

THE FELON'S GRAVE.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

His is no finely sculptured tomb As gorgeous as a throne; He sleeps within the prison gloom Beneath a nameless stone; No dew-drops from the starry skies Weep the departed brave; Where, in the chill cold ground it lies, The Irish felon's grave.

HER PROMISE.

Old Abner Marsden moved uneasily in his big arm-chair. "Seems to me Luce is a mighty long time getting that water," he muttered, as he rose and hobbled to the end of the cottage porch. He put aside the vines that screened the view and looked down toward the lower end of the garden, where a cool spring gurgled up from the earth. "Well, if she ain't talkin' agin with that pauper, Ang Howland," growled the old man. "Luce! say, Luce, I want you!" he called.

and carefully opening it, pointed out by the bright moonlight, which broke through the trees, the Eldorado of his hopes and ambition. "That valley is mine," said he, "and I am going there and plant trees." "Luce!" called old Marsden from the house, "where are you?" "Here I am, father," Lucia replied. "Well, it seems to me that you are a long time gone," cried the old man, "but come to the house, for young Hinton is here and wants to see you."

The next morning old Marsden said to his daughter with an inquisitive look, "Young Hinton didn't stay long last night, did he?" "No," answered Lucia; "not very long." "Did he ask you to have him?" added the old man. "Yes, father, he did," answered Lucia, "but I told him I couldn't."

One day her father called her to him. He was unable to get out of the house now, but lay propped up in his chair all day with his eyes closed, a very unhappy old man. "Luce," said he, "I'll make short work of it. The last investment I made I staked all and I lost. It was the first time, Luce, and your father has had many a bargain in his day, but this time he has outdone them all. In a month from now we won't have a house to cover our heads. I hoped this sickness might hurry me off, but I see it's going to give me time, and I'll have to go to the poor-house, Luce, unless," and the old man looked at her pitifully, "unless you save your old dad."

"I'll work for you!" cried Lucia. "You shall never go to the poor-house." And she was more tender in the care of her father after that. One day as she stood near her favorite bed of flowers sadly thinking how soon she would have to leave them, a voice broke the silence of her meditations: "I beg your pardon, but your flowers look very pretty and I had to stop to admire them," and looking up Lucia saw a tall, well-dressed gentleman standing at the garden gate. "I raise a great many flowers myself," said the gentleman, "and I always take an interest in them, but I live in a flower country where they grow much more luxuriantly than here."

ang going. You are a good boy, Ang, and will make her happy," and his eyes closed forever.—[Chicago News.

SUNDAY ON A MAN-O-WAR.

Inspection and General Muster the Haze of a Sailor's Existence.

To the average American bluejacket the function known as Sunday inspection and general muster is a specimen of elaborate nonsense that overtops all others. On board a commissioned man-of-war it takes place fifty-two times a year, and takes precedence over everything else short of shipwreck, fire, or some other disaster. The preparations that are made for it would lead an observer who is not familiar with the ways of war vessels to think that it was a sort of state affair that happened once in a hundred years. They are begun Friday night, when grease spots and stains on the deck are coated with lime to render them more susceptible to the influence of the holystone.

Saturday morning all hands are called at early daylight and set to scrubbing and holystoning the decks. When the decks are white and clean, other wood-work, together with ladders, ramrods, handspikes, etc., is attacked and scrubbed into an immaculate whiteness. After breakfast attention is given to the brasswork of the deck and battery, and both are polished until they are as bright as cleaning gear can make them. The day is generally occupied in touching up spots with fresh paint where the old has been worn off, and coating cables, bits, and ringbolts with coal tar. With the exception of the holystoning the decks, the same performance is gone through with Sunday morning. After breakfast the crew array themselves in their best suits of mustering clothes, the marines put an extra coat of pipe clay on their helmets and belts, and everybody hides everything that belongs to him somewhere out of sight. Woo betide the luckless person who leaves any part of his property lying around. It is promptly confiscated by the sailor's natural enemy, the master at arms, and the owner is reported for the offence.

The Fish Industry.

Everybody knows that fishing is one of the important industries of towns on the coast, but it is a question if any one has a definite idea of what a bountiful mother the sea is to us. The Dominion of Canada is particularly noted for its great fisheries, and the value of the fish drawn from the waters of its coast in one year is about \$12,000,000. This does not include fish taken from the waters of British Columbia, Manitoba or the Northwest. If these be added nearly \$30,000,000 will be the total. Another \$30,000,000 will represent the trade done in this country. In these figures the yields from all branches of fisheries are given. Splitting it up into items the largest we have is the cod, the yearly yield being about \$6,000,000. Nova Scotia alone secures \$2,500,000 of this and \$1,500,000 worth of mackerel. The cod is as far ahead of mackerel as that fish is ahead of all the others. The cod is an inhabitant of the temperate zone. He is found in great abundance off the Cape of Good Hope, where he sables freely at the baited hook dropped from the sides of ships by sailors becalmed on their way home from the East Indies. He also exists in Australian waters, but his chief home are the Banks of Cape Breton shore and some portions of the Bay of Fundy. He is not particular about the bottom.

French Frugality.

The French people are noted for their frugality and their systematic saving of money. It was from the remarkable accumulations of the mass of the citizens chiefly that the French Government derived the means to pay off the enormous German war indemnity and that the great sums squandered on the Panama Canal were taken. Although the savings of the French are very great, they do not compare in proportion to the population with those of Massachusetts. France has enjoyed a condition of peace and prosperity since the year 1871, yet the sums deposited in the savings banks, municipal and national in 1891, amounted to only \$720,000,000. In Massachusetts, in 1892, the amount deposited in savings banks was \$528,541,076, while there was \$14,620,375 additional held by co-operative banks. The population of France is between 30,000,000 and 35,000,000, while that of Massachusetts is only about 2,360,000. These figures present a very striking contrast as to the prosperity of the two countries.—[Boston Journal.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT CRIED. Once the Little Girl that Cried, Looking through her tears, espied Lovely notes of colored light In the fringes of her eye— Just as when the weather clears, And the clouds are put to flight, There's a rainbow in the sky. And the Little Girl that Cried, When she saw this lovely sight,— This fine rainbow in her tears,— Would forget the reason why She had thought it best to cry. —Edith M. Thomas, in St. Nicholas.

LORD MACAULEY AS A LITTLE BOY.

Lord Macauley, whose history of England you will some day read, if you have not already read portions of it, and whose essays are interesting to everybody, was a very bright child. When he was still very young he showed that he had as fine a collection of words in his vocabulary as many a grown man. One day when little Tom Macauley, whose full name was Thomas Babington Macauley, had been specially prompt in his lessons, his father took him to an afternoon reception. Tom was five years old, but he was delighted to go, and looked forward with joy to the good things which he would have to eat. No sooner had he entered the door, however, than a waiter stumbled over him and upset a plate full of hot soup upon the poor little fellow's legs. Smarting with pain though he was, the little hero would not mar the pleasure of the occasion by crying. His kind-hearted hostess gave him some candies and sweet cakes, and took him on her lap. "Are you better, Tom," she asked, a few minutes later. "I thank you, madam, the agony is abated," replied the little five-year-old, with a bow. And that was the way the great Macauley talked when he was still in knickerbockers.—[St. Louis Star Sayings.

SOME WONDERFUL HUNTING STORIES.

The tales that are told by sportsmen after they have returned from the pursuit of game are often almost wonderful to be true, and yet it is difficult when listening to the good fellows who narrate them to believe that there is any intention on the hunters' part to deceive. One of the most marvellous stories of the hunting-field of late comes from Paris, and is as follows: A hunter, a resident of a small town in the south of France, who had spent a considerable part of the day in an unsuccessful quest for game, and had dislaced his shotgun many times without result, caught sight, on his way home, of a superb pigeon well up in an oak-tree which grew on a very steep hill-side. The hunter's gun was charged with powder, but he was entirely out of shot. In this emergency, and resolving firmly that he would have the pigeon, he sat down on the ground, took out his pocket-knife, and with it pulled several nails out of the soles of his shoes. With these he loaded his gun. The pigeon sat in his place. The hunter aimed, fired, and the oak tree with the shoe nails. The hunter was almost in despair, seeing the game fastened apparently beyond his reach. But he climbed the tree, ascended with difficulty to the place where the pigeon hung, and had just taken the bird off, when he lost his footing and fell through the air.

As chance would have it, the hunter landed in the midst of a hare's nest. He began to roll rapidly down the steep and slippery hill-side; but before he did so he seized a hare firmly by the hind legs. Then rolling forward, he slid plump into a covey of partridges, and striking about him with the hare, he succeeded in killing in this manner several of the birds. He then picked himself up, and took himself homeward with his pigeon, his hare, and his partridges, well satisfied with the results of his day's sport. This is almost as wonderful, really, as that old story of Baron Munchausen, who, when hunting for deer upon one occasion, encountered a magnificent animal, but, like the Frenchman above, found himself without shot. Speedily gathering together a handful of cherry stones, he loaded his gun with them, and fired at the deer, hitting him squarely between the eyes, not killing him, however. The deer managed to escape, but some time later the Baron encountered him again, and was surprised to see a beautiful cherry-tree growing out of the animal's forehead, covered with blossoms and fruit. It is suspected that the Baron Munchausen story is not true, but the other is claimed to be so, although we may all have our private opinion on the subject.—[Harper's Young People.

SHUFFLE, THE BABY ALLIGATOR.

A queer name for a baby! But this baby was an infant alligator. One of the "Pike nose family" and a native of Florida. Mamma alligators build their nests among tall reeds by the banks of rivers or shallow ponds. The nests look like small mounds about four feet high. First, mamma alligator makes a circle on the ground about as large round as a wagon wheel. A mud floor is smoothed over this circle. As soon as it is hard she packs on it as many eggs as she can crowd together. They are larger than a hen's egg, and have very hard shells. Then comes a second mud floor, a little smaller so that the first and more eggs. And so on, until the peak of her house is reached, and there is no more room. Sometimes a hundred eggs are in one house. Mamma alligator keeps careful watch over them. She fights if enemies come near. Baby alligators follow the mother in water just as ducks swim out after their mothers. When baby alligators lie on the shore in the sunshine they whine and yelp like little dogs. At first they are not very strong. If large birds peck at them, or ugly turtles poke them, they cry out for the mother. One day a mamma alligator went off fishing, and a black boy caught one of her babies. It was about six inches long. He sold the little creature to a lady. Master Pike-nose slipped about the house easily, but was awkward running on the ground. So, in fun, he was called shuffle. He had a small bath-tub

for his home. There he was happy, and every one petted him.

One day Shuffle was missing. Oh, what hunting there was! All the boarders looked through closets, and under beds and sofas. Nothing was heard of Shuffle all night. Little Daisy Penn, waking early, peeped through the bars of her crib. "Oh mamma,—see, the paper is moving!" she cried. "In the fireplace," added Jack. "See, see!" "Ha, ha, I see his nose," said mamma, now wide awake. Master Pike-nose popped out, quite as much surprised as any one. It did not take long to catch the rogue and put him into his bath-tub home. "Just to think of it," said all in a breath; "we all slept in the room with an alligator,—a free alligator!" "And nobody was hurt," added Jack. "That's the funny part of it."

WHOLESALE MATCH-MAKING.

How Settlers in Manitoba Were Supplied with Wives. "Not many years ago I was in the wholesale match-making business," said an ex-officer of the army. "It was match-making of the matrimonial kind. At that time, in 1879 and 1880, Manitoba was being opened to settlement, and there was a rush of colonists thither from Ontario and Quebec and from Great Britain. The settlers were mostly men. Some of them had families and would send for them as soon as they had got somewhat fixed, but very many were bachelors. They were making homes for themselves, and naturally they found that they needed wives. Not a few of them were sons of English farmers, and nearly all were respectable and hard-working fellows. They could not afford to go and get wives, and so helpmates had to be imported for them. Young women, guaranteed as to respectability, were brought over from England in great numbers, and this business rapidly grew to be an important branch of the immigration traffic. One philanthropic lady in England devoted her attention to exporting homeless but worthy girls by the shipload to Quebec, whence they were forwarded to Manitoba. Trains would come into St. Boniface, across the river from Winnipeg, bringing two or three car loads of available wives at a time. They were chaperoned with due regard to propriety, and were consigned to the land and mining agents, who conveyed them to Winnipeg, where suitable accommodations were provided for their accommodation. The accommodation was very temporary, because they were soon disposed of. The settlers who were bachelors applied for the girls as fast as they were brought in. Their applications were not considered unless they were properly guaranteed as to character and ability to support a wife. Few of them came to Winnipeg from a shorter distance than 250 miles. Most commonly they were certified by letters from land agents, stating that John Smith, for example, was located on such and such a tract of land, was the owner of 1.50 horses, was sound, and kind, and so forth. On making formal application for a wife John Smith was asked what sort of a woman he preferred—whether blonde or brunette, tall or short, plump or thin, etc. Having stated his preferences he was introduced to one of the available ladies, whereupon matters were quickly arranged. A remarkable point was that no suitor had ever to be introduced to a second girl. Invariably he was content with the first one, and married her. Apparently the men considered that when they had gone so far as an introduction they had committed themselves irrevocably. "In this way, by a process of artificial selection myself and other persons officially in charge at Winnipeg made matches by wholesale. The young women were given free transportation, of course, the object being to make homes in Manitoba, and thus secure the permanent settlement of the country. Incidentally, the natural increase of the population was provided for. I remember one man who drove over 700 miles to get a wife. He was present when a train load of girls arrived and spotted the young woman he wanted off hand. Within seven minutes after the train came in the pair were united in matrimony, and the bridegroom started away with his bride in a buckboard wagon."—[Washington Evening Star.

Jack's Death in the Flames.

"One-half of our town is mourning the death of as noble a beast as ever lived," said Charles F. Hunter of Memphis. "It wouldn't surprise me to see somebody take a hold of the matter and put up a monument to the memory of Jack. Let me tell you about him. He belonged to a grocer out on the outskirts of the town, and early the other morning he gave up his life to save others. Some time before daylight the grocer, whose name was Rosenstin, was awakened by the barking of the dog. At first he paid no attention to it, but the constant noise angered him and he got up, and taking a stick opened the door, intending to quiet Jack with a licking. As he opened the door the dog rushed past him and bounded into the sleeping apartment. Barking loudly, he pulled at the clothing on the children's bed till he pulled it off, and with his paws shoved the little ones out on the floor. The grocer then discovered that the entire front of his little house was in flames, and that he had scarcely time to get his wife and children out of the house. They wore only their night-clothes, and barely escaped with their lives. A few minutes later the house was a mass of smoldering charcoal. When they came to look for Jack, it was found that he had lost his way in the smoke and had burned to death, after saving the family from the fate that he might easily have avoided himself."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

If You Were on the Moon.

If lunar conditions are favorable to human existence, and it is not certain that they are not, and you could be transported to the top of Pico or some other tall peak or rock on the surface of our "silvery sister world," how do you suppose things would look from such vantage ground? You would probably first turn your eyes in the direction of our earth, the world you had just quitted, but to you it would be a stranger. In place of the somber globe you would naturally expect to behold your eyes would be greeted with a most wonderful sight. The earth would appear to you to be sixty-four times larger than the sun appears to the residents of this mundane sphere; this because the earth has eight times the diameter of the moon, therefore she must necessarily show the moonites sixty-four times as much surface as the moon shows us. The sun, on the other hand, would appear no larger to you from your observatory on the moon than it does from our globe. The earth's atmosphere being blue it has been decided that the earth must appear as a blue ball to all outside onlookers. What a glorious sight it must be to our lunar neighbors to look upon a bright blue, swift revolving ball sixty-four times larger than the soul.—[St. Louis Republic.

Hood's Cures



A Father's Gratitude

Impels Him to Tell How His Son Was Saved

White Swelling and Scrofula Cured. "I write this simply because I feel it a duty to humanity, so that others affected as my son was may know how to be cured. When he was 7 years old a white swelling came on his right leg below the knee, drawing his leg up at right angles, and causing him intense suffering. He could not walk and I considered him a confirmed cripple. The swelling was lanced and dripped freely. At length we decided to take him to Cincinnati for a surgical operation. He was so weak and poor we gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla to build up his strength. To our great surprise, Hood's Sarsaparilla not only gave strength but cured the sore, after discharging several pieces of bone, to entirely heal up. His leg straightened out, and he now runs everywhere, as lively as any boy." J. L. McMurray, Notary Public, Ravenswood, W. Va.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

several pieces of bone, to entirely heal up. His leg straightened out, and he now runs everywhere, as lively as any boy." J. L. McMurray, Notary Public, Ravenswood, W. Va.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

Do Not Be Deceived with Pastes, Resins and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Obdurate, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies

Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EARLY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS WITH THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS.

Do not require any hammer, mallet, or any other tool. They are made in the factory and are ready to use. They are made in the factory and are ready to use. They are made in the factory and are ready to use.

ROOT, BARK AND BLOSSOM

The Most Powerful, Pure, Kidney and Blood Purifier. Cleans the Blood and Lungs, Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and Low Vitality. Quickly Cured on all cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, and all other ailments. It is the most powerful, pure, kidney and blood purifier.

RODNEY BAKER & SONS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

\$75.00 To \$250.00 can be made monthly working for D. E. Johnson & Co., No. 100 South 11th St., Richmond, Va.