The Hewsboy.

Want any paper, Mister? Wish you'd buy 'em of me-Ten years old, an' a fam'ly, An' bizness dull, you see. Fact, Boss' There's Tom, an' Tibby. An' Dad, an' Mam, an' Mam's cat, None on 'em earnin' money-Wat do you think of that?

Couldn't Dad work? Why yes, Boss. He's working for gov'ment now They give him his board for nothin'-

All along of a drunken row. An' Mam? Well, she's in the po Been there a year or so; So I'm takin' care of the others, Dom' as well as I know.

Oughtn't to live so? Why, Mister, What's a feller to do?

Some nights, when I'm tired and hungry, Secus as if each on 'em knew-They'll all three cuddle around me. Till I get cheery, and say: Well, p'raps I'll have sisters an' broth

An' money an' clothes, too, some it. But if I do get rich, Boss,

(An' a lecturin' chap one night Said newsboys could be Presidenta If only they acted right); So, f I was President, Mister, The very first Fd do. Pabuy poor Tom an' Tibby A dinner-an' Mam's cat. too!

None o' your scrap + an' leavin's, But a good square meal for all three: If you think I'd skimp my triends, Boss, That shows y u don't know me. So 'ere's your papers-come, take one, Gimme a lift if you can-For now you've heard my story, You see I'm a fam'ly man! -E. T. Corbett.

ALL FOR LOVE.

THE STORY OF JAMES SAMUELS' LIFE

One of those stories, so prolific in the West-romantic in the extreme, full of love, jealousy, attempted murder and a happy finale-has just been made public in Denver, Col. The hero, William Samuels, is one of the wealthiest men in the state, and it is from his lips that the story comes, corroborated by his wife and brother James. Four years ago the two brothers lived in the beautiful Chester Valley, Pennsylvania, Herbert Samuels, the father, was a well-to-do farmer, owning a splendid tract of land, where he dwelt with his wife and two boys. When the latter were old enough he sent them to school and then to college. During their absence a brother of the father died and he took into his family the dead man's child Hattie. When the two brothers returned from college, aged about twenty-th ee and twenty-five respectively, they found their cousin, a beautifel girl of twenty years, installed in the house. Of the brothers James, the elder, had light hair and eyes and was of quiet and even demeanor, rarely, if ever, known to be angry, and being a general favorite not only at home but throughout the entire community. In marked contrast was the character and disposition of William, the younger brother, who, of a dark, almost swarthy complexion, with hair and

that he had done, and believing that he had killed his brother, a complete revulsion of feeling came over him, and, casting a last hurried look at the prostrate form and the white upturned face, he fled. After several days of continuous travel he arrived at an obscure mining camp in Colorado, hoping that, buried in the wild fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains he could shut int from his vision the ever present r rible sight of the face of the brother siain by his hand. Entering upon the pursuit of a miner he sought by a feverish industry and the hardest kind of hard work to forget his one horror, but in the dark recesses of the drift in which he was working, in the gloomy corners of the cabin in which he slep, everywhere and always it haunted him. In the meantime, after a few months, atune with her usual fickleness rearded his labor, which had been performed without any particular thought or hope of result, and the open drift which had become a tunnel of some proportions, struck a rich lead of marvellous proportions and containing immense wealth. At once the almost unknown camp became famous, and his name all unconsciously to him became almost as a household word in all mining commu nities as associated with one of the largest strikes of the year. Fame of this kind travels far, and even after a time reached the quiet farm in Chester Valley where he had spent his happy

childhood days and afterward wrecked his manhood. One day, while in the cage ascending from the bottom of one of his deepest shafts, a shadow cast over the top causel him to suddenly look up, and the face he saw caused a thrill of horror to pass through him, his hands relaxed his grasp of the rope and he had a narrow escape from falling to the bottom. Arriving at the top more dead than alive, he gave one hasty, frightened glance around him, saw the face again and swooned away. The owner of the face, a tall and bandsome man, evidently a stranger in the camp, sprang forward and caught his falling body in time to prevent it from being dashed to pieces in the bottom of the shaft, at the same time ejaculating, "Oh, William!" The miner was taken to his cabin, and after the application of restoratives. slowly revived. "Where is it?" he asked, at which the stranger slowly advanced and said softly, "Brother, don't you know me?" With a still half frightened look in his wandering eyes the miner gazed again at the face which had so startled him, and gradually realizing the fact that it was real, living nesh and blood, again relapsed into a swoon. For days he raved in the paroxysms of a fever, living the hideous chapter of his life over again, until at last the fever exhausted itself by its very force, and the sick

man sank into a deep slumber. At last the invalid awoke, weak and helpless as a child, but in his right mind. Instantly the cause of his ill-

"But Hattie?" asked William, with wistful look from his eyes.

"She is well, and would be happy were it not for worrying about your fate."

"She and you got married, of cour e?" There was pain in the very tones in which this was asked. "No, indeed. After you left she con-

fided to me her secret-that after all she loved you and always meant to marry you." A dazed look came over William's face, and gasping, "It cannot be," he very nearly relapsed into another swoon, the joy of the announcement being almost too much for him in his weakened state. At last, after having been assured again and again by his brother of the glad truth, he exclaimed, "Oh, let us go home at once." Arrangements were made at once to start, and with a new life in his veins the invalid recovered his strength so rapidly that they left the camp on the second day after, and reached home inside of a week. Of the meeting and its joys words could not give an accurate description. A quiet wedding followed within one short month, after which the miner returned with his bride to Colorado, furnished her a magnificent home in Denver, and is now not only one of the wealthiest but one of the most honored residents of the Queen City.-New York Telegram.

The Grass Tree.

Down in Australia, that great island where the Creator seems to have planted the seed of :nany of His wonders to be found in the vegetable kingdom, grows a tree that is little heard of by the outside world, but which is of inestimable value to the native, who depends more upon the productions of nature for existence and happiness than upon the creations of art and science. It is the grass tree. It is of small growth, being hardly more than a shrub. At the top are tuits of foliage resembling palms, from the center of which a long slender spike shoots out, covered with flowers of varied and beautiful hues. The base of the leaves of this tree furnishes the native with food, it being very palatable when roasted. The sap of the tree is a balsamic exudation, which when exposed to the air becomes hard and dry. This is one of nature's best tonics for dysentery, diarrheea and other intestinal maladies; it is also used by the natives for healing wounds, which it does very quickly; and when it is mixed with alluvial soil, it forms a very tenacious cement, which is used for caulking canoes.-Health and Home.

Knowledge Worth Having.

The knowledge which we crave and work for, which we look for and find.

in which it is gained. The most sympathetic and well-prepared course of whose only care is that he may get his diploma, is of far less value to him or to the world than the vital thought of the young mechanic who, anxious to master the secrets of his trade, patiently studies its details, discovers its principles, and infuses into it his own fresh and living force, perhaps in the form of some new invention, or perhaps in a more skillful touch or a more delicate finish than it has yet received.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A higher duty is won by kindness than can be secured by fear.

It is more honorable to acknowledge our faults than to boast of our merits. No great characters are formed in this world without suffering and self-

denial. Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you as they please.

Do not lose courage by considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them.

Virtue will catch as well as vice by contact; and the public stock of honesty, manly principle will daily accumulate.

A cucumber is bitter: throw it away. There are briers in the road turn aside from them. This is enough: Do not add, and why were such things made in the world?

He that sympathizes in all the happiness of others enjoys the safest happiness; and he that is warned by the folly of others has attained the soundest wisdom.

Happiness dotes on her work, and is prodigal to her favorite. As one drop of water hath an attraction for another, so do felicities run into felicities.

The hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first instance, we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the latter, nature cooks it for us.

The head truly enlightened will presently have a wonderful influence in purifying the heart, and the heart really affected with goodness will conduce to the directing of the head.

Claimants of Thrones.

Among the most curious and obscure chapters in history are the claims of certain living persons to the thrones of the greatest empires in the world.

A woman alleged to be the granddaughter of King George the Fourth and Mrs. Fitzherbert is still living in England, and from time to time puts forward her claims to occupy the place of Queen Victoria, founded, as she asserts, upon the legitimate mar riage of the King, which was never ago. egally annulled, and the certificates of her own and her father's birth.

After the execution of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, the fate of the Dauphin was veiled in mystery for some years. The place of his imprisonment was concealed, and contradictory reports as to his escape or his sudden death were circulated over Europe, which we think out or dig out for our- Out of this secrecy have grown one or selves, which we rejoice in as a newly- two plausible accounts of the escape of found treasure-that is the knowledge, the Dauphin, and his life under an asbe it small or great, that is worth hav- sumed name in other countries. The ing. It is like the food for which we Naundorff family claim to be his childhunger-it gives us fresh power and ren and grandchildren, and therefore fuller life. It ma ters far less even to be the legitimate heirs to the French what this knowledge is than the way throne in the Bourbon line. Some thirty years ago a clergyman named Williams, in an obscure parish in Canstudy worried through by a student ada, published documents to prove that he was the grandson of the Dauphin, and brought forward claims so plausible that the Prince de Joinville, then in this country, visited him, but came away, it is said, unbelieving. Some persons have asserted that the legitimate heir to the Russian crown, when the Czar Nicholas died in 1855, was not Alexander, who actually sucSpeken After Sorrow

I know something sweeter than the chima Of fairy bells that run Down mellow winds; ob, fairer than the time You sing about, in happy, broken rhyme,

Of butterflics and sun. But oh, as many fabled leagues away

As the To-morrow, when the east breaks gray, Is this which lies, somewhere most still and far,

Between the sunset and the dawn's last star, An i known as Yesterday.

I know of something better, dearer too, Than this first rose you hold, All sweet with June, and dainty with the dew

The summer's golden promise breaching through Its white leaves' tender fold;

Oh, fair r, when the late wind-, gathering slow Behind the eight, shall, moaning sad and low Across the world, make all its music dumb. Oh, dearer than the earliest rose to come, Will be the last to go.

I knew of something sadder than this nest Ofbroken eggs you bring,

With such sweet trouble stirring at your breast For love undone: the mother bird's unrest, That yesterday could sing.

My little child, too grieved to want my kiss, Do I forget the sweetness they will mis-

Who built the home? My heart with yours makes moan;

But oh, that nest from which the birds have flown,

Is sudder far than this -Juliet C. Marsh, in Harper's Magazine.

HUMOROUS.

Good figures-A dancing master.

A deep laid scheme-an ocean cable

A coachman is the saddest of all men for his life is full of " whoa."

Latin is a "dead language"-when an inexperienced drug clerk fools with it.

Sometimes when a man falls down he is said to have slipped up. Such are the inconsistencies of our language.

Professor Proctor says the earth is still in her youth. That explains why she goes around so much and is out so late of nights.

"Holdup" is the name of a new Arizona postoffice. It is scarcely necessary ta add that road agents look after the males out there.

some one says that the most direct way to some men's pocketbooks is through their stomachs. The doctors evidently discovered this some time

"Which side should a person sleep on ?" asks a correspondent. Well, if she hasn't locked the door you might as well sleep on the inside.

Life is like a harness. There are traces of cares, lines of trouble, bits as good fortune, breache of good manners, bridled tongues, and everybody has a tug to pull through.

An American lady married to an Italian prince a year ago has already left him. Some American girls are too proud to travel around with a tambourine all day.

It is said that Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty was modelled after his mother.



eyes as black as coal, was fiery and quick to anger, and although naturally well meaning had had numerous encounters, both while attending school and since his graduation.

Since the time, three years ago, when James and William finally returned from college and found their lovely cousin domiciled at their home. they had both been violently in love with her and both had made every manifestation of the feeling, but so far the cunning witch had avoided showing the slightest preference for either, treating them as brothers rather than lovers. This state of affairs rankled as a thorn in the breast of the hot headed William, whose feelings of bitterness and jealousy toward his brother grew until they amounted to almost positive hatred. Time and again he sought quarrels, but James' more even temper prevented anything of a serious character until one bright afternoon in July, when, upon the return of the elder brother and Hattie from a ride, the younger, who watched with a ferocious, dangerous glare in his eyes as his brother assisted his cousin to alight, then followed him to the barn where he was unharnessing the horses and attacked him with the vilest abuse, using epithets so strong that he was at last compelled to reply in the same spirit.

Words were followed by blows, when William, blinded by passion, seized a heavy wagon spoke and dealt his brother a stunning blow, felling him to the earth, as the blood gushed from a ghastly wound in the head. At once realizing the terrible thing and I am here."

ness was by his side, and taking his hand tenderly in his own said, "William, my poor brother!" It was James Samuels, the brother who was supposed to have been dead, but who was here alive and well and in the full enjoyment of manhood. "Is it a miracle?" ejaculated William, as soon as he could speak. "It is no miracle, but a sad mistake under which you have labored and from which you have undoubtedly suffered much. When you get stronger I will tell you all." The next day. William having so far recovered as to be able to sit up, his brother sat by him and said, "Notwithstanding my injury, which was not nearly so serious as you imagined, I regained consciousness shortly afterward, and our father, who entered the barn at that moment assisted me to the house. The news was broken to your mother and Hattie as gently as possible and I really think their sympathies were with you more than with me. The matter was kept as quiet as possible in the neighborhood and I soon recovered from the injury, and everything went along as usual save that you were grieved for and lamented by all. Notwithstanding all the inquiries which we had quietly set on foot to discover your whereabouts we utterly failed to discover any trace, and mourned you almost as one dead. About two weeks ago I picked up an old newspaper and saw your name for the first time connected with the story of your big mining strike. It was at once resolved that I should come to you. I started that very night,

Paper Doors.

"Feel the weight of that door," said a New York builder to a Sun reporter, who was looking at an unfinished apartment house up town. The reporter prepared to lift what seemed to be a polished mahogany door, but it proved too light for any wood. "It is made of paper," said the builder, "and, while it costs about the same as wood, is much better, because there is no shrinking, swelling, cracking, or warping. It is composed of two thick paper boards stamped and moulded into panels and glued together with glue and potash and then rolled through heavy rollers. It is first covered with a waterproof coating and then with a fireproof coat ing, and is painted and varnished and hung in the ordinary way. Few persons can detect that they are not made of wood, particularly when used a sliding doors."

New York streets are overrun by artistic musicians playing all sorts of instruments for small change.

It will be noticed, by examining the pictures of the statue that Mrs. Bartholdi used to hold the shingle in her left hand.

DIFFER FROM MAN-"Five thou. sand molecules can sit comfortably on the point of a pin." Herein the molecules differ materially from man. The latter couldn't sit "comfortably" on the point of a pin, to save his life.

"You ought to put a sign over that hatchway," said a policeman to a stored but a noor beyar, who was kept keeper, "or some one may tumble into it." "All right," replied the merchant; and he tied one of his "Fall Opening" placards to the railing.

> A cyclone in Kansas carried away a bank building, but as the cashier had departed in an opposite direction the day before, it wasn't thought worth while to hunt after the bank.

> The soprano wanted the tenor tarned out of the choir because, after hearing her run up and down the scale six or seven times in one breath, he remarked that she was very successful as a wind-lass.

> "My child," said Rattler _ his youngest, "I always eats the clusts of my bread."

"I know it, papa," lisped the incor. rigible, "I'm saving mine for you, too." Baby has been forbidden to ask for dessert. The other day they forgot to erve him, and as baby is very obedient he remained silent, although much affected. "Josephine," said the father, Happy is he who has a firm foothold "pass me a plate." "Won't you have

