

Where do I come in?—Oklahoma.

The Canadian branch of the family acting in a most un-American way.

I haven't got anything against my grandmother, but I don't like the relations she is living with.—Emperor William.

Queen Victoria is an admirable woman and an excellent queen, but this fact need not blind public opinion to the fact that she is no judge of poetry.

Rud Kipling says China's fleet could wipe out the entire American navy. Mr. Kipling occasionally unloads a bit of entertaining fiction on the public that he doesn't get any pay for.

The Rhinebeckers were proud of their distinguished townsman when he was a candidate for Governor, but after his inauguration he did not bestow a single office in his gift upon them.

The London Chronicle is slightly mistaken in it says that "Lord Dunraven's failure, etc., has done more to breed bad blood between the two nations than President Cleveland and Secretary Olney combined." His lordship may be a thorn in the flesh on the other side, but he is only a joke over here.

The Venezuelan commission will be a puzzle to the learned British critics. It contains two Republicans, two Democrats and one man of independent views. What the British critics must discover is how the verdict of this commission can be alleged to be dictated by partisan sentiments.

William Watson, Lewis Morris and Alfred Austin have all been considered by Queen Victoria as candidates for the laureateship. If she had not stopped when she fixed her choice on Austin the chances are that eventually she would have pitched upon a poet for the position.

Austria's new ministry has sent a circular to all public prosecutors reminding them that the freedom of the press is guaranteed by the constitution, and warning them that the illegal practice of confiscating newspapers on the ground that they incite to hatred and contempt will no longer be tolerated.

It is John Bull's ready assumption that he is the natural lord of the earth that has brought him into collision and forced upon him a recognition that he is everywhere making antagonists of those who ought to be his friends. Just now he is feeling very angry and threatening to fight all the rest of the world, if necessary, to keep what he has got and get what he wants. But he will cool down when he takes a calm view of the situation and will see the necessity of letting other people's possessions alone and of mending his own manners.

The art of etching seems to be wonderfully provocative of humbug. A few lines which, were they drawn on paper with pencil or pen, would excite comment, become (says the Nation) invested with a wonderful interest when they are scratched on copper. Time was when Mr. Hamerton had to complain that the public knew nothing of etching; but that time is long past, and to-day an artist who fails as painter and draughtsman has to publish his feebleness in several "states" to become a considerable personage. Reproductions of a good many things are important only because they are etched.

George W. Smalley, American correspondent of the London Times, is trying to show that there is ground for impeachment proceedings against President Cleveland. Mr. Smalley's contention is that the President, in his message on the Venezuelan question, by his threatening statements, usurped the rights of Congress, which alone has the power under the Constitution to declare war. There might be some point to Mr. Smalley's contention if the President had used language threatening war in his intercourse with foreign powers. But the Constitution gives him the right and makes it his duty to communicate with Congress by message. It is ridiculous to say that he is liable to impeachment for making recommendations on matters that are solely within the power of Congress to determine. It might as well be said that he is liable to impeachment for recommending certain revenue legislation.

An incident in illustration of a smart trick said to be not infrequently played by coyotes in securing food from among the herds of sheep on Western ranches is related by a rancher of Grant County, Oregon. He had a herd of about 1,000 sheep, and recently missed a large number. In searching for them a herder found three sheep lying on the brink of a precipice, their throats marked with the teeth of a coyote. He made his way to the bottom of a canyon, 300 feet below, and there found the bodies of 110 sheep, or rather parts of their bodies, for the coyotes had been feeding on their carcasses for a week or more. From other incidents of like character it was concluded that several coyotes had got among the herd when the sheep were driven off their bedding ground during a storm, and had herded them to the brink of the precipice, much as a lot of sheep dogs would drive sheep. When the edge was reached the coyotes pressed the herd so hard in the rear that the 110 at the front either jumped or were pushed over the precipice.

Colorado is red in the face with the energy it is giving shouting to the rest of the world, in the expectation of calling mankind's attention to the marvelous richness of its gold mines. At present, from the stockholders' point of view, all there is to Colorado is Cripple Creek, and Cripple Creek is certainly a wonder. But it does not matter if the second level of Cripple Creek were as rich in gold as the surface of New Jerusalem, there would be doubting Thomases in plenty. The world's notice has been drawn to the sag in the values of the South African stocks in London, Paris and Berlin, and as a consequence all stocks of gold-mining companies everywhere are looked upon with more than doubtful eyes by

capital. Capital is owned by human beings, and human beings have a disinclination to be taken in twice by the same game. There is no doubt at all that there are rich mines in South Africa, and there is scarcely less doubt that there are rich mines in Cripple Creek. All the same, gentlemen with money would, just at the moment, rather take a flyer in something else than gold-mining shares, unless something extra attractive can be offered.

The war scare is not without its humorous for disinterested spectators. At any other time the way in which the serene British subject has arisen and stamped around in much wrath and fury would be an effective antidote to melancholy. The sudden assemblage and dispersion of diplomats, the hasty meeting of cabinet councils and the mysterious talk of mobilizing armies and of navies suddenly sent into commission are as exciting as anything outside of a national political convention. The world suddenly becomes cognizant of the existence of a South African republic which had been slumbering peacefully for several years without being so much as noticed. A party of overambitious Englishmen go on a trip in the republic's territory, and the poet laureate of England writes a wonderfully and fearfully bad poem in honor of their ill-advised picnic. And to cap the climax the Emperor of the most imperiously governed country in Europe, next to Russia, sits down and composes a letter congratulating the people of the republic upon preserving the integrity of their free democracy. Kaiser Wilhelm interrupting his work of punishing people for lese-majeste congratulates President Kruger on behalf of political freedom and thereby becomes a most interesting subject of observation. His present policy may be wise, but it is also gayly and charmingly irreconcilable with those autocratic speeches to the Reichstag. It will be surprising if some of the kaiser's socialist opponents in that chamber do not allude to the incident with gentle but sincere irony. On the whole it is a matter of satisfaction that both Wilhelm and his late friends in London are doing a little to make the situation amusing. These things relieve the strain.

The announcement that Miss Clara Barton and the American branch of the Red Cross Society will undertake the work of carrying succor to the oppressed and starving Armenians forecasts a work which, if successfully performed, will be historic among the world's great Christian enterprises. Failure is not easily accepted by the Red Cross Society. Probably there is no other organization in the world which could attempt the enormous task with half as effective an equipment as that which Miss Barton has at her disposal. The world has seen how the combined powers of Europe have paltered and trifled with the task. There is an evident need of the services of some organized body which shall be absolutely neutral not only as regards the Turkish domestic affairs but as regards the powers of Europe. Such a body is found in the Red Cross Society which by the agreements enacted with various nations stands as a perfectly neutral agent. Its flag enjoys special protection on any field and its forces cannot be hampered in their efforts without a specific violation of international agreement. Representing no nation, but acting on behalf of all, the society will be able to assume an activity in Turkey which no national or semi-public body of any other kind could undertake with any prospect of success. Miss Barton's announcement of her intention shows still the firmness and decision which characterized her efforts as a young woman, and the public may look confidently to see her genius for organization, her executive talent and her noble humanity rewarded with success. She understands thoroughly the gravity of the work before her and the dangers involved in trying to relieve the Armenians in the face of the fanaticism of the lawless Kurds and hostile Mohammedans. But she has the strength of the Red Cross Society, her own native ability and the friendly recognition and sympathy of the United States Government to sustain her. The prayers and the earnest good wishes of all Christendom go with her, and substantial means of support should be promptly forthcoming when she asks them.

The man who thinks he has the best of his tailor had better take off his coat and examine the tag under the collar, which with great care the fashioner of garments has sewn in. There let him look at the stitching which binds that innocent-looking bit of linen to the cloth. Let him then see whether the tailor is a fool or not.

As surely as bad habits leave their mark upon the constance of the wicked, so the wily fashioner of wardrobe has set his seal. The honest man, the boat, the slow payer, the schemer and the doter are known by the stitches. By their marks ye shall be understood, or words to that effect.

The object of this new sartorial fancy is to enable knights of the shears to tell at a glance whether you are good pay or not. It's all in the threads, as it were. Here is the key to these ingenious tabs of the tailor. The "jog" stitch is the one regularly used for good customers, who require good work. The criss-cross is significant of slow pay. The stitch with dots and dashes, which looks like the Morse alphabet, tells the inquiring tailor that the owner is a bad risk. The reverse dot stitch shows the good fellow who wishes his friends to pay what they will finally owe on his introduction.

The round curves are used to indicate a mean man, and the tag with convex loops at each corner is a sure black eye for the wearer. It's a good scheme, altogether, the tailors think.—New York World.

Squalls. "Were you ever caught in a squall?" asked an old yachtsman of a worthy citizen. "Rather," responded the good man. "I have helped to bring up eight babies."—London Tit-Bits.

Proof Positive. "Wilkes has removed to Brooklyn." "What makes you think so?" "He is signing his letters 'Yours, Trolley.'"—Comic Weekly.

THE PARROT.
The deep affections of the breast
That heaven to living things imparts
Are not exclusively possessed
By human hearts.
A parrot from the Spanish Main,
Full young and curly eared, came o'er
With bright wings to the bleak domain
Of Mull's shores.
To screeching groves, where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits and skies and sun
He had adieu.
For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and ragged surf
His golden eye.
But, petted in our climate cold,
He lived and chattered many a day
Until, with age, from green and gold
His wings grew gray.
At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mull's shores.
He hailed the bird in Spanish speech;
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round the cage with joyous
screech,
Drooping down and died.
—T. Campbell in American Woman's Journal.

KATIE.
There are few more cheerful places on a cold winter night than a smithy, with its roaring fire. The ruddy glow and sparkle of light, the interested faces of the village loungers, the roar of the bellows and the cheerful ring of the smith's hammer on the anvil all combine to make up a comfortable rural picture of light and warmth.
The smithy at Godscroft on a cold December evening was no exception to this rule. It was warm and bright and filled to overflowing with village goings, met to talk over the events of the day. The group of men collected round the fire was just such a group as may be found round any smithy fire in the country—hard headed, hard featured, hard fisted, shrewd, sensible men, keen politicians learned in polemical controversy, fond of argument on most subjects and able to take an intelligent although often prejudiced interest in almost all the leading topics of the day.
Such were the loungers collected round the smithy fire at Godscroft listening eagerly to a man who was in many respects dissimilar to them. There were about him an easy breadth, a freedom, an expansiveness of gesture and manner which suggested colonial life. He had an air as if the village street was scarcely wide enough for his swinging stride, as if he felt the little world of the smithy, the arena of the intellectual heroes of Godscroft, narrow and circumscribed. He was good looking, with sun browned complexion and dark eyes and a merry twinkle in them, while a strong, square cut chin and jaw gave character to a face that would otherwise have been only weakly good natured. A large, wavy haired dog of a mongrel and nondescript type lay at his feet and formed the theme of conversation.

"It's a bonny dog of 'is kind, and a goid dog, I've warrant, but I will never allow that it's a collie," said one speaker.
"Did I ever say that it was? It has nothing of the collie about it, although it has more than a collie's intelligence."
"It's a dour looking beast," said another.
"It reminds me of a wolf I once saw in Wombwell's menagerie that came round this countryside four years ago come Lammas. Ye'll mind it, Gordie?"
"Ye're none so handsome yourself, Jock," said the stranger, "that you should object to the want of beauty in others. Did you never hear tell of the old proverb, 'Handsome is as handsome does?' Bill, here, is better than he is bonny, and that he has proved."
"Tell us all about it. It's just grand to hear ye telling these outlandish stories," said one of the bystanders.
"It would be away out there in Australia, I've warrant," said another.
"Yes, boys, it was," said the tall, bronzed, bearded man who owned Bill, and he tossed back his hair and gave his forehead a rub, as if to quicken the blood of memory, and straightaway began.

"You want Bill's story, mates. Well, here it is. Some of you, here, I don't doubt, will remember that when the old man died in the hard winter of '70, I left the old country, that was pretty well used up for me, to try my luck in the Australian goldfields, where they might be got for the mere trouble of lifting it up. What I got, and that was never very much, took a precious deal of hard work, I can tell you, and what with one thing and another, I tired of it and went up the country to a big squatter, a kenneled man and kindly, for he was one of Hunter of Godscroft's sons, and hired myself to be one of his shepherds. I had a good berth with him, nothing to complain of, either in the way of work or meat or wages, but it was an out station, and it was terribly lonesome. I missed my mother, poor old body, more than I can tell you. Many a time it would have done my heart good just to have heard the click of her knitting needles, or seen the whisk of the skirts of her old black gown, and sometimes I laughed and sometimes I cried, and I would have shed tears when I thought how it would have amused her to know me with my lockes turned up kneeling damper or toasting a bit of mutton at the smoky fire."

"However, it was better, as I often said to myself, to be alone than tethered to a bad neighbor, and my sheep kept me in so much work that I had very little time for thinking. Every now and again they would take a wandering fit, and I would get up some fine morning and find the half of the hirsle gone, and nothing for it but to scour the country far and near till I came upon the track of them. I have seen me ride 50 miles before I came upon them."
"Eh, man, but you would be fearful when you did?" said an old school fellow appreciatively.
The big Australian withered him with a look and went calmly on.
"I was out one day after a lot of those long legged woolly trespassers, that were as swift as a deer and as cunning as the oldest fox in your spinneys here, and I had not seen much as a print of one of their feet. I had been riding since the morning broke, and I was spent with hunger and fatigue, when the night came down upon me pitch dark, not a star visible—a deep Egyptian darkness that could almost be felt. I could not so much as see my hand when I held it up before me."
"Ye were aye a bam billy," said another retrospective schoolfellow, "but a considerable sum of money on that would daunt ye. What did ye do?"

"What could I do? To turn back was more dangerous than to go forward. I let my horse solve the difficulty. He seemed to see what was before him. I could not, and we went on and on and on till I saw a shimmering gleam flash through the mirk darkness of the night and heard the rush of water. It was a creek, as we call them in those parts, and as the horse made no pause I rode boldly on, and, by God's mercy rather than my good guidance, we stumbled on a place that was fordable and got safely to the other side. The steep bank was overgrown with bushes, as I could see by a glint of moonlight that flashed out all of a sudden, and I was just taking a look round to see if I could make out where I was, when my ears were pierced by the most awful cry I think I ever heard. It was so loud, and so shrill, and so full of pain, that it fairly made my blood run cold. I leaped out of the saddle in sheer fright and looked around me like a man bewildered. The wide, bare pastures and scrubby bush around me were void of any human habitation, and yet it was like the cry of some poor human creature in the extremity of distress. It was so ghastly, so unearthly, that the horse I was riding, although he was a steady old brute, shied and swerved sharply round. He was in such a panic that I could not help remembering mother's old world stories about ghosts, although I tried to tell myself that there was no such thing. However, ghost or no ghost, I was bound to go on, so I set a stout heart to a stay here, and when I found that I could not force the terrified brute up the bank I dismounted and tied him to a young gum tree.
"I had scarcely set my face to the bank again when the same cry sounded out once more. I tell you, mates, it made the blood run cold round my heart, it was so shrilly loud, so unearthly, so despairing, and, to make it worse, the black night came down on me again mirk and heavy like the blackness of the parish mortcloth I used to wonder at when I was a boy. I had not the least idea in what direction to turn and was standing irresolute when I heard the cry again, and it sounded nearer and was so distinct that I thought I could go straight to the very spot it came from. The bank was so steep that I had to scramble up on my hands and knees, often slipping back and stopping to listen, but I could hear nothing except the soft, gurgling splash of the water down beneath me. I was not sure which way to turn when I heard the cry again in the right direction, that was one good thing, but I will never deny that I was frightened a bit, it was such a terrible cry and the spot was so lonely. I had that spirit in me, though, that would not go back, and I crept forward on my hands and knees toward the top of the bank, which was covered with a close, low bush. It was a bit of a climb, and I had stopped a minute to get my breath when I thought I heard a low moaning noise close to me. I gripped my revolver, but it was of little use in the darkness, so I took out instead a big bowie knife I always carried and held it ready in my hand. The next moment there was a sort of hurdling rush through the air above me and something leaped right down upon my shoulder. I gave a yell and then another, and then away down the bank we rolled, riving and tearing at each other in an agony of mortal fright. As soon as I could get my right hand free I gave a desperate thrust with the knife, and with a yell of rage and pain the creature dropped off from me, and I heard the thud of its fall on some projecting rock or bush that had caught it in its descent.
"I was more frightened than hurt and soon scrambled to my feet. As a smoker is never without matches, I soon had a light, with which I groped my way down to where the creature lay, and what do you think I found?"
"A teeger maybe," said another old school fellow.
"Ye silly gowk, there are no tigers in Australia. I found Bill; but, my word, he was not the comfortable, well fed beast he is today. I don't think I ever saw such a dog as he looked then either before or since. He was a gaunt, starved skeleton, bleeding slowly from a wound in the side, which he had got in the struggle with me. He made no attempt to escape, but lifted his head and gave me a look so pathetic, so almost human in its note, reproachful appeal for help, that it fairly went to my heart. I spoke gently to him, and he looked up at me as if he would fain have spoken and told me his story. He let me stanch the blood that was trickling from his side, and I bound up the wound as well as I could. He then staggered to his feet and whined and caught my sleeve with his teeth, and showed me as plainly as if he had spoken that he wanted me to follow him."

"I took up the lantern and he wagged his tail and licked my hand, and we scrambled up the bank together, and then always whining and looking back he led the way into the bush. The brushwood was so thick and dense that I was almost beat. I could scarcely force my way through, but whenever I stopped to get a mouthful of breath he whined and fawned on me, and pulled at my sleeve, and showed such an agony of distress that I could not but pity the poor dumb beast. By this time the day was beginning to break, and it was not so dark as it had been. He had led me to a sort of cave formed by a shelf of rock projecting from the bank, and there, wrapped in a tartan shawl, was a sight that brought my heart to my mouth. A girl, a bit lissie, so sorely wasted and spent that I lifted her up in my arms like a child and carried her out to the open. Her eyes were closed, and she seemed too feeble for speech, but there was life in her stiff, as I could see by the flickering of her eyelids when I stooped down to look at her.
"As for the dog, who had crawled after us, he looked up in my face with his pathetic eyes full of dumb prayer for help, and then, for he was fairly beat and could not, I believe, have dragged his trembling limbs another step, he stretched himself out on the grass beside her and licked her little wasted hand. I was in such a state of excitement myself that I fairly trembled. I scarcely knew what to do, but I got some water and laved her face and moistened her lips, and when she had swallowed a few drops she came round so far that she could utter a word or two in a faint whisper.
"Thus, bit by bit, I got her story. She and her father had been on their way home from the goldfields, and he had a considerable sum of money on him, how much she scarcely knew, and

it made little matter, for it was all gone. In a darkness gilly on the road he had been set upon and robbed and murdered, and she had fled to the bush like a distracted creature and wandered about day and night till Bill had come back to her, and she had followed him to this cave, where she had lived for some weeks on such berries and roots as she could find. She was afraid to leave its poor shelter, for she had lost her way completely and was thoroughly bewildered, and so when the supplies of roots and berries, never very plentiful in an Australian bush, began to run short she gave herself up for lost and lay down in despair to die.
"Poor thing! My heart was in my mouth as I listened. Gaunt and haggard as she was, it was easy to see that she had been a bonnie lassie, and her voice was so soft and sweet that it was like a song from paradise. 'You must not speak of dying,' I said, 'you that have all your life before you and can scarcely tell yet how pleasant a thing it is to live.'
"I have no desire to live longer," she said. 'I have nothing to live for, now that my father is gone,' and she closed her eyes and shuddered.
"She spoke with a pretty accent, and her voice sounded in my lonely ears like the sweetest music I had ever heard, but although she was so gentle and sweet she quite knocked all the conceit out of me, and I could only stare at her and mumble: 'No, no. You must not talk of dying.'
"When she revived a little, I carried her down to the place where I had left my horse, and by his aid had got her home to my hut, where she lay for many days more dead than alive. She wanted nothing but a sip of water or tea, and when she came around a little a mouthful of damper. It was a poor fare for an invalid, and one, too, who had evidently been daintily nurtured, and I expected nothing but what it would kill her outright. She rallied, however, and got up at last, and crept to the door, and the fresh air helped to strengthen her, and, as was natural for so young a creature, the heavy cloud of grief that had overshadowed her lightened a little, and she began to sing softly to herself in a sorrowful, heartbroken way that saddened me to hear, but was better for herself maybe than the silent despair in which she had been since the day I found her.
"As for Bill, here, he had got better long before she was able to move about, and although he always took charge of her he showed a great affection for me and liked nothing better than to follow me about.

"I could make out nothing clearly about Katie—for that she told me her name—except that she was the daughter of a poor gentleman; that her mother was dead, and that she and her father had always been in all to each other. He had made money at the diggings, but that was gone. She was that was left, and I could see for myself that she was the bonniest bit lassie that ever gladdened a man's heart. Her eyes were bright and blue, like the dewy bluebells I used to gather when I was a laddie on the Godscroft rigs. Her hair had the color and glint of burnished gold, and her cheeks began to show the rosiest color, like that of the sweet, fresh wild rose.
"I think I see her as if it were but yesterday, shaking back the curling hair from her brow and lifting her bonny bit face to mine and asking how she was to do this and what she was to make of that, for she had never been used to work, and I had to show her how the simplest things were done, but she was quick at the uptake and never needed to be told a thing twice, and I liked her to ask my advice, for when she did so her eyes would shine like gems and her face would flush up almost as if she liked me, but that, I told myself, was impossible.
"The long and the short of it was that I began to like her too well for my own peace. The only happy moments in my life were spent in watching her or listening with the keenest delight to every word she uttered.
"She told me often about the books she had read, and she spoke sometimes of the life she had led—a life altogether unlike mine. My heart sank within me when I thought of her. What was I to do that I should think of winning her love? I had nothing to offer her but the true affection of a fond, loving heart. I could not even tell her how well I liked her. I trembled before her like an aspen leaf and could scarcely get out a word if it were to save my life. That was a rough time on me, mates. I was so wretched that I got sour and gruff and spoke sharply to the very creature I could have fallen down and worshipped. So from less to more she got to think that I was tired of her presence there, and one evening—how well I remember it—she was standing full in the blaze of the firelight, her figure erect, her hands loosely clasped before her, her bonny blue eyes fixed wistfully on mine.
"I must have been a great trouble to you," she said quietly, "and you have been very good to me. But now I feel quite strong. If you will put me on the right road tomorrow, I will go away with Bill and never trouble you any more."
"Where? I almost shouted, clutching Bill's collar as I spoke.
"To the city. It was there my father was going."
"Have you any friends there?"
"No. I have no friends anywhere, but I have learned to work. I shall find work there, I hope."
"Stay with me, Katie," I cried in utter despair. "I have not much to offer you, but I love you. You must have seen how I love you."
"She did not answer me in words, but she stole her little soft hand into mine. How happy I was! I could scarcely believe in my own good fortune, for I had never dared to hope that it was possible that she could like me.
"There was nothing to be gained by waiting. Handsome townsmen are not easily come by out in the Australian bush. We went down to the station, where the parson chanced to be making his rounds, and were married. The yearfulness of our life made our happiness deeper, I think. We were like Adam and Eve in paradise. I never saw the sun shine so brightly as it did that spring on the grass look so fresh and green, and my bonnie bit lassie was as pleased as a queen and as blithe as a mavis. If I were to speak forever, I could never tell you of all the true and tender feeling of a lad and his lass who loved each other as we did. Earth was like heaven to us, and that lonely little hut an Eden. We is me! We were driven too soon from his shelter.
"She was as merry as a linnet, as I

made little matter, for it was all gone. In a darkness gilly on the road he had been set upon and robbed and murdered, and she had fled to the bush like a distracted creature and wandered about day and night till Bill had come back to her, and she had followed him to this cave, where she had lived for some weeks on such berries and roots as she could find. She was afraid to leave its poor shelter, for she had lost her way completely and was thoroughly bewildered, and so when the supplies of roots and berries, never very plentiful in an Australian bush, began to run short she gave herself up for lost and lay down in despair to die.
"Poor thing! My heart was in my mouth as I listened. Gaunt and haggard as she was, it was easy to see that she had been a bonnie lassie, and her voice was so soft and sweet that it was like a song from paradise. 'You must not speak of dying,' I said, 'you that have all your life before you and can scarcely tell yet how pleasant a thing it is to live.'
"I have no desire to live longer," she said. 'I have nothing to live for, now that my father is gone,' and she closed her eyes and shuddered.
"She spoke with a pretty accent, and her voice sounded in my lonely ears like the sweetest music I had ever heard, but although she was so gentle and sweet she quite knocked all the conceit out of me, and I could only stare at her and mumble: 'No, no. You must not talk of dying.'
"When she revived a little, I carried her down to the place where I had left my horse, and by his aid had got her home to my hut, where she lay for many days more dead than alive. She wanted nothing but a sip of water or tea, and when she came around a little a mouthful of damper. It was a poor fare for an invalid, and one, too, who had evidently been daintily nurtured, and I expected nothing but what it would kill her outright. She rallied, however, and got up at last, and crept to the door, and the fresh air helped to strengthen her, and, as was natural for so young a creature, the heavy cloud of grief that had overshadowed her lightened a little, and she began to sing softly to herself in a sorrowful, heartbroken way that saddened me to hear, but was better for herself maybe than the silent despair in which she had been since the day I found her.
"As for Bill, here, he had got better long before she was able to move about, and although he always took charge of her he showed a great affection for me and liked nothing better than to follow me about.

"I could make out nothing clearly about Katie—for that she told me her name—except that she was the daughter of a poor gentleman; that her mother was dead, and that she and her father had always been in all to each other. He had made money at the diggings, but that was gone. She was that was left, and I could see for myself that she was the bonniest bit lassie that ever gladdened a man's heart. Her eyes were bright and blue, like the dewy bluebells I used to gather when I was a laddie on the Godscroft rigs. Her hair had the color and glint of burnished gold, and her cheeks began to show the rosiest color, like that of the sweet, fresh wild rose.
"I think I see her as if it were but yesterday, shaking back the curling hair from her brow and lifting her bonny bit face to mine and asking how she was to do this and what she was to make of that, for she had never been used to work, and I had to show her how the simplest things were done, but she was quick at the uptake and never needed to be told a thing twice, and I liked her to ask my advice, for when she did so her eyes would shine like gems and her face would flush up almost as if she liked me, but that, I told myself, was impossible.
"The long and the short of it was that I began to like her too well for my own peace. The only happy moments in my life were spent in watching her or listening with the keenest delight to every word she uttered.
"She told me often about the books she had read, and she spoke sometimes of the life she had led—a life altogether unlike mine. My heart sank within me when I thought of her. What was I to do that I should think of winning her love? I had nothing to offer her but the true affection of a fond, loving heart. I could not even tell her how well I liked her. I trembled before her like an aspen leaf and could scarcely get out a word if it were to save my life. That was a rough time on me, mates. I was so wretched that I got sour and gruff and spoke sharply to the very creature I could have fallen down and worshipped. So from less to more she got to think that I was tired of her presence there, and one evening—how well I remember it—she was standing full in the blaze of the firelight, her figure erect, her hands loosely clasped before her, her bonny blue eyes fixed wistfully on mine.
"I must have been a great trouble to you," she said quietly, "and you have been very good to me. But now I feel quite strong. If you will put me on the right road tomorrow, I will go away with Bill and never trouble you any more."
"Where? I almost shouted, clutching Bill's collar as I spoke.
"To the city. It was there my father was going."
"Have you any friends there?"
"No. I have no friends anywhere, but I have learned to work. I shall find work there, I hope."
"Stay with me, Katie," I cried in utter despair. "I have not much to offer you, but I love you. You must have seen how I love you."
"She did not answer me in words, but she stole her little soft hand into mine. How happy I was! I could scarcely believe in my own good fortune, for I had never dared to hope that it was possible that she could like me.
"There was nothing to be gained by waiting. Handsome townsmen are not easily come by out in the Australian bush. We went down to the station, where the parson chanced to be making his rounds, and were married. The yearfulness of our life made our happiness deeper, I think. We were like Adam and Eve in paradise. I never saw the sun shine so brightly as it did that spring on the grass look so fresh and green, and my bonnie bit lassie was as pleased as a queen and as blithe as a mavis. If I were to speak forever, I could never tell you of all the true and tender feeling of a lad and his lass who loved each other as we did. Earth was like heaven to us, and that lonely little hut an Eden. We is me! We were driven too soon from his shelter.
"She was as merry as a linnet, as I

said before, and her eyes glanced like diamonds, and her cheek bloomed like the red, red rose, but for all that the canker was at the root of my bonnie flower. She complained of no pain, and she seemed to grow bonnier every day. Yet she grew weaker also, and she knew it herself, but I struggled sore not to see it.
"When I cannot stay any longer with you, John," she said, 'promise to bury me beside my father.'
"For I had gone out to the bush and looked for the murdered man and found him lying where she had covered him up with leaves and moss. A ghastly object he was to look at, with his skull beaten in and his clothes all covered with clotted blood, and I had laid him in a decent grave and hopped him up close and warm—for love of her, that was even then the very light of my eyes.
"Don't speak in that way, Katie,' I cried. 'I cannot bear it. Oh, my lassie, you are better today! Tell me that you feel stronger!'
"I think I do," she answered, looking wistfully at me, but that very night, when we were sitting on a bench I had put up outside the door, she leaned her head against my shoulder, and I thought she was tired and was falling asleep, but after a few minutes she opened her eyes, and there was a solemn, faraway look in their blue depths that fairly frightened me. 'John,' she whispered so low that I could just hear her by bending down my ear to her mouth. 'John, you have been a dear, good husband to me. Kiss me and hold me fast, for I feel as if I were slipping away.'
"Woe's me, how gladly would I have held her fast forever, but I could not. She was slipping away from me and from all things earthly. There was a flutter of her bonnie white eyelids, a long, long, gasping breath, and she was gone. Bill, there, is all that I have left of her, and, rough, mongrel tike as he is, the money is not coined that could buy him from me!"
He drew his large brown hand across his eyes. "It is years since now, and the world has used me not unkindly. I am a prosperous man, and my wife up there," and he pointed to the village inn behind him, "is a good woman and has made me an excellent wife, and we are happy enough. I have nothing to complain of, but, oh, I never lay my hand on Bill's rough head but I think of my lost love and the place where she lies by the side of her murdered father far out in the Australian bush!"
Chambers' Journal.

General Grant and the Circus Horse.
The following is an extract from a curious Japanese "Life of General Grant," portions of which are printed in The Century:
A year and a half later a circus rider entered his village. Desiring to see the show, Gurando Kuen, on his father's arm, entered the place. Pointing to the horse he insisted on riding it himself. His father consequently asked the circus rider to let his boy ride. Gurando Kuen, showing in his face perfect satisfaction, rode on the neck of the horse and appeared as if he was pursuing the horse to go. One day, when he was older, he was playing ball by his own house, and he accidentally broke a glass window of his neighbor. Having regretted what he had done, he made up his mind and went into the neighbor's house and excused himself to the lord of the house, saying: "I accidentally broke the window of thy honorable house. I have no word to excuse myself. The only thing I can do is to my father tell, a new glass window buy, this loss repay. Please excuse." This horse lord, having been much pleased with this child's unusual thoughtfulness, without any condition excused his sin. Indeed Gurando Kuen's heavenly nature is like a serpent which has its own nature when it is but an inch long.

MR. CARROLL'S GREAT IDEA.
It Puts a Man at His Best When He Is Held Up by a Robber.
Taylor Carroll is engaged in devising a formidable system of defense for lone pedestrians when they wander in dangerous places where police protection is ineffective and the risk of being "held up" is ever present. His plan is to convert the erect human body into a miniature revolving turret, armed at four points and capable of dealing death in front, rear or flank simultaneously or of sending four successive discharges in the same direction.
Mr. Carroll's design is still in its rudimentary stage, with numerous minor details to be elaborated, but his central idea is well developed. He says he has not yet prepared diagrams or experimental apparatus, but has merely outlined it mentally.
"I would have a small storage battery worn in a belt," he said, "with small copper wires running from it up through the sleeves and connected with each hand on the great or middle finger with a copper ring the thumb can reach in the palm of the hand. When the thumb touched the ring, an electrical current would discharge four batteries loaded with ball behind and in front. This discharge could take place when the hands were being held under the threat of an armed robber.
"The ring should be placed beyond the reach of the thumb except in cases of emergency, so the thumb will never discharge the battery accidentally."
Mr. Carroll is not a practical electrician or mechanic, being an actor by profession. He has not figured up the weight of the storage battery to be carried on the belt, nor is he adverse to considering the advisability of substituting a dry primary cell.
In his zeal for the application of scientific methods to the protection of the citizen the inventor has apparently left out of sight everything but the tactical advantage of the lonely pedestrian attacked in front by the bold marauder or clapped from behind by the lurking garrotter. Thus he has not yet figured out how a slim young man is to avoid assuming Falstaffian dimensions when the brass storage batteries and arsenals around his waist.
Nor does he forecast the possibly tragic consequences that might some day result from the clasp of a loving hand upon the thumb and palm that carried the potential copper appliances he describes, making inadvertent electrical contact and producing a catastrophe when only endearment was intended.—Chicago Tribune.

In 1880 the amount of capital invested in cotton factories was \$208,000,000; ten years later it had risen to \$304,000,000.

CLEVELAND'S MOTHER.

She Used to Cut Grover's Hair When He Was Young.

The accompanying cut is taken from A portrait of President Cleveland's mother.
She came from Baltimore. Neal was her maiden name. Her husband, Grover's father, was once her school teacher. He was much older than she, silent and severe; she sunny and cheerful. The qualities are mixed in Cleveland. Grover would amount to less than the other children, because he was always so fat and dull. She died before her son became great. She always fed her children well, allowing them to eat sweets. She never had alcohol in any



MRS. CLEVELAND.

form on her table. She was never rich. She used to cut Grover's hair and make his clothes herself when he was young. Her home was a happy one.

THE WAY THEY DO IT.

How a Portuguese Hotel Man Presents His Bill.

A Portuguese writer finds fault with English hotel-keepers for using a printed form of bill on which the plain requirements of a simple traveler are lost amid a multitude of items. In Portugal, when the traveler asks for his bill, the landlord pleasantly rubs his hands together and answers: "Whatever your excellency expects to give."
Of course this will not do, for the traveler is sure to offer too little or too much, and to be thought either a spendthrift or a niggard; so he has to make a speech, thank the landlord for his confidence, and beg for a detailed statement. Then the landlord, politely deplorecating anything of the kind, is slowly persuaded to check off the various items upon the fingers of his hand, with a long argument before each successive finger is done with and doubled down.
"What does it come to?" asks the traveler, taking out his purse, when the hand and account are closed. "What did his excellency not add up?" His excellency, having been incapable of this act of mental arithmetic, the addition is gone over again, from the little finger backwards with a finger or two, perhaps remembering forgotten items, brought into account from the other hand. The sum total is gladly paid, and host and guest part, mutually content the guest knowing that he has not been overcharged more than perhaps a thumb and one or two fingers.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

CURIOS MUSHROOM.

A Tropical Plant Called the Lady with the Veil.

One of the most curious formations of tropical vegetation is the Dictyophora, a sort of mushroom, which, while not poisonous, is not edible, on account of its disagreeable smell. This plant is very rare, and is found exclusively in the tropical zone. The cut shows a specimen grown in the Cameroon, in Equatorial Africa. The Lady with the Veil appears at first as a small egg-shaped mushroom; the stem then grows to a height of from five to

LADY WITH THE VEIL.

seven inches