IN THE SYIRIT.

In the split I am aith you. In the new might at the gate. And my have your own are touching-Can you feel them, little Kater

In the spirit I am wandering With you in the forest-anales, Where the song block' evolute music Seems as nothing to your stades.

In the spirit I am with your On the sincilit, pubbly shore, Where we made the sacred pledges To be faithful evermore.

In the spirit I am with you in each hour of perfect bliss That has ever with its brightness Made life one eternal kass.

In the spirit I am with you-In each hour of unthering grief, When we found in love's embraces All there is of sweet relief.

In the spirit I am Ingering With you underneath the trees, Where the night-winds seem to whisper, "It is cold enough to freeze?"

In the spirit I am with you When we hear the old man shout, "Time for ladies to be elleping, And for lovers to skip out?

In the spirit I can beer bim Londiy swear and slim the door, As you told him, "We will cheese it When we're ready-not before?" -Gondal's t hicego Sun,

MY LADY ALISON.

"Be patient, Alison. Try to look on the bright side of life and hope for the her voice, as she exclaimed: best."

The girl addressed laughed-a short, savage laugh, that was not good to hear from those beautiful lips. She sat with t ghtly clasped hands, her head thrown sake." back against the trunk of a great oak, and gave herself a little shake of rethat swept its mossy arms downward proof. But Alison's glance had wanas if yearning to enfold its deposed and beggared princess. There was a hard gitter in the half-shut black eyes as they roamed from tree to shrub, from away to the distant city. Dearer than the fountains flinging their diamond pray high up in the sunshine to the graceful statuary gleaming white through the dark green leaves. Not a nook nor a corner in the familiar ecstatic thrill of remembering. She grounds and the stately gray stone pal- shrugged her shoulders at Jessie. ace, standing like a crown in the midst of them, that did not possess its assoelation dearer than life. This had been her kingdom where she had reigned "Augels keep their promises, and I haughty as a princess with her equals, came near breaking mine. Oh, if I sweet and gracious to those beneath only dared tell her. I must say someher in station, dangerously alluring to all; worshiped not only for her birthright of beauty and wealth, but for her father's name, that was wreathed intaurel wherever patriotism and bravery wise, bright look at the girl, "Do-did are known and honored. One short you ever hear from Howard Vance?" year, and to-day the father slept in a dishonored grave, while his daughter stole through the gates of her heritage "He hade me 'good by' to make a as a stranger might come to take a last journey of one month. That was the look before going far away to join with untrained hands in the world's rough struggle for bread. What wonder that false, I ke the rest. the commonplace words of comfort sounded like a mockery to the proud started into burning life at the mention spirit torn by a slorm of bitter, rebel- of his name. And all the while Jes-Lous thoughts, that avraigued with impious impartiality the justice of God ing, coming to restore you all you and man. The Alson Van Dant of one have lost! Your father's honorable year ago had given place to a cynical woman, returning hatred and scorn to all, your true lover's love?" She claspthe world that had on a come to wor- ed both hands tightly over her breast, thip and want away to revie. She an- as if to still the happy beating. (wered her friend's pit fui glance with an angry glint from the sombre eyes, scold ou?" while the larsh hough rang out again. "Good, substantial advice, equally cheek, and two grieved blue eyes lookpracticable and original, but, unfortunately, there saw ded fference between Alison start, and look long at the beaulooking on the bright s de of life from distance and exper one ng it."

puzzled her angry companion. "Hasty prayers are sometimes heard

and auswered, in God's way, not in Eefore that day's sun sloped OHTS. ben nd the hills, already glided by its declining rays, Jessie remembered her words as a prophecy. Now she turned that luminous glance upon Alison, and said, quietly:

"Go on.

A dusky red stained the perfect face from throat to brow, and the slender hands were clasped together convulsively; then, with a defiant look, Alison obeyed.

"Go on!' Have I not told you enough to prove that only wrong and injustice prosper in this world? No? Most steadfast Sphins, with a woman' countenance and heart of stone, will you compel me to rehearse the old story of Timon? Friends grown cold: benefits forgotten! Sah! You know it all. Only yesterday the owner of the factory, John Jessup, once my father's pensioner, came to me and told me, Alison Van Dant, that, as times were hard, he would be obliged to cut down his force of help, but, owing to the intercession of Mr. Gillete ---- I did not wait to hear the result. I commanded h m to be silent, and walked out of the place. How dare he insuit me?'

Jessie turned away to conceal smile. But the laughter rippled through

"Oh, Queenie, Queenie! I can't imagine how your regal air crushed poor little Jessup. Zenobia chained to the chariot wheels! But don't frown on me, dear. I am happy to-day for your She stopped suddenly, colored, dered afar through the gates to where wooded hill sloped down to a noisy. tumbling brook. Aeross the fanciful rustic bridge a railroad stretched far all her memories, came one of a moonlight stroll under those trees, a passionate voice whispering tender love words into her willing ears. How quickly the pain came back after the brief.

"You probably imagine yourself one of Hogarth's angels rejoicing over the sorrows of men.

"No!" replied Jessie, to herself. thing, or I shall explode." She plucked a yellow-hearted daisy from the grass at her feet, and commenced industriously tearing it in pieces.

"Alison," she faltered, giving a side-Alison buried her pale face in her hands.

"Hush!" she whispered, hoarsely. week before our trouble came. Since then he has been as one dead. He is

She hated herself for the love that sie's heart was sing ng: "He is comname your old home, and more than

sweet eves sparkled through a mist of the stepped a young man, who grasped sympathizing tears; sparkled with a both her outstretched hands, his handhappy light that wounded while it some face glowing with happiness as her own.

She gave an irrepressible erv of delight.

"Howard Vance! Here at last. Oh. Alison, darling, how happy you will

He gazed engerly through the gates in the direction Alison had gone. He remembered well the mossy seat near

the rustic bridge, at which his heart told him she had paused for a last look. Across the bridge gittering steel rails stretched far away in the level rays of the sun, and faint and shrill through the still air came the whistle of a locomotive.

"Yes," he said, answering the girl's questioning look, "I expected to arrive on that train. But I came a half hour ago by boat, and, hearing what way you had taken, came through the small gate behind the thicket, and played eavesdropper. I am no stranger to these grounds, as you know," he added, gaily.

"How queer that we should all meet here!" Inughed Jessie. "And what a grand closing scene and tableau you might have made by rushing out, denouncing the villain, and restoring the rightful here is to her place."

"You came very near relieving me of that role," he retorted, teasingly. "Which is one more, added to count less other proofs, that a woman should never be entrusted with a secret. But," his face darkening sudden y, "the exposure will come, and to-morrow the wretch who thought to ky his vie plots so that no human eve could deteet his agency, and my innocent darling shall return to her own."

"You staid away too long," said Jessie, reprovingly, trying to keep pace with his eager stens.

"Do you not know that after I had resisted the first overpowering impulse to fly to her in her trouble every hour seemed like years. But almost at the same moment the news of her trouble came I stumbled, by a miracle, upon a clew to this man's whole villainy. And only the cortainty of being able, by untiring word, to bring to her an entire vindication of her father's honor and restore all she had lost, kept me to my vow never to feast my longing eyes upon her sweet face until I could bring back its old brightness. And I have succeeded, to-day my love. To-morrow, vengeance and restitution. There she is-my darling!"

He paused, uttering the last words in a half-whisper, devouring with his eyes the picture before him. On the rustic bridge a slight, drooping ligure, walking slowly, the sun shining on the crown of dusky, braided hair. She had taken off the broad straw hat, and held it listlessly in her downdropped hand. How Howard Vance longed to spring forward and clasp her in his arms. But he restained his impatience, and followed slowly, exultantly, sure of the rapture that was to reward his weary waiting. "My love! My queen!" he murmured once more. "I will bring back the old brightness to is dearmed would be the death-waryour face, and no shadow shall ever darken it again.

The rumbling of the coming train grew louder, and around the curve the engine rushed, smoking and shricking like some fiery demon dashing upon its ney. A wild scream, a man 111 80

KENTUCKY MOONSHINERS.

Dangers Encountered by Deputy Marshals Who Are sent to Arrest Them.

are husy in this district, commosed of Knox, writes a Bourboaville, Ky., correspondent of the Caciavati Eaquirer. They have now in the jalls of prisoners, most of them charged with 'moonshining." Two of them are charged with manufacturing and uttering counterfeit coin. They are Sherman Freeman and Buck Bolin. The arrest of these men will illustrate the methods which the deput, marshals must pursue to accomplish their purpose. Bogi men lived in Clay county, but many miles apart, though partners in the manufacture of the "quest." Freeman I ved on Otter creek, a lonely place, as all these mountain creek localities are. Deputy John Rogers took with him four men, well armed. After a long ride they arrived at night within live hundred vards of Freeman's cabin. There the horses were left, and the ofheers went on foot the remainder of the distance, so as not to marm the game. Reaching the door, Rogers anorized. A voice answered "Who's there?" A civil reply was given, when the door was opened. Regers and his deputies stepped in and getting the trop on the men commanded them to hold up their hands, which they did. Rogers was known to Freeman, who recognized his voice, and it was well lie did The men were in bed with pistol be their sides. Freeman had been notified to leave the place by a written. notice uniled to his gate-post, and was given ten days to get our, at the end of which time the gaug was to carry out ther threat of removing him. The time expired the night that the marshal arrived, and Freeman was ready for the attack. The officers came near having a desperate fight by mistake. This is Freeman s story, but the officers had got "the drop" on the men, or it might have been a different story. Buck Bolin was arrested at the head of Goose creek, about twenty index away, on the same n ght. He is a schoolteacher. The men were placed in jail at Barboursville. They were discovered by the parament to a boy, by Freeman, for services rendered, of a counterfeit silver dollar, which he was unable to get changed.

A United States marshal dare not go: into any of those mounted settlements to make an arrest marmed. He generally starts out so as to reach his bestination by night, approaches the offender's stooping place steadindy, and "gets the drop" ou him. That is the first and most essential taing to be done. When it is done, and the man throws up his hands the jig is up. On the road to prison the prisoner is informed of the charge against him. To go through, the formula of reading a warrant to a man on Otter creek before he rant of the foolhards officer.

The deputies have arduous and daugerous daties to perform, but they per-Nevertheic-s, Uncle Sam's processes. Hen bring grief and distress to many poor, wretched families in the Kentucky who ill city makes whisky that is arrested, but if a poor devil sells a little to a neighbor he is I able to information and removal to Lon sville or Covington for trial. He may be the only scanty support of a large family, but Une e Sam is inexhorable, and he must get out off hed and leave his wife and childr-a and travel with the marshal, no matter what the weather. Should the marchal be leagent to the prisoner, that is his icotom, and few of them. are will no to take the desperate risks. These mount divers, if they have the chance, had rather fight and take the risk of being killed than to be taken away from home for months, perhaps for years. For these rule men love home, poor and dest tute as it may be, and it seems that the poorer it is the more desperately they will tight for it. Uncle Sam is an energy cally of the prohibitionists: They should never. favor the abolition of the internal revenue system as applied to the manufacture of intex cants, nor waste their time lighting for a constitutional amendment prohibiting their manufacture. if the prohibitionists will forbid the sale, and the government tax the legit. mate manufacture and pupish the Hlegitimate, the manufacture will soon cease. Howard, what is under indictment for the shooting of Col. Hugh Rogers in Harlan county, is among the "moonshine" prisoners in the jul at Barboursville. He was spoken to Barboursville. about the shooting. If s replies showed him to be full of cumung. His little, keen restless eves did not rest full on the visitor. Their glances were furtive and suspic ous. He denied the shooting in an argumentative way by explaining that his clothing did not suit the discription north s foot the size of the man who was seen going up to Rogers' window; that, in fact, erine was committed by another, jury, prevented his indiciment. That man, he said, had gone to North Carolma. Howard is of moduua size, slight built, with light, than hair. He is restless and nervous. He can not stand still, and his attitudes, us he shifs hims if continuously while walking, are those of the thoroughbred mountain bully, to whom an open field and a fair fight would be an absurd exposure of his valuable person. The trial of know how these gymnasiums are conthis man in Harlan county, in the midst of his friends and relations. where conviction is out of the question, s an illustration of the argument in favor of granting the commonwealth a duange of venue in crim nal cases.

The Virtue of Economy.

Jumes Russell Lowell, in his Alumni oration at the 250th anniversary of Harvard university, refers lavingly to the good old times when industrious, hard-

The deputy United States marshals the counties of Clay, Harland, Bell, and muans of giv ng their sons a fiberal ednextlon, would stran every nerve and practice the stratest economy in everythme, Says leve

"We come back hi her from the ex-Whitney, Laurel, and Knox about forty periences of a richer life as the son who hold of his youth to had in its very homeliness a puese, if not of deeper, certainly of fonder emotion. than any splendor could stir. 'Dear old mother,' we say, 'how charming you are in your plain cap and the drab sills that has een turned again since we saw you! You were constantly forced to remind us that you could not allord to give us. this and that which some other boys had, but your discipline and diel were wholesome, and you sent us forth into the world with the sound constitutions and healthy appetites that are bred of simple fars." It is good for us to commemorate this homespan past of ours. good in these days of reckless and swaggering prosperity, to rem ad ourselves how poor our fathers were, and that we celebrate them because for themselves and their children they choose wisdom and understanding and the things that are of God rather than any other riches.

These observations are suggestive, and, well considered, could not fail of good influence throughout our land "These times are out of joint," we shall see no change for the better, so long as the paramount aim of the great mass is to accumulate wealth, that they may grat fy their desire for material comforts and make a by show in the world. It is a great mistake to suppose that there is any solid happiness in all this, nor is one's standing in society improved by extravagance, either in dress or habitation. Month over, the example is had, and often leads to appalling wret hedness. Not very long also, a man who could count his one hundred thousand dollars was reckoned uncommonly wealthy. Now, the well-to- to man in the city-espec fally if he have a "fashionable" and ambit ous wife-is discontented and unhappy if h : cannot ape his mill onaire neighbor (who, by some frenk of fortune hus "struck oil," perhaps by speculation or marrying a rich wife) and live in a mansion costing from tifty housand to any sum short of a million dollars! No sensible person, however, is envious of such a displace and even the daily laborer, who caras his one and two dollars a day, is better off, if he only know it, than his neighbor who spends his thousands in unsates factors luxury every year - IL K., is Washington Hatchet

The Height of Great Men.

A correspondent inquires of us if there is any truth in the general billef that the leaders of any particular age are large men, "op is it moraly superstit ou?"

There is a modician of truth in it. form them with as much consideration. While there are numerous, exceptions, as possible under the circumstances. it seems to be a fact that creat posts. essavists, scholars and ph losoph cal thinkers are, as a rule, smalle wh mountains. It is not abuse the man great generals, orators and politicians those who are engrossed in doing rather than thinking are, as a rule above the average size of man. There is a reason for it; those who peasess the most vitality are apr to make the biggest noise in the world. Washington was a large man; sowere Cortez, Charlemagno and Well ugton; so were Webster, Clay, Tom Corwin, Tom Marshall, Lius coln, Chase, Summer: so are Gladstone, Bismares, Ferry, Cleveland, James G. Blaine and General Sherman. When men who have won distinction are not tall, they generally make it up in breadth, like Bounparie, Stephen A Doughass and Sheridan. The timkers of the world have gen erally been small; as Cleoro, Aristotle, Bacon, Alexander, Pope, Alexander Hamilton and Oliver Wendell Holmes The members of the senate, ever since that body was established, have been, it is allaged, about an inch taller than the average height of American men. Sue cessful American editors have generally been tall men. averaging s s feet high and over two hundred pounds, as the elder Bennett, Thurlow Weed, James Watson Webb, Hocace Greeley, Willow F. Story, Murat Halstond, Joseph Me. dill, Whitelaw Reed, Joseph Pulitzer, and Charles A. Dana -all fine speciment of full grown men. Great orators are almost always large men, and such specimens as Joseph Cook, Heury Ward Beecher, Colena Robert G. Ingersoll, Mr. Moody, Rosco Conkling and DeWitt C. Talmage are familiar to the eve of the present gener ation of Americans. These orators are not only alike in weighing 225 pounds aplees, but they further resemble each other in possessing a keen sense of both humor and pathos, and in being coarse gra ned-of the earth, earthly. If they had not been course of texture they would have died young, and if they were not large they would have lacked whose father-in-law, being on the grand | the physical strength to surpass to the sharp competition of the r time. In New York it is proverbid that the great mercleants outweigh their clerks. - il'ashingtoù Post.

AN OLD FASHIONED CUSTOM.

Pleasant Features of the House-Warming of Our Aucestors.

The old fashioned custom, whenever a new house was built, of celebrating working parents, in order to secure the the occasion with what was called a rousing house warming grow out of a hearty recognition of the fast that, even after architect, carpenter, masue, and decorator had done their best, the house was still no fit place for human beings has prospered returning to the house- to I ve in till all the rooms in it had been set aglow, not merely with fires in every chimney-place, but with faces rad ant with happlness and hearts twobbing with love and cord ality. Till that was done the building was felt to be a mere affair of ir ck, mortar, lumber, and nails, and no more like a true abode than a dead body is like a living. loving man or woman. It is a pity that so many of these old customs have been given up, for they served to emphasize from the outsel, and in a picturesque way, never afterward to be forgotten. dens that always ought to remain fresh mid warm in the mind. Like christoning the bab", this chr stening the house was a religious act of dedicating it to high and bouthful end.

The man is a poor churd of a fellow who, having a home, however humble, does not feel that one of the happiest of all life's provileges is that of playing the ost in d. So far as the house goes, it ought to enable him to sympathizawith what must be the highest blesselness off deity itself. True, it is not the able, giorous indverse, with its starry beavens, mountaine, seas, lakes, and groves, but still, though a small thing, t is his own, and gives him something soyal to bestow on others -- a warm welcome, the contest scal by the fire, the best cheer he can command on the table, and a dainly, springly, inviting hed to sleep in. No wonder, then, the word hospitality has in all ages secured itself such a fond, nestling place in the human breast, for never is near or woman seen to more advantage than under the respect of truly cordial host or hostess. Now, there is a great deal of this kind of hospitality in the world. and no end of the happiest recollections of a long lifetime are bound up with delightful experiences of hours, days, and weeks spent in just this sunny atmosphere. But ought not so esscatially generous an idea as this of hospitality to have still wider and more generous interpretation put on it? No doubt it is a fine thing to make a guest welcome to the fireside, table, armenals, and sleeping room, but is not a great deal more than this essential in noturing the full characteristics of the deal host and hostoss? The essent al mark of hospitality is, of course, a quick and delicate perception of the wants of the guest together with delight in ministoring to them. If he is hungry, feed him; if cold, warm him; if s mpy, speed him to bed. But how about entertaining his ideas and sentments, as well as his senses, and giving these, likewise, a generous welcome? The host or insteas that knows how to bring these ther and sliver v situats only and stuffe tion and cheer them as they begin to low, will not such a one waria and exbilierate the spirits of the sojourner un-

for their root as no more blozing fireplace can? Indeed, mulstering delistudy to the senses of the welcomed musicular is this at best but a kind of prelon nary for unsking him confortable and setting at his ease; while the alghest and royallst form of haspitality only begins when a bright, summy wels come is extended to the wisest, whit est. sweetest, and most charming elements in a man's in nd and heart? Perhaps ie has no great measure of any of chose. Well, then, to bring out the best he has in him and help him to set it in the best light. More than one of the wisest and greatest of men have put on record that they never yet met anyone in life from whom they could not learn something. Now, what clear comfort for any poor fool of a fellow like the most of us to have been the guest of one of these Newtons or Bacons and to have seen the fine smile of satifact on light up his wonderful face at our actually telling him something new and interesting. We would remember the fact years after we had forgotten who er the bed he gave us was hard or soft or the steak. tender or tough. Indeed, d can be depended on that no home ever gets the best kind of house-warming till it has become a place which friends long to flock because they feel that an atmosphere prevides it in which they talk better, laugh more cheerfully, revel more freely in their richest sentiments than they can anywhere else. For a w-leome after this fashion they will forsuke the downlest of couches and the most delicate of viands, and go gladly where, though the fare is scantler, the hospitality toward thought and feeling is so thousandfold more cordial. - Boston Herulda

high, strained voice:

to you that God is on the side of wrong and injustice?"

You would make a beautiful Lady Macbeth. But I sten. This is my an- dropped into Alison's lap three poor sestral home; a monument to genera- violet heads, withered and damp from tions of generous and hon rable men their warm prison. There was a time and women. How blameles by my fathor upheld the stainless name thousands. whom his great heart benefitted could tell. The Van Dants always used their but now she suddenly rose and pushed power for the good of these less for- the child from her with a force that innate than themselves"-with a proud aplifting of ber head-"which, as the blue eves till with big, frightened world goe," she continued, bitterly, "s the reason it was taken away from by kneeling and with pretty caresses life. Her enemy bent over her, pentheir most worthy representative, and given to one who has not one redeeming quality in his vilo nature."

"His intense love for his son is a re-deeming quality," said gentle Jessie, always anxious to find good in every- house and lands, Alison," said Jessie, one.

"Ryall Gillette idolizes his own ambit ous schemes in the future of the thoughtful of others in her high estate, child. is capable," retorted Alison Val Dant, | call her 'My Lady Alison.' When corofully. "Yet, when he came to us, five years ago, asking only our friendship because his father and mine were warm school friends, he was so humble and, at the same time, so candidly solie tous to please his employer that he would have deceived a villiany. Take all my heritage, save more suspicious nature than my fath- my father's good name, and I will bless er's. Without gu le himself, he did not vou! took for it in others. Gradually this accomplished villain so ins nuated him- the walk toward them, tossed his eigar self into the confidence of his benefac- away nonchalantly, and held out his for that he was allowed to assume un- arms to the child. limited control of the business which the honore i name of Austin Van Dant had induced rich and poor to invest son walked rapidly through the gates the r savings. Then, one terrible day, out into the free, pure a.r. untainted by the erash came, when, amid the frenzied the poison of the scrpent's presence. reproaches of those who had been re- But Jessia placed herself directly in his duced to poverty through their trust in path him, the isnocent old man faced the unmerited disgrace long enough to give sake. To morrow will be too late!" them all he possessed; then, with a ! blessing for his only child, he died of a of himself by the girl's air of stern conbroken heart. But the man who had verion; then, recovering himself, his spread the net that entangled so many this lips curled in a cynical smile. lived respected and prosperous, having saved enough of his illgotten game to purchase the home he had made desolate. Over the coffin of my murdered father I cursed h m, and, lifting my child upon its feet, and sauntered slowly hand to heaven, prayed that vengeance night come to him through the child for whose sake he acknowledged he had laid the infamous scheme." Sho inughed in wild exu tat on. "Ab! Ryall Gillette feared me then, and he fears closing around yourself? I can't keep suc-the poor factory girl-yet. The the secret longer! I cannot!" "And you need not!" rest

agonized and despairing that it chilled "Pretty lady, don't c'y. Somebody

A flower soft hand patted Alison' ed baby pity into hers, Jessie saw tiful boy -a mass of golden curls escaping from a blue velvet cap, a suit of She sat opright, and went on in a the same rich material setting off the peachy complexion-a household idol, "Jessie Greyson, did it never occur dainty and sweet.

"Flowers," murmured the baby, soberly, evidently thinking that this "Peaus! Spare me that horrified stare, case needed extra comforting, and opening a crumpled pink palm, he when Alison Van Dant would have received this expression of cherubic good will with a warm clasp and merry kiss, made the dewy lips tremble and the tears. Jessie testified her displeasure winning back the sunshine.

"It is through him I have lost more than life - Ryall Gillette's child!" eried Alison, stormily.

"You have lost something fairer than sorrowfully. "I remember a girl who was so generous and loving, so It is the only love of which he that the poor and unfortunate loved to shall we see her again?"

"When my father ceases calling from his grave for justice upon his murderer! Ryall Gillette, the old man who trusted his friend's son calls to you to clear his name from the reproach of your own

The young man, who lounged down

"Come to papa, darling." And the boy sprang gladly to his embrace. Alli-

"Heed her warning, sir, for your own

He paused an instant, startled in spite

"I really must inform the servants that my grounds are not open to all the factory-girls from the city-insane fac-tory-girls in particular". He set the away, lighting another eigar as he Warit.

Jessie watched him exultantly. "What would you say, S.r Tartuffe,

if you knew the net of your weaving is "And you need not!" responded a

Jossie Greyson shuddered; but her | manly voice, and from a thicket near

the blood in the listener's veins, sounded from the gates. There was a rush of hurrying feet, and Ryall Gillette flew past hatless and livid; an answering scream for Jessie, who stood frozen to the spot with horror. But Howard Vance saw as men see in their dving moments-a sight that seared itself into heart and brain forever-atiny child standing between the glattering rails, the wind tossing his shining hair under the blue velvet cars the haby-red lips parted a smile of curiosity at the swift-coming messenger of death. Then, too quick for his imploring cries and onward rush, the girlish form had quekened into life, leaped upon the track, and flung the baby to safety! But Alison, fair Alison! It is the way of life to bring us havishly the things for which we have validly struggled when we need them no longer. The long, level rays of the setting sun shone upon the fruition of Alison's wildest dreams. The lover for whom she had wa ted so long knelt clasping her still form to his breast, watching breathlessly for a sign of itent, sobbing like a little child. The passengers on the fatal train stood with bared heads and wet eyes watching the brave young life go out. The heavy lashes liuttered, and I fted wide.

"Queenie!" whispered Howard, slowly and gently using the old familiar pet name. Stay with me, I have brought you justice and love. Stay with me! There is much to live for!"

"Just ce?' groaned the penitent enemy, "You shall have it! Only forgive me and live, Alison."

Jessie k ssed the small, cold hand. "My Lady Alison," she whispered, softly; and Alison understood.

The dark eyes rested a moment lovingly on Howard's face, then wandered from him, past L fe with her unavailing gifts, smiled gloriously at something beyond, and closed forever .-Edua S. Jackson, in the Current.

Wanted to Get Off.

"What's the train stopped for?" asked a home hunter on a Flor da railread

"Waiting for a cow to cross the track." some one replied.

"D d she cross?" he excitedly asked. "Yes."

"Here conductor." he cried, "put me off here. I've been pokin' round in this state fur some time an' can't find a cow that's able to get up when she's down, so if you've found one that's able to cross a railroad track I know that we've struck the best part of the state. Let me git off right here." Arkansaw Traveler.

He Was Fly, Too,

Jakey-"Fadder, dere's a fly in der #003.p.⁷³

Mr. Cohn-"Vell, eat all but der fly before you show it to der waiter, den you can get some more."-The Rambler.

Modern Proverbs.

A joke that once was funny is like a shiri bosom that once was white -A who wants to be an angel usually has the of any good. desire reciprocated on the part of his ; elle.-Lynn Union.

A Gymnasium.

What is a gymmusium? It is a room filled with appliances and implements of all sorts to build up muscle. Do you ducted? You pay an admission price. and are free to enter. You find a big dumbbell and you, squirm and struggle t il you lift it. You take a torn al the rowing machine and the bars. If anything else is there you try it. What is the result? Next morning you are sore and lame; your nuscles were not equal to the strain. You are disgusted with the exercise, and don't go to the gymman who works for nothing generally nashm any more. This exercising in a

You might as well turn a boy loose neighbors. - If you agree with any one in an apothecary's shop and say: man upon everything, you may set it "There, Johnny, there's your medicine; down that either you or he is an imbe- now get well." He would get wellinto the grave .-- Wm. Blaikie.

Women who Wear Tight Shoes.

"Women who pose as models have, as a rule, poorly shaped feet," said an artist to a reporter. "If there feet are not poorly shaped they are apt to be out of proportion by being too small. The reason is obvious. Women are ambitions to have small feet and hands and at an early age they begin to wear tight shoes. The result is that their feet are cramped and do not grow with the other members of the body. Of course there are suma profe alonal models who began early in his and never erunned their feet with ght shoes. They have correct proportie s. I speak generally of the mass of comen who become models after they are 18 years old. Women imagina if they have small feet and hands they have all that is necessary to give them a shapely appearance. A worse mistake was never made. Women who are large should naturally have feet in proportion; from an artistic point of view they look better. But you cannot make them think so.

"A crusade ought to be waged against wearing tight shoes. The tight shoe in just about earns his salary. -The man blind, purposeless way is not productive the first place cramps the toes all together, until they lose shape and become trescoed with corns. The foot doesn't get the free circulation of blood in it that it should have and falls behind in growth,"-New York Mail and Ex-11058.