THE TERRIER AND THE LIONS.

fire Did Not Count as Regarded Ownership

of the Cage. Kindness is powerful with animals, but I have often been led to think that where kindness fails impudence conquers. In Lincoln park, Chicago, I saw lady put her hand on the heads of three lions in succession and stroke their ears as if they were kittens. They growled when she pretended to leave, and when she returned they fought among themselves for the first chance had nursed these lions, and they seemed to know her as a child knows its mother.

There was a little Scotch terrier in the cage with the same lions. He did nothing but bark and snarl and snap at Once at least every month glads me that singthem. One good swish of any one of the three tails would have wiped him out of existence. But he just ordered the big animals around as if he were the lion and they the rat catchers. They obeyed, although with the long deep

ramblings as of muffled thunder. voice calculated to make him many in it froze stiff-an it's goin to snow this friends. He was in no danger of being afternoon. A "flower story!" There's none see he, heskin at my big bakay, worried by encores. I don't know that left to tell about. Of course there's the for flowers, ain't you, liebecca!" he had any moral qualities worth bragging about. But he was Scotch. He had the reputation of being a terror as well when you've come out on such a cold day as a terrier, and he had a broken leg too. Set up to the fire an warm your feet. as a terrier, and he had a broken leg. Perhaps as an invalid he appealed to the sympathies of his big companions. This, however, would not account for his insolent airs of superiority.

the lady. His barefaced impudence was marryin as some does, an I had my ch attention of the gentle nurse. And he gave nothing for his living except his bark. For the struggle of life he had no kept three lions in what must have been likely it'll interest you. I wasn't brought literally a condition of galling servi- up to talk much 'bout myself. tude. There is room somewhere here when he lived he tacked morals only to fables, where indeed they seem to belong. - Donahoo's Magazine.

Felt the Blood in His Boot.

fact that every man of the company who was not wounded turned and made tracks for our own breastworks. I was a fleet run ner and made better time in that race than died, 'an I guess be thought be could 'pend ever before. About 109 yards from our breastworks I felt a ball strike my leg near my boottop, and in less time than I can ways an was used to 'em, an be had more my boottop, and in less time than I can ways to get used to 'n some which made it barder for him an other folks, too, when are the production of the produc in my bootleg, yet I never slackened my she got married. Twas all kinder sudden, speed, although I went with a limp. I tum bled over the breastworks and lay gasping put us out. I never blamed Cousin Almiry for breath. One of the boys said, 'Al, what particularly after I'd took her place with Is the matter?' I replied that a bullet had grandfather for a spell. Deacon Swan was struck me in the leg, and that I was bleed

gen searching for the wound. The boot change, was drawn carefully from my foot, when the least less a minie ball. It had passed through to be nobody but me to go over an take her the leather but had not even broken the piace with grandfather. I tried to make skin. A swollen place the size of a bickory mother say she couldn't spare me, but nut where the ball had struck it was all 'twa'n't no use. She felt had enough bout the wound that could be found, but I never lettin me go, but she said grandfather could imagine why I could feel the blood needed me more an that settled it. slosh around in my bootleg when the skin Twas a lonesome place for a girl who was not broken."-St. Lonis Globe-Dem had been used to livin right in the town

Dress In the New Japan.

only a very partial adoption of western have their dances. plets without the pips, the cup of tea and the fire box. It is quite unsuited to the busy life of routins in an office. It is a dress in which to be delightfully lary, in which to enjoy the little pleasures of life. It is impossible to sit at a table in it and copy dispatches. With the introduction of office heaves and the introduction of the control of the contro With the introduction of office hours and during office hours, the na the ferry, toward the last of the month tional dress became impossible. After the Grandfather wa'n't enjoyin very good day's work is done it is resumed. But this health; he'd been so put out 'bout cousin in itself produces a very serious difficulty

Cloth is dear, and pay is small, and inferior cloth, such as the west loves to ex- I don't know what all port castward, often wants renewing. The said he knew as much as most doctors, an lower division" clerks often find them selves in serious financial straits owing to the purchase of a suit of European clothes. indeed it is not invariably accompanied by all the necessary parts. By and by they will perhaps get cheaper and perhaps also got better made, and then a new era will dawn of greater case to clerkly purses and the garret was hung from one end to the

Not be Attractive.

When Lientenant Peary was here his hotel was testeged by boys and young men who wanted to go with the explorer to the north pole. To one of them he said in of feet: "Have you ever been to the arctic re

"Have you been a sailor?" "No." "A mechanic?" "No."
"Are you grounded in any branch of seiemille knowledge?" "No."

"Have you no special qualifications?"
So, but I can work."

You are the man for me," said the lieu tenant, and the applicant flushed with hope. "But, by the way," he continued, there is a slight preliminary before sign papers. You will pay \$5,000 toward the expense of the expediti

"Five thousand dollars!" *Certainly. You may remember that Mr. Verreshof paid \$0,000 for the privilege of accompanying me on my last expedition and he, you know, was a man of scientific attalpments, and he lost his life in the ex-

The applicant waited to hear no more.

Conlite't "Tto" John.

He was a busted sport, with very much soiled linen, and when he found a laundry check issued by the only laundry in Carondelet he thought he was fixed. He took it to John's washhouse and demanded the clothes it called for. The washerman took the ticket behind a screen, where he had a long consultation with the other Chinaman. After a time he came out and asked:

"Shirton?" "Yes."

"Collages "Yes. "

"Hanchiff?" "Yes."

"Bocks"

"Yes, 7"

Here John's patience vanished, and throwing open the door he yelled: "All one big lie!"

GYPSIES AND THE POET.

Crows, ye who of the air are the tentions, vocif L. CAMPHELL. . Proprietor. Lyrical mecking wren, post most sweet of our I to you am affected more than the rest of our

winged energ Crows, for your free content; wren, for you true love of song. Ah, what a gush of song that gladdened the air

An, what a gloss to so, the control of October,
Thrilling, coaledhous, clear, poured from the threat of the lyrist,
Reard I this much, reloiced, as "liweetheart, gwest, sweet!" he repeated,
Music that, censing men, echoed all day in my

some forage ground winging:
"Caw!" cried the lender, "caw, caw!" "Caw!"
was passed down through the line.
Them their strong pinions I cavied, their keen-

ness of viale Ress of vision,
While the small meadow lark near fluttered
and trilled a faint song.

being petted again. But this lady Through the whole year both the crown and the wren are resident with m; I, too, a lover of home, like them the better for Daily almost I see those gypsies or hear their

er's sweet lay.

-W. L. Shoemaker in Lippincutt's.

EVERLASTING.

A "flower story" today, child, said Miss He was not a pretty dog, nor was his Rebecca. Look at my garden! Everything house plants, but they're a different set altogether. I'm sorry to disappoint you,

Tell you a story 'bout myself? Land sake! What would there be to tell? You wonder why I never got married. Oh, you needn's beg my pardon. What is there I should mind about that? I'm 55 years old, an it out that? I'm 55 years old, an it He took the best of the food. He got ain't the first time folks has said they wonthe first and the last shake hands from dered. I never pretended to be set 'gainst more powerful than all the kindness and but I had my reasons for stayin as I was an I kep'em to myself. They wa'n't no body's business but mine.

Now, don't go to thinkin I'm put out with bark. For the struggle of life he had no you for speakin as you did. I'll tell you equipment but impudence, and yet he how 'twas if you want to hear, but 'tain't

Well, this story's got a flower in it too. for a moral. But Esop is dead. And after all. Do you see that "life everlast in" on the mantel? That on each end come from my garden, but the bunch is the middle ain't nothin but the wild sort that grows out anywhere on the hills some calls it "Injun posy." What you as What you say? "During the war I belonged to a cavalry regiment, and our company was ordered to dismount and make a charge upon General thing. It has a pleasant smell when it's Hate, who with his men were intremched free kinder soothin. Some fells thinks behind breastworks at the battle of Stone a pillow stuffed with it is good to make river," said a gentleman yesterday. "We you sleep. That's why grandfather wanted charged, but the bullets came so thick and one— But I may as well begin at the be

we wa'n't none of us prepared for it, an it a pleasant spoken, peaceable sort of a man, If he wa'n't one to set the great river of Two of my comrades came up and be fire, an I guess Almiry never regretted the

with plenty o' neighbors an five or six in the family, for there wa'n't nobody but grandfather an me in all that great house. to be a tayern or nal dress we do not take lively enough, I dare say. There was rooms the slightest trouble to inquire whether in it for plenty of visitors, an the great what has been done which, after all, is ballroom was there yet where they used to The house stood close dress was not absolutely necessary. One to the river, right at the fost of a hig bill point alone is sufficient to establish the covered with rocks an pinetrees. The road national dress is suited only to the national life to sitting on the matter of the national life to sitting on the matter of the national life to sitting on the matter of the national life to sitting on the matter of the national pretty steep in some places it was—an endlife, to sitting on the mats. It is income at at the ferry, front o' grandfather's. If

> Twas in October when I come to live at Almiry-it had upset his liver, an he'd been takin thoroughwort tea an tausy an self an takin his own medicines. Reg'lar doctors keep their doses for other folks an

maybe he did, 'cept in prescribin for him find it pays better. But grandfather tried all his'n on himself first, an 'twas no wonder he got run down. There was always a basin of somethin stewin on the stove, an other with herbs a-dryin.

I hadn't been there more'n a day when he sent me after "Injun posy" to make his pillow. I didn't mind goin; 'twas a besul-ful afternoon, the sun a shinin an the red an yellow leaves droppin down softly an rustlin away under your feet. There didn't none of it grow down at the ferry, so I had to walk up the road an hunt round in other folks' paraters, for there was plenty of it on the other side the hill.

I got my basket full in no time, an all I could carry in my hands besides, an then I stopped under an old codar to rest. I was real warm, 'twas so sheltered there, what with the trees an all to keep the wind away, an I took off my sunbonnet and sat down

on the grass.

How did I look, child? Well, to be sure B's kinder unhands to describe one's self. You see how I look now—then I was founger, that made all the difference perhaps happier: I reckon that helpsd some too. Oh, I can go into particulars if you want me to. Nubody ever would a' thought I was sister to Catherine, she was so light, an I was durk as a gypsy. I took after my father, you see, an she was clear mother right through. I used to kinder envy her yeilow curls an pink checks, though I had a good head o bair myself, thick an seft, coming down to my knees when I under it, but land! 's wouldn't

curl, an 'twas black as could be. Yes, I had plenty o' red in my cheeks. Semebody told me once they was like bunches o' carnations, an I recken they didn't lose mone o' their color by hearing bout it. Got some of it yet? Ab, no, child, those carnations faded an died years ago-

winter killed, like the flowers in my garden, But what was I tellin you? Oh, I set there on the ground fannin myself with my growin over the old order, just full o' bersome o' it to take home to put in the jure room an grandfather's bedroom; mine was so the mantel, when I see a man comin towant me down the bill.

I'd heard a good deal of firin round all just as they were down stairs. the mornin, so when I see how he was dressed as that he carried a gun I judged windows I could see way down the river twas him I'd been listenin to. 'Twa'n't past Essex, an a long stretch o' meadows. southin strange to see gunners round that all while an smooth, with never a track time of year. They'd come up far's Essex across'em. My north windows looked up the

ieft in the land if they'd been the sports tress showed teach under their load of snow, men they looked to be, but I reckon they got as much satisfaction out o' their fixin's an great blocks of ice lay piled an heaped as they could have out o' the birds, an 'twas 'long the shore, an of all the unearth

better for all hands. Well, I which no more 'fraid o' him an river'd make the worst at night, when the his gun than the birds had 'casion to be, so I just sat an watched him comin. But

"Kit," sex I, "where in the world did you come from 3"

His name was Christopher Columbus Madison, but he wa'n't never called by it. obody needs a name o' more'n one syllable in Essex. It'll just be wasted an thrown away if they have it. His brother was Kit than Katharine was like me. But, as I was sayin, Christopher he come

up to where I was standin, and shifted his gun inter his other hand, and put his arm nd my waist, and was goin to kiss me, if I hadn't pushed my great bunch of ever-lastin up in his face instead and slipped

away from him laughin.
"I should think I might ask where you nome from?" sez he, and then we both explained. He was stayin home a spell to please his mother, and I told him bout grandfather.

Plants are scarre at the ferry, I reckon "Hard up

"but these are pretty Don't you think so? "I don't admire 'em correctally," sez Kit. "But as for their sweetness"-He bent his dark face down over the white flowers

again to give 'em another trial. I wasn't thinkin be meant to play me a trick, an was lookin up at him, innecent enough. Course he had his revenge-an his kiss-'fore I knew it. I was clean took aback, for I wa'n't one to let the boys take liberties in that way as some girls do. All my lajun posies tumbled in a heap to the ground, an I just stood there, not knowin

whether to laugh or to cry.

Kit took one look at my face then he dropped down on his knees in trout o' me an began pickin up my flowers as fast as he

Yes, I reckon I can tell you how he looked. Wait a minute till i put another stick on the fire, ite sure a tail, broad shouldered young fellow-quark as I naturally an sun burned pair still, but he had handsome teeth, an 'is eyes were clear an bright-the sort that could flush easter'n they could cry, but they could grow tender for all their keenmass, an I've seen 'em sad enough for tears. Well, as I was tellin you, he placed up my flowers in a great hurry and off red 'em to me still

"Here they are, Rebecca," sex he, "every s of 'em. Please forgive me for makin you drop 'em.' But I wouldn't look at him. I picked up ly basket an walked away. So then he amped up an come along, too, takin the asket out o' my hand fore I could stop

What are you goin to do with all this stuff anyhow?" sex he. But I thought he'd got through his apologizin in rather too short order, bein's I hadn't said nothin bout forgivin him, so I

awered pretty stiff an distant: "It's for grandfather. I won't trouble you to carry it home for me. It ain't walked in.

"It's no trouble, thank you," sez Kit. He'd slung the basket on the end of his gun an was carryin it over his shoulder, an went right on, talkin 'bont Jame, an folks I knew in Essex, an places he'd been to while he was away, an one thing after another, just as unconcerned as could be.
"If I liked a girl," set lot, looking at the flowers in his hand, "I should give her a bunch of these to remember me by.

"If you liked a dozen girls, you mean," sex I, for I'd heard of Kit Madison afore. "If I liked a dozen, 'twentid be the same as nothe at all " was her be different.

We'd reached grandfather's offset steps by that time, an I thanked him an took

I can't ask you to come in," sex I. "Grandfather don't like me to have much "I'll come some other time then if I

sez Kit, "have you forgiven me, "I don't see as it's any con whether I have or not," sex I.

just as happy."
"I'm not," see he, "I'm very miscrable. Will you take this, Rebecca?" holdin out a bit o' the "life everlastin."

"Course," sez I, "after all my trouble, I don't want to lose any of it. "You didn't have no trouble with that piece," sez Kit. "I pieked it."

'Oh, well," sex I, "every little helps when you're makin a pillow." That's not goin in a pillow," sex he

"What shall I do with it, then?" sex L "Put it in one o' grandfather's stews? I don't s'pose be'd know the diff rence." "A thing that's everlastin's meant to be

"A thing that's everlastin's pretty hard to get rid of," see I, an he went off in a I was glad be did, for grandfather was littin up kindlin wood, an I knew

he'd have somethin to say. I took my posies into the house an sprend 'em up in the garret to dry-all but two bunches | put in | 0' se jars on the mantel. I hadn't got my bittersweet after all, you see an the little piece Kit gave me.

Who was that you was talkin to out to the door;" sex grandfather when he came in with his kindlin wood.

'Kit Madison," says I, flyin round lively's could gettin supper.
"I thought as much," set grandfather, in you may as well understand, Rebecca, first as last, that I ain't goln to have noth m of that sort goin on here. If you at after the same pattern as your Cousin Almiry, the sconer you leave the better. can't be bothered in that way again by Kesex fellers's perially."

I didn't say nothin, but 'twas kinder bard on Cousin Almiry. She was 45 years old, an I don't believe she'd ever looked at a man in her life till Deacon Swan naked her

"It's begun to snow, child, just as I told Look how thick it is down on the river. I'm afraid you'll have a real uncomfertable time gettin home. You don't mind it? Oh, well, I didn't when I was young. The winter set to real early that ye The ground was covered with snow by fhanksgivin time, an grandfather an went over in a sleigh an spent the day with ather and mother. I was homesick enough when I went back again. "Twouldn't 'a' seen so bad if grandfather'd only let me

have some company. I can't begin to tell you how the wind howled around that great empty house. We didn't use the main body of it never, but just lived in a side wing that was built this way: First the keepin room, as grand-There was a hittersweet vine father called it, joinin the house, that was parlor, sittin room, kitchen an dinin room ries, an I sat jookin up an thinkin I'd get all to once. On the end o' that was a storeup stairs over the keepin room with windows on the north side an south side, too,

in their beats and just overrun the whole steep billishie, covered with white like all country. There wouldn't 'n' been a feather the rest, 'cept where the rocks an the pine poises that anybody ever listened to that

'Yore he got close up I see I'd made a mistake-on more points'n one.' He wa'n't no
stranger to me, though 'twas much 's five
years since I'd seen him, an as for the
birds, they hadn't been so safe all the time at I'd thought—his larg looked pretty be'd be stirrin his herb teas while he beavy. I was real pleased to see him, for we used to go to school together fore he in those stories, to be sure, but they made went off to sea, an I didn't know he was me dreadful p'voked, for they was all 'boot what lively times they used to have in that bouse years ago, when he an grandmother first come there to live an keep the tavern. For you see I knew it might be real pleaant, even then, if only he was willing There was young folks 'nough, that would 'a' come if only he'd let 'em. The Madison boys did come every once in a while. June Junius Edward, so 'course he was always had pretty good linck 'bout not findin June, an it kinder suited him. He was grandfather to home, but he 'most always blue eyed and light haired, no more like caught Kit, an then how he did go on, to e sure. He mortified me so, I 'most felt

I'd rather folks would stay away. I was tellin Kit 'bout grandfather's stories one afternoon-he'd come in for a few min utes; grandfather'd gone down to the store an hadn't got back. I was tellin him how lively the old place used to be. "I listen to him all the evenin," sex I, "an then I can't help listenin for the rest o' the night. This use is just full o' ghosts. You can hough but I hear the ladies goin down stairs in their slippers—pat, pat, pat. I s'pose it's the rats, o' course, an the swish o' their dresses, that might be the wind, as the sound o' their voices an the music that could be the wind, too, singin through the pine trees, but it's too mournful a tune for

any but ghosts to dance to "Poor little girl," sez Kit, but I reckon he thought I scared myself a good deal for nothin. He took my hand in his great brown fist, an he held it as we stood to gether 'fore the fire

"I wish we could have a real party here."

"Twould make the whole place seem different ever after, an I don't believe grandfather'd mind when once they got Kit said if I was sure about that he could manage the party easy enough. There were plenty of 'em would like to come. They

were getting up surprises all the time, an they'd bring their own music an refreshments with 'em. Well, child, if you'll believe me, we just

What's the reason you haven't asked bont June's looks, child? He was better on the right way, guv'nor," said another worth describin than most—the prettiest representative of the fustian tous, "that is, worth describin than most—the prettiest fellow I ever see. Not many girls could come up to him. Those two brothers were good pitchin outside a jeweler's, or a fur-dreadful fond o' each other. Folks used to niture shop, or a bootmaker's. Xo, mister, dreadful fond o' each other. Folks used to laugh at Kit and say the reason he didn't. It must be ontside a butcher's, though grosettle down to no girl in particular was cers ain't bad, but butchers is the best, so

everythin settled.

Land love you! Not He wa'n't holdin my hand all the time. I took it right away ling of a few apples for the kids by way of from him! Fore he went he asked me dessert. Them's the costers wot makes what I'd done with his piece of "life ever-lastin." Is pose the bunches on the mantel made him think on't. I looked at him as if I didn't know what he meant, as he yer never know when they're going to leave laughed right out. laughed right out.

"No need to ask further," says he, "I s'pose it went into your grandfather's pil-low with the rest. It'll give him queer dreams, I reckon," "He hasn't said nothin 'bout it yet," sez

I, an the door opened, and grandfather He was in a dreadful had temper. He'd. met a team on the way home-Essex fel-lers, he said, they was, scowlin at Kit-an they wouldn't turn out for him more'n so much, so he had to do the rest, an got up-set in a drift an broke one o' the shafts an lost his whip. It sounded like the old fam-Hy coach when he was teilin it. But it had

he'd go an got him off 'fore grandfather said anything very bol to him. every bit o' it on my hands an knees, an would not be frightened tomorrow if a at 10 years of age wi twas cold enough to there dry rags together. June got the wood for a hundred millions. It hardly shudders the fire when he was in one day an piled it up all ready to light. We grated a wax cost of about £:7.000,000 sterling, its whole tionary committed to memory. She candle on the floor an danced round on it. till 'twas smooth as satin. June an l'rend. universal suffrage, has nearly doubled its no one sympathized a little later with

all that; he was a splendid dancer. when he come in, but he shook his head. many besides. He said he'd wait for the party. I thought he looked dreadful tired as be stood there watchin June and me. I wondered if there was anything the matter, but June was all right, an what 'fected one generally touched the other. He brought me another bunch o' everlastin's, Kit did. He said his mother sent 'em-they were some she'd raised in

her garden. Well, everything was ready, an the next night grandfather an I was sittin by the fire, talkin as usual, an just as he was tell-in how the parties used to drive up there came a knock at the door, an there Grandfather was so s'prised I reckon he didn't know for a minute whether he'd gone back to old times or not, an they all rowded round him, shakin ha im an actin as if they s'posed he'd be real pleased to see 'em. I showed 'em up stairs to the rooms I'd got ready for 'em to dress in, an then I slipped away to fix myself up I wore a white dress, child, an the ever istin's Kit brought me. They were big white ones an shone like silver in my black air. I wore some more of 'em in the front of my dress, an right in the center the piece o "Injun posy" he give me first. I was

kind o' shamed o' it, but June had just told ne he was goin off to sea again the next day, an I'd got an ache in my heart, child. may as well own it! I could hear the girls laughin softly in the other chamber, an the tap of their slippers as they went down stairs, an the swish o' their dresses, sounded for all the world like the noises beard every night, an the fiddles tunin down in the ballroom. It all seemed a part

o' the same thing. It's more chrecful," sex I to myself. But I could hear the meanin of the frozen river, an the wind was subbin through the pine trees just the same. Kit and June met me at the door as I

come down. The first dance is for me, an the last e's for Kit," sea June. "We're going to divide even tonight. Rebecca." "I hope you've fixed everything to your

seg I. "When I have company, I like to have 'em consult their own wishes stend o' me." Oh, come! You're satisfied, and you know it?" seg June, an we went off together. Oh, well I remember every minute of that eveniu, though it don't make so much to tell. I danced straight through with those boys, first one an thent'other, though I don't s'pose 'twas 'cordinterule. More'n one wa'n't pleased by it, for Kit an June was the best partners in the room an fa-'rites on all sides. But I didn't care; I knew I might as well make the most of the

an Kit was goin tomorrow You like these everlastin's better'n the other sort," he said to me as we stood for a the entertainment was withdrawn. sute restin at the end o' the room. What other sort?" see I, lookin down at the flowers on my breast, an he looked too, an saw his Injun posy. I didn't dare look

chance, I'd never have another.

up at him, but I knew he saw it. You kept it, then, after all," sez be under his breath You said everlasting things was mount to be kept," sex I, turnin my face away.

both was that night—they that always used to be so lively—but I s'pose they didn't give me time, an everybody round was

naking noise enough.

I ha, my last dance with Kit, an then the musicians put up their fiddles, an the girls fluitered off to put on their wraps. The sleighs come up to the door, an the

party was over far too soon. Kit an June an I was left alone in the empty ballroom. The candles had burned down to their sockets. I thought 'twas the flickering light made those two so palet

"It's been toe finest party o the season, sez June, with a long breath. "I thank you for bein so good to us, Rebecca. We shan't forget when we're far away, an-you've greed to treat us both alike tonight-now bid us goodby just the same," an 'fore I knew what he was doin he took me in his arms an kissed me an was gone fore I could "What did be mean?" sex L

"Only what he said," sez Kit. "We're goin away tomorrow, but he'll come luck some day, an you'll be good to him, butyou'll keep the everlastin's?" An then he was gone, too, with only a clasp o' my hand-he didn't kiss me-he

left June that much ahead.

Evening Post.

scorned to take. I never see 'em again. died o' the fever in New Orleans. Wild boys, folks called them in Essex, but they was true as steel to each other—an to me! It's most dark, child, my story's took so long! An the snow is deep. Who would think the flowers could ever have bloomed in that garden to look at it now? But the Latin and Italian fluently, writing them sun will shine, an the spring will come also, and translated easily from Hebrew, back again some day, an I—have my "life Chaldee and Arabic. When her father

Making Money With a flashet.

It is really surprising, the money that is made from business with buskets and bur-rows. As an old coster remarked to the

there is in any other. But yer must do two things to get it-run straight and give full weight. If a coster is known to have his weights and measures right, why, there sin't no reason why the haristocracy shouldn't drive up to his stall. I had a stall in the New Cut for nigh on five and twenty years. Look at me now. I made Well, child, if you'll believe me, we just we getables to give me a small pony and ther, who was an artist by profession. The profession of the profession o

custer's fortune. "But yer want to have yer head screwed if yer want to make 'oof.' It ain't a bit o' Cause he was in love with June.

But we talked the party all over that beef has only to step outside, and there's night as we stood afore the fire, an we got yer flowery pertaters at four pounds for yer flowery pertaters at four pounds for any attention of the period tuppens a-waiting for her and a nice 'end o' salary for a penny thrown in, to say nothmoney. I take as much as 45 on a Saturday alone, and I have taken £810s. I do the whole thing myself; assistants is risky,

The Extravagance of Democracies.

Half a century ago every thinker predicted that the one grand evil of democracy would be meanness; that it would displa an "ignorant impatience of taxation," and that it would refuse supplies necessary to the dignity, or at least to the visible greatness, of the state. That idea has proved itself to be the exact contrary of the facts. The lower the suffrage the higher the bud

Damocracy loves spending, is devoted to dignity, and provided they are indirect or made him late, an you couldn't wonder he fall heaviest on the rich will pay any was put out. I kinder let hit see I wished amount of taxes. The English democracy, with household suffrage, though it has reduced its debt, increased its budget, has in-Well, I got that baliroom scrubbed; I did creased rates all over the country and the girl she had a very bad memory, and interior. This fellow made a red dye from taxation and raised its debt more than a her desire to study Latin except an un-We tried to get Kit to see how nice it was a fourth, spart from the tribute to Ger | cle, who gave her some valuable in-

The German democracy, with universal suffrage, a poor soil and nearly universal poverty, is always granting new demands whether for soldiers, ships, colonies or centralized officials. And in America, with niversal suffrage and a rich estate, extravagance rises to a point in which politicians whom living men still reme politicians like Sir Robert Peel or David one, could not have been persuaded to

Iclieve.-London Saturday Review.

The price of cotton is turning the attention of southern planters to the advantage of substituting tobacco culture on a part at least of their cotton lands. During the decade from 1880 to 1800 the tobacco growth in the southern states rose from 328,000,000 o 300,000,000 pounds, or nearly 74 per cent of the total growth in the United States. Since 1800 there has been a very consider have been cleared and devoted to the proction of Havana leaf, which is claim to be similar in many respects to the leaf produced only 100 miles or so distant in the

island of Cuba. However, the great bulk of the southern obacco of today is of a coarse, rough grade, especially that of Kentucky, which, by the way, is the greatest tobacco producing state in the country, its crop in the year of the ast census reaching 221,000,000 pounds, or nearly 50 per cent of the whole crop of the United States. Tobacco of this kind is largely marketed for pipe and chewing pur-

Sir Richard Owen and the Fakir.

A novel story of the late Sir Richard Owen is going the rounds. A snake charmer at Cairo, oreckening without his host, appeared before fir Richard to go through a deadly performance with a cerastes—the horned wasp. The reptile was placed on the ground. Owen looked at it a mement, then stepped feward and picked it up. Before the luckless performer could interpose the savant plucked from its head its projecting horns, which on closer inspection provfather'd gene to bed in an awful temper, ed to be fishbones. The fakir was somewhat disconcerted at the rapid unveiling of an actually harmless animal, and London Figuro.

Science Right.

Husband-A great scientist says that women are less sensitive to pain than

Wife-I presume it is so. I can suffer terments and go right along with a ward why I hadn't noticed how quiet they bead while hunting a collar button. Union.

AMBITIOUS GIRLS.

SOME GREAT WOMEN WHO WERE PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.

Some Notable Examples Which Go to Prova That Ability Is Apt to Reveal Itself as Early With Girls as With Boys-Some of Them Had to Struggle,

"I wonder if most famous women were as ambitious and gave signs of future greatness in their early youth as famous men?" asked a thoughtful looking girl, dropping her book, "The Lives of the Great Musicians," in which with delight she had been reading of the boy

"Most great women have been precocious," answered her aunt, whose kusy brain possessed the charming faculty of storing up all manner of interesting information against a rain of questions from her clever niece. "Letus go back to that sweetest character in They were loyal to each other, those two English history, Lady Jane Grey, and What both couldn't have, either we will find she was only 13 years old when that learned scholar and fine gen-Kit was lost at sen, an June went south an tleman, Roger Ascham, found her rendtng Plato's 'Pheedon' in the original Greek while the rest of the family were off on a hunting party. But it was not with a knowledge of Greek little Lady Jane was satisfied. She spoke French. -Bessie Morgan in New York took her to court, they found with as- proud of their Uncle Bill. As yet she has tonishment that this demure country never been "waited on" by any one bred girl was a far finer scholar than When a young man pays attention to a young Edward VI, then a clever boy girl in the southwest, it is called "waiting under the first tutors in England. Yet with all her knowledge of literature and languages Lady Jane embroidered shot full of heles. "It's a fact, guy nor, there's fortunes to charmingly, sang to several instruments be made in our business just the same as that she played very well, danced and Fort Gibson and terrorized the people of wrote easily and gracefully.

collection of poems when she was only

"Angelica Kaufman, the beautiful woman and gifted artist, who painted the portraits of royalties, when only 11 enough out er summer cabbages and other used her brush far better than her fa-

"Mms. Roland never remembered when she learned to read, for at 4 years of age she was greedily perusing any books that came to her hand. Dancing and music she readily acquired, but geography and Latin were her favorite studies. As a girl of 7 she would eager—
The reason for this is place to enity rise at 5 o'clock in the morning to the ground. The full blooded have get to her books, and so dearly did she love reading she carried her volume of ed, are opposed to the encreaching the 'Plutarch's Lives' to church when she was 11 years old and secretly read it during the long prayers.

There is not a more touching story of a child's quick mind starved of its authority and the bandits. It proper food than Caroline Herschel. Her mother was a stupid woman, who kept her daughter purposely so busy about household work she could neither study nor practice on her violin she dearly loved and in which her father wished to instruct her. It was with an aching heart and tearful eyes Caroline plied her needle, while her father and his sons held their little family concerts in which the girl longed to join. She begged to be allowed to study French with ber brother, and dancing also, but this her mother forbade, though her gentle, elever father was anxious his Caroline should have a good education. It was not until later in life, when her beloved brother William, the great astronomer, sent for her to join him in England, she had any opportunity to exercise her fine mind.

"Mary Somerville says that as a litas sent to a boarding school, where the chief lesson for struction. She was very much interested in two celestial globes the village schoolmaster taught her to use, and yet, on the whole, she was rather in awe of the big constellations, whose brightness reminded her of lightning, of which she was desperately afraid. At length she persuaded her brother's tutor to buy her an algebra and Euclid, which she lets they acknowledged that red paint is studied at night until her mother, in horror at the idea of a girl wasting time on studies meant for boys, deprived her of a candle to read by, and her father feared she might go crazy. It was long after that she really found the courage and sympathy to take up her great

studies in earnest. 'It was as a pianist George Eliot was toted at her school, and with the most amazing ease she acquired languages, able increase, and in Florida large tracts yet as a very little girl she showed no great promise, much preferring a romp with her brother to her books,

"Fannie Burney, who is also known as Mme. d'Arblay, published her first and cleverest povel when she was only 15, and yet she was 8 years old before learning her alphabet and scarcely received any regular education at all.

"Rachel, you must remember, was a girl just turned into her teens when she berrowed a volume of Racine from a Jewish peddler in old clothes. On readposes in this country, and much goes to ing the great French tragedies she de-Europe, whose people are satisfied to use cided to become an actress, and this ing the great French tragedies she dekinds of tobacco not only for pipes, but for poor, pretty little Jewess, the youngest eigars, that could hardly be sold in this of seven children, who had begun life intry, or if salable only at prices which as a street singer, on her second appearwould barely pay the cost of manufacture ance on the French stage was greeted as Florida product, very little of the entire toco growth of the southern states comes ability is apt to reveal itself as early with in competition in any way with our Con- girls as boys, and these are a very, very necticat tobacco, which is chiefly of the few of the world's great women who iner wrapper and binder grades. - Hartford loved books in the nursery and gave the most glorious promise white still in short frocks."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Cat's Breath. All the felidæ possess polsenous

breaths, intended by nature to act as an anasthetic on their prey. If a person cares to experiment by inhaling, for instance, a cat's breath, they can easily realize the truth of this statement. Carefully watch a cat playing with a captured mease. You will discover that the mouse does not suffer, but is sort of stupefied, as if by chloroform. In the 'Life of Livingstone," written by himself of explorations in Africa, he states that once when he was seized by a lion and his arm broken the crunching of the broken arm gave him no pain, so be numbed were his senses by the animal's breath. A cut seeks the child for its soft bed and the warmth of its bed and lies down on the chest of the infant. Its weight impedes respiration, its breath amouthetizes the child, and death fol-The music began again then, an June smile on my face, while you swear and occurred, and medical records conclusions up for his turn. I wondered after tear around like mad if you bump your sively prove it.—Brooklyn Standardlows. This circumstance has actually

SHE IS A LULU.

Outlaw Bill Cook's Sister Is Something of an Outlaw Herself.

Louisa Cook, sister of Bill Cook and general spy for the gang over which her brother rules, is a character in her way. She is 20 years old and has grown up in the Indian Territory, where, like her broth ers, she received a fairly good education She rides like a flend and can split a wal nut thrown into the air with her navy revolver before it returns to carth.

There is not a breath of scendal acainst She will marry some day, and it is probable that she will make a loyal wife



LULU COOK and bring up a set of boys who will be on her," and if any other young man or dertakes to be that particular girl's "wanter," or "servant," he is very likely to be

One night a few weeks ago she rode into rote easily and gracefully.

'Felicia Hemans published her first defying arrest. She filled the depet full of lead from her platel. After driving the frightened citizens off the streets she galloped through a squad of deputy marshall and out of town in thorough bandit queen

style. Bill Cook and his sister are mixed blood. Cherokees, and the belief is gaining ground that, so far as the Indian government itself is concerned, there is no abili-ety to exterminate the Cook gang and eliminate it. So long as its predatory raids are made upon railroad trains and wiste occupants of the territory no great fusa is going to be made by either the Cherokee or the Choctaw government,

though civilized and in the small whites and to statehood or even torial form of government org other territorial governments 16.15 even hinted that there is collesome of the reactionary full bleer igh in cant that no full bloods have you rate

RED PAINT NOT BULLE PROOF.

How Native Warriors of New t | New Warm Fataily Deceived. Red paint saved the white German New Guinea during a test that occurred recently in that a conthe Bismarck archipelago. Arno Fe et who for three years has been in Gern

New Guinea, tells the story of the war i a San Francisco Examiner reporter. "The war was very bitte and very bloody for a time," said Mr. worft, "but it was a succession of guewithout an open battle. I wall fought with guns, sparsand a land but few guns, but an a malane the other weapons. I took part in which serimmages, in which 104 patives and one

"The ultimate defeat of the insurgents was largely due to a mative imposter of the the native warriors as a sure immunity from injury from bullets. He told then that no bullet could pierce the paint if smeared over their boiles and permitted to dry. He sold his paint in large quar titles to the superstitions people, taking

their shell currency in payment.
"Earnest belief in the protection of the red paint against the weapons of the whites spread all over the island, and exery watrior against us showed a vermillion breast to our weapons. Bitter experience was necessary to teach them their error Bullet after bullet penetrated the paint and their swart hides before they would believe that they had been duped. After 104 of them had been piereed by our bul-

not a bullet proof cuirass.
"German New Guines," continued Mr. Senfit, is a very wild bland, and but little of it has been explored by the whites. The natives are all cannills als—that is, they cat the bodies of men of rival tribes, though I have rever known them to ent the bodies of white men. The men of the island are large and stundy.

women are good to look at, but as age comes beauty goes." A Balloonist's Adventure.

In making a balloon ascension at Capac, Mich., C. F. Walt seized the parachute for the descent at a height of over 1,000 feet, and in some way the small cord which held the paracliste to the baref the balloon-only a cord one eighth of an inch in diameter—became entangled around the har of the balloon. He charms he untied the string before he attempted to drop. Anyway it resulted in the inverting of the parachute, leaving him suspend ed in the air, with only the small cord to hold him. He remained quiet, not during to make an effort to raise himself by the cord to get hold of the har above him. After a little further ascent the balloon be gan to descend, landing him with considerable force, but not enough to hurt blin seriously.

A Brigand Band Disbanded.

At Lucera, in the province of Feggia, Italy, the "Mala Vita" game, which had been in existence since 1882, has just been broken up. It was an organization bound by caths to live by robbery and to do no honest work. It was controlled by a council which promoted and punished as it saw fit. Treachery was punished by destin. Sixty-eight members have now been sent to prison for terms of from five to ten

Swallowed Her Dend Husband.

The only case on record of a discon-

late widow swullowing the remains of her dend husband is that of Artemesia drink ing a glass of wine in which the nahes of Mausolus had been stirred for that purpose. Manselus was king of Carls and reigned about 200 years before Christ,

A Temple Made From a Single Stone. Mayalipmam, India, has seven of the most remarkable temples in the world. each of these unique places of wership having been fashioned from solid granits bowlders. Some idea of their size and the task of chiseling out the interior may be gleaned from the fact the the smallest of the seven is 24 feet high, 17 feet long and 12 feet wide. Travelers who have carefully examined them are of the opinion that it took centuries of work to curve these graceful edifices

from native rock -St. Louis Republic.