



OUR SAVES BY A BOY.

AT sunset on a fine spring evening, there was a great stir and bustle in a quiet little upland village of the Tyrol, the southwesternmost province of Austria. War had broken out between Austria and France, and the French were advancing with a large army toward the Austrian border; so that the Tyrolese hills, which lay nearest to them would be likely to feel the first sweep of their fury.

Great was the excitement, and varied were the reports that flew about. Some said the invaders were coming from the south, on the side of Italy; other were equally sure that they were coming from the north, on the side of Germany. But, anyhow, it was certain that they were coming and that when they came they would burn every house and kill every man that fell in their way.

But the brave German mountaineers were not the men to be scared by any danger, however sudden and terrible.

The head man of the village, Hans Godrel, was himself an old soldier, and needed no one to teach him what to do when an enemy was coming. He at once set everybody to work, building barricades of felled trees, laying heavy stones along the hillside to roll down upon the assailants, and posting his best marksmen in the thicket on either side of the road by which the French must come; and he was especially careful to stock with fresh wood the beacon on the hilltop that overhung the village, and to station a trusty man beside it, with orders to light the signalfire the moment he caught sight of the advancing enemy.

This was a fine time for the village boys, and, above all, for little Gottfried Godrel, Hans' son, who now saw for the first time the stir and excitement of war, which he had hitherto known only from his father's stories.

All day long he and his comrades paraded the little village with toy flags fastened to sticks, or went into the pine woods to play at fighting the French, lying in wait behind the trees like riflemen, and then suddenly bursting forth upon their imaginary enemies with a tremendous "Heilsa!" (hurrah).

But as day passed after day, and nothing was seen or heard of the French, the mountain men began to relax their watchfulness, and to grumble at having to stand on guard all day, looking out for an enemy that never came, when they wanted to be going on with their work and earning money. One man wished to attend to his goats, another to cut his wood, a third to get ready his butter and cheese for the next market.

Poor Hans Godrel had hard work to keep his recruits together, and, in fact, but for the fear of being laughed at and called cowards, they would probably have all gone off in a body.

The worst grumbler of all was a big, bony, ill-looking wood-cutter called Franz Listig, and when the men were mustered one morning for their usual duty, and Franz was missing, every one took it for granted that he had got tired of the service and had gone home in disgust. But presently a hunter came in from the higher ridges, who had found Listig's cap and hat on the edge of a precipice, along which there were marks of sliding feet in the snow, as if someone had slipped and fallen over the brink.

"See now, my sons," shouted Godrel's deep, strong voice, amid the general silence of horror, "what happens to skulkers and deserters. He who turns his back on the flag of the Fatherland can never come to a good end."

The old soldier's dery words sank deep into every heart, and there was no more grumbling for the next day or two.

On the third evening after Listig's disappearance a great cloud of smoke was seen to go up suddenly from the hilltop above the village.

The signal-fire was kindled!

"The French are coming!" ran from mouth to mouth.

Every man cocked his gun and stood ready at his post, while the boys, with little Gottfried at their head, rushed at a breakneck pace up the steep side of Beacon Hill to catch their first glimpse of the advancing enemy.

All along the great plain below a rolling dust cloud was rising like a mist, and through it appeared long lines of blue-coated grenadiers with glittering bayonets, and trains of horses dragging cannon, and masses of helmeted dragoons, and bussars all ablaze with gold lace, flourishing their shining sabres.

But the dauntless mountain lads looked down upon the terrible magnificence of the spectacle as coolly as if it were only a circus.

"If there are not guns enough for us, we can roll down stones on the Frenchmen!" cried Gottfried, manfully. "They won't get up here quite so easily as they think."

But it soon appeared that they were not thinking of "getting up" at all, for, instead of turning off toward the hills, they kept straight on across the plain, and vanished at length into the gathering darkness of night. Evidently they meant to attack some other point, and the long-expected assault was not coming, after all!

Then Godrel's band broke up at once, with a good deal of mingled growling and laughing. Some of the men were rather sulky at having taken so much trouble for nothing, but others made fun of the "chicken-hearted Frenchmen," for whom one look at the Tyrolese hills had been enough, and one or two who had not looked very happy when the first alarm was given, now began to hold their heads high and to talk big of what they would have done if the French had come on in earnest.

The next day everybody was at work again as usual. Hans Godrel himself did not think it worth while to keep watch, now that the French had gone past, and even the man who tended the beaconfire came and went to his hut.

But there was one person in the village who was not quite so confident as the rest, and that was little Gottfried Godrel. He remembered all that his father had told him of the devices used in war to deceive the enemy and throw him off his guard.

True, it was not easy to see what

to one side, he would be crushed to death on the spot; but he cared not for that. Down, down, down he flew, dizzy and breathless, till suddenly there came a violent shock, and the flying log stood still, and he saw, dimly as if in a dream, the outermost huts of the village before him, while beside him stood two men, staring at him as if they had seen a ghost.

"The French—the Rudelsberg goat-track!" was all he could say; but it was quite enough.

"Karl," cried the younger of the two to his comrade, "off with you, and tell the lads to get their guns, and run for their lives to the Rudelsberg. I'll go on before and hew down the bridge."

And away flew Kaspar the wood-cutter, axe in hand, while Karl darted off in the opposite direction.

The bridge of which Kaspar spoke was a rude plank framework which spanned a deep black chasm worn by a torrent in the side of the Rudelsberg. Just at the narrowest and most dangerous point of the goat-path along which the enemy were advancing. This bridge once broken, the march of the French would be effectually stopped; but could he get there in time?

Kaspar was famous for his swiftness of foot; but never—not even when he won a race against all the best runners of the district—had he made such speed as now. The snow was more than ankle-deep, but he dashed through it like a mountain goat, and at length, spent and gasping for breath, came out upon the narrow ledge-path, and saw that he was the only living thing upon it.

So far, so good; but at any moment the foremost Frenchman might come round the corner on the other side of the bridge, and there was no time to be lost. To work went the trusty ax, and the white splinters and chips of wood flew up in the air like a shower of spray.

One plank was cut through, a second, a third, and now the trembling bridge hung by a single support over the black abyss below, when suddenly, not fifty yards from the brink of chasm, there issued from behind a projecting crag the tall figure and dark, sallow face of a French grenadier. And beside him stood the missing woodman, Franz Listig, who had betrayed the path to his country's enemies.

But just at that moment Kaspar's quick ear caught the trample of hurrying feet behind him, and knew that his comrades were coming up to the rescue.

"Let them kill me now, if they like!" he muttered through his clenched teeth. "There are enough of our lads behind to stop them, and my work is done!"

One more sturdy blow and the broken bridge fell thundering and crashing into the abyss. But mingling with the crash came a sharp report and stifled cry. The baffled assailant had vented his rage on poor Kaspar with a volley of musketry, and the gallant fellow lay bleeding in the snow.

But he did not fall unavenged. The concussion of the air, caused by the firing, loosened the great mass of snow that hung threatening overhead, and down it came with a rush and a roar like the bursting of a mighty wave, hurling headlong into the fearful gulf below the three foremost Frenchmen and their traitor guide, Franz Listig. The rest turned and fled, and the village was saved—saved by one daring child!

As for poor Kaspar, he was hit in no less than three places, and his comrades shook their heads and exchanged gloomy looks as they raised him and bore him slowly homeward. But he recovered in the end, and lived to tell for many a year afterward how hundreds of armed men had been baffled by the courage and cleverness of a single boy.

WHAT THE BARBER DID.

And All Because He Was Told to Cut It Short.

When the horny-handed son of toil came into the backroom of the laborer's Rest with his hair cut so short that a pair of tweezers could not help it he was greeted by a great chorus of derisive remarks.

"Cut it short; cut it short," he fairly shouted through the din.

"That's what's the matter with it," answered the crowd, and they gazed him till he ordered the drinks and restored the place to quiet.

"Lemme tell you," he said in explanation as one after another of the crowd rubbed his hands over his head, "you see, I goes into the barber shop around the corner, and the scissors snipper there puts me in a chair and begins chinnin' about the Chinese war. 'Cut it short,' says I, 'I'm in a hurry.' And he shuts up and goes snippin' away, and purty soon he begins again about the way the Republicans had done for Bryan, and I puts in and says: 'Cut it short, pardner; cut it short,' and he shuts up and goes snippin' away, and I rests back in the chair feelin' as comfortable as a millionaire, and he gets another start and wags his jaw onto the President's message and I says, says I: 'Cut it short; cut it short,' and he closes his talker and snips along, and I has my eyes shut restin' as peaceful as a baby 'thinkin' about nothin' and purty soon he begins again on the mean way they treated old man Kruger over there among the crowned heads of Europe, and he wakes me up, and I says, says I: 'Will you cut it short?' and he begs my pardon and goes snippin' along as easy as a nurse at a sick bed, and I snoozes and dreams, and purty soon he gets gits again about the Philippines, and I says: 'Fer the last time, will you cut it short?' and then I sets up in the chair and gits a look at my top end in the glass, and this is what I see. What I says to the barber won't do to speak of amongst gents, but he stands there so meek like and innocent sayin' all the time that I told him to cut it short, that I gits out of the chair after a bit, and gives him a dime and tells him if the fool-killer had been in that afternoon, there would be two funerals to-morrow, and then I goes out and the barber stands by the window watchin' me till I gits around the corner and lookin' hurtled clean through, as if it wasn't his fault, and anyhow whose was it?"

A woman who will not lie about anything else will lie to her dressmaker about needing her new dress a day or two before she really needs it.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Mother (reading telegram)—Henry telegraphs that the game is over and he came out of it with three broken ribs, a broken nose and four teeth out.

Father (eagerly)—And who won?

Mother—He doesn't say.

Father (impatiently)—Confound it all! That boy never thinks of anybody but himself. Now, I'll have to wait until I get the morning paper.—Puck.

A Matter of Confidence.

"How did he acquire the reputation of being such a brilliant man?" inquired one voter.

"By means of his convincing manner," answered the other. "He got people to believing that he thoroughly understood his own arguments, and they regarded him as a genius."—Washington Star.

Justifiably Postponed.



Mamma—What's the matter, Johnnie?

Johnnie—Hoo-hoo-hoo! yesterday I fell down and hurt myself.

Mamma—Well, what are you crying to-day for?

Johnnie—You weren't home yesterday.—Columbus Dispatch.

A Fetching Compliment.

She was not from Chicago.

"Do not anger me," she said.

"How am I to know when you are angry?" he asked.

"I always stamp my feet," she answered.

He looked down at her dainty shoes.

"Impossible," he said; "there isn't room for a stamp on either of them."

That fetched her.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Preparatory Course.

"Your son doesn't seem to be doing anything but play base-ball and row on the river, and all that sort of thing. I thought you said you were going to send him to school and prepare him for college?"

"No; I said I was going to prepare him for college, that's all."—Philadelphia Press.

Sentiment in Circulation.

"Never propose to a girl by letter."

"Why not?"

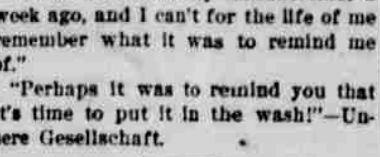
"I did it once, and she stuck the letter in a book she was reading and lent it to my other girl."—Chicago Record.

Been Expecting It.

Mr. Lurker—Excuse me, Miss Snapper, but I have long sought this opportunity—

Miss Snapper—Never mind the preamble, Mr. Lurker. Run along in and ask pa. He's been expecting this would come for the past two years.—Tid-Bits.

A Plausible Explanation.



"I tied a knot in my handkerchief a week ago, and I can't for the life of me remember what it was to remind me of."

"Perhaps it was to remind you that it's time to put it in the wash!"—Unseere Gesellschaft.

Matrimonial Lottery.

Miss Atkins—Do you believe in church lotteries? De Witte—Well—er—I rather like church weddings.—Puck.

His Disheartening Outlook.

Mrs. Goode—You are the sixth man who has asked me for something to eat to-day.

The Tramp (sadly)—I s'pose so. If de competition in dis life gits any wuss, some of us'll have to go to work.—Brooklyn Life.

Too Bad.

Mr. Bingo—That's just like a man. Bingo—What have I done now?

Mr. Bingo—I spent a day making that pillow, and now you've put your head on it.—Harper's Bazar.

Very Dangerous.

"It's dan'jus," said Uncle Eben, "to git into de way o' complainin'. A man kin allus stop workin' to kick, but it comes hard to stop kickin' to work."—Washington Star.

He Wanted Tew Know.

Ticket-seller (in theater box office)—Seats in the parquet are \$3 and in the dress circle \$2.

Uncle Pumpkinduster (of Swamp Junction)—Say, be that your 'askin' price' or what you expect tew get?—Puck.

Childhood Recollections.

Admiring Son—Were you the smartest boy in school, pa, when you were as old as I am?

Reminiscence Father—If I wasn't it wasn't the teacher's fault. He did his best to make me smart.—Louisville Journal.

The Ravages of Time.

Mrs. Waller—I'm sure the constant anxiety must have been terribly wear-

The Real Reason.

Mrs. Hauskeep—Yes, my new girl formerly worked for Mrs. DeStyle. She claims she left there of her own accord, but I think she was discharged.

Mrs. Kaul—What makes you think so?

Mrs. Hauskeep—I judge so from certain things she's let fall since she's been here.

Mrs. Kaul—What were they?

Mrs. Hauskeep—Disheva—Philadelphia Press.

Discovered at Last.

"You've got an ear-trumpet, I see. That's what I've been telling you to do for two years."

"Oh! Is that what you've been telling me for the last two years?"—Puck.

Might Do There.

"Maude thinks of applying for a position as soprano in a church choir."

"Well, there's a church for the deaf up on 7th street."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Dangerous.

The Office Boy—I was 'inkin' of lookin' for another job.

The Messenger Boy—You better look out. You might git one where you'd have to work.—Puck.

His Definition.

Willie—Pa, what is a publisher?

Author—My son, a publisher is a squatter on the unearned increment of thought.—Life.

Why He Loved Her.

"Are you proud of your baking powder biscuit?" he asked.

"I should think not," she replied. "I've tried dozens of times, but I never could equal those made by the cook."

"Has any one ever told you that your pie crust exceeds anything in that line ever before made?"

"Never. My pie crust is worse than my biscuit."

"Are you an adept at preparing dainty little desserts?"

"Oh, I've done something in that way, of course," she answered, "but I never would think of doing the cooking for any one for whom I really cared."

He gave a sigh of relief.

"Will you marry me?" he asked.—London Answers.

Didn't Count.

Clergyman—My child, beware of picking a toadstool instead of a mushroom. They are easy to confuse.

Child—That be all right, sur. Us bain't a-goin' to eat 'em ourselves—they're a-goin' to market to be sold.—Tit-Bits.

Extravagance.



Rich Widow—Yes, my poor dear husband died in Florida. We had three doctors.

Dr. Sawyer (sotto voce)—What extravagance, when one doctor could have killed him.

Convalescence.

Jinks—What's the matter, old man? Haven't seen you for two weeks and you look like you had been ill for a month.

Spunks—Only a little attack of vacation, but the doctor says that a week of my regular daily work will bring me around all right.—Denver News.

Her Definition.

"Yes," said Miss Cayenne, "he is undoubtedly a cynic."

"What is your idea of a cynic?"

"He is a person who keeps you continually in doubt whether he is unusually clever or unusually disagreeable."—Washington Star.

Attentions.

"You don't send me any more violets or American beauties or boxes of candy," she murmured.

"No," answered Mr. Hykins. "But that is no sign I am not as attentive as ever. If you would rather have violets and roses and boxes of candy than the cabbage and potatoes and sardine steaks that I send around say the word. Your slightest wish shall be gratified even if I have to eat at a dairy lunch-room."

New Golf Stick.

"I see that you have added to your collection of golf sticks, Miss Frocks."

"No," answered Miss Frocks. "I do not understand you, Mr. Postlethwaite," rejoined Miss Frocks. "My collection of golf sticks has been complete, so far as I know."

"Perhaps, but I saw Cholly Goslin on the course with this morning's"—Harper's Bazar.

Man and Modes.

"What did Alice wear to the box party, Harry?"

"She had on a spotted silk frock, a kind of pink velvet windmill in her hair and a white lace cascade hanging down her back."—Chicago Record.

Her Distinct Advance.

"British Museum Newton, the archaeologist, was a capital story teller, and Mr. Hare has preserved two or three of his tales. One is a spiritualistic seance, where an old cockney was informed that the spirit manifested was his deceased wife, whereupon the following dialogue took place:

"Is that you, Arriet?"

"Yes, it is me."

"Are you 'appy, 'Arriet?"

"Yes, very 'appy."

"'Appier than you was with me, 'Arriet?"

"Yes, much 'appier."

"Where are you, 'Arriet?"

"In 'ell."—A. J. Hare's "Story of My Life."

Immense Coal Beds.

The beds of the immense coal fields, lately discovered in Zululand extend downward to forty-five feet in places and the coal is of good quality.

Disappointment doesn't affect men and women the same. When a man runs across an old love letter he writes to his wife he laughs, but his wife cries.

TAKING SHOTS AT HORSES.

Photographer. Most Unhappy Tricks to Get Good Pictures.

"It is no easy matter to make a good horse picture," said Alfred J. Meyer of Pach Brothers, "although every amateur thinks himself equal to the task. A horse must be taken from the proper point or his owner will not recognize the picture. If the camera is too near the subject certain points will be exaggerated in the photograph. The best results are obtained by placing the horse on a slight incline, so that the hind feet are a trifle higher than the hind feet. This position throws the head up. Then snapping the fingers or making any slight noise will cause the animal to prick up his ears, and at the moment when he is in this position of attention the photographer makes the picture."

"When horses in harness are to be photographed they must be posed on level ground or on a slight incline. To make them look alive a hat or card is sometimes scaled in front of them, and at the moment when they look up the snap shot is made. When pictures of horses in action are made we usually place the camera near the ground, and by that means we get the best hoof position, which cannot be secured when the camera is held or placed at the ordinary height. To make pictures of jumping horses the same method is employed, and the height of the jump is sometimes exaggerated by placing the camera below the track level. An excavation is made in the ground for that purpose, and pictures made from there increase the apparent height of hurdles and make a small jump look something remarkable."—New York Tribune.



Max Pemberton has in contemplation a novel dealing with Cambridge university life. He is a graduate of Calus college.

The latest volume in which Jeanette Gilder has discovered material for a drama is Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield's new story, "The Archbishop and the Lady."

It is pleasing to note that the author of "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid" has dedicated her new novel, "The Ex-patriates," to her husband, Arthur Hoyt Bogue. Mrs. Bogue, who is at present living in New York, intends to continue her literary work and her author's readings.

Miss Lydia Farrington Krause, better known as Barbara Yecheon, has published through Houghton, Mifflin & Co. "Fortune's Boats." The story has been running serially in the Churchman. Miss Krause never fails to give one a pleasing picture of the freshness and the purity of girlhood.

Amelia E. Barr has completed a novel called "Souls of Passage," a story based upon the doctrine of reincarnation, which Dodd, Mead & Co. publish. She is at present planning a novel centering around Cromwell, in which she will endeavor to illustrate the domestic side of his character.

"The English-American," a novel of love and adventure, the scenes of which are laid in England and America, is a book by Emma Homan Thayer, presented by the Continental Publishing Company. Mrs. Thayer, it will be recalled, is the author of "Wild Flowers of the Rocky Mountains" and "Wild Flowers of the Pacific Coast."

A story of Jane Austen's dealings with her Bath publisher relates how, like Milton, she sold her first book for \$50 outright. The publisher allowed "Northanger Abbey" to lie on his desk for fifteen years, when Miss Austen bought back her manuscript at its original figure. She had become famous during the time, but obviously this had not affected the Bath publisher.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

Policies of insurance made in another state where the applicant resides and where the policies are delivered to him are held, in Mutual Life Insurance Company vs. Dingley (C. C. App. 9th C.), 49 L. R. A. 322, to be subject to the statutes of New York, when they are made, executed and payable in that state, and the premiums are to be paid there, and they contain a waiver of the service of notices required by statute.

Constitutional amendment giving the Supreme Court jurisdiction in all cases, both of the law and the facts, is held, in Cassel vs. Tracy (L. A.), 49 L. R. A. 272, to require the remanding of a case which was pending on appeal when the amendment was adopted, but in which the record did not present the evidence or an agreed statement of facts. This was done in order that on a second trial the testimony could be reduced to writing and give opportunity for the Supreme Court to discharge its constitutional duty of judging the facts as well as the law of the case.

Liability of bank directors for deposits received after they knew the bank to be insolvent or in failing circumstances is held, in Utley vs. Hill (Mo.), 49 L. R. A. 323, not to extend to deposits received when they actually believed it to be solvent, merely because they neglected to investigate or keep posted as to its affairs. The case also holds that false statements in a report to the State Department would not make the directors liable to a common-law action for deceit in favor of one who deposited in reliance on the report, if the statements were made in good faith, believing them to be true.

An Easy-Going State.

Bishop Thompson of Mississippi said the other day: "I suppose there is a larger percentage of old men in Mississippi than in any other State—at least, it seems so to me, and I have been in a good many. By old men I mean from 80 to 90. They are not decrepit old men, who hug the fireside, but are quite lively old fellows." How do you account, bishop, for this large proportion of old men in Mississippi? asked someone. "Well," said the bishop, "there is no chance to become rich in Mississippi. Everybody knows it and does not worry himself into an early grave trying to."

Something to Be Dreaded.

Among the latest wonderful contrivances is one that has been invented by an electrician of Clonsburg, Austria. It is described as an electrical apparatus which enables a person to sit in a dark room and behold a scene in another part of the town, or in a distant town, regardless of intervening obstacles. He ascertains that his instrument transmits light waves, just as sound waves are transmitted by a telephone.

You can't get bread from a stone, but you can get money from a gold brick.

WAYS THAT ARE DARK.

A Few of Them Exposed in a Conversation in a Car.

"She told me I looked pale," said the serious-faced girl on the car. "And so she took me upstairs and put some rouge on my cheeks and sent me off to the party feeling like an Easter egg."

"She said I was lovely, however, and I admit that I thought the embellishment rather becoming when I gazed in the mirror at my pinky reflection. But I had a miserable time at Mary's. I had forgotten to ask my hostess whether my complexion was a fast color or not, so when the rest bobbed for apples in the most ridiculously undignified fashion, I was obliged to abstain for fear of emerging many shades whiter than when I went in."

"