

THE ANGEL SLEEP.

When the day is done and the shadows fall... Over the earth like a dusky pall...

AT MIDNIGHT.

The waiters watched his slightest movement and attended to his wants in a manner seldom witnessed. Was he not the richest American, or, at any rate, the most liberal, who had taken up his abode at the Langham this year?

"They will be safe here to-night; to-morrow I will take them to the lawyers," he said. Then, turning to his ward, he inquired, "How is Gelett, fair lady?"

All but Miss Dorothy away. "If you you are a good girl and go to sleep you shall talk to them all by and by."

A mystery to most people is what becomes of all the finery of fashionable ladies who spend \$5,000 a year in dressing. It is quite impossible to wear it all out, because of the frequency with which the styles succeed one another.

distance, with a light sledge, went at the rate of nineteen English miles an hour. In 1899, an officer with important dispatches was drawn 800 miles in forty-eight hours, but the poor animal dropped down dead at the end of its wonderful journey; its portrait it still preserve in the Drottningholm Palace, in Sweden.

On an icebox in a sample room in New York, partitioned off from a wholesale liquor store was a block of ice as clear as crystal, except a flaw in the center, fr-shaped, frosty and dazzling white.