

THE OLD WEDDING RING.

made, they said, from guinea gold, fine ring, so frail and old; worn to a thread, for all it has known of love, and regrets outgrown.

THE ROYALTY TO HEROES

Rowland boys were the terror of all the other residents in the big city apartment building to which they had lately been translocated from the country.

The sultry August day upon which the crowning incident of their city experiences happened was so rainy that the daily trip to the park was given up.

With a desperate lunge he flung himself against the window sill, let go his hold of the rope and snatched the child just as she tottered on the slippery edge of the polished stone.

But Teddy was game. "Wind me up quick!" he shouted to Oliver, and he came, with only the loop around his waist to keep both him and his charge from the stone floor below.

"I'm all right, mamma; indeed I am!" he cried, wriggling away from his mother's affectionate embrace, "and you needn't cry, I'm sure. My jacket split when the rope slipped, but you can mend it, I know, and we won't ask you to let us keep the swing now, if you feel so badly about it. But I tell you it might come in handy. And say, mamma! Can't I have a piece of jelly cake?"

"I'm hungry, too," remarked Oliver, plaintively, "and, really, mamma, I was the one who first thought of fixing up the ropes like that, and I've done most of the work, anyway. Can't I have some jelly cake, too?"

Before Mrs. Rowland had time to answer Mrs. Browning was trying to kiss both boys at once, and laughing heartily as she did so.

"You dear, funny, blessed little angels!" she exclaimed, drawing them out into the corridor and downstairs with her, "I've got a great, big, lovely jelly cake in my pantry, and I'm going to make you eat every bit of it!"

Teddy and Oliver, being simple, natural, jolly fellows, said not a word to any one about the afternoon's doings, but the story spread through all the building, and they have had many champions since that time.

brand half an hour ago, the girl has her afternoon off to-day, and I've locked myself out of the flat. I forgot all about there being nobody to let me in, and my latch key is in my pocket book down on the dresser in my bedroom!"

"And the janitor has gone out, too; I saw him, and he said he was going down town!" put in Oliver, excitedly.

"Unwind me down!" directed Teddy suddenly, once more adjusting the ropes of the cherished swing about his body. A moment later he was twirling rapidly toward the child.

His face was a little pale and set, for to seize the child meant to take both hands from the rope, and Teddy, while privately entertaining great hopes of some time swinging up and down the shaft in triumph, holding on to the rope by his teeth, still felt dizzy at the thought of trusting to the rope around his waist alone.

There was nothing showy about Mr. Vanderbilt. He dressed simply and with modest taste. He was an elder in St. Bartholomew's Church and very charitable, his gifts amounting to half a million yearly.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

The Head of the Famous Family Who Died Recently.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, head of the great family of railroad magnates, died suddenly at his residence on West Fifth-seventh street, New York.

He was the eldest son of William H. Vanderbilt and was born on Staten Island, N. Y., Nov. 27, 1843. He received an academic education and a business training in bank and railroad offices.

Since 1867 he had been an official in various railroads, and at the death of his father became the head of one of the greatest railroad systems in the world.

Until recently he headed the directorate of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad and Harlem, Michigan Central and other roads. Because of falling health his place as chairman of these boards was taken recently by Chauncey M. Depew as representative of the large Vanderbilt interests.

His fortune, consisting of the controlling interest in the New York Central, Chicago and Northwest, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, Michigan Central, Ontario and Western, New York, Chicago and St. Louis and other railroads; the Wagner Palace Car Company and at least \$40,000,000 in United States bonds, is estimated at not less than \$100,000,000.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., the eldest son, is now the head of the house. It is not known yet whether his father in his displeasure over his marriage has cut him off with only a few millions, or whether the second son, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, now on a tour of the world, comes into the greater part of the immense fortune.

The third son, Reginald, is living, and there are two daughters, Gertrude, married to Harry Payne Whitney, and Gladys, who recently made her debut in society.

SPANISH SOLDIERS AT HOME.

Their Pitiable Condition Upon Returning from Cuba and Porto Rico.

The conditions existing on board the transports that carried the Spanish soldiers home to Spain, from Cuba and Porto Rico, were unspendably horrible.

Even the conserved accounts which the Spanish journals were permitted to publish are too offensive to decency to bear repetition.

When the troops consigned to that place disembarked, gives a pitifully graphic description of the harrowing scenes she witnessed as they made their way through the city.

When a man pays his wife a compliment, he adds, "but—," and then says something to spoil it.

When a church gets a new preacher, it has the same effect for a time on the members as a New Year's resolution.

When a young man's troubles are partly with the people, they won't give him a chance to do business if the old man is around.

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HOMESPUN PHILOSOPHY.

Most telegrams relate to births or deaths.

After a young man and woman get married, they quit buggy riding.

What we are looking for is a girl whose shoes are not a mile too large.

People hate a man or woman who tells everything; particularly a woman.

When a paper speaks ill of a man begins to discover that it has a large circulation.

No need of casting bread upon the water; there are plenty of people at hand who need it.

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THE LIT.

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Teacher—Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say, "You can't learn me nothin'?"

Patsy—Yes'm.

Teacher—Why?

Patsy—'Cause you can't.—Boston Traveler.

Not the "pnce Writer's Opinion. Johnny—Pa, what is meant by "descriptive writing?"

Pa—Descriptive writing, my son, is that part of a book that is generally skipped.—Stray Stories.

Just Happened So. "And now," said the man, as he folded up his paper and turned to the passenger on his left, "if you've got through with my watch I'll take it back."

"Certainly—of course," replied the other as he extended it. "And my card case, cigar case and handkerchief—?"

"Here they are. Sorry to have troubled you, but—"

"No excuse; I understand. It simply happened so."

"Simply happened so. Good-day."

He Knew Him. "Boreome spoke for nearly an hour at the meeting last night."

"Yes, I left when I heard him say that there was really nothing new to be said upon the subject. I knew that meant that he would go on indefinitely."—Boston Transcript.



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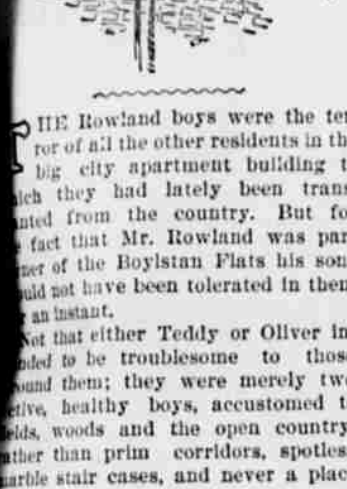
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THE VANDERBILT RESIDENCE IN FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



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OLD WAUKEGAN LIGHTHOUSE.

The One Which Was First Established Back in 1840.

The extinguishment of the lamp in the old lighthouse at Waukegan marked another step in the history of that part.

The lighthouse was established in 1840 and was rebuilt in 1860. In earlier years, when there was much shipping carried on from piers, the light was of great local value aside from its use as a coast light.

The location of the light so far back from the water's edge was responsible for at least one beaching over twenty years ago, when lumber was received at a pier in front of the lighthouse.

The captain of a small schooner coming over from Michigan with a load was told he could sail up and knock at the lighthouse door.

Arriving at Waukegan late at night, he tried to do this, but found himself beached, with the light still afar off.

When morning came the townspeople saw the schooner high and dry and were hilarious when they learned how it had happened.

The lumber was unloaded and the schooner, scarcely hurt, was launched again. John Williams, a one-armed veteran of the civil war, kept the light from 1865 until his death thirty years later.



WAUKEGAN LIGHTHOUSE.

IN LIEN OF A FEE.

Through the observance of a curious old custom a remarkable collection of horse shoes is forming at Oakham Castle in Rutlandshire, England.

Whenever a peer of the realm rides by he is required by the constable to contribute a horse shoe in lieu of a fee.

These are then hung upon the walls of a room in the castle. Nowadays noblemen generally contribute shoes of some precious metal, richly decorated and bearing their coats of arms.

Quite lately the constable of the castle received from a traveler a new horse shoe richly decorated, bearing the inscription, "William Hillier, fourth Earl of Onslow."

Another through the town was driving a tandem when called upon for the customary shoe.

When it arrived it was found to be of pure gold and beautifully chased.

Making a Billiard Ball. It requires skilled labor to turn out a billiard ball. One-half of it is first turned, an instrument of the finest steel being used for the work.

RELEASED ON PAROLE.

Criminals in Buenos Ayres who are sentenced to long terms of penal servitude are frequently released on parole for certain hours each day so that their private business will not suffer.

Rarest of Gems. Among the rarest of precious stones the green garnet is probably the most valuable.

Into this gem is of superb, rich shade, far more brilliant than that of the emerald.

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