POOR TIRED MOTHER.

They were talking of the glory of the land be-yond the skies, Of the light and of the gladness to be found in

Paradise, Of the flowers ever blooming, of the never-ceasing songs, Of the wand'rings through the golden streets of

happy white-robed throngs; And said father, leaning cozily back in his easy

chair (Father always was a master-hand for comfort

overywhere): "What a joyful thing 'twould be to know that

"What a joyful thing twoma be to know when this life is o'er One would straightway hear a welcome from the blessed shining shore."" And Isabel, our oldest girl, glanced upward

from the reed She was painting on a water jug, and murmured,

les, indeed! And Marion, the next in age, a moment dropped

her book. And a "Yes, indeed." repeated with a most ecstatie look.

But mother, gray-haired mother, who had come

to sweep the room, With a patient smile on her thin face, leaned lightly on her broom-

Poor mother! no one ever thought how much she had to do-

And said, "I hope it is not wrong not to agree with you, But scenes to me that when I die, before I join

the blest, I'd like just for a little while to lie in my grave

Margaret Eytinge in Harper's.

WEED BLADES.

Young Henry Hayloid experienced much difficulty in finding, in his somewhat contracted sphere of operations, a vocation which would yield a pleasurable, not to say remunerative, return. One day, after having experienced with quite a number of "callings," including a mild attempt in the pulpit, he heard that a school teacher was greatly needed in a far removed district, known as "Panter Walk." He had begun the study of veterinary surgery, but not being very much taken with the profession, he decided to go at once to "Panter Walk," and begin the much needed from the bright hair, Hayloid asked; course of instruction. Arriving, he found a small log school house, sparsely supplied with benches. The farmers whom he consulted agreed that a school was the very thing they needed, but that no one could expect much "of a showin' till arter the crops was laid by." This was certainly discouraging, but as young Hayloid had nothing else in view, he decided to stay and take his chauces. When school opened only two "scholars" made their appearance, the family property of old Jim Socklaster. One was the appellation of "Windin' Blades." The girl, tall and with a disposition to romp, was rather good-looking, and wore around her hair a blue ribbonsilken streak of eivilization. "And what is your name?" asked the

teacher. "They call me Weed, sir," she said.

"Why did they give you such a name? "Cause she growed so fast," inter-

posed Windin' Blades. As no other pupils came, Hayloid de-

cided to go ahead regardless of numbers. It was with some trouble that the two students could be classified. Whe have to die some time."

allowed to pursue an uninterrupted course of self-investigation.

Windin' Blades and Weed, day by day, continued to be the only pupils Corn was "laid by," and the farmers' boys had no particular work to perform. yet the census of the school remained the same. To watch the development Weed's mind was an interestof ing study. She was remarkably bright, and learned with a readiness which surprised Hayloid, Windin' Blade was, after all, inclined to be idle. He had a passion for carrying grasshoppers in his pockets. These insects occupied his entire time on the playground, and at last, after much experiment, he succeeded in harnessing them to a diminutive wagon which he had constructed. The teacher remonstrated with him concerning this useless absorption, and once he spoke to his father, but the old man instead of being displeased, smiled until the tobacco juice ran out of the corners of his

month. "Let him go," he replied, "I was sorter o' that turn myself when I was a boy, an' daddy allowed I wouldn't amout to nothin,' but arter a while I turned out to be the best plow hand in the country.'

Winter came, and still no other pu-pils appeared. By the bright log fire, while the snowstorm raged outside, Hayloid found himself better contented than he had ever been before, and his interest, instead of growing less, became greater. The teacher had at first decided that he would not beg for pupils, and on no occasion did he ask the farmers to send their children. He was treated politely, yet he could see that the people of the neighborhood cared nothing for his society, but as this indifference was mutual he spent very little time in regret.

One day Windin' Blades failed to come, but Weed, with her face all aglow with healthful exercise, came as usual. When she had hung up her fire. homespun cloak, and shaken the snow

"Where is your brother?" "He ain't here."

"I see he is not here, but where is he?"

"At home."

"Why didn't he come?"

"Had to go to mill."

"Weed, don't you think you are learning very rapidly?"

Yes, sir.

"I don't think I ever saw any one make such progress. You have a fine order of mind, and I hope that after I leave the neighborhood you will pursue your studies still." 'You are not thinking about leaving

a "gangling" boy, whose awkward form are you?" looking up with eyes in and recklessness of gait had won him which there lurked shadows of sadness

"I shall not leave immediately, but in justice to myself I cannot remain here much longer."

She twisted the flax home-made button on her dress, and gazed fixedly into

the roaring fire. "Do you want me to stay here?" he asked.

"Yes," twisting the button.

"But you know I cannot stay here al-

ways. "No." she replied with brightening eyes, "we cannot stay anywhere always.

"Because you have a bright mind." "No, because I love you.

He caught her in his arms and was pressing her lips when Windin' Blades burst into the room.

"Thar now," he said, stopping in amazement, "Thar now, Mr. Hayloid. Don't say nothin' more to me 'bout kitchen' grasshoppers. I'd ratcher be kotch puttin' gear on grasshoppers than to be kotch puttin' my arms 'round a gal. Whoop!" and Windin' Blades, in celebration of his conquest, seized a bench leg and belabored the writing the theatre an awful tragedy in real table. "I'm goin' to tell pa on you, sir," said

the mirl. "I'm goin' to tell him on you," again

whooping and striking the table. I don't see how anybody can study

when you're keeping up such a noise. "Study, har vah, whoop!" and he the time were a husband and wife, the raised a deatening din. "Wall," when former holding, in stage parlance, the he had sufficiently commemorated his "believe I'll go home ef discovery. thar ain't goin' to be no school." and

before a protest could be made. Windm' Blades had leaped from the door and disappeared. "That was unfortunate," said Hay-

loid. "and I would give almost anything if it could be recalled." "Are you sorry that you told me?"

"Oh. no." "Then you are sorry that-you tried

to kiss me?

'No: for if some one had stepped in and shot me I should not have regretted her husband and a well-known society my action."

say you do?

"Deeper than I can express, I want isfy her. you to be my wife." "Don't you think that I am too much

of a child" 'No you are quite a woman. We can

can blossom into a flower of brilliance and the last of the production, but and beauty.

"I will be your wife."

He took her in his arms, and was in the act of kissing her when old man Socklaster stepped into the room. "Hello! Wall, by jinks, this is a fun-

ny sort o'school."

Hayloid stammered an unintelligible reply.

"Sort o' kissin' school, an' must say that if Weed has larnt as fast in that ar branch as she has in her books, she's a a might apt scholard. Can't you sorter 'splain yourself, mister,"

"There is not much of an explanation to make, old gentleman," replied the teacher. I love your daughter and she loves me. I have asked her to be my wife, and she has-

"Told him that I am too young," interposed the blushing girl.

"Wall," said the old man in expletive, for he could really say nothing, and only said "wall" to gain time. "Wall, I reckon that a gal what takes so nachul to kissin' ain't much too young to get married.

"Did you meet Windin' Blades?" asked the girl.

"No, I hain,t seed him since he left home. Here he is now."

"Pap what you reckon?"

"I reckon a good deal.' "Wall, Mr. Hayloid has been er kissin'

of Weed." "He's got a right to kiss Weed. He's

Gus Pennoyer's Ghost Story. Interview in Philadelphia News.

"Many years ago, I will not say how many, for no law compels a man to criminate himself, I held the humble position of call boy in the Mobile Theater, long since destroyed by fire, and of which Mr. J. W. Field (now deceased), the father of the well-known and copular Kate Field, was manager. Years prior to my connection with life had been enacted on the stage and in presence of the assembled audience, an incident in the play serving for the perpetration of a crime, and which the lookers on mistook for fiction.

"Among the company engaged at position of juvenile man, the latter that of leading lady. The man was remarkably handsome; in fact, a perfect Adonis in form and feature. The woman, though a fine actress, was only passably good looking. She was intolerantly jealous of her spouse-a jealousy so keen that it approached insanity. It was said that the husband had given but little cause for this feeling, and that she fancied wrongs to feed upon. An anonymous correspondent, an enemy to both, had made her believe an intrigue existed between lady of the city, and so wrought on "And do you love me as truly as you her feelings that, in her mind, nothing but the death of one or both could sat-

"At this time a play was being produced at the theater in which the wife had (a character) to stab her husband to death, jealousy singular to say, bestudy together, and your bright mind ing the cause, it was Saturday night the curtain fell on a truly bloody They were standing in front of the ending, and the mimic tragedy had been an awful reality, for there prone upon the stage was the husband with blood streaming from a dreadful wound, and on the floor, were he fell. was a crimson-stained knife. The wife had disappeared. Search was made for her, but it was of no avail. She had jumped from the back of the stage to the ground, ten feet below, scaled three fences, and made her escape. What became of her after I never heard. The wounded man was assist ed to his dressing-room, situated at the foot of the stairway leading to the street and directly opposite the exit door. In that room seated in a chair he bled to death. The murder created considerable excitement at the time, especially in theatrical circles, in which oth man and woman were well known; and that one particular room seemed to have a strange fascination for each ew company, for it was said the bloodstained floor could never be cleansed.

For some years after this crime it was found extremely difficult to keep a watchman about the place-one alter another they would depart, some quietly, ashamed of their fears, others loud spoken as to the ghastly figure of a blood-stained man with a knile in his ribs, who would wander beneath and about the stage. This lasted up to the season when Mr. Field took the theater, and he was at his wits' end how to keep a watchman. One day he saw in a morning newspa per the announcement of the arrival of an emigrant ship from Germany and it struck him as a good idea to try and find among the homeless Germans a candidate for the position of watchman of the Mobile theater. With the assistance of a German friend he succeeded, and brought back a stout young fellow speaking nothing but his mother tongue. A member of the company, a fellow countryman, explained the simple duties, but with no word of the past crime, and it is as certain as death that the new watchman knew quiet possession of the theater. At 2 o'clock the next morning the city watchman on that beat saw a man with blanched cheeks and staring eyeballs rush from the stage door shricking loudly: 'Mein Gott in Himmel! Ein mann wird drinnen ungebracht' (My God in Heaven! There is a man murdered in there.) This, on my word, is an entirely true tale.'

Effects of Temperature.

The effects of temperature on man do not depend so much on the mean for the day, month, or year as on the extremes as when the days are hot and the nights comparitively cool the energy of the system becomes partially restored, so that a residece near the sea, or in the vicinity of high mountains, in hot climates is, other things being equal, less enervating than in the plains, as the night air is generally cooler. It is commonly believed that hot climates are necessarily injurious to Europeans, by causing frequent liver derangements and diseases, dysentery, cholera and fevers. This, however, is, to a certain extent, a mistake, as the recent medical statistical returns of our army in India show that in the new barracks, with more careful supervision as regards diet and clothing, the sickness and death rates are much reduced. Planters and others, who ride about a good deal, as a children of Europeans certainly degenerate, and after two or three generations die out, unless they intermarry with native and make frequent visits to colder climates. This fact shows that hot climates, probably by interfering with the due performance of the various processes concerned in the formation and destruction of the bodily tissues, eventually sap the foundations of life among Europeans; but how far this result has been caused by bad babits as regards food, exercise, and self-indulgence I cannot say. Rapid changes of temperature in this country are often very injurious to the young and old, causing diarrhea and derangements of the liver when great heat occurs, and inflammatory diseases of the lungs, colds, &c., when

The Story of an Umbrella.

in summer.-Nature.

From the Denver Times.

General H. F. Sickles, the Colorado Commissioner to the New Orleans Exposition, was telling some friends a few mountain lion. He said: "We were child followed the young man from the living up in the mountains and had the official I was a member of the press. an old cow, who wore a bell. The cows the departing two and said : had been missing for several days, and the boys were out searching, and one afternoon I thought I would try what I so doing." could do. So I mounted a pony and rode quite a distance, when I thought I traced the trio. Into a well-lighted heard the old cow's bell. I dismounted and started to prowl around among the rocks and bushes.

"It hal been raining during the early part of the afternoon, and I had an umbrella. I tied the peny to a tree and started. After I had gone a short distance I caught a glimpse of the cows. tails, and started away on a dead run. I was just wondering what frightened them, when I heard a rustling in the bushes behind me.

"I turned around, and there, not ten feet away, was a big mountain lion standing on a rock staring at me. I assure you, I never felt so bashful in my Swiftly she glided to the cot. She life. I hadn't a gun or even a jack-knife, and there was that beast staring and getting ready for a spring. All at once the parchment-like skin was tightly as thought I raised that much-borrowed me?" came from her pale lips. article, and spread it right in Mr. Lion's face! He didn't stop to examine, but sound came from them. The eyes were made one great jump clear across a fastened upon her face-burning eves, gorge, and when he lighted, gave a yell

A State Prison Incident.

As the train neared the heavy wall frowning down upon the iron thoroughfare, the pale-faced woman with sad eyes, with streaks of gray among her hair, pressed the little golded-haired girl more closely to her side.

"Sing Sing !" rang out the trainman's

I have passed the station time and time again, but always the sound of that name falls upon my ears with dismal import. In the glow of a summer mid-day, when all the earth is beauteous, when songs of gladness fill the air-the name sends a chill of despair to my heart; a sympathetic feeling for those who are condemmed to pass long hours, weeks, dragging months and weary years within those dismal walls. At midnight, when the wind whistles among the Hudson river palisades, and when the fleecy snow clouds scurry along the black horizon, I've often been awakened from a pleasant dream of home rule keep in fairly good health; but the where dear ones are gathered, by the sound of that name-Sing Sing. And, within a stone's throw are hundreds sleeping, dreaming perhaps of other days, or tossing upon hard couches, with the grim fingers of despair dragging from the heart's core the conscience stricken cry of remorse.

I chanced to catch the look of utter sorrow that came upon the woman's face as the trainman sang out "Sing Sing." The train stopped, and she got out with the child. Here, thought I to myself is a life chapter about to be reversed. Having time to spare, and knowing that I could catch another train in an hour, I followed the palefaced woman and child.

To the great iron gates she went; they were open when she showed a slip of paper to the man in charge. He, as the air becomes suddenly colder, even chance happened, was not unknown to me; he recognized me and allowed me entrance without a pass.

I followed the woman to official headquarters. I saw her speak to the gentleman sitting at the desk, and I saw a strange look come upon his face. He pressed a button in the wall, and to the young man that responded he whispered days ago about the first glimpse of a a few words. Then the woman and room. Hastily stepping forward, I told quite a herd of cows, among them one, Ere I had finished he pointed after

> "Follow them. You will find a sed but interesting theme to write about by

Through the long, black halls I and aired room they entered, and I after them. There was smell of medicines, that deep, heavy silence, telling me, if I had even been blind to the long rows of snowy cots and pale faces that I was in the prison hospital.

The woman stood still for an instant, clasping the little one's hand tightly as As I started toward them, suddenly she gazed around the great room. Ah! they lifted their heads, crooked their a sudden light came into those sad eves as they fell upon one particular cot half way up the room with a wan, hollow-cheeked face upon the white pillow. There was no necessity for the young official to conduct her to the cot. Love -- love which years of bitter separation could not destroy pointed the way. knelt by the side of it; she pressed a kiss upon the pallid brow, over which

Windin' Blades had only one book, a Weed had brought a work treating of of philosophy." agriculture among the ancient Egyptians.

"Where did you get these books?" asked the teacher.

"A tramp give 'em to us for a jug of buttermilk," replied Windin' Blades.

"Can your father read?" "He can read little books, but he

can't read one as big as this one." "Your mother can doubtless read?"

turning to the girl. "She can't read now, but she uster

could." "Why can't she read now?"

"Because the book she learned to

read is dun lost. Here comes pap. Old man Socklaster entered, nodded

and said : "Mornin' to you, mornin', sir. Got sorter slim prospect.

"Yes, the children don't appear to be coming very fast."

Old Socklaster was not disappointed at the "slim prospeck"-in fact he was rather pleased to note what encouragement, beyond his neighbors, he was giving to the cause of education.

"I reckin you're goin' to go right on with the undertakin' jes' the same, as if you had a whole passel of scholars?"

to teach, and so long as I can secure the attendance of a single pupil I shall continue to make my efforts in behalf of learning.

"Glad to know it. You're the only right sort of a teacher we've had in this community for some time,"

"By the way, Mr. Socklaster, these books which your children have been provided with are by no means appropriate."

"What's the matter with em?"

"One treats of agriculture several thousand years ago, telling of wooden plowe and ox threshing machines, the other is a book which only advanced students can read and understand.

"Wall, the feller we got 'em of said they was good books, and he's an older man than you are. Better let 'em leave. worry along with them books awhile, an' arter they've dun learnt all there is in 'em, w'y then I'll get them some better ones. Good day. Wush you mighty well with your undertakin'."

Fortunately Havloid had brought a few books for beginners. He had no had said you did not want me to retrouble in effecting an exchange, for the bright pictures at once settled the question of their worth. Windin' Blade and Weed had scarcely exploded the 1 and welcome in your eyes." mysteries of the alphabet, but they proved to be attentive and evinced such | Havloid ?" a desire to learn that Hayloid did not alim prospects,"

The teacher boarded in a quiet famwhere the sunlight that a ilttle child brings is unknown, where a deaf down nightly to the exploration of other, their own thoughts. All that Hayloid "No could get out of the old man was "hah" ed, could win my love from yoa." -with one hand behind his car-and as the old lady accound to drop a stitch every time he addressed her, she was

"Why, Weed, you are running ahead tattered copy of "Paradise Lost," of of you studies. You have jumped from which he could not read a line, and the fourth reader to an advanced book

> his meaning, but she laughed and be- will be glad ter hear o' the 'gagement, stowed on him a glance which for ever remained a pleasant memory.

"Do you, so fresh and vigorous, with such bloom of perfect life ever think of dying?"

"Yes," she replied sadly, "my little sister was the picture of health, with more bloom than I have, and with a face so bright that everybody wanted to kiss it, but she died. When they said that she could not get well I did not believe them, but one morning, when I went to the bed and found the bloom all gone, I knew that they had told me the truth. Now I know that anybody can die and that the bloom does not mean life, but many times, hood wanted a school. means death."

He looked at her in surprise. He had taken great pains to correct her language, and had from day to day noted her advancement, yet he was not prepared for the expression of such views, common enough with older people, but rare with one so young.

"You are right, Weed. The rose may be bright to-day, but to-night a frost may kill it; but we have wandered from "Yes," said Hayloid. "I came here our subject. What was I trying to tell teach, and so long as I can secure the you, anyway!"

"About your going to leave."

"Oh, yes. You know that I cannot remain here much longer. Very few men would have staid this long, but I have nothing to do-

"And did you stay here because you had nothing to do?"

"I don't exactly mean that. I mean that I could not have remained had man if he tells yer a joke." other business engagements pressed me.

"But you would not have come here had other engagements pressed you.

"You are developing tact as well as philosophy. Now, to tell you the truth, after staying here three days no business could have called me away. Only one person could have influenced me to

"Who?"

"You, and you alone." "How could I have had any influence ?"

"You possess an unconscious influence that is stronger than iron. If you main I should have gone away. I have studied your face closely, and have eter seen, or fancied that I saw, kindness

"Isu't it time to take in school, Mr.

"No, there is time for nothing but to regret having commenced with "such | tell you of my deep love for you. Weed, you are the cause of my remaining here. I love you with a heart that was never before moved."

She had twisted off the button, and old man and a knitting old woman sat ant changing it from one hand to the

"No woman, no matter how cultivat-

goin' ter be yer brother. "How?"

"By marryin' Weed. Wall, I reckin the school 'ud better break up for ter-She did not thoroughly comprehend day. Come an' we'll all go home. Mur for she's mightily pleased with Weed's larnin'. A woman can go through life er larnin', but airter a boy gets to be about 21 he thinks he knows it all an' don't larn no more."

The old lady was indeed pleased to hear of the engagement, and she "tuck such a likin' ter the young man" that she opened the pear preserves which she had been saving for the preacher. At night, while in contented half nothing of it when left that night in circle they sat by the fire, Hayloid remarked:

"It has ever been a mystery to me why I did not have more pupils. I was told that the people of this neighbor-

The old man laughed.

"Day after day," continued the teacher, "I expected to receive additional encouragement, but as you know I was disappointed. What kind of people have you in this country, anyhow?" "Fust-rate folks."

"They evidently do not care to see their children educated."

"Oh, yes, they're mighty keen for edvention.

"Then they certainly have a poor opinion of my ability as a teacher. "Ah, no; they think you're a mighty

smart man." "Well then, confound it, why didn't

"I'm soon ter be yer daddy-in-law, ain't I?"

"Yes." "An' yer won't think hard o' the ole

"Of course not, "

"Well, when it was knowed that yer was comin' here, I went 'roun an' told all the folks that yer owed me moacy an' wan't goin to teach no chillan but mine. 'They would er sent off an' got another teacher, but you see I rented the school house fur a year. Now," and the old man laughed heartily. "I'll go 'roun in' explain. I'm pretty well fixed, thank yer, and what I've got is yourn." Herry and Weed now conduct one of the most flourishing schools in Arkansaw, and old Socklaster, it is said, has learned to write his own name. - Arkansaw Traveler.

Nevada has the largest proportion of persons of foreign birth of any of the states or territories-41 per cent.-and North Carolina the smallest-only onefourth of 1 per cent. Next after Nevada comes Arizona, with 40 per cent. of foreign-born persons, mainly Mexican; Dakota, 38.4 per cent.; Minnesota, 34.3 per cent.; California, 33.9 per cent.; Wisconsin, 30.9 per cent.; Utah, 30.5 per cent.; Wyoming, 28.7 per cent.; Montana, 20.9 per cent.; Blode Island, 26.8 per cent.; Massachusetts, 24.9 per, in force against witchcraft and like cent.; and New York, 23.9 per cent. From this point the percentage doscends steadily.

Plucky and Mannish Women.

"There's a new racket on the road," said a commercial traveler to the Chicago Herald. "It's a female drummer. I met her the other day, and she is a dandy. She travels for a Chicago house, and she sells goods like a January thaw." The male drummer then goes on to describe the qualities of his feminine rival and competitor for custom, how she beats down landlords, how half the botel clerks are "mashed" on her, and how she sells gents, furnishing goods, and the young men who usually keep that kind of stores buy of her as if they hadn't seen a commercial traveler in six months." The head and front of her offending seem to be her success in a line of business which male drummers have heretofora had to themselves. If she had been a solicitor of subscription to books-and everybody knows what artful ways such women have in wheedling men into buying books they never read-she would have been tolerated by some of the male drummer kind, and admired by others, but when she boldly assumes what they regard as masculine functions, and sells "gents' furnishing goods," they are jealous of her, and bestow upon her ironical praise in the copious and florid language of the

An unrepealed law of New Jersey, passed while the State was a British colony, reads as follows: "That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, who shall after this act impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by virtue of scerts, cosmetics, washes, paints, artificial teeth, false hair or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now misdemeanors."-Albany Journal.

northwestern vocabulary .- Baltimore

Sun.

that shook the hills. "I saw no more of him. When I got home, the cows were there."

Frankfort-on-the-Main.

In all Europe there is no more lovable city than Frankfort-on-the-Main. I have met Americans who were as enthusiastic about it as Madame de Stael was about Paris, and as much delighted to make it their home. The Frankfurters themselves regard it as an excellent place to stay. Not many of them, indeed, especially of the older stock, can be persuaded to leave it. There are not a few of its families whose perspicnous annals of residence extend for two or three centuries. There are banks and other business houses whose present name and location have been ago. A legend tells us it was placed bosom the little girl kisses poor papa. there by his Santanic Majesty, on a that he should have the soul of the first sent a rooster across it, thereby show- free at last. ing themselves smarter than the sly party of the second part. An image of the rooster, surmounting a pole set upon the bridge, commemorates the event and confirms the truth of the story .-Chicago Current.

Italian Marriages.

From London Society.

childless is regarded an intense calam- mendation of his Colonel, sent there for ity; and no matter how shallow the a period of three years, and, being alpurse, no new comer is welcomed other turns to his regiment at the end of that than with smiles and gladness. Now, is time a most acomplished one, and renit possible that a people so home-lov- ders valuable service to the riding classing, so affectionate, so fond of offspring, es of his corps. An officer at the "Equishould be so depraved, so immoral, as tation" rides four or five horses a day, we habitually depict them? We have and, as these are continually changed, too long looked upon one side only of he becomes familiar with every vice the Italian character; it is high time we known among horses. Particular atlearned to know the other. Another tention is given to the breaking in of favorite idea of ours is that the Italians "remounts" or young horses destined never make love marriages. No doubt to the cavalry service, and the officers their marriages, like those of the usually find their relaxation in steeple French, are often arranged by the parents; but, unlike those of the French, Colonel Rosenberg, who was in charge as a rule a veto of choice is left to the of the "Equitation" for a long time, young people, and if we could collect earned the reputation of being-perhaps seatistics upon the point, I am inclined the most admirable horseman in Gerto think that we should find that the many. Riding is, very well taught at proportion of these marriages, founded | West Point, but it seems a pity that upon a groundwork of reason and social compatibility, which turn out well not receive a special traming that would is as great as, if not greater than, that of our marriages founded on youthful horsemanship in their branch of the caprice and unreason.

I thought of my umbrella, and as quick drawn. "James, James, do you know

The sufferer's lips moved, but no deep-set among hollow sockets. Did he recognize her?

She lifted the little girl up. "Kiss poor papa, Hattie; poor papa is sick."

Like the touch of dewy rose-leaves the sweet lips of the little girl were laid upon the hollow cheeks.

Than a strange, inquiring look came into the man's eyes. The eyes turned from the little girl to the tearful face of the woman. The lips opened and in faint husky tones came the faltering words: "Who-who is it?"

"Our baby, James. Little Hattie. You have never seen Hattie before. She was not born when-when-

The horror upon the man's face cut short the wife and mother's words.

"Don't talk to long too him, madam; he is very weak," said the nurse who back through a long line of ancestry, approached. There she knelt, the poor, pale-faced woman with the wondering face of her little girl pressed to her check. Slowly the minutes slip continuous for 100 to 150 years. The by, and the sunshine coming through city itself dates back to the time of the window falls upon the cot. It Charlemagne. One of its stone bridges, touches the man's face. He lifts his spanning the River Main, is said to eyes to the ceiling, and as the wife's have been built eight or nine centuries | arms tenderly draw the head to her

"Ha-Hattie, wife-free-free." The special contract with the city fathers, woman's head bends lower; her lips touch the pallid brow. Then, rising, creature that should pass over it. When she presses the little girl to her as she it was finished the shrewd Frankfurters gazes tearfully upon poor papa who is

.erman Riding School.

The "Equitation" or officers' riding school in Hanover, Germany, is probably the most complete institution of its kind in the world, and it is mainly owing to its thoroughness that the light cavalry of the German Army is so efficient in the field. The best rider ir They are prolific people. To be each cavalry regiment is, upon recomready a good rider when he goes, recluses and "paper hunts," wherein officers assigned to cavalry regiments do enable them to raise the standard of sorvice.