BURLDING ON THE SAND.

hurried after her.

her in sight.

could be so moved.

with ten-fold force.

business take care of itself."

were a little like Marguerite's.

"What is it Ken?" said Jean.

law was fond of gay company.

went on to describe it.

"Dear little Jeanie," he said fondly,

"don't worry about me. I will rest

next Summer. We will go to some

quiet lake, where we can all keep cool

head?" he thought.

and serene.'

sort of thing."

But how?

he must be ill.

lofty.

his life.

before she entered, and as he did so she

turned her head and looked at him.

"Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed, For se the world hath done Since myrtice grew and roses blew, And moraing brought the sun. But have a care, ye young and fair. Be sure you pledge in truth; Be certain that your love will wear Beyond the days of youth! For if ye give not heart for heart, as hand for hand. You'il and you've played the unwise part And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have A goodly store of gold, And held enough of shining stuff, For charity is cold. But place not all your hopes and trust In what the deep mine brings; We cannot live on yellow dust Transied with purer things, And he who piles up wealth alone, Will often have to stand Beside the coffer chest, and own Tis "balt upon the sand."

"Tis good to speak in friendly guise And soothe where'er we can Fair speech should bind the human mind And love link man to man. But stop not at the gentle words; Let deeds with language dwell; The one who pities starving birds, Should scatter crumbs as well. The mercy that is warm and true Must lend a helping hand For these that talk and fail to do, But "baild upon the sand."

MARGUERITES.

On a rainy morning, at one of the art loan exhibitions for which New York is famous, a man stood before a beautiful painting. The darkness of the day rendered the well-lighted studio somewhat gloomy, but this picture was so placed as to catch every available ray, He had come at this hour to have it

to himself, for it was the chief attraction there, and all day long was surrounded by an eager throng

Kenneth King was not, however, an art critic, and he knew very little about painting. He was a tall, soldierly looking man, whose appearance gave at once the idea of strength and self-possession. His eyes were steady and true head. -houest eyes, such as win confidence

immediately. The painting, toward which his eyes were directed, merited the keen admiration which it daily elicited.

It was of a young girl standing in a field of daisies. Her hair was soft and golden; her mouth tender and lovable; but it was in her eyes that the charm chiefly lay. Large, clear, blue eyes, gazing catmly, yet wistfully, into the distance.

"Into the future," Kenneth thought. The wind seemed stirring her thin white dress and bending the heads of the daisies Her hands, clasped loosely before her, were filled with the pure. insocent flowers, but, unheeding them, she steed looking into-what?

There was a nameless fascination in the sife-like painting for Kenneth. He He had come, day after day, to unravel the mystery that it always possessed for him, but, as often, had to leave unsatisfied.

Her face, while fresh and young. gave him the impression of having had | inducement. the experience of a lifetime, and yet-

Each moment some new charm unfolded itself to his admiring eyes. The so often to find Marguerite herself, and plete simplicity of the whole seemed he had failed, and now that he had

a word sprang from the carriage and honor to call. We should be most grateful,"

Henri Rayne asking a man to call on It was Marguerite, the mythical sishim and his sister! Incredible! ter. All he could see of her was a long, Kenneth accepted the invitation and brown cloak, large hat and her sunny, his eyes sought Marguer.te's. Her gaze beaming hair. She moved with a gliding, swaying movement, peculiarly graceful and well adapted to her tall was bent on the floor, but the color was coming and going in her cheeks, After Kenneth had seen them to their carfigure. She walked rapidly, so much so

riage he returned for Jean. He found that Kenneth found it difficult to keep her surrounded by a group of admiring friends, as usual. for Mrs. McDonald The crowd gradually diminished, and was a very fascinating woman, and soon she turned abrubtly into a side street and stopped before a studio. society recognized the fact, Kenneth quickened his steps to pass her She rose at seeing Kenneth.

"Poor Ken," she said lightly, "have I stayed the long? I completly forgot

That haunting, pathetic tender gaze, my promise." He smiled. which had followed kim all the Winter, "No, Jean," he said gently. How he which had followed him all the Winter, loved her! He felt his heart go out to cry, he bent over her. It was Marwas bent on him at last. His whole being was stirred to its innermost her as never before. And it was from depths, and the sensation was so new loving Marguerite, beautiful Marguerthat it startled him to find that he ite.

"Kenneth" said Jean when they were in the carriage, speeding homeward, "I He was not the man to be so fascinamet the artist who painted that lovely ted by every attractive face; he had picture that we so admired at the Art passed unscathed through years of what Loan Exhibition, last Winter. I shall the world calls society life, and was still heart-whole. His nature was too earhave him paint my portrait."

nest and intense to be easily shaken. "M. Rayne?" said Kenneth; "he said and he could be summed up, as few he met you. I was introduced to his can, in the one word-strong. His sister, who is the original of that pic-aims were high, and his aspirations ture." Kenneth King had not wasted

"Were you? Was she the one in dark blue velvet, whom I saw you with?" "Yes, Jean. She is beautiful, I He walked until exhaustion had comthink."

pelled him to stop. All his eager desire, "I wish I had met her," said Jean, which had so ardently taken hold of musingly, regarding her brother closely, him in the early Winter, to know the but in the darkness she could see nothoriginal of the painting, was upon him, ing.

Mrs. McDonald gave M. Rayne daily sittings, and Kenneth sometimes went He was so preoccupied with this un. with her. Had he followed his inclinasolved problem, that his sister thought tions, he would have spent every available moment with the artist and his "You ought to rest, dear," she said, sister. He would have had his own one evening some time later, as he sat portrait painted, and taken it upon in the semi darkness just before the dinimself, to see that every moment of ner hour. "You are working too hard, the artist's time was filled; but he feared Kenneth. Go out more and let your to startle Marguerite by too much vehemence.

She was standing behind his chair, He was almost surprised to find how with her cool, soft band on his foreshe filled his thoughts. Her influence ennobled him, and made him long to be "My poor boy," she said gently as she worthy of her pure love, and should he noted his tired aspect, and as he looked be so fortunate as to win it. He would up at her it seemed to him that her eyes leave her presence sometimes with almost relief to be in the open air. His "Would Marguerite ever stand begreat love overwhelmed him. side him and lay her hand on his tired

As for the girl herself, with her French ideas of propriety, her brother's treatment of this man was a revelation. That he should ask Kenneth to call was strange enough, and, not only that, he sometimes left them alone for a few minutes.

Henri Payne knew the ring of true "You need something more than metal.

keeping cool and serene, Kenneth. Go She was unused to society and natu out more into society. Come with me rally reserved; but Kenneth's calm to-night. Henry does not care for that steadfastness led her to trust in him implicitly. Marguerite knew he loved "What sort of thing, Jean?" asked her. She recognized it in the evening Kenneth, for he knew his brother-inhe met her, and now she was almost terrified to discover the intensity of her "This reception at Mrs. General Sloown love and absolute trust in him. cum's; an artist's reception;" and she She wondered at herselt, yet felt no fear, Her nature was quick to seek the good "You need only meet the pleasant in everything, and she intuitively felt ones, Kenneth," she said at last, as an that Kenneth's love for her was no ordinary affection, and that in it there ". What if Marguerite's brother should was no flaw. be there!" he thought. He had tried

Thus the Spring passed and the Summer came. Jean and the children went Hoosier! Robart, you hurry up and to the mountains, but Kenneth followed paint big saign which reads dait no are situated on the first floor. It meed she jis thought it was a burn' shame the Raynes to the seashore. It was no popular resort, but a charming and moref rather quiet retreat known only to a

Kenneth strained his eyes to see the white sails of the boat that held all that was dear to him. But he watched in vain. Each moment the gale grew

more furious. He was nearly maddened by suspen Why had he not gone with her? He tramped restlessly up and down, battling fiercely with the wind. Suddenly a strange calm stole over

him. He felt the mysterious presence of the angel of death. Its icy breath touched his cheek. Then his eyes caught sight of a dark

object flung high on the beach. He approached it with painful slowness. His very heart was numb. There on the sand lay a slender shape,

with long shining hair. With a great guerlte, with the daises in her bosom.

In a French Restaurant.

If you visit New Orleans this spring and happen into any of the French restaurants on Canal street, look out for a number of chimneys, where the whole sign reading: "No Hoosiers wanted in here.

My Hoosier friend was bound and determined to try one of those French restaurants. His mouth had watered all the way down, and he had licked his chops from the depot to Canal street. When he was finally seated he ordered an oyster stew and a cup of coffee, and with the bread and butter furnished free made out a satisfactory 65 cent lunch. He was charmed and gratified, and during the afternoon he probably sent one hundred strangers to that restaurant.

At supper time he called for the same things, and before he had finished eat ing the waiter brought him a cigar and a match on a server.

"Egad!" chuckled the Hoosier, "but this is munificence! This is treating a man white, and I kin lick anybody who says a word agin a French restaurant!"

'When he went over to the desk to was ninety cents.

"Why, you only charged me sixtyfive at noon," replied Indiana.

"Yes, but a cigar is 25 cents!" "And you didn't give it to me!"

"No sir."

"Twenty-five cents. I'll see you hanged first!"

Hoosier threw the cigar down and the cashier threw it back, and by and by it was broken. Then the "jaw" increased and the riot grew more bloodthirsty

"I send for zee po-lecel" yelled the cashier "Send and be durned!" yelled the

Hoosier as he took a seat. "You lake to-to play zee daid beat, eh!" howled the cashier.

"Dead beat! You old highway robber, don't call me such names as that!" The police didn't come, but every. body in the room gathered around, and at last, finding the place filling up with everything it contains bears due proa curious crowd, the cashier gave in and took 65 cents in settlement.

"Now whare you from?" he asked as he pocketed the money.

nobodyl'

Bismarck's Home.

There is scarcely anything remarkable in the Chancellor's house at Friedrichsruhe except its absolute plainness. Jewish plutocracy may gloat in displaying gorgeous tapestry and rare bric-abrac, but Bismarck, after all, is only a poor man. His state appointment is not worth over 3,000 pounds sterling; Schonhausen is valueless: Varzin does not yield much, and the estate of Friedrichsruhe, although estimated at 150,000 pounds sterling, brings at the most 5,simplest description, why his art treasures consists of comparatively worthless photographs and paintings of his Cardinal Hohenlohe, of Thiers, of Beaconsfield, of Friedrichsruhe itself. Yet there are several objects of luxury and ease, and others of decidedly historic importance. There is the rich carpet, extending through hall and rooms; the winter through fires burn perpetually, and an abundance of couches, sometimes two or three in one room. On the chimney-pieces are a bronze bust of wreath, a plaster cast of Charlemagne, and a small copy of Schluter's Great Elector. The dining-room is adorned with the bronze statue of the Emperor. particular mention is due to the bronze stands on a fine oak cupboard in the ole Nodget he-mam?" smoking-room. A leaflet is attached to it with the following words, written by der?"

the Emperor himself: Christmas, 1883; able to attend-W.

Not less interesting as a historical curiosity is a small card table in the prince's study. When folded up it presents on the top board a little inlaid pay his bill the cashier replied that it brass plate, bearing the inscription: an' put on her bonnet an' went around 'On this table the preliminary peace to all our neighbors an'-mam?" between Germany and France was signed the 20th of February, 1861, at Versailles, Rue de Provence, No. 16." When opened there appears the central round of green cloth with the very can-Favre put their names under the treaty. It wanted a good deal of diplomacy on the part of the Chancellor to possess de Provence obstinately refused to part with it for any consideration of money an' her'n ma they jis had it up an' until the prince at last called in a cabi- down, an'-mam?" net maker, ordering him to make another table exactly similar to that one. When the twins were put side by side the landlady of course decided in favor of the better-looking of the two and allowed Bismarck to carry off the original one.

The prince's own room is not only one of the largest in the house, but portion to the size of its inmate-the Thompson." gigantic mahogany writing table, the huge inkstand, the militia of immense goose quills and large pencils. Even "Indiana, and don't you forget it! the far stretching view from the win-I'm a Hoosier, and I don't knuckle to dow is in harmony with the discursive mind of the man who is reclining on me?"

"A Hoosier! I remember dait! A one of the couches, while giving ample

The Dog Howl,

"Is your mother at home, bub?" inquired a lady as she walked up to a house and found a small boy with an old campaign hat on, sitting on the steps and shooting pebbles at a dog over the way with a rubber-constructed Gatling gun of his own manufacture.

"No'um she's jist gone to the grocery to git some codfish for dinner," replied the boy, punctuating his remarks with snuffles, "'coz this haint our day for meat. We only has it twicet 000 pounds sterling. It is true that this a week now, coz she's saving up some is no reason why his walls should be money to buy a new cloak that'll jist whitewashed, why his furniture is of the more'n take the tuck out 'o Miss Bailem's; for you see, ma she jist can't bear Miss Bailem, and it most kills her to see her come out with a good stitch on, daughter and his sons, of Moltke, of an' every time she does git anything new why ma she takes on jis awful an says she wonders what Miss Bailem pawned this time to buy it with, and then she begins to cut us light on grub until she kin collar sumpin that'll make Miss Bailem slam her door when she walks along, an'-mam?"

"Don't hit that poor dog, bus. You hurt him then, real bad. Don't you know that's wrong?"

"No'um, ma says tain't. You see Moltke, crowned with a huge laurel that's Miss Nodget's dog, and ma is jist down on her, ob, awful. You see, Miss Nodget has owed her three drawin's o' tea for more'n two months, an' she'd a had our skillet yet if ma hadn't given by him to Bismarck in 1881. But sent me after it, and then she'd broket a piece off 'n the handle, an' her man an' imitation of the Neiderwald, which pa don't jibe on politics nowhow, an'

"Isn't that your mother coming yon-

"No'um. Why, that's ole Miss Simthe crowning stone of your policy; a mons. She lives in that yaller house festival which was destined chiefly for over yonder, an' ma she jis hates her a you, and which you unhappily were not blame sight worse'n she does Miss Bailem, coz, you see, when ma went to Ingeanny last summer to see her brother what was goin' to be hung, why, ole Miss Simmons somehow she found it out, an' she jist got right up

> "Which grocery did your mother go to? Rogers'?"

"No'um. You see, we used to git all our things at Rogers', but finally he jis got so he wanted the cash down every dlespots of yore, when Bismarck and time, un' ma she jis got mad, an' said she would not have nuthin' more to do with no man what gives thumb weight, an' palms off all his ole spilt stuff on himself of it. His landlady of the Rue her, an' then ole Miss Rogers she heerd about it, an' she jis come right over

"Did your mother say she was coming right back?"

"No'um. She said maybe she might jis stop a few minutes and see Miss Nickup, coz she's got a baby what's got the measles jis awful, an' her man has been jis billin' drunk for a week, an'mam?"

"Will you tell her I've been here? I can't wait any longer. I'm Mrs.

"Yes'um. Oh, yes, you're the wo man, what ma was talkin' about Wednesday. I 'member it coz that was our day for meat, an'-mam?"

"Did she say anything good about

"No'um. She jis said you put on a scarcely be added that they are distin- that you was going to marry that ole cross-eyed codger with a cork leg, coz guished by comfort, ease and luxury from the Spartan nakedness of the rest he had money, 'thout gettin' no divorce of the house. It bodes peace and friend- from the red-headed hoss-thief that -mam?" "Tell your mother she's a good-noth-Here ing gad-about, and she'd better stay at ome and keep her tongue in her head or it'll poison her. I never want to put eyes on her again. Will you tell ber that?"

to suggest the fair young life of the girl, and the painter had shown his genius in even the name of the picture-"Marguerites,"

Eager voices disturbed his reverie, and with surprise he saw the usual fashionable throng, only slightly lessened, around him. The dismal rain has not kept them away from the wonderful picture, which had roused all art-lovers | said. to enthusiasm.

"The young artist's reputation, as well as fortune is made," he heard one lady say to another. "I hear of numbers who are going to have him paint their portraits.

"If he has been offered such a fabulous sum for this picture, why will he not part with it?" said the other.

"His story is quite romantic, as I heard it. This is a portrait of his sis- an interest in it. ter, Marguerite, a French name you perceive, and I am told that they are of French parentage. They are orphans, and wretchedly poor, but the brother's one worship is for this beautiful sister, warm to her, She is his idol, and he guards her jeal- this direction. ously from the gaze of the world, and painted her merely as a labor of love. have it brought here, only after a great deal of persuasion, This is the story as it was told to me, but it is almost too romantic to believe.

"Whether it be true or not, it is very pathetic."

Hedged in as he was, Kenneth could not but hear the conversation; but he made his way out as soon as he could.

The wistful eyes followed him, and it seemed as if a mute appeal lingered in their dark blue depths. They looked out from the pages of his ponderous ledgers; they followed him home that evening, and in the darkness of the night he saw them in his dreams.

Days passed, and each morning saw Kenneth before the painting, drinking in its marvelous loveliness.

Then the exhibition closed, and he saw it no more. He sought the paint-er's studio, but found that, too, closed.

was anxions to discover if the rumor as to the original were true or not.

But he could divest himself of the idea that there was a Marguerite, as sweet and as true as her portrait. Her depriving the world of this loveliness; wonderful eyes followed him daily, and he had a fancy that they belonged to his guardian angel who watched over him,

When Winter came, and artists returned to their accustomed places once more, Kenneth haunted art rooms, private exhibitions and painter's studios, in the vain hope of once more seeing "Marguerites," but it had disappeared utterly, completely.

Still be waited.

ter Jean and her children. The soft pliment, M. Rayne. Spring weather seemed doubly pleasant Marguerite smiled after the long ice-bound Winter, and the streets were thronged. James drove pleased. slowly, but finally stopped until the rnsh had somewhat ceased.

Jean leaned back languidly and watched the hurrying pedestrians. "Look, Kenneth," she said, "at that

girl's beautiful hair. It is as golden as the sup."

found her he must now know her brother. "I will try it to-night, Jean," he said.

Very stylish and elegant was Jean McDohald, when she came down arrayed for the reception, and Kenneth felt a thrill of pride as he led her to the car-"I will not keep you here late," she

When they entered the brilliantly lighted parlors Mrs. Slocum met them

with great cordiality. "Dear Mrs. McDonald; so glad to see you! And Mr. King? Why, I am delighted; you have been neglecting us

late y.' It was not a moment before Kenneth found himself in his old place in the fashionable world. He began to take

There were numbers of artists of note and some poor painters present, in the latter of whom Mrs. Slocum took special interest. Kenneth felt his heart warm to her, as he noted her efforts in

Suddenly his attention was arrested by a gleam of golden hair, and, hasten-But it was seen, and he was induced to ing through the throng, he saw his beautiful Marguerite.

It was but a moment's work to seek his hostess. "Who, the lovely blonde in dark blue

velvet? Certainly. It is Mile, Rayne, ne of my proteges." Kenneth could not believe his senses

when he found himself by the side of Marguerite. He had waited so long and patiently, and now his ambition was realized.

Her quaintly turned sentences and slightly foreign accent proclaimed at once her French descent.

To Kenneth the music of her voice was more potent and lasting in its charm than the sweetest notes of a eloquent and fascinating than another woman's most brilliant conversation. guerite."

He gave himself up to the intoxication His disappointment was great, for he of her presence completely. He found her very quiet, almost shy,

but her brother's seclusion of her ex-

plained that. One moment Kenneth would be almost angry with him for the next profoundly grateful that she had been so shielded. It seemed to him that he had been there but a moment, when he heard a young man

at Marguerite's side say: "Ma soeur, are you ready to leave?" And she assented and introduced her brother to Kenneth.

"I have met your most charming sister, Mr. King," said M. Rayne. "Indeed, Jean-Mrs. McDonald? 1

One day he was driving with his sis am glad of that. I can return the com-

Marguerite smiled her slow lingering smile in answer, and the artist looked

Kenneth possessed a singularly winning manner, and when he chose to exert himself could be most entertaining. He was roused indeed to-night, and the

young painter was fascinated and talked | it went down. imation. When he rose to go with

he said: Kenneth gave one look, and without . I hope Monsieur will do us the

He was a little anxious at the turn of affairs just here. He had obtained permission of Henri to win Marguerites's love, but the girl herself changed. She avoided him and sought opportunities to leave him when he came up to her.

Could it be possible that she did not love him and was taking this mode of making him understand?

He would wait no longer, he decided; he could not school himself to patience with this horrible doubt in his mind. He wondered as to when Fate would grant a favorable opportunity for him to tell his love, for here he was almost

He had sent her flowers numberless times in the city, and, learning her taste, had sent her namesakes, marguerites. She placed them artistically around the rooms, but never wore them.

"Why do you never wear my flowers?" he said to her once. "Wear some uow." And she had silently taken one daisy, and fastened it in her hair. He would like to have seen her wearing them, his gifts to her, but he had never questioned her acts.

One morning Marguerite was going to sail. The sky was blue and fair, and not a cloud to be seen. Kenneth saw her waiting for Henri, and went to her at once.

Never had she looked so beautiful. Her sailor dress of dark blue contrasted strikingly with her golden hair, and the purple shadows were deep around her brilliant eyes. He told his story in his own straightforward way, but warded fine personal appearance. He was tall

off her reply. "Do not tell me now, dear," he whispered, "wait until you come back. If prima donna-her luminous eyes with my answer be 'no,' I can read it in your the purple shadows under them, more eyes, and if it be 'yes,' wear these daisies. I shall be waiting for you, Mar-

He watched her sail away with his flowers in her hand, and something in her eyes told him what her answer would be

He wrote a long letter to Jean, and at the close said, "When I come home defined fully six feet and was finely proportionif I bring Marguerite, shall you be glad, Jeannie?" That was all; he could not trust himself to write more.

He looked out. The sky was black a leonine cast, while his clear, gray and overcast. The waves were already eyes were radiant with power. He was crested with angry foam, and the wind was sweeping wildly up from the sea. All at once his heart stood still. He

seemed to read his awful fate as from a written page.

A great crowd gathered on the beach to try and succor the frail boats that had sailed away so gaily but a short time before. Anxious faces watched the waves grow higher as the wind increased in fury.

Presently a rowboat came in sight; it drew nearer and nearer, and hope was strong within them that it would come safe to land. But even as they looked

A wail of anguish arose from the shore. Who was it? Had loved ones perished before their very game.

Hoosier was wanted in my plaice no

gest "Woodman, Spare that Tree.

"And now," remarked Indiana as he backed out, "French restaurant, a long farewell! Good-bye old robber! ship to the state whose representative is invited to Fredericksruhe. can't hurt ye here, but let me catch you up in Indiana and I'll lick ye limp-Bismarck puts out the torch of hatred: for the host's duty he considers to be to sy if I have to mortgage my cider mill to pay the fine!" cultivate under his own roof amity and good understanding.

Noted Men.

N. P. Willis always looked as though The other day a merchant traveler operating for a Philadelphia shoe firm he had just stepped out of a handbox. boarded a train on the Alton road at Joliet, and was soon attracted by the charming face of a sucker lass, who got on at Pontiac. He thought he saw that she was a sweet, innocent young thing, who had never been around any, and he wended his way to where she sat, and insinuated himself into her society. countenauce, which would hardly sug-

"It is a very stormy day, miss," said the merchant traveler.

Not So Very Green.

Poe was rather under size and dressed "Is that so?" she asked, with a great in good taste for one so wretchedly poor. His face had a sad, dreamy, inshow of interest. Here, indeed, was a sweet example of rustic innocence. tellectual look, which would at once rivet attention. Longfellow was a man Storming like all the furies, and had of indifferent appearance. Before he been for nine consecutive hours, and became gray he was a blonde, and the yet she seemed to know nothing about

> "Poor, credulous, simple thing," he thought, "she'll be madly in love with me in fifteen minutes,"

"Going far?" he inquired.

"How sweet and childish," thought

"How far are you going?" he asked. "Oh, away off." "To St. Louis?"

"My, yes, and further than that."

"I'm awful glad. I'll have your company a good while, then," said he. and I know we shall be great friends. "I hope so," she replied. "You have beaus, don't you?" the

drummer suddenly asked.

"No; I used to have, but-"" "Ahl never mind. I'll be your beau on this trip. Now, tell me your name,

"Matilda - Matilda Haw-well, it used to Hawkins, but it is Jordan now. "What! You are not married?"

"No! I poisoned my fifth husband the other day, and you, oh, you look so sweet. You look as if strychnine would make such a beautiful corpse of Come, now, won't you marry youl

The drummer excused himself, and the jolly Pontiac girl and her beau, who sat behind, pretending to be asleep, laughed all the way to Bloomington.

Manners must adorn knowledge and smooth its way through the world. Like a great rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet by way of curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value.

A mountain explorer just returned from Asia states that during a four months residence at a height of more No man can go into bad company without suffering for it. The homely old proverb has it very terlsey: "A man can't bite the bottom out of a fryingpan without smutting his nose." than 15,000 feet above theses, his pulse,

"Yes'um" replied the boy, as he fixed another stone in the sling and getready to make the dog howl, too.

After the Whale.

Mineral oils have now supplanted train oils for many puposes, and the perpetual hunting has now diminished the numbers as well as the size of the whales, no animal having a chance to attain its full dimensions before it is harpooned. Often, nowadays, a whaing ship returns "clean," i. c., without having captured a single whale, so that, what with the lessened prices and the diminished numbers and dimensions of the animals, whaling has become almost a lottery instead of a solid investment of capital, and few shipowners care to run such a risk. Furnished with its wonderful bony sieve, the Greenland whale has no difficulty in procuring its food. With mouth more or less open it swims backwarn and forward through the shoals of the Clio, which mostly are found near the surface. The water escapes freely between the horny plates and lining fringe, while the ani-mals are detained within the foliage. When it wishes to swallow the prev which it has caught it employs its tongue, which is not less remarkable than the rest of the whale's structure. The tongue is not free except at the base, as with mammals generally, so that is impossible for the animal to protrude its tongue from its mouth. The tongue is fixed by nearly all its edge, so that it can only be protruded upward. I once had an opportunity of examining the tongue of a small baleen whale which can be cast ashore. It was of great size, smooth on the surface, and I could not help thinking that it was very like a soft, well stuffed pin-cushion. pressed upon the centre with my fingers and I found that a pit was formed which rapidly filled with oil. Then I took a hammer and pressed the head of it upon the tongue. The pit formed by the pressure became deeper and larger, and filled so fast with o'l that not only was the whole of the hammer subm ged in the oil, but my wrist also.

On rising in the morning always put on the shoes and stockings the first thing. Never walk about in your bare feet, or stand on oilcloth. Even in summer time this is a dangerous and unhealthy thing.

While our country is supposed to be nearly free from earthquakes no less than 364 shocks were recorded in the United States and Canada in the twelve years ending with 1883. This is an average of about one in every twelve

most striking feature was his nose, which was altogether too prominent for beauty. When I first saw him his face. was clean-shaven, and this rendered the nasal organ the more conspl "Oh, an awful long way!" think that he afterward wore full beard and moustache in order to give the rest the gripsack man. of his face more fullness and thus reduce the nose to reasonable proportions. Bayard Taylor was a man of very

and well shaped, and his countenance was marked by power. He too had a prominent nose, but it was one which gave dignity and strength to his face. Edward Everett was a man of unusually fine appearance, and this added much to his admirable oratory. James Fenimore Cooper, however, bore the palm among the literati of his day, and, in fact, of any other day. It is doubt-ful if the world of letters ever contain-

His movements were easy and had ed. that air which belongs to naval service, in which he passed his early years. His It was getting so dark :- what was it? | head was large, and his features were of one of that class of authors whose personal appearance was superior to their writings. I saw him once plead in court, the case being one his libel suits, and the impression became at one in-

and the impression became at one in-delible. Those libel suits, like libel suits in general, were a great blunder, but they certainly developed a surpris-ing gift of eloquence. Cooper, indeed, was the only American author whose oratory excelled his books.

Health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other.

He was of light build and stood about five feet nine. He dressed in the best taste and his countenance, though deficientin manly dignity, was so pretty that he was a great favorite with the ladies. His partner, George P. Morris, who once was so popular as a song wri-ter, was a short, stout man, with a dull