way along. Now and then a ray of sunlight glint-

Their dresses of rich cream embroidery were gathered about the waist by faithful beast. delicate pink ribbons; bows of the same rosy hue held back their thickly-clustered curls; tiny worked socks and pink kid shoes completed toilettes fit for any young princesses.

But Zoe and Fay Marchmont were not princesses, only two very wilful, caped from nurse's vigilant eyes whilst she bushed baby to sleep, had run on and on, until, once in the woods all remorse fled in the delight of chasing the bright-winged butterflies.

'Are you tired ?' Zoe asked presently, him ?' turning to her younger sister.

'No, not very; but Zoe, will nursie be dreadful angry ?'

Zoe laughed saucily. She did not be causing to those at home: a feeling tree. of reckless joy, of intense freedom had taken possession of her.

'Do you know the way? Shall we and Fay.' for in spite of her former denial, she did begin to feel a trifle weary. 'Oh yes; we only have to go straight

up this road; don't you remember ?' passed that way before; but she was too eventually did. obedient and yielding to say so. Hand-in-hand, scarcely ever exchang-

ing a word, the children wandered along, still hoping to shortly reach their Presently voices fell on their ears-

with firm steps, marched on.

suppose we go and ask them if we are going the right way ?

sister as they neared the huge tent standing in the field. A party of rough-looking women were washing at a tiny clear spring,

shouting to each other all the while ; several sunbarnt children lay rolling on the grass, filling the air with their joyous cries. Zoe dragged poor frightened Fav

donkey.

she gazed wonderingly at the long and amusement. masses of red-brown hair, which fell carelessly about the gipsy's shoulders; as the two children approached her.

in vain to make her voice less harsh; 'what do you want ?'

'Is this the way to Marchmont Grange?' Zoe asked. The girl laughed scornfully, and

eyes. 'I say, mother,' she cried, mockingly, 'here are two ladies who have lost their way. Do you know the place they

'Wait a moment, Meg, don't frighten the poor mites,' one of the women answered, and wringing the linen she was washing she spread it upon the grass, and hurried towards them.

With arms akimbo she scanned the children closely for several seconds. are you alone ?' she asked.

Zoe smiled, and drew Fay into greatr prominence by one swift jerk. We wanted to go for a walk by our-selves but now I don't know which is

our road; could you show us?' she said, 'Which way did you come ?' 'Through the woods.'

The gipsy hesitated, and for a moment her envious glance was riveted upon the beautiful coral necklaces and shining gold bracelets worn by the little sisters. That look soon changed to an expression of gentle compassion.

lone; you might have been robbed and foot-warmers in these carriages? We murdered in that lonely wood. Hurry shall get our death of cold." back now, there's dear children, or

'Are we to go again through the woods ?' Zoe asked, pathetically. 'I'm afraid so; I don't like your going by yourselves, but there's no help

They turned to obey her, but Fay started back with a stifled shriek, cling-

ing with all her force to Zoe. 'Oh, Zoe, take him away-he bite me !'

The cause of her distress, a hungry, ragged-looking dog, came nearer and sniffed their dainty dresses, then gazed up into Zoe's face with a word of gentleness in his big eyes.

'Dear doggie! See, Fay, dearest, he won't hurt you-he is quite good,' Zoe said, soothingly, and she laid her hand caressingly on the dog's big head. 'Rags never hurt a child in his life,

miss; you are wise not to be afraid. A kind word will always win his heart, faithful beast. I don't think he will forget you in a hurry.'

Rag wagged his tail, and gazed knowingly from his mistress to the smiling child. As Zoe dragged rather then led Fay away, the gipsy looked after them

'I hope no harm will come to them. poor pretty creatures! Their mother must be grieving even now at their ab-

sence. Hallo ! where's Rags ?' Meg laughed, and pointed to the lane where two tiny forms were hasteningafter them, near, yet keeping out of sight, followed a large dog, which the gipsy recognized as Rags.

harm can happen to them whilst Rags keeps them company.'

Zoe was glad when she found Rags had gone with them; he guessed so cleverly which way to go, and the it becomes us to render to God. Prayeasiest spot for them to pass, that the road seemed twice as short.

Once they met a wretched tramp, who ing through the trees fell across these sciously cried aloud; a savage growl rare, however, to hear them say, pretty bare heads and lovely dusky from Rags, and the flash of his fierce

when they at length reached March- from earth to heaven. Would it not mont Grange, but their appearance be a decidedly muddy stream, [colored, caused intense joy in the house.

'You naughty, darling children ! Mrs. Marchmont exclaimed, catching them in her arms and kissing the pretty thoughtless little girls, who, having es- pale faces over and over again, 'What anguish you have given me! Never, never go away like that again.'

> 'We were all right, mamma,' Zoe said calmly ; 'and dear old Rags knew the way quite well. May we keep

"If you like, darling."

But to this notion Rags noisily rebelled. After eating a hearty meal, and having licked the children's hands in care what anxiety their absence might farewell, he whined pitiously to be set

The pathway became less closely to- ing the door she fastened a handsome courses on some new, real or fancied, gether as they neared the end. When collar around his shaggy throat, and to at last the children stepped out into the this attached a purse well filled with open road, both paused in silent won- gold. On a slip of paper was written : knowledgment should be made of bless-'With love and gratitude from Zoe

be home soon?' Fay inquired eagerly; You may be sure the gipsies were not displeased when Bags came home, and Meg's mother could not help feeling glad she had resisted her first impulse to rob the children instead of Fay did not remember ever having sending them back in safety, as she

SOME RAILWAY HUMOR.

A Compilation of Jokes, Good, Bad and Indifferent.

Our most celebrated living art critic, loud, gruff voices such as they rarely Mr. Ruskin, has a very strong objecheard before. Momentary terror made tion to the railway being carried praising God." It would be a blessing them pause for one instant, then Zoe, through any district where there is ex- of the first magnitude if this same ceptionally beautiful senery; and yet a 'There are some people in that field ; railway and its stations do not of necessity disfigure the landscape; indeed 'Very well.' Fay agreed wearily, dotted here and there over the country. though she shrank timidly behind her It may be, however that most of the whole number are anything but pleasant places, and it may be concluded produce, that is what you ought to aim that very few of them are places calcu. at. lated to give much amusement. Still, close to the big tent, near where a tall the above mentioned accounts. "It their mental exercises men often act young girl stood, one brown arm flung commands," said the advertisement, as if they had two eyes with seperate around the shaggy neck of a gentle-eyed "not only a view of the pretty little and distinct functions, the one capable cept good old Matron French, who has Her pretty face attracted Zoe, and who miss the strains." Thus beauty the other adapted to seeing only the

of humor. Such of the drolltry as one eye whenever we use the other, so that her surprised eyes were full of interest, comos across is almost as heavy and unmingled saduess or unmingled joy is quite as lumbersome as the greater the felt emotion filling the soul. This 'Well,' she exclaimed, sharply, trying part of the plant itself. Surely it must is the secret of your being unable to have a serious travail of the mind to praise God heartily in the worst day bring to light such a conundrum as the your life has ever brought you. It is following: "Why is a locomotive en- not that you have nothing to praise for, gine like a comet? Because it has a but your door of happiness you dashed the clustering hair from her Of course there are worse jokes, even wide the opposite door. Have you meet with them. A New York paper to the bedside of pain and have been is guilty of perpetrating the following: greeted with a smile ? Perhaps that onsly thinking of calling its main road it is the heir line."

A very fair attempt at a joke of the lugubrious kind was once committed by a guard on one of the short midland lines. The company was very small 'What are you doing here? Why and very poor, and it was just a little more than they could do to make ends meet at the yearly day of reckoning, There were not many conveniences for the passengers, and indeed they were not quite so much cared for as the goods in the wagons that were fixed up with the carriages. As for the guard ats ome of the stations on the line he was ticket clerk, station-master, passenger porter, and goods-porter all in

Just before leaving the junction on a certain day, a fussy passenger called him to the window. "Look here, guard," he said ; "why don't you have

"Well, you see," responded the your mother will break her heart at guard, "one of the directors is a doctor, another is a chemist, and another is a tombstone mason; and you know in this world people must live and let

live. So you see,"-"All right, guard; go ahead. You for it. Run off, dears, it is getting ought to have had another director a coffin-maker, and then we could have got a special catastraphe for the benefit

of the directorate. "We aven a coffin-maker amongst them, sir; but I thought it would be too suggestive to mention him."

"Ah, well, it is rather suggestive," said the passenger. "So what do you think of au accident, for the express benefit of your mixed lot of directors? "Express, did you say?" asked the guard. "Ah, you have not been on this line before; or you would not talk like that. Why, sir, we dont go fast enough to come to any harm, even if we ran off the lines; and as for a colli sion, that is an impossibility, for our only other engine is laid up with a twisted cylinder and a broken wheel."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

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"How's time, Billings ?"

"Good." "That so ?"

"Yes. I'm living better than I ever lived before.

PRAISE.

Perhaps men are more deficient in this exercise than anything thing else er is something we are impelled to by the very unbearableness of our circumstances at times, and always by our "Thank God." How surprised as well standpoint observe the stream of They were very tired and hungry thought and word that constantly flows as it would be, by the murmurings, the cursings, the lusts that fill so large a place in earth's daily life ? How small would be the proportion of that stream which consisted of the pure waters of love, thankfulness and praise, Yet who does not perceive, that in greater volume, a hundred fold, than the smoke that rises from the multiplied ares of of incense from praising hearts?

We do not esteem that friend very highly who brings us nothing but a never comes to say, "I enjoyed your last kind visit." 'Thank you for 'It is no use, we must let him go,' your gift, it helped me so much," but Mrs. Marchmont said; but before open- repeats the story of old woes, or dissorrow that has come into his life. It seems right and fitting to us that acings we have bestowed, and we place that nature low down in our estimation which can not perceive the obliga-

tion. There are such men with whom the law of life is, "Take all, give back little or nothing." And sad to say, the Chief Giver of the universe experiences just this treatment at the hands of yery many men and women. We are not deficient in prayer, after a certain fashion, but we are woefully deficient in thegrace of praise. It was Christians that they "ate their food with gladness and singleness of heart, spirit was present in every modern Christian breast. When shall we arrive at that point, in a Godly life, that there are many pretty railway stations the most common thought of the heart shall be, not, "It is too bad," or "It is a great pity," but "Praise God." That is what the heavenly mind will

But, some say, in order to praise we there is none which may be said to must have something to praise for, and supply both of these requirements. A how can a heart that is burdened fail housenear to it was advertised as an to utter a groan, rather than a word and laborious work. He looks as if he eligible summer residence, on both of that implies pleasure? Notice that in railway station, but also of the people of seeing only that which is pleasant, disagreeable. Now in exercising this and Deputy Warden Finley, whose rec-Railway plant is not very suggestive power, we are accustomed to close one ord is nearly as long. They never anhead-light and carries a long train." have closed, while you have opened off the line, but one does not often never felt rebuked when you have gone "A Western railroad company is seri- very morning the temporary disappointment of a shower had driven from "The Primogeniture Route," because your face its smiles, and from your heart the thought of praise.

Can the poor rheumatic sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," while you can walk, and run, and even dance, think you are too much afflicted to sing any song of joy ? Thus do oth. er people's sorrows shame us in our

fancied troubles. In this department of the Christian life, as in all other departments, we ought to be learners. Learn to praise! Why that ought to be spontaneous and absolutely free-hearted. Yes, it will be when you have planted the spring of praise deep in your nature and have learned to keep your heart's door of blessing always open. Do you teach the voice to sing, and can you not teach the heart the language of praise? In vain shall we attempt to please God perfectly while our devotions consist in a constant repetition, Grant, Lord-Grant, Lord,' while we forget to say, 'Thanks and praise unto log which was a little green and the soil thee for thy many mercies.' The characteristic of heaven as it is revealed to us is praise. Let us wake up to the fact how far we are from heaven, if

this is not the characteristic of our life. Whither are you going, brother ? If should be able to catch some of its per- in the trunk." fume on the breezes that come from its shores, and should have the heart to say, 'How glad I am for this refreshment !' To sing, 'Nearer to Thee' is one thing, to have the experience is quite another thing. Warbling is not always praising. We have many warblers, how many of them are praising hearts? Count that day a dark one, and an unworthy one, in which your thoughts have not mounted to the throne of God laden with the sweet in-

cense of praise. A True Picture.

The words quoted below were written 2450 years ago. Is there anyone who will read such an accurate description of man and say that the words are not inspired? With all the accumulated wisdom of modern times we do not believe that such a perfect picture of humanity could be drawn.

-"There is none upright among men; they all lie in wait for blood; they hunt every man his brother with a net.

* * * "The best of them is a briar: the most upright is sharper than a thorn hedge.

"Trust ye not in a friend; put ye not confidence in a guide; keep the doors of "He is more thoughtful than I,' she muttered as she turned aside. No boarders."—Arkansaw Traveler. thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom." THE TOMBS.

A Look into the Great Prison of the Metropolis.

What is called the Tombs consists of three prisons. The oldest one is the place where criminals of the most hardened sort are kept. It is a long, high, fixed his eyes so greedily upon the chil- felt wants. Non-praying men ejaculate narrow dungeon with four rows of cells, dren's rich clothes, that Fay uncon- a prayer often in their extremity; it is one above the other, and numbering 144 altogether. A box stands at the main entrance and an armed guard protangs was enough to send the man on- as grieved we should be, if we could tects it. Inside two other guides are ward, muttering vengeance against the for a little while, from a heavenly stationed. A winding staircase leads to the top of the building, connected with a platform at every floor which extends all around the tier of cells. The first floor is used entirely for maniacs and condemned persons. The right side has borne for many years the title of 'Murderers' Row.' Padded cells for persons afflicted with homicidal maniacs, a hospital cell where sick persons are treated, and a penitentiary cell for disciplinary cases occupy the rest of the floor. On the second tier criminals whose offenses are serious but not of the capital grade are kept. These are busy earth, should be the blessed cloud felons of all kinds. Above them are misdemeanants. When the old Tombs is full, it will hold 288 persons. Its usual census contains about 130 names, constant succession of complaints, who It is doubtful if a city prison could be conducted on a better or more humane principle than prevails here. The discipline is necessarily strict but not seyere. All the work is done by the convicts who are there for comparatively light offenses, usually ten-day prisoners. These are permitted to take the first 'help' at the tables and allowed to eat in comfort. As they could have no possible desire to run away, their term being short and the penalty of attempted escapes being severe, they roam about doing their work without much interference.

As in almost all prisons, so in the Tombs, there are persons wearing the prison garb who are not in actual confinement. I saw an old woman there who was arrested 20 years ago. She is now a confirmed rheumatic, all bent with age and pain and scarcely able to a prominent characteristic of the early get in and out of the invalid chair where her days and nights were spent. Her face has drawn tranquil and beneficent in its expression. Years ago she committed a great crime to save her husband from disgrace. The jury refused to convict her and disagreed. She stayed on in the Tombs, gradually securing the confidence of the keepers until she lost sight of her friends-or they lost sight of her. She made herself useful to the matrons and declares now rock separate her from freedom, are the happiest she has ever spent.

An old silver-headed man is there, too, whose step and bearing have not lost their dignity despite his suffering might be eighty years old, but the keeper told me that he was scarcely sixty. No one knows much about him now exbeen there thirty-six years, (and they say the Tombs is not a healthy place), they would not hurt the old man's feelings for the world. I heard, however, that he had killed a man at the behest of a human tigress many years ago. This old man was tried and convicted. He got a new trial and was reconvicted and got a reversal again. He has never since been tried and there he remains. sad, bowed, but still showing traces of his former grace and strength, sawing and cutting and driving nails, while his heart is being torn with the teeth of a relentless memory .- N. Y. Tribune.

True but Remarkable.

"Yes, I'm from Dakota," he said meekly, as he got into conversation with a man on an Eastern train. "Ah, is that so ? I am thinking of

going out there myself to invest in some farming land." "We have some very fine land." "So I understand, but are not some

of the stories they tell of its fertility exaggerated ?" "Why, my friend I am sorry to say some of them are downright untrutus." "That's what I thought. Now what is the most remarkable instance of the

fertility of Dakota soil which ever came under your observation ?" "Well I believe the case of my pump might go at the head of the list." "What was it ? "

"I dug a well about forty feet deep the first season I was there and put down a wooden pump. It happened it was made out of a small cottonwood at the bottom of that well, forty feet at the bottom of that well, forty feet from the surface, was so fertile that the from the surface, was so fertile that the frees. pump took root, and it also grew up and branched out, and now while my children play in a swing attached to one of the branches I pump water you are nearing a land of spices, you through the hole which still remains

Joys of Pisciculture.

A farmer in the western part of this county built a dam across a creek flowing through his land and made a lake of a piece of low ground. One day last fall, while skirting this lake, he came across a man who was seated on a log with three fish lines out, and he hailed him with:

"Hello, stranger, what are you do-"Fishing." was the brusque reply.

"What for ?" "For fish."

"Get any tites ?" "Not a one." "Do you know that this lake belongs

to me ?" "Yes " "And did anybody tell you that I went to Detroit and bought twentyfour bull-heads, and that all but one died on the way up here ?"

"Yes." "Then you know that there is only one solitary fish in this pond ?" "I do mister, and I'm going to have him before night if the pond doesn't freeze over and cyclones keep away. -Detroit Free Press.

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Traveling With Dead Men.

'Did you see the item in the papers about a man being found alive in a coffin on a baggage car ?' inquired a baggageman on the Rock Island road of a Chicago Herald writer. 'Well, I don't believe it is true. One of the most curious things about the handling of boxes containing corpses is that you are always thinking that you feel the body amoving. I've handled thousands of corpses in my time, and I could never get over that feeling. Many's the time it has taken all my courage and willpower to keep from jumping for a hatchet and going to work ripping a coflin box to pieces, 'cause it seemed just as if the man inside must be alive. I s'pose it comes from a sort of morbid fear that the corpse may be alive, which leads a man to imagining all sorts of things. I've handled boxes that appeared to me there was a live calf inside a-squirming around, or a great big snake moving backward and forward. You've looked at the bodies of dead men, haven't you, and imagined you could see their breasts heave as if they were breathing? Well, it is in that way that baggagemen think they feel the bodies moving inside the coffin cases. Let me tell you that it is no fun to ride all night in a car, through a wild section of country, with six or eight dead men as your only companions. Of course, we get used to it, and don't mind it so much after awhile, but human nature is human nature, and I venture to say that there's not a man in the business who wouldn't prefer live men to dead ones as traveling companions.'

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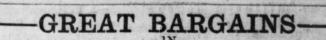
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