JESUS, MY KING.

King of kings,—and yet to mine Own heart saying, "I am thine!" King of kings, and Lord of lords, Yet thy sweet and tender words, "I have call d thee by thy name," Echo through all years the same, Never losing power divine, "Fear not, Soul, for thou art mine."

King of kings—when wild and strong Dash the waves of life along.
Reaching out thy hand to bless, Saving by the rightcoursess.
Then dost lift upon the Rock Whence the tempest's rudest shock Ne'er shall sever us from thee, Christ, Immanuel, One in Three.

King of kings—most regal guide, Thy pure words in us abide; "Follow me," thou sayest, "and win Victory o'er every sin; Turn not back from conflict drear, Watching, praying, persevere; Then when 'Peace' the angels sing, Triumph in your Saviour King."

Marion J. Phipps, in Golden Rule.

HIS NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

There was revelry in the village barcom. Since nine o'clock in the mornng, when the stranger inaugurated the proceedings by making everybody melow, there had been a general desire to mitate him, and now, at nine o'clock n the night, the motley group of vilagers, surging in and out and swaying o and fro in the barroom, indicated that, whatever might be the condition nighly elevated.

Every man in the crowd had a local reputation, and in every case it had seen gained by the practice of some part of the thing which is called ruffiansm. Just now everyone was bent on saring a good time, which, in the vilage vernacular, meant getting drunk. Whether the choice of New Year's Eve not be considered here-it was the cusom there-an old habit which was susained by public sentiment.

Perhaps never before, except, possibly, on the occasion when it was chrissened with that persuasive title, had The Gentle Influence sheltered at once residence as I ever saw in the country. to noisy and so thirsty a crowd. It was truly a curious name for an inn, and provoked many an inquiry

fas to its meaning. 'You call your tavern the Gentle Infuence; tell me why?' had said the andlord only smiled and shook his acad in reply, and the stranger was soon g ven to understand that that was | Colonel?" a matter which could not be extracted from the landlord. Conjecture, indeed, and long been busy with the subject without solving it. Some averred that the name was for luck, some that it referred to the landlord's wife, some loubted whether the landlord himself rnew what it meant. Howbeit, the mystery about it advertised the house, and that, perhaps, was meaning enough

for the landlord. they strung themselves again beside the bar, seeking to warm the inner man, while waiting for the appearance of the stranger. Somehow it was generally understood that the stranger would spend the night with "the boys." Therefore, as the door opened from time to time to new arrivals, admitting teen currents of frosty air and disclosng momentary glimpses of the far-off sorrowful stars, many an eye watched and waited with growing impatience for the stranger's coming.

Among those present were a constable and a Just ce of the Peace, who warmed their hearts with frequent potations. Beside these, the chief ornaments of the gathering comprised gentleman known as the Colonel, another who bore the name of Old Gripes, for the habit of alleging a constant pain as a reason for an unquenchable hirst, another who was familiarly designated as the Kid, and another as Pap Tupper, a man advanced in years. reprobate and senile victim of the flowing bowl.

Possibly there was that in the gathering, the people, the occasion, and the surroundings, to impress one not alone with repuls on, but also with pity and sadness. Certainly it was a degraded and reckless scene. And a reckless man is always a pathetic spectacle. Not less wanting in pathos was the seene when viewed from without and in its exterior frame and setting. The silent streets of the humble village, the brilliantly-lighted barroom, whose drawn blinds could not shut out the gaze of half-grown boys, who peered in where they were too young to be admitted, but old enough to learn the ways of transgression. This, to one who reflects on life and its dreadful responsibilities, was a sight inexpressibly touching and sad.

Meanwhile the night grew colder and the lonely little village more silent. About the gay and brilliantly-lighted inn are scattered, here and there, the numble homes, deserted by husbands and fathers, where tearful wives watchsd sleeping children, and prayed, perchance, for drunken men. And all around these Lttle huts uprose, like ghostly sentinels, the mountain peaks, touching the sky on the dark hor zon, while high over all, spanned above the earth and far uplifted from its shame and sin, hung the canopy of heaven, beautiful in its calm. pure depths, and

blazing with stars. "It is a beautiful night," said the stranger, looking up to the sky, as his closely-buttoned figure drew in the pure air and his quick step rang sharply from the pavement. "It reminds me of that night when she gave up all for

me-but I must not think of that now. He soon reached the barroom, and paused at the door. He I stene i a moment to the revelry inside. The gleaming lamp overhead 1 t up his face, where a sweet smile rested, curling his mustache and softening the cruel glitter of his pierceing black eyes. His soft, gloved hand touched the latch and stepped inside. There followed a out of welcome. Pressing his way

among the crowd, he walked up to the bar, shaking hands with all, and said: "Landlord, set out the liquor for the crowd.'

As the rabble gathered about the hero of the hour, who exalted himself by quenching their thirst, it was curious to note the contrast between them and him. Their coarse, repulsive faces, their rude dress and ruder manners, were little in keeping with the highbred looks and refined demeanor of this well-dressed, perfect gentleman. His graceful presence, his pale Greek face and fine formed head, his delicate features and black, curly hair, his exquisite dress and soft, white hands would have made him a noticeable figure in any company. But there was about the man a certain air of coolness and command, a something of daring and bravado. which always and everywhere singled him out from the common mass of mankind and made him feared of men and, perhaps, loved of women. It is nothing, therefore, that, under the influence of his presence, coupled with the stimulants which his generosity supplied, the poor creatures about him became hilarous. Not for

years had they been regaled with such treat, whether of refinement or quor. It reminded not a few of Christan Armstrong, the young gentleman of wealth and promise, a former resident, whose sudden disappearance several years before had filled all hearts

with genuine regret. Intox cation affects men differently. of their intellects, their spirits were The Kid became merry, the Colonel grave and learned, Old Gripes amiable and benignant, and Pap Tupper mournful and pious. The stranger alone re-ma ned cool and collected. He listened to Pap Tupper's regrets over a wasted life, to Old Gripes' prophecy that the world would never be regenerated until the tax was removed from whisky, and to the wisdom which flowed from the Colonel, who, to his military prefix added the title of lawyer, though how 'or this purpose was in good taste, need he became entitled to those distinctions, whether through simple merit or simple appropriation, may remain matter for conjecture.

"I noticed a very pretty place here," said the stranger, addressing the Colonel. "It is on the brow of the hill just behind the town-as handsome a "You mean Cris' place?" said the

Colonel. "Why, I don't know whose place it is.

It's pretty, though.' "It must be Cris' place," said the Colonel. "A large three-story mansion, veranda all round, trees, lawn, garden, stranger when he first came, only a conserviatory? Yes, Cris' place." And couple of days before. But the wise the Colonel nodded in answer to the nods of the stranger.

That place must have cost money, "Nigh on to \$20,000. It's a pity no-

body lives there.' "It's unoccupied, then?"

"Clear deserted, said the Colonel. "Owner dead, ch?" "Why, no; at least I think not. He's

been gone, though these two years, and never heard from." "That's strange," "Yes, maybe 'tis to you that never knew him; but to us here, who knew The night was clear and cold, and, as him all our lives, it's as natural as-

open fireplace, where a great log lay turned upon the Kid, who broke in up- tongues could now and then be heard minutes, all silent. The suspense was sorry to have to consent to have it sputtering and glowing with genial on the conversation with the remark beat. Having warmed the outer man, that he had known Old Cris from a boy. "You!" exclaimed the stranger, in-

credulously. "Why, you are still only a boy and he is an old man." "Old?" laughed the Kid.

"Why, yes; didn't you call him old

The Kid and the Colonel laughed in chorus. "It tickles us to think of Old Cris as an old man," said the Colonel. "Why, he was a young man, not older than yourself. Perhaps thirty or thereabouts, ch? turning to the Kid.

"Yes; twenty-seving or thirty when he went away," replied that young and promising individual. "Then why do you call him Old Cris?"

demanded the stranger. "Because," explained the Colonel, that is the n'ekname the boys gave him when he became one of us. He was a handsome fellow," continued the Colonel, reflectively; "a tall, fine, brownhaired, blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon, with backbone and brains. Educated, rich. talented, and he had the world at his feet, and yet his life was rained in a And the Colonel paused to master his emotion.

The stranger called for another

round, and the Colonel proceeded: "It was the loss of his wife that broke him down. Ah, she was the handsomwomanly, so pure! I can shut my eyes and see her just as if it was now instead

of two years ago." Here the Colonel shut his eyes to illustrate his thought; but, whether by reason of the depth of his reflections or the strength of the liquor, he was unable to stand up with his eyes shuthe swayed and staggard, and would have fallen had not his friend supported him. Straightening himself, he took a grip on the bar and went on:

"It was a week or so after she was gone that he came into the barroom, where he had never set foot before. He called us all up to the bar and treat-He drank heavily, and talked was a little off in his head. That night put his hand to his hip. we carried him home, and laid him on the sofy in the parlor of his grand house, and next day all the old gran nies in the village male and female, were horrified. He got no sympathy he came to us, and we became his night but loves Cris, and would risk his life to do him a favor.'

emptied his glass in silence. "And when his wife died he went to the dogs, ch!" said the stranger, indifferently. "Died! Did I say she died?" ex- ger, and, in clear tones, the cry came:

claimed the Colonel. "I gathered that from your story, Colonel.

"You gathered it," said the Colonel. after the manner of a lawyer cross-examining a witness. "You may have advanced towards him, grim and silent gathered it, but I didn't say it." "I have found you at last," his eyes "Why, I can't say that you did; but

I so understood you." "No, sir; I said he lost his wife."

"Lost her?"

"Exactly. Now how do you suppose he lost her?"

The stranger couldn't guess. would doubtless have been difficult for an utter stranger to the event to hazard a conjecture. He invited the crowd to another round, however, and asked the Colonel to proceed with his story.

"It would have been well if she had died," went on the Colonel. feelingly. for they were so happy. It just seemed as if heaven had been let down to earth for them. They were always together, and were so loving and tender, and he built that house on the hill to please her, and had no thought but for her happiness. And then, one summer, they went to the seashore; but after a month he returned alone, all pale and broken. He was not the same man. He said nothing, but walked about dazed like, with black rings under his eyes and a trembling of the lips, which touched one's heart to see. Somehow it leaked out-it always leaks out in a v llage-that they had met a man at the seashore who had won his w.fe'. affection-a handsome, black-eyed, early haired gambler, with taking ways among women. Why, I should say, from his description, that he was a man somewhat of your appearance, stranger --

The stranger was just lifting his glass to his lips, and as the Colonel said the words, "somewhat of your appearance, stranger, his teeth made a clicking sound on the edge of the glass and it fell to the floor in pieces.

"Perhaps you know the man?" said the Colonel, look ng sharply at the stranger.

"I!" exclaimed that gentleman. "I know him?", "Well, you seem agitated."

"I am," said the stranger, coolly. The landlord put too much bitters in that cocktail. If ther's one thing I dislike, it's too much bitters in a cocktail. Landlord, some whisky. Well, Colonel, go on.'

"Why, there isn't much more to tell, Cris' wife eloped with the handsome gambler.

"And so that's how he lost his wife, eh?" said the stranger. "That's a real romantic story, Colonel, and quite interesting. This 'Cris' had another name, I suppose?" And as he asked the question the stranger looked keenly at the Colonel.

"Yes; Christian Armstrong," said the Colonel. And the stranger started again, while his soft white hand played nervously with his h p-pocket. The Colonel, not noticing, added, sorrowfully: "But we always called him Cris, poor fellow! And we all know that when she went off with the handsome gambler it broke his heart. It wouldn't be well for the gambler to show his face here. The boys would hardly forgive him for distroying the happiness of the noblest man we ever knew; and it's his wife over the wide world. If he should ever meet the gambler-" The Colonel hesitated.

"What then?" asked the stranger. "He'll kill him."

"Hump was the stranger's reply, as he shrugged his handsome shoulders.

The revelry was now at its height, each new-comer entered the door, the life." And the Colonel having found and, as the Colonel ended, the noise bevarious topers shrank closer to the his illustration, drank his liquor and came deafening. Above the babel of an intelligible utterance and an occas ional reference to the morrow, and the proper mode of spending New Year's Day. Pap Tapper protested he would go to church, and Old Gribes averred that he would go along to "keep Pap straight," while the Kid declared his intention of hunting rabbits if it snowed before morning.

> Meanwhile the stranger turned from the bar and walked to the window. He looked out upon the sleeping village, lying so calm and still under the paie moonlight. In the pauses of the conversation he could hear the wind whistling round the caves and the twigs of the trees scratching aga ast the windows. He glanced sideways at the crowd, and mentally confessed that in a certain contingency it would be a dangerous crowd for him. He turned again to the window, muttering to himself: "This, then, is the village where she lived-with him! I am almost sorry, for he was worthier of her love than He peered out into the night. The silver disc of the moon was just emerging from a little cloud, and then he received a shock. A face was looking at him which made him start as if shot. It was only for an instant that he saw the face. When he looked again it was gone. "It caunot by; I must be drunk," he muttered. "And yet I could have sworn that was his est woman in all the country round! face." Again and again he peered what a face hers was! So beautiful, so through the window, but all was clear moonlight. "Pooh, I'm drunk!" said, and turned, and as he did so he noticed a man sitting near the stove. He had just entered and taken a seat. There was something about him which seemed familiar, but his great coat covered him, and his face was buvied in the folds of a searf, which concealed his features. The stranger kept an eye on him as the man proceeded to unwrap himself, removing first his great coat, and then unwinding, fold by fold, the scarf from his neck and face. As the last fold was removed, and he stepped forward into the light, the stranger

knew him. "Armstrong!" he cried, behind set wildly about his wife, and acted as if he teeth. He stepped back to the wall and There was a momentary hush, then,

"It's Cris!" shouted the K d. "Old Cris! Old Cris!" at once re sounded through the barroom, and the crowd surged forward about the two from the people of his own class. But men, who regarded each other keenly. Armstrong quite failed to respond to friends; and there isn't a man here to- the greetings of his friends. His eyes were rivited on the pale Greek face of the gambler. The dangerous light in There was a pause. The stranger the eyes of these two caused the crowd to shrink away, leaving a clear space between them. At once a pistol gleamed in the soft white hand of the stran-

> "Stand back men, and fair play!" But he had scarcely uttered the words when the pistol was stricken from his hand and his arms held from behind, while the new comer, hailed as Chris,

> said, but his lips were dumb. "Armstrong, you are a brave man; don't murder me!" pleaded the gam bler. "Give me a chance for my life.

fe in your hands.

Still the wronged man spoke not a vord. He stood there, tall and comnanding, his face and sad eyes full of enthos, and his whole person haggard. Is looked upon the handsome stranger is one might look upon a rare, though peautiful animal, whose cruel nature ives a hideous charm to the beauty of ts skin. It was for this man that she and deserted him and made his life a jorrid waste! And yet he loved her till. Strange fact, which not all these veary years of search for her, and ighting against himself, could change. Even now, standing before his enemy, ie confessed he could spare him for her ake. She had so entered his life that nothing could altar his love, nothing hange his devotion, which was deathess. "God help me," he had often aid. "Whatever she is, or may become. I cannot help but love her." And low he felt that he would give all that ie possessed, even life itself, to guard ing. ier from the slightest pain, to minister o her slightest wish. Perhaps some nemory of other days, when they were nappy in each other's love, crossed his nind, softening his heart toward her still. Perhaps the worthlessness of life without her who had once made for iim a heaven of earth weighed upon nim; perhaps the impulse of the noment, an outgrowth of heroic hought, impelled him to the deed; but hristian Armstrong in that moment hanged his purpose wholly, and broughout his after conduct there was sign of faltering seen to indicate hat he regretted, or wished to escape the doom, which, in a spirit of selfsaer fice, he then, and there imposed apon himself.

"Let him be released," he commanded. And the gambler was at once set free; but the crowd watched him narrowly. They only waited a sign from Armstrong to destroy him, which he well know.

Armstrong continued to look upon im, and, calling the landlord, he spoke ive words. They made the gambler planch, cool and brave though he was, ind caused a shudder even among the pardened crowd:

"A room with him alone." In some communities the voice of one man is as a voice irresistible, and there was no thought of denying his demand. They passed upstairs together and entered the room over the bar, and the was distinctly heard below. When the andlord returned, pale and trembling, there was no longer any doubt as to the gambler who had robbed Armstrong of at last.

And now a breathless anxiety pervaded every breast, and a hush, in marked contrast with the previous commotion, settled down upon the crowd. my opinion that Cris is searching for For five minutes there was utter silence overhead. Then sounds of moving feet were heard, and the door was unlocked, but it was only to call for pen, ink, and paper. It was thought that the men meant to make their wills. Af-After a long silence there was another movement. Perhaps they were going to fight now. But all was silent once becoming painful. Another five minntes clapsed-it seemed like an hourstill no sound; and someone proposed to break in the door, and the Colonel started on that errand, but turned and came back, for they were coming down- the Hall to the lifth and sixth forms. stairs. A moment later they entered noble, leading, and the gambler, dark, slender, and humbled, following. The

> were still as death as Armstrong spoke: said, firmly. "He is going away. Who will drive him to the station for the midnight train?"

"I," cried a voice, and the Kid stepped forward. "Here is your man. Good-by," said

Armstrong. "Good-by," said the gambler. Goodby, and God bless you! The life you have saved to-night was worthless before, but now it shall be worthy of your They shook hands again and the

gambler was gone. Then Armstrong drew a paper from his bosom and gave it to the landlord, requesting that it be opened the next | money went to the captain of Monten, morning, then shook hands with all the crowd, bade them good-night, and passed out into the silent street.

New Year's morning dawned cool

and fair. The sun crept slowly up the mountain side, crowned its highest peak with splendor, and threw a flood of glory on the sinful village. The frosty air was filled with tiny snowflakes, through which the snowbirds flow, while church bells rang out their glad greetings. Little children tripped lightly by, happy as the bright New Year, and all seemed still echoing the half-sad, half-jo one peals that rang out the old and chimed a greeting to the Christian Armstrong did not appear

on the streets, though the paper left by him was duly opened and read. It was his will, in which he bequeathed all his estate to his wife, including his oncedelightful home, where they, as man and wife, had passed two sweet years

of joy. "I understand it all now," said the Colonel. "He loved her, though she deserted him, and he spared the stranger because she loved him. The stranger was right when he said, sitting in the buggy last night: "I'll keep my oath and change my life, He was worthier of her love than I,"

Perhaps out of respect, perhaps because it seemed lonely to spend the day in the big house on the hill alone, a party started to visit the returned wanderer. As they turned from the village into the country road the grand house came into fuller view, towering high on the hill, its long veranda was extended. and its gilded capola sparkling as with

diamonds in the sunlight. But as they approached they noticed something laying across the great stone Colonel stepped forward and lifted the man's hat, and lot the face of Christ an | found him cutting wood to keep then Armstrong looked up at them with warm while they watched him die.-

Don't slay me, myself defenseless, my in his heart, stark dead he lay, this New Year's morning, at peace with all the world, his arms embracing and his cold lips touching, as if to kss the stones, which, in the happy days, her feet had trod, -John C. Wallst, in the Current.

Millet As An Art Student.

One of M llet's boy friends and companions knew him first in the city of Cherbourg, a few miles from the artist's birthplace, the city where he received his first lessons in art. He had heard how the young peasant Millet tried to imitate the engravings in his Bible during the noonday rest, how he drew the figures about him, and covered the fences with sketches, until his father took him to Cherbourg "to see whether he could make a living by th s business." When the artist to whom they went saw Millet's drawings, he said to the father: "You must be jok-That young man there did not make these drawings all alone. And when convince I that they were

really the boy's work, he exclaimed: "Ah, you have done wrong to keep him so long without instruct on, for your child has in him the making of a great artist.

Presently the Municipal Council of Cherbourg awarded Millet a meager pension that he might study art in Par-But the councilmen expected the artist, in return to send back large paintings to the city museum. although he could not live upon the pinsion. They became angry at this delay; and he, finally bought an immense canvass, and in three days panted a picture of Moses breaking the table of stone. He varnished it once and sent it to the museum. But as the picture was varnished before the paint had dried, it soon began to crack. New the picture looks so old that some of the good people take it for a painting by Michael Angelo. Then the counc linen asked Millet to paint a portrait of the mayor, who had recently died. Millet had never seen him; but from an old miniature I keness he painted a beautiful portrait, the face seen in a threequarters front view. Wishing models for the hands. Millet found a man in the ne ghborhood who had finely shaped hands. This man as it happened, had been imprisoned for some offense. When the portrait was finished and shown to the councilmen, they sent for sound of locking the door on the inside | Millet and told him that they were greatly d spleased. The likeness was good, they said, but there were two grave faults: The artist had painted identity of the stranger. He was the only a three-quarters view of the late mayor, whereas his Honor invariably is wife, and Armstrong had found him entered the Council Chamber facing straight forward; and secondly, it was shameful to have used the hand of a man who had been in prison as the model for the hand of a man so good as the late mayor. Poor Millet! There was nothing for him to say to people so s mple and ignorant as these. - Ripley Hitchcock, in St. Nicholas.

Eton Montem.

Any old Eton boy would tell you that you might as well never have been born as not to know about Montem. more. Five minutes passed, no sound; Why, Montem was as old as Queen ten minutes, and still no sound; fifteen | El zabeth, an | Queen Victoria was very broken up. The senior colleger was captain of Mostem, and he sometimes made £1000 out of it. On the morning of Montem day,

the captain gave a great breakfast in Then the boys marched twice around the barroom, Armstrong, fair, tall, and the school yard, the ensign waved the great flag, the corporals drew their swords and the possession started crowd looked and wondered; but they | through the Playing Fields to Salt Hill, in a long line, accompanied by two or "This man must not be harmed," he | three regimental bands. The officers wore red-tail coats, white trousers, cocked hats with feathers, and regimental boots; and the lower boys wore blue coats with brass buttons, white waisteoats and trousers, sik stockings and pumps, and carried slender white poles. But before this, long before sunrise, the salt-bearers and the r tweyle assistants had gone, some on foot and some in gigs, in their places on all the great roads leading to Eton, to beg "salt" from every-body they met. Salt meant money; and everyboly had to give them salt, George the Third and Queen Charlotte always gave lifty gu neas apiece. to help him pay his expenses at the university to which he was to go after leaving Eton. The salt-bearers carried satin money-bags and painted staves, and as receipts for the salt that they secured they gave little printed tickets with the date of the year, and a Latin motto.

Everybody went to Montem, King George always used to go, and Queen Victor a went. There was always a 'Montem poet" who dressed in patchwork, and wore a crown; and he drove about the crowd in a donkey-cart, reoiting his ode and flourishing copies of it for sale.

When the procession came to the top of Salt H ll, the ensign waved his flag second time, and that ended the celebration; only the boys and the visitors all went to the inns at Windsor for a big dinner. - Edwin D. Mead, in St. Nicholas.

Forethought of a Dying Man. Rev. Hugh Cull is still well remem-

bered in Wayne county, where he lived for more than half a century, and died at the advanced age of 104 years. During the last four years of his life he was afflicted with a sort of hypochondria, and every once in a while imagined he was dying. On one such occasion he mounted his adopted daughter on a horse and sent her to notify the members of his family, who lived at some distance, that his end was near, and if they desired to see him die they must come at once. While she was gone on this errand he happened to think that there was no wood cut and that his children would be cold when they got to his bedside, as it was in the middle of winter; so, forgetting about his near steps. Coming nearer, they saw what approach to death, he got up and went seemed to be the form of a man. The to the woodpile, and when they arrived in haste in obedience to his summons. sightless eyes. For there, with a bullet | Indianapolis Journal.

A Young Man's Mistake.

When a young man starts out with

the firm determination to do all in his

power to assist and make happy his

fellows, and then receives a set-back, it

does more towards hardening his heart

to the woes of the world than anything

else. He no longer der ves pleasure

from the happiness of his fellow creatures, and where, at one time, he would have been glad to have lent a friend a street car ticket, or his umbrella, he now carries a stony expression on his face and coldly refuses. A sad case of this kind has recently developed in our quiet little city, and the party in question is as much changed as a suit of clothes. Nature blessed him with two lovely little pink shell-like ears, but frail and delicate as they look, their owner is wont to place a great deal of confidence in them, and even in the coldest weather has, until recently, never been known to cover them up. It might be well to say right here that he is one of those so-called cranks, who does not believe in bundling up with superfluous clothing. So when the mercury has crawled away down into the bowels of he thermometer, and everybody else s freezing as stiff as a Thanksgiving turkey, our friend starts boldly out, overcoatless, cravatless, golosidess, and with a derby hat, sitting jauntly on his wealth of brow. If asked if he does not feel the cold, his expressive face is instantly wreathed in smiles, and he proudly answers: "Oh, no, I am very comfortable, thanky you," while his friend gently nurmars something to himself, which sounds very much like 'I am something of a liar myself." Well, the other day when the weather was about fifteen or twenty legrees below, the young man turned out as usual in summer clothing, with his aforesaid shell-like cars laid bare at the mercy of the frigid atmosphere, and had got but a short distance from he house when he fell in with a friend. They proceeded on together talking on lifferent subjects, when the friend sudlenly looked up and exclaimed: "Why, Frank, your ear is frozen! ' And sure enough, he had trusted his organ of earing a little too far, and it had become congealed. The usual remedies were instantly applied, and after it had been rubbed with snow for a short ime, the frost finally disappeared, but hat ear was a sad wreck of its former grandeur. Once a thing of beauty, it now resembled a kidney, but instead of causing its owners' angry passions to ise, it had more the effect of teaching nim a lesson, and he dec ded to be on the look out during the rest of the day, and warn everybody whom he chanced to meet whose nose or ears appeared to be frost-bitten. About ten o'clock in the forenoon, our young friend was again out on the street, and the very first sight that greeted his eyes, was a nose whose deathlike whiteness plainly betokened frost, and more startling to relate, behind that nose was a very interesting young lady. Her cheeks were mellow and rosy as the sun-kissed de of a ripening peach, but the cold hand of death had seemingly laid its icy fingers on her saucy little proboels, and the contrast was at once both amusing and startling. He immediately summoned up all his courage for a modest young man to address a strange young lady, and tripping lightly to her side, informed her in low and tremulous accents that her nose was friz. The shriek that she let escape from her rosebud lips, was so heart-rending and sharp, that it took his breath completely away, and caused his eyes to cross in his head, while he glanced hastily around, expecting to see the patroll wagon come tearing around the corner. "Oh, sir," said the frightened young lady, "what can I do to save my nose?" and then she fainted in his arms. Luckily, they stood in front of a drug store, and dragging his burden inside, ran out and got a handful of snow. This he daubed on the lady's nose. while the druggist kept the crowd back with one hand and administered restoratives with the other. When she came too, the astounding discovery was made that her nose had not been frozen at all, but on leaving the house she had put about nine lavers of powder on it to keep it from getting red. When the young man parted with the lady, it did't take a very close observer to see that they were not on the best of terms. He tried, in his poor, weak way, to apologize, but she turned a deaf ear and said that she had been grossly insulted, that he was no gentleman to play such a contemptable trick on an orphan whose father and mother were both dead, and that she had a great mind to sue for damages. As they parted, a thoughtful expression came into his fawn-like eyes, and he was absent-minded all the rest of the day. He hasn't been himself since, and wanders about in an aimless sort of way. but he has made a solemn yow never to befriend another human being, even if he finds them with their own face frozen. This should be a warning to ladies who go out on a cold day with their nose powered, for it will be only a question of time when they will get caught in the same trap .- Peck's Sun.

Just the Man He Wanted.

A burglar, who was doing a neat job on a large safe, was borrified, on looking up to see a man standing quietly beside him. He was about to retire, when the gentleman said: "Go ahead. I am interested in that

job." "Why?" asked the astonished bur-

Because I have forgotten the combination, and no living person knew it but myself. If you can get that safe open, I'll make it worth your while." -Burlington Free Press.

Before and After.

Before marriage: "Excuse me, George, did my parasol hurt you?" "Oh, no. my dear; it would be a pleasure if it did." After marriage: "Great heavens! There never was a woman under the sun who knew how to carry an umbrella without scratching a fellow's eyes out." "And there never was a man who knew enough to walk on the right side of a woman with a parasol." "There isn't any right side to a woman with a parasol."—Hartford Post.