TRAPPED BY APACHES.

HIS closely-cropped beard and mustache were whitened by the snows of many winters, but his eyes were still bright with the fire of manly vigor and his frame as upright and supple apparently as when he left West Point to take his first gazette. Long years had elapsed since that time, when a raw subaltern, possessed as they all are, with the belief that his presence was needed to improve the morals and discipline of the service, he had taken the train for the Southwest, where his regiment was distributed among the various frontier posts which at that time dotted the sand-covered plains of the territories. Many a brisk fight with hostile Indians and several pitched battles with them had seen him at the head of his platoon or troop, but all that was over as he stood before the fire-place and calmly smoked his after-dinner cigar. Still full of martial ardor, he was on the shelf, Father Time having registered the statutory number of years against him only a short time ago. He is on the retired list. His bronzed face is seamed with scars. They cross the wide forehead, made wider by the scant foliage which time has left, and mark that feature with furrows which add greatly to the stern and forbidding aspect. Yet he is as gentle as a woman and noted for his kindly courtesy to the young. Major Malachi U. Cornwall, U. S. A. (retired), is a fair type of the ancient warrior, full of years and reminiscences. All that is left to indicate his calling is the Loyal Legion button in the lapel of his coat and the unmistakable air which the military man cannot divest himself of.

"Major," said a young friend, for the old warrior much affects the society of his juniors, "pardon my curiosity, or rather let it be my excuse for seeming impertinence, but I have often wondered in what desperate conflict you received that scar on your forehead."

"That, me boy," was the reply, as the major passed his hand over the indicated spot, "as you say, is the record of a fearful fight. No offense, not at all. I am always delighted to talk for my young friends, but, someway, I never felt proud enough of that fight to tell it around the mess table. Gad, sir, as nearly as I can recall, I finished a bad second that time. Still, it was a beautiful fight, if I do say it myself."

"It was, indeed," murmured Colonel Herrick, also retired, who was a member of the party at the club that night.

"Tell us about it, major," was the eager demand of the group, which now numbered half a score. The old soldier's yarns were always interesting, and the boys, as he called them, never missed an opportunity to get him to talking of his youth when in the service.

"Hang it all, I didn't figure in that affair to any great extent," was the testy retort, as the major shook his grizzled head. "You tell it, Herrick."

"Not much," growled the colonel, lighting a fresh cigar. "It's your yarn, and if it is ever told, which I don't believe will be the case, you will reel it off. I had but little to do with it, anyway."

"EACH PICKED OUT HIS MAN AND LET DRIVE."

"The devil you didn't!" said the major. "Confound your obstinacy, don't you know that if it had not been for you I would not be here to-day?"

"This is growing interesting," said the first speaker. "Boys, the major's story. Silence for the major's story."

"Well, I suppose I must," growled the major. "Here, George, fill up all round," and the major settled himself comfortably and smoked in silence until the grog had been served and disposed of. Then he took his cigar in his fingers, leaned far back in his chair and with half closed eyes commenced as follows:

"You see Herrick and I were at the Point together. He was a first classman when I was a 'pleb.'"

"Never mind me, Malachi," said the colonel. "I have nothing to do with it, or, rather, our experiences at the Point have not."

"May be not. Who's telling this story. Well, then, I did save you from getting 'skinned' once." In spite of the colonel's winks and waves of his hands as he deprecated the remarks of his old comrade.

"No use denying it, I did. Well, while we were not of the same class, we became great friends and when Herrick left for the regiment he made me promise to work for the same corps. Of course I had little to do with where I should go, but it fell out that when I was commissioned I got orders to report to the commanding officer at Fort Bayard, in New Mexico. I thought this pretty tough, but it was nothing compared to what followed not so darned long after. Well, I left the Point the biggest idiot of all the young fools who leave impressed with the belief that a field marshal's baton is the least that he could expect in the service. I joined my people, and as luck would have it found that I was one of the regiment to which Herrick had been assigned. This made it easier for me, as he introduced me to the regiment and everything was lovely. We were bachelors and were quartered near each other, although he got his grade since I saw him and now wore a bar in his shoulder strap.

"It would have been all right if it had ended there, but it didn't. Not long after I joined, our squadron—we were in the cavalry—was ordered to Flagstaff, A. T., as dismal a place at that time as ever happened. You see there was trouble with roving bands of Apaches all the time, and the old post, abandoned now, was heavily garrisoned all the time. This order took our major with the four troops away from Bayard into the region of the heavy forests and hills south of the Grand Canyon of Colorado. Well, from that time on it was field duty nearly all the time. I was sent out to scout and spy on the Indians, and but for my sergeant, a veteran Indian fighter, might have been left there to bleach my bones as a second lieutenant. One of my fool tricks—you see, I thought I knew it all and disputed the wisdom of a suggestion of my sergeant's while away on the plains and got myself and little command in a devil of a fix. It makes me tired now when I think of it.

"This is where Herrick gets into the game once more. I was out on this scouting trip and kept on going, when it would have been better to turn back. I thought it would be great fun to round up all the redskins in Arizona with half a troop. That's where I missed my guess. I was years wiser when it was all over. We trailed the band I was sent out to scout for two or three days and saw them safely in the lava rocks. It was my business to locate them where they had reason to believe we could not follow and then retire until I fell back on Somers, commanding B troop, Gordon's and my own, K troop, or rather the balance of mine. I knew these fellows were on my trail somewhere, though where the Lord only knew, so I decided to push on and have it out with the reds. You see, I wanted stars and other trappings before I knew the value of an empty strap.

"I think the Lord loves a fool. That's the only hypothesis to go on in this case anyway. Well, we marched ahead, in spite of McIntire's protests—he was my sergeant—until what he feared actually happened. We went into camp one night and saw the watch fires of the red devils all around us. We were trapped, instead of trapping the other fellows. Then I had sense enough left to listen to reason and on the suggestion of Mac I sent a Pueblo out to find a good place to make a stand. It was all off if this could not be done. I had twenty rounds and fifteen men to go against 400 or 500 reds. Yah, it makes me feel chilly to think of it. Well, that Indian found a spot where my little force could lie hidden and if attacked could keep under cover, while making every bullet count. So we silently struck camp and stole away like a lot of thieves, hunting for safety.

"Did we make that hole? Not without a scrap. We had only about 200 yards to go, but we had scarcely gone half the distance when ping! and my cap flew into the air. I stooped to get it—we were dismounted—and another shot sung out where my head would have been if I had been erect. We formed in square and the men speedily got ready for the charge which seemed inevitable, but it did not come. Those Indians just kept up an annoying fire until they saw where we were going to, and then they cut loose with a volley which nearly swept me off my feet. 'In with you, sir,' screamed the sergeant, as he gave me a shove and soon afterward followed with the boys, some of whom showed signs of being hit. I found myself in a natural stronghold, covered on all sides from plunging fire, closed in so that the enemy could only approach by one narrow way and safe as long as my ammunition held out. Water there was none, and the sergeant was the first to deplore this.

"Well, I placed my little force as well as possible, told them not to waste a shot, and then sat down to wait for daylight and the conflict which my foolhardiness had brought on. It came before. We had just got in readiness when the sergeant held up a warning finger and crept out to the mouth of our fortress. He kept his body carefully screened, and waved for me. I went to him and found the reds massing for a charge. The old trooper said this was the best possible indication that they knew exactly how many men I had. I ordered up a few of the boys, and then we waited until the dusky forms got out into the moonlight. I saw it was fight, and made up my mind to leave my marks. As the leading files rose over the hills until they were fully revealed I ordered the men to fire.

"WE RODE AT THOSE INDIANS WITH THE YELL OF DEVILS."

"Each picked out his man and let drive. The effect must have been fearful, as the men were picked shots, and they wasted no lead that night. They fired regularly and steadily half a dozen shots each, and the attacking party melted away. They replied, but we were so well covered that we suffered no loss. Thus the night wore away with desultory firing on the part of the Indians and the sharp replies by my good fellows whenever an Apache was indiscreet enough to get in range. Then a new danger arose which nearly cost us all our lives.

"As the firing continued the smoke of the carbines was driven back into our den. This was a good thing for the men at the doorway, for it cleared their vision for another shot, but it nearly choked the other men to death. It filled the little chamber after a while, and I saw that unless some means were devised to get it out, the dread of all would be realized, we would have to abandon the only position which held out any hope of rescue. Still we could not stop, as that meant death for all in its most horrible form. Well, to make a long story short, we were cooped up in that hole for the better portion of two days. Three of the men were dead, McIntire had a shattered bridle arm, and the scouts were lying in front of our position, mute evidences of the fate which awaited us as soon as our cartridges failed.

"Finally I concluded that, with no water and the men almost insane from thirst, it was all over. I decided to make a dash and go down fighting in the open. I asked the men to follow me and they all shouted their approval. We masked our intended movement as well as possible and rushed out to the plains with a yell of defiance. A rattling volley fell around us, but fortunately the surprise of our dash prevented the Indians from taking accurate aim and a few unimportant flesh wounds were all that were received. I was drunk with despair and so were the men. It was certain death we all believed, and we rode at those Indians with the yells of devils.

"I shall never forget the shock of our contact. We rode down the first lines, but were too weak to force our way through their entire column. The carbines were emptied at half pistol distance as we charged, and the heavy revolvers made sweet music as we advanced at a furious gallop. Then there was the shock of the meeting and we knew that we were making our last stand. The bright steel circled around the heads of that band of desperate men and the enemy toppled and fell in windrows about each horse. The men shouted, yelled and laughed as they fought on with the fury of demons. They were going down too rapidly, however, for that unequal contest to last long. I was blind from a slash across the forehead and cut away with all the strength of my arm, scarcely knowing what I was doing. I seemed to be in some horrible dream, where blood was water and I was trying to swim out. The waves rose higher and higher and I was being rapidly engulfed in that red flood.

"Suddenly I felt a sharp pain as if a redhot iron had been drawn across my forehead, there was a wild shriek, the rapid thud of horses' feet, and I fell to the ground in a faint. I was told later that I was down and an Indian had commenced the process of scalping me, when the troops rode down into that struggling bunch and Herrick's saber swept off the head of my assailant.

"I don't know much about the succeeding events. When I came to I was stretched out on the floor of our ambulance, my head splitting and bound in bandages. Near me, with his arm in a sling, was McIntire. As we were driven along Somers poked his head into the wagon and complimented me on my stand and the skill shown in choosing the position from which I had worn out the reds. I was too sick then to say anything, but when they talked of recommending me for a Congressional medal for my first fight I rebelled and told the regiment how I had made a d——d fool of myself. McIntire wears the medal, and I have this scar as a memento of my first setto with old Chihuahua."—Chicago Chronicle.

"PICK UP" FOR UNCLE SAM.

Millions of Dollars of Unclaimed Money in the Treasury.

There are millions upon millions of dollars in the treasury paid in from different sources which belong to citizens of the United States. To this wealth the postoffice department, through the money order office, contributes largely. A few years back the postmaster general deposited with the treasurer nearly $3,000,000, the money from uncashed orders which had accumulated since the office was started in 1863. At first no effort was made to restore this unclaimed money to its rightful owners, but the letters of advice, turned in as unpaid by the postmasters from all over the country were kept, in case a demand should be made for their payment. This money remained to the credit of the money order office, showing a large profit for the service. This policy was subsequently changed, and now the office endeavors to refund the money to the remitters by a draft drawn on the treasury. This rule obtains in case of money orders less than ten years old. Letters of advice older than this are destroyed.

Every year about 1 per cent. of the money orders issued are not cashed, leaving from $80,000 to $100,000 unclaimed, which is deposited in the treasury. There are many reasons to account for this large number of money orders not being cashed. In some instances orders are filed away with other papers and forgotten. More frequently the letter containing the order is lost or stolen, and the order never reaches the addressee. This is true of the orders made out to the large shops which do not receive the order or the accompanying letter containing orders for goods to be shipped, owing generally to the dishonesty of employes. There are cases, too, where men have used the money order office as a bank and have made out orders to themselves which, owing to sudden death or other cause, have never been claimed.

It is difficult, however, to explain why such large sums remain unclaimed, for in case an order is lost a duplicate is easily obtained. Application is made by either the remitter, the payee or the office of payment, and a duplicate is issued with only the delay necessary to comply with the forms. A year ago the department made a ruling that duplicate money orders could not be issued in less than three months from the time when an application was filed, but this was found inconvenient, and this order was rescinded.

Didn't Approve.

"What am your opinion ob dis 'manual training' dey talk ob introducing into our schools, Uncle Samson?" inquired Mr. Marc Antony Washington, in a respectful tone, of his nearest neighbor.

"I hab'n't gibben de subject de full benefits ob de probnostications ob my mind, yet, sah," replied Uncle Samson, promptly, though a close observer might have noticed a puzzled look on his sable countenance at the moment he heard his neighbor's question; "but on de whole, I don't approve ob it."

"Is dat so?" said Mr. Washington, in evident surprise; "now I thought you'd be right down pleased to hab your Louisa's Joshua get dat manual training."

"No, sah," said Uncle Samson, growing secure in his own mind, as he went on, "not so long as his maw and me is alive, I don't approve ob manual training in de school for Joshua Romulus. He am a mighty servig-rous chile, dat's true, but his maw has got a good strong arm, and dere's consid'ble power left in mine yet, sah, and what manual training dat boy needs, his maw or me will gib him right here at home, yes, sah!"

Large Block of Granite.

Recently a block of granite weighing 1,217 tons was used as the pedestal of the equestrian statue of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg, having been transported four miles by land over a railway and thirteen miles in a caisson by water. The railway consisted of two lines of timber furnished with hard metal grooves, between which grooves were placed spheres of hard brass about six inches in diameter. On these spheres the frame with its load was easily moved by sixty men, working at the capstans with treble purchase blocks. Another large block, measuring 36x16x14 feet, was a few months since taken out at the Craigneth quarries, near Dalbeattie, Scotland. Its weight was estimated at 650 tons.

An Awful Risk.

Two impecunious Scotsmen came upon a saloon. They had only "saxpence" between them, so they ordered one "nip o' whusky." They were hesitating who should have the first drink, when an acquaintance joined them. Pretending that they had just drank, one of them handed the new-comer the whisky, requesting him to join them in a drink. He drank, and, after a few minutes of painful and silent suspense, said: "Now, boys, you'll have one with me?" "Wasna that weel managed, mon?" said one to his pal afterward. "Ay, it was," said the other, solemnly; "but it was a dreadfu' risk!"

Little Sister (studying her grammar lesson)—How can you compare the words "beautiful girl?" Big Brother (absent-mindedly)—Positive, you call; comparative, you propose; superlative, she accepts.—Baltimore News.

"Skorcher's a perfect wreck." "What ails him?" "The doctor says he has bicycle heart, bicycle head, bicycle face, bicycle eyes, bicycle teeth and bicycle knees."—Chicago Record.

When fishing is good it is surprising how many idle people can be found to take advantage of it.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Sprinkles of Spice.

He Was Born So.

"Miss Elderly, I never tasted anything superior to this wine," said Chumpleigh, enthusiastically.

"Papa said it was put in the cellar when I was only a little toddler."

"I'll wager that it's the oldest in the city."—Detroit Free Press.

An Artist.

Yeast—I notice Storrs calls his advertising man an artist.

Crimsonbeak—Well, that's perfectly right.

"Rather a big name for a man who writes advertisements, isn't it?"

"Well, he draws people, doesn't he?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Luck.

First Tramp—Some folks is born lucky. Rem'ber Bill Soaks?

Second Tramp—Yep.

First Tramp—He got into Swelper's brewery the other night an' drowned in a beer vat.—New York Weekly.

Consoling.

Landlord—I just dropped in to inform you that I am going to raise the rent.

Tenant—You are very kind. I was wondering how I could raise it myself.—Philadelphia North American.

A Battle of Odors.

"Aunt Priscilla, that man in the upper berth is smoking a cigarette."

"Land's sake, Louise, get out the camphire bottle right quick and upset it."—Detroit Free Press.

A Crusty Opinion.

"Uncle Theophilus, what is a grass widow?"

"Well, she's a widow whose husband didn't have to die to get rid of her."—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing to Lose.

He—So Bullem has failed?

She—Yes; but they only owe us a call, so, thank goodness, we won't lose by it.—London Figaro.

"A Vibrator Thrashing Machine."

Something of a Strain.

"So you do not think a minister ought to ride a bicycle?"

"No; I didn't say that at all. But I do think he ought not to tackle it unless he is sure his religion can stand the strain of learning."—Indianapolis Journal.

Precocious.

Little Ethel—Your sister is engaged, isn't she?

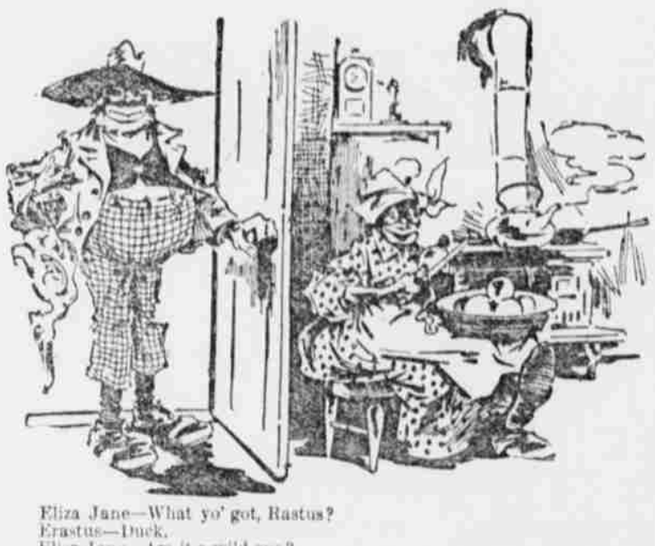
Playmate—Who says so?

Little Ethel—Nobody.

Playmate—Then how do you know?

Little Ethel—When the postman rings she goes to the door herself.—Good Words.

IT WAS A WILD ONE.



Eliza Jane—What yo' got, Rastus?
Erastus—Duck.
Eliza Jane—Am it a wild one?
Erastus—Guess 'tis honey; tuck me twenty minutes to cotch it.

Actions Speak Louder than Looks.

"What a thoroughly mean and contemptible looking fellow that man in the front seat is. Did you notice he sneaked out of paying his fare?"

"Hush, that's the president of the road."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Followed Him.

Tuttle—The professor finds it impossible to get away from his work.

Newton—Is that so?

Tuttle—Yes, he went to the seashore and the first thing he struck was a school of fish.—Texas Siftings.

Chivalry Dead.

Wife (drearily)—Ah, me! The days of chivalry are past.

Husband—What's the matter now?

Wife—Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak on the ground for Queen Elizabeth to walk over, but you get mad simply because poor, dear mother sat down on your hat.—Boston Globe.

Quite Modern.

"And how," said the interested spectator at the Carlisle Indian foot-ball game, "do you keep your wigwam?"

The savage smiled. "Ah," he answered, "When we cut our hair we generally wear hats. Oh, yes!"—New York Press.

The Season Is Here Again.

Where erst the bullfrog croaked his lay,
The urchin, heedless of our tears
And prayers, puts on his skates to-day,
Breaks through the ice and disappears.
—Boston Courier.

Womanly Sympathy.

"George Maitland left his wife a widow this morning."

"Poor dear, I am so sorry for her."

"But they say George didn't treat her very well."

"Oh, it isn't that. With her sallow face she'll look just horrid in black."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Willing to Try.

Old Gold—Young man, you can't support a wife like a daughter of mine is accustomed to living.

Cholly Short Cash—I can, if you give her the same as she is now getting.

Natural Conclusion.

"Be my wife," pleaded the member of the firm.

The typewriter shivered as if a dagger had been plunged into her heart.

"Then you have ceased to love me," she faltered.—Detroit Tribune.

His Observation.

"Did you know," said the man who was reading an article about the contraction of metals, "that a clock ticks faster in winter than in summer?"

"No, I never noticed that about a clock. But I know a gas meter does."—Indianapolis Journal.

Dearest Friends.

Edith—Allan Smith has asked me to marry him. But I know him so little.

Ethel—He might not ask you if you were better acquainted.—Detroit Free Press.

Human Nature.

Tommy—Paw, what is human nature?

Mr. Figg—Human nature, my son, is the excuse generally offered by a man who has been acting like a hog.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Bright Scholar.

Teacher—Where is joy, health and happiness to be found?

Tommy—In the dictionary.

His Saving Grace.

"I am not without my good points," said the tramp.

"What are they, I should like to know?" asked the gruff citizen.

"Well, for instance," replied Meandering Mikey, "I am the original piece of labor-saving machinery."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Would Try Again.

Hatter—I have tried the largest-sized hat in the store on you and it is too small; I can order one for you and have it come in about four days.

Cumso (who had been out with the boys the night before)—Never mind going to that trouble. I'll call in to-morrow and try this one on again.—Norristown Herald.

Variety in Eating.

While it is true that "variety is the spice of life," the best judgment of careful students is in the line of simplicity in the matter of food. Have an adequate supply, have it thoroughly and intelligently cooked, but let it be plain, simple, digestible. In this direction a Western health journal pertinently, if not very elegantly, remarks: "Never have a great variety at one meal, but make the variety from one meal to the next. Did you ever stop to think what a conglomerate mass your stomach contained after eating a great variety at one meal? If not, just imagine all you have eaten and drank mixed up in one bowl and then ask yourself the question whether it is any wonder that people have dyspepsia."

Falls Nearer Home.

Edith—Where are you going to spend your vacation?

Bessie—Mamma wanted to go to the Falls, but papa said that if she went to a bicycle academy she could see all the falls she cared to.—Harper's Round Table.

A girl always costs a man more than a wife.

SERMONS OF THE WEEK

Success.—What the world calls a failure is often a magnificent success. True success is to make the most of yourself and your opportunities.—Rev. W. G. Partridge, Baptist, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Wicked Laws.—Iniquity makes slow progress against public opinion; but the devil goes swiftly forward when the law becomes a horse for it to ride upon.—Rev. N. D. Hillis, Independent, Chicago, Ill.

Ideas Move the World.—The men who leave their mark are the men of one idea, or men who subordinate all to one motive. Every idea has behind it a universal power.—Dr. J. D. Buck, Theosophist, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Failure and Success.—He is a failure, though he be ten times a millionaire, who does all for self and naught for others. He is a success, who, though he have naught for self does much for others.—Rabbi J. L. Levy, Hebrew, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sin in the Church.—The church can not sin and pray at the same time. Sin separates us from God. Sin hides the face of the Father. All the sin of coldness, neglect and disobedience must be given up.—Rev. J. W. Marshall, Methodist, Camden, N. J.

Saving Souls.—We should try to fully realize the value of one human soul, and then we would be careful of our lives. If only one soul is saved the gospel is a success. No Christian has any business to be anything else than a soul-saver.—Rev. C. R. Lamar, Methodist, New York City.

Cheerfulness.—Human hearts are the vehicles employed of heaven to enrich the world. More is contributed by the cheering word, the sunny countenance and the thrilling hand grasp than this world dreams of. Despise no voice, for God can give it melody.—Rev. A. Z. Conrad, Congregationalist, Worcester, Mass.

Crime and Punishment.—As long as men live above the law they do not feel any restraint, but as soon as they drop below they feel the hand of corporate society. The problem to be solved is, how shall the corporate hand hold a man as long as he ought to be held and then let him go?—Rev. Dr. Ferin, Independent, Boston, Mass.

The Ministry.—The Christian ministry is the divine agency for distributing to mankind the gift of God. The agency employed nearly 2,000 years ago was a consecrated human agency. "As my Father has sent me, so I send you." The power of inspiration is needed today.—Bishop White, Episcopalian, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Negro.—The time for the negro to successfully rely on the white for support is gone, and now in this country it is every man for himself, white or black, rich or poor, great or small, with almost equal opportunities, and if he fails in life he has no one to blame but himself.—Rev. B. T. Washington, Baptist, Atlanta, Ga.

Applied Religion.—The Christian is to save men by a divine contagion—a living touch. He is God's leaven, and leaven must be mixed with the meal. He is God's salt, and salt can only save by actual touch. There is salt enough in the world, but it is barreled up in the churches, and needs to be scattered and applied. Applied religion is the want of our day.—Rev. Richard Harcourt, Methodist, Philadelphia, Pa.

Opportunity to All.—If you will think of it for a moment, all of us tame, prosy, common people live in the same world with the poets and artists, the philosophers and seers. Thousands have seen the peasants stoop and say their Ave Marie at sunset, but Millet painted it. All over the world in the unnumbered humble homes the same scene is enacted, but Burns wrote it.—Rev. J. H. Ecob, Congregationalist, Denver, Colo.

The National Guard.—Our citizen soldiers are guardians of our peace. They are banded together, not for conquest, but for defense; not to provoke war, but to prevent it; not to threaten the liberties of any, but to uphold the liberties of all. So long as they remain loyal to these patriotic and pacific ideals none are more worthy of grateful recognition by their fellow citizens.—Rev. J. H. Hull, Congregationalist, Cleveland, Ohio.

Reciprocity.—No people can live unto itself. Nations are complementary to each other. What one may lack another may possess in full measure. By a liberal policy of interaction the peoples of the world cannot but mutually benefit. Selfish sufficiency is the death knell to a people's growth. Influences progress. The scattering of its benefits unto others is the surest road to increase of greatness.—Rabbi Phillipson, Hebrew, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Song Birds in the Arctic.

It has been a source of interest and wonder to Arctic explorers to find such quantities of singing birds within the Arctic circle. They are abundant beyond belief. But the immense crops of cranberries, crowberries and cloudberries that ripen in the northern swamps account for the presence of the birds. The berries are preserved in the snow, which begins to melt about the time the songsters appear, and then they feast royally on the crystallized fruits nature has so marvelously kept for them.

Exposed.

The Cook—Discharge me, is it? Wall, yez don't dare. Oi'll expose yez to the boarders!

Mrs. Silmdlet—What do you mean?

"Oi'll tell 'em the fresh muffins they think they're gettin' ivery mornin' are nothin' but the owld wans blown up wid a bicycle pump!"—New York Journal.

A Naive Reply.

Careful Mamma—Ethel, dear, I thought I heard young Mr. Spooney kissing you on the steps last night.

Ethel—Not on the steps, mamma.—New York Tribune.

One of the funniest things in the world is to see a woman cry not because she wants to, but because she thinks she ought to.