HELEN LAKEMAN;

The Story of a Young Girl's Struggle With Adversity.

BY JOHN R. MUSICH. AUTHOR OF "THE BANKER OF BEDFORD," "WALTER BROWNFIELD," ETC.

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"I don't know, I guess he'll be taken care of."

 At this moment Clarence entered the room. He had just come in at noon from plowing. This was on Monday. the day after Mothers Tartrum's and Grundy's issue of information. Clarence had not been to church and had only been told an hour ago by Henry Stuckley, who was riding down the lane and called him to come to the fence and rest. The honest face of the boy was red with anger.

"Father," he gasped, "have you heard about Helen?"

"What about her?" demanded the father, gruffly.

"She's been arrested for stealin'." "Well, what of it?"

"It's a lie! that's all." thundered Clarence, in a voice full of fury.



"IT'S A LIE! THAT'S ALL." "Have you gone crazy?" asked his father, in amazement,

"No, I've not; but who ever says that Helen Lakeman stole that bracelet is a liar! I don't care who they are."

eren, sunge Arnold swore she did,' said the father, triumphantly. "Then Judge Arnold swore to a pos-

itive falsehood." "That's a grave accusation, sir; what

object has Judge Arnold?"

"A big one, and he's set up a job in the matter, as sure as I live; the old thief.

"Clarence, behave yourself," said the father. "Have some respect for your mother and myself, if you have none for yourself. I would like to know what object Arnold could have."

"His girl is half dead after Warren, and Helen had cut her out; now, if they can blight her name so that Warren will not have her, that freckledface, red-headed Hal Arnold may have a show."

"Oh, hush! you simpleton." "I am no simpleton at all, father. know more about this than you. I'll prove it yet, before it's over with. The last thing brother Warren said to me was to see that Helen was not imposed upon, for his sake. He foresaw the persecutions that were coming on that poor girl's head, and tried to prepare against them. First, Mrs. Arnold went traipsing all over the country with a pack of lies and caused you to discharge her, then when the poor girl was driven from shelter, with her crippled brother, a rain-storm raging and a dark night coming on, she set her trap to catch her. Helen stopped at the house for shelter, and the next day was arrested."

of church members (not churches) be, Clarence, entering and taking Helen's it said, most of her persecutions came hand. "It seems to me that a great, from them. Her parents were Presbyterians, and she a member of that church. Her strong faith in Christ, Now, here hev I been, ever since I heard Yellowstone river between Dry Fork and sweet temper, saved her from bitterly reproaching her persecutors, and the blessed promises in the Bible were lick him, and here you are forgivin' of them was prosecuted with unreever a consolation to her.

She found Mrs. Bridges, the jailer's altogether incredulous as to what believe as men jailors, that every peron accused is a criminal. She had heard Helen's story before she came to the jail, and declared to herself ;

"I pity the poor child, who was struggling for her little brother, and she is more to be pitied than blamed, even if she took the bracelet."

She greeted the downcast girl kindly difficult to tell what that was. on her entrance to the house, giving Helen the first real sympathy she had received since her misfortune. Taking the magistrate. Here his hopes were both small hands in her own, and gazing dashed to the ground upon being in- seldom that he speke of his prowess into the sweet face and large blice eyes, Mrs. Bridges said :

"There is some mistake here, Jack; I know there is. This poor child never did a wrong in her life."

Helen burst into tears, clasped her arms about the neck of the jailer's wife and fell sobbing on her bosom. It was so sweet after receiving such cold, cruel treatment, to find one warm, sympathetic heart on which she could rely, Mrs. Bridges consoled her, kissed away her tears, and told her to trust in the Lord and she would come triumphantly out of all her troubles in the end.

Helen took her place as one of the ailer's family, and Mrs Bridges kept her constantly at her side. When the prisoner took down the family Bible and opening at Deuteronomy, fourth chapter, thirtieth and thirty-first verses, she felt that the hand of God had surely directed her to the blessed promise contained in those two verses. "When thou art in tribulation, and all these things are come upon thee, even in the latter days, if thou turn to the Lord thy God and shall be obedient unto His voice (for the Lord thy God is a merciful God); He will not forsake thee, nor forget the covenant of thy fathers, which he swore unto them." Helen closed the Bible, and clasping her hands remained for a moment in silent prayer. How light and joyous her heart at that moment. A true Christian can not be downcast and sad, for if death sweeps away every earthly friend, they know they are only gone to a better land. If clouds of darkness, sorrow and suffering surround them, they know that there is a Heaven where clouds, darkness, sorrow and suffering never come. Helen was happy at that moment. Her tears were dried and a sweet smile was upon her face. If she were sent to the penitentiary she would go cheerfully and pray God to have mercy on the false witnesses who had worked her ruin. She could forgive

even the Arnolds. She could pray God to forgive them, and bless them with happiness. Do you doubt this, reade If you do, you know nothing of a was no bitterness in Helen's soul. She thought they were that bad. He made them in a circle until time was called,

rough fellow like me ought not to touch a bein' too good for this earth. about you, a cussin' and swearin' and ready to go over to old Arnold's and every body, and jest lookin' happy.

"We may suffer and still be happy, wife, a very kind woman. One not Clarence," said Helen, with a smile upon her face. "There is no need of and many others followed the buffalo every body said, and yet not ready to any one's being without happiness. like an avenging Nemesis, and, sad to Oh, there is so much here," and she say, never let up, until this noble laid her hand reverently on the Bible. Rosa kissed her again and again, de- young man named Chas. W. Rock,

> while Clarence was dumfounded; his acknowledged the quickest buffalo earnest zeal wanted to "punch some- skinner on the range; he could easily body's head," but Helen forbade that, skin forty-five buffaloes in one day, a He must do something, though it was well-proportioned six-footer, and the

> "I'll go on her bond," he said, taking up his hat and hastening round to formed that a minor could not be ac- unless bantered by some of his comcepted as bail for the prisoner. But the girl was innocent; she was an angel, he knew her to be an angel.

The magnetrate smiled and said he had seen a good many, and all were angels at first. Some never acknowledged to it, and she might be one of the kind; but there could really be no mistake about it. She was an unfortunate girl, had his sympathy, too, but he guessed she was guilty.

Clarence left in despair and went to consult a lawyer. Mr. John Layman had the reputation of being a fair lawyer, and he would employ him.

"Good morning, Clarence," said Mr. Layman, stroking his long, black whiskers, on the entrance of the young farmer.

"I came, Mr. Layman, to get you to attend to a case," said Clarence, sitting in a chair near the lawyer. Mr. Layman laid aside a newspaper he was reading, and, thrusting his hands in his pockets. was all attention.

"You have heard of Helen Lakeman's arrest. I want you to defend her."

The lawyer was soon employed, Clarence agreeing to pay his fee. The two set out at once for the jail, where Mr. Layman was introduced to his fair eli-

Helen then proceeded to tell all she knew of the unfortunate affair. The gold bracelet was found in her carpet bag, but how it got there she did not know. The lawyer listened to her story and then put her through a most rigid cross-examination.

"How did the bracelet get in your possession?" he finally asked.

" I kin tell ye," said Clarence, quicklv. "Ye see brother Warren and Helen here were to be married. Well, they told lies about Helen and mother discharged her, and then the Arnold's set remarkable as it may appear the up this job on her so that Warren other buffaloes did not seem frightwould marry that red-headed, freckledface Hal Arnold."

Helen tried to stop the impulsive youth, but there was no stopping him. He was determined to tell all. The truly converted Christian heart. There lawyer smiled, and said he hardly frem the rest of the herd and ran

RIDING A BUFFALO.

a Western Hunter Won Fame and a Fifty-Dollar Bet. How

In November, 1882, north of the and Red Water streams, the buffaloes were very plentiful, and the slaughter lenting vigor. That was the section where V.e Smith, Doe Yahl, "Missouri Jim," Jim Blake, George Brown game was wiped out. At that time a claring she never would desert her, better known as Dick Rock, was best horseman I ever saw. Ho claimed that he could ride and "stick" any thing that wore hair, unless it was a grizzly bear. It was panions. At that time he was hunting on a tributary of Dry Fork, close to Vic Snith's camp. One evening in camp the subject of breaking horses and wild animals to ride come up, and Dick offered to bet fifty dollars that he could ride a buffalo. His money was quickly covered and Sam Bicknell chosen referee and stake-holder. The conditions were that he should ride a

down or running under limbs of trees over to Smith's camp and acquainted in with the facts of the wager, and required his assistance in securing the animal on which Rock was to ride. rode out in search of the game. They approached within about two hundr d ards of about a dozen buffaloes, ception of Vie, who crawled on hands and, selecting a fine fat cow, took careful aim and accomplished what

was intended-that is, shot her through the muscles of the neck and knocked her down, a feat that is called "creasing. ' At the crack of the rifle Rock the falien cow and, quickly dismounting s) rang upon the brute's back, who had a r ady recovered consciousness, and away they went full tilt after the balance of the herd, which were about a quarter of a mile distant. His large spurs, which he had sunk deep in the cow's sides, served to enable him in retaining his seat, while it served also to irritate the brute; she bellowed and bucked in a frightful manner while R ck applied the "quirt." They soon were among the herd of buffalo, and

ened at coming in contact with man. but, on the contrary, endesvored to unseat him by hooking viciously at his legs. The balance of the boys soon separated Rock and his animal

HONEST CARL DUNDER.

Same Queer Things Which the Old Gentloman Can't Comprehend.

Maype it whas pecause I whas an old! Dutchmans dot I can't make sometings oudt, but I like to know how she vhas. If I haf some snow on der sidewalk in front of my house a policemans comes along and says: "Now, you got dot snow right off or I take sooch law on you as whill make your heart ache! Doan' you know it vhas dangerous und against der law? You'd better look sharp, oldt mans, or I haf you where some dogs doan't bite you!'

If some pody haf a vacant lot next to me, and der snow on dot sidewalk vhas so high as my shoulder, nopody cleans him off. Some day vhen I vhas looking at her a policemans crawl through dot snow und says. "I like to know who owns dot lot." I tells him it vhas a merchant on Woodward avenue, und dot snow doan' get off before next doan' hurt somepody at all, und it vhas fun to wade through it." I go in der house und sot down und try to make it all oudt, but I can't do it.

One day my poy Shake shtands oudt door und blows a horn toot! toot! toot. He doan' toot more as fife times when a policemans comes along und says: "Shtop dot noise or I gif you some collar! Der idea of blowing dot horn und making all der peoples go crazy! buffalo half an hour, barring ac- Doan' you know he whas agin der law ed u.s. such as the buffalo falling to make sooch a nuisance?" Dot scares Shake so badt he hides down cellar all that skirted the small streams. The day, but in two hours more ash four men next morning one of the party rode mit wagons comes aroundt my place and blow toot! toot! toot! until I whas almost deaf. I go oudt and ask dot policemans to shtop her, but he says: 'Doan' you know sometings, oldtmans! Vie acquiesced, and soon all hands Dot vhas according to law, und I can't shtop him."

I goes oop by der Brush farm und buys me a lot mit feefty feet front. and all hands stopped, with the ex- Maype I build me a house some day. Vhen tax-time comes I goes over by and knees within one hundred yards der city hall to pay my taxes. "All right, Mr. Dunder," says der man mit der tax-book, "your tax vhas seextyseven dollar." It seems like it vhas ompossible, but I haf to pay her. I vhas going avhay, vhen a man comes in und says he owns four hoonered on his horse sped like the wind to feet next to me, und how mooch whas der taxes? "Thirty-fife dollar, und you vhill please forgif me dot she vhas so high!" Because I haf a lot my taxes whas seexty-seven dollar. Because he haf a piece his taxes vhas shust half! I go home und think aboudt him, und I tatk with my wife, but we can't make her oudt.

Sometimes on Soonday I hitch oop der pony und take der oldt womans und Shake out to Springwells to see my brooder-in-law. Dot pony vhas blind in one eye und he haf two ringbones und two spavins, und he vhas so lazy dot he goes jog! jog! jog! all der time. We vhas coming home when a policemans rushes oudt at us genius that one man possesses over anund says: "Now you look oudt! Der werry next time you whas driving so fast I take you in der Recorder's court und make your fine fife dollar!" I eminence than others. This it is, in shton to shpeak mit him a few word und somebody mit two horses und a carriage und a silver harness comes along like lightning and almost runs my wheel off. I look at dot policemans, but he doan' see nothings. One day more ash a dozen fellers mit carts and wagons comes aroundt my place und calls "Rags! rags! rags! until my head aches. By und by I goes oudt in front of my place und calls; "Beer! beer! beer!" und shust so queek as some weasles I vhas arrested und fined tree dollar, und der Shudge says to me: "Mr. Dunder, I vhas astonished mit you! If you doan' know better ash dot I put you in some asylum mit der fools! Doan' let dot happen again!"

GENIUS IS INDUSTRY.

Success in Life Due to Hard Work, Patience and Research

There is no respect of classes with genius. It enters the cottage of the poor and the mansion of the rich. Unlike what we call talents, it is inherited by no one; like virtue, it is a possession of the individual and not of the family.

Dr. Smiles, in his "Life and Labor," prints a list of eighty-one names of illustrous scientific men, philosophers, poets, novelists, dramatists, historians, reformers, statesmen and generals, Twenty-seven names belong to the aristocratic class, twenty-seven to the middle-class and twenty-seven to the working class, from which fact it seems to be true that great men come from all ranks and classes.

A great genius resembles Melchizedek, in that, intellectually, he is "with-Shuly. "Oh! it whas a merchant, ch! out father, without mother," without Vhell, dot snow whas all right. It genealogy. He is his own ancestors and posterity, for he begins and ends with himself.

The Adams family, the Bayard family, the Breckenridge family and the Beecher family are illustrations of the fact that great talent may descend to the third and fourth generations; but from these four illustrious American families there has risen but one genius-Henry Ward Beecher. Six of the leading representative statesmen of the formative period of the Republic-Hamilton, Sam Adams, Jefferson, Clay and Webster-have no "genealogy."

It is hard to define the word genius, by which we express the subtle, clasive something that makes a man . great. The word itself, coming from the Latin. emphasizes man's belief in the supernatural origin of the something which dies with him. For the genius of the Latins was a guardian deity, which was born and which died with the person whose actions it directed.

Ruskin says that genius is the power of penetrating into "the root and deep places of the subject." This definition recalls Newton's explanation of his achievements in science - "always thinking of it"-meaning his ability to concentrate his intellect on the subject of his search. But then Newton, it may be observed, was a very modest man. He was more. He was unconscious of his great mind, and illustrated the remark of the physiologist who said "No man was ever a great man who wanted to be one."

But John Dalton, the great chemist who developed the atomic theory, held with Newton that his genius was nothing but the power of patient industry laboring continuously at a subject until he saw through it. We commend his words, when complimented at a public meeting, on his discoveries:

"If I have succeeded better than many it has been chiefly, nay, I may say almost solely, from unwearied assiduity. It is not so much from any superior other, but more from attention to study and perseverance in the objects before them, that some men rise to greater my opinion, that makes one man suc-

"You are making a fool of yourself, Clarence," said Mr. Stuart.

"Well, I'll make a bigger fool out o' myself than I ever have.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I'm goin' to see Heler, out in this. Old King James Arnold will find before long that the girl he thought so friendless has two friends-I am one, and brother Warren the other."

Mr. Stuart was completely dumfounded at Clarence's announcement.

"Helen is in jail for lack of bonds; if it was Tom Scuttle for wife beatin' you would be ready to go on his bond. But I will go on Helen's bond."

Garence turned and walked away. In the hall he met his sister Rose, her eyes red with weeping.

"Oh, brother, I am so glad you are going to help poor Helen. Do go at once-let me go with you."

"You shall. I'm going to take my own horse and buggy, an' go to Newton this evening."

"I will see mother."

whose heart the spirit of rebellion was powerful.

The resolution of Rose became as a sense of duty she notified her mother. | have suffered."

"Do go, Rose," Mrs. Stuart said, much to the girl's astonishment; "tell Helen I believe her guiltless, and I me strength beyond my trials." want her to forgive me.'

Fifteen minutes later Clarence and his sister were in the farmer's open buggy rattling down the hill toward Newton.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. STYLES AND MR. LAYMAN.

Helen Lakeman was a truly converted Christian. Being naturally of .. religious turn of mind, and to tre Christian parents, she early embraced religion and became a member of the church. The neglect she had received. her many trials and persecutions, would have made any other than a true Christian a hater of mankind. To the disgrace

was Christ-like. It was on Monday when Mr. Styles,

the prosecuting attorney, came to see her. Mr. Styles was a man who always went into a case to win, regardless of the right or wrong he might do. Here was a young girl, to be sure, one who had many temptations, no doubt, but who had violated the law. He determined to prosecute her. Of course, youth and beauty would be in her favor. Then he would not insist on a long sentence. Two years for a bracelet would do, but in order to obtain clemency from Mr. Styles she must plead guilty. Helen sat in silence and listened to

the shrewd lawyer. He began then a series of questions, which would have entangled any one less innocent than herself. She answered him in a straightforward manner, giving him a history of her life.

"Now, Helen," said the lawyer, be- awkward boy can. coming exasperated, "you are very shrewd, the shrewdest, in fact, I ever fore he left," said Clarence, thrusting met; but it will avail you nothing. We his thumb first in his vest-pocket then have the proof solid against you. Come, now, is it not better to confess as only a puzzled face can be. "I had up and get only two years, than go to on these very clothes when he gave it trial and get ten?"

confess to a falsehood, though you sen- forgot it. He's written to you, I know tence me to penal servitude for life."

Mr. Styles went away scratching his head and declaring she was the shrewdest and most hardened criminal he had ever seen. Wise, indeed, he must have been to be unable to distinguish between unintimidated innocence and the brazen defiance of crime?

He was scarcely gone ere a light vehicle rattled up to the door of the jail, and to her surprise, Helen saw "Get ready if you are goin', mother Clarence and Rosa Sturat jump out. or no mother," cried Clarence, in Rosa, tears streaming down her cheeks, burst into the room where Helen was, and clasped her in her arms.

"Oh, Helen, Helen, my dear sisterstrong as her brother's, though out of for you should be my sister-how you

> "Darling Rosa, the Lord has been very good to me. He has always given



some notes in his books and left, promising to call the next day.

"Have you written to Warren about this?" Rose asked.

"No," said Helen, "I could not." "We must write to him now. We will write together, and tell him all." Helen was at last persuaded to join the sister in sending the letter. It was written full of tender truthfulness and sealed:

"This will bring him here," said Rose. "Now, Clarence, what is the number of the street?" Clarence felt in his pockets and with

a look of dismay, said: "I'm blest if I ain't lost it."

CHAPTER XVI.

ROSE STUART AND HER MOTHER. Rose seemed far more vexed than Helen at the loss of Warren's address, Clarence still fumbled in his pockets, and growled savagely as only a great

"Brother Warren gave it to me bethe other, while his face was contorted to me. I was to give it to you, Helen, "Mr. Styles," said Helen, "I will not and you were to write to him; but I -said he would." All the time Clarence was speaking in these short jerky phrases, he was rumaging his pockets, but somebody's been getting your letters, I knowe'd you'd never get one o' them, and told him so."

> Clarence had to give it up; the address could not be found, but he would take the letter home with him and try

-It is estimated that in the United States alone during the year 1887 there were manufactured and sold about half a million gallons of writing ink and about four thousand tons of printing ink. Of course a considerable quantity of this was exported, and some ink of European manufacture was also imported. But the importation of this article is constantly decreasing as the excellence of the home manufactures improve and the market is supplied by them at a cheaper rate.

-Science has demonstrated that sugar is contained in nearly every vegetable and animal product, the constituent elements of which are known. The sweetness of the different varieties of sugar varies, cane sugar being five times sweeter than beet sugar, beet sugar several times as sweet as grape sugar, and so on. But now a sweet substance has been discovered in coal oil tar which is said to be three hundred times sweeter than cane sugar. This new substance is called saccharine, and one drop of it will sweeten three quarts

when a half-breed Baptiste shot the buffalo and Rock laid down on the ground for about twenty minutes to search for his lost wind that had been pumped out of him by the terrible bucking and jolting that he had received. His legs were badly bruised from the horns of the herd. But thereafter his ability to ride was never questioned and the palm was accorded him as the "boss" buffalo rider. - Billings (M. T.) Gazette.

VALUABLE BOOKS.

Rare Volumes That Are Worth Their Weight in Gold.

It is no unusual thing to see small volumes that you can hide almost in a vest-pocket go for from \$20 to \$80. Some books, if they are rare enoughof the incunabula and black-letter kind-will bring hundreds of dollars. The first edition of one of Longfellow's books, "The Coplas de Manrique," thin and dirty though it be, brings almost always fifteen or twenty times is original price. Tennyson's first hin volume, containing also his orother's poems, which must have

seen published for not more than \$1.50, I saw sold the other day for only a trifle short of \$10. "Fir st di ions" are especially stimulative to prices, as there are so many collectors who pride themselves on their possession in this line. The ediions, however, must be of books and authors themselves highly esteemed. Their value rests on the fact hat, having long been out of print, hey are positively unprocurable, except Ly the bare accident which the book auction occasionally affords. An uncut copy of a first edition or book has extra value, for it bears its own evidence that no bookbinder has cut down the margin.

It is surprising to see how dingy and apparently worthless some of the rare books are that bring high prices. If you do not know the special charm that is bestowed on the air to the initiated by one of these suspicious volumes, of course you can not rate it highly. You would give more for a gilt-edge modern book that has just preceded it, and was sold for 25 cents. But now the coveted prize is anher bed twenty-one years ago, because nounced, and, lo! it goes up to, perhaps, \$85 or \$100. You must be born

she thought she was ill, declaring that she was suffering from a complication a book-lancier to know wherein that of diseases, was persuaded to arise and value lies. Paper and print and dewalk about the room the other day. cription are powerless to commu-The novel experience seemed so pleasnicate the information. - Cosmopoliant to her that she has decided to leave her bed for good.

-The Supreme Court of Pennsylanta has decided that a person may iry onions regarilless of the inconvenience the odor of cooking gives to the quently sleeps twelve days at a stretch. neighbors.

tan.

Vhell, like I said in der shtart, l can't make her all oudt, und if somepody can tell me I vhas mooch obliged und feel tickled all oafer.-Detroit Free Press.

The Leap of a Rabbit.

I have, on numerous occasions, fired at the animals when they have been running, and at the same time beyond the range of my fowling piece; such a shot almost invariable has the effect of so alarming the game as to make it run at its very best rate of speed, and, upon coming up with the tracks they have left on the snow at such times, I have been surprised at the distance they can clear at each individual leap. Under these conditions I once measured the spaces cleared by an old Mexican hare, and found the first two equalled twelve feet apiece, while the third effort was rather more than thirteen feet, and I have never known this species to exceed this, although I have tested not a few of them. Of course the rabbit can not compete with such magnificent gymnastics as this; it will, however, when thus frightened, make leaps of fully six feet; and on one occasion I measured one on the dead-level prairie which was rather more than seven feet. At their common rate of going, the hare rarely clears more than four feet at a single leap, while the rabbit is satisfied with rather more than two feet.-Nature.

-An Allegheny woman, who took to

-There is a remarkable case of

daughter of a policeman there fre-

-Minneapolis Tribune.

ceed better than another."

Dalton's "unwearied assiduity" impelled him to observe and compare until his death, in his seventy-eighth year. On the last night of his earthly life, he wrote the day's record in his book of meteorological observations, of which he had made more than two hundred thousand during half a century.

One can not promise himself, and keep his word, that he will be a genius, but he can be industrious, and he can train his mind to concentrate itself.

"If it pleases God to take any of my children, I hope it will be Isaac," said a father. Isaac was a very dull boy. But when the "dull boy" died at the early age of forty-seven, he was known as the great Dr. Isaac Barrow. He had filled the Greek and the mathematical chairs at Cambridge, had written several books on geometry and mathematics, and composed a series of sermons, which are still read because they are storehouses of thought, and enforce lessons of industry, godliness, prayerfuiness and truthfulness. He, too, ascribed his success to his industry, and not to his natural parts .-Youth's Companion.

Treatment of Horses.

A horse should be treated just as you would a man or boy. My carriage horses fared better at the hands of an old Englishman who knew nothing about a horse than any other driver I ever had. When this man asked me how he should treat them he was told to treat them just as he did himself only a little better. He was methodical in his ways, and he always fed the horses before he fed himself. In warm weather he watered them whenever he got the chance, and in winter three times a day. Inasmuch as the horses could not scratch themselves, he gave them a good brushing every morning. and it is my rule in driving a horse that whenever I feel that I want a drink myself I also feel that the horse may be suffering in the same direction. -Senator Palmer.

-Dr. Murray, of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, estimates the mean height of the land of the globe to be between 1,900 and 2,100 feet the latter limit being probably the more nearly correct. Humboldt's estimate of the mean height of the continents was 1,000 feet.

-Merchant (on collecting tour)-"Mr. Brown, can you tell me why my errand here this morning is like a wellbaked loaf of bread?" Brown-"No, I can not. Why is it?" Merchantheredity in San Francisco. The "Because it's dun Brown." Brown paid the bill.

> -An Abel discourse-A sermon on the first murder.



SUFFERED. "Ap angel still." oried the rough of water.