

SONGS THAT TOUCH.

Not from the grand old masters, Not from the bards sublime, These distant footsteps echo Down the corridors of time.

HAPPY EVER AFTER

UNTIL we met face to face in a crowded street I had not known of Ben being in London. His manner seemed a little nervous, but I attributed it to our unexpected meeting.

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"Yes, but they can't find the place where the papers were hidden. It is strange, Dick. I have had the walls searched again and again. The old room has been ruined in the search. I cannot go back, and so we are here, Dolly and I, and Lakewood waits for us. Ah, she is coming!"

"You don't believe in ghosts—in the return of the disembodied spirit, do you, Dick?" "Well, no, Ben. I suppose I am material. My profession—"

"I had measured the wall and was turning away when something on the pillow caught my eye, and I stood still. My blood froze as the horror of it came upon me, and my feet were like lead.

"On the pillow lay the head of Mr. Guthrie. The fine, grim old face, with its inscrutable eyes and thin lips, the brow and shining white hair—all this, but the head only—the head severed from a body that I did not see.

"I heard a voice, a low, sobbing voice, but my soul was faint with sickness and fear, and I did not hear the words. I staggered to a chair, my fascinated eyes on the face that lay upon the white pillow. But only my eyes were alive. I could not hear if there were words. The light on the table flickered and went out and I was alone with that.



Why do I dream of the garden, Who am I and why? Why am I longing, longing For one of those old mud pies For the little pink porcupine, Or for the piggy blue, Or for the sunny path of childhood, Why my memories are true!

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The hero of the moment in England is a 14-year-old boy named A. E. F. Collins, of Clifton College, who recently made the record cricket score of 625 not out. He batted for seven hours. The next biggest score was that of A. E. Stoddart, who in 1886 scored 485. The biggest score the great Dr. W. G. Grace ever made was 400, in 1876. Another boy who is winning fame in England is little Johnny Reiff, the jockey. Reiff is also 14 years of age, yet he is earning \$15,000 a year, and is now mentioned as a dangerous rival to Tod Sloan. Less than three years ago Reiff was a schoolboy in Cincinnati.

LION BITES NOT FELT.

ATTACK SEEMS TO DULL SENSE OF FEELING.

Attacks of Lesser Carnivora More Painful than Those of King of Beasts—Experiences Related by African Hunters Corroborate This View.

The attacks of the lesser carnivora, smaller in proportion to man, are frequently very painful; but matters are so ordered that the bite of a dog or a ferret is usually more painful than the injuries inflicted by the jaws of a lion. The instances quoted are very numerous and striking, and properly grouped according to locality or the species of the attacking beast. In Somaliland the experiences of the bitten are supplemented by Capt. Abud, the resident at Berbera, who has had a long experience of cases, English and native, as most of the former, unless killed outright, which very seldom happens, are brought to Berbera.



THE KISS—BY MAX LUBIEDZKI.

for some minutes and did not know what had happened until he found himself standing up after the accident. "I felt no pain," he writes, "not, I believe, owing to any special interposition of Providence, but simply that the shock and loss of blood made me incapable of feeling it. There was no pain for a few days, till it was brought on by the swelling of my arm on the twelve days, tickle to the coast." Capt. Noyes, attacked in the same district by a lion in 1895, was charged down and bitten, until the creature left him, probably when attacked by his servants. His hand was badly bitten, but he "was not conscious of any feeling of fear, or any pain whatever, probably because there was no time, but he felt exactly as if he had been bowled over in a football match, and nothing more."

Genius is a peculiar form of insanity that causes a man to toil incessantly without knowing whether he will get \$600 or \$100 for his labor.

With all the gold we are sending abroad just now we are sending people who know how to distribute it.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

"And now that you are through college, what are you going to do?" asked a friend of the youthful graduate. "I shall study medicine," was the grave reply of the ambitious young man.



Not His Fault.

The vicar's daughter—Papa was very shocked, Giles, to see you standing outside the "Green Man" this morning, after church.

Baron—To-day you will get the seven marks I owe you; I am engaged to a rich woman.

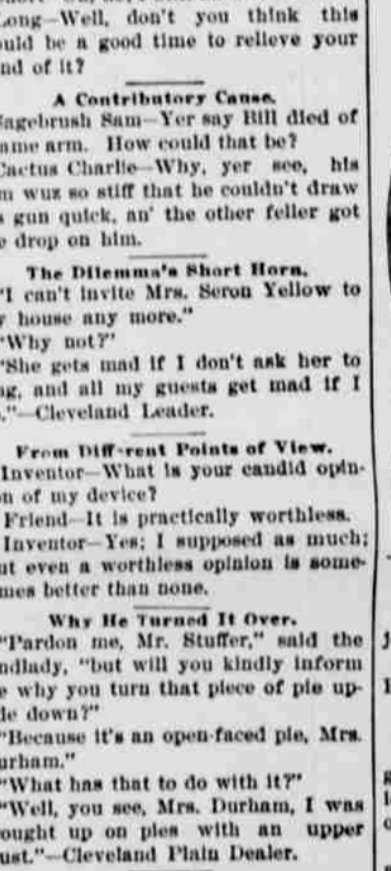
Woe of a Wife. "Oh, that I should have married a funny man!" she wailed.

Seeking Information.

Hoax—Niblack's getting religious. I saw him reading the Bible to-day.

Not Wanted There. Mother—Bobby, this is the third time I've caught you stealing jam, and I'm getting tired of it.

Another Victim. "My father," said the sweet young thing, "is a gold bug. Are you?" "No," replied the young man. "I belong in the melanoeste piepes class."



Money No Object to Them.

De Jones—I hear your firm discharged you.

Of the Right Stuff. "Did you notice?" She has a white silk suit which she wears to the baseball game.

One Attraction, Anyway. "She's going to marry a liveryman."

THE KISS.

How It is Managed in Different Countries of the World.

Medical scientists tell us that we may no longer kiss; that it injures the health, and the evils resulting from the osculatory habit, if persisted in, are set forth as libitum and ad nauseum. Man is the only animal that kisses as a mark of affection, and the kiss is undoubtedly as old as human nature.

In France there are thousands of opportunities for plentiful kissing. Brothers kiss sisters, husbands wives, friends each other. It would even be thought prudish should a young lady refuse to offer her cheek for a kiss to a friend of the family on his departure or return after a long voyage.



From Different Points of View.

Inventor—What is your candid opinion of my device? Friend—It is practically worthless. Inventor—Yes; I supposed as much; but even a worthless opinion is sometimes better than none.

Why He Turned It Over. "Pardon me, Mr. Stuffer," said the landlady, "but will you kindly inform me why you turn that piece of pie upside down?"

Objection Overruled. He—I am going for a drive in the country this evening. Would you care to accompany me?

Not a Confiding Nature. Mr. Johnsting—I don't like that Farmer Jones. He's too suspicious.