of country and city life, etc. In the space devoted to this unique exhibit will be erected of cane or bamboo, with thatched roof, a characteristic Central American hut, which will be presided over by a family of natives clothed in their own peculiar costumes.

It is estimated that the palace will be visited by 150,000 people this fall. There will be a number of special excursions from New England, as also from Virginia, North Carolina and other eastern and southern states.

A Splendid Field for Antiquarians.

Now that the British have taken full possession of Manipur, the scene of the latest East India massacre, the antiquarians are full of eagerness to explore the soil of the capital. It is said to be full of relics of earlier ages of mankind, of whom no other trace than their bee shaped dwellings has been found. In other parts of the valley these give place to monoliths, the memorials of another ancient race. The people still preserve curious ancient superstitions, such as dragon worship. For instance, the blood of the late European victims was smeared on the two huge dragon idols before the palace. Most of these superstitions and ceremonies can be traced back to the Nagas, who, in distant years, are supposed to have intermarried with some superior race of invading Aryans, and so become the progenitors of the modern Manipuri.

Has a European Reputation. Dr. William Wilberforce Baldwin, the famous American physician of Florence, Italy, arrived in the United States quite unexpectedly the other day, whereupon it was immediately assumed by one part of the press that he had been called to attend Secretary Blaine, and indignantly denied by another part. Be that as it may, Dr. Baldwin attracts a great deal of attention and is an honor to his country. He is so favorably known in Florence that princes, dukes and such employ him. Among his warmest friends is the Duchess of Teck, cousin of Queen Victoria, and he is invited to visit the Teck family at their home whenever business will permit.

His house in Florence is the favorite place for the American colony and visitors there. His wife is a leader in society, and they have four fine boys, all born in Italy. He remains a most enthusiastic American, raising the star spangled banner over his house on every holiday, Italian or American. When Mrs. Astor was in Florence several years ago she was very ill, and felt so grateful for the skillful treatment of Dr. Baldwin that she presented him with a pearl scarfpiece richly set and very beautiful. The doctor declares that he visited America solely for his own private business.



DR. W. W. BALDWIN.

A Tempter of Providence. "How is it he can't get his life insured?" "He's a poet in the spring, a gentleman jockey in the summer, a football player in the fall and a tobogganist in the winter."—New York Sun.

Sticking to Business.

Workman—Just lend a hand a minute here, will you?
Moneylender (in thought)—Um—yes, at 10 percent on gilt edged security.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Proverb Applied.

"I have no patience with women who write poetry."
"Nor have I. I hold to the adage that a poet is born, not made."—St. Joseph News.

Poor Scribbles!

"Does Scribbles make enough to live on?"
"No; he'd have died long ago if he could have afforded a doctor to make it prompt and easy."—Washington Post.

Had Jumped His Ball Hood.

"Did they find Jenkins guilty?"
"No. He was guilty all right enough, but they could not find him."—Buffalo Express.

Quite a Different Thing.

"Has your wife gone shopping?"
"I'm afraid not. I'm afraid she's gone buying."—Harper's Bazar.

A Whopper.

"Yep," said Old Man Dunlap, "I remember jest as well when the first caravan came through these parts. 'Twas forty years ago last grass. They had the first elephant ever seen hereabouts—ole Bolivar—an' I tell ye he was a buster! After they had got through their performin' ole Bolivar got loose an' went rampagin' round the neighborhood, an' finally brought up down back of St. Pettenhill's haystack. Si'd never seen an elephant, an' 'next mornin' when he turned the corner of his stack an' run smack up in front of ole Bolivar I tell ye it 'sprized him some! He jest stopped, throwed up both hands an' bellowed: 'Gosh all hemlock! What a toad!' an' put fer the house."—Puck.

They Came Too Late.



Western Train Robber—Blankety dash it! You ducks, fork over your money 'fore we blow yer brains out!

Traveler—My dear fellow, you have been anticipated. You forget that there is a colored porter on this train. Good-by—better luck next time!—Texas Siftings.

An Unpleasant Feature.

Two professional blind beggars:
"I say, Bill, what makes me that disgusted with this big I could chuck it up any day is that ben' supposed to have lost the use of our eyes we can't kick the slightest kick when some bloke goes and drops a bogus coin into the 'at and then prances off lookin' virtuous, like as if he'd gone an' done a haet o' charity."—Judge.

Hints for Short Sermons.

Florence is a little girl who is just learning to go to church. Last Sunday when she came home her mother asked her what she thought of the sermon.

"Ugh!" was the irreverent answer, "me sittin' an' sittin' an' sittin' an' goin' doffed, an' the preacher said an' said an' said an' kept on sayin'!"—Washington Star.

His Start in Life.

"I see that Bloomer has made a big haul out west. He bought a tract of land, divided it into small lots and sold them off at a big profit."
"But where did he get his money to start with?"
"He worked his way out there as a porter in a Pullman car."—New York Sun.

A Necessary Adjunct.

Strawber—I want to get a ticket to San Francisco with a stop over at St. Louis.
Ticket Agent—Don't you want a ticket for the other fellow, too?
Strawber—What other fellow?
Ticket Agent—Your guardian. Any man who wants a stop over at St. Louis must have a guardian.—Puck.

Woman's Aid to Woman.

Miss Gossip—I hear your club had a meeting last night.
Miss Dorcas—Yes, indeed. We had a splendid dinner at Delmonico's that cost \$20 a plate, after which our president read a helpful paper on "How to Live on \$500 a Year."—Munsey's Weekly.

The Question of Superiority.

It is said that a woman can pick up a hotter stove plate, notwithstanding her delicate hand, than a man can. This may be, but we think too much stress is laid upon such a trifling fact, for she certainly can't drop it any quicker.—Philadelphia Times.

At the Club.

Hyoller—For goodness sake, Gustava, what kind of a towel is this?
Garcen—Zat ees ze spring chicken!
Hyoller—Well, go get the key, then; wind it up and let's see it work—it was never meant to cut!—New York World.

A Narcissus.

Sauso—Brown is a fine fellow, but he has never been the same since that accident happened to him.
Rodd—What accident?
Sauso—After making his fortune he got mangled on himself.—New York Herald.

The Mark of All His Tribe.

"What is the name of the other vagabond who was with you?" asked the magistrate.
"Jimmy the Calico."
"How did he ever get a name like that?"
"Because he won't wash."—Philadelphia Times.

Time Enough to Get It.

"Have you had much experience in Wall street?"
"Tremendous."
"How long were you there?"
"Twenty minutes."—New York Sun.

An Exceptional Lord.

"Lord Gawly is dangerously ill with brain fever, they say."
"Is that so? It would be a pity if he should have to die just to prove that he had a brain."—Yenowine's News.

A Tempter of Providence.

"How is it he can't get his life insured?"
"He's a poet in the spring, a gentleman jockey in the summer, a football player in the fall and a tobogganist in the winter."—New York Sun.

Sticking to Business.

Workman—Just lend a hand a minute here, will you?
Moneylender (in thought)—Um—yes, at 10 percent on gilt edged security.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Proverb Applied.

"I have no patience with women who write poetry."
"Nor have I. I hold to the adage that a poet is born, not made."—St. Joseph News.

Poor Scribbles!

"Does Scribbles make enough to live on?"
"No; he'd have died long ago if he could have afforded a doctor to make it prompt and easy."—Washington Post.

Had Jumped His Ball Hood.

"Did they find Jenkins guilty?"
"No. He was guilty all right enough, but they could not find him."—Buffalo Express.

Quite a Different Thing.

"Has your wife gone shopping?"
"I'm afraid not. I'm afraid she's gone buying."—Harper's Bazar.

RESCUED FROM THE RUINS.

A Thrilling Incident in Connection with New York's Latest Horror.

There is no busier place in New York city than the intersection of Park place and Greenwich street, two squares west of



REMOVING THE BODIES.

the postoffice and in the center of the heaviest printing business west of Broadway. And never is it busier than at 12:30 on Saturdays, when the usual half holiday has but just begun. And just at that hour came the most appalling calamity the metropolis has suffered in many years—the collapse of the Taylor building, which extends 150 feet along Park place.

A few children were at play on the sidewalk, and in the restaurant every seat was occupied, and a few men stood by waiting for a seat. There was a sudden jar, a grinding sound, a flash of dust and smoke and flame—then instant death to at least a hundred persons. The whole vast building swayed, quivered for a second, collapsed and sank in a murderous mass upon the victims. In less time than it takes to tell it the wreck was wrapped in flames and dark yellow sheets of fire were pouring from the adjoining windows. In five minutes more the police cordon was formed and several engines were pouring water on the ruins.

Another five minutes and tens of thousands of people pressed upon the police, while here and there were heard screams and sobs and unavailing cries for friends and relatives known to have been in the building or near it. The saddest group, perhaps, was in the house of Eugene F. Heagerty, near by, whose three children were on the sidewalk just before the crash. The frantic father screamed and struggled to get to the ruin, but was held back. As fast as the fire would permit, the eager workers tore away the bricks and timbers, and at the end of two hours and a half a wild cry was heard.

"A child! A child! alive!" Two heavy timbers had fallen side by side and over them an iron shutter. Under it was heard the cry of a little girl. The bricks and timbers flew like feathers, and in another instant fireman Edward S. Mulligan had her in his arms, badly burned, it is true, but not fatally hurt. He held her up and a great cry arose. It was echoed cheer on cheer through all the adjacent streets.



MAMIE HEAGERTY'S RESCUE.

gan had her in his arms, badly burned, it is true, but not fatally hurt. He held her up and a great cry arose. It was echoed cheer on cheer through all the adjacent streets.

"A girl—a nine-year-old girl—and alive—yes, alive under all that wreck!" And then more cheers for the gallant fireman. And yet was the cheering less strange than the weeping. The ordinarily reserved New York nature gave way, and hundreds of people in whom one would have thought the emotions to be dead sobbed in their excitement. It was Mamie Heagerty, whose parents were crazed with grief. Her little three-year-old sister, Annie, had died near her, but her brother, Peter, five years old, had gone away just before the collapse and thus escaped.