

THE HERO OF THE TOWER.

Long time ago, when Austria was young, There came a herald to Vienna's gates, Bidding the city fling their open wide Upon a certain day; for then the king Would enter, with his shining retinue.

But the young maiden clasped his weary head In her white arms, and soothed him like a child; And said, "You lived a life of woe for me Up on the spire, and now look old enough Even to please my father; but your youth Will nurse you back into your youth again."

PAYING HER DEBT.

It was a very poorly furnished room in a cottage home; a small cottage, one of many, all small, mean and scantily furnished, and the "hands" lived there. This one was Morgan's cottage, and it was Jack Morgan himself and his sister, Madge, who were seated at breakfast, lingering as was possible only on Sunday morning.

day. The doctor says he will have me on my feet in a week, and I'm going abroad again." "Again! When you have been so unfortunate there." "Eh? Oh, I see?" with an odd look in his eyes; "you've been reading the Newtown Star. Unlucky, wasn't it?" "Yes, but, Tom—I came to tell you—the words came slowly—"that I have some money that—that is of no use to me. If it will start you again, I—"

TIMELY TOPICS.

Doctor Carlos Faremba, of Mexico, has addressed a circular letter to all representatives of foreign governments now in Washington, advocating the celebration of the discovery of America on its 400th anniversary, October 12, 1892, and the erection of a monument on the spot where the first landing was made.

Apropos of the suicide mania, a Louisville, Ky., gentleman calls attention to the fact that negroes hardly ever take their own lives. Although a great many of them are hard up from the day of their birth to the day of their death, they seldom become melancholy, and it is only among courtesans that suicides occur.