We knew his look in our leader's face, So rapt and glad and free; We felt his touch when our heads were bowed. We heard his "Come to Me." Nobody saw him lift the latch, And none unbarred the door:

But "Peace" was his token to every heart, And how could we ask for more!

Eich of us felt the load of sin From the weary shoulder fall: Each of us dropped the load of cars And the grief that was like a pall; And over our spirits a blessed calm Swept in from the jasper sea, and strength was ours for toil and strife in the days that were thence to be.

It was only a handful gathered in To the little place of prayer; Outside were struggle and pain and sin, But the Lord himself was there; He came to redeem the piedge he gave— Wherever his loved ones be, To stand himself in the midst of them, Though they count but two or three

And forth we fared in the bitter rain, And our hearts had grown so warm,
It seemed like the pelting of summer flowers,
And not like the crash of a storm.
"Twas a time of the dearest privilege
of the leavest. Of the Lord's right hand," we said, As we thought how Jesus himself had com To feed us with living bread. -Margaret E. Sangster in Congregationalist.

THE FORSYTH WILL CASE.

"There are some things the multiplication table can't estimate, doctor, and I calculate this case is one of them.

The speaker was a Texan alcalde of half a century ago, a man with a grave, handsome face and one of those gigantic antediluvian figures only found in the bracing atmosphere of the prairie or the lush freedom of the woods.

"The senorita will help you to a fair settlement: she knows her own mind. Santa Jose! few women know as much. The doctor gave his opinion decidedly

and in very good English, albeit his small, yellow person and courtly, dignified manner fully proclaimed his Mexican lineage. Then he calmly helped himself to an olive and a glass of chambertin, and watched the alcalde as he smoked and waited for the expected ayuntamiento, or jury.

In half an hour the twelve men had dropped in by twos and threes, nodded coolly to the alcalde, and helped themselves to the liquors and cigars on the sideboard. Now and then they spoke in monosyllables, and the composure, gravity and utter absence of hurry gave a kind of dignified, patriarchal earnest ness to the proceedings that were eminently American, and which quite made up for the lack of ceremony.

After a lapse of five minutes the alcalde touched a little bell, and said to the negro who answered it: "Zip, tell the gentlemen we are wait-

ing, and send Tamar for Miss Mary." "The gentlemen," who were sitting under a gigantic arbor vitæ oak in the garden in close conversation, rose at Zip's message and sauntered slowly into the presence of the alcalde, who nodded rather stiffly to them and motioned toward two chairs. They were evidently men of culture, and brothers. Some of the jurors leaned toward them with courteous salutations, others simply ignored their presence.

But every one's interest was aroused hen the doctor rose, opened the door and offered his hand to a lady who entered. A calm browed woman with large, steadfast eyes-a woman who it was easy to see could be a law unto herself.

She looked inquiringly at the two gentlemen, who were evidently her brothers. but finding no response to the unuttered love in her pleading eyes, dropped them and calmly took the seat her friend led her to.

There was another pause. Then the alcalde laid down his cigar and said: "Men!"

"Squire!"

We have got a little business to settle between David and George Forsyth and their sister Mary. You are to judge fairly between them, and they are willing to stand by what you say. I calculate they'll explain their own business best. David Forsyth, will you speak for your side?"

David was a keen shrewd lawver. and knew how to state his case very plausibly. He said that his father, unduly influenced by Dr. Zavala, who had designs on their sister's hand, had left not only the homestead but \$30,000 in gold to Mary Forsyth, and that they claimed their share of the money.

The men listened gravely, with keen sidelong glances. When he had finished one of them said:

'Very good, stranger. Now what do you mean by 'unduly influenced?" "I mean that this Mexican passed whole days with my father, reading to him, talking to him, and in other ways winning his affection in order to influ

ence him in the making of his will." "How much did old Forsyth leave Dr. Zavala? "He left him personally nothing

"Oh!"-the men nodded gravely at one another.

"But," said David angrily, "he had deeper scheme than that. He induced my father to turn everything but his homestead into money, and to place the whole sum in the San Antonio bank to Mary's credit. We have no objections to Mary's having her share, but we do not see why our share should go to that Mexican whom she intends to marry."

The doctor smiled sarcastically, and Mary, blushing with indignation, half rose as if to speak, but a slight movement of Zavala's eyelids was sufficient to check the impulse. "Then Mary Forsyth is going to mar-

ry Dr. Zavala?"

"Of course she is."

"And you are willing that she should have the homestead and \$10,000?"

"We are willing she should have the use of the homestead for a moderate rent. We are not willing to give up all claim to it. Why, there are 200 acres of the finest cotton land in the world that go with it. If she had the entire right to the homestead she ought to give uf the money." "Mr. George Forsyth, what have you

"My brother David has spoken for

Then there was a pause. The procurador stepped to the sideboard and filled his glass; several of the jury followed him, and the others chewed away with silent, thoughtful intentness.

"Dr. Lorenzo Zavala, will you speak for the defendant?" . The doctor turned his chair so as to did not rise.

tace both the brothers and the jury, but "Men," he said, "I have known the ate David Forsyth for twenty years. I bave been his physician and been his friend. I saw his wife die, and watched his children grow to what they are. When the good mother left them Mary was 12 years old, David 10 and George 8. For her father and brothers Mary sacrificed all that makes the couth to other

"Will you be plainer, doctor?" "If you desire. It is known to me how they were then poor, her father a trader in silks and lace and ladies' fine goods between San Antonio and the outlying settlements. But he was a good man, industrious and ambitious, For his two sons he had great hopes, and saved and saved by day and by night. The little girl at home helped him bravely, hiring out their one servant, and doing cheerfully the work with her own hands. She plaited the straw, and made hats, also, which sold for much, and she worked up the remnants of lace and ribbons into one thousand pretty trifles for the fair women in San Antonio."

"Alcalde, these details are irrelevant and impertment," said David angrily. "Every man tells his story in his own

way. Are you willing to listen, men? There was a universal articulation which evidently meant "yes," for the doctor smiled graciously and went on: For her two brothers the little Mary

worked, and always worked with a glad heart. They had been sent to the northern states to school, and David was educated for a lawyer and George for an architect and builder. For eight years this father and sister worked together solely for these beloved boys, sparing all comforts to themselves. So they paid all their expenses liberally and saved besides about \$10,000.

"But when the young men came back there was great sorrow and disappointment. They had been educated beyond the simple trader, the self denying sister and the log house on the Wachita prairie; so much sorrow and disappointment that the sister at last begged for them that they should go to the capital and divide the \$10,000 between them." 'How do you know such a thing? It

is a lie!" said George. "I have the father's letter which says Will the alcalde and the jury read

The alcalde read the document and nodded to the jury. "You have forgotten, Mr. George," he

said. "It is easy to forget such money. The doctor is right."

"After this the father heard little from his sons. They married and forgot the self denial, the hard labor and the love of so many, many years. The old man worked on, with failing health; but now that he had lost his ambition and cared little for money it came on every venture. He did not try to make it, but it came and came. He made on silk and cotton and land. Whatever he touched was fortunate.

"But as money came health went; he was sick and suffering and could not bear his daughter away from him. He was jealous of her love, also, and he suffered her not a lover. This is one thing I allow not myself to speak about. I tell you, alcalde, this woman showed through many years one great, sublime sacrifice. Upon my honor, senors!" and the little gentleman laid his hand upon his heart and bowed to Mary as if she had been a queen.

"Not for myself: that is one infamy. Mary Fersyth. As my wife? Impossi-I adore alone the incomparable Dolores Henriquez? "One day as I sat reading by my

friend's bed he said to me: "'Doctor, that is a pitiful story, and too true. We think it a grievous wrong not to give our sons a trade or a profes sion, but we never think what is to be-

come of the poor girls.' "I said, 'Oh, we expect them to mar-

"'But they don't, doctor,' he said, they don't, doctor; and the most that do are left by death, ill usage or misforture to fight the world some time or other with no weapon but a needle, doctor. It is a sin and a shame!"

"'It's the way of the world, my friend, I said. "'I know. I spent thousands of dollars on my boys, and then divided all I

had between them. If Providence had not blessed my work extraordinarily or if I had died five years ago what would have become of Mary? "So, gentlemen, I said: " 'Squire, your sons do not know that

von have made more money; they thought they had got all you had, and have not visited you or written to you lest you should ask anything of them. Do justice at once to your loving, faithful daughter; secure her now from want and dependence, and give her at

length leisure to love and rest. "And my friend, being a good man, did as I advised that he should do. For that he died in good peace with his own conscience, and made me for once, senors, very happy that I gave good advice, free, gratis, for nothing at all." "So you did not profit at all by this

"Not one dollar in money, but very much in my conscience. Santa Josef

am well content." "Miss Mary," said the alcalde, kindly, "have you anything to say?" Mary raised her clear, gray eyes and

looked with yearning tenderness into her brothers' faces. David pretended to spoke to him.

to the alcalde. "Ask my brothers what they value the homestead at."

"Two thousand dollars," promptly answered David. "Too much-too much," grumbled all the jury.

thousand dollars," reasserted David; and George added, "Bare value." "I will buy it at two thousand dollars. Will you ask my brothers if they have any daughters, alcalde?"

daughters?" David said surlily that he had no children at all, and one of the jurymen muttered, with a queer laugh, that he was sorry-didn't see how his sin was "a-

going to find him out." George said he had two daughters. "Ask their names, alcalde."

"Mary and Nellie." The poor sister's eyes filled as she

looked in George's face and said: "Alcalde, I give to my niece Mary ten thousand dollars, and to my niece Nellia ten thousand dollars, and I hope you and the good men present will allow the

girt to stand. I know my brother David will never want a dollar while there is one in the country he lives in. George is extravagent, and will have always a ten-dollar road for a five-dollar piece. but his boys can learn his own or their uncle's trade; there are plenty of ways for them. I would like to put the girls beyond dependence and, beyond the necessity of marrying for a living.

David rose in a fury and said he would isten no longer to such nonsense. "You forgot, Mr. Forsyth, that you have put this case into our hands. I think

you will have more sense than make enemies of thirteen of the best men in the neighborhood. Gentlemen, would you like to retire and consider this mat-

"Not at all, alcalde. I am for giving Miss Forsyth all her father gave her."
"And I," "And I," "And I," cried the

whole twelve almost simultaneously, "I shall contest this affair before the San Antonio court," cried David pas sionately.

"You'll think better of it, Mr. Forsyth. Do you mean to say you brought twelve men here to help you rob your sister, sir?"

"I mean to say that that Mexican, Zay ala, has robbed me. I shall call him to BOYOUTH.

The doctor laughed good naturedly,

and answered: "We have each our own weapons, my friend. I cannot fight with any other. Besides I marry me a wife next week."

And the doctor leaned pleasantly on the alcalde's chair, and with a joke bade friend after friend "Good-by. Mary Forsyth carried out her inten tions. She settled strictly and carefully \$10,000 on each of her nieces, bought her

cornestead, and then sat down to consider what she should do with her \$8,000. "If I were a Frenchwoman and San Antonio were Paris," she said, "I would rent a store and go to trading. I know how to buy and sell by instinct, and if were a born farmer I could plant corn and cotton and turn them into gold; but I am not a farmer-I never made a garden and got a decent meal out of it. 1 calculate 'twill be best to get John Doyle for head man and put my money in

Just as she came to this decision Dr. Zavala drove hurriedly up to the door. "Mary! Mary!" he cried, "come quickly! There is an old friend of yours

cattle.

in the timber too ill with the dengue fever to move." 'What do you need, doctor?" "Need? I need you and a couple of

men to carry him here. Do you know that it is Will Morrison?" "Oh, doctor! doctor!" "Fact. Heard of your father's death

in Arizona and came straight home to look after you. Poor fellow! he's pretty Well, Mary did not need to hire John Doyle as head man, for Will, who had loved her faithfully for fifteen long years, was the finest stock man in the state

and within three months the doctor and his beautiful Dolores danced a fandango at Mary and Will's wedding.-Amelia E. Barr in New York Ledger.

No High Comedy Nowadays. This generation knows almost nothing by stage experience of pure high comedy except in the way of revival. What under the name of comedy has occasionally won success on our English stage is a production which has somewhat reached upward to tragedy or stretched downward to farce, or, more often, has borone scandal too great to be believed. As The true, fuller modern comedy, such as my sister, as my friend, I honor Miss Moliere initiated, and even our best restoration comedy playwrights have but ble! Does not all San Antonio know that poorly imitated from him, and such as once or twice that greatest comedy genius of this century, Labiche, has attempted in an age that asked for lower things, is an unknown thing now on the

London stage. Now this finer and fuller comedy that we know not is more than a mere representation of life, or even an interpretation of it. It is a larger thing altogether, for, first it must contain some element of not unkindly satire, with keen wit and broad humor, or it is no true comedy. Then, too, nature is not to be merely photographed, but a mirror is to be held up to reflect the likeness and at times the antics of human nature; but it must be a magic mirror, that shall have just such a power of artful distortion in it as that we shall never ourselves be hurt to think we perceive our own lineaments disfigured or our own motions mocked. Finally, there must be some sort of electricism-a picking out of the salient points of human nature, an intensification and an enhancement. It is clear there must be this, for the realism loving audiences could not stand the pointless

and women.-Fortnightly Review. Thirteen is full of ill omen to some people and full of good luck to others. It brought great fortune to Cora Edsall, the latest star to rise in the theatrical firmament. She went to see J. M. Hill, the manager, a number of times and failed to meet him. She resolved to try once more and make that a last effort. She was informed at the Union Square theatre that he was at Clarendon hall

and long winded talk of ordinary men

rehearsing. She went there. As she put her foot on the first of the stone stairs to ascend she remembered that she was in Thirteenth street. It was the thirteenth time she had gone after Mr. Hill. She lived in a house numbered 13, had ridden down town in a car No. 13, and it was the 13th day of the month. She was so frightened at the accumulation of thirteens that she be reading. George stooped over and almost fainted. She drew her foot back With a sigh she turned and was about to give up when the thought struck her that maybe so many

thirteens meant success. She took heart and went on. When she arrived in the hall Mr. Hill was settling some dispute among the actors. He was standing in the auditorium alone. The rehearsal was just over. As the manager turned to leave she went up to him and said she wanted an engagement. Mr. Hill replied that his company was full. She asked him to hear her read. He agreed. She read to him then and Gentlemen, you hear? Have you any there. He accepted her, had a play written for her and brought her out as a

leading attraction. - New York Press.

Royalties Paid to Authors. In France the royalty paid to Daudet, Zola, De Manpassant and a few others is about 30 per cent on the retail price of each book sold. Many first rate authors have to content themselves with 14 per cent., and a vast majority of writers do not receive more than 9 per cent., while beginners get a royalty of 7 per cent, only. In America the royalty paid to authors is generally 10 per cent., although there are numerous instances where the royalty is very much larger.—Chicago News.

DO YOU REMEMBER.

Do you remember when the leaves were fading. Dropping like the golden rain (Your sture eyes knew unught of sorrow's shad-

Nor any tinge of pain)? Te walked beneath the trees; shining 'Mid there' clouds above. showing us their inner, silver lining

Do you remember, love? Do you remember when the birds were calling Sadly from naked boughs, And softly, sliently the turf was falling On furrows made by plows; and when the plumage of the angels whitened Both field and river shore.

I felt your fingers round my own were tighter As if to part no more? And just to think the year is not yet vanished.

And we are far apart. Like two lost souls from Love's sweet Eden ba Sent forth with pierced heart! Perhaps the past is scarcely worth regretting, And Lethe comes to all:

Perhaps there is a pleasure to forgetting

Scenes past beyond recall. And should it come to this, will you remember. When autumn comes apace, And leaves are falling through a drear Novembe Like tears on Nature's face. The good old tender days when earth seemed

Beneath your sunny smile In quiet peacefulness its joy attesting, And sorrows slept awhile? Yet should the future bring to you regining.

A craving for the past, ember always clouds have silver liming. And even love may last Laden with precious freight, All careless of the winter wind's loud waiting-

"Not lost, but only late." -Exchange.

Miss Bashkirtseff's Tomb Marie's body lies in the chapel built by her mother in the cemetery of Passy, just outside of Paris. The chapel is work of art, designed by Bastien Lepage's brother and made of marble. In building this memorial chapel Mme. Bashkirtseff disregarded cost entirely, so much so in fact that it went beyond even

her means, and still remains to be paid for. Around Marie's grave are hung all her best pictures, those of some of her girl friends still alive, which must be rather gloomy, and the picture which Bastien Lepage painted when he tried unsuccessfully to win the Prix de Rome as a young man, for which Mme, Bash kirtseff paid an immense price after the artist's death. She thought, as she told Marie's friends, that it would please Marie to have the painting in which Bas tien was so much interested hanging up near her body. The building of such chapel as Marie's in the cemetery of Passy was contrary to the municipal regulations. It was through the influence of the Marechal de Canrobert, who is also a senator, that Mme. Bashkirtseff got special permission from the Paris

municipal council.-New York Sun. A Happy and Favored Spider. Far up in the corner of my room is a big black cobweb, and a big black spider dwells therein. He has dwelt there quite a year now, and although many surreptitious feminine glances of horror at the wretched housekeeping of some people steal up to that corner my happy spider is never disturbed. I think he almost loves me now; he comes down often, dropping inch by inch, by a thir golden thread, and he runs rapidly and twinkling-legged over my table and papers, pausing for moments at a time to look at me with bright, unwinking eyes

and motionless body. Happy, happy fellow! He has his health, his spirits, and his home with a \$240, and those of 1889 for \$260. This tiny sweetheart locked therein, where may not seem much to Americans, but no covetons eyes may find her. What money goes further in Switzerland than more could he ask to make him happy? here. But one day-ah, me!-some one else will come into this room with an alert eye for cobwebs and a strong hand to remove them, and then-then-when he is homeless and friendless and hopeless my spider may understand how right down good I was to him.-Ella Higginson in West Shore.

Question of the Conservation of Energy A correspondent writes: "It is a well known law that energy is indestructible, but a case came to my notice a short time ago in which it is hard to tell in what form the energy appears. A metal spring is placed under tension, and while in this state is fastened and placed in acid until it is completely dissolved. What becomes of the energy stored up in the spring? Is it turned into heat, and, if so, how?"-New Orleans Picavune.

Ingratitude of Republics. For presuming to issue a military emancipation proclamation, and thus ing the sense of pain, "she licked me for break the back of slavery and rebellion with one blow, Gen. Fremont was suppressed. The country that finally adopt ed his policy after an untold loss of blood and treasure neglected to accord him either credit or reward until it was well nigh too late. It is an impressive instance of the ingratitude of republics .-Boston Globe.

Smart children's saying are rather overdone, but there was a good deal of diplomacy about a little fellow who prayed long and earnestly for a double ripper. Finally his mother told him that perhaps God didn't think best for him to have a double ripper, and his next prayer was formed a little differently, "O Lord, please send me two sleds and board."—Springfield Homestead.

Boiling Eggs by Prayer. One of the oddest uses of the Nicene creed is that which it is applied to by the women of ancient Nicsea, where the creed was in great part originally form ulated. They recite it after putting eggs in a pot to boil as a measure of the time needed to cook them. It is said that they do this without any idea of irreverence,-Churchman.

Proud Father-Taken high degrees in your scientific course? Proud of you, my boy. By the way, can you prove that heat expands and cold contracts? College Graduate - Certainly. Don't the days grow longer in warm weather and shorter in winter?-Pittsburg Bulle-

A Gigantic Advertisement

A Scotch paper, the Glasgow News, i having put out the largest advertisement in the world. It is cut in the shape of flower beds on the side of n The name of the journal can be seen plainly read at a distance of four miles. Each letter is forty feet long.

Four Legged Toast.

There is a curious looking animal in South Africa that looks for all the world like a piece of toast with four legs, a head and a tail. It resembles a pussy cat about the forehead and ears, but its nose is distinctively that of a rat, while its tail is not very dissimilar to that of a fox.

A Bloody Riot Recalled.

"Ninetoen years ago today," said Inspector Eymes-"I shall never forget that day's duty. I was ordered over to the Orangemen's headquarters from my precinct at daybreak-I was captain of the Twenty-first then-and took every one of my men along except old Serg Davemport and a doorman. We expect ed trouble, and I had a lot of hand gre nades heaped by the second story windows in the old station house in Thirtyifth street, told the sergeant to lock the doors and pelt any mob that would try to enter. Old Dave was as good as an army when it came to sticking. He just

"He had a good long wait, if we didn't. The e who walked in that bloody procession from the Eighth avenue headquarters of the Orangemen to the old Haymarket in the Bowery will be apt to remember it to their dying I can hear the crowd yell now when the militiamen began to shoot right and left. From the rear, from the housetops, it rained brickbats and hot lead. A hundred must have been killed before the end of that march of terror and death.

"It was 3 o'clock the next morning before we got back to our station. It was as dark and still as the grave. As we hammered on the door and velled a window in the second story was slowly and cantiously opened and old Dave said:

'Who is there?' "'Open the door,' yelled the tired

'Open it or we'll burst it in.' "You will, eh!" came from upstairs in shrill tones, and in the window appeared the old sergeant, fighting mad, with a hand grenade in each fist and an armfu in reserve, as a boy carries snowballs. Stand back there! or there will be mur-

der. Back, I say." We had come all the long and bloody way, fighting every inch of it, without a thought of showing the white feather. Every mother's son of us would have been killed twice over rather than turn tail. But we ran then. Before old Dave. with his armful of hand grenades, the army that had saved a city from sacking scattered and fled. The sergeant was left to hold the fort alone until we coaxed him from shelter into comprehending that we were not the enemy. Then he came down and let us in. - New York Telegram.

An Asylum That Collects Stamps There is an asylum for orphan girls in Locle, Switzerland, which finds a market for all the old postage stamps sent to it. Nearly everybody far and near acquainted with the fact sends to the asy lum his or her second hand stamps, and for the information of those who are ignorant a circular is issued calling for the contribution of stamps and also setting forth the uses to which they are ap plied. Rare stamps of course go to dealers or collectors, while the common er sorts are applied to decorative purposes, being used to ornament screens shades, etc., and even, so says the circular, to paper rooms. The circular does not say how the American green stamp of the past can be used for decoration. Over a million of stamps were received by the institution from all over the

world in 1888, and a considerably larger number in 1889. The stamps are assorted by the children and put up in packages of 50 or 100 each. Those collected in 1888 were sold for 1,200 francs, or Persons, therefore, who want to put their old postage stamps where they will do the most good should send them to M. J. Nougier, directeur de l'Asile des Billodes, Locle, Switzerland,-Ex-

change. Killed for a Lamb. Lawyer J. F. Haskell, of Lowell, has a 4-year-old son who is as bright as half a logen silver dollars and who has an audacious sense of humor that may be worth money to him when he gets into politics. One of his latest experiments is

the talk of the family just now. "If I put this tin soldier and horse into that bowl of milk mamma'll lick me for it, you see if she don't," he said recently to a visitor, and the visitor seeming in credulous he dumped the toys into the

milk Mamma as promptly "licked" him for doing it.

"By gosh," he said delightedly, as h returned to the visitor from the scene of castigation, his amusement subordinatthe soldier, but they didn't find the horse."-Boston Globe.

Grist mills occupy a prominent position in modern farming. By their use the labor of reducing food to a digestible condition is transferred from the animals to the steam engine, and the neryous energy which would be used for the purpose can be directed to the organs which assimilate the nourishment and transform it into flesh and bone. In the case of horses which are kept busy in the day it is almost imperative that a part of the mechanical work of crushing or cutting their food should be done for them, or else they have not sufficient time left for rest. One has only to examine a sample of beans or maize to realize what an expenditure of power is needed to grind them up in an animal's mouth.-New York Commercial Adver-

Food for a Lifetime.

A curious calculation of the amount of food consumed in a lifetime of seventy years has recently been made by M Sover, a French savant, now chef of the Reform club of London. Among other things M. Soyer says that the average epicure of three score and ten will have consumed 30 oxen, 200 sheep, 100 calves 200 lambs, 50 pigs, 2,200 fowls, 1,000 fish of different kinds, 30,000 oysters, 5,475 pounds of vegetables, 248 pounds of butter, 24,000 eggs and 4 tons of bread, besides several hogsheads of wine, tes, coffee, etc. This enormous amount of food will weigh but little short of 40 tons. -St. Louis Republic.

Honesty in Maine.

An Auburn business man was surprised the other day to see an old customer come into his store and pay him a bill, with interest, which was contracted forty years ago when he was doing business in another town. It was a small bill and the one to whom it was due had forgotten all about it .- Lewiston Journal.

Electric boats on the Thames are be ing popular in London. There are now sixteen in use, with a scating capacity of from twelve to seventy persons.

A KENTUCKY MULE.

A Gray Haired Old Fellow Treed a Bear and Finally Killed It.

Sam Parson's gray mule Zeke is old and gray, but he possesses great strength, both of understanding and of body. Saturday old Sam concluded that he wouldn't work, and accordingly he shouldered his muzzle loading rifle and went hunting. But before departing he turned Zeke out to graze.

Finding the grass around the parson's cabin rather scanty. Zeke wandered down the edge of the creek next to the mountain side. There within the shadsat on that pile of hand grenades and ow of the woods he struck a nice, tender clump of grass and immediately be gan to eat it with great delight. While engaged in this congenial task a large black bear came down the mountain side and approached Zeke. Zeke had probably never seen a bear before, as the ursina tribe has long been scarce in these mountains. Nor is it likely that the bear had ever on any previous occasion look-But this bear was ed upon a mule. hungry and, while Zeke was bigger game than he had bargained for, he evidently thought it worth while to take a look at him, for he came a little nearer. Zeke was not a bit afraid. He had

never stood in awe of manhood, not even Old Sam, his master, and it was not likely that at this late period of his life he would be afraid of any four footed creature that walked the earth. Zeke calmly went on with his pleasant task of eating grass. The bear edged up another yard. Zeke switched his tail and cleverly knocked a fly off his back, and being relfeved of the burden of the insect still munched the grass.

The bear began to grew inquisitive. He evidently did not understand what kind of an animal Zeke was, his studies in zoology being limited. He stood upon his haunches and growled, not as a threat, but as a kind of friendly salute. Zeke did not raise his head, and still munched the grass. The bear stopped growling and walked in a respectful circle around Zeke, studying him from every corner. He might have been a hundred miles away for all the notice Zeke took. The bear was puzzled and uttered another growl of interrogation. Again finding himself unnoticed he began to grow angry.

The bear went around behind Zeke and came very close, evidently determined to try by touch to crouse the strange animal. Suddenly Zeke doubled himself up in a knot and leaped high in the air. Two legs flew out of the bunch like piston rods and caught the bear in the side, whirling him over in a complete somersunit. When he struck the ground he righted bimself and rushed away with a growl of pain. But Zeke was hot after him, and the bear, seeing that he would be overtaken, scrambled up a hickory tree, barely missing a terri-

ble drive of Zeke's hind heels. Noon came and still Zeke was under the tree. The afternoon passed. It was almost sundown, but still Zeke was there. The bear could stand it no longer. Zeke was about twenty feet away from the tree, apparently taking no notice, and accordingly be crawled down the trunk as quietly as possible, intending to slip away in the forest. Barely had he touched the ground when Zeke turned with a snort and leaped upon him. So fast did his hind legs flash back and forth that they looked like the driving rods of an engine. In a minute the bear was dead, every bone in his body broken. Mrs. Parsons, who saw it all from the door of her cabin, says that the bear didn't even have time to growl. When asked why she hadn't taken a gun from the house and shoot the bear in the tree-for she is a girl woodsman and bold as a man-she replied:

"I knowed Zeke didn't need no help, and besides I didn't want to spile the fun."-Pond Creek (Ky.) Cor. New York

Idlosyncrasies Pon't Count. "Madam," said the street car conductor

"you have a dog under your shawl, and you must leave the car." "What! Leave the car!" vociferated the woman. "I have paid my fare and I'm going to stick right where I am. "Then I shall put you off," replied the

to a young lady in a blue calico frock,

disciplinarian in blue. All at once a law point came into the woman's head. "Give me, back my fare," she said. "I got in here in good faith, and when I paid my five cents a contract was completed. You must either carry it out or return my cash. I'm not responsible because your cranky

directors don't like dogs." The street car official stopped the car and hailed a policeman. The point was stated, and the thief catcher, after pondering for a few moments, observed: "I ain't no judge nor I ain't no jury

but I claim to have some sense. "Under your system you might make rules that passengers mustn't wear red neckties or red noses or three dollar trousers, and after they had paid fares show 'em the rules and put them off. "There is no end to the rules you

ride, and every time a chap looked cross eyed you could turn to rule No. 334. providing that he musn't look crosseyed and then dump him in the gutter. "The thing isn't fair. There ain't no law to it and it don't go." Turning to the young woman he said:

might make to bunko folks out of their

the conductor, "If you try to put her off without giving her back her fare I'll club your head off." Ting went the bell and on went the car, dog, young woman and all.-New

"You stay where you are, mum," and to

Entirely Satisfied.

York Herald.

A suit had gone against the defendant who arose and gave his opinion of the judgment and was fined \$10 for con tempt of court. A bill was handed to the clerk which proved to be \$20. "I abroad at night. The street inspector of have no change," said the clerk, tendering it to the offender. "Never mind about the other \$10," was the retort.
"Keep it; I'll take it out in contempt."—
Black and White.

noting the streets by shadow signs. The name of the street is painted on the electric light globe and the shadow is thrown

At a Fashionable Dinner Party. Gent (on the right)-The weather,

Lady-I have already discussed that subject with my neighbor on the left. Gent (aside)-The mean scoundrel! We had arranged between us that he should talk about the dinner and I myself about the weather.-Humoristische Blatter.

delphia Ledger.

Pertinent Suggestions to Young Men Who Are Looking That Way.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

The inducements offered by the pro fession of electrical engineering are drawing each year an increasing number of young men into technical study of the subject. A word to such may not be out of place. You must remember that the great electrical industries in which you hope to see active service are the growth of hardly more than a single decade; yet, while this gives high promise for the future, it is clear that the ploneering period is for the most part gone. While each year will see an extension and strengthening of electrical interests, they are stendily settling into more conservative and business like shape. Do not, therefore, look for the sudden and brilliant success that came to reward some of the early workers in the electrical field, but rather for the steady labor and well earned prizes that pertain to serious and faithful professional work. Electrical industry has two widely different phases-business and technical In the former an electrical education may or may not be of marked service-one of the most active and successful electrical business men we know was, until quite recently, the manager of a brewery-in

cation of electricity that a quick inventive mind, with no more technical training than might be gained by the experience of a telegraph office, could strike out in new lines of progress with every prospect of success. Today, while the field is very, very far from being fully explored, good work cannot be done without studying and profiting by the results of that fifteen years of marvelous development. He who starts today with the training that would have meant success then will probably meet dismal failure now. Therefore, in taking up the study of electrical

the latter it is no longer a convenience,

but a necessity. Fifteen years ago so

little was known of the practical appli-

engineering remember that the more careful and thorough work you do the better the chance in the future. And do not be deluded into the idea that you should hurry through your training and "learn practical electricity in the workshop." You can learn more that will be of service to you by a year's careful work in a good laboratory than in five years in an electrical manufactory. Do not expect to leave the laboratory with an intimate knowledge of any electrical system-you will not have it, but you will have acquired what is of vastly greater value, that firm grasp of the general principles that will enable you to seize the details of any system with a rapidity that will surprise you. Study then the broad principles involved in applied electricity and the the-

oretical basis on which they rest. This is the electrical side of your education. But there is another, every whit as important. Electrical engineering is mechanical engineering, plus electricity; and while, perhaps, Sir William Thomson's statement that a mechanical engineer can acquire all the necessary electrical training in six months or so is rather strongly put, there is a deal of truth in it. A sound idea of mechanical principles is very necessary to success in practical electricity, and the ideal training then would build a firm superstructure of electricity on a foundation of mechanical engineering. Put all the time you can spare, therefore, on a thorough training in some one of the excellent schools that are available, and when you work for all you are worth.-Electrical World.

A Pittful Sight.

"I was at Sioux City during the rise in the Big Muddy," said T. P. Sinclair, a prominent farmer and stock raiser of South Dakota, "and there witnessed a sight that haunts me. Pretty much everything that would float came swirling down the angry river-wrecks of buildings, household goods and godsand among the drift was, what do you think? a cradle! One of the old fashioned, wooden sort, and in it sat a white headed

little tot, apparently about a year old. "There was not a boat within hailing distance, the cradle was fully 300 yards from shore and the river was running like a mill race. I started on a dead run down along the bank, hoping to find a boat of some kind, but before I had gone twenty-five yards the cradle tipped over, spilling its little occupant into the muddy waters. I am pretty well seasoned, let me tell you. I walked over rows of dead men at Donaldson and Shiloh, have shot Indians and helped hang cow thieves, but that sight at Sionx City broke me. I just sat down and cried like a woman."—St. Louis Globe-Demo-

crat. A High Tea Quite Another Thing. "As I rode from Boston out to Lynn," said a New Yorker, "two typical women of the Hub sat near me in the horse car. Their gray hair was neatly coiled, their bonnets were serviceable and their gowns designed more for use than ornament; their voices were low, and one of them read aloud to the other little items from a large work on botany. Your true Bostonian loses no chance to improve her mind. Presently I heard the reader say:

"'Why, that is the same thing as high-"Her companion and I were ignorant on the subject of high-sup, and to the

former she said: " 'Surely you know high-sup; don't you ever read the Bible? Don't you remember that they put a spongeful of vinegar on high-sup and offered it to Christ on the cross?"—New York World.

Street Signs in St. Louis.

Since the removal of the old street lamps which bore the names of the different thoroughfares the inhabitants of St. Louis have been the subjects of much bewilderment when taking their walks the city has the credit of being struck by a happy thought in the idea of deon to the ground. Painted letters three-quarters of an inch give a shadow of five feet, which can be easily read over twenty yards away.-Exchar

Wagging the Tengue in Steep.

Many persons, of all ages and both sexes, in perfect health cannot hold their tongues when asleep. This habit is due to indigestion or to cerebral irritability. The remedy is an early meal before going to bed, taking half a pint of cold wa-Forests of Greece.

In ancient times Greece possessed about 7,500,000 acres of dense forest, and she was comparatively rich in timber until about fifty years ago. Much of it of water usually induces aleep.—New has, however, now disappeared.-Phila- York Telegram.