

RESIGNED.

There's not an hour of any day, Or day of any week, Or week of any passing month, But one dear name I speak;

ONE OF A THOUSAND.

BY LIZZIE VOSE.

Two pairs of striped legs, two pairs of brown fists, two curly heads, and all of these in a state of lively commotion.

Papa's voice was very tender, with an odd little quiver in it, as he seemed to notice for the first time how thin and pale the sweet face was.

Send for a doctor and Aunt Rachel, he commanded. Aunt Rachel was papa John's adopted mother who lived only a short distance from her foster son's house.

Believe me, Aunt Rachel, I never dreamed that Bessie was overdoing so, until you came to me about her to-day.

Here papa John's voice trembled, and he stopped suddenly and was quiet a long time. I think he was renewing a vow made long ago, when there were no childish eyes gazing into his.

Ben had been coaxed into sleeping, mamma had been in the kitchen, instead of taking the rest she so much needed.

But this troublesome day was done at last. The house was neat as wax and supper waiting in the cozy dining room.

Mamma gave a sigh of relief and glanced nervously at the twins who were still tumbling and scuffling in a most remarkable manner.

Yes, it is papa John, and his pleasant face soon appears at the door. He stoops hurriedly to kiss his boys, and for one moment he lays his face against his little daughter's rosy cheek.

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Mamma Bess opened her eyes wearily and smiled—such a pathetic, patient smile; then, before papa had any idea of what was going to happen, she just slipped out of the chair, baby Ben and all, in a little heap on the floor.

Then, indeed, all was confusion and hurrying. Baby Ben was bawling, screaming out of the room, and the frightened children stood speechless, while papa John lifted the slight form in his arms and laid it on the bed.

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About thirty-five years ago P. T. Barnum undertook to deliver a lecture at Oxford, England, before an audience composed chiefly of undergraduates.

LEMON PUDDING.—Grated rind and juice of one lemon, one cup of sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, one-half pint of sweet milk.

A Bungling Error.

Texas journals announced not long since that Sam Curtis, the genial and efficient general manager of the Texas Trans-Continental Railroad, had severed his connection with that company.

One morning the president of the company requested the presence of Sam in his private office. Sam complied, and found the old man to be in a state of mind, so to speak.

Mr. Curtis, I have something very important for you to attend to, something that will require the exercise of great discretion, said the president.

Well, I have been investigating the matter, and find that the engineer was entirely to blame. That's my impression, too.

Go to Lickskillet and see the widow at once and get her to compromise. Luckily, the matter has not yet got into the papers, and possibly the lawyers have not yet tampered with her.

Use all your persuasive powers to get her to compromise. Here is two thousand dollars in cash. If you can compromise the matter for that you will be entitled to the gratitude of the company.

Text day Sam Curtis knocked at the door of a frame house in the suburbs of Lickskillet. A sharp-faced woman of about fifty years of age appeared in response to the knock.

Good-morning, miss; I'd like to see your mother, Mrs. Grigsby, said Sam. My name is Mrs. Grigsby.

Impossible! It can't be that you, the girl as you is already married. The hard lines faded out of the woman's face and Sam was invited in.

My late husband! exclaimed the woman staring at him. I pulled and he tugged, but I kept the line coming all the time.

After some more talk Mrs. Grigsby signed the release. Sam paid over the money, and returned to the hotel in fine spirits.

What is it? asked Sam in astonishment. It's a citation in a damage suit for forty thousand dollars by the widow Grigsby.

Some mistake, I reckon. I've got a release of all claim for damages, signed by her less than ten minutes ago.

Grigsby, Eliza is the sister-in-law of Jane. She is married to the brother of this man your locomotive run over.

Oh, she's a sharp one. Jim Grigsby, the brother of Tom Grigsby, who was run over, married her up North some where.

Did she claim to be the widow of the late remains? No she didn't say so exactly, but I took it for granted that she was the widow.

An Adventure With Sharks.

It happened while a Boston Globe writer was paying a visit to a fisherman friend not long ago that the dangers outside of fishing itself came up.

I shall never forget the time when I was a hand in a small fishing vessel that tended the Boston market.

One evening two men that went in dory No. 3 brought the news that sharks were plenty and we had better ship to some other berth.

I was hauling the trawl at the time, and felt a sudden tug and yank that very nearly took me out of the bow of the dory.

I knew it was sharks in a minute and stopped hauling to see if they would show up. Suddenly there was a twitch and pull harder than ever.

After a long and hard drag I got him to the top of the water and found that he had taken two good hitches around his tail and was working hard to get clear.

The only thing we could do was to cut off his tail and let him go clear of the trawl, and my partner held on to one side of his tail while I used the knife.

We were within a quarter-mile of the vessel, and had succeeded in shaking off all but one of them.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Jan. 12.—News was received here to-day of the death of Beaumont, a little farming village in the wilds of Wyoming county.

Where he came from or what induced him to leave the world were never known; but many years ago he was discovered living with his two sons.

WOMAN'S RULING PASSION.—Passenger.—Conductor, conductor, can I speak with you? Conductor.—This is a long train, madam, and I'm very busy.

Fight With a Panther.

Mr. W. W. Taylor, of Elbert county, Colo., furnishes the following story of his engagement with a panther years ago.

I was sitting on a large oak log close to the bank of the river, when I heard a noise in the branches above me, and looking up I saw a sight that made my blood run cold in my veins.

When I returned to my senses I immediately began to skin it. It was the largest panther I ever saw.

It measured thirteen feet long from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail. I have kept the skin with me in all my hunting trips.

Pineapple for Diphtheria.

The Dread Disease Said to Have Been Cured by Using the Juice of the Fruit.

Recently the Chicago Tribune printed the important announcement that the juice of the pineapple is a cure for diphtheria, and asserted further that the fact is not new.

One man says he administered the juice to his seven-year-old boy, who was in great distress for breath.

In the application of pineapple juice for diphtheria, parents should, of course, consult the family physician.

His Last Degree.

A Clergyman Dies from Injuries Received While Undergoing Initiation.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., Jan. 13.—The Rev. J. W. Johnson, of the M. E. Church South of this city, has died.

During the ceremonies it seems it was necessary that he should descend a vault thirteen feet deep by means of a rope tackle suspended from the ceiling above.

The Coming Mechanic.

A Prophecy on the Result of Manual Training in the Schools.

The coming mechanic, says an exchange, bred in training schools, will be a very different man from the mechanic of the present.

Scientific American.—The coming mechanic, says an exchange, bred in training schools, will be a very different man from the mechanic of the present.

Four Children Suffocated.

ERIE, Pa., January 14.—To-night Mr. and Mrs. Carl Rogalski left their four children at home with Mrs. Rogalski's brother while they went to make a call.

Loaded With Deadly Drugs. All Sorts of Poisons for Cigars to Suit the Smoker.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the tobacco dealer, "but I haven't got another cigar of the brand you've been buying lately in stock.

"I'll tell you confidentially," said the dealer. "It's a solemn fact that about half the domestic cigars sold nowadays are drugged with one thing or another.

"New to me. What are they?" "I'll tell you confidentially," said the dealer. "It's a solemn fact that about half the domestic cigars sold nowadays are drugged with one thing or another.

"Are not these drugs expensive?" "Rather; but very little is required for each cigar, and the investment pays.

"Do you think of anything else that is put in cigars to make them more agreeable for smoking?" asked the reporter.

"No," said the tobaccoist. "Though now I come to think of it, small fire works are the very latest thing in cigars, of the sort one gives to one's friends.

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John C. Ballitt, the eminent lawyer of Philadelphia, has drawn the largest mortgage ever given in this country—the indenture of the Northern Pacific Railroad for \$100,000,000.