Brive under ground the lingering most, And up the greensward legions lead; Come near, O sun—O south wind, blowf

Are these the skies we used to know? The budding wood, the fresh blown mead? Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow! The breathing furrow will we sow,

And patient wait the patient seed; Come near, O sun-O south wind, blow! The grain of vanished years will grow, But not the vanished years, indeed! Where are the springs of long ago?

With solders leafage, lying low, They for remembrance faintly plead! Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow! Where are the aprings of long ago? —Edith M. Thomas

HOW I DIED.

I was very sick. I had laid for days that seemed years upon the rack of such pain as only strong men, suddenly broken upon the wheel, may know. Every bone in my body, every nerve, every minute gland of corporeal tissues had been like electric wires and cells surcharged with ethereal agony. At last there had come a benumbed feeling that thrilled like the vibration of harp strings suddenly stilled. I could hear the hum of voices like the far off drone of bees, and the sound

seemed soothing me into a strange peace. I was aware that somebody passed a light before my eyes, and after repeating the action several times replaced the night lamp on the stand without the shade. I knew also that somebody stepped to the window and threw it wide open, while a voice, seemingly borne beyond the confines of space and gathering force as it approached the boundaries of auricular demonstration until it boomed like the deep bass of the sea, uttered these words:

"The poor fellow is going fast. Give his spirit a chance to free itself."

"Do you believe in that old woman rot?" asked another, and from the region of enchanted drowsiness where I seemed to linger I caught myself listening for the third voice, which I seemed to know would speak next. And I didn't listen in vain, for even while I struggled with the unseem forces that were hurrying me away a woman's voice, clear and strong and sweet as the notes of a bell

that was forever ringing in my ear, said: 'We believe in God's mercy, and we believe that this poor pain racked body is about to throw open the door by which the spirit goes free; if a closed window hinder its going, we will throw every window in the old hospital as wide as

"And give the rest of the poor devils in the ward a chance to catch a mortal chill," responded the second voice. "You are as consistent as the rest of your sex.

voice beat the air in circles of receding sound, I suddenly ceased to think, to which had supported my body so long, and that the fragrance of a prayer floated through the awful stillness of the room. It had no form nor sound, and yet something within me perceived it, as the languid senses perceive the fragrance of

glearning slab within a windowless room, where something long and white and still was lying. Drops of ice were form- Tribune. ing on the edges of the slab, and a death cold stream was purling across its shining surface. Something that was not a voice, and which made itself manifest to me through other channels than the ear, spoke lightly of the grave wherein soon should lie.

'We will bury him tonight," it seemed to say, "there will be no friends to interfere, and there are too many dying these few days past to keep 'stiffs' over a half day.

"But the law grants even a 'stiff' its rights," responded the womanly voice ! had learned to know, "we have no right to bury him with such indecent

"Right or no right, law or no law, he'll have to get out of this tonight," replied the first voice.

The contention had no effect upon the something within my ice bound frame which still held its niysterious connec tion with sentient life. That filament fine as the gossamer shred by which the spider binds together the other and the rose, seemed an electric wire charged with messages from an unseen world. I could hear the rise and fall of angelic choruses, like the dip of songful seas, and clear and sweet and distinct, above them all, I heard the woman's voice I learned from out the cold embrace of

death to note. "He shall not be buried tonight, nor yet tomorrow, if that flush continues on

"What flush are you talking about?" responded the doctor, bringing the light he carried nearer the face that lay upon the marble slab, where the ice drops were forming, crystal by crystal, like the beads one threads upon a growing strand.

since we stood here. I knew by the in- sleep on the left side, and this is the m tent gaze you bestowed upon what generally demands but a passing glance that the mouth in the morning, which is genyou discovered it when I did, and I demand that the body be removed to the ward until we investigate the case."

"That flush is only the reflection of your red dress," laughed the doctor.

nurse. "I shall call a stretcher to carry that all food enters and leaves the stomthis living man out of the morgue. Afterward we may resume our conversa-

"You shall do nothing of the sort," replied the doctor, placing his hand as he spoke upon the outstretched arm of the nurse with compelling force. "You have made a fool of yourself over this fellow from the first. Not a hanger on in the his handsome face. You are bound to me of sleeping on the right side." by ties you cannot break, and rather than see you under the enchantment of this fellow again I simply will smother the feeble pulse of life that lingers in his

"You may be a villain, but you are not delphia Press."

Scoward, Dr. Ware." replied the woman.

whose hand he still held. "To refuse to give this man the chance to live would be the most despicable act of your life, and, so help me God, I will denounce you as a murderer before the first justice can find if you do not instantly summon assistance and remove this body

"Not so fast, my dear. Every mo- dar ceremony at the new christening of ment's delay extinguishes more and more the New York's sister ship, the Paris, the chance for life, and if the attendants was given to Miss Frances C. Griscom, we shall summon find a dead man on the 14-year-old daughter of the president the alab who will believe your hysterical of the American Steamship company, to story in the face of my statement that no which the vessels belong. sign of life existed? Women nurses are the pet name by which Miss Frances not in favor just at present with the addressed by members of her family and board; they are too sensational, too emo- her friends. tional, too indiscreet. Your brayado will eventuate only in your own dis-

With the bound of a cat, the nurse while he was yet speaking, broke from the doctor's detaining hold and reached the door. Quick as thought she opened it and flew down the long corridor.

Shall the future eternities hold for me another moment fraught with such pain as thrilled my tortured limbs when the doctor's malignant face bent above my sealed eyes, and although conscious of a vast reserve power I felt myself unable to move the lightest member or lift, by a single hair's weight, the closed lids? I felt his fingers press the delicate auato my of my throat, and I knew that he was seeking to throttle the little life left in my body. Every drop of blood be came a spear of flame to thrust my quivering flesh, and the effort I made to groan started what seemed to me to be showers of hot blood from every pore.

The sound of hurrying feet and clam oring voices staid the doctor's hand before its full purpose was accomplished, and raising himself from his sitting posture he greeted the newcomers with a brisk: "Hurry up, boys! I thought Miss Brady had fallen asleep on the way. Lift this fellow up quickly and carry him to the ward. He is good for a long lease of life yet."

I never knew how the doctor and Miss Brady adjusted their quarrel. Both retained their respective positions for some time after my recovery to health and removal to a western city, where a stroke of long delayed good luck reknit the raveled edge of my finances and

placed me above want. Miss Brady finally resigned her position at my suggestion and joined me in my western home as my beloved wife. Of the doctor's well farings or ill farings we neither of us knew aught from that day onward and forever.-New York

Hints For Roadbuilders. To intelligently locate roads for a

county, for instance, there should be a map on a large scale showing water courses, railway stations, towns and their population and the population per square mile for different sections. Having de termined the general direction and extent of the road, the problems of grade, While yet the schoof the head doctor's drainage, adaptability of the soil for road purposes and minor considerations may present themselves before a definite hear, to feel, to be. And yet I was. I location may be determined. The amount knew by some newly developed sense of grade in a country road should propthat I lay mute and white upon the cot erly depend upon the character of the country and traffic. Grades should never be level and never very steep, It is better to go around a steep hill than over it. Steep short cuts may be convenient for neighborhood roads, but never for main thoroughfares. Clayey surface may be newly mown hay upon a serene June helped by the addition of sand and sandy surface by the addition of clay With A continuous pageant of the most se- regard to drainage, ample and well rapide vision unfuried in endless progres-graded side ditches with abundant out-sion before me. I saw the green hills of lets for storm water should be supplied. my childhood's home lift themselves like The effort should be to construct a nar emerald bubbles in a haze of enchanted row good road-not a wide common road. air. I saw the sapphire of the sea set in The layout should be wide, but the a rim of violet dawns and daffodil noons. graded portion narrow. Ground surfac-I saw the stretch of desert sands like ing was good and broken trap rock still drifts of snow within the compass of a better. The road surface should be, in lonely land. And in the midst of their fact, a traffic bearing, waterproof roof bewildering vision I suddenly saw a over the dirt road, slightly yielding or malleable under heavy loads, but sufficiently firm not to break.-Minneapolis

Philadelphia a City of Families.

Philadelphia is a dingy city by the side of Paris. It is outdone by most of the world's centers in all by which the world reckons greatness, but no city that is or ilies and therefore children comfortable. If all Paris were to file past you, every fifth person would be a child under 15 years of age. If all Philadelphia were to do the same, there would be three such children for every 10 persons. File for file, there would be one-half more children in Philadelphia than in Paris; more, file for file, than in New York or London; more than in any of the world's old great cities; more, betause Philadelphia makes life more comfortable for families and for children .-Bt. Nicholas.

A Campaign Relie.

A relic of the presidential campaign of 1834, consisting of a copper coin is sued by the opponents of Andrew Jackson, is in the possession of Ira H. Benjamin of Romeo, Mich. On one side, encircling the center, are the words: Perish Credit. Perish Commeros. 1834." In the center is the figure of a hog running, with the words, "My Third Heat" on it. Above the hog. 'My Victory." Below it, "Down With the Bank." On the other side, encireling the center, are the words, "My Substitute For the U. S. Bank." In the center is a medallion of Jackson, and below it the words: "Experiment. Currency. My Glory."-Chicago Herald.

The Best Position For Healthy Sleen. A doctor writing in a medical paper "Why, the flush we both have noticed exys: "An immense number of people erally attributed to dyspepsia. If a meal has been taken within two or three bours of going to bed, to sleep on the left side is to give the stomach a task which is difficult in the extreme to per-"You are wasting time," said the form. The student of anatomy knows ach on the right side, and hence sleeping on the left side soon after eating involves s sort of pumping operation, which is anything but conducive to sound repose The action of the heart is also interfered with considerably, and the lungs are unduly compressed. It is probable that lying on the back is the most natural position, but few men can rest easily so and hence it is best to cultivate the habit

> Mrs. John Smith of Kingston, Ont., 90 years of age, is cutting a new set of teeth. Already they are five in number

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

President Harison raised the United States flag on the steamer New York when she became a full fledged American, but the honor of performing a sim-'For myself, I remember well a gar-



There were the usual appropriate ceremonies on board the Paris, but the most interesting moment was when "Pansy" Griscom unfurled "Old Glory" and a happy hour in "Pansy's" life.

An Interesting Group of Children. There was an interesting group of future promise gathered in the Lakewood hotel the other day. There were four of them, and their combined ages did not reach 10 years. In the center was Miss Ruth Cleveland, to whom the rest paid the homage always attracted by beauty and sprightliness. On her right was Jay Gould, son of George and prospective heir of a very comfortable living. On the left was the son of Mrs. Emmons Blaine of Chicago, while the shy, fair haired little fellow in front toying with a big bunch of wiolets and casting furtive glances at the little maiden was the only son of J. Hooker Hammersly of New York, heir to \$7,000,000. - New York Cor. Detroit Free Press.

A Clever Little Girl. There is a little 5-year-old girl in Englewood who is attracting much local attention by her attempts at drawing which seem to indicate genius. Wherever the little maid goes the pencil and tablet are carried instead of the dolls. and she seems to have moments of in spiration, when her designs excel in originality and approach correctness. She uses few lines in her drawings and does the work very rapidly, sometimes coloring the picture with pastels, sometimes leaving just the lines.-New York Sun.

A Last Resort. "Mamma," cried little Dorothy as they walked by the drug store, "I'm so

"Well, then, a glass of lemonade?

Again mamma refused. 'Oh, dear," said Dorothy, "it's too bad. I s'pose I'll jus' have to take plain raw water."-Kate Field's Washington.

Maybe you have gone to a circus with your father and mother or with your elder brother and have laughed and shouted at the antics of the clown and the smart tricks of his "educated mule," dogs and monkeys. It never enters your mind to associate anything serious, aught that is not bubbling over with fun, with had contributed nothing in discovery to ever was, has done more to make fam- the clown, yet he is not always "cutting Look at him in this picture. His face is serious enough now. Probably



he is thinking of his little ones at hor whom he has not seen since the show started out in the spring. It may be that he has had sad news from home, and as he sits there, surrounded by his trained dogs, pig and monkey, his thoughts are

But in a few minutes he must respon to the call to go into the ring to do his what is the use of making people dispart, and then his face must be all smiles and his voice full of mirth. He must do rold and sallvary glands for sweetbreads his duty by his employer and try to fulfill the expectations of his audience, no matter how much he would prefer to sit in his dressing room and smoke and think. So, you see, children, that even your jolly friend, the clown, must think first of duty if he would succeed.

Take a large wooden button mold; put a match through it, making a top; sharpen the lower end. Sprend a large sheet of smooth wrapping paper on the table, then dip the end of the top in ink and spin it on the paper. The curious and beautiful figures it will make afford an andless source of amusement to the little ones,-Cor. New York Recorder.

The city of Seattle, Wash., will hereafter employ all idle men who wish to work. They will be furnished with tools and will receive a fair amount of money for every cord of wood they chop for the city

"Xmas" is often written instead of Christmas, and the authority for so doing is that X is simply the initial letter of the Greek word for Christ.

edies for toothache, my friend, " said a philosopher, "will be found to afford instant relief in every case but PLAYING IN THE GARRET.

some of the Resources and Pleasures of the Playroom Under the Roof.

"There is one driight," said a man who was reared in a small town, "that I suppose many children born in great cities never know, and that is the delight of playing in the garret. Many city children, to be sure, have relatives in the country or in smaller cities or owns whom they have visited, who live in houses with garrets, and these know something of the delights of the garret, but there must be many city children who never even heard the name.

weather up a steep and narrow flight of in the garret, but the rain made music on the shingled roof, and the garret it-self was full of treasures. There was roof. There was a swing from two of vor. of the taffrail pole. Her brown curls capes and hats of women-not funcy pressed and afterward cut. were bobbed about and blown out al- costumes, but the real things, such as back to it.

"What is there in the big city that York Sun.

HIGHER EDUCATION.

The Interesting Results of the Study of a Frog's Tiny Muscle.

The young man who has had the priceless experience of self abandonment o some happily chosen point was well illustrated in a man I know, writes G. Stanley Hall in The Forum. With the dignity and sense of finality of the American senior year quick within him his first teacher in Germany told him to study experimentally one of the 17 muscles of a frog's leg. The mild dissipation of a somewhat too prolonged general culture, aided by some tasts for breezy philosophic speculation, almost diverted him from so mean an object. But as he progressed he found that he must know in a more minute and practical way than before-in a way that made previous knowledge seem unreal -certain definite points in electricity, chemistry, mechanics, physiology, etc., and bring them to bear in fruitful relation to each other. As the winter proceeded the history of previous views was studied and broader biological relations seen, and as the summer waned and a second year was begun in the study of this tiny muscle it was seen that its laws are the same in frogs and men; that just such contractile tissue the only organs of the will. As the work went on many of the mysteries of the universe seemed to enter in his theme. In the study of this minute object he gradually passed from the atti-tude of Peter Bell, of whom the poet

A primrose by a river's brim A yellow primrose was to him, And it was nothing more—

up to the standpoint of the seer who "plucked a flower from the crannied wall" and realized that could be but understand what it was, "root and all, and all in all, he would know what God and man is." Even if my friend the temple of science, he had felt the profound and religious conviction that the world is lawful to the core and had experienced what a truly liberal and higher education—in the modern as distinct from the mediaval sense-really is.

"A true sweetbread is perhaps the most healthy meat that can be eaten," said a doctor yesterday, "but you are never able to get it. The sweetbread proper is the pancreas, which is one of the most effective agents in promoting digestion, but the sweetbread of trade is usually obtained from the throats of cattle and is what is called the thyroid gland. This gland rests against the windpipe, and while its texture is similar to that of the real sweetbread it has not the same beneficial qualities. But some butchers, in order to make money, pass off the salivary gland, that which furnishes the saliva, located in the cheeks, for a sweetbroad. the most inferior substitute of all. The pancreas, or real sweethread, is a most dainty morsel. It is of triangular form, while the sweetbreads obtained from the throat are of an oval form. satisfied? They have been eating thyfor years and have been satisfied. But then they have never tasted the real thing."-Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Tenor's Little Joke A popular tener, whose dislike to eucores is well known, had been singing

there arose a vehement outcry for an en-"Ladies and gentlemen," said the singer as soon as the noise had somewhat abated, "I am sorry to inform you that Mand is laboring under a severe cold. In fact, her mamma has just sent her to bed. Under these circumstances it will be quite useless for me to ask Mand to come into the garden again this even-ing. As soon as she has recovered I shall only be too happy to oblige you."

-London Tit-Bits. Behind the Age.

When the Mother Hubbard toilet was abroad in the land, one Ohio town distinguished itself by passing a law pro hibiting the wearing of the gown outside of house limits. And the landlady of a small village inn in England has anded herself down to posterity in similar fashion by refusing to let two women cyclists, clad in knickerbocker suits, sit down to dinner in her public coffee room.

TOBACCO IN ENGLAND.

AN ENGLISH MANUFACTURER'S VIEW OF THE SOLACING DRUG.

The Workingman's Contempt For Ciga-How They Are Made Up.

No workingman, sald an English manufacturer to a London journalist, will smoke cigarettes, and he has a contempt for the lighter, milder, "boys' tobacco, as he terms the qualities which are most ret to which I used to climb in rainy in demand by the middle classes. Their names are legion, often functful, and the stairs. It was warm and rather stuffy get up of the packages in lead foil and sod the tide had carried it out about three gold printed wrappings varies with ev- miles from shore.

room, to begin with, space to move kinds, and the run is upon navy cut, about in, though you needed to lock out which virtually is the same as flake to-a little for the timber in the sloping bacco, which preceded it in popular fla-ly replied as follows: about in, though you needed to look out which virtually is the same as flake to

the beams, and we used to swing and Navy cut tobacco is simply tobacco right down near where all the big ships at the time, but he insisted that he swing in that and never get tired of it, which is partially manufactured, but come in. A few months ago my father must see her on very important busi-There was a chimney up through this the consumer persuades himself that a garret, a great, big, friendly chimney, tobacco cannot be genuine unless be and we used to play tag around that breaks it open himself by rubbing it in chimney until we couldn't run any his hands. For flake and navy cut to-There was a great lot of old bacco the leaf is pressed, and it is then magazines, and these were an unfailing passed under the knife and cut a little source of delight. There were old looks coarser than the ordinary sorts. A finein queer type, and with strange looking by cut tobacco, of the milder kind, is pictures. There were queer old hair hotter to the tongue than the stronger covered trunks, with round tops, stud- descriptions. It burns quicker, but the ded with brass headed nails. In these tobacco which is softer and slower in trunks and around in the garret were smoking is more potent. None is so curious, old fashioned men's clothes, powerful as cut cavendish, which is first hauled the flag energetically to the peak and the most extraordinary gowns and made into a thick coil or cable, then a knife with a curved, sharp blade

Descending into the cellars the visitor most straight by the lively breeze which they actually wore many years ago, and saw a number of presses, some of which swept down the Hudson river, and her looking stranger than anything you contained in trays tobacco for flake or bright eyes snapped with pleasure and could hire at a costumer's. We used to navy cut; others held blocks of cavenexcitement as the throng, of which she dress up sometimes in these old, old dish and many more were filled with was the central figure, cheered and things and parade around in the garret hanks of "negro head" in rows, square waved hats and handkerchiefs. It was and have great times generally, and so "nail rods" or rolls bound around with forgot curselves in the delights of the cloth and cord to sustain the pressure. garret that the very world itself looked | Much of these tobaccos is consumed not strange when we came down stairs and in the pipe, but as a substitute for smoking when that luxury might be a dangerous one, as in mines, or not permitted takes the place of the garret?"-New by the regulations, as, for example, on board ship or in barracks at forbidden hours. It is not a pleasant thought, but the habit of chewing tobacco is increasing, and the trade has to meet the de-

A first acquaintance with the balls of tobacco was made in the spinning room, where in the course of a year thousands of miles of leaf are spun into stout twine and are then wound into balls, if intended for Irish roll, Limerick roll, pigtail roll or bogy roll, or if it is to be manufac tured into negro head it is twisted into hanks, which when pressed are in a convenient form for biting a bit off the end.

Tobacco of a darker description left in the press for some time becomes perfectly black with its own moisture. The reason for this change lies in the fact that the "blood vessels" of the leaf, which contain the nicotine, are crushed and the oil is absorbed into the whole leaf, the surplus exuding from the press as thick and blacker than treacle.

A hurried inspection only can be given to the cigars. The best of course are imported from Havana, whose manufac turers take care to retain the pick of the Cuban tobacco at home. But our imports of foreign cigars of all kinds do not represent more than £500,000 of duty, payable at the rate of 5s. 2d. per We do not receive, it is said. pound. more than 4,000 cases of cigars from thirsty. Can I have a drink of soda was had done all that man had accomplish- abroad. Each case contains 100 boxes, ed in the world, and that muscles are or 10,000 cigars. Compared to the enortured these imports are infinitesimal. Without entering into the details of the work it is sufficient to say that a man can make, by the exercise of skill alone, with the simplest tools, 240 cigars in one day, while a girl can turn out of the cheaper kind from 200 to 300, but the latter require to be pressed in wooden molds to acquire the form which the

skill of the man's hand alone supplies. "A British cigar," the attentive ber declares, "should not be sold for more than threepence. We band the best only, for banding is equivalent to a loss of profit of 5 per cent. Some tobacconists have not a foreign cigar in stock to

sell." It was the inspection of a snuff mill, closely resembling a mortar making machine, which suggested the remark: "Every snuff taker who dies lessens the consumption. We use the mill for grinding our refuse and sweepings into snuff, but

do with all the snuff, amounting to more than £150,000 per annum in value?" "They must first analyze it, then ship it and take it down to the Nore, where they pitch it overboard loose, for if they threw the bags into the water, too, somebody would fish them up again. bags they burn in the government kiln lest some one should buy them and shake the snoff off."

Everything Will Cost Money. any one thinks he can see the World's fair for 50 cents, he will find he has made a mistake. The water privi-lege, the toilet room privilege, the privilege to charge money to sit on the benches in the park and a hundred others have been granted. In many cases the explain that he had run away fro fair directors have not received anything ann's home. He was going to row out for the grants. In others the amount to be paid is so small in comparison with the lowest estimate of the profits that it would be better if the franchise had been a free gift.

A sanitary company has placed in the various buildings on the grounds 5.000 'Come Into the Garden, Maud," when

rarious buildings on the grounds 5,000

The northwest part of this county is ready read innomerable dime novels, and literally swarming with wolves, so ordinary runts. Big, gaunt, hungry brutes to want to go around the world. can be seen at any hour in the day. Farmers complain of their ravages. Stock is in danger, and even children are not allowed to go to a neighbor's without a protector.-Moumouth (Ills.) Let-

Dollie Johnson, who is the cook at the White House, was born and reared in Georgetown. She was a slave, the property of the late Mrs. Jane Miller, will get \$150 a month. She cooked for

HE HAD READ DIME NOVELS.

And Little Georgie Bennett Was Looking For Adventures at Sea.

Mrs. Lucy Carnegie, the only woman sember of the New York Yacht club, recently performed an act of humanity that many of her lordly colleagues would have rettes-What the Different Kinds of disdalard to trouble themselves with. Her Chewing and Smeking Tobacce Are and | Jacht, the Dungeness, was steaming down Long Island sound, and when opposite Roton point at about 6 in the evening a drifting flat bottomed boat was sighted, with a little boy in It. The yacht put about and took the boy on board. He was apparently about 10 years old, was neat ly dressed in blue knickerbockers and white shirt waist and said his name was There were no ours in the boat, After her little great had refreshed him-

self Mrs. Carnegie asked him where he lived, where he got the best and how he happened to be out in it so far from shore.

lived in London with my parents and mother died, and I run away from my uncle and went on board a big black ship that had a mean, graff captain on her. After we were out a few days the captain best me with a big stick and had me locked up in a dark room for nearly a week. When he let me out, we were some place on the gold coast of Africa. Hig black fellows, with funny beads of gold around their neeks and elephant tusks through their ears, ran around without any clothing on, yelling. The captain put me ashore and sald, 'Go, now, you young devil, and be eaten alive.' Then be pu me in a small boat with only a gun and

'As the ship sailed away, with the men yelling at me. I turned toward the shore and saw a thousand black grinning devils preparing to jump in the water and com out to me. Turning once more toward the retreating ship, I burled a mighty curse at the brute of a captain, who stood on the bridge chuckling at my predicament. Then, resolutely facing the savages, who were by this time swimming out to ward me, I saw that their number was too great for me to fight single handed, so I picked up my cars and pulled with a long, stendy stroke down the coast. At first some of the savages tried to follow, but when I raised my rifle and sent the foremost into eternity the rest turned around rapidly swam to the shore. Then I prowhere I landed and made my way inland. For 15 days I lived on nothing but lion and tiger flesh. My trusty rifle never failed me, but I could find no water at one time for three days, and I had to suck the bloofrom the game I killed to quench my thirst. I shall not dwell upon these hardships, though, but will bring you at once to the time when I reached Cape Town.

When I reached there, there was ship lying in the harbor which was to sail that day for the United States. I took



found in the forest. I had an uneventfu voyage to this fair country, but when we were coming into the place where you found me I saw a beautiful girl in that boat you found me in. I saw she could not reach the shore, so I went to the cap-tain and told him. The brute exclaimed:
'Let her perish. I can't bother with every one I see in a boat!' At this I became furious. I tried to argue with him, but he would not listen.

"My blood fairly boiled with indigna-

tion. How could I, a man, stay in safety and see a beautiful girl perish? No, no and see a beautiful girl perish? No, no; it would be cowardly. So, tightening my belt around me, I leaped into the surging waters, and with a powerful effort reached the boat. The girl had swooned away. She lay there, a beautiful creature, with long golden hair and a face like an angel. Long dark lashes covered a pair of eyes as blue as the deep ses, and her skin was as fair as a lily. I hathed her face with water, and as she slowly opened her eyes and touched me with her soft tapering fingers I was thrilled to my innermost soul."

our refuse and sweepings into snuff, but not for sale. No. We return it to the chistoms to get a drawback or return of duty. The government authorities once exported this snuff to Jersey, but it came back. Then they tried to burn it, but it would not burn. They must get rid of it, and they want to make sure that it will not return to their hands again.

"What, then, does the custom house do with all the snuff, amounting to more do with all the snuff, amounting to more served and hid his face in her lap. The around and hid his face in her lap. The party were rather surprised at this, and heades all of them had become intensely interested in the story. They began to question him as to what had become of the beautiful girl, but Georgie steadfastly re-fused to say another word.

Some time afterward, when he seemed to have recovered his composure, Mrs. Carnegie asked him, "What is your last 'Georgio Bennets is my whole

replied Georgie, resuming his Chesterfieldian air. "And where do you come from, Mr. Bennett!" his questioner continued.
"Danbury, Conn., madam. My father keeps a furniture store there at 1 Terrace

After much coaxing he was indus

various buildings on the grounds 5,000 Hres near Roton point, to get a week or so water closets and lavatories. A fee of of fresh sea air. On Tuesday morning be t and 10 cents will be charged for the left his suns's house and went to the beach. After that they could find no trace of him. Mr. Bennett said that the boy was only 11 years old, but that he had and

> Opinm Flends In New York. It is estimated that New York has no ices than 10,000 optom smokers. Like many other vague estimates, however, this one is apt to be very wide of the mark

Chinese Justice. In China a man who killed his father was executed and along with his

President Harrison &e first seven months Elephants are very fond of gin, but of his term at \$75 a mouth.-Cor. LouisHE WAS A HUSTLER.

The Opportunity Was a Golden One, and He Hustened to Grasp It.

When Major General Schofield went to Keekuk, In., and married one of the belles of that town, Miss Kilbourne, an annusing incident occurred which Arthur Clarke, business manager of John Drew, the comedian, enjoys telling about. It appears that Mr. Clarke's father is editor and proprietor of Kec-kuk's leading paper, The Gate City, and in his counting room he has a particularly energetic Hebrew, by name Jos Klein. Joseph is a hustler in every ense of the word, and the day is blenk indeed when he gets left. He heard of the approaching wedding of Miss Kilbearns with the distinguished officer, and early on the morning of the date set for the happy event he called at the Kilbourne homestead, rang the doorbell and inquired for Mrs. Kilbourne, mother of the bride. He was informed by the servant who answered his ring that Mrs. Kilbourne was very much engaged ness. In a moment she came half way down the front stairs. She knew Mr. Klein very well, as people always know each other in small towns, and when she saw him at the door she said:

"I can't see you now, Joe. I'm dress ing for the wedding. Call another

time. "But I can't," said Mr. Klein, "I want you to present me to Major Gen-eral Schofield. I must meet him."

"That is impossible, Joe," said Mrs. Kilbourne. "The general is dressing for the church." But the soldier had overheard the controversy from an upper landing, and rather than create trouble he came down and was duly presented

"General Schofield," began Klein impressively, "do you realise that you are about to take from us one of the fairest flowers we have in Keekuk? Do you know that when she goes hence with you she will long for news of her old neighbors? In order that she may be really made happy by these tidings I ask you now to place your honored name upon the subscription list of The Gate City, which is the best paper in Iowa. Our rates are \$8 for the daily per annum and \$1.50 for the weekly. of your young bride." And there were tears in Klein's voice as he pleaded for

recognition. "Mr. Klein," said the general after regarding the business manager with undisguised admiration for several minutes: "I do not hesitate to proclaim that you are a wonder. You deserve success Come in, and we will have a bottle of wine together. I will not subscribe for your daily, but you may put me down for your \$1.50 weekly," and The Week-ly Gate City now finds its way from Keokuk to General Schofield's hold with great regularity.-Chicago

The Bear and the Umbrella. How much danger is there to the pound in a wild black bear when you meet him in his haunts accidentally and at close quarters? Mrs. C. F. Latham, wife of mine host at Oak Lodge, on the Indian river peninsula (Brevard county, Fla.), was returning from the beach alone and armed only with an umbrella. When just a quarter of a mile from this very porch, she heard the rustling of some animal coming toward her through

the saw palmettos. Thinking it must be a race quickly picked up a chunk of palmetto wood and held it ready to wback Mr. Coon over the head the instant be emerged. All at once, with a mig rustling, out stepped a big black bear within six feet of her! The surprise was mutual and profound. Naturally Latham was scared, but not out of ber wits, and she decided that to run would be to invite pursuit and possibly attack. She stood her ground and said nothing, and the bear rose on his hind legs to get a better look at her, making two or three feints in her direction with his

Feeling that she must do semething Mrs. Latham pointed her umbrella at the bear and quickly opened and closed it two or three times. "Woof!" said the bear. Turning about, he plunged into the paimettos and went crashing away, while the lady ran homeward as fast as she could go. So much for the "savage and aggressive" disposition of the black bear.—W. T. Hornaday in St.

Solid Emery Wheels

In the production of solid emery wheels the best coment that can be employed is one that binds the emery to ther with that degree of str which will resist the centrifugal strain due to the high speed at which emery wheels cut best—about 5,000 feet speed per minute. It must not soften by frietional heat nor glass nor burst nor be-come brittle and break with cold, nor must it bold the cutting grains they are too dull to cut nor release them so readily as to waste away the wheel too fast. It must be capable of being thoroughly mixed evenly with the grain emery, so that the wheel may not have either hard or soft spots and be out of balance, and must also be capable of being tempered to suit different kinds of motal or work. Great care and skill are required in the matter of seecting only pure and strong ch for these cements. -- Cassier's Ma-

Palestine Under the Calif

In the first century of the decline of the great caliphs of Bagdad, Bernard, a Breton monh from the celebrated mon-astery of Mont St. Michel, set out for the Holy Land, traveling first to R-He found the Saraceus in possession Bari and transporting thousands of Italian Christians captives to Egypt and ian Christians captives to Egypt and the Barbary. After a mouth's sailing he reached Alexandria, where heavy tolls were levied, and so entered Palestine from the south by Gaza. His account contains the first known notice of the miracle of the holy fire, which must have been a recent custom, or and Willibald, Sylvia and Paula not all alike have been ellent on the sub-ject. He also speaks of the hospice for pilgrims erected by Charlemagne in Jo-rusalem near the sight afterward famous as the Hospital of the Knights of St. John. -- Edinburgh Review.

Brignoli never was known to be ready to go on the stage to sing his part. He had to wait one minute or several minhad to wait one minute or several min-utes before appearing. In this he was a great trouble to managers. "Just give me one minute more," he would beg, and when that was up he would plead for another and another till all patience was exhausted.—New York Tribuna.