HER SWEETHEART.

The man I love? Well, rather small; (But stature doesn't count at all;) He's a dear! Hair as golden as the sun; Fair as you e'er looked upon; Eyes of blue, and full of fun, And good cheer.

He's the only man I know Who can touch my heartstrings Tenderly: When he's with me all is bright, Every shadow turns to light;

If he's absent life's a blight Then, to me.

Strange to say I love him best When in overalls he's dressed, For his play: I am just as proud of him If his purse is rather slim. For he's sweet, and neat, and trim Every day.

He's the idol of my heart. (And my secret I'll impart Just for fun!) In my love he holds high rank. Without him earth would be a blank; He's two years old; his name is Frank;

He's my son. -Colorado Springs Gazette.

~~~~~ THE CHRISTENING OF RATTLES.

By Carlos Pilgrim. $\sim\sim\sim$

'You haven't got anything special this morning. Hen, have you?" asked the ranch boss, as the Circle-Oarlock boys were straggling over toward the horse-corral to saddle up.

The man addressed was a long, lean, bow-legged young fellow-"the very type of a Rough Rider," as a famous correspondent said who saw him in a rollicking air.

"Nope," he said, breaking the jig for

an instant. and he says he saw a bunch of our thumb. cows working into the Gap. Suppose you take Blue to-day and go over and | ward leap! head 'em off. There's no water on the

other side, to speak of." Hen's jig turned comically into one long drawn, high note. It was midfierce heat. The Gap was a good thir- reasserted itself, and he went over his ty miles away, and therefore Hen resources with the utmost coolness. whistled his disapprobation, You no fime in doing the thing you were ing-horn for lever. told to do.

him by the line the sun got overhead. the better it would be for man and beast. The horse he was riding-the fastidious. one indicated by the foreman-was no beauty; on the other hand, it had that which, in Western horses, at all events, triumphant rattler and trampled its is to be desired above physical beauty roan cayuse, as wiry and enduring as horseficsh well can be.

Lope, lope, lope, lope. Blue's nose pointed straight for the Gap, which lifferently-clean cotton shirt, and made | bleeding thumb, cowpuncher involuntarily twitch his shoulders beneath it, and shift about in the saddle. His face and neck, being regularly exposed to many weathers; were of a fine mahogany,

and invulnerable to sunbeams.

Blue had covered some fifteen miles of the lonely, wide expanse of range, it were that caused the discoloration, when Hen stumbled upon the incident which branded him, literally as well as climbed into the saddle, turned the figurately. They were crossing a wide. barren, sandy bench, with here and there a sickly gray-green sage-bush. and the prickly-pear cactus scattered at road in profusion.

I' was a most inhospitable spot for man and horse, but a paradise for rat-

tlesnakes:

Now there was a hard day's work before Hep. If the cattle had drifted far, or were refractory, he would have to camp somewhere and give two days o it. He was pushing his pony ruthessly. But in riding across that bench his eye bappened to light on the biggest rattlesnake he had ever seen-and he had seen many. He was interested at once. As he afterward explained, the "never liked to pass a rattler without some little salute; and this was a special important-lookin' varmint-a blessed dook, at least." So he drew up alongside the "dook," who took no pains to evade him, but promptly coiled for fight, and after an appreciative glance at the fine string of rattles. brought his heavy six-shooter to bear,

and fired. The bullet tore up much sand without seeming to annoy the lordly reptile in the slightest. It was a close, easy shot, and Hen looked down in amazement at his missing. When he had looked enough, he tried again. This time the big revolver merely clicked, and Hen's contemptuous berating of himself might have softened almost anything but a rattlesnake. That he should have come out on a trip like this, where he would in all probability have to shoot for his supper, with one cartridge! Yet there were the plain facts-an empty revolver, and no cart-

ridge belt! Her lost his temper. The snake was openly defying him; and besides, he had taken a fancy to those rattles. He led Blue to one side and hung down his bridle-reins, which signified that the tell her she had made him a good wife. that the horse be hooked up. Stepping roan pony was anchored there until further orders; and then he started out to seek hand-ammunition.

Among the many things not readily to be found on that bench were stones, and Hen's search was disappointing for some time; but after much impatient casting about, he managed to plow up a few sandy little rocks, and hurried back to where the snake was still lying coiled. Probably it had regarded the pony as a threatening en-

emy. Hen's scanty rearing had been in Missouri on a backwoods farm, where a boy did not have to play baseball for the sake of its beneficial exercise. Consequently his throwing-arm had never been properly developed or trained, and now its awkwardness and inaccuracy were something to marvel at.

Add to the badness of his marksmanship the fewness and smallness of the stones, and you will understand the difficulties under which he labored. The snake was all coiled down, just aching to fight, and as Hen said, "sing-

in' like a concertiny." Of course the cowboy had to use the same stones over and over again; and when he did, by any accident, succeed in hitting the snake, if the stone did not bound back out of his snakeship's striking distance, it was gone. By such failures of recovery his stock of missiles soon dwindled, till there was only one solitary stone left.

Hen was grown pretty angry by this time, and he resolved to make the last one count. He did make it count, too. Another such jolt would probably have laid the "dook" low; but the day's ill luck came up again, for the stone stopped rolling a shade too close, and was in surveillance. like the others.

Hen scouted around for more stones, and could not even discover a sign. Then he went back to the scene of action, and surveyed it again. The last stone lay right on the rim of the "dook's" range; but the big fellow looked so sick and battered that Hen thought his alertness must surely be over. So the cowboy got carefully down and snatched at the stone.

His movement was not at all slow; 1898 with Roosevelt pressing up San it was simply slower than the snake's, Juan hill. But this was in '97, and whose vitality had been underrated. "Hen" was at that moment whistling Hen's white hand-for he had a soft, white hand when he removed his buckskin glove-was met by a streak of dark color, and the cowboy felt a sen-"Well," continued the foreman, sation as of several red-hot needles be-"Dutch Yorike was here yesterday, ing driven into the fleshly part of his

You can imagine his startled back-

Fifteen miles to the nearest human quarters, and in that blazing sun! A cold sweat of terror broke over him, and for a moment his brain reeled. summer, and the day gave promise of Then the easy habit of the range life

He had in his pocket some rawhide might whistle whatever and however that he was braiding into a backamore you pleased on the Circle-Oarlock; browband, and the first thing he did only, to preserve your friendly rela- was to bind a thong of it around his tions with the outfit, you must waste | wrist, twisting it tightly with his splic-

That finished be thought of an emer-So the long cowboy had picked his gency treatment which a half-crazy pony from the cot alled band and was old sheep-herder had acquainted him The more miles he had behind with. The treatment seemed about as foolish as the old herder had been, but Hen was in no position to be unduly

Snakes were without terrors for him now, so he jumped boldly in on the head thoroughly into the sand. Then -a fair character. It was a small blue- he cut the body into a number of pleces two or three inches long, as the herder's recipe demanded. The next step was to cut open his wounded thumb, which he took a grim sort of opened lazily into the distant hills. The enjoyment in doing thoroughly. Then burning sun cast his rays more and he split a section of the snake, and apmore directly on the back of Hen's in- plied the raw surface of flesh to his

> It was not a nice thing to do: Hen had to grit his teeth, in fact, to bring himself to it. but the effect was precisely as the old man had foretold. In the contact the snake-flesh rapidly became discolored. Hen used more and more of it, until all the poison, if such seemed to be absorbed. Then he good little roan homeward, and put the animal to its best gait.

He had not been riding five minutes when Blue's clean, steady stride seemed to have changed to the mad rack and pitch of a new bronco. He unslipped his rawhide lariat, and wearily-Oh. so wearily!-endeavored to tie himself in the seat, weaving the rope through and around his shaps belt, and making it fast with many hitches to the high horn and cantle of his stocksaddle. Then be took the kerchief from his neck, wrapped up the benumbed hand, twined the other in Blue's mane, and allowed himself to

When Blue got him to camp he was hanging half-way down the pony's ly. As the ranch people slid his limp rattlesnake trophies rolled from his shaps pocket, which explained the case perfectly. They doctored him with effective ranch remedies, and in a few weeks he was the same lank, jocose boy as ever.

No. not exactly the same. The thumb on his right hand was wizened and unsightly, resulting from a close intersection of thin white scars; he had sworn war-at long range-against all snakes, and the story having got abroad, he was never by any lapse called other than "Rattles." They called him so at Tampa and at Santiago, and if you search the files of the bright New York dailies, you may see that he was celebrated as "Rattles" at Camp Wickoff, and had some funny adventures there.-Youth's Companion.

Had No Chance.

Quilp-He took his wife's death very hard. She died suddenly, you know, and the poor fellow had no chance to Philp-How long had he been married to her? . Quilp-Twenty years .- Town Topics. A FAMOUS MALAY PIRATE.

Exploits of Panglima Laut Before the British Taned Him.

Professor B. J. Skertchly is a widely travelled man, and has many interesting experience to relate. He is an Englishman by birth, but at present he considers himself a resident of Australia. He has lived in almost every quarter of the globe. For many years he made his home in North Borneo, and while sojourning there he made the acquaintance of Panglima Laut, said to be the last of the pirate chiefs. In a conversation with a New York How Dangerous Drugs Are Put to the Phys-Tribune reporter the professor said:

"Until within the last twenty years piracy was the only liberal profession worthy of the Malay gentleman who infested the East Indian archipelago. say, from Singapore to Timor Laut. Like some other eminently respectable professions, it has fallen into decadence, owing chiefly to the close patrolling of the seas by British and other war vessels. The most dread of these pirates were two tribes, called the IIlanus and the Baglinini, whose legends say that they were driven from Johan about the time of King Solomon, in test. Suppose, for instance, we want daughter of the Sultan of Sulu, over has a stimulating effect on the heart. which island the United States recent- The experts on the staff of the laboraly hoisted Old Glory. These people tory at our works force a drop of the and until twenty years ago they ter- which is then placed in a delicate marorized the islands from Borneo to the chine called a kymograph that records Moluccas. In the new British territory of North Borneo, the last of their digitalis may be perfectly dead and instrongholds exists, and here lives ert, and it may be strong and active-Panglima Laut, a six foot, slender, no chemist could tell the difference wiry fierce eyed warrior, who made but the kymograph gets at the truth periodical raids along the Borneo slaves, but often for pure devilment used are little fellows not over two and 'just to keep his hand in.' He had inches long, and they are rather hard praus, some of which had eighty pad- to get. Some time ago we sent the dlers and all of which sailed like house a consignment from New Orged, and were as safe as lifeboats.

"When the Panglima felt weary it was his custom to don his brightest feet them. It's merely a matter of silk garments, tie his small turban economy. with a knowing little cocktail over his right ear, shave the right side of his mustache and swear never to sheathe his 'kris' or short sword, until his mustahe had grown again. He was 'kabal.' that is, invincible, for he had gone through some strange ceremony which convinced him that no steel or lead could ever kill him unless in the hands of English or Americans. The Malay places the Anglo-Saxons in a very exalted place by themselves, but he looks on the Portuguese. Dutch and Spaniards as having no greater power than himself. Starting on a pirate raid the Panglima would give battle to any praus encountered on the high seas. unless the crews were his brother cutthroats, and as quarter was neither asked nor given, the fights always resulted in a decisive victory for one party or the other. The Panglima all right the dog soon begins to get himself was never defeated at sea or dopy, staggers in its walk and eventuon shore. His fleet of war praus ally keels over and dreams dreams. would hover in the offing until sunset. and then suddenly swoop down on a

coast village and plunder it. "On one ocasion not long ago, seventeen men fell by the Panglima's kris in fair, open, hand to hand combat. The poor fellow is now simply a native chief under British rule, living in his old pirate haunt on Darnel Bay, North Borneo. Trade has been bad with him, and he complained to me that, although he was growing wealthy, all the fun Lad gone out of his life. He had been reduced to what we might almost term a domestic and friendly piracy among his own people for some years, maintaining his family by levying 'tithes,' amounting, bowever, almost to 100 per cent., upon boats engaged in fishing. His occupation ceased and his great heart broke when, after having defied the English and most pluckily stood up against an armed force, he was asked in a friendly way to come and watch the effect of a Maxim gun before that instrument was allowed to play its war tune to his people. He saw the rain of bullets playing with precision upon distant objects, and then, thrusting his kris home into its scabbard, he covered the handle with his coat, in token of friendliness, and pathetically ex-

claimed: " "This is not fair. It doesn't give a

poor pirate a chance." "Finally be succumbed to civilization at Mrs. Skertchly's by submitting to be photographed. But it took half a day of moral sussion to get him to stand up before something which, after his Maxim gun experience, he believed might be some other kind of infernal made a careful investigation, putting was excellent,"

Talk to Your Horse.

common sense in it. A pleasant word keys as there were singers. to a horse in time of trouble has prevented many a disaster where the horse has learned that pleasant words mean a guaranty that danger from punishment is not imminent, says the Buffalo Horse World.

One morning a big, muscular groom said to his employer: "I can't exercise that horse any more. He will bolt and run at anything he sees." The owner, a small man and ill at the time, asked into the carriage he drove a couple of miles, and then asked the groom to gle? station along the road such objects as Spinster (coyly)-I'll leave that to the horse was afraid of. This was you, sir .- New York Journal

done, and the horse was driven by them quietly, back and forth, with loose lines slapping on his back. The whole secret was in a voice that inspired confidence. The man had been frightened at everything he saw that he supposed the horse would fear. The fear went to the horse like an electric message. Then came a punishing pull of the lines, with jerking and the whip. Talk to your horse as to your sweet-

"TRYING IT ON THE DOG."

iological Test. "You've heard the theatrical expression 'trying it on the dog,' " said a representative of a great manufacturing drug house. "Well, in our line of business we frequently 'try it on a dog,' also en a freg, a rat, a roester, a guinea pig and other animals too numerous to mention. Our trials are literal, not figurative. We make them to ascertain the strength of certain drugs. which for some reason or other defy chemical analysis. In such cases we resort to what is called a physiological consequence of being mixed up with to find out the strength of a sample of the abduction of the Princess Ayesha. digitalis, which, if in good condition, were compelled to take to the seas, stuff into the stomach of a small frog. its heart beats on a strip of paper. The with infallible certainty and the samshores generally for plunder and ple is graded accordingly. The frogs witches. Most of them were outrig- leans, but they proved to be too large. Why do we use such small ones? Because it takes less of the drug to af-

> "Some of the other tests are still more curious," continued the drug man, "and none queerer than that of ergot. To ascertain its active properties a small quantity is injected into a full-grown rooster. If the drug is up to standard strength the comb of the fowl soon begins to turn blue and eventually becomes almost black. The power of the particular sample on trial is indicated by the deepness of the discoloration. This test is the only reliable one known and is exceedingly valuable, because ergot has a strange trick of occasionally losing all its medicinal properties without showing the slightest change in general appearance. Hasheesh, which has figured so extensively in romances of the Orient, is known scientifically as Cannabis Indica. It is tested on dogs. When the drug is The necessity of testing hasheesb grows out of a very singular fact. As most people know, it is made from the blossom of Indian hemp, but it is only the unfertilized female flower that has any narcotic properties. The male flowers and the seed-bearing female flowers are absolutely valueless, but all three look alike to the naked eve. So does the fincture prepared from them, and, like, the other drugs mentioned, it doesn't yield to analysis. These tests will give a fair idea of the modern method of getting at facts about medicines. They are only a few out of many. Altogether, I suppose that upward of a dozen different ani mals are used, each selected because of its sensitiveness to some special preparation. Occasionally the sentimentalists raise a wail over the poor guinea pigs and white rats and the innocent frogs that are sacrificed to science, but if it wasn't for the help of these creatures we would have to fall back on the old-fashioned method of distinguishing toadstools from mushrooms. Cook them and cat them, was they are mushrooms."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Serenading the Queen.

A queen must be as careful in expressing her likes and dislikes as any person of humbler position, if not more so. Once, not many weeks ago, when she was staying at Windsor, Queen Victoria said that she liked to be sere naded, and this weakness of her majesty soon found its way into print. The result has been to destroy the good mahine, and as his wife and family ladies early morning sleep to such an were also likely to be victims, he first extent that guards had to be posted to warn off loyal subjects and enthusiasside, but everything had held splendid- his head under the black cloth and tic visitors who wish to gratify her keeping his hand on his half drawn love for music. Some foreign farmers body to the ground some unusually fine kris all the time. He was scarcely that had been staying near Windsor satisfied, apparently, but determined for a week met under the walls of the to risk it, and stood like adamant. castle early in the morning and sang while the exposure was being made. hymns at the top of their voices and The picture of his wife and children continued to do so until they were powere not good, because they were litely asked to stop. The example set shaking with fright, but Panglima's by them has been catching, and, according to the Sussex Daily News, every party of early morning visitors as soon as it nears the castle, bursts Some man, unknown to the writer forth into the national anthem. One hereof, has given to the world a saying morning several groups of serenaders that sticks: "Talk to your cow as you were singing "God save the Queen" at would to a lady." There is a world of the same time in as many different

Had Him By The Neck. "Horace, ' she said, chidingly, "why

don't you tell me you love me?" Seizing a scrap of paper, the young man wrote on It:

"How can I, darling, unless you remove the pressure from my windpipe?"-Chicago Tribune.

It's Up To Him.

Census Enumerator-Married or sin

A WANDERING BELL BUOY.

One of Selby's Crew Took It to Be His Deathkneel. Captain McCulloch of the British

steamship Selby, now in port with a cargo of iron ore from Nicolaieff, Russia, gives a curious account of an ex-

"On July 11." said Captain McCulloch, "at 9 o'clock at night we were in latitude 36.23 north, longitude 49.51 west. It was a dark, gloomy hour, with quite a heavy sea on, one of those nights which make a fellow feel worried and fearful, just why he doesn't know.

"We were feeling our way very carefully. There was every indication of a heavy fog setting in shortly. At that time, however, the night was simply one of inky blackness.

"Samuel Marsteller, one of our ordinary senmen, was sick. He has since recovered, but it is a wonder that his fright on the night I have mentioned

did not carry him away. "He was particularly bad on July 11. Several times he told us that he was going to die. I tried to cheer him up. but he seemed oppressed with a nameless fear. He mouned in terror, while the wind played a mouruful accomshrouds,

terror and looked furtively at the supposed dving man.

"'It's all over, boys,' he said, 'that is my passing bell,' and relapsed at shelter for their young, some dead anionce into insensibility so deep we mal, such as a mouse, a toad, a mole, a thought that all was over.

"It was a dramatic and fitting climax to the mental torment which had held poor Marsteller in its clutches for many hours. For the moment I ascribed the dismal tolling of the lost buoy to supernatural agencies, and quickly hurried on deck with that ominous death knell yet ringing in my ears.

"It's dismal peal continued until daybreak. By that time, however, I had solved the mystery. Reference to bydrographic bulletins and pilot charts in my possession proved conclusively that the ghastly visitant was none other than the bell buoy that has been so long adrift and has been so often reported. When morning came I saw it distinctly. It was painted black with a square cage and seemed in perfect condition. Its course when last observed was northwest."

Captain McCulloch went on to say that the effect of the supposed death knell on the sick sailor lasted several days. He thinks the explanation had much to do with his recovery.

Never probably in the entire history of navigation has floating spar or abandoned derelict traversed a greater number of miles than this mournfully clanging harbinger of danger over the trackless waste of the ocean. Again and again since it broke loose from its secure fastening on the wild Nova Scotia coast has it crossed the track of transatlantic vessels. Once it was seen as far south as the north coast of Cuba; again it was passed within 200 miles of Ireland. Now it is midway between both continents, seemingly returning to its former station.

The hydrographic office has been much interested in the erratic course of the wanderer. The latter has been | perfect; they were most beautiful. It of inestimable value in determining the true direction of the ocean currents. Captain McCulloch's report was very much appreciated by the local cise gave them those superb chests, office in Philadelphia.-Philadelphia shoulders, arms and legs, those slim Times.

Dress Suit Quandary.

"No, I am not going out in the evenings just now to anything but strictly informal affairs," remarked a friend of the Saunterer the other day, "Why?" Well, because just now I am not the possessor of a dress suit, and lack the wherewithal to purchase another. It happened this way. I had a friend, a good fellow, who came to me one night and asked me if I wouldn't lend him the formula, and if they don't kill you my swallow-tail. I consented, but I told him I wanted the clothes back the next week, as I had a function to attend myseif.

"Well, to make a long story short, the week went by and not a word from my friend or not a sign of my evening duds. I had to miss my date, and was pretty mad, but I didn't say anything. Another week went by, and still no word. Then I decided to go out and hunt up my friend and find out if he intended to keep my clothes forever.

"I called at his boarding house and rang the bell. His landlady came to the door. When I asked if my frier l lings a week; while in the more favorwas in she gave a gasp of astonish- ed districts he is paid double that ment and exclaimed: 'Why, didn't you amount. Work begins in summer at know he was dead and buried?

"It was my turn to be knocked out. After I recovered my breath I ex- luncheon, and at noon he takes an hour plained that I had not heard the news, to rest and eat dinner. His work is and had merely called to take back my dress suit. It would doubtless be found among my friend's effects, I ex- disposes of another luncheon, and the plained.

"The landlady turned pink, white and then pink again. 'Why,' she gasped, 'that must have been the suit we buried him in. It was the only good one we found among his wardrobe,

"So you see the reason why I say no to R. S. V. P. notes just now."-Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Dahlla's History. More than one hundred years ago

Baron Humboldt discovered the dahlia, a small, single flower, in Mexico, Could some prophetic vision have revealed to him the dahlia of to-day in its dazzling hues and varied forms he might, perhaps, have been prouder of that dis. spring and winding up the line, covery than of all his other scientific achievements. It was sent by him to the Botanical Gardens, Madrid, where it received the name of dahlia in bonor of the botanist, Professor Andrew

The same year it was introduced into England, where it was cultivated under glass. For a few years it was lost to cultivation, then reintroduced into England. Cultivation soon developed the double form, and every color except blue. For many years the ideal dahlia of the cultivators was a perience with a drifting bell which he perfectly double, ball-shaped flower. passed when in the middle of the broad Those who remember the compact flowers of thirty or forty years ago know how nearly that ideal was realized, and remember the deserved popularity of the dahlia of that day. But people soon tired of the regularity of that type, and for a few years it was neglected. Florists were giving time. labor and thought to the development of the rose carnation, chrysanthemum and other popular flowers.

At last some far-seeing cultivator recognized the possibilities of the dahlia, and in new, improved and more beautiful shades of color it resumes its sway, and to-day greets us in so many varied and attractive forms that every taste may be suited.-London Globe.

BEETLES AS UNDERTAKERS.

When They Find a Dead Animal It is Buried for Future Use.

People often wonder what becomes of the dead mice and dead birds, for, though birds and mice are constantly paniment through the sounding dying in large numbers, hardly one is ever to be seen. The fact is that they "Suddenly, about 9.30, a bell tolled are buried by beetles, according to Our sadly over the sea. We all started in Animal Friends, Buchner gives a brief account of them as follows.

"Several of them unite together to bury under the ground, as food and bird, etc. The burial is performed because the corpse, if left above ground, would either dry up or grow rotten, or be eaten by other animals. In all these cases the young would perish, whereas the dead body lying in the earth and withdrawn from outer air lasts very well. The burying beetles go to work in a very well-considered fashion, for they scrape away the earth lying under the body, so that it sinks itself deeper and deeper. When it is deep enough down it is covered over from above. If the situation is stony the beetles, with united forces and great efforts, drag the corpse to some place more suitable for burying. They work so diligently that a mouse, for instance, is buried within three hours. But they often work on for days, so as to bury the body as deeply as possible. From large carcasses, such as those of horses, sheep, etc., they only bury pieces as large as they can manage."

There can be no doubt of the intelligence of these strange insects, as a gentleman discovered in a rather curious way. He desired to dry a dead toad, and for that purpose he fastened it upon the top of an upright stick. The burying beetles, however, were soon attracted by the smell, and, finding that they could not reach the toad. they undermined the stick, causing it to fa'll with the toad, which was then duly buried.

A Glimpse Into the Future

The Philadelphia Record says a Germantown clergyman is writing a novel. The date of his story is 2500, and the author describes the appearance of his characters in this interesting manner: "Physically, they were was common for men and women to have the forms of gods and goddesses. No long and irksome course of exerand supple waists, that graceful carriage. The massage machines, while they slumbered, moulded them to ideal proportions. From childhood the wealthy class slept at least twice a week at the gymnasium. There the attendants, having decided on the parts that needed development, arrayed their patients on cots in easy attitudes, and set the electrical massage machines to work. This muscle, that muscle, the deft, velvet coated hands of the machine kneaded swiftly and smoothly, and in the morning there was only a slight stiffness to remind the patients of what they had undergone. Yet the visible effect would in a brief period be tremendous. The calf of the leg. for example, would be built up in a month by a machine to the same extent that would have followed had the patient run daily for a year ten miles."

An English Laborer's Pay.

The wages of a laborer in the poorer parts of England are ten or twelve shilsix o'clock. At eight the laborer stops an hour for breakfast, at ten he eats a done at five, when he trudges home to supper. Just before he goes to bed he day is ended. A man could hardly live and support a family on ten or twelve shillings aweek, were it not that in summer he always has a chance to do "task work." While this lasts, he works extra hard and overtime, and earns six or eight shillings a day. He will very likely be out at four in the morning and keep at it till nine or ten at night-Canadian Magazine,

A Device for the Lazy Fisherman.

Fish are not only caught but pulled into the boat by a Kentuckian's device, comprising the usual line, which is wound on the shaft of a clock mechanism, a pull on the line releasing the

The Poor Ones,

Tommy-Paw, are all editors starving. like the funny men say they are? Mr. Figg-No; only the ones who own their papers.