NEVER GIVE UP

As you journey through life (And the road han't wide) There is much to appet you, And turn you saids.

But you don't want to weakon-Gain courage tostead, Keep working and fighting And becoming ahead.

Any calling or trade That you once ente Then you want to long on Like original sin.

If you'd like to climb up Where the gold apples grow, Catch a-hold of the ladder And never let go.

Though thwarted and bothered And troubled and exact. Let us keep up our courage And stick to our text.

And street.

Let us cling to our hope
And hang ento our pian
Like starting, grim death
To a dead colored man.

J. B. Smiley.

DOCKRELL'S DEPARTURE

Whatever else Docksrell intended to do
it was critical that he did not mean to go.

Mrs. Rashley began to be alarmed. She
had asked him down to be sure, without
specifying the exact day be was in leave,
but now the last guest had made the last
pretty speech, and the dogeart containing
a lingering sportsman and his belongings
was disappearing down the drive, and yet,
by a blazing fire in the coxy study, she
knew that at that moment Willoughby
Dockrell was unfolding the morning papers and lighting a cigar, with that complacent smile which irritated her so much
when she was not in the mood for it today. It was not only that a fresh set of
people were to arrive tomorrow, most of
whom would by no means share her enthusiasm for the poet who was now
stretched at his sase in her favorite armchair, but that the party invited for the
next few days was to include a faithful
and somewhat stolid admirer, Major Champion.

Now, Mrs. Rashleigh was not one of the Whatever else Dockerell intended to do

Now, Mrs. Rashleigh was not one of the order of women who are unhappy if they have not a second lever to play off on the first. Under such circumstances, sha opined, both were apt to be fretful and unamusing. Mrs. Rashleigh, to be sure, had been a widow for exactly five years, so that it may be inferred that she knew something of the other are. Young, cheerful and well off, without being pretty, she was distinctly attractive, and, having the social instinct, her place in Handshire was nearly always full. In London she was inclined to affect the "smart intellectual set," and she liked to be credited with ideas and opinions. Ideas and opinions were, perhaps, rather scarce in the circles in which Mrs. Rashleigh usually mored. It was probably this which had made her seek the society of Dochrell, for the man, at any rate, hay brains. But there were questions which she could not help asking herself in her present understy frame of mind.

Apart from a volume of poems which had made a certain stir, who and what was hef Nobody seemed quite to know least of all in the rather fashionable act into which he had effected an entrance. He of all in the rainer lands which he had effected an entrance. He had a clean cut face, plausible manners and a pretty talent for giving the talk a neat and epigrammatic turn while it was certain that he had lived in Paris, in Rome and in New York, and that he knew everybody a little and nobody well. If men, too, instinctively disliked him, it was notorious that for most women he had an irresistible strengtion, so that one was apt to meet Chair for most women he had an irrestablish attention, so that one was upt to meet Willoughby Deckrell more frequently in inner drawing rooms than in the more breezy meetal atmosphere of the clubs. But though Mrs. Rasheigh was fond of having long discussions with her literary admired, it by no means followed that she intended in continue there discusses for

having long discussions with her literary admirer, it by no means followed that she intended to continue those discussions for life, and during the last day or two Dockrell had assumed an all conquering air which was distanted to her. It is always awkward for a hostess to have to tell a guest to go, and Mrs. Rashleigh racked her brains for an expedient as the ball door closed to on the last member of the party and she thoughtfully crossed the hall.

"Well, i shall have to tell Jark all about it when he comes tomorrow," she said to berself at last, with that little sigh of relief which a woman gives when she has determined to trading be been she has determined to trading be been she has determined to trading be she to shoulders broader than her own.

And meanwhile Willoughly Dockrell, having finjshed a second cligar, was meditating on his pian of campaign. For nearly thirty hours he would have his charming hostess to himself, for the young sister who was there to play progressy hardly counted, and he would sarely be able to get her to drive or to ride alone with him that very afternoon. Thirty hours, he told himself, slope in a country house with a woman who obviously likes you is worth thirty mounts of afternoon calls and dinner conversations in London.

He glanged around the room. How desightful it all was—so coay, so old fash-

ner conversations in Landon.

He gianced around the room. How de-lightful it all was—so cory, so old fash-toned, with the air of having been always just like that. The leather bindings of the books were worn and mellowed; the gift of the picture frames was a little dim with age. A Remney and a Gainsborough portraits of departed Rashleighs—man age. A Ronney and a Gainaborough—panel potraits of departed Rashleighs—ganel down on him from either aide of the dirplace. A grandlinele with dilettante taxtes, who had made the "grand ton," had brought back that Canova from Rome. Generations of gentlefolks and lived and read and chatted in that room. At his age, and with his tastes, it was all just what appealed to him most—the sense of security, of cest, of long unchanging years. Willoughby Dockrell had been of late a frequent guest in English country houses, but no home that he had entered had appealed to him quite so intinately as this. A man of forty-five, who has lived in most of the capitals of civilization, generally turns at last to some such haven. At forty-five the houlewards of Paris, the clube of London and the balls of New York may begin to pail.

At that uncertain age, when he is neither ald nor young, he had began to think that a man wanted a home, a testition and.

sid nor young, he had begun to think that a men wanted a home, a position and a wife. Now, all these things, he thought, were well within his reach. There were no children; the place was hers for her life-

time, after which it would go to a distant time, after which it would go to a distant constit. As to that unplement affair in America—well, it all happened fifteen years ago, and New York is a long way from Loudon versul if Loudon is tolerably near New York Only one man in England knew anything about the sury of those bonds, and that man he was a tain oot to meet in a small country hous. And then Mrs. Rashleigh had said no long in her note of invitation as to the longth of his stay; indeed, it had been a word or two only. Deckrell took the note out of his pocket and read it with a curiously satisfied smile.

only. Deckrell took the note out of his pecket and read it with a curiously satisfied smile.

"Can't you come and see me in the country" it ran and the fact of there being no beginning was an important one in the eyes of such a student of feminiotity as Willoughby Dockrell. "I shall have some nice people staying with me at the leginning of the menth. Could you come on the fill which was a substantial of the menth. Could you come on the fill we shall be able to discuss—Bourget—and lots of things! Ever sincerely yours. Latry Rashtager.

Well, he had come on the fill had here he meant to stay—to stay until he had made himself master of the stination.

But the day dragged on, and he had never found himself alone with his hostess. The young sister—a girl of sixteen, with red hands and a stoild stare—was present at lanch, went out with them in the wag-crette and faced him at the dinner table, and not long after dinner Mrs. Rashleigh retired to bed. The next day it was not much better, but early in the afternoon he did find her alone. Willoughly Dockrell was too much of a diplomatist to show his hand before he saw what his adversary was likely to play, but still the time was short, his opportunities few, while the advent of a fresh tatch of victors might spoil the game completely. At the end of quarter of an hour's taik Mrs. Hashleigh began to feel uncomfortable, and more than ever was suc resolved to tell Major Champion the whole story directly he arrived. She got away and shut herself up in her room until the first batch of new guests were announced.

"What is beaven's name is that fellow does developed."

in her room until the first batch of new guests were announced.

"What in beaven's name is that fellow doing down here?" was Champion's first question, when he found himself at last alone with his hostess before dressing. She was allent for a moment, but she did not pretent not to know what he meant.

"Well, you see, he goes everywhere, he's very clever and a sort, of celebrity in his way, and —I wish I hadn't asked him?"

"So do "," said Champion, fervently. "Hot it's not only his coming that's the matter," said Letty, incoherently: "but I'm sure he memus to stay. He will never, never go."

"Oh, yes he will. He'll go to morrow

morning."
"Oh, Jack, I can't have'tt. I won't have a row in this house. Why the newspapers will get hold of it, and I shall never for give you if you do anything horrid."
"I'm not going to do anything horrid. I shall now provide the state of the shall never how the shall never have the shall never have the shall never here.

The not going to do anything nerrid. "The not going to do anything nerrid. I shall just mention in the smoking room to night that Joisson, the editor of The Even ing Telephone, is coming down here tomor row for a day or two."

"But, my dear Jack, Jobson isn't coming! I don't even know him. How ou earth will that help us?"

"Wait and see. If the thing works, I'll tell you all about it. You're a ridiculous liftle person, you know, and interly unfit to take care of yourself. You'd much better let".

"There's the dressing bell. Jack. You're getting impossible. I shall send you away tomorrow too."

And when the same evening, as the ladies were going to their rooms, Mrs. Bashleigh were going to their rooms, Mrs. Bashleigh

And when the same evening, as the ladies were going to their rooms, Mrs. Rashleigh saw Jack Champion walking off with Dockrell in the direction of the smoking room, she felt a pang of computction at the innocent plot she had assented to in order to get rid of her brilliant guest.

There were lots of letters by the morning past which came in while they

There were lots of letters by the morning post, which came in while they were at breakfast, but only one for Wilfoughby Dockrell. He let it lie by his plate for some minutes, and then, asking permission of his hostess with his rather over elaborate manner, he slowly broke the seal.

"What a bore!" he said presently, when he had laid down the note and deliberately resumed his breakfast. "I shall have to go to town this morning by an early train. Some bothspring business which I can't get out of."

Miss Rashleigh dares not look at Champion, whose triumph now was complete. Both had seen that Mr. Willoughby Dockrell's letter was wallet shaped, adorned with a silver motogram, and addressed in a bold feminine hand. The "business," then, was a myth. And yet, womanlike, she felt almost guilty when the dogart was at the door and the last goodbys were being said. Dockrell, who for once looked red and flustered, seemed to avoid speaking to her alone. She murmured something about having the pleasure of seeing him down there on some future occasion. And yet, as they looked straight at each other with, the final hand shake. Letty knew that in all probability she would never see him again.

"What does it all mean?" said Mrs. Rashleigh sternly, a few minutes later. It was in the sanctum and there was no one there but Jack. It was a mere trifle, but it struck her that Major Champion did not lounge in her favoric hair, but atood ten Miss Rashleigh dares not look at Cham

it struck her that Major Champion did not

there but Jack. It was a mere trife, but it struck her that Major Champion did not lounge in her favorite chair, but stood tentatively at the fireplace, playing nervously with aone tu bronze cate chashing oyn bais, which she had brought from Vienna. "The magic name of Johann worked the mirable," said Champion, smiling. "Jobson knows something about your poet which makes it—well, inconvenient for them to meet. I told you he would go Although the man has beer been convicted, there's no moral doubt that he's—well, a forger."
"Great heavenal" murmured Letty, as she thought of the intimate little notes she had written bim, of the long confidential tails in Loudon, of the still more compromising interviews down here. And here was Jack, who, whatever his faults, had clearly never committed a forgery, but whom she had always sauthould Mrs. Rashleigh trossed the room to his side.
"How our lever thank you?" she whispered, gazing at the half moons on his nection.
"Give me your hand."

"Give me your hand."

"Give me your hand."
Letty gave it, wonderingly, and be held
it firmly in his strong grasp.
"I am going to keep it for always," announced Champion gravely.
"What rubbish you talk, !ack!" whispered the owner of the hand. But she did
not take it away.—London World

Human Beings, Animals and Birds Are Their Prey.

A BLOOD CURDLING EXPERIENCE.

How a Botanist Narrowly Escaped Deatl From a Man Eating Vegetable In the Sandwich Islands-A Large Circle of the Bleaching Bones of Virtims.

In the latter part of the year 1807 (says

In the latter part of the year 1807 (says E. Ellsworth Carey in the Honoluin Advertiser) I was commissioned by the Belgian government to find a certian rare, wandering plant that was believed to grow on the higher slopes of Mauna Loa, a large extinct volcano situated on the northern part of Hawaii. I had a station built on one of the wooded slopes of the mountain, far away from any other habitation. My only companion was a native.

During one of my botanizing excursions I passed by the mouth of a narrow caryon or gorge, and I asked Pill, the old native, if he had ever explored the same. Pills and death became interested in his pipe and didn's know anything about the guide and did not understand what I said. This was rather strange in Pill, for natives generally know every rock and tree in the accion where they live, and I knew Pill lied when he said he did not understand me.

So, naturally, I determined to examine into the mysterious ravine. Some threa after this I was walking with Pill down.

when he said he did not understand me. So, naturally, I determined to examine into the mysterious ravine. Some time after this I was walking with Pill down a gentle slope when I saw a number of bones. Pill stopped. He walked back a few rods and sat down on a stump. Not a word would be say. I began examining the bones nod for two hours or more puzzled my brain over a problem as I had never done before. What I found was this: A circular area of about 100 yards in diameter thickly covered with the bleached remains of hirds, animals and human beings. These ghastly relies were scattered among the shrubs and grass. The larger bones were near the center; in fact, I found that the bones became gradually smaller as I approached the periphery of this circular baneyard. In the center of the circle was a wall-like opening in the ground, from which emanated a sickening odor. No vegetation graw within to feet of the cavity.

A deep mystery seemed to hang over the spot, It was growing dark. I beard Pill

A deep mystery seemed to hang over the spot. It was growing dark. I beard Pill calling and harried to him. He pointed in terror to the center of the bone covered area. A shadow was thrown on the scene



PILI MADE SYMBOLS IN THE AIR

by a rising bank of clouds. But I declare that I saw rising from the pit a visible waper, a column of visible fog or smoke or gas that was luminous. Spellbound, I gazed at the spectral column. Near the ground it had the appearance of phosphoresect fame and gradually became fainter as it ascended. Your imagination will have to picture the unearthly phenomenen. Pili pulled at my arm, and in silence we left the spot, and we did not lotter by the wayside. As I was looking for a simple plant and not blood curdiling manifestations. I was inclined to break camp and leave. But by morning my serves were in better order, and I went back to the scene of the evening adventure, I could find no clew to the myster, and the inatter gradually went out of mind as I prosecuted my labors.

But I had occasion after a time to visit a spot near where I had seen the canyon about which Pill was so apparently ignorant. One evening I told Pill of my intention to return and explore the gorge. "When?" said Pill.
"In the morning," I replied.

tion to return and explore the gorge.

"When?" said Pili.
"In the morning." I replied.
Without a word the old native arose from his mat on the floor and departed. He was gone all night. He returned by sunrise, bearing on his shoulders a bundle. When we reached the canyon, he stopped and unnacked his lead. I saw a stone idol, curlous in chape. He placed it on the ground and then took a small pig from his bundle. Making a fire, he sprinkled something in the flames, muttered strange sounds and made symbols in the air with his fingers. The nammal offering was his fingers. The animal offering was placed before the idol. After he completed his strange rites he said that I might never come back, but he had done what he could

his strange rites he said that I might never come back, but he had done what he could to preserve my life.

All this made me feel uncomfortable. The natives of the Hawadian Islands are supposed to be Christianized, but in time of danger or trouble many often turn to the discarded gods of their fathers. I knew Pili believed that great danger awaited any one who ascended the ravine. But I went. I had gone about a mile when over the tops of tree forms I saw a waving mass of sea green follage undulating in the wind. The object looked like a huge bunch of thick leaved seaweed, and the poculiar motion of the same arrested my attention. I was over 200 feet away from the curious object and hurried to obtain a closer view. A wall of fern covered lava about 16 feet high stopped my course. Climbing up so that I just could see over the edge, I saw an object such as the eyes of civilized man never before beheld. Imagine a hunch of seaweed about 18 feet high, the edge of each pisce lined with fine atreamers which radiated in all directions and trembled like fine wire apirals, the whole object moving like the fringes of a sea anemone.

I was wearing a heavy folt hat with a wide brim, and I oushed it back from my

forehead to get a better view. As I moved my arm the strange object ceased quivering, and every vibrating antenna or streamer pointed directly at me. Just then my foot slipped from a jutting rock on which I was standing, and I fell, but not before semething cleaved the air with a horrible hissing noise and struck on my hat crown. I felt the force of a blow as I fell and knew no more for a time. I regained conscious-cess after a short time and lay in a partial stapor. The wall above me was stripped of its verdure, and I saw a long sinewy, snake-like object writhing, twisting and curling on the rocks. It had missed its prey, and a low angry hum filled the air. I had escaped a frightful death, I was near the frightful demon tree of Hawaii.

The Introduction of Potatoes Into France.

There was much difficulty in introducing There was much difficulty in introducing the potato into France. It was only to ward the end of the reign of Louis XIV that it began to be used. The learned had opposed its introduction systematically, saying it produced loprosy, and the common people refusing to test it even on their live stock.

A trick at last established it. Fields A trick at last established it Fields were planted all over France with potatoes and carefully guarded until the tubers were ripe, it being given out that these fields were growing a new thing specially for the king, and that trespassers would be prosecuted. Now, the laws at that time were severe. A man might be hanged when he hunted in the wild forest, for the

when he hunted in the wild forest, for the game was the seigneur's, aluncit each one of whom kept his private gallows. Trespass against the king implied, therefore, terrible punishment. The danger of the punishment proved itself an alluring bait. As the contriver, wise in human, had foreseen, the fields that were purposely left unguarded were pillaged right and left, the potatoes eaten, some kept and planted and the tuber at last effectually introduced in France.—New York Evening Sun.

Age a Beautifier of Pictures.

"What is it that gives the old English masters such distinction!" asked a painter the other day. "Time, with his mellowing band, who turns all things brown." was the reply. This is noticeable in the pictures by Reynolds, Opie, Crome, Muller, Romney, and it some of the sketches by Constable, which the Dowdeswells exhibit. As an old academician once said, "They have got porty by time," and of course improved. But few of the old men struggled after light as some of the younger men of today do. They composed in values—a streak of light, then a streak of shade. They rarely, except Constable, folt that light permeates everywhere, it underlies, it illuminates, even the deepest shadows. That is why Rembrandt's work is always alive. He recognized the fact. Some of our impressionists are attempting today to present it from another point of view.—Pail Mall Gazette.

A Narrow Escape For One Man

A Narrow Escape For One Man.
The importance of examining closely the hair found on weapons was shown in a case in which a hatchet, having clotted blood and hair adherent to it, was produced as evidence against a prisoner suspected of murder in a little country town. It was found under his bed. This, with other circumstantial evidence, had turned public opinion strongly against the prisoner, but when the hair was examined by a microscopist who charred to be in the contratom it was found not to be human, but that of some animal. This circumstance lod to a more complete sifting of the evidence, and the accused was acquitted. It turned out that he had killed a dog with the hatchet and had carelessly thrown the wespon under the bed. So his life literally hung on a hair.—Toronto Mail.

The Relation of Man and Monkey

The Relation of Man and Monkey.
We may illustrate the relations of man, the antimopoids and the monkeys by comparing the order of primates to a tree. The lemurians are the roots, giving rise to one or several stocks. One of these is the stock of the monkeys, one of the limits of which sends up a higher branch—that of the antimopoids. Another branch, of which the point of its origin or contact with the preceding branch escapes our search, gives the actual human branch, which rises parallel to the authropoid branch, has no relation to the anthropoid branch, has no relation to it and passes beyond it.—Paul Topinard in Popular Science Monthly.

Gave Himself Away.

Gave Himself Away.

After preaching on the occasion of the the reopening of a restored church the bishop thanked the church warden, an old farmer, for his share in the good work, "And I must thank your lordship for your sermen," was the reply, "but I could not help thinking, as you talked about sin, that your lordship must have been a Jirtle wildish yourself when you were a young man."—Exchange.

The Jew's Luck of Beauty.

The keenest race in the world, and probably the most susceptible of culture—the Jew-presents no type of beauty, being usually at once look nosed and flabby cheeked, though in physique, as in thought, that race occasionally throws out transcendent examples -- Million.

A man or woman inherits his or her face, and mental habitude, though it may great by affect he meaning, can no more after its shape than nesidious training can turn a fox terrier into a wiry kind from Airedale.

Investigation made by means of the py-remeter is said to show that the tempera-tures which occur in melting steel and in other industrial operations have been over-

George IV was fond of low practical jokes, and on one occasion came near being threshed by a companion whom he pushed into the water.

When a mother tells her boy he is getting to be just like his father, he knows very well it is not intended as a compliment.

One of the ways of testing stones minerals is to observe the color of the streak as compared with the natural surface.

on keep boarding houses in that

ADVENTURE IN AFRICA

How a Seafaring Man Seized the Horn of a Dilemma.

FIGHT WITH A CAPE BUFFALO.

Thrilling Account of an Episode Which Nearty Resulted Fatally—A Sheath Knife Created a Diversion Which Saved the Sailor's Life-A Timely Shot.

Sallor's Life—A Timely Shot.

Humphrey A. Banks, who was first mate of the American three masted schooner Laurn Shoop, had a remarkable adventure with a cape buffale in September, 1889. The Shoop had put into Wallish bay, on the west coast of Africa, in about 22 degs. 30 min, south latitude, to repair, damages custained in a hurricane.

Hanks, the captain, and an English passenger named Bostwick had gone ashore, and after trading a bottle of whisky with a native for a goat started out into the

Banks, the captain, and an English passenger named Bostwick had gone ashore, and after trading a bottle of whisky with a native for a goat started out into the woods in the hope of killing some game. They soon saw three antelopes, two of which they killed, Banks being the only one who missed. In the hope of redeeming himself bestrayed for a short distance away from his companions. It was then that the remarkable adventure occurred which Banks thus relates in the Philadelphia Press:

remarkable adventure occurred which Banks thus relates in the Philadelphia Press:

"There was no sign of bird or beast anywhere, and, presty well disgussed, I turned to go back. In that instant I heard a flerge snort, the rush of a huge body, and the next moment I felt myself flying through the air, my gun knecked from my hand and everything hovering in chaos around me.

"As I raised myself there came rushing upon me again that hig dark body, but this time it was no indistinct image; it was the huge form, the curling horns, the glaring eyes and thrashing tail of a cape buffle, a solitaire, an old bull driven from the herd and rendered desperate by isolation. An idea swept on me like a flash. It could not be a cape buffled because this point was at least 690 miles from the cape, and how could the dreaded bufflab have strayed away thus far?

"I had no time to dwell on the rapidity of thought. What I had then to do was to

away thus far?

"I had no time to dwell on the rapidity of thought. What I had then to do was to escape that snorting monster. Without giving me a respite the enraged brute was upon me once more, but I managed to leap aside just as the awful front, with its gleaning eyes, like gens in velvet, swept rest was too in unconstructed. past me in impotent rage.



PLUNGED THE KNIPE IN HIS EYE.

"It was at this juncture that I made the mistake which came nearly costing me my life. I endeavored to recover my shotgun. It had been knocked from my hand at the first onslaught of the buffalo.

"Dazed by the attack, I had miscalculated the distance of my weapon, I reached it, but at that instant the buffalo was on me again, and, dropping the gun, I had only time to selze one of its long, curved horns to save myself from being gored. In the ensuing two minutes I lived an age. To release my hold on the horn of the maddened animal was to precipitate myself to

release my hold on the horn of the maddened animal was to precipitate myself to death. To hang on meant that somer or later I would be trampled to death.

"My weight fortunately kept the buffallo's muzzle close to the ground. I began to scream and cry aloud for help. It seemed almost uscless, for the distance was so great that I did not even then believe that Warner and Bostwick could reach me in time. But I made the forest ring with my shouts; they even astonished the buffalo, for he halted with lowered head, blazing eyes and frothing muzzle, and for at least a moment remained motionless save for a allesh vacillating movement of the head and with fore feet planted wide apart.

"The plunging and snorting of the buffa-

and with fore feet planted wide apart.

"The plunging and snorting of the buffalo began the instant I ceased shouting from exhaustion. He swung his head and tried to plunge his horas into my body.

"Round and round, up and down the narrow grass grown space between the trees, the demonlike brate reced, dragging one

after him and seeking at every opportunity to pin one to the earth with his long lance.

"At the end of five minutes an inspira-tion came over me. I had borrowed a shouth knife from one of the men on the Shoup. It knife from one of the men on the Shlep. It was hanging at my right side. Mantering every bit of remaining strength, I released the hold of my right hand on the buffalo's horn and reached for the sheath knife. I got it loose, and then I plunged the knife almost up to the hilt in the right eye of the heast. The next instant I was tying prome on the grass. The brate was charging to and fro and tossing its head in on agony of pain, while a thin stream of blood ran down and dripped from its muzzle. In one of his turns the buffalo caught sight of me with his remaining eye. The knife, like my gun, lay ten feet away from me, and I was absolutely helpless. I saw the great head lowering for the attack that would end my existence when I heard a voice say:

"Keep cool and shut your eyes."

"I did as I was bidden. In a dreamy sort of way I closed my eyes. There was the roar of a grn, the sound of voices in my ears, and then I dropped off to skep.

"The rest of the story is soon told. Bostwick had heard my cries and arrived just in time to put an end to the cape buffalo before his final charge on me. I will carry the scars of that encounter on my right leg for life." was hanging at my right side.