

OUT OF THE THROG.

Out of range of the daylight's glare,
Away from the maddening crowd;
Out on the prairie, bleak and bare,

HARRY VAN DEMARE.

THE ATAVISM OF ABIMELECH.

Abimelech Crummit, preacher of the word, pushed back his broad-brimmed hat as he turned in his wagon-seat to peer curiously through his shaggy grey eyebrows...

gotten son of Elihu and Keturah, was a mau of peace. He had seen his neighbors march, rifle on shoulder, to join Harrison at Tippecanoe; drafted during the dark days of the great rebellion, he had promptly furnished a substitute. With meekness and in silence he had many times heard his courage questioned—for he was a man of few words, save when the Spirit moved and the Friends' Meeting house rang with Abimelech's fervent prayers and quavering exhortations.

colony was filing through the gate of the dilapidated fence. Abimelech dropped the revolver into his pocket, removed his broad-brimmed hat, and stepped out into moonlight. The white hair that the breeze tossed about his head was little whiter than his face. Abimelech lifted up his hands.

nerveless hand of the fainting man upon the floor. He stooped, quickly, to seize it, his feet leaped upon him, and the struggling mass crashed to the floor. With a Titan's strength Abimelech rose to his knees and swung the weapon above his head. Then, as a column of blue coats and leveled bayonets came charging down the passage, something had struck Abimelech between his swimming eyes, and he pitched forward, a quivering mass of mighty bone and muscle, muttering in triumphant delirium between clenched teeth: "I rely on you!"

A MARCH MISTAKE

By Jeanne O. Loizeaux
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"Elsie, John Fielding is waiting for you downstairs."
Elsie looked up to see her mother in the door and dropped the warm cloak she was about to put on. She was a quiet, gentle girl, so unassuming that her dark prettiness was more unnoticed than it deserved to be.

SERIES OF SHIPWRECKS.

The most singular series of shipwrecks on record began with the loss of the English merchantman Mermald, which was driven on the rocks of Torres Strait in October, 1820. The officers and crew clung to the shattered vessel, which was held fast upon a sunken ledge, until, a few minutes before the doomed ship went to pieces, a passing frigate picked them up.

DEAD MEN'S SHOES.

"Dead men's shoes" is a common expression, but means much in many parts of the old world, where the boots of the dead are accorded much importance. In Scotland, in the northern parts of England, in Scandinavia, as well as in Hungary, Croatia and Roumania, the utmost care is taken among the lower classes that each corpse is provided with a pair of good shoes before being laid into the ground.

The girl touched his arm with her hand.
"You should go to her and have it out in words. There may be some mistake."
"Very well, John, come to me whenever you want to. We will talk and walk and you shall try to forget. I will not fail you."
March was gone and April had had her last day of grace. It was the evening before the May day. Elsie, happy hearted, was waiting on the porch in the twilight. John was to come. Now he nearly always came. They were going for another walk in the spring twilight to wander across the green hills and back along the roadways in the white moonlight.