THE DEAD CATLD.

Sleep on, dear, now, The last sleep and the book And on thy brow And on thy quiet breast Violets I throw!

Thy little life Was mine a little white: No fears were rife. To trouble thy brief smil

Lie still and be For evermore a chi'd! Not grudgingly, Whom lite has not defiled,

With stress or strife.

I render thee!

Slumber so deep I would not rashly wake. I hardly weep; Fain only for thy sake

To share thy sleep. Yea! to be dead-Dead here with thee to-day; When all is said, 'Twere good by thee to lay

My weary head. That is the best: Ah, child, so tired of play,

I stand confest; I, too, would come thy way And fain would rest. -[Ernest Dowson, in Atalanta.

RACE WITH DEATH.

BY RICHARD ASHR-KING.

"That is not true-not true at all. ave you no encouragement," cried Milly, hotly. "I couldn't have given you any, because I'm engaged." "Engaged! What! To that engineer

"That is no concern of yours. I have given you neither right nor reason to got almost a mile's start by the delay. question me about it, or to-to insult me, as you've just done," she faltered, only saved by her pride from breaking down into tears-for the young cub, who was intoxicated, had just kissed her.

Her father, for his father's sake, had for encouragement, and had the Dutch had not sighted the runaway yet. Sud-

You're an arrant little flirt, and have ruined my life," he cried, thickly, with his arms he kissed her brutally many now." times before she found breath to scream.

blows fell like rain on all parts of the station. head, face, and body. The young en- All clear! A wire from Worston had gineer laid his blows on with such fierce got the Bingham train into siding only blood, while his body was a mass of platform the stationmaster shouted: bruises before Milly could hold her lov- They have wired to Bentham Box to er's arm. He then flung the fellow to switch her into stop-blocks at that sidthe ground, a little ashamed of the viodence of his assault upon a man physi- train against the blocks. cally so much his inferior. He had looking round anxiously in the fear that

the blood from his mouth. "You'll pay for this-both of you-both of you!" he reiterated, with such concentrated malignity in his face and voice as made

Milly shudder

For days after she was haunted by the cemembrance of the Satanic hate in his face, and with the horror of the revenge upon her lover it portended. And this she did well to dread. Bastable, a vin- shot through Thornley Tu dictive brute, naturally, had received let through its rifled barrel. such punishment under such circumthrashed by his successful rival under her was nearly as steep as the assent at this, wiped out in blood. He brooded upon his love, his hate, his jealousy, and his stop-blocks at the bottom. revenge till you might rather say that "I told you!" shouted the driver exrevenge till you might rather say that these possessions possessed him than that citedly, as they sighted the runaway

these with the fire of hell-the passion for drink-now mastered him so entirely that he was hardly ever sober.

Well, therefore, might Milly dread riage with Arthur Munro.

Milly's dread of Bastable's vengeance upon Munro put the brake hard on in her lover. And her precautions would the guard's van the driver stooped probably have precluded all she feared and managed with wonderful coolness but for the merest accident. The car- and handiness to hook on the engine to riage with the bride and bridegroom in the runaway. it drove up to the station at the moment

Seeing the luggage labelled "Munro, London," he asked the coachman, when they had entered the station, "A wed-

"Summat o' t' sowrt," the man an

swered gruffly.

Meanwhile Milly cried, clinging to
Arthur's arm convulsively, "Oh, Arthur!
He—he has heard of it! He's here! I saw him!" 'Who, dear?"

'Mr. Bastable!" "Milly, darling! You've got that brute on the brain. What can he do here at mid-day in a crowded station?" Then turning to a porter he asked, "Which is the London train?"

She's there, in the siding, sir; she'll back in here when the local's "Let me put you into a carriage, dear,

while I look after the luggage." So saying he hurried her to a carriage and got in with her to dispose of the wraps and other light articles on the seat and in the

At this moment Bastable, who had logged them to the carriage, passed its door unseen and walked on toward the end of the platform, gnashing his beeth with the impotent fury of a can invention.

his lips parted, his teeth clinched, the nails of his hands buried in their palms, while his eyes glared with the lurid light of madness. He was brought a little to himself by being forced to step aside to allow the stoker to get off his engine in order to follow the driver into the refreshment bar for a drink. This called Bastable's attention to the circumstance that the engine was momentarily de-

"By George!-that'll do it!" he alshouted, and without looking round he jumped on the engine, opened the regulator to the full, and as she bounded forward leaped off at the other

Arthur Munro had quitted the carriage to look after the luggage, and the only soul in the runaway train was poor Milly. Munro had not left the train a minute when loud shouts of alarm arrested him.

"What is it? What's the matter?" he asked, facing round, with a horrible sus-picion that Bastable had attacked Milly. "T' London express has run away!"

cried a porter. "Good Heavens! She'll be into the Bingham train at Lifford!" cried

And Milly was alone in the train! Yet did not Murno lose his presence of mind. Flying to the end of the platform, he jumped upon the engine of the local, and without a word to driver or stoker seized the regulator. Before he could open it, the driver stopped him. "Hold on, sir-hold on! Bill, unhook

the train!" In a minute Bill had leaped down, unhooked the engine from the train, and was back again on the engine-plate just as she began to glide out of the station.

"Express!" shouted the driver, pointing to the runaway. "Couldn't catch her up wi' a load like that on," chucking his thumb behind toward the train they had been detached from.

But they lost nearly as much time by the stoppage as they gained by the light-ening of the load, for the runaway had "How far to Lifford?" shouted Munro frenziedly.

"Six miles." "My wife-my wife!" he moaned, in

blank despair. Wrenching the shovel from the stoker, shown Bastable much kindness since his he proceeded to feed the furnace with coming to Worston, and Milly had been all an expert's skill; but though the enas pleasant to him as she was to every gine was going now at a rate which one. Her winning manner he had taken made it rock and pitch violently, they audacity to night, upon meeting her in a lonely lane where she expected her fiance, to snatch a kiss.

Inad not signifed the fundaway yet.

Inad not signifed t

"Lifford distance," replied the driver, ruined my life," he cried, thickly, with pointing to the signal. "All up by sudden savageness. Then seizing her in this! We should only pile up the smash

Then Munro lost all heart and hope, Hardly had she uttered the scream be- and sank in a heap on the engine-plate, fore her assailant was gripped by the hiding his face with his hands. Meancoat-collar, wrenched aside, and thrashed while the driver had nearly got her with a stout stick so furiously that the under coutrol as he came in sight of the

force that Bastable's face streamed with just in time. As they glided past the ing." That was, of course, to wreck the

Munro heard, and starting up like a walked many steps away with Milly before Bastable raised himself into a sitting
posture—at the moment that Milly was wife!"—all he could articulate for the moment. Presently, when they had got again into swing he cried: "My wife is he was seriously injured.
"You villains!" he yelled as he wiped in the carriage next the engine!" "There's Bentham Bank!" shouted

> back the driver, encouragingly. Bentham Bank is a steep gradient where the seven-foot driving wheels of the express would need a driver's skilful coaxing and sanding to keep them from slipping at every other revolution. By Heavens! we'll do it if she keeps

the rails!" shouted the dever, as they like a bul-

All three men were now on the lookstances as might have fired the meekest out. In less than a minute they would of men to revenge. He really loved sight Bentham Bank, and if the runaway Milly Harman with all the love of which had topped it she would be matched in a his gross soul was capable; and to be second. The incline at the other side eyes while in the act of a dastardly as- and to go down it under a full head of sault upon her was an ignominy to be steam meant a pace of ninety miles an hour into the siding and against the

half up the bank before them. But Another passion, also, which fed all Munro did not hear him. He was already at the smoke-box of the rocking. reeling engine, having run along its boiler holding by the rail.

"Steady, sir, steady! Hold on hard! demoniac so possessed; and this dread We're into her!" And, indeed, they made her consent to an immediate mar- struck the runaway with the smart shock of a mild collision. The driver hurried Accordingly the wedding day was not only hastened, but the wedding itself was kept strictly private in deference to engine and train; and then, as

"Reverse her, Bill;" he shouted to the that Bastable was in the act of quitting stoker. Me anwhile Munro, walking along the foot-boards, and holding by the hand-rails, reached the carriage in

which his bride was. "Oh, Arthur," she cried when she saw him, "I got such a fright. I thought you were left behind!"

He broke into a scream of almost hysterical laughter as he hurried on to the runaway engine. There was little difficulty or danger in getting on to it and shutting off the steam now, since the train began to feel the backward pull of the reversed engine behind; and Milly was saved.

"I thought you had gove mad. What made you laugh like that, Arthur?" she asked.

"At your being driver, stoker, guard and passengers of the London express—without knowing it; and also, I suppose, in the reaction from the most horrible half-hour of my life—on my wedding-day. It was that brute's doing," he added, more to himself than to her, "and

he'll get ten years for it." As a matter of fact Bastable got a tenth of that punishment—about a seventh of what he'd have got had he forged a bill. - [New York Storiettes.

All twisted boring tools are of Ameri-

STRANGE HIDING PLACES,

the Inspectors, and a Treacherous Woolly Dog.

Successful smuggling is immensely profitable, especially in the diamond business. There are many hundreds of men and women engaged in this line, and they are the most dangerous and slickest of all smugglers, while the loss to the Government is something enormous.

These industrious people are mostly of of your fellow passengers on the steamer coming over the ocean; in fact, you would be more likely to be impressed with his modest and retiring demeanor, by any other passenger, for they are great students of human nature and shuts tighter than a smuggler on suspicion of danger. He is not to be interviewed, for there are dogs at his heels. faithful dogs of the Government.

I was once so fortunate as to meet a Government customs inspector on friendly terms who had paid particular attention to the diamond smugglers for many years. This is what he told

"Diamonds and rubies, being so small, are easily smuggled. I don't believe the Government gets the duty on one-quarter of them that are sold in this country, after all the expense it goes to in trying to suppress the business. We have agents all over Europe, and pay employees in the brokers' offices, who give information of all sales to people they do not know and those smugglers whom they do know. Some coming to this port are constantly on the watch, and all that. But what's the use if you can't find the goods on them when they are searched?

of my man and could swear he had the schooners go for business. It is their sparklers somewhere about him when I vocation, livelihood, the regular order searched him, but I've gone through of their settled occupation and they everything and cursed the rat to his face, but it was no use. Then other officers take him up and keep their eyes on him as long as he stays in port, and they really have a better chance of finding something, but they seldom do.

"Women are generally the worst and most dexterous smugglers of stones, on bluff shores of Block Island. account of having so much upholstering, up in seams, in hems and tucks and corsets, waists, wraps and muffs, and secreted in their hair, which is a favorite sea, the cod. When the line tautens, garters, besides in everything you can his wonderful fishing exhibitions. think of in their trunks, some of which The cod is a noble animal. Roaming caught a smuggler we do not stop at become an element of national importanything in the way of searching. We ance, even of international disquietude men search the men and there are wemen to search the females.

"Why, we've found diamonds in umpewter cups with false bottoms. The favorite hiding place for precious stones and never fails in his service. for some years, and it was a long time before we dropped on the hollow cane One old soldier of the Crimean war had is with a view to heightening an artificial leg. and he couldn't get enough diamonds to fill the interior of it, so he filled the remaining empty space with fine laces to keep the stones from rattling and giving the snap away. One old codger used to work the sweat-leather of his hat with great success, and another always carried a revolver of home manufacture loaded with cartridges full of diamonds. Another fellow the biggest hollow tooth you ever saw, and there was always a diamond in it, nicely tucked away and covered with wax, when he got on shore. Toe and finger nails grown very aristo-cratically long have hidden precious stones fastened in with fine silk threads, and sleeve buttons have been brought into requisition successfully in the smug-gling of diamonds. You wouldn't think it, but little terriers have been loaded down with diamonds. You've heard of the four and twenty blackbirds baked in heard of diamonds baked in cake or made into chewing gum or black cough drops. You never heard of cigars "in- laid" with diamonds and other precious stones, or of match boxes and snuff and leave the fish palatable. As some lots precious stones secreted in shawls and only one or even three saturations, steamer rugs, and once in the hollowed. After pouring off the last water, butter out legs of a steamer chair. Once I and pepper and serve.—[J. Albert found the silk cord that goes round the Stowe, in Commercial Enquirer. waist of a dressing gown filled with them, and only discovered it by a mere accident, as nearly all our discoveries are made. One fellow had removed the

caged wild beast. He stopped opposite | SMUGGLING DIAMONDS. smart smuggler made a wholesale busi. THE JOKERS' BUDGET. ness of it, and nearly drove all others

out. His name was Leask. He was SOME CLEVER TRICKS AND a Yankee, and as smart as a whip. He pretended to have the gout so bad that he had to soak his A Portable Footbath That Fooled All feet in mustard water twice a day, and so always carried his foot-bath with him on board ship. He was a new man at the wheel and we never suspected him, but were puzzled to death to know where all the diamonds and other stones came from which flooded the markets all over. At last we found out that the bulk of the stones came over in that footbath. and we laid for the Yankee as low as a

piece of tissue paper. "But, alas! we captured an ordinary the hook-nosed class. You would not be able to distinguish one from any other to it. You see, it wasn't the tub we were after; somehow the fellow had dropped on to us before he left the other side and changed his tub, but he walked ashore with the diamonds in the crown of to say nothing of his mild suavity, than his hat. And he didn't have the gout at all. It was only a steer, although the next time he came over he had his plunnever use a superfluous word No clam der in the bandages on his leg, and that shuts tighter than a smuggler on sus-[New York Recorder.

DELICIOUS BROILED COD.

How New England Housewives Prepare this Noble Dish.

Story and song have swelled upon the ear from time out of mind, burdened with the pleasure gastronomic derived from those pets of the sportsman, trout, bass and salmon. No one will rise to dispute their excellence, but the talk has been altogether too one-sided. An amateur fisherman who has tramped over two counties and caught a pound and a half of trout is bound to believe his catch the finest eating in the world. There is the secret-largely. Those who of the ship's officers on every steamer fish for fun do very little fishing and a great deal of talking. Therefore, we hear a vast deal of praising of these piscatorial small potatoes.

On the other hand they who go down 'Many's the time I've been dead sure to the sea in fishing smacks and catch a whole vessel-load of fish and say nothing about it. And it is no tame sport either. Let some nickel-plated sportsman who has been accustomed to drop a spider's web line of silk into a yard wide brook under the sleepy trees. take a turn on the Banks or off the hilarious old Atlantic would have but there are not many women in the fun with him, tossing him hither business now. I don't know why, but and yon, not to say inside out. they seem to be leaving it. Diamonds Let him stand on a slippery deck, with have been found all over women-sewed its angle to the plane of the horizon place. We have found them in parasols and jerks, and pulls, he will doubtless and on the baby, in hats and bonnets, find the sport sufficiently exciting and tied up in the corners of handkerchiefs there will be more fish to the square foot and veils, and even woven into their than he ever experienced before in all

have false bottoms. You may be sure the salty deep, he has room to grow, that when we once are satisfied we have and his numbers are so great that he has and diplomacy.

The cod is a frequenter of the homes of affluence, but he also condescends to brella sticks and in the heels of shoes, in men of low estate. He is often seen in covers of books and behind coats and the homes of the poor, and wherever he pants buttons, in hollow rings and in goes he carries refreshing and strength for brain and brawn. He is one of the round handle of a palm-leaf fan was the established institutions of the country,

Of course, like any other blessing, the good he can do depends largely trick, and longer still before we caught upon the attention paid to him one old smuggler with a hollow crutch, and the way he is treated. It warmth of his welcome and aiding him in doing good that we subjoin a recipe for his preparation, which is not by any means generally known, though some the housewives of New England have been accustomed to enrich their tables by its assistance these many years.

Every other method of preparing the salted flesh of the cod for the table known to us requires freshening first. To broil it this should not be done. Take a piece of salt cod just as it comes and put it in a steak broiler and proceed exactly as in broiling steak. The heat causes the salt to exude, liquefied, and drop into the fire. Brown slightly on both sides, The fire should not be allowed to burn the fish, and the cooking should last long enough to extract a good deal of the sait. Then put the broiled fish into a bowl and cover with boiling water, opening the fish a little for the water to soak it thoroughly, but not a pie, of course, but you never, probably, chowdering it. Let it soak six or eight minutes, then pour off the water, and repeat the operation. The tobacco boxes with false bottoms of fish are more strongly pickled than full of them. I have. I've found others it may be found advisable to use

Sleeping Feet to the Engine.

made. One fellow had removed the works of his watch and thrown them overboard after he had filled the case and feet foremost on a road where the with valuable rubies, and once a lady's cars sometimes run on the tracks and bracelet contained \$40,000 worth of sometimes on the ties. It is much please sparklers on one voyage, and we didn't get onto it until too late. One woman amuggler, who was so disguised we did not know her, had a little girl with her when she landed, and the little girl of 5 years had a doll in her arms. The inspector wanted to look at the doll, but the child held to it like grim death and the child held to it like grim death and other way. Nature did not provide the set up such a wail that he laughed and human neck with as many joints as that said he had a little girl at home with a prettier doll than that, and he let the doll pass. But his little girl's doll wasn't filled the whole force of the collision comes on with ninety thousand dollars' worth of brilliants like that little girl's pet, although, of course, the tot didn't know it. Another dodge was a woolly toy dog in the arms of a little boy who was with a woman we had spotted as a new hand at smuggling. We thought we had her dead to rights, and it didn't take long to more suddenly than usual. I have been more suddenly than usual. split open that dog, for we were eager to get at the contents. It contained nothing at all, and we gave it back to the boy and let him and his mother go with \$30,000 or \$40,000 worth of diamonds in the

legs of that dog, which we supposed An ocean racer burns were solid wood. Some years ago a worth of coal every trip. An ocean racer burns about \$13,000

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

An All Powerful Protector-Thought He Was Scared-A Last Resource-Had to Overcome the Noise, etc., etc.

AN ALL POWERFUL PROTECTOR.

She-I have heard a good many times about the terrible earthquakes that take place on the Rivlera, and I only hope that none will occur while we are

He-Don't be uneasy, my love. Nothing shall happen to you as long as I am with you.—[Schalk.

THOUGHT HE WAS SCARED.

Papa—What is your mamma doing? Little Daughter—Knitting. Papa (surprised) — Eh? Knitting?

you needn't be scared. It isn't her sions.' brows .- [Good News.

A LAST RESOURCE.

He-Miss Moneybags has married her guardian. She-What did she marry that old man for?

He—Oh, to keep the money in the family, I suppose.—[Life. HAD TO OVERCOME THE NOISE.

"Your friend appears to be a fine sort of New York Herald. fellow; but what makes him dress in such

boisterous fashion?" "Well, you see, it's a matter of early "Well, you see, it's a matter of early Too many bright young men try to environment. When he was a young make their conversation spicy with

tory."- Detroit Tribune. CHANCE FOR DOUBT.

She (gushingly)-Will you love me when I'm old?

He-Love you ? I shall idolize-um-

MODERN ATHLETICS.

Hicks-Blitson, they tell me, is quite an athlete. Wicks-Yes; his last feat, I hear, was to run up a board bill .- [Boston Tran-

A TIP TO THE WAITER.

"If I might venture," said the guest in a low tone, as the dignified waiter assisted in the matter of putting on his overcoat, "to give you a tip-"
"Yes, sir," said the waiter, relaxing

considerably. "I should advise you to try earnestly to break yourself of the habit of fingering your mustache in a severe, sostracted manner while you are taking a dinner order. My hat, please. Thanks."-[Chi-

cago Tribune. THE RULING PASSION,

Host (proudly)-And this is a masterpiece of Rembrandt! Visitor-Great Scott, man! What is

whole picture. Host—Well, you see, my wife is an autograph collector, and she wouldn't many are bent on having it.—[Chicago rest until she cut the signature out and Inter-Ocean. pasted it in her album. - Puck.

Elsie-Where does Miss Smith get that lovely complexion? Ethel—From Paris, I believe.

A HEARTLESS WISH.

Wife-See, my dear, this style of dress is the very latest fashion. Husband (with a deep sigh)—How glad I would be if it would continue to be the latest fashion. - [Schalk.

EXCUSABLE IN A RUSH.

Proprietor-How came this new postage stamp in the money drawer? Clerk-That's my mistake, sir. I took it in for a two-dollar bill.

Dora-I sha'n't stand it another minute! I'm going to send him back his Clara-What? That beautiful diamond ring? 'Yes."

MUST BE SOMETHING TERRIPLE.

"Horrors! What has he done? Robbed a church, killed his mother, or what?"-[New York Weekly.

A QUERY.

Dorothy-Miss Perte keeps up with Madge-I wonder if her father keeps up with the bills.

AN ANGEL'S TREASURES. Accepted Suitor-Why, my angel, what's the matter? The Angel-Oh, the awfulest thing has happened. I have lost my engagement ring.

Little Brother—Why, Sis, what a fuse you are making! You've got plenty more of them.—[Good News.

REPLAINING IT. Mother-Herrors! How did you get so muddy? Small Son-Runnin' home to see if

there was anything you wanted me to do. -[Good News. A SHREWD LAWYER.

Judge—You admit the promise of marriage, I understand, but claim that the defendant was insane when the promise was made? Defendant's Lawyer-Yes, Your Hon-

or, we enter a plea of insanity.

J.—Upon what evidence do you depend to sustain your claim of aberration of mind? D. L.-We intend, Your Honor, to

read the love letters that he wrote to her. -[New York Sun. BUT HOW MUCH IS "ENOUGH."

May Blume (scornfully)-I hear that Van Ische—Yes; will you marry me? Miss Blume—If you wagered enough,

I will .- Puck.

Little Miss Freckles—I made ugly faces at your stuck-up sister the other day, but I guess she didn't see me.
Little Johnny—Yes, she d.d, but she thought they was natural.

TO THE MANNER BORN

"Well," said the lawyer to the witness, "how far was it from your house to the road?"

"Well, sir," said the witness, "I reckin hit wur 'bout a acre an' a half." "Idiot," cried the lawyer, "how many

vards was it?" "Well, sir," replied the witness, "thar waz only one yard, an' that wur my yard, an' hit ain't fenced in, nuther!"-

THE UNREASONABLENESS OF MAN.

Atlanta Constitution.

Mrs. Van Astfilt-Why don't you have Professor von Pianothump play at your sofrees any more?

Mrs. Swell-He's so abominably rude. The last time he played heasked some of the guests to stop talking. He said he didn't mind whether they heard him or not, but that unless he could hear himself he couldn't do himself justice .-[Chicago News Record.

VERY LIKELY.

"Since Miss Snappim married old Goldbug she spends fortunes in flowers. Little Daughter-I don't know; but In fact, she wears flowers on all occa-

> "Yes, she does, but I guess she would rather wear weeds.'

QUITE A DIFFERENCE. Husband-I think I will run over to

Chicago for a week during the fair.
Wife-Then I think I will go with you. What is fair for one is fair for

Husband-No, my dear; what is fare for one is far from being fare for two .-

ODDS AND ENDS.

man he was employed in a boiler fac- cloves, -- [Galveston News.

When the hired man comes home loaded the proper thing to do is to discharge him. —[Union County Standard. No changes made in the post-offices

will ever make some males more regular er— You are not going to look like your than they are now.—[Philadelphia mother are you?—[New York Weekly.] Did the term "woolly West" originate in the unpleasant fact that many an investor has been fleeced there?—

[Lowell Courier. People who pay doctors' bills seldom doubt the physician's ability to heel himself.—[Troy Press.

Whenever a boy empties his pockets his sister sees something that belongs to her .- [Atchison Globe. It is a sign that the trees have come

to stay another season as soon as they begin to leave. - [Rochester Democrat. "Time's up," soliloquized Bagley as he came out of the pawnshop where he had just left his watch.—[Lampoon.

A Tennessee child talks incessantly. It is thought that he will have a great career as a champion pugilist.—[Baltimore American.

organs are owned by one company and that hole in the corner? It spoils the hired out. Another grinding monopoly. As severe as rheumatism is, a great

Somebody says that most of the hand

A firm of plastering contractors in Rhode Island has gone to the wall.—

Chicago Tribune. A tack machine ought to put up a strong argument. It makes its points so easily.—[Troy Press.

How the Moslems Pray.

The true Mohammedan is enjoined to prayer five times a day—namely, first in the morning before sunrise, at noon, in the afternoon before sunset, in the even-ing between sunset and dark, and between twilight and the first watch, being the vesper prayer. A sixth prayer is volunteered by many between the first watch of the night and the dawn of day. These prayers are simply repetitions of the laudatory ejaculation, "God is great!" "God is powerful!" "God is all powerful!" and are counted by the scrupulous on a string of beads. They may be performed at the mosque or any clean

During prayer the eyes are turned to the Kebla or point of the heavens in the direction of Mecca, which is indicated in every mosque by a niche called Mehrab, and externally by the position of minarets and doors. Even the posture during prayer is prescribed. The most solemn adoration is bowing the forehead to the ground. Women are to fold their hands on their bosoms and not to make such profound obeisance as the men. They are to pray gently and not to accompany the men to the mosque. In addressing God worshipers are to be humble, putting aside jewels and costly apparel.—[Brooklyn Eagle.

One View of Biography.

What right has a biography to be in two volumes? One can say all that is worth saying about any man except Gladstone in a very few hundred pages, Gladstone in a very few hundred pages, and what is more, within the scantier plot of ground the biographer can present a more artistic view of his subject. Of course, the world likes to hear gossip about the victim's teaspoons and the size of his collar and generally such stuff as in a decent age would be left for house-maid's convergation with the footness. maid's conversation with the footman. The conditions under which biographies are hurried through the press nowadays absolutely prevent them from being great works in the correcter sense of the word.

Our belief is that the biography is a sort of an advertisment. The compiler receives very generous help from a multitude of quite insignificant people, and feels constrained to publish the letters they wrote to the victim, and the letters you have wagered money that you would the victim wrote back to them. So the gentle reader is asked to take interest in men and women whose importance it is impossible not to magnify. If only bi-ographers knew what to omit, things would be so much the better .- [Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Smith Bucyrus, Ohio, have just celebrated their diamond wedding. Mr. Fish is 93 years old and his wife 96.