Four-Leaved Clover.

Once, when simplest flowers of earth Seemed to be of heavenly birth; When each month was like the May And all life a holiday, Through the fields we used to go. Wandering gayly to and fro, Seeking here and searching there-Searching tireless everywhere, Hill and vale and meadow ove Just to find a tour-leaved clover.

What triumphant shouts would rise When we saw the fairy prize! Saw the precious, dainty thing Which, as we believed, could bring Wondrous luck and boundless joy To the favored girl or boy Who, in ecstacy of pleasure, First espied the magic treasure!

Now, with steps more sad and slow. Through the autumns fields we go, And our hearts less quickly beat To that music strange and sweet Which the dreaming poets hear Echoing ever, far or near. Yet e'en now, if happy chance Lures our meditative glance To some green and dainty cover Where upsprings a four-leaved clover, Straight a thrill of glad surprise Warms the heart and lights the eyes, And we, halt in earnest, say : "This will be a lucky day.

Ah! the simple joys and true That our dreaming childhood knew Let us cling, through good and ill, To their precious memories still! Like soft winds, from distant bowers Walting scent of weetest flowers, Float they round the darker ways All must tread in later days. Time, that steals full many a charm From our lives, can do small harm If he leaves undimmed and bright Childhood's faith and pure delight In the lowly things that lie Every where beneath the sky.

- Emeline Sherman Smith

UNCLE JEAN'S STORY

Louis Berthold, with his hoe upon his shoulder, walked slowly down the path toward the potato-field. His Uncle Jean, who was sitting among the hop-vines, smoking, called to him as he remediated to him as he "Where art thou going, Louis?"

"Where art thou going, Louis" The boy stopped and resting his hoe upon the ground leaned upon it. "To hoe potatoes," he replied; "but I don't want to." "Don't thou?" said his uncle.

Louis looked at him mournfully. But my mother said I must."

"But my mother said I must." "That is another matter. Do you mow, Louis, what once happened to me when my mother said I must?" "No, Uncle Jean," frankly replied the boy. "I know very little of what hap-pened to you; and I often think, when I grow up and become a soldier, that when I come know again I will tell the boys of all that happened to me." "But I have never been a soldier," said his uncle.

said his uncle.

"No; but you are a sailor, and you have been in many battles. You must often think of them, but you never talk

"No; but you are a sailor, and you have been in many battles. You must often think of them, but you never talk of them." His Uncle Jean looked at him gravely. "It is not fair, is it? There is Gustave Ballou-his grandfather has many a tale of his old battles, and thou-thou hast a glum and silent old uncle, who never prates of days gone by. Well, if thou wilt finish thy work and come back I'll tell thee of this time when my mother laid her order on me." Tous shouldered his hoe again, and marched off. He did not hurry because of his uncle's promise; but he probably worked more steady. He did not stop to watch the robins; and the rabbit that ran leaping over the field was not chased by him. He thought of the story, and hoped it would be a good one, full of ganpowder and blazing ships; but he was not sure. His uncle was the disappointment of his life-that was the truth; and, as Louis said it to himself, he dug his hoe into the ground and cut a potato in two. When he was a little chap, he was forever hearing of his Uncle Jean?" and out on the green in the evening, when the young folks danced and the old folks sat and talked, there was many a tale told of what Jean Berthold had dong-how he had gone to see as a boy of all work, and how he had been made a captain, and had had a medal given him for his browter was many a tale told of what Jean been a prioner; there was no end of the glorious things tol of him; and Louis often used to wish that it is brother eared been made a captain, and they had had an medal given him for his browter was head fought desperate battles; he had been made a riser there was more and of the glorious things told of him; and Louis often used to wish that it was he, in-stead of his yourger brother who was not him for his browter eared at the old folks sat watching the riser where he as the was he, in-stead of his yourger brother who was not him for his brother eared in the owned many the sate watching the riser where where he as the there was not him of the store, where he was he, in-stead of hi

it pleased her to see me captain of it! Then, as she stood on deck, looking at the busy rushing to and fro as the ves-sels were loaded, and as she tried to un-derstand just which belonged to my con-voy, "she turned and said: "Jean, art thou afraid?" 'No, mother. I mean to do my best. I did not ask for it, and if the wrong man was chosen the foult is the wrong man was chosen the fault is not mine.' 'Well, well,' said she, 're-member this—and thy mother it is who says it—think of Jean Berthold last." Louis nodded his head, the story was of the right kind.

says it—think of Jean Berthold hat." Louis nodded his head, the story was of the right kind. "The next day, at noon, we sailed. It was all very good for a time, but off the coast of Spain we met the English-men—two ships. One carried forty-eight, the other forty-four guns. It was great odds, Louis! My surgeon stood by me at the moment. 'There's no use in it,' he said. 'No use in what?' In making a show of fight? We'll have to surrender at hat.' This was a nice way to talk to a superior officer, wasn't it? 'And give up the merchantmen?' said I. 'Of course. They will necessarily be captured, and we have to think of our-selves sometimes.' 'Not first,' said I. ' we didn't come out for that.' So I just ordered his mouth to the men in this way he would never doctor any one again; and then we went into action. It was lively work, Louis, and enough, as the cabin-boy says, to make a shark haugh, to see how desperately our guns fired. We had so few in comparison with the enemy that we had to do double work. Fortunately we had plenty of ammunition. There was but one thing to do—to keep both English-men engaged and let the merchantmen get off. If we had let one of them flee our fleet would have been lot, so we kept at it. When the merchantmen were out of sight, when our decks were slippery with blood and our masts gone, we surrendered, but it was to the see-ond mate of one of the vessels, for the officers were all dead. There was but a handful of us left, and we were hurried on board the enemy, as our ship was sinking fast. As for me, I had a ball in my leg, and Brissac a cut on his shoulder."

What became of the surgeon?" asked Louis

Louis. His uncle smiled. "When I sent him below he went to the hold; he couldn't get any further down than he did, and here the cook found him and routed him out to attend the wounded. I put a man over him to make him dress a wound, and never saw him afterward." Louis nodded his head and drew closer to his nucle to his uncle.

We," continued the old sailor, "were

"We," continued the old sailor, "were taken to Portsmouth, and when we reached the shore we were ironed! "Think of it, Louis, we Frenchmen, taken in battle, fighting like tigers and fighting well, put in irons! Ah, it makes my blood boil when I remember it! I could not walk to the prison, and we were not on parole, so we were put into a cart, and the people crowded around us, hooting and scoffing. I told Brissac to funcy it applause, and then the bouder they screamed the better he would like it, but he shook his head. The was sick and he was disguted. As for me, I was furious! Never would I so treat a vris-oner of war! They put us in a sort of an in, up in the upper room, where the windows were tightly barred and a guard paced the hall. "For some days an English doctor came to see us and dressed our wounes, but we had no confidence in him: but came to see us and dressed our wounds, but we had no confidence in him; but one day the guard passed in a little fel-low and said, 'There, go work for thy bread.' He was a Frenchman-a sur-geon; and now he came and often talked of our escape, for upon it we were re-solved. The surgeon had more liberty than we, as he went from room to room, accompanied by a guard, but he never left the house. Had I been in his place I would soon have been free, but he could not see that it was possible. Then, one day, he came to us in great joy, for he had secured a file, and that he gave to us. It made our way clear, for if once the windows were open to us we felt sure of escaping, and now, every day, we talked and planned, and we called the file 'a wound,' and France 'a cure,' and the guards 'objections.' fear-ing we would be overheard. The file was poor, but little by little the bars were sundered until they were held to-grees was concealed by bread crumbs rubbed in soot. came to see us and dressed our wounces, but we had no confidence in bim; but

"It certainly is of war; how brave were the men thou must decide. So, to begin: It was a dozen years ago, pretty nearly, when I had just come ashore from a long cruise, and was in the great est hurry to go home and see my mother, that, just as I was fairly rendy to go, the captain of the Deliverance fell sick, and I was ordered to take his place and be aveg one home-nou see I had beer away for years. 'Thou dost not wave thy sword over thy head,'said Comi Hohenstack, who was my friend. 'I keep it for fighting, not waving,'said I but in truth I had no heart for way ing. As for the Deliverance, she was as and had as a comrade, and under my orders, the Isabele, with twenty-four guns, and my old messmate, Gasper Brissee, for captain. What we had to do was to take a leet of twenty mer-thand, and her ships were lively enough. "We had to hurry our preparations as the captain's illness had put think my act ill went out, long after, there as my dear illte mother, and near by was old 'Gray Jacques,' harnessed to the was to see here! She had come, shi was to be cont all told Brissae he would have to the was the to see me and would's toome in When I went out, long after, there as my dear illte mother, and near by was old 'Gray Jacques,' harnessed to the was to see meebfore I sailed. Intone tod everyboky that wanted me to come that night, and I took my mother off the ship and showed it to her. Ah, how it them, as she stood on deck, looking at the busy rushing to and fro as the teed to the hears on the suil receive me at the tot deters evalla receives me at the tool delip me out of the window, and to the sole and souwed it to her. Ah, how it pleased her to see me captain of the the ship and showed it to her. Ah, how it hee ship and showed it to her. Ah, how it pleased her to see me captain of the the bars, rush is for bar off to hear. I the ad a the we see the the ship and showed it to her. Ah, how it pleased her to see me captain of the the bars rush as sho don doek, looking at the busy rushing to and fro as the veen that m the others could receive me at the ground; then he would follow; and, be-tween them, they could get me easily to the boat. I reminded him of my size-that I was not a slim young fellow like him, but heavy and almost helpless. He would listen to nothing. The worst of it was for me especially, that all he add was true, and that it could have been managed just as he said, if it had not been for the fact of the danger of detection, I could have slid down the rope, and, with their help. I could have got to the boat, if we were unmolested; but if we should have chanced to meet any one, my presence would have been fatal to the whole party. I could not run. I would at once be known; and Brissac, I knew, whatever the others would do, would never desert me, and the end would be that we would be shot. To this the faithful fellow an-swered that the night was dark, the hour late, and the road led out of town; so the chances were that we would meet and sharp words until after a stome struck the window; and even after Bris-sac had the rope ready, and had em-braced me, he urged me to go. 'No! said I, finally. 'If you are in France, you can work for my release. If I go, we may all be lost; and if you stay, as you still threaten, of what use will it be? We shall come to feel that God gave us an opportunity and we refused it. Go, then, urge my release, and tell my mother that I still remember not or think of Jean Berthold first.' '' Well, he went. We both wept; but he went. Then I crept to my led; I was alone. The guard passed the door.' If he should come in,'I though, 'even yet they could be overtaken?' and, in English, I call out, 'Brissac, my lad, give me the water; I die with thirst?' and then I upset a chair. The guard paused, and I heard him laugh, and he went on. In the morning I threw up the bed-clothes on Brissac's bed and when our breakfast came, the guard paused, and I heard him laugh, and he surgeon was first missed?' " Haven't there a great fuss made?'' aked Louis, excitedly. '' Then you did get off?'' said Louis

lop.

sent the Norwegian money for his shal-lop." "Then you did get off?" said Louis. "Of course I did," replied his uncle, laughing. "how else thinkest thou I would be here?" "And how?" asked Louis. "My king sent for me," said Jean Ber-thold, proudly. "The merchantmen had told wonderful tales of what we did to save them, and it was thought we were all lost; so when Brissae reached St. Malo-and it took them forty-eight hours -the people rose and would have smothered him with kindners. They took him in triumph through the streets, and he broke from them and told them I was in prison yet. I don't know what ponsense he talked, but the queen heard of it, and she sent for him, and the end was the king paid for my release." "Did you ever see the king?" cried Louis. Louis.

"Yes, and the queen, and one of the "Yes, and the queen, and one or the princes. There was too much fuss made about all that, Louis." "There couldn't be?" cried Louis. standing up in front of his uncle, and locking at him with flashing eyes.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Among the laws passed last winter by the New York Legislature was one per-mitting historical societies to acquire and hold the site of any battle or fort, that is notable in the history of the coun-try, for the purpose of erecting monu-ments or inclosing interesting remains. The limit of occupation is six acres. The property is to be free from taxation and free to visitors. The land cannot be used for any business purposes, except, perhaps, peddling peanuts and lemonade at anniversary celebrations.

At the close of last year there were 81,841 miles of railroad in opera-tion in the United States, with a popu-lation of about 38,000,000. The number of miles of road in operation in Europe was about 94,000, for a population of something over 300,000,000. The United States thus has a mile of railroad to sometring over 300,000,000. The United States thus has a mile of railroad to about 464 inhabitants, and Europe one mile to about 3,323 inhabitants; or, in other words, every inhabitant of the United States has about seven times as much railroad as every European.

Courting in the Azores, if one can credit the correspondence of the Phila-delphia *Times*, is done at long range. Passing a house the correspondent saw a young man standing in the middle of the young man standing in the middle of the road talking to a young hady who was leaning over the railing of the balcony. When he saw he was noticed he walked away, but presently returned and re-sumed his conversation. On inquiry the correspondent learned that they always begin that way, and that the young man is never admitted to the house until about to be engaged to the young lady, and then he sees her only in the presence of other members of the family.

A congress for the improvement of the condition of the blind has been held in Berlin. Foremost among the ques-tions was that of the printed or written haracter to be used by t.e blind, and the congress decided that the system of writing and writting by combination of vriting and printing by combination of aised points, first introduced by Louis raised points, first introduced by Louis B-aille in 1834, should be adopted in Germa ay without modification. Another important decision was that the prac-tice of uniting the blind and the deaf in the same institution was highly objec-tionable. The congress also recorded the fact that in the experience of German institutions rope-making is one of the best trades there practiced by the blind.

The funeral of Herlig, a Socialist mas-The funeral of Herlig, a Socialist mas-ter turner, was the scene of a great So-cialist demonstration at Dresden. Sev-eral thousand sympathizers followed the bedy to the grave, but the police took advantage of an old Saxon law against the public exhibition of repub-lican emblems to forbid the wearing of political ensignia. No funeral oration was permitted, and when a woman stepped forward and spoke a few words an order was given to arrest her, the execution of which was, however, ren-dered impossible by the closing in of the crowd. Several wreaths were thrown on the coffin, but not before the police on the coffin, but not before the police had insisted on the removal of the red silk ribbons with which they were tied

A man has gone moon-blind in Bo A man has gone moon-blind in Bos-ton. He applied at a police station for lodgings on a Sunday evening, and be-ing told that he must go to the Hawkins Street Home, answered that he was moon blind, and unable to find the way. In explanation, he said he was recently a member of the night gang at work on the new sewer in Dorchester. One night the new sewer in Dorchester. One night the men took an hour's rest at midnight, and he fell into a doze while recining on an embankment. The moon was shining bright and clear. When he awoke at one o'clock and attempted to return to his work, he found that he could not see. In the daytime and by the aid of artificial light, he can now see as well as ever, but after dusk and in the open air his sense of sight is wholly lost.

A great business is being done this A great business is being done this year in the importation of iron from Africa for use in American manufac-torics. The great reason for preferring African iron to native ore is, of course, its cheapness, but it has the further ad-vantage of being remarkably free from phosphorus. This ore has been imported to some extent for two or three years, but never in such quantities as now, one authority estimating that two hun-dred thousand tons wi.l be shipped to New York this year and half as much to Philadelphia, the latter for use at the iron works in Bethlehem and Johnstown and by the Pennsylvania Steel Com-pany. Another notable feature in the iron trade is the importation of Bessemer pig, of which forty five thousand tons are known to be under contract for the are known to be under contract for the United States. There have been no im-portations of this wort before since 1873.

England has been shocked by a blundering execution, and it appears to be settled that Marwood, the hangman, is dering execution, and it appears to be settled that Marwood, the hangman, is an ignoranus, who is permitted to try experiments at the expense of the con-demned. At Newrate one Jamcs Dilley was to be put to death. Marwood ar-ranged for a fall of six feet. The man, after experiencing the horzor of such a fall, tinally died only of strangulation. Scientific persons are of the opinion that the wretch must have been torturously racked and have died in great agony. The long fall is a failure. The old gal-lows, it is thought, killed much more mercifully than the new-fangled ma-chines which have been introduced. The British press is discussing Mr. Mar-wood, and with all the more vigor breause by an order from the Home Office the representatives of the press are hereafter to be excluded from execu-tions. tions.

Anecdote of Artemus Ward.

Anecdote of Artemus Ward. I met Artemus Ward but once. I was quite young at the time and was acting as city editor of the *itar*, published at Secencetady, N. Y. The paper's whole name was the *Econing Star*, Well, while I was city editor of this sheet I met Ar-temus. He had came among us to de-liver bis famous lecture, and the whole place turned out to hear him. Strange as it may appear I didn't go. You see, I was fathoms deep in love with a girl at the time, and had a rival. This rival, who had recently blazed out in a new at the time, and had a rival. This rival, who had recently blazed out in a new suit of clothes, was at the lecture, and, sitting by his side, as happy as a kitten with a gill of sweet milk concealed about its person, was the idol of my heart—the, alas! fickle queen of my young affections. This is the reason that an hour after the lecture was over I happened to stand on a canal bridge, looking sadly down into the water. Although I heard no foot-steps I suddenly became conscious of a presence. Looking up, I saw standing beside me a slender form, whose face in the dim starlight seemed to be an un-usually sad one.

the dim starlight seemed to be an un-usually sad one. "Pardon me," he said; "saw you looking dreamily into the water as if you might be a poet, or perhaps a coro-ner, and was attracted to your side. Has misfortune overtaken thee, or art thou thinking of a lost one—or two, or a nearcr one yet, and a dearer one still, in the shape of a V?" I explained that I had lost no money, and during the course conversation re-

I explained that I had lost no money, and during the course conversation re-vealed the fart that I was a local editor. "It must be a terrible strain on the intellect to attend to the duties of a local editor." he remarked, tenderly. "Long, long time ago I had a relative— it is a family tradition—who was a local editor. He succumbed to his tremen-dous intellectual exertion stan early age. Noble soul, he died in the harness—at all events a stub lead-nenedi and an old note Noble soul, he died in the harness—at all events a stub lead-pencil and an old note book were found in his coat-tail pocket after his demise. His last words were, 'Set 'em up again,' alluding, you under-stand, to the type." I was about to say something in re-

ard to my heavy editorial responsibili-ty, but Ward checked me by asking: "What creek is this?" "Creek!" I exclaimed. "Why, this

"Creek!" I ext is the Erie canal! How far is it navigable?"

"Why, of course it is navigable from one end to the other," was my sur-

"Well," solemnly replied Ward, "that beats all the streams I ever heard of. By the way, I think I can make out some arge boats anchored up the stream there --what are they, propellers or side wheelers?"

large boats anchored up the stream there —what are they, propellers or side-wheelers?"
I replied that they were merely canaiboats, moved Ly horse power.
"An' I didn't think the stream was as shallow as that," said Artemus.
"As shallow as what?"
"Why you say that those boats are pulled along by horses. Now, of course they must walk along in front of the boat, mustn't they? I used to run a stoneboat on my iamented Uncie John's farm, and I distinctly remember that the horses walked along in front."
I mentally declared that I had never before met with such ignorance. I spent some time explaining the peculiarities of the big ditch, and just as I had begun to think that at last I had set the stranger right on the subject, he knocked my hopes into kindlingwood by remarking:
"I suppose that when the stream dries up in the canail from New York to Erie. How attentively he listened to my works. I can still see that melancholy face lit by the sad light of the stars, and those mournful eyes looking into mine so earnestly; and again I hear, as I did then, after I had taiked for nearly half an hour, going fully into the details of boating, the low, pathetic draw1: half an hour, going fully into the details or boating, the low, pathetic drawl: "Any sawmills on this stream that you know of?"

Shortly after some gentlemen came shortly after some gentlemen came along who seemed to be acquainted with my obtuse friend. Presently one called him Artemus and then I commenced to reflect. I always reflect best when I'm hid away somewhere, so I went and hid myself.—Detroit Free Press.

Mexican Horses.

Mexican Horses. Horses are bred in great numbers at the different laciendas in provinces, some of the larger estates having eighty or a hundred thousand cattle and fitteen or twenty thousand mules and horses. The pasturage is green all the year round, and the animals receive no other food. They multiply as the birds do, and with as little profit to their owners. Generally speaking, they run wild until wanted, when they are caught with a lasso, hood-winked and immediately mounted. For the first fifteen er twenty minutes they exert their whole strengt, to throw their the first fifteen or twenty minutes they exert their whole strength to throw their rider, but, finding their efforts unavail-ing, patiently submit, and generally give but little trouble afterward. Owing to their immense numbers, horses are sold very cheap, the average price for an un-broken herd being eight or ten dollars a head, with but little demand at that. It constitutes course that the convergence sometimes occurs that the government purchases a few hundred for the army, but, generally speaking, there are few occasions when they can be sold. Mexi-can horses, as a rule, are not handso ve, and are seldompmore than fourteen hands high: still they have nothing of the pecan dare seldomfmore than fourteen hands ore, and are seldomfmore than fourteen hands high; still they have nothing of the pe-culiar build of the pony about them. Fed entirely upon grass, they yet endure more fatigued nd are capable of main-taining a rapid gait for a longer time than the grain-ted horses of other lands. In the towns and cities they receive the scantisst of care and the meagerest allowance of food. Tied up the whole day in the stilling courtyards, they stand patien'ly availing their evening meal. Frevuently they are turned loose together-when it requires the use of a lasso to 'catch them. So familiar with this instrument do they become, that the moment the animal feels the rope about its neck it stands stock still, when with-out it it would not -uffer itself to be saddled or bridled. A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

Thrilling Experience of a Detroit Girl-Leashed to the Bulwarks of a Sinking Propeller.

The Detroit Free Press has the follow-

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Leshed to the Bulwarks of a Sinking Propeller. The Detroit Free Frees has the follow-ing account of the experience of Miss Belle Johnson, a young lady who was aboard the propeller Berschy when it was wrecked on Lake Huron: After leaving Bay City we had much heavy weather and had become rather accustomed to the tossing of the boat. Thursday night no change was observe 1 and the lady passengers, myself among the number, collected in the after cabin to listen to the stories of several South-ern ladies—refugees from the fever epi-demic, who had chosen the lake as a safe resort. I was standing within three feet of my stateroom when the conversation was ended by a terrible crash which threw me headlong across the cabin. The other ladies were crowded in a cor-ner, not one being able to speak. For some minutes no one moved, and I only heard an occasional prayer above the hoarse roar. One lady, hke myself, had had experience in similar emergencies, and we with difficulty gained the deck. The night was very dark, and nothing could be seen except the lighthouse bea-con, several miles away. Our steam whistles had been sounding signals of distres, but the water dashed over the engine fires and they were put out, and the darkness. Captain McGregor had been sizk in bed, but I could distinguish im on deck, giving directions for the launching of a boat which was to make and we were left groping about in the darkness. Captain McGregor had been sizk in bed, but I could distinguish im on deck, giving directions for the launching of a boat which was to make an their at the might in this way, crew as w ould. The male passenger or hoard heat secured their life-preser-ers and say with them on all night, but the wome: had given everything up and I refused to put one on, thinking fir would on! prolong my suffering. Early Friday me aing the steward came below

the wome: had given everything up and I refused to put one on, thinking it would on! prolong my suffering. Early Friday mo aing the steward came below and insisted upon buckling on the pre-server. It seemed like getting into my colin, for I had said my last prayer and was ready. After securing the belts we were led to the upper deck, and, as the boat threatened to part every minute, we were lashed one by one to the outer bulwarks. Whenever the sea poured over me the ropes held me fast, and I sat tied there three hours looking into the water and wishing I could go down and have it ended. The captain' passed by, and, with his glass, I could see some of our men cling-ing to the foot of a perpendicular cliff about forty feet in height. They had been drifted ashore the night before, when the small boat was swamped. I also saw the lifeboat being launched, and the crowd of men hurrying up and down the shore as though bewildered. The life-saving boat could be seen an instant, then it would sink in the trough of the sea, and we thought it was lost. It gradually neared us, and a line was thrown out and secured by Captain Kiah. Then two men were seen climbing out on the ropes and through the water to-ward our boat. It took them a long time, but they were at last on board and knew how to direct our efforts for safety. Through their management the boats came near by and we were hauled on board and then taken to land. Not until I stood on solid ground could I think that it was possible for me to escape death death

death. The greatest praise is due the men in the lifeboat. I visited their station Saturday, and found the road over which they carried their boat rough and sandy. As it was about five miles from the propeller's wreck, it seemed marvel-ous that they could reach her at all.

Why the Light Went Out.

Why the Light Went Out. Next time you go out on the Michigan Central road take a sext on the right-hand side of the car, so that you may notice, about ten miles down the road, a little old red farmhouse. The curtains will be down, the doors shut, and rank weeds and tall grasses will meet the fly-ing glance in the front yard. A month ago old Nan Rogers lived there: to-day the place is in the keeping of rats and mice and desolation. The old worman was a widow and childless. If she had a relative anywhere in this great world, those who buried her were not aware of the fact. She lived all alone, having only a bit of land and being nided by kind neighbors to raise enough to supply her wants. Seven or cight years ago, when her last child left home to meet a violent death on this same road, the men violent death on this same road, the men of the ralls became interested in that quaint old farmhouse. One night they saw a bright light in one of the windows. Its rays streamed out over the flowers and fell upon the rails along which the wheels thundered, and the engineer wondered over the signal. The hamp was there the next night and the next, and it was never missed for a single night until one evening a month ago. Old Nan, deprived of husband and children. made friends with the rushing trains and their burdens. The trainmen soon found that the lamp was for them, and they watched for it. During the early evening hours they saw old Nan-ny's face behind the li ht or at the door, and a thousand times conductors, engi-neers and brakemen have called cheerily through the darkness: "Good night, old Nanny; God bless you!"

at once got down and ran to see what it ment. In the great kitchen, surrounded by the whole family, weeping and laughing, stood a very fat man with blue eyes, a rosy, laughing face, and dressed much as the men in the town were. This was his Uncle Jean! Louis was so surprised that he could not look glad. He had often fancied this coming home, but in his visions his uncle was tall and flerce. He had a long black beard, and he wore a sword and scarlet and-gold elothes, and walked like a soldier and not like a duck. Whether this was a good picture of a French sailor or not, Louis never stopped to ask himself, but he knew that it was the way a hero const to look.

he knew that it was the way a hero ought to look. Of one thing he was certain—a hero was never fat. Then, as time passed on, his disappointment deepened, for this nucle of his never talked of his deeds, and seemed to take more interest in home affairs and farm talk than in scenes

home affairs and farm talk than in scenes of glory. When Louis finished his work, he tood and looked at it. It was very good work. There was no saying more common in the Bertho.d family than. "Do it now and do your best," and Louis had caught the spirit of it. So them he took up the hoe, put it in the barn, and started for the hop vines to "nd his uncle.

barn, and started for the hop v.nes to barn, and started for the hop v.nes to "Hast thou finished?" said he. "All finished." said Louis, sitting down on the grass, "and I do hope, Unde Jean, that thy story is of war and there are are and the story is of war and

"Uncle Jean, I think you are the great-est man alive." "I am one of the biggest," said his uncle, with a smile, looking down at himself, "and if I sit about at home and tell stories I shall be larger yet!" -Chris-tian Laura. tian Union

For the Last Time.

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The nereater to be excluded from execu-tions: **Becape of the troopers who were massacre is paralleled by that of an English soldier who was acting as ser-officers, in Afghanistan, in 1841. Having been sent out on an errand by his master officers, in Afghanistan, in 1841. Having been sent out on an errand by his master been sent out on an errand by his master officers, in Afghanistan, in 1841. Having been sent out on an errand by his master been sent out on an errand by his master officers, in Afghanistan, in 1841. Having been sent out on an errand by his master been sent out on an errand by his master of the direction of the residency, and at one made his way out of the town. A Sikh trooper, who likewise belonged to of his captors by a singular stratagem. Knowing well that his exploits during the war havi marked him for the worst for tures which Afghan cruelty could in-flict, he declared that were his life given him, he would reveal a charm making the wearer invulnerable, the power of which he was willing to test on his own one agreed, and the prisoner, covering his breast with a white cloth, bade them is breast with a white cloth, bade them is charged, and the Sikh fell dead on the pot hus escaping the torments in store for him.**

American Inventive Genins. An English paper gives credit to American genius for at least fifteen in-ventions and discoveries, which, it says, have been adopted ail over the world. These triumphs of American genius are thus enumerated: First, the cotton gin; second, planing machine; third, the grass mower and grain reaper; fourth, the rotary printing press; fifth, navigation by steam; sixth, hot air or caloric engine; seventh, the sewing machine; eighth, the India rubber in-dustry; ninth, the machine for manu-facture of horse shoes; trath, the sand blast for casving; eleventh, the gauge lathe; twelfth, the grain elevator; thirteenth, artificial loe manufactures on a large scale; fourteenth, the electroa large scale; fourteenth, the electro-magnet and its practical application; infreenth, the composing machine for arinters.

through the darkmess: "Good night, old Nanny; God bless rows" Winter and summer the light was there. Winter and summer the train-there are summer the second there is a state of the train drops beat fields the same was not there for one train-but for all, and all men understood the sentiment and appreciated it. One dark is a state of the same second the second the sentiment and appreciated it. One dark is a state of the same second the second the second to all and the raindrops beat fields if darger lurked on the curve below. Each trainman aboard that night looked is darger lurked on the curve below. Each trainman aboard that night looked is darger lurked on the curve below. Each trainment is the stations above and below. Next day men went down to the little old heuse, fearing old Nanny might be ill. There sat the lamp on the window-sill, but the oil was ex-nused. In here bed, seeming to have on the window set day dead. Life and lamp had gove out together, and men of rough look and hardened heart replied, as they be and be and the art replied, as they be and be and the art replied, as they be and be and the art replied, as they be and hardened heart replied, as they be and hardened heart replied, as they be and hardened heart replied, as they be and heaven?"-Detroit Pree Prese.