There's a calm that comes at evening,

When the weary day is o'er. That was soothing as the lullaby Our mothers sang of yore: And though the day be dreary. I can just forget it all, In the calm that comes at evening. When the twilight shado = fall.

I can see my sweetheart's signal From her waving window blinds; I can feel her perfumed presence Wafted to me on the winds: When I hush my heart to hear her, I can almost understand Her sweet welcome in the wimple

When she laughs it's like the music Of the ripples on the rills, And her breath is like the fragrance Of the flowers that deck the hills. And though the day be dreary.

Of the wind-wave from her hand.

I can just ferget it all In the calm that comes at evening. When the twilight shadows fall. -Cy Warman.

## A Man of Mystery.

By Dan O'Connell.

One moist and windy morning in January, when passing a frame building on Ellis street, where a large tion. force of carpenters were at work swinging on glddy scaffolds many feet from the ground, I observed a tall and unusually thin man seated on a pile of lumber, watching with the utmost intentness the workmen. With the instinct of the newspaper reporter. ever seeking information, I asked him to whom the building belonged and what it was intended for, believing that he was the architect, or possibly the contractor.

"I do not know, sir. I am a stranger In the city," he replied, in a voice of singular harshness.

"I beg your parden, I thought you might be the architect," I said; "you seem to take an interest in the work." "Not in the work, but in the workmen," he rejoined, with a grin, which made his small, mean face, with its little red eves absolutely diabolical.

"Then possibly you are yourself a carpenter," I continued; "a fine trade -the carpenter and mason are, to my mind, the noblest orders of mechanics: they are the creators, or rather the instruments that carry out the inspiration of the architect."

"They do not interest me in that way." said the stranger, shuffling off the lumber pile and moving off, a palpable hint that he required no more of my conversation.

ly passed the new building on my way to my office. I saw no more of the red-

eyed man. One fine Sunday, attracted by the

ther behind him every moment.

he all right, and there won't be a whole bone in his body."

display of malignity, I said .-

"It seems, sir, you do not feel well tumbling in mid-air. Is he an enemy of yours or a rival professional?"

"He is neither. I come here, as every one else, yourself included, sible, young man, hoping that he will fall, i am candid enough to say so, and I presume you are hypocrite enough to declare that you hope he will descend in safety."

"I certainly do hope so, with all my heart," I replied warmly: "why, no one but a flend incarnate would wish that yonder daring fellow might come to grief."

The stranger smiled, but the smile was sardonic enough to come under

the head of a grimace. "I have met you before," he said; "one morning on Ellis street. I remember your face now. Come, I feel rather companionable this evening. Dine with me. I am almost a perfect stranger in this city, and you will be doing a lonesome man a favor if you

accept my invitation." I consented, overcoming the repugnance I felt for the sake of knowing more about this person, who was evidently a man of mystery. He named an address on Pine street, the hour seven, and lifting his hat, with an agreeable, almost amiable air,of which I could not believe his hard, grim feasures capable, we parted until that

While dressing for dinner I was full be was a married man or a bachelor. for our dining place, I concluded that workman, and endeavoyed to hurl him chance. Ere, miss, give me my togs - Pine street must be a board. from the beam. The man, though ta- |-I'm orf."-Tit-Bits.

ing house. However, at ten minutes ken unawares, fought desperately for

that I have almost forgotten the conventionalities. I am Albert le Mour. an American, born of French parents, a traveler, a citizen of the worldhere to-day and away to-morrow-with but one desire in life, which I fear may never be fulfilled."

I handed him my card, and the Japanese announced dinner. The diningroom into which Le Mour ushered me was even more luxuriously furnished than the other apartment. I perceived that the table, on which was an abundance of rich plate and crystal, was set but for two.

The dinner was a most elaborate one, and the wines of rare excellence. My host displayed a fund of information that astonished me. He ceased to be the saturnine individual I had accosted at the balloon ascension in the of anecdote and comment upon the great people of this country and Euan extensive and exclusive associa-

When after the cloth was removed. following the English fashion, and a bottle of very choice Burgundy was set on the table. I ventured to say,-

"Pray, Mr. Le Mour, do not think me impertinent if I inquire if you really meant your remarks at Baker's Beach this morning. Surely you could not wish that the aeronaut should meet with a violent and horrible death?"

In a moment the light, genial expression of Le Mour's face changed. A dark frown, tightly set lips, and an evil glitter in his small, forbidding eyes, replaced the pleasant, friendly air he had worn since my arrival.

"My friend," he said, and his voice was harsh and guttural. "for years my quest in life has been to see men die violent deaths. I suppose I am a moral monster, a morbid beast, thirsting for the blood of his kind. Granted I am all these. Then on nature the blame. But that passion in my breast is greater and more dominant than the love of woman in the sensualist; the roue who sees in woman only an instrument of lust; or the thirst for liquor in the inebriate, who will sacrifice everything to his appetite for drink. It has supplanted every other place of every other ambition. I have with his blood. I have seen in Spain the garrote crush the spinal cord, and announcement of a balloon ascension in Russia the knout flay the skin, until at Baker's Beach, I strolled out to the quivering heart was exposed. that picturesque curve in the harbor's These things to me are the sources of entrance. As the aeronaut took hold the keenest and most intense pleasure. of the parachute and gave the word to Why, I do not presume to tell you. let go, I saw the stranger. The ex. Because I do not know. But I do pression on his face was one of in- know that they are, and that the aptense, and, I might say, malignant petite increases every year. I have concentration. His eyes were fixed now in my body a bullet received on on the bespangled figure of the arhlete the field of Gravelotte, where I went, with a ferocity which not alone aston- not to fight for France or Germany. ished me, but gave me such a decid- but to see men die. But I have pever edly uncomfortable feeling, that I yet seen a man fall from a great involuntarily stepped from beside him. beight, though I have spent days "I am all right, and away we go:" watching buildings go up, and the cried the aeronaut, and the crowd workmen creep like flies from plank to cheered as the graceful sphere sailed plank. It has been my misfortune to skyward. Under and over the bar the be absent when those accidents ocaeronaut tumbled, now holding on curred, and I have gnashed my teeth with one arm, now clinging with his with disappointment when I read how quest of my life."

He's not nervous, unless-unless the cidedly uncomfortable. I realized recording the passage of an unknown parachute should collapse. Then we'll that, however sane Le Mour might be dark body across the sun's disc. on other matters, on this business he was a raving maniac. I made an in- time back collated by Dr. Waltemath. This peculiar speech was uttered by ward resolve that he could not tempt and from the facts thus brought to the mysterious stranger who, in the me to see the upper apartments of his gether he has evolved the theory of forward movement of the crowd, was house, whatever the inducements he the existence of a small moon hitherto busily. again at my ebow. Determined to offered. The working of his savage unrecognized, having a diameter of discover the source of this ordinary face, the foam upon his compressed lips, the clenching of his muscular times smaller than that of the moon, hands, and the atmosphere of blood and a mass eighty times less. disposed toward our friend who is now with which he seemed surrounded, destroyed the bouquet of the Burgun- math predicted a transit of this body dy and urged me to get away from this morbid lunatic as quickly as pos-

> one stabled to death," I thought. He has received letters from China, "else he may experiment on me before I leave."

an attempt to recover his former man- towns in Germany. These confirma ner, "if I have startled and shocked tory observations may, of course, be you. But I am done now. Won't you | mere coincidences; but wilder theories step up-stairs and have some coffee? I | than that of Dr. Waltemath have by have some curios from many lands 1 the advancement of science been prov-

would like to show you." "Nothing would give me greater cle. pleasure," I replied hurriedly; "but you must excuse me this evening. A journalist has his night obligations. you know. So now I must regretfully

bid you good evening." a tiger's don.

Ten days afterward I read the following in a morning paper:-Unprovoked Attempt at Murder .-Violent and Shocking Death of the asked: Would-Be Assassin.-Shortly before noon yesterday, a strange man asked rate in this case?" and obtained permission from the contractor of the new building, now in process of erection on Post street, to inspect the upper floor. He ascended to the question. of conjecture about my strange ac- the ladders, and walking out on one quaintance. His name he had not giv- of the main stringers, spoke pleasantly en me, nor had be mentioned whether to a carpenter employed on the building. Suddenly and without any pos-As he had not appointed a restaurant sible reason he flung himself upon the invalid. "Fifteen to one agin it. No

to the hour of dining, I rung the beil his life, calling loudly for assistance of a large, old-fashioned house, dingy the meanwhile. Foiled in his bloodand neglected-looking to a degree. A thrsty attempt, the stranger, with a Japanese servant admitted me, and I loud yell and clasping his hance above found my host seated in a handsomely his head. sprang from the timbers. furnished parlor. He was in evening and his head striking a beam in his dress, so I at once decided that we descent, was lifeless before he reachwere not to be without ladies' soci |ed the ground. The body was taken to the morgue, and in the pocket was a ety. to the morgue, and in the pocket was a "You must pardon me." he said card. Albert Le Mour. No. — Pine courteously, "for my neglect to give street. An attack of murderous mania you my name. I am such a hermit is the only reasonable explanation of this tragic occurrence. - Waverly

SQUIRE LEATHER'S BOY.

Proof Positive That Hezekiah Was a Chip of

the Old Block. "Speaking of the boy who used his sister's tooth brush to paint his doubleripper sled, and forgot to wash out the paint before he returned it to her room," observed the Major, "reminds me that you never can tell what a boy will do. There was old 'Squire Leathers' boy Hezekiah-the 'Squire thought he couldn't depend on him, but he found he could.

"'Squire Leathers had a fine watermelon patch, of which he was very proud. But he annually lost a good many melons through the raids of morning. He was genial, witty, full tramps and other predatory persons. At last he got mad, and vowed he would protect his own interests. So rope-personal experiences indicating he loaded up his shotgun pretty near to the muzzle with birdshot and gave it to Hezeklah, and sent him out to stand guard one night. The boy made some objections to going, and the 'Squire got it into his head that was afraid. He rebuked him roundly, told him that he was unworthy to bear the proud name of Leathers and pushed him out into the night. Then the 'Squire went grum'sling to bed. In half an hour he got up, saying that he was going out to test the boy.

""Tain't necessary to make a tarnal fool of yourself, Jonas,' says his wife: 'I admit it.' 'Admit he's a coward? says the 'Squire. 'No; admit you're a fool,' says his wife. 'Mebbe I am.' says the 'Squire. 'But that boy's a coward. He takes after your family. I'll show you he's afraid to pull the trigger,' and the 'Squire went outdoors and into the melon patch. Hezekiah was in op- corner behind a burdock, waiting for game. The strange figure attracted his attention through the darkness, and he gave it the left barrel. The doubting parent jumped ten feet into the air, howled murder, and ran for the fence, Hezekiah's instructions had been to make a clean job, so he let his worthy father have the other barrel. This desire. It has uprooted and taken the settled the 'Squire, and he crawled to the house and sent for the doctor, hear him tell the story of the occurrence, and at the end shake his head sadly as he observed: 'I seen when it and peculiar growth. He offered out to test that boy. Hezekiah was a out by trying. true Leathers, after all."-Harper's

## Our Second Satellite.

If we are to credit the observations made by Dr. Georg Waltemath of Hamburg, Germany, our earth is accompanied in her wanderings, not by one satellite oaly, as we have hitherto been content to believe, but by two. Although it seems utterly incredible that we should have to wait till the end of the nineteenth century for the recognition of the existence of this second moon, yet we must remember toes, still leaving the dull earth far- narrowly I have missed this crowning that numerous observations, mostly. it fortune and buy some new clothes, is true, utterly unscientific and vague. "By Heavens! he'll get down safely. He ceased, and I confess I felt de- have from time to time been made

These observations were some short some 440 miles, with a volume 123

In announcing his theory Dr. Walteacross the sun's disc for a date early in February last, and curiously enough he has since had his prediction con-"I sincerely hope he has seen some firmed from more than one quarter. where three German officers in the Chinese service observed the phenom-"You will pardon me," he said, with enon; from Welsbaden and other ed to be sober facts .- London Chroni-

## A Fifteen-to-One Chance.

An amusing story is told of a patient in one of our London hospitals in whom the sporting instinct was well when the door clanged behind me I the usual course, by the surgeon, with felt like a man who had escaped from a retinue of fifteen students. The surgeon described minutely the nature and extent of the disease from which the patient was suffering, then, turning to the first of the students, be

"Now, Mr. Sawyer, would you ope-"No, sir, I think not."

One after another the fifteen students gave the same negative answer "Well, gentlemen," said the surgeon.

all wrong. I'm going to operate." "Not if I knows it, mister," said the FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

TWO LITTLE BOYS. A little bad boy with a little cross face Came slowly downstairs in the

morning. Of fun and good nature he showed not a trace;

He'd not touch his breakfast; he'd not go and play;

He fretted and cried without warn-

If you spoke, he just answered by snarling; He feased his pet kitten; and all the

long day He really was ''nobody's darling. A little good boy, with a little bright'

Came down in the morning-time, singing; And indoors and out and all over the

place His laughter and music went ring-

He ran grandpa's errands; his orange he shared With Sue: and he found mamma's

thimble. To do what was asked he seemed always prepared, And in doing it equally nimble.

These two little boys, who are wholly unlike, Though they live in one house, are not brothers.

That good little lad and that bad little Have not two kind fathers and

mothers: But there are two tempers to only one boy. And one is, indeed, such a sad one

That when with the good one he brings us all joy We ask, "Has he really a bad one?

-F. R. Batchelder.

MUSICAL GUESSING GAME,

A good guessing game for a small evening entertainment causes considerable fun. Each guest should be asked to wear something representing the name of a piece of vocal or instrumental music, a prize to be given to the one guessing the largest number. To carry out the musical idea the prizes might be something in the way of a book of songs or instrumental music, and as booby prizes a little music-box or toy drum or violin might be offered.

THE PIG AND THE GOOSE.

(A FABLE,) A little pig once had a field wherein he used to root up the ground with a good deal of industry and raise a number of choice vegetables for market. seen men die on the scaffold by the listening meanwhile to remarks ap- The demand for greens being good, reputation as a market gardener.

peared in a corner of his garden a new riding.

ment's chat. Upon being shown the stuff he said eagerly:-"Why, that is a salad much used by a pet.

certain people with scrambled eggs. fresh egg. I wilf lay some at once, greatly impaired by its grimy surand we will offer it together." This the goose proceeded to do, and

much to the joy of the little pig, who never been known to miss a trip. took a day off to celebrate his good A few days later, when the egg

market happened to be dull, the goose came again to the little pig, saying that she bad a few eggs on hand which, with salad, she thought might be easily disposed of. "Oh," says the little pig. "but my salad is all gone," and he rooted away

"Yes," replied the goose, "but it grows ery quickly, and if you will root the bed up a little there will be

layor to me." "Sorry, indeed," grunted the little pig, without looking up, "but my time is pretty well occupied just now ing away to himself and rooting as the jurious to the men who are regularly poor goose walked sorrowfully away. employed at it.-Burlington Hawkeye. Moral:-Don't be goose enough to

a litlle pig.

expect gratitude or appreciation from

THE TOILET OF THE LOBSTER. summer I had an opportunity of watch- tain he gave the following reply: ing the process, says a writer in Fireside. I was staying for several weeks | ment, sor." in a secluded little village on the south coast, and one day, when the also replied: only fisherman in the place returned "If youse'll tell me whare the holf after taking up his "pots," he flung minit rigiment is Oi'll relase yees." We parted pleasantly enough, but developed. His ward was visited, in upon the beach a specimen too small The witty pisoner replied: "Over to boy, who presented it to my impro- Dealer. vised aquarium, for which all the little boys of the village were enthusiastic collectors. I kept the water well aerated and devoted a great deal of time and attention to my various livestock; and at last my reward came. At the time of his capture my lobster had already begun to think about getting, a new suit, and as the days went by the old shell became so small for him that he could no longer avoid discarding his ever-tightening armor. "I'm sorry to inform you that you are One morning, therefore, I found my obster apparently in his last agonies.

e lay on his back and rubbed his s convulsively together as if in inase pain and then be wriggled about

or jerked himself violently upward by means of his tail. I suppose that THE KEYSTONE STATE. loosening of the claws and limbs in their sheaths. The rapid movements somewhat disturbed the sand and Latest News Gleaned from clouded the water, but as the patient lay close to the glass I never entirely lost sight of him. Nevertheless, I do not quite understand how it all occurred. The throes continued for an hour or more and efforts were apparently made to burst the shell open from within, but it was not until I saw the lobster had actually divested himself of his head covering that I understood what my guest was about. A great deal more wriggling and struggling followed, the lobster gradually squeezed himself, as it were, out of his suit of armor.

The operation looked as if it were extremely painful and exhausting, but at last I had the satisfaction of seemistaken for a live and healthy crustacean in full dress. The orifice through which the ancient tenant had thrown off, but was left hanging as by a hinge. But now the naked logster did not look at all like his old self. His colors were so bright as to suggest that he had been parboiled and he had the tender appearance of human flesh from which the skin had just been removed. I took out the shell and found that my guest had got rid not only of the major part of his eyes, but also of the lining of his stomach, including his internal teeth and of some of the bones of his thorax, yet he seemed to be little the worse for his thorough turn-out. On my return from luncheon, I touched him and found out that, althought quite soft, he was covered with an incipient shell of the approximate solidity of

oiled tissue paper. I have omitted to mention one curious circumstance connected with this particular animal's toilet. When the lobster was given to me he was without his left big claw, which had I suppose, been accidentally wrenched off by his original captor. The stump very quickly healed up, a hard, calcareous seal encrusting the end of the joint. To my astonishment, when the lobster worked himself out of his shell, he appeared with a rudimentary left claw, which had evidently formed behind the shield. This claw grew even more rapidly than the rest of the

A RAILBOAD CAT.

Thousands of people have heard of the railroad dog, which travels so extensively over the country and really seems to know as much about trains This incident left no impression on my memory, for, although I frequent. rope. I have stood on the platform of propriate to the occasion from his lov- he had not much difficulty in dispos- and time tables as a allroad conductor Mr. Williams' two sons spent several months the guillotine so close to the victim ling and dutiful wife. The old man ing of his stock in trade from year to does, but there is a at in Colorado in Pittsburg last Spring, securing options on that my clothes have been spattered was always a little lame after this. year, and in time acquired some little which, although not as famous as the territory to build an extensive plant. The One season, however, there ap markable in its fondness of railroad the world.

It was the pet of the wife of the enwas too late that what I ought to 'a' some of it for sale, but no one seemed gineer of a treight locomotive, and done was to 'a' sent the hired man to know what it was or care to find now it accompanies the engineer on every trip that he makes. When the The little pig was about to destroy train has to make a long wait at a stathe new vegetable when one day a tion the cat goes off in search of mice, friendly goose looked in for a mo- always returning when the whistle sounds, and at some of the junctions where numerous trains meet it is quite

When the engine is running the cat I know some folks who will buy all sits in the cab or on the coal, and as himself. you have if offered to them with nice its fur is jet black its beauty is not

roundings. Pussy must have traveled many a few days latter offered the salad and thousands of miles, for it has been eggs together and sold the entire lot, doing duty for several years, and has

Stokers' Work Healthy.

It is a fact that the stokers on board an ocean "liner," provided the men are steady in their habits, suffer scarcely at all from their arduous labors. A stoker works four hours at a stretch, and during that time the temperature of his surroundings varies from 120 to 160 degrees. One stoker usually has four furnaces to attend to, and while feeding one furnace a man has to be extremely careful or plenty in a few days, and it will be a his arm will be burned by the furnace behind him. As a rule, a man is occupied about three minutes at each furnace, and directly he has finished he rushes to the air pipe and waits till in raising vegetables that sell on their his turn comes around again. It has own merits," and he continued grunt. been found that the work is least in-

Wit in the Sixty-Ninth. .

One of the boys of the Sixty-ninth New York was arrested not long ago and taken to the guard house for be-It has not happened to every one ing absent without leave. Upon beto see a lobster cast his shell. Last ing asked where he was by his cap-"Ol was over to the holf minit rigi-

The captain, being a son of Erin,

for sale or home cosumption. The the Thorty-sicond rigiment, sor!"-Ferprize was taken possession of by a nandina letter in Cleveland Plain

Great Dates of the War.

The great dates of the war are easy to fix in the mind: February 15. April 21 May 1. July 1.

July 3.

August 12 No one in the whole country needs to be told what each stands for .-New York Weekly.

The vineyards of Italy cover nearly eight million acres.

Various Parts.

STABBED TO DEATH.

Quarrel of Brothers-in-Law Ends in Tragedy at Scranton-Charles Drew Seeks Separation From His Second Wife to Bemarry His First One-Weish Manufacturers Likely to Establish Timplate Plant Near Pittsburg.

Market street, North Scranton, was the scene of a terrible tragedy. Thomas Gilligan, of Seneca street, was stabbed to death, ing my lobster and his discarded shell it is alleged, by his brother-in-law, Edward side by side. The latter looked much | Moran. For some time past trouble has the smaller of the two and, save that been breeding between the men over some it was motionless, it might have been | property in dispute. When Gilligan encountered Moran the dispute was renewed. Moran, so he claims, made an ineffectual attempt to escape him, but Gilligan followed evicted himself was very small and the Moran's residence, on Market street. In him. He caught him at the gate leading tohead-piece had not been completely the serimmage that ensued Gilligan was stabbed in the breast. He died fifteen minutes later. Officer Saltery saw the men struggling upon the ground and rushed up to separate the men, but, unfortunately, he was too late, Moran was taken to the police station, and was committed to the county jail. Both men are married, Gilligan having a wife and two children.

Peculiar Divorce Suit.

A divorce case with an interesting sequel was commenced at Wilkes-Barre, Mrs. Alice Drew applying for a divorce from her husband, Charles Drew, of Pittston. As soon as the divorce is secured it is understood Drew will remarry his first wife, from whom he was divorced in 1896. Drew was the owner of the Cocheo Knitting Mill at Farmington, N. H., until about two years ago, when it was destroyed by fire. It was at this mill that he met Alice Bryant and, though he had a wife and two children, he fell in love with the girl and married her at Somerswerth, N. H. A month ago Drew became suddenly ill, and fearing he was going to die sent for his first wife, Mrs. Fannie M. Drew, now residing at Providence. She came with her two children. Drew asked her forgiveness and a reconciliation ensued. Wife No. 1 remained in Pittston several days, was well treated by Drew's present spouse and did not leave until Drew was out of danger and recovering.

New Tinplate Plant.

lliam Williams and two sons, of Swansea, Wales, the best-known tinplate manufacturers in the world are said to be preparing to build a tinplate plant in the vicinity of Pittsburg. During the first week of September the Worcester and Upper Forest Works, at Morristown, Wales, owned and managed by Williams and others, was sold at public sale. It comprised furnaces, steel and tinniate mills and covered forty-five acres, with a frontage on Swansea Canal. dog in question, is certainly as re- plant they sold was the largest of its kind in

Dared Death for Babes. The house on the farm of former Naval Officer, J. Marshall Wright, in Hanover Township, occupied by Stephen Smith, was completely destroyed by fire. Mr. Smith was away from home and Mrs. Smith had a thrilling exterience saving her children. She rushed through the flames and smoke and rescued her 1 year-old baby. Her eldest son, Charles, assisted her and dropped two of the children out of the window into his mother's arms and then jumped out

Cost of Boarding Tramps.

For some years past the Sheriff of Cumberland county, owing to an order of court, has received from the Commissioners nine cents a day for boarding each tramp or vagrant confined in the prison. An effort is now being made to have the rate increased, and the Grand Jury has recommended that Judge Biddle make an order granting the Sheriff twelve cents per day for boarding each tramp instead of nine cents, the present rate. The Grand Jury urges this on the ground that the Sheriff suffers hardship in boarding tramps at the nine-cent rate.

Want a Curfew Law. The Ministers' Association of Chambersburg has adopted a curiew ordinance. The ordinance is similar to that now in force in Leavenworth, Kan., and affects all children under fifteen years, who must be in their homes before nine o'clock in summer and eight o'clock in winter. The churches of the town will urge the

borough council to pass the ordinance. Back Broken in a Fight.

Mike Mutsaka, a Hungarian, had his back

broken in a fight at his bouse on Brewery Hill, Wilkes-Barre. He had a payday celebration, at which a number of his friends with himself got drunk and began fighting. In the scuffle Mutsaka was thrown from his porch onto a picket fence and his back was broken. He is in a precarious condition.

Hat Cost Him a Foot.

Daniel Moyer, of Wilkes-Barre, aged 21, while with an excursion en route between Mauch Chuhk and Glen Onoke, lost his ha out of the car window. He alighted from the train, get his bat and attempted to board a freight train. He missed his hold, fell under and lost his left leg above the ankle.

Gored by a Bull.

While William Ocker, residing about two miles east of Shippensturg, was driving the cattle from the field to the barn, a bull attacked him, throwing him to the ground, and before he was rescued from the infuriated animal two ribs were broken and his uose fractured.

Only Case on Record.

Through all his passionate pleadings she sat absolutely unmoved. It was tne first instance ever noted where a woman sat thus who had secured possession of a plazza rocker. Cincinnati Enquirer.

British Army Bide Is Complicated. The British army rifle has eightytwo component parts, in the production of which 925 machines are employed, as well as various processes which do not require machinery.