## AT THE OPEN GATE.

When the twilight shades were gathered, And the evening star was bright, Just between the hour of sunset And the darker hours of night, Homeward coming from the city, From the city coming late, Every evening—who would meet me— Greet me at the open gate?

When the day's bard toil was over, And I left the smoky town. Left the hard paved streets and clamor, For my quiet country home Left all work and cares behind me, Homeward turning-tho' 'twas late-Sure to find there in the gloaming-Some one at the open gate.

Standing where the vines of summer Climbed the dear old-fashioned fence, Eager listening for my footsteps, Turning oft in half suspense Ab, to me, the sweetest pleasure When, on coming home so late, I would find her watching, waiting, Standing at the open gate.

Many a summer twilight found us Lingering, whispering, soft and low; Lovers still, the long united, Mourning not some "Long ago." Happy hours: the glad home-coming! She was there, e'en tho' 'twas late; Banish all the day's ill humor! ome one's at the open gate.

Many a year has gone since Mary, In the twilight, used to come Down the lane and through the shadows, Watching for my coming home Some one eise-a little darling-Fair haired, blue eyed, now will wait, Calling "Papa; papa; hurry!" Swinging on the open gate.

Sometime-somewhere-I shall see her, I shall find my love again: Sleeping not amongst the flowers. Where so long her form has lain, But beyond the twilight shadows, Sure my darling there will wait, Watching for the long home-coming Just inside the Heavenly Gate. -M. Edith Yost, in City and Country.

## DIANA'S TRUE LOVE.

## He Returned to Claim Her as He Promised He Would.

I often told Adam that our home on the Bald mountain was exactly like living on a solitary island out at sea. We were all surrounded with floating wreaths of fog. which looked for all the world like white-capped waves.

For weeks at a time nobody came near us, but I did not mind. The doctors had told Adam that the restoration of his health depended on his living for a few years at this high altitude, and what sort of a sister should I have been to let him stay alone in the little brown cabin, where the smoke from the charcoal pits ascended night and day, as if the place were an extinct volcano, and never had left off belching fire and smoke?

We took turns, Adam and I, like a vigilance committee. I worked all day in the little stone-walled garden, trying to make the rose-bushes and the hollyhocks believe they were down in some sheltered valley, and singing about my little odds and ends of housework; and when the sunset died away on Bald crag, and the whip-poor-wills began to sing below us, Adam, who had slept all day, sallied out to the charcoal pits to keep his lonely vigil-for we were poor people, and had to earn our living as best we could.

And all went very smooth until old Uncle Pomp, the colored man, suddenly announced his intention of abandoning the charcoal business.

"I's gettin' old," said Uncle Pomp. "an' I ain't neider a bald eagle nor yet a lizard to lib a-top o' de mountain no longer. It's too desprit lonesome fur ole Pomp!" "But think what it is for us," rea-

soned Adam.

"You's young folks," obstinately ut-

der different wid yous." So we were left alone, which made matters pretty hard for Adam. Nobody cared to come up Bald mountain if they

could possibly make a livelihood anywhere else. But one evening just as I was getting ready to take a chicken sandwich and a pail of tea to the charcoal pit for Adam's

supper, a tall, red-shirted man came swinging up the stony path toward our "Heard you wanted help up this way,"

said he, taking off his cap and inclining his head not ungracefully. My heart leaped within me.

"Oh," cried I, "we do!" "What sort of work is it?" he said, looking curiously around him. "There don't seem to be much chance for farming up here, and I haven't seen any mill machinery nor shafts for ore."

"Tending the charcoal pit," I explained. "Sit down and rest a little, and will show you where my brother is. Will you have a drink of tea and a sandwich?"

He drank eagerly; he ate as if he had not tasted food for a week. I watched him the while. He was dark, strongfeatured, sinister-looking, with a closeshaven face, yet I felt no sentiment of fear or aversion to him.

"Now," he said, at last, "I am ready," He tended the fires that night while Adam slept.

"Can you board him, Di?" said Adam. "Why not? He'd be a much pleasanter boarder than Uncle Pomp, I'm sure," said I, laughing. "See those beautiful red lilies he has transplanted so carefully into my garden that they haven't drooped a leaf! See the funny little turtle he brought from Black Brook for my aquarium! Oh, by the way, no one has told me his name.'

"It is rather an unusual one-John Smith." Adam answered.

"What brought him on top of Bald mountain?" "He was out of work, and heard that

I needed a hand up here. He is very bright and intelligent and has traveled s good deal. I rather like the fellow." John Smith remained a month with us. He did a great deal more than his

share of the work. "The squire isn't over strong," he Al, nodding toward Adam, "and he ought to be favored. He shall be as long

as I am here."

It was in the spring of the year, and John Smith helped me with my little flower-garden. He brought home rare birds' eggs for my collection; he evinced a knowledge of plants that quite surprised me on one occasion, when we

in the woods.

"I should think you would be a good gardener, John," said 1.

"I was a gardener once. I had charge of a house full of Jamaica ferns, and looked after a forcing-house for early peaches that brought one dollar apiece in the market."

"Why did you leave your place?" here, Diana, you've set this lily too far in the shade. Bring it forward a

I had asked an impertinent question. But, after all, he did not seem offended, because he worked long afterdusk making the border of wild violets for my flower-bed, so that the newly-transplanted roots should get the benefit of the coming shower that muttered along the west.

It was the very next day that Ralph Maddox came up Bald mountain and asked me to marry him.

"Of course you said 'yes!" " cried Adam, when he questioned me about it afterward.

"Of course I said no:" Adam opened his eyes very wide.

"Wny, I thought you liked Ralph Maddox!" said he.

"One can't marry every man one likes," said I, pettishly. "But we are poor, little sister, and

the Maddoxes have the finest house in the village-and it is a desolate sort of life for you to live up here on Bald mountain."

"I never was so happy in my life as I am on Bald mountain, now!" cried I. Adam whistled.

"There is no accounting for tastes," observed he.

I sung merrily over my work as I got tea that evening-the simple tea, at which Adam was my first guest, John Smith my last. For it was Adam's night position and brilliant prospects and the at the charcoal pits. The fragrance of the tea, the appetizing odor of the wild- all the happiness that had been prestrawberry short-cake, the waffles that I dicted for them. But at the end of three myself had baked-how plainly I remember it all! I was clearing off the 'ness vanished. The bride suddenly retable; John sat on the doorstep reading the weekly paper.

"What are you reading?" I asked, as I stopped to give the cat her saucer of

He laughed. had a dreadful panic," said he. "There's a rumor that Mad Mortimer is somewhere in hiding in their midst. Think

"Who is Mad Mortimer?" I asked. "Haven't you heard of him? A famous safe-cracker and forger-one of those genteel highwaymen you read about-

"I don't read about them."

"Well, that other folks read aboutwho make polite speeches to the ladies while they pocket their silver spoons and cameo ear-drops. Bah! The humbug there is in this world! I say, Di!"

"If the fellow really wanted to hide himself, where could be do it better than in just such a place as this?" said Smith. "Who ever comes here?"

"Well. I hope he won't," said I. "You're a plucky girl, Di. I don't believe you'd be afraid even of Mad Mortimer!"

"Yes, I should," I persisted. "Remember, the devil isn't always as

black as he's painted.' "John, don't talk that way!"

"Di, put down that dish towel! Come

"I've got something to say to you. I've been a lying scoundrel all these weeks. I am the runaway scamp that men would scotch as they would a tered Uncle Pomp. "Tings is altoged- snake! I am Mad Mortimer. I tell you this because the chase is getting too hot in my vicinity. I must go away.'

I looked at him in surprise. Was I

dreaming? "I'm not such a villain as folks would believe," he went on. "If I could explain all, you would understand that I've been more sinned against than sinning, Di. But there's no use in talking about that. Good-bye, my girl! Tell Adam how it was. Tell him to keep my

"John, you are not going to leave us?" "Would you have me to stay to be hunted down as the ferrets hunt a rat?"

I burst into tears. In a moment he had me clasped in his

"Di! you don't mean to say that you care whether I live or die? Di, was it because of this that you said 'No' to Ralph Maddox?"

My brimming eyes must have betrayed the secret that my lips refused to frame, for he drew one short, quick breath, his face glowed.

"My girl," said he, "this is Eke new life to me. I'll make myself worthy to claim you yet-see if I do not! One kiss-do, my brave girl! And now, good-bye!" So he left me.

This happened years ago. The next spring a new mill proprietor bought the Allaire property and settled down at Baldville.

He was dark, with a heavy black beard, softer than any silk, covering his face. I am not sure I should have known him myself had it not been for a certain bright look-a smile-a trick of

His father came with him to inspect the purchase-a fine, gray-haired gentleman-one Dr. Burgoyne, from New York.

"We are going to put up some conservatories for you, my dear," said he. "John tells me you like flowers. John is a great amateur gardener in his way also. I feel a deal safer to leave him here, now that he has had the good fortone to win you for his wife. He has been wild in his day-a little wild-but he always loved his old father, and he has had the sense to choose a wife like you. He'll do well now, I don't doubt."

And John came up and placed a blue prehid in my hand. "Your favorite color, Di." said he.

So we were married, and, like the people in children's story-books, "lived

happy ever after." The only reference to my husband's past history that I ever heard, outside

unexpectedly came across a rare orchid mill hands gathering blackberries on the rocky side of Bald mountain, as our pony carriage wound along the steep road-the pony carriage that John al-

ways allowed me to drive for myself. "There's a queer story," said one to the other, "that the famous cracksman, Mad Mortimer, once hid a month in this very cave, behind these wild elematis trails, that time the New York detect-'Oh, for a variety of reasons. Look ives were hunting him for the Bigley bank case. I wasn't living there then, but I've often heard of it."

"So have I," said the other. "But I I colored a little. I felt that perhaps didn't know that was the place. Plucky fellow, wasn't he? By the way, how did it all end? They treed him at last, didn't they?"

"Not they. Came pretty near it, up in Maine, but he gave 'em the slip, once for all."

"Give them the slip? How?" "Didn't you never hear? Rode off a precipice, forty feet high, with his loaded revolver in his hand, just as they were chuckling to think of the reward they were going to get. Body never was recovered. And that was the end of Mad Mortimer. He died as he had lived -clear grit to the end."

"Mamma, do stop Fox a minute!" cried my little boy, breathlessly. "Let me look at the cave where the robber chief hid from his enemies. Only one minute, mamma!"

Presently he came back, panting. "Such a jolly deep cave," said he. But I shouldn't think a man could hide there a month, should you?"

"No," I answered, absently, "I should not think he could."-Saturday Night.

HOUSTON'S MARRIAGE.

The True History of the Pioneer's Sep-aration from His Wife.

The lady of his choice was esteemed a fit match for a man of Houston's high union at first seemed to bring the pair months the fabric of fame and happiturned to her parents; the husband the same day resigned his Governorship and the next morning was on his way to rejoin his friends, the Cherokees, in Western Arkansas. No cause was assigned for the separation; and it was "It seems the Baldville villagers have not till thirty-five years later, when husband and wife were in their graves, that the mystery was explained. Thus

Houston, perceiving his young wife to be unhappy, often pressed to learn the reason. At length, divining the truth by what he knew of his wife's antenuptial experience, he declared to her his belief that her heart was still set upon a former lover and that she did not love her husband. She confessed it, and said that she had married in a moment of pique against her lover and had discovered the mistake and the permanent feelings of herself and her lover only when it was too late. "It is not too late," said Houston, generously. He renounced the marriage that must be without either love or happiness, telling his wife to get a divorce and marry her preference. Houston's account of the affair was verified at the time by the fact that soon after the separation the wife had taken his advice and married her former flance.

During all the intervening years Houston had endured in silence the injurious theories which were abundantly volunteered by his political enemies. They ascribed both his matrimonial flasco and his resort to Indian life to the innate depravity and savagery of his nature; and they followed him into his retirement with startling tales of his unceasing debauchery and worse than savage debasement. The world accepted and to this day mostly believes this injurious version that went so long uncontradicted.-Coleman E. Bishop, in Chautauquan.

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS. Large Sums That Still Lie Hidden in Placer Mines.

For years the feasibility of fluming and washing the beds of the creeks near Idaho City, believed to be rich with the tailings of the placer mining of the early days, has been the theme of discussion in every mining camp in Idaho. At length a company of able and courageous men have taken the enterprise in hand. George Ainslie, well known throughout the Territory, is one of the company. At the time of the discovery of the placers on Elk creek (Idaho City) in 1863, the bed of the creek, also of Moore's creek, was thirty feet below the

level of the town. Now, owing to the amount of tailings deposited in the creek from the numerous placers around, the bed has gradually risen until it is level with the town, indeed, a little higher on the west side, for a levee has been built to prevent the water encroaching on the town limits. Now, when it is rec llected that these tailings were mainly deposited there in the balmy days of placer mining in this camp, and at a time when no gold-saving machines were used but the primitive rocker and rough sluices, and that claims that would not pay from seven to ten dollars a day to the man were either abandoned or sluiced off to get better pay-ground.

When we consider how many tons of quicksilver were carried off and which now lie deposited with the larger gold in these tailings, it can be no wonder to say, nor does it seem extravagant to assert, that there are now millions of dollars of gold-dust and quicksilver lying in the bed of the Moore and Elk creeks. We shall watch with much interest the progress of this grand enterprise. Of its completest success we have little doubt .- Boise City States-

The Maiden's Prayer. Young Miss Wilgus-Where are you

going, papa? Rev. Mr. Wilgus-To the temperance meeting. We intend to inaugurate a movement to save the young men of

the country. Young Miss Wilgus-Try and save a real nice one for me, will you, papa, dear?-Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

-Frederick E. Weatherly wrote the of our home, was on one summer even- famous "Nancy Lee" in an hour while line, when ' was to see the waiting for a cupil he was tutoring. Shooting for Life.

An Indian correspondent writes: "Our experienced and successful shikaree, Capt. L. L. Fenton, superintendent of surveys under the Rajasthan court, had some rather exciting sport in the Ghir during the last hot veather, and finished up with an exceedingly narrow escape for his life. A lion had been discovered lying down under a banyan tree. Capt. Fenton commenced to creep up within shot under cover of the jungle. He had reached within some fifty yards when a couple of sambar broke cover close to him and startled the lion, giving Capt. Fenton only snap shots as it broke away, half concealed by the underwood. The shots, as was subseently discovered, took effect high up on the shoulder. The lioness, for such she proved to be, ran into a lot of Sepoys some distance to the right, where several shots were fired at her, one taking effect in the stomach.

"On Capt. Fenton running up very much out of breath, the wounded lioness was pointed out to him sitting under a tree some sixty paces off, and without waiting he went forward at once to finish her, keeping his puttywalla with a second gun behind him. He was considerably blown with hard running and heat, and so his aim wanot so true as usual, and instead of hitting her in the chest, as he intended, the bullet struck her in the forenem, the effect of which was to increase her they reveal their labyrinthine intricarage to the attacking point, and with cies, and are the delight of artists and a roar she came straight for her tor photographers even more than during mentor. At this point in the tamasha the puttywalla vanished, taking the The vines seem to have little choice second gun with him, and in the instant Capt. Fenton felt that his life de- The sycamores and alders, white oaks pended on the remaining barrel. As and maples are all loaded with wild the beast approached to within twenty grapes that in a few years climb to the paces he fired at her head. Then, without waiting to see if she were graceful and flowing curves. In the stopped or not, he turned and ran for Vaca valley some of these large vines his second gun, when the puggle, who have been grafted to muscats and had bolted to one side during the charge, came up to say the animal was dead. The shot was true enough this time."-London Standard.

The Elevator Autocrat. One of these days some scientific man will win great fame by explaining what effect continual locomotion of an artificial order has upon the human mind. Everybody is familiar with the peculiarities of the men employed on the elevated railroads, and nearly every business man is acquainted with the mann rs of the elevator "boy." There is a striking similarity between them. There is a resemblance in their uniforms, in their habit of speaking a weird, strange language, in their habit of showing a pugnacious resistance to the stupid public, and in their power of taking up more room than any other class of men on the face of the earth. There is an elevator man in one of the towering down town office buildings who is a shining sample of his tribe. It is not likely that he would make his mark in any ordinary walk of life, but as the captain of an elevator he is a glowing success. He is about 30 years old, and has a guant frame and a dyspeptic cast of features.

de use of plantin' yerself dere? Yer can't grow on marble. In this way he hurries his passen-

"Come now, get a move on; wot's

gers in and out of the elevator. "Is Mr. Smith in this building?"

"Feeflurumsteen," he promptly an-This remarks stirs all the gall in his height. system, and he fixes you with his eye

and says with heaps of sarcasm: "Fifth-floor-room-sixteen. Did ver hear?"

This elevator man has adopted, with a good deal of success, the pleasant habit of the elevated brakeman of luring passengers into a mad rush by keeping the door of the car open until the passenger is about to step in it and then banging the door in a highly humorous way.-New York Sun.

No Dentists Needed in Labrador. Little Miss Krarer, the Esquimaux, called on E. H. White, the Lewiston dentist, Tuesday, to have her teeth fixed. She told in her own way to Mr. White that probably she was the first Esquimaux that he ever attended professionally, and he agreed. She remarked this curious fact that only since coming to civilization, where dentists live and thrive, had she ever needed the attendance of one, and she said naively: "Is there anything contaminating in the profession?" Her father lived to be nearly 50 and never had a decayed tooth. None of her family or friends were ever troubled. She never heard of an Esquimaux who had anything but sound teeth. Mr. White found Miss Krarer's needs, from a dental point of view, to be quite as great as those of any average American lady, all of it developed, she declared, since coming to America .-Lewiston Journal.

Is Man Immortal?

that is most interesting to man as a so-cial being and as a rational and travel at the rate of ten to twelve miles tined to an external existence, an im- is thus accomplished in a few days, his present affections, actions and pur- grounds in the Pribyloff Islands, St. nite moment that they be directed in tude 60, passing for the most part beof a future world. But if his whole Unimak .- Cor. London Times. existence be circumscribed within the circle of a few fleeting years, man appears an enigma, an inexplicable phenomenon in the universe, human life a mystery, the world a scene of confusion, virtue a mere phantom, the Creator a capricious being, and his plans and arrangements an inexplica-ble maze.—Dr. Thomas Dick.

After the Proposal.

"Before I go," he said, in broken tones, "I have one last request to make of you.

"Yes, Mr. Sampson," said she. "When you return my presents, please prepay the express charges. 1 Calfornia Wild Grapevines.

A Niles (Cal.) correspondent of The Rural New Yorker writes: The Vitis Californica, which is being used for a resistant stock on which to graft many varieties, is one of the most picturesque and beauti ul objects on the California river bottoms and in the ravines. Very few writers have spoken of it, and very few tourists ever get a glimpse of the grape in its native haunts, because it is seldom seen in the cultivated valleys or near the high-ways of travel. It grows on the Lagunitas, the Alameda, the Sonoma and the Sacramento, along the Salinas, San Joaquin and Russian rivers. It is at its best in central and northern California.

One of the most beautiful examples of wild grape arbors in the state is to be seen along the Rio Linda and Chico Creek, on Gen. Bidwell's farm in Batte county. Here, for fifteen miles, the trees on the banks are covered with grapevines, in vast domes, spires, arches, arbors and columns. These magnificent vines creep tup banks and cover piles of stone and ledges of rock, They cross from tree to tree in leafy bridges. When in bloom they scent the air for miles.

In autumn, so abundant are the small, purple clusters that they seem to color the whole forest. After the | leaves and fruit have fallen, the vines are still worth admiring study, for their leafy luxuriance in summer. about the trees they clamber over. tops, and trail back in a thousand black moroccos with entire success.

Queer Noises in the Hotel.

"Among the many queer experiences gained in a hotel," said the clerk of an uptown hostelry to a Washington Post reporter, "are those connected with guests who are subject to nightmare, which is more common than many people suppose. It is not uncommon for a night to develop several cases of this kind. In the stillness of the early morning hours heavy groans or shricks may be heard sounding along the corridor. The hall boy wakes up, rubs his eyes and awaits to see what is coming, and if he is a new one at the business half expects that a murder is being committed.

'We had a case not long ago of a gentleman here, who, during the middle of the night, began pounding on his door, yelling at the same time, 'Let me out, let me out. Help! Help?' The hall boy rushed down to the desk, and, with the night clerk and the porter, hurried back to the room whence came the cries of distress. All was quiet. They waited awhile, then knocked. The subject of the nightmare came to the door feeling very much crestfallen. He explained that he had eaten a too liberal supply of deviled crabs during the previous evening, and he had dreamed that he was locked in one of the immense money vaults of the treasury, which he had seen during his visit to the city. His own cries for help had caused him to wake. Such cases, more or less exciting, are of almost nightly occurrence in a large hotel, and are usually greater when the social season is at its

Pussy Brings Luck to Sailormen.

If there is anything in the popular superstition among sailors that "a cat brings good luck," the voyage of the British steamship Thalia will be a pleasant one. A fine large Maltese cat went aboard the vessel the day before she sailed and composedly curled up on the heavily upholstered crimson sofa in the officers' saloon, and when the vessel sailed she was a contented

passenger. "She is an old traveler," said the steward, as he stroked her soft fur, 'and this is not her first voyage. Cats like a change, and they will visit first one vessel and then another in port until they find one that suits them and they are a knowing animal, and seem to have some intuition when a vessel is going to sail. Do I think a cat brings luck? Oh, yes. It's good luck to have a cat come to you. Why, that's not a superstition of sailors alone. Did you ever see a land lubber that didn't believe it? That cat will have the best treatment on board; besides, there's no end to the rats on board, and the cat will be useful as well as lucky to us."-Savannah News.

Habits of Fur Scals.

The seals of these waters migrate southward in each year, and begin to move from the islands toward the close of October. They proceed down the California coast, and are absolutely unmolested on that journey, the stormy weather, fogs and short days Upon this short question, "Is man not permitting a profitable hunting immortal or is he not?" depends all during the winterm onths. Toward accountable intelligence. If he is des | per hour, and their northwest journey mense importance must attach to all when they reach their breeding suits; and it must be a matter of infi- George and St. Paul, situated in latisuch a channel as will tend to carry tween the Aleutian Islands, Unalaska him forward in safety to the felicities and Aluta, or between Alutan and

Replanting of Teeth.

Few people appear to be aware, notes The Liverpool Mercury, that a tooth can be extracted, cleaned and restored to its socket, and become again a useful and natural instrument. One Liverpool dentist, at least, is in the habit of doing such a thing; and it appears to surprise most people. gentleman in a large shipping office had a tooth taken out, cleaned and restored some years ago, and it is at the present time a good serviceable tooth. This suggests the question as to the possibility of extracting old teeth and nserting new ones! It would be a cannot afford to pay any more on boon to many, and is worth considering by clever dentists.

LET THE BOYS SHOOT.

Give Your Son a Gun When Re Under

stands Handling It. By all means let the boys have their rifle and shotgun, furnish them a reasonable amount of ammunition and pay their license to shoot, if we ever some to that protective measure. How else can the boy learn to shoot? If I had my way every boy and every girl should learn to shoot, even though they never killed alone a single head of game. It is not the extinguishing of the vital principle of either bird or beast for which men go afield, and the game butcher should never be classed as a sportsman.

The ritle and revolver are weapons, the use of which demand physical conditions never found in the indolent, effeminate or the dissolute. They are weapons for men and women not for dolls of either sex. If every boy and girl were early taught the use and abuse of firearms the death rate from accidents caused by carelessness would be reduced to a minimum; the number of corner loafers, cigarette smoking, round shouldered, delicate boys and girls afflicted with corsets, nerve tire and headaches would decrease in direct proportion to the increase of recruits to the army of those now enjoying such sport.

And what is to hinder? Any one of a half dozen American manufacturers makes rifles sufficiently light for ladies and boys to use; prices are such that any one of moderate means can own the very best; accuracy is unsurpassed; and ammunition, that is the 22-caliber cartridges, which are plenty large enough for all ordinary range, is very cheap. But, alas! fickle fash-ion has decreed that the girl child shall be a woman before reaching womanhood, and must never condescend to mingle in manly sports unless the thin veneer of fashionable polish should be marred. Fathers forget they were ever boys and wanted a gun; or, being without desire that way, compel their boys to think as they do, or to use weapons surreptitiously. No! give the boys a chance, and the girls too.

Let those parents who are not sportsmen and are blessed with children imbued with such instincts, take the time and trouble to learn the art themselves and instruct their boys and girls. My word for it, such children will love you with a deeper intensity, will spring to obey your commands with a better grace, for has not their father, their ideal of all that is good and great, associated himself with them in their play? And where is there a normal child who would not rather associate with his father than

with any other companion? You, who yourselves love the gun, do not, I beg you, think it a bore to guide the youngster in the paths you love so well or think it tiresome to initiate him in the mysteries of an art fascinating alike to young and old. Bear in mind your own youth, and your heart would have gone out to any one who would have taken time and trouble to help

you become a good shot. Our boys and girls are to be the fathers and mothers of other boys and girls, and how can we mold the gencration of those who shall take our places unless we now stand sponsors to the sports as well as to other educational advantages, and where is to be found a cleaner, more scientific, more manly sport than rifle shooting! -Forest and Stream,

A Historic Wooden Leg.

A celebrated wooden leg has been discovered in an old Vincennes shop, which was once a smithy. There is abundant evidence to prove that the relie in question is the sham limb which replaced the leg which Gen. Dgumesnil lost in the big wars of Na-poleon I. This rugged old warrior defended the fortress of Vincennes against the allied army, and is famous for having said to the invaders, when summoned to give up the place:
"Bring me back my leg which you have shot off and you shall have my keys." The wooden leg now found had been sent by Daumesnil to a Vincennes smith in order to be "shod," as the general expressed it. Before the ar-ticle was sent back the old warrior died suddenly, and the sham limb remained in the ancient smithy to the present day. It is now in the artillery museum of the Hotel des Invalides among many other martial and historic souvenirs. - London Telegraph.

Early Wise.

" 'He made a feeble and impotent gesture," read the father of the family from his newspaper; and then, seeing that his children were listening, he added, "Kitty, what is an 'impotent gesture'?"

"I guess it's when you snap your fingers in somebody's face," returned Kitty, wisely.
Truly, an excellent illustration of an

impudent gesture. It is the same Kitty who is constantly asked by her younger brothers to define hard words because she is never at a loss for an answer, and can always find reasons, sometimes more ingenious than true.

"What is it to have versatility?" asked Teddy one day.

"It's to be a poet," returned Kitty, without hesitation. "To make verses, you know."—Youth's Companion.

Death of the Dinner Bell.

The dinner bell has long since suffered a decadence, and it is rarely now that it sends its merry tinkle through the corridors of aristocratic houses. It has been the custom to have meals announced by the butler, or by neat aproned and capped "Phyllises." But the latest is the Japanese gong. It is a succession of three bronze hemis pheres, graduated sizes, connected by chains. The gong is suspended usu-ally in a convenient curve of the stairway; and, when dinner is served, the family is musically summoned to the banquet hall by strokes upon the gong with a small hammer. One artistic wife I know of has succeeded in teaching her maid the notes of the sister's call from "Die Walkure," and three times daily do the Wagnerian tones echo through the house.—Table Talk.