

THE U & I R. CO., LIMITED.

What though between thy heart and mine... The long miles stretch, my dear...

The U & I is a wonderful road. For the stations are in our hearts...

The moment from mine it departs: It runs through the land of lovers' dreams...

That has ever a starry sky, And fairies welded the soft moonbeams...

The cars are words that we faint would say. Sweet words that all lovers prize...

And never an accident, never a wreck, Nor washout, nor strike, nor blockade...

The trains, since the last rail was laid; But back and forth, 'twixt your heart and mine...

Each moment the trains still fly, Bearing sweet messages over the line...

Of the wonderful U & I. —Life.

Reggie's Love Letter

DIRECTLY he saw the envelope lying on the breakfast table he guessed whence it came...

He took up the letter with a thrill of pleasurable expectation such as only lovers can experience...

When in love for the fourth or fifth time one becomes more careless about such trifles...

"Dear Mr. Trevor—We are inviting a few friends to go with us to Henley on Wednesday next...

Before he had finished breakfast he knew the letter by heart. This should not have been a great strain on his memory...

Love flies fast when on golden wings, and Reggie being a man of means fortune smiled upon his suit...

Is it not strange how fate throws people together and gives them that needful opportunity? Quite by chance mamma happens to suggest that Edwin might like to look at the currant bushes...

much he adores her, could anyone be more surprised than dear mamma? But, between you and me, should they come back looking dreadfully bored...

By just such a happy chance Reggie and Mary went out one afternoon to look at a wonderful well that had lately been sunk in the garden...

"When did you first know you cared for me?" asked Mary. "The moment I first saw you," said he boldly...

"That's not true. You first saw me at the Fosters' ball, and you danced nearly the whole evening with that tall Miss Johnson..."

"Anyhow," he said, "I fell in love with you very soon afterward." "But now, how am I to believe you?"

"Why," he cried exultingly, recollecting his precious letter, "do you remember the letter you wrote to me last July?"

"What letter?" she asked. "Why, surely you remember asking me to go to Henley?"

"I remember your coming with us, so I suppose we asked you." Reggie was seized with a momentary panic...

"There!" he cried, kissing the note once more, "I've carried that dear little letter about with me ever since I got it."

He had looked forward to this moment; he had pictured the sweet wonder in her pretty eyes as she would glance up at him and murmur: "Oh, Reggie, all this time!"

"Well," he said, reproachfully, "I don't see what there is to laugh at." Mary took the letter out of the envelope and laughed still more...

"Why," she cried, as soon as she could speak for laughing, "you poor dear boy, don't you see, this is mamma's writing; her name's Mary, too."

And little Tommy Chichester, who was out of earshot, but who had watched the whole affair with breathless interest from the shelter of a neighboring holly tree...

Provided Against a Famine. When old Jacob Willoughby died recently Kensington lost one of her unique characters...

Of course the anticipated famine did not materialize, and Mr. Willoughby was left with his stores on his hands. He might have disposed of them, but that would have meant admitting his mistake...

A Large Rocking-Stone. Buenos Ayres seems to have the largest "rocking-stone" yet discovered. It is situated on the slope of the mountain of Tandil...

A Wonderful Floor. An extraordinary floor has been laid in the London Coal Exchange. It is constructed of inlaid wood, and the pieces are arranged so as to represent the mariner's compass...

An Eccentric French Poet. Beauclaire, the French poet, used to dye his hair green, and wore winter garments in summer and summer garments in winter...

SHARP OLD FLORIST

SHOWS A PRACTICAL YOUNG MAN HIS ERROR.

A Good Customer Brought Back a Sense of His Duty—Thought Perhaps a Woman Might Like Flowers After She Was Married.

He is young and ambitious, and prides himself on his common sense, his practical business-like way of doing things and his sordid earthliness generally...

"You don't buy flowers any more, do you?" he inquired as he tied up a bunch of white lilacs and Lawson pinks...

"No, I don't," said the business-like man. "You were a pretty good customer a year or two ago. Violets every day, and roses twice a week, wasn't it?"

"Er—I was engaged then," and the practical one laughed and flushed. "You used to take her flowers every time you went to see her, didn't you?"

"Yes." "They're not so very expensive in the spring." "Oh, she would have like them as well bought on the streets, as long as they were fresh and fragrant..."

"Too bad, too bad. Young ladies are fickle. I suppose she chose another in your stead?" "Oh, no; I married her a year ago."

"The old florist twisted a bit of string around the stems of some pale rosebuds and then he said gently, as if treating on thin ice, 'you don't love her any more?'"

"Indeed I do. We're very happy. But you know the flower business doesn't go any more." "Did she ever say so?" asked the relentless old man.

"Well—um—er, no, I can't say she did." "Did you ever ask her about it?" "No, I'm kept pretty busy, you know, with more practical things. I don't have time to bother about trifles."

The old florist didn't answer. He dived into the ice-box and came out with a handful of nigonette and white tulips. He wrapped them in a cornucopia of tissue paper and handed them to his late customer...

"They never came back. But the young man did.—Commercial Advertiser.

JOHN RUSKIN.

England's Great Writer and Authority on Art.

John Ruskin, the foremost of modern art critics and one of the most brilliant contributors to the pages of English literature, who died recently in London, began his artistic year with efforts in pictorial art...



JOHN RUSKIN.

other art critics, and in the second edition of "Modern Painters" he replied to them. This work was warmly received both in Europe and America and established his fame as a writer...

Germany's Commercial Drummers. Germany has about 60,000 commercial travelers on the road 300 days of the year. In only one particular are all women, the world over, alike; they all like chocolates.

style, his glowing imagery, and the eloquence of his diction made his addresses singularly attractive, and they were read with interest the world over when they appeared in book form...

Mr. Ruskin's powers were exhausted long ago by overwork and the fever of production. For some years past he has lived in seclusion, hopelessly wrecked in mind and body...

ICE PLATES IN THE MISSOURI.

Fantastic Formations that Resemble Frozen Oyster Patties. The ice floes of the Missouri River are probably the prettiest and most extraordinary that float upon an American river.

Over upon the Mississippi, above its confluence with the Missouri, the ice floats in great floes that are ice fields, some of them with an area of ten, twenty, thirty and forty acres...



ICE PLATES IN THE MISSOURI.

weather is cold, becomes always larger. It bulks out from the edges, and in a few hours it will increase many feet in diameter...

It is another sort of ice floe that floats on the Missouri, for the Missouri is another sort of river. Where the Mississippi flows from two to three miles an hour at a normal current velocity, the Missouri is racing along seven and eight miles, and, while the Mississippi is sweeping evenly and smoothly, the Missouri is rushing, swirling and cutting up after the fashion of the famous waters that fall at Lodore.

So the floes of the Missouri are whirled and ground one against the other until they are round as a wheel—every one of them, and half of them spinning one way, and the balance the other. They rarely get larger than four feet in diameter...

Antiquity of Chess.

Although the origin of chess is enshrouded in considerable mystery, there is but little doubt that its birthplace was in India, and that it is an offspring of a game called Chaturanga, which is mentioned in Oriental literature as in use fully 2,000 years before the Christian era...

The Normandy Barber.

There's a proverb which insinuates that "traveler's tales" are always open to suspicion. Therefore we do not vouch for this one, reported by a Paris correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch...

He tells me that in a little village up there he was shaved once by a woman barber. To moisten the soap she spat on it, like a bootblack on his blacking. "Is that the usual way of making a lather?" he asked her.

"No," replied the tonsorial artist, "we only do that with strangers. That's our regular way," and she pointed to a sister barber who was shaving a peasant in an adjoining chair.

My friend looked around and saw a graceful illustration of the local fashion. The other woman was splitting on the man's cheeks and moltening the brush in that way.

It's hard to follow the bent of a man's mind when he is in financial straits.

EXPLOIT OF A HERO.

ALMOST PERISHING OF THIRST IN A DESERT.

Sir George Grey, Leader of an Australasian Expedition, Walks Many Miles to Procure Help for His Sick and Incapacitated Followers.

An explorer's life is often a fine record of determination, self-sacrifice and indifference to danger. Seldom, however, does one hear a story more heroic than that of an expedition undertaken in Australasia by Sir George Grey...

Sir George had arranged to make a depot of supplies on Bernier Island, and had then continued his explorations. A terrible storm came up, and as the food supply was giving out, the party returned.

Sir George had a dread lest the gate might have ravished the stores in his absence. Accordingly he took only one or two of his people with him, and went, full of anxiety, to the spot where the provisions had been buried.

"O God, we are all lost!" That was the wail for Sir George's ears as the spade made it clear that the food stuffs had been scattered by the storm. It was almost the pronouncing of the sentence of death upon the party, in a desert country and far from civilization.

"I hadn't an hour to lose," Sir George says, "so back we hurried. I delivered the news, counseling calmness and courage. We must endeavor to make Perth in the whale-boats. It was a forlorn chance."

The boats strained in a boisterous sea, and ultimately flung the voyagers ashore three hundred miles from Perth—three hundred miles of a parched, barren waste.

For a little while fair progress was made, then strength declined through want of food and water. Sir George sought courage and consolation in the dog-eared New Testament which he had in his knapsack...

A bird, shot, was welcome as manna from heaven, and a muddy water-hole was the sweetest of discoveries. Dew was eagerly licked from shrubs and reeds. Lips grew black, tongues swollen, eyes wild, and the hopeless cry was: "Water, or we die!"

The native guide schemed to lead Sir George from the others, begging, when discovered, "Yes, we two may be saved if we go on; the others are so weak that they can't walk." Sir George cocked his gun, and the guide led him back to the party.

A blistering thirst of three days and two nights! Happily a water-hole not bereft of moisture was found in the nick of time. A few birds flew about it, but Sir George's hand shook so that he could take no aim.

How good to lie down and rest forever in the parched grass! Yet the better instinct asserted itself, and the second half of the expedition, far in the rear, cried for relief. "On! on!"

Sir George staggered across the miles until, in the goodness of fortune, he met natives who gave him food and water. He crawled into Perth, black with the sun, haggard from want. The good wife of the outermost settlement, where Sir George knocked, seeking refreshment, took him for "magic."

"When I spoke to her in English," he said, "she looked so surprised that I feared she might run away. However, she merely explained: 'Well, if you're not "magic," who are you?' Being told, she brewed Sir George the most delicious cup of tea he ever drank. Soon relief to the expedition was scurrying across the plains."

At the outset of his journey Sir George had had his sextant, but having to walk hungry and thirsty, he needed to walk light, and hid the sextant in a tree. Death raced him so hard that he eased the burden of keeping in front of it by tearing off the boards from his New Testament, and throwing them away. To the Word itself he clung to the last.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

New Zealand Leads the World in Solving the Problem.

"New Zealand is far ahead of the other colonies of Australasia, and, in fact, of any other country in the world with which I am acquainted, in its treatment of the unemployed. It has a well-considered plan in actual operation, by which the unemployed are gathered up in cities, at Government labor bureaus, and are forwarded to one point or another, where they are wanted on Government railroads or other public works...

"It is not to the unemployed alone that the Government gives aid. It has entered upon a deliberate policy of breaking up the large estates which were formed in the early days. It purchases these estates, if the owners are willing to sell; if not, it condemns them. The land is then improved with roads, properly surveyed, and is resold in small farms."

"A specimen case is that of the estate of Cheviot, of 80,000 acres, which under the old regime, supported a family. The estate was entirely devoted to the grazing of sheep, but New Zealand statesmanship thinks the man is better than a sheep. The estate has now been divided into a dred or more prosperous little farms, and where there was once only 2,000, there is now a population of 2,000."

"New Zealand's latest experiment is not its least important. It now has its worn-out workmen and its not so paupers, but as pensioners every one who has been in the twenty-five years, and is a citizen has an income of less than \$170 a quarter—a day. This is not the tender form of charity than which obtains in other countries; distinct recognition of the worker's right to a share in the wealth he has created."—Ainslie's.

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A FAITHFUL DOG.

How He Saved the Lives of a Party of Prospectors.

Last winter a party of prospectors were camped on the Valdes, Alaska's great glaciers. Day after day they had worked their way for death disputing every foot with the ice...

For days the two men wandered and nature succumbed and they lay weary and exhausted. The faithful companion clung to them and their warmth of his body was grateful, they crouched low with the blizzard laden wind howling about them...

Their scanty stock of provisions well-nigh exhausted, when one of the men suggested sending the dog back to camp. This was a forlorn hope, their only one. Quickly writing words on a leaf torn from a book, made it fast around the dog's neck, encouraged him to start back on his trail.

The sagacious animal did not seem to understand, but after repeated efforts he was persuaded him to start. He was soon swallowed up in the mist and the storm.

Two days and nights passed, during which the men suffered untold agony. On the evening of the third day, all hope had gone and they were coming resigned to their fate, the blinding and drifting snow bore the faithful dog, and close behind came ready hands to minister to their wants.

QUER STORE.

Great Britain was the first country to recognize the belligerence of the Southern Confederacy. She did so on May 13, 1861.

Just when the day became dim into hours is not known, nor is the process explained. The Greeks and Romans measured time by the water and the sun dials. The hourglass, with sand, was the outgrowth of the vessels, from which the water dripped through tiny openings.

The most curious street pavement in the world is that which has been put down in Lyons, France. It is made of glass, the blocks being about six inches square, each made up of still smaller blocks. The glass blocks are so tightly fitted together that water cannot pass between them, and a pavement glass is said to have greater resistance than stone. It is a poor conductor of cold, and ice will not form upon it.

A brood of five nestling sparrows has furnished Dr. R. W. S. with some curious results. The birds were so graduated in size that the largest of the female must have laid eggs at regular intervals, probably three or four days apart, and that the hatching commenced immediately the first egg was deposited. Still more remarkable was the fact that the birds alternated, the oldest bird being a male the next a female, and so on.

According to a computation there are at present not less than 110,000 locomotives in operation in the whole world. In Europe 64,000, America 40,000, Asia 3,300, Australia 2,000 and Africa 700. In Europe England has the greatest number of locomotives, 1, e., 17,000. Then follow Germany with 15,000, France with 11,000, Austria-Hungary with 5,000, Italy with 4,000, Russia with 3,500, Belgium with 2,000, Spain with 2,000, Holland with 2,000, and Switzerland with 900 locomotives.

The Army "Units."

We hear a good deal about "units" of the British army, and it is not so easy to know what it means. When an army—that is, several army corps—is fighting, the unit means an army corps.

When an army corps is fighting, the unit is the division, or one-third of the army.

When a division is fighting, the unit means a brigade, or one-half of the division.

When a brigade is fighting, the unit means a battalion, or one-fourth of the brigade.

Usually, however, a unit is used to mean one of the following: A battalion of infantry—1,000 men. A squadron of cavalry—100 men. A battery of artillery—six guns. A company of mounted infantry—100 men.

A company of engineers, of the army service corps, and of other accessory troops.

France's Great Festival.

New Year's Day is the great festival of the year in France, not Christmas. Mese acquaintances even send other small presents on that day.