THE LORDS OF LABOR.

They come, they come, in a glorious march, You can hear their steam-steeds neigh. As they dash through Skill's triumphal arch. Or plunge 'mid the dancing spray. Their bale fires blaze in the mighty forge, Their life-pulse throbs in the mill, Their lightnings shiver the gaping gorge, And their thunders shake the hill. Hol these are the Titans of toil and trade,

The heroes who wield no sabre; But mightier conquests reapeth the blade That is borne by the Lords of Labor. Brave hearts like jewels light the sod. Through the mists of commerce shin And souls flash out, like stars of God, From the midnight of the mine. shine.

No palace is theirs, no castle great, No princely pillar'd hall; But they well may laugh at the roofs of state Neath the heaven which is over all. Hol these are the Titans of toil and trade,

The heroes who wield no sabre; But mightler conquests reapeth the blade Which is borne by the Lords of Labor.

Each bares his arm for the ringing strife That marshals the sons of the sol, And the sweat-drops shed in their battle of life Are gems in the crown of toll. And better their well-worn wreaths, I trow, Than laurels with life-blood wet; And nobler the arch of a bare, bold brow

Than a clasp of a coronet. Then hurrah for each hero, although his deed Be unblown by the trump or tabor.

For holier, happier far is the meed That crowneth the Lords of Labor! -James Mcfarlane.

FINDING MAMMA.

How Susie Searched for Her, and Where She Found Her.

"As for man, his days are as grass As the flower of the field so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.'

"Men go to sea, and never return. It may be the prince of a nation that the ocean wraps in its chilling waters; it may be an unknown stowaway, disowned and dishonored. Death comes to all alike. His stealthy tread ad-vances often unheralded. It therefore becomes us all, in whatever age or rank of lite we are, to be prepared. 'As for man, his days are as grass,' repeated the minister.

Would he never stop? Susie knew he had been talking for at least three hours. In reality, the poor man had just commenced his sermon; but there was no denying the facts, that it was a very warm day, that the pew had a very hard seat and a very stiff back, and that Susie was a very little girl. Her feet didn't come near the floor. In fact, the seat was so high that it was as much as grandma could do to touch hers. Grandma sat in the corner and Susie at the end of this oldfashioned pew. They always went to church together since mamma died and papa went away in the great ship with the patch on the sail, that Susie and grandma watched out of sight.

Grandma let Susie sit in the end because it made her feel so important, and sometimes had the effect of keeping her still. But to-day poor little Susie didn't know what to do. She looked around the little church. It seemed as though nearly all the old folks had gone to sleep, but, of course, they hadn't; it only looked that way. Then she watched the grandfather long-legs on Deacon Dodd. He crawled slowly up the deacon's stiffly starched Sunday collar. The deacon's hair, stiff and straight with Sunday oil, just met the colar; so Sir Longlegs had little trouble in mounting to the deacon's bald spot, in the center of which he stopped to rest. Susie thought that if his body was only a little larger, and his legs a great deal longer and spread out evenly over that shiny bald place, he would look just like the black lace crown of Mrs. Deacon's white bonnet. He didn't grow, hough for fully a minute. So she turned her attention to Elder Brown. Why did he nod so slewly and reverently at everything the minister said, and then jerk his head back suddenly and look around at the congregation? Susie thought that it was very considerate in him to nod assent so affably to all the minister said, and concluded she would do it too. So she wagged her little head slowly and solemnly forward and back. But what was the use? It made her dizzy: besides, did minister notice such a little girl as she? She glanced out the window. O, the blue sky, the golden sunshine, the green grass, and the many colored flowers outside! A rose vine, clambering up the old church wall, peeped saucily in, and shook two pink roses at Susie. It seemed as though they blushed and smiled at her alone, and the leaves were just so many fingers beckoning to her to come outside, away from the sleepy deacon, the tiresome sermon and the stiffbacked pew. "If I could only go," thought Susie. "I don't believe the minister would sare. I don't believe he cares anything about little girls at all. He isn't talking to me, anyway. He says: 'Men are like grass.' I'm not a man. I don't believe I'm like grass, either. My dear mamma never said so. She called me 'a butterfly,' 'a rosebud,' and her 'own sweet birdie.' O, mamma! mamma, why did you die and leave me all alone?' Two great tears rolled down Susie's cheeks, and left two spots on her Sunday dress. A gay bird lighted on a tree near by and chirped, and whistled and flew away. Susie heard him, and could see through her tears that the roses were still blushing and beckoning more smilingly than ever. She glanced at grandma. The old lady was fast asleep. "She won't care, anyway," thought

short, stubby, independent tail, and a general air of importance. He stopped in front of Susie, wagged his tail, barked in a friendly manner, and trotted briskly away. He did not go far, however, but came back and repeated

his attempts at making friends. "Do you want me to come with you, doggy?" asked Susie. Doggy barked "Yes," so Susie walked down the steps, and the little girl and little dog were soon tripping down the street like old friends.

A Sabbath stillness was in the air; no stir of human industry marred the restful quiet; only the soft music of birds and insects and breezes playing with leaves and grassblades.

"Doggy, I wonder if we can't find mamma. Grandma says 'she's gone away beyond the sky,' and lots of times I've tried to see her;' cause, you know, doggy, I think, may be she looks down at me sometimes. Shouldn't you think she would? But I've never seen her yet; for a day like this, when the blue shows so plain the sun is always so bright it hurts my eyes, and when it rains the clouds hide the sun, they hide away the pretty blue, too; so of course I couldn't see then. Isn't it too bad, doggy? her But look, doggy! Way down there in Deacon Dodd's meadow lot the blue sky comes right down to the fence, and may be mamma'll be watching for us, and lift us right in."

Doggy listened very intelligently to all this, and when his little friend hastened on, he kept close behind her. On and on they hurried; but when they reached the place the poor little feet were very tired, the little shoes were very dusty, there was a great tear in the little dress where a cruel thorn had caught it and had scratched one little hand, too, and there were tears in the pretty blue eyes when she said: "O, doggy, isn't it too bad? It isn't here, after all, but way over by the woods, and I'm awful tire.l; aren't

you, doggy?" Doggy sat down in a crestfallen manner. Susie certainly looked very crestfallen, but in a moment she

brightened up, saying: "Never mind, doggy; it isn't so very much farther, and when we get there we'll be sure to get rested. I'm afraid it'll be harder to climb up through. I don't know as we could climb a tree, but maybe there'll be a stump we can stand on, and mamma'll reach down and take us. I know she'll reach down if we can't climb up, and when she holds us we'll be sure to get rested. I never used to get tired at all when my mamma held me, but I'm tired so much since she went up there.

"O, hurry, doggy!" cried Susie. "Those ugly clouds have hid the blue, but perhaps we can see it in the woods."

But when they reached the woods poor Susie sat down in despair. She was tired and hungry, it was getting dark, and the rain kept falling faster and faster.

"O, doggy!" she sobbed, "it's no use. I've lost my mamma and can't find her, and now I believe I've lost grandma, too."

When the sermon was ended and the closing hymn was given out, Susie's grandma was surprised to miss her. After the benediction, she spoke to a number of people about it. "Where can she be?" was asked by all, and several commenced a search for her. When the storm came up more people started out. There was no evening service at church, for by that time the whole town was aroused, but the minister's prayer, "Our Father, watch over and guard the lost one, aid and comfort the sorrowing ones looking for her, we pray thee, was echoed by many hearts. It was morning when they found her, very wet and fast asleep. Tenderly the little figure was lifted and carried gently home, the little dog following sorrowfully, with down-cast head and drooping tail. Loving hands laid her on soft pillows, rubbed the tired, cold little feet and placed cool cloths on the hot head. All that day and night she slept, and her dumb friend watched mournfully beside her with grandma and the doctor, pricking up his ears and wag-ging his tail intelligently when the red lips murmured. as they often did; "Almost there, doggy; surely we are almost there;" or, "We'll find her soon, doggy; yes, very, very soon." Dawn came. Everything seemed more beautiful after the recent storm. The rain had dusted and polished the leaves till they shone and glistened in the gay, bright sunlight. A sunbeam stole through the shutter, kissed the curl by Susie's cheek. and crept across her closed evelids. They opened suddenly; but the blue beneath them had a far-away look, and the little girl seemed listening to a voice no others heard. The watchers looked on in breathless silence. Her expression became more attentive, more rapt. "Almost there, dog-gy; don't you hear her call us?" Sud-denly she gave a joyful cry, "O, mamma!" and then more faintly, "My own dear mamma!" The lids once more and forever hid the lovely eyes beneath their snowy covers; the roses left her cheeks; but the smile rested on the silent lips. The little hands folded contentedly together, as though clasping unseen but well loved fingers. A soft sigh-and Susie had found her mamma. - Carrie Clark, in Interior.

CURIOSITY COLLECTORS.

A Denver Dude Who has a Collection Japanese Fans.

Some people have a mania for wastmaniac, but he goes on as undisturbing, others for saving. There have been misers and spendthrifts since the ed as if he were accumulating gold by the cubic foot. world began and will be until it ends. The collector, toy or girl, man or Although the accumulation of wealth woman, probably supplies a vacancy is perhaps the strongest in the majoriin the world, but if he were to disap ty of people who strive to possess ear it is not probable that he would something, yet there are many who possess a mania for collecting be missed. It would be like putting your finger in a bowl of water, drawodd and curious articles of more or ng it out and looking for the hole. less value. Many persons of wealth, whether they have taste or not are fond of spending their money for Peck's Bun.

alleged works of art, objects of vertu, brie-a-braic, and, in short, anything which will lead the masses to believe them connoisseurs. Others, with mopeople. derate means and taste, by the judicious expenditure of their means, can secure objects to beautify their homes, diers who are heroes, who risk their active objects to be attrivited in the hones. not deform them. Any one with the least shrewdness of observation will admit that the old adage, "There is no disputing about tastes," is strictly all the taffy that they receive, but there are other heroes who should be mentioned occasionally. Within the past two weeks a dozen firemen have rushed true when he encounters half a dozen into burning buildings to save life and collectors of something or other. property, and they have gone down to

Although the feminine portion of hu-manity is supposed to be essentialy weak When it comes tocollecting trifles as light as air, yet there are men with as much, or perhaps greater, vanity than the softer sex. Perhaps there is through the head or heart, in battle, not a girl in the city who hasn't her compared to the death of a fireman in room decorated with placques, picture cards, chromos, or something of the kind, but there is a young, dudish fela burning building. Soldiers who go into battle once in a life-time, with a low, clerk in a dry goods store in Den-ver, can carry off the plam. His ma-nia is Japanese fans, and his room in one of the blocks in the city would be well worth 25 cents admission to see. dangerous places than soldiers ever do. The soldier who is crippled has a rea-The ceiling and walls are completely hidden by tans of all shapes and sizes. The head and foot-board of his bed are radiant with Japanese beauties, daubthe pension, and his body may be buried in a national cemetery, and a

ed on cheap paper with cheaper paint. A young lady on Champa street has a crazy quilt made from the silk linings of 300 dismantled hats yielded to her clutching fingers by adoring swains, who were perfectly willing, when solicited, to give up the bright-est thing about their heads. But she has done the fair thing by the boys, and every square bears the autograph of the man to whom the lining of the hat belonged. As she sleeps under the quilt she certainly has pleasant dreams.

ary beyond the time the walls fell. There is no pension, no monument, no Another young lady, also on Champoem, no oration, nothing but oblivpa street, is a collector of hanker-chiefs. She has laid her male friends under contribut on, and woe be to the young man who exhibits a handsome wipe in her presence. Just how many risk his life a dozen times each year. nose muzzlers she has no one knows, but she appeared at a faney dress carnival one night in an elegant gown made entirely of hankerchiefs.

air. The clerk who measures calico It is a common thing for many young men to adorn their rooms with gets more salary than the fireman. In most cities these brave and noble men the pictures of actresses, who they are on a par, in the way of salary, with palm off on the unknowing as young the street car conductor. Citizens adv mashes, but in marked contrast who are protected in their lives and to the dude with the fans and the othproperty by the blue-coated firemen ers of the same ilk struck on photographs is a young man, not excessiveand they never visit the engine house y muscular in development, who is to get acquainted. A hero who is as struck on pictures of prize-fighters and brave and devoted and as self-sacrificathletes, and his room is plastered ing as any hero of the war may be livfrom top to bottom with the mugs of ing in two rooms in the same block with us, using his small salary to sup-

short-haired gentry. And still another young lady-this port and educate a family of children, one lives on the west side-is a bangle fiend. From wrist and neck and waist man. We may hear that such a man dangle bangles, principally silver dimes, but here and there a gold dolhas died of consumption, contracted lar, each and every one with the monbuilding in the most inclement nigh gram of the donor upon it. of winter, and aside from being sorry

The lady is young yet, but if she continues through he to have as good we do not investigate to see if the family is left destitute. A fireman is luck as she has had during the past run over and killed by his engine, and two years, it will not be long before she will be worth her weight in gold. She evidently has a pract cal turn of mind.

Stories of Clever Children. " Mazazine

of a strange shape if he thought it

had ever contained anything from

Some Other Heroes.

sems to be confined to soldiers.

sonable assurance of receiving a pen-

support the children, and ten chances

to one, if the fireman is killed in the

middle of a month, the common coun-

cil of his city kicks on paying his sal-

to not know one when they meet him,

Sol

which he could weave a history. His The coolest child I think that I ever friends laugh at him over his monomet was at a juvenile party. It was a very grand affair and the little ones mania for bottles and call him a bottle were drinking champagne, and eating ovester patties and other messes with he greatest gusto.

Silent, stately waiters were moving about, and seeing this little one's plate most painstaking. A prominent judge empty, one asked her what she would living near Cincinnati, wishing to have take

"A little twiffe, if you please," said.

The waiter procured it, and asked if she would take anything with it, mean- planed boards-use them. It is out ing a tart, or something of that sort.

There is something wrong in the esattracted by the preity pieces of pink half." teem in which heroes are held by the lobster mingling with the green let-That is, the hero worship

tuce and gold and white egg. "I'll take some of that," she said, indicating the salad by a wave of her ished with exceeding neatness. Suplives and live, or die, are entitled to lit le hand The stately waiter looked surprised,

and almost laughed. "Lobster salad with trifle, miss," he said: I never heard of such a thing."

The child saw she had made a mis- looks.' take, and a bright blush flushed her

more horr ble death than a soldier face; but never would she own it; but often suffers, and aside from the publooked haughtly up into the smiling lication of their names in the papers, spelled wrong, nothing is heard of them. It is bliss for a soldier to be shot waiter's face, and said, as cooly as possible "I always take them together."

And she ate the abominable mixture too, without a grimace. I envied that

child. Another child I once met never would chance that one out of forty will be be outdone. She would say the most killed, are brave. There is no doubt about that, and the praises that are sung of them are not out of place. But than in the homes of others. almost every day firemen go into more

One day she was taking luncheon with her aunt. The lettuce had been brought to the table just cut in four pieces, and without dressing. sion. If he is killed his family gets child looked at it, and smiled in a superior manner.

"My mamma always has the salad monument be erected to his memory. cut up and dressed," she said. while poets sing and orators orate of

Her aunt laughed, and seeing a lithis bravery. The tireman goes down with a burning building, his black-ened remains are put in a box, his tle stranger in the person of a tiny slug coiled comfortably up among the crinkled leaves, called the child's at brother firemen chip in towards the tention to it. funeral, his widow takes in washing to

"Perhaps you don't have nice little things like this, in your salad," she upon the importance of doing even the said.

The child looked at it a moment, then said proudly:

"That's nothing, we have immense slugs in ours." I came across a little boy of a pro-

ion. The fireman who is ready to risk his life night or day to save a barn foundly religious turn of mind. Nothing pleased him so much as being with a horse in it. or a house with wotalked to about heaven and hell, and men or children in it, and who does the angels of light and darkness.

"Mother," he said one day, "when people die do their souls go up?" receives about the same pay that a policoman receives who never risks his "Yes, my dear," she answered. life except from sleeping in the open

"And what color are they?" His mother scarcely knew what to

a child, so she answered, perhaps injudiciously:

"The good have white souls, dear, "Quite black, mother-never spot-ted?"

"No, dear."

"Not if they are only pretty good and pretty bad, would they not be black and white then?"

"I think not, dear."

neight or (Mrs. Baker) happening to over again, and having a remarkable and we don't know there is such a fall dangerously ill just then, he was memory, he had all the authorities in most anxious in his inquiries as to how she was, and whether we should call knew he had no time for preparation, by hanging to a ladder on a burning her a good woman. One day a friend came in, and chanced to say that Mrs. which he handled the case. Barker was expected to breathe her last, every moment." The words

Be Thorough.

Exchange

It was Carlyle who said, "Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble," and George Eliot, gives the same thought in other words: "Genius is, at first, little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline. most successful have always been the rough fence built, sent for a carpen-

ter, and said to him: "I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unof sight from the house, so you need The lobster saiad rested on the table not take time to make a neat job. I in front of the child, and her eyes were will only pay you a dollar and a

> However, afterward, the judge, coming to look at the work, found the boards were planed and the fence finposing the young man had done it to make a costly job of it, he said, an-

grily: "I told you this fence was to be cov-

"I do," said the carpenter.

"How much do you charge?" asked the judge.

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

"Why did you spend all that labor on the job, if not for the money?" "For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was ridiculous things to prove that every-thing in her home was larger or better a half." And he took it and went away.

> Ten years afterward the judge had a contract to give for the building of certain magnificent public buildings. The There were many applicants among a su-master builders, but one face attracted attention. It was that of the man who had built the fence.

"I knew," said the judge, afterward telling the story, "we should have only good, genuine work from him. I gave him the contract and made rich man of him."

The Hon. Josiah Quincy was at one time conversing with Daniel Webster smallest thing thoroughly and well, when the great man related an incident concerning a petty insurance case which was brought to him while a young lawyer at Portsmouth. The fee promised was only \$20. Yet, to do his of ents full justice, Webster found he must journey to Boston to consult the law library. This involved an expense of above the amount of his fee, but after hesitating a little, he decided to go to Boston and consult the authorities, let the cost be what it might.

He gained the case Years after this Webster was passanswer. It's so difficult to explain to ing through the city of New York. An important insurance case was to be tried that day, and one of the counsel had been suddenly prostrated by illness. Money was no object, and Webster was asked to name his terms and conduct the case.

"It is preposterous," said he, "to expect me to prepare a legal argument

at a few hours' notice." But when they insisted that he should look at the papers, he consent-The boy was not satisfied, and a ed. It was his old twenty-dollar case his mind and won the case. The court and was astonished at the skill with

"So you see," said Webster, .as he The words concluded, "I was handsomely paid, were no sooner out of her mouth than both in fame and money, for that journey to Boston: and the moral is, that good work is rewarded in the end, should be enough.' Thoroughness implies attention to details, neatness and method. A young man who was shrewd and exacting, met was a tiny girl of about five years old. She would treasure up phrases and less and unmethodical, succeeded, by hard work and economy, in establishing a prosperous business, but failed and went into bankrupter at the early age of thirty-five because of his carelessness in omitting to place a note for a large amount in his bills payable.

Susie. "I'll meet her at the door when church is out, and it will be all right if I take her hand and walk home with ber.'

Down to the floor slid two little feet, and tip-toed noiselessly up the aisle, while a very short distance above them shone two bright eyes, glancing quickly from side to side. But no one saw the little girl, and in a moment she stood on the church steps in the free air and sunshine. Having come thus far, she did not care about going farther, but sat down on the steps, and listened in a dreamy way to the minister's voice, which was only a faint murmer when it reched her. But just as her head was drooping in sleep a little dog came down the street. He and white coat, bright black eyes, a 000 to be cared for elsewhere.

Statistics about Insamty.

Twenty years ago the number of insane persons in the United States was only 24,042. In 1870 it reached 37,432. and in 1880 treatment was required for 91,950 lunatics. From 1870 to 1880 the increase of insanity was near-ly 150 per cent, while that of the total population was about 36. The proportion of the insane is greatest in New England, while the increase has been most rapid in the Western States. In the State of New York there are thirty-five institutions for the care of these unfortunate people, accommodating 11,343 patients, while it is said there are 4,000 provided for at home. In America, apart from several large county asylums, there are eighty State and forty private institutions for the care of the insane, with a proper capacity for about 40,000, but contain-ing 52,192, thus leaving probably 45,-

But your small girl and small boy are your inveterate collectors. A girl generally commences on a string of spools, then has a string of buttons, and when a little older has picture cards, making life rather wearisome to those from whom she levies tribute. It may be added that no girl between the ages of 6 and 12 years considers herself excessively happy unless she has a small bag of assorted beans.

Everything is grist that comes to the small boy collector. Marbles, tops, kites, balls, strings, knives, and a thousand and one things which would go to swell his pockets and make him | tion and promising to have a long run feel that he is the proud possessor of are elastic reversible gold bracelets. something his playmates haven't. The These bracelets are composed of little rage for collecting postage stamps is also a trait of numerous small boys, and a gold wire spring, and so arranged a Denver lad who has applied himself that the bra elet can be slipped over asiduously to the task for three years the hand with perfect case, and yet adhas a collection which would make just it-elf closely to the arm when in him moderately wealthy were it not that they are all defaced.

Another boy has a collection knives, and how he has managed to danger of losing the bracelet from the secure 400, as he is only 10 years of arm. In addition to the merits of flexage, is a marvel, yet he has them nev- ibility, durability and elasticity, is the ertheless, and is fond of exhibiting fact that these bracelets are reversible. them to other boys, taking care that They are equally well finished on both none of them are pocketed by admiring kids.

The true collector, whether of costly curiosities or trash, must have a touch of madness in his bra'n or is a genius in his line, as he applies himelf so attentively to the one thing that his mind becomes brilliant at one point of action."

A Louisiana negro is reported by a Southern paper to be a great snake fancier, but his fancy gets no farther than their heads. In his cabin he has over 1,000 heads of snakes and other raptiles. The heads are all tacked to the walls and he is as fond of exibiting his treasures to his visitors as a pompous, well-fed gentleman is of displaying the gems of his art gallery. One of the queerest geniuses of the

genus collector is a junk dealer on the West Side. Plying his occupation he has secured quite a number of quaint and curious things, but he is always ready to sell any and every thing but his collection of bottles. He has a much. The majority do not cat enough. Nervous dyspepsia comes from working too hard and not eating variety that would bring him a con- enough. When a man begins to suffer siderable sum of money were he to dis- from overwork he should eat plenty of pose of them, but this he refuses to do. He has them piled in fantastic rows in quarts of milk a day, and cat plenty his back yard and has made the history of every bottle a study. For in- resorts to a vegetable diet he grows stance, he will point to a bottle that once contained Aver's sarsaparilla, and will tell in his broken English who Aver was, how he came to be a manufactur-er of patent medicine. The man is a statistical bureau estimates that 1,966,walking encyclopedia on bottles, and 745 persons born in Germany are now would take a long journey for a bottle residing in the United States.

we have read of his death, and wonder if we ever seen him. Every city should pay her firemen well, hire them as long as they desire to work, and provide for their families when they die.

Latest Styles in Bracelets.

lewellers' Circular.

The bracelets worn to-day are in remarkable contrast with the old fashioned chain manacles and stiff, broad bands of former times. The latter were valued chiefly according to size and weight, while the present styles include only such as are delicate and dainty in construction and of artistic pattern and finish. Numbered with new things attracting deserved attenbox-shaped sections strung together on place. By this arrangement 'troublesome fastenings are entirely dispensed with, and there is not the slightest

sides, and show two distinct styles of finish, affording two bracelets in one. For instance, the block pattern sections on one side may present the "erackle" or "bark" finish, and on the other a plain or etched surface; or again, gems may appear on one side for evening wear, and a plate surface on the other for less ceremonious occasions. The bracelets are as readily turned as are a strand of beads on a

rubber cord, with the advantage of a durable gold wire coil in place of destructible rubber.

Meat Food for Nervous People.

Pork is good for nervous people, but is not easily digested. Wild game is excellent. Fish is good for nervous people. Eggs toiled just enough to harden the white are easily digested. of good meat. Wh'n such a person

Dec. 1 has been fixed as the date for

Freddy rushed into the garden, and begun watching Mrs. Baker's house. In about a quarter of an hour he returned, though, to be sure, one's self-approval and electrified us with these words: "I've seen Mrs. Baker's soul go up,

and it's piebald."

Almost the sharpest person I ever quotations she had heard other people make use of, and bring them out in the oddest way.

One evening, her mother failed to do something which she had been asked to do, her father made use of the quotation: "Tis foly to remember, and

'tis wisdom to forget.' Quite an hour atter the child's nurse

came to take her to bed. She walked around the room, said "Good-night" to everyone, then entered into an animated conversaton with an elderly man.

The nurse still stood at the door waiting for the child, so her mamma called her.

- "Baby, dear."
- No notice. "Baby, dear."
- "'Es mamma."

"Have you forgotten that the nurse is waiting?"

Such a wicked face was turned round, such a knowing dimple played round her lips, and lurked withen her eyes.

"'Tis folly to wemember, and 'tis wisdom to fodet," she said, then ran out of the room roaring with laughter at her own wit.

These four are the most droll little ones that I ever met; not now and then only were they funny, but almost con-tinually, and I think they have cer-tainly the right to be called "'Cute Kids.

Wood That Will Not Make Ships.

There are sixteen species of trees in America whose perfectly dry wood will sink in water. The heaviest of these is the black ironwood (condalia ferrea) of southern Florida, which is more than thirty per cent heavier than are the lignum vite (gualacum sanctum) and mangrove (hizphora mangle). Another is a small oak (quer-cus grisea), found in the mountains of Texas, southern New Mexico and Arizona, and westward to the Colorado desert, at an elevation of 5,000 to 10,(0) feet. All the species in which the wood is heavier than water belong to semi-trop cal Florida or the arid in . terior Pacific region.

Wallace Ross is practicing daily on the Harlem river for his coming race with Beach of England. His shell is thirty-two feet long, eleven inches wide, weight thirty pounds, and is fitted up with speen oars and Davia locks

The Kind They Raise at Yale-

Cincirnati Enquirer.

"I have another card story," con-tinued Major Calkins, "and Senator Jones, of Nevada, is my authority for He says the incident actually happened in one of the little mining towns of his state. One night at the leading saloon of this little town a party of a half dozen were playing poker. Among the players was a nice young fellow, a graduate of Yale College, and a man who had been qu to successful at mining, and had at the same time made himself popular with his fellows. Another member of the party was a one-eyed stranger. and the rest was made up of honest miners about the camp. The play went on from early in the evening until about midnight, and all this time the oneeyed man seemed to get all the good hands. Several times the college graduate thought he saw that the man was cheating, but he did not appear to notice it.

"At midnight the college graduate rose up and quietly said: "Gentlemen, we are all tired playing, and some of us are about broke. I propose now that we have a recess, and have some oysters and champagn. After we are through we will throw away these cards, get a new deck, and see if our luck don't change. We will set out to play a square game, and' (here he looked hard at the one-eyed stranger as he put his hand on the revolver at his water. Of the others, the best known belt) 'and the first man we catch cheating we will shoot out his other eye.' Well the motion was carried, the oysters were eaten, and the luck did change. The one-eyed man lost every cent of his winnings, and as daylight broke through the dirty panes of the saloon windows he arose declaring

> H. H. Bancroft, the historian of Central America and the Pacific states is only 53 years old. This gives him much time yet, if fate spares him, in which to complete his herculean task.

Alabama physicians say that pneumonia is worse now in that state than ever before in the resperience-a period of thirty or forty years.