

WE TWO.
We two make home of any place we go
We two find joy in any kind of weath-
er.
Or if the earth is clothed in bloom or
green,
If summer days invite, or bleak winds
blow,
What matters it, we two are together?
We two, we two, we make our world,
our weather.
We two find youth renewed with every
day.
Each day holds something of an un-
known glory.
We waste no thought on grief or pleasure
gone.
Tricked out like hope, time leads us on
and on,
And thrums upon his harp new song or
story.
We two, we two, we find the paths of
glory.
We two make heaven here on this little
earth.
We do not need to wait for realms
eternal,
We know the use of tears, know sor-
row's worth,
And know the bliss of love's rebirth.
Our paths lead closely by the paths
supernal;
We two, we two, we live in love eternal.
—Century.

Alicia's Experiment.

ALICIA WELLINGTON was 26 years old and she had never received an offer of marriage nor had a lover. Her two younger sisters were both happily married—Gertrude to a young man who had adored her from childhood and Lottie to an elderly widower who had fallen in love with her at her coming-out party. Gertrude had refused three offers before marrying John Nelson, Lottie, who was a bonny coquette, had received homage from almost every man she knew from the time she could talk.
Alicia was serious and rather haughty. Her friends called her "intellectual," and this same intellectualism made her unpopular with men, who were generally her inferiors in her chosen style of conversation. If not in depth of thought, until now Alicia had affected to despise the other sex. Lottie's flirtations and Gertrude's conquests had seemed frivolous to her. But she wished to be a well-rounded woman and it suddenly occurred to her that she knew nothing of love, although it was one of the chief things of life. The fact that she was different from other girls and their inferior in one respect



"SHE THINKS ME CLEVER."

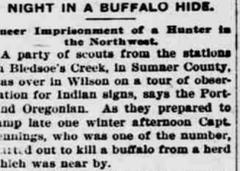
was brought home to her by a meditation on love and matrimony which followed the receipt of a letter announcing the engagement of her only unmarried one of her classmates. To be sure, Alicia was younger than the other girls, but she had come out the same year.
"It is all very well not to marry," she said to herself in conclusion, "but it is not so well to be unmarried. I must have something lacking in me like my classmate, but it is strange that men don't like me. I can accomplish almost anything if I make up my mind to it. I will have a lover. I need not marry him, of course, but I will have him sure-ly in love with me, so that I will have an impression of love; then I will refuse him."
Alicia cast about her list of male acquaintances with a view to selecting a suitable man for her experiment. Finally she chose Reggy De Greve. Reggy was a year younger than Alicia. He was as frivolous as any girl and decidedly effeminate in his looks and ways. He had been one of Lottie's numerous admirers, in an impassive way, but he had never gotten up courage to propose to her. He will have him sure-ly in love with me, so that I will have an impression of love; then I will refuse him.

Alicia cast about her list of male acquaintances with a view to selecting a suitable man for her experiment. Finally she chose Reggy De Greve. Reggy was a year younger than Alicia. He was as frivolous as any girl and decidedly effeminate in his looks and ways. He had been one of Lottie's numerous admirers, in an impassive way, but he had never gotten up courage to propose to her. He will have him sure-ly in love with me, so that I will have an impression of love; then I will refuse him.

"Oh, Mr. De Greve," she said—here-fore she had called him Reggy—"I am so glad to see you. I know you can help me solve something that has been worrying my poor brain."
She took a seat beside the young man and submitted the "something" that had been worrying her. It was only a charade, an intricate one, however, to which Alicia knew the answer. Reggy did not suspect that and he was good at puzzles. He solved this one easily and explained the elaborate process to Miss Wellington.
"Thank you, Mr. De Greve, you are so clever," said Alicia, exactly as she had heard Lottie say the same words to different men at least a hundred times.
That evening as Reggy went away he

WE TWO.
In the course of time Alicia convinced Reggy that she was uncommonly pret-ty, agreeable, not too wise, and al-though charming—just the woman to pre-fer to her house and help her spend his rather large inheritance. She soon convinced him that he was good-looking, clever, witty, and manly. In- deed, under the sun of her approval he grew wonderfully until he was quite a different Reggy.
At last the scheme for proposal took place. Alicia with himself and a few more than estimated with the accom-panied Alicia. Reggy asked her to be his wife. Alicia foresaw the coming offer, of course. She made ready to re- fuse it. She even chose her next vic-tim, William Giles, a lawyer of skill and renown. He would be difficult to catch, but a foeman worthy of her steel.
But she did not think of William when Reggy proposed. She watched "the boy," as she called him in her heart, with a curious pride. "How well he does it," she thought. "Love has made him so earnest. He is charming—he is adora-ble."
"Why, Reggy," she said aloud, to her own astonishment, "I believe I do love you. Yes, I will marry you, after all-—yes, happily!"
The happy Reggy did not notice the peculiar wording of Alicia's acceptance of his heart and fortune. He had won her and his joy seemed complete. No one but his wife ever knew that he had been the subject of an experiment—Chicago Tribune.

NIGHT IN A BUFFALO HIDE.
Queer Imprisonment of a Hunter in the North-west.
A party of scouts from the stations on Bladsoe's Creek, in Sumner County, was over in Wilson on a tour of obser- vation for Indian signs, says the Por-tland Oregonian. As they prepared to camp late one winter afternoon at Jay's Junctions, who was one of the number, started out to kill a buffalo from a herd which was near by.
There was a heavy sleet on the ground, and he found it difficult to get a good range on account of the sleet on his feet on the cracking ice, but after following the game for several miles he at last killed a very large bull. Fearing that the meat might be in- jured if left until the next morning, he skinned the animal and took out the hide, and then he was about to skin it, and he decided to remain with his meat instead of seeking camp in the darkness. So, wrapping the huge hide around him, flesh side out, he lay down and slept very comfortably until morning. On waking he found himself in a predicament, for the animal's hide had frozen so hard and now resisted all his efforts to escape.
Hour after hour rolled by in agony to the captain. He yelled at the top of his voice for help and strained and kicked with all his might at the rawhide inclosure, but it proved stubborn to the last degree. He doubtless swore many a bitter oath, for he was of too frascable a temperament to submit tamely. He expected his companions to search for him, and they did, but with a great deal of caution, fearing that he had been killed by the Indians. His presence in the absence could be ac- counted for in no other way. He gave up all hope of extricating himself as the hours wore away, but help which he had not thought of was to save him from a death which would have been extremely mortifying, at the least, to a hunter who had escaped Indian bullets and swam like a beaver. He will let him relate the issue in his own words: "Well, the sun came out in the afternoon, and this softened the hide on the top so I could get one arm out, and when I got one arm out I worked and pizen until I got my body through."



AN IDEAL PLAYHOUSE.

other, making a continuous veranda along one side of the house, or they can be put up one over a door and one over a window.
There are made also, for use with these playhouses, if desired, outside blinds and screens for doors and win-dows. The gable ends of this house, under the roof, are shingled; the side walls are of matched pine, as is also the roof, which is made in two sections. This house can be put up and taken down in a few minutes.
All sorts of furniture in suitable small sizes can be brought for the fur-nishing of these houses, including chairs and tables and settees and vari-ous other articles in wood and in wick-work, handsome little desks, and everything needed for parlor or library or dining-room, and there can be had a complete outfit, including stoves of the most modern description and equipped with every sort of cooking utensils, and there can be had also little washing machines and ironing boards, and so on.
The playhouse, in fact, whether it be of one or more, can be furnished completely as a house of ordinary size.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Cannibal Story.
In the long winter evenings, which in South Africa commence in May, June and July, the little Boer children sit around the fire and listen to stories like this:
There was once a woman who had a son named Magoda. She became a can-nibal and ate up all the people in the vil-lage.
"When I hear people boast that they would or wouldn't do under the per-suasion of a six-shooter," said an old prospector, "I am reminded of the man-ner of an expedition of mine years ago on the Iron Mountain Railroad.
"I was station agent at the time at a little town near Texarkana, and had been summoned up to Little Rock on some business that has nothing to do with this story. I was in the first day coach, well up to the front, and in the rear of the train a messenger, a man who had attracted a good deal of at-tention from the fact that he wore his hair long and had a pair of enormous revolvers stuck in his belt. The rest of the car was well filled with a mixed crowd, including perhaps a dozen women. At about 9 o'clock at night, while we were going over a very desolate part of the road, the train slowed down sud-denly, and before we could inquire what was wrong the front door flew open and a masked man stepped inside with a saved-off shotgun at his should-er. 'Sit still,' he yelled. 'I'll shoot if any soul moves a finger! As he spoke another masked man stepped around him with a cocked revolver in his hand and started down the aisle, looting the passengers as he went. When he came to the express messenger he burst out laughing. 'You scarecrow!' he said, 'what are you doing with them guns?' and he snatched one of the pistols out of his belt and hit him over the head with the butt. Then he took the other, made him hand over his watch and money, and passed them to the messenger who wiped the blood off his face and said nothing.
"After it was all over and the robbers had disappeared the messenger was a target for numerous sneering remarks, but he held his tongue. 'If I had a head like yours,' he said to me, 'I'd have been a head with a sawed-off gun and killed half the women folks in the car.' At the next stopping place he got off, and one of the women stuck her head out of the window and screamed 'Coward!'
"Two days later that same mes-senger walked up to a little cabin in the mountains, kicked in the door, shot two of the robbers dead in their tracks, and captured three others, all single-hand-ed. I often wondered whether the woman who hollered 'Coward!' heard of that incident."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Archibald Forbes.
The recently deceased Archibald Forbes' entrance upon the career of war correspondent was, it is said, de-cided by chance. His first step was to open a cigar shop at the bottom of Ludgate hill, where he bought a cigar, and threw the names of the four or five principal daily newspapers into his hat before drawing lots to decidewhich of them he should first ap-proach. The name that he drew out was the Daily News. With a delay he sought out Mr. (now Sir) J. R. Robinson, whom he met then at his first time, and was promptly engaged.

Economy in Wireless Telegraphy.
In one case \$298,000 has been saved owing to the establishment of wireless telegraphy between the East Goodwin Lightship and the South Foreland.

In a Mexican Home.
As all cooking is done with charcoal and ovens are practically unknown in private houses, very few families bake bread. The small, hand-crafted loaves of French bread are delivered all over the city in great baskets four feet across that are carried in the hands of gadores.
The arrangement of furniture is much more formal than in the United States. A very common sight is to see splendidly furnished parlor with a row of straight-backed chairs, all alike, with their backs against the wall, and as close together as they can be placed clear around the room.
A good Mexican cook relieves the mistress of the house of worry and re-sponsibility in a manner that is almost unknown in the United States. The cook is given so much per day, and with this amount she will purchase each morning all the provisions of the day, including even the staples that are usually bought in large quantities in other countries. On a dollar a day a cook will provide a very good table for a family of three or four, and get enough beans and tortillas and chile to set the servants' tables besides. They can really do better than their mis-tress, because they can usually drive sharp bargains with the market men of their own class, and they have more patience to haggle over the last penny.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

An Anecdote of Stanley.
When E. M. Stanley was writing "The Story of the Expedition to the North Pole," he was in the habit of spreading his maps and charts upon the floor. One day his fa-vorite cat went to sleep on a chart spread out on the hearth rug. By and by the chart was wanted, and one of the assistants went to turn pussy away, but Stanley stopped him. "Don't dis-turb the cat," he said. "We can get on without the chart until she wakes up. If you only knew how good the sight of that cat was to me, you would never let her move from where she is."
After his trials among uncivilized tribes the sleeping cat was to him the symbol of domestic peace and comfort.

Western Australia has thirteen bush

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.
Quaint Serjants and Cute Designs of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Lit-tle Ones to Read.

There is really no reason nowadays why children should not have play-rooms of their own, for portable struc-tures for lawn and garden use are manufactured.
One house of this sort is 6 feet 4 inches wide, 9 feet 6 inches long and 9 feet 9 inches tall from the floor to the point of the gable. This house has one floor and one window. The window is cut vertically in the middle, the two halves opening back on hinges at the side edges. The door has a glass sash in its upper part, and it has also a lock and key.
These houses are built in sections, and they can be put up in different ways; that is, they can be set up with the door in the front and the window in one end of the house, or they can be set up with both the door and the window in front; the sections are interchangeable.
There is provided for use with the house a table, which is made in sec-tions of the same width as the sec-tions of the house itself, so that these veranda sections can be put up to a



AN IDEAL PLAYHOUSE.

What Leads to Be Opened.
The alarm about the early exhaustion or insufficiency of the world's wheat supply may be somewhat abated by the facts in connection with an applica-tion for charter of a new Canadian rail-road. The route proposed is from the Quebec and Lake Huron, and its route is from the mouth of French River, on Georgian Bay, across the Ottawa at Mattana and the St. Maurice at Quebec. The distance is 140 miles, or 135 miles shorter than the route by the St. Lawrence. The line is a great plateau, embracing 3,000,000 acres of forest and farming lands, now out of reach of railroads, and said to be capable of easily sup-porting a population of 500,000.
The region through which the new road will pass is well adapted to wheat raising, and the plan includes great grain elevators for the accommodation of this resource. Incidentally the project calls attention to the fact that Canada has other large tracts of unde-veloped territory adapted to the grow-ing spring wheat. This area, added to the wheat lands of the Pacific and the Siberian Railroad, will certainly pro-duce for some years the shortage pre-dicted by Sir William Crookes. Mean-while the wheat farmer is not receiving a price for his product indicative of its full value or speculative belief in the future of the supply.—Pittsburg Dis-patch.

NOT WHOLLY A COWARD.
Railroader's Good Reason for Not Re-sisting Train Robbers.
"When I hear people boast that they would or wouldn't do under the per-suasion of a six-shooter," said an old prospector, "I am reminded of the man-ner of an expedition of mine years ago on the Iron Mountain Railroad.
"I was station agent at the time at a little town near Texarkana, and had been summoned up to Little Rock on some business that has nothing to do with this story. I was in the first day coach, well up to the front, and in the rear of the train a messenger, a man who had attracted a good deal of at-tention from the fact that he wore his hair long and had a pair of enormous revolvers stuck in his belt. The rest of the car was well filled with a mixed crowd, including perhaps a dozen women. At about 9 o'clock at night, while we were going over a very desolate part of the road, the train slowed down sud-denly, and before we could inquire what was wrong the front door flew open and a masked man stepped inside with a saved-off shotgun at his should-er. 'Sit still,' he yelled. 'I'll shoot if any soul moves a finger! As he spoke another masked man stepped around him with a cocked revolver in his hand and started down the aisle, looting the passengers as he went. When he came to the express messenger he burst out laughing. 'You scarecrow!' he said, 'what are you doing with them guns?' and he snatched one of the pistols out of his belt and hit him over the head with the butt. Then he took the other, made him hand over his watch and money, and passed them to the messenger who wiped the blood off his face and said nothing.
"After it was all over and the robbers had disappeared the messenger was a target for numerous sneering remarks, but he held his tongue. 'If I had a head like yours,' he said to me, 'I'd have been a head with a sawed-off gun and killed half the women folks in the car.' At the next stopping place he got off, and one of the women stuck her head out of the window and screamed 'Coward!'
"Two days later that same mes-senger walked up to a little cabin in the mountains, kicked in the door, shot two of the robbers dead in their tracks, and captured three others, all single-hand-ed. I often wondered whether the woman who hollered 'Coward!' heard of that incident."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Giving Bachelors the Go By.
The town of Givet, in the Ardennes, is taking steps to put an end to the depopulation of France. Hereafter in all town offices first fathers of more than three children and next married men will be preferred to bachelors. Prizes of \$5 will be awarded yearly to those parents who have sent the largest number of children to school regu-larly, and scholarships in the national schools will be reserved for families of more than three children. Fathers of families shall also have the preference for admission to almshouses and old people's homes.

Old Story, but Good.
A little girl was permitted one bright Sunday to go to hear her papa preach. Now, it chanced that on this special oc-casion papa's sermon was of the "warn-ing" order. After a moment of breath-less surprise and horror the little lis-ener's soul was wrought upon with a great pity for the poor mortals upon whose souls she was preaching. Her wide rosy cheeks just peeping over the back of the seat, called out, in sweet, child-like tones:

TRAMPY GALLS.

What for you scolding all the people so, papa?
"How is it, Frank, that you're late home nearly every afternoon?"
"Why, you see, mother, we've got such a big clock in our school."
"But what has the clock to do with it?"
"Cause it's so big it takes the hands an awful long while to get around. If we had a clock like papa's little one I'd get home a great deal quicker."

Frank the Little Householder.
Assistant District Attorney Osborne, of New York, who won notoriety by his energetic prosecution of the Mol-ineux case, tells this story:
"Some years ago I was spending a vacation at Rhinecliff, N. Y., trying to recuperate my shattered health. I stayed at a farmhouse which was the property of a man named William Travis. He was often subject to fits of melancholy, and in that condition was wont to say that he was tired of his life of drudgery and toil, and was most tempted to end his wearisome existence. Things went along smooth-ly; but one day he went out to attend to the stock and was gone rather long-er than usual. I thought he might have met with some accident, and started for the barn to look for him. My worst fears were realized, for there was Travis hanging by a harness trace from a beam.
"I hastily whipped out my knife and cut the trace, picked him up and carried him into the house and ran two miles into Rhinecliff for a doctor. He recovered, and gave his solemn word that he would never try to commit sui-cide again. I left there two days ago, and he has since been well."
Travis named an amount just \$2 over what I was sure I owed. Upon asking an explanation of the added \$2, Travis said:
"Well, Mr. Osborne, don't you re-member the buggy trace you cut the night I tried to hang myself?"
"I paid up and went away far fear he would I owed him the doctor's bill."

What Leads to Be Opened.
The alarm about the early exhaustion or insufficiency of the world's wheat supply may be somewhat abated by the facts in connection with an applica-tion for charter of a new Canadian rail-road. The route proposed is from the Quebec and Lake Huron, and its route is from the mouth of French River, on Georgian Bay, across the Ottawa at Mattana and the St. Maurice at Quebec. The distance is 140 miles, or 135 miles shorter than the route by the St. Lawrence. The line is a great plateau, embracing 3,000,000 acres of forest and farming lands, now out of reach of railroads, and said to be capable of easily sup-porting a population of 500,000.
The region through which the new road will pass is well adapted to wheat raising, and the plan includes great grain elevators for the accommodation of this resource. Incidentally the project calls attention to the fact that Canada has other large tracts of unde-veloped territory adapted to the grow-ing spring wheat. This area, added to the wheat lands of the Pacific and the Siberian Railroad, will certainly pro-duce for some years the shortage pre-dicted by Sir William Crookes. Mean-while the wheat farmer is not receiving a price for his product indicative of its full value or speculative belief in the future of the supply.—Pittsburg Dis-patch.

NOT WHOLLY A COWARD.
Railroader's Good Reason for Not Re-sisting Train Robbers.
"When I hear people boast that they would or wouldn't do under the per-suasion of a six-shooter," said an old prospector, "I am reminded of the man-ner of an expedition of mine years ago on the Iron Mountain Railroad.
"I was station agent at the time at a little town near Texarkana, and had been summoned up to Little Rock on some business that has nothing to do with this story. I was in the first day coach, well up to the front, and in the rear of the train a messenger, a man who had attracted a good deal of at-tention from the fact that he wore his hair long and had a pair of enormous revolvers stuck in his belt. The rest of the car was well filled with a mixed crowd, including perhaps a dozen women. At about 9 o'clock at night, while we were going over a very desolate part of the road, the train slowed down sud-denly, and before we could inquire what was wrong the front door flew open and a masked man stepped inside with a saved-off shotgun at his should-er. 'Sit still,' he yelled. 'I'll shoot if any soul moves a finger! As he spoke another masked man stepped around him with a cocked revolver in his hand and started down the aisle, looting the passengers as he went. When he came to the express messenger he burst out laughing. 'You scarecrow!' he said, 'what are you doing with them guns?' and he snatched one of the pistols out of his belt and hit him over the head with the butt. Then he took the other, made him hand over his watch and money, and passed them to the messenger who wiped the blood off his face and said nothing.
"After it was all over and the robbers had disappeared the messenger was a target for numerous sneering remarks, but he held his tongue. 'If I had a head like yours,' he said to me, 'I'd have been a head with a sawed-off gun and killed half the women folks in the car.' At the next stopping place he got off, and one of the women stuck her head out of the window and screamed 'Coward!'
"Two days later that same mes-senger walked up to a little cabin in the mountains, kicked in the door, shot two of the robbers dead in their tracks, and captured three others, all single-hand-ed. I often wondered whether the woman who hollered 'Coward!' heard of that incident."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Giving Bachelors the Go By.
The town of Givet, in the Ardennes, is taking steps to put an end to the depopulation of France. Hereafter in all town offices first fathers of more than three children and next married men will be preferred to bachelors. Prizes of \$5 will be awarded yearly to those parents who have sent the largest number of children to school regu-larly, and scholarships in the national schools will be reserved for families of more than three children. Fathers of families shall also have the preference for admission to almshouses and old people's homes.

Old Story, but Good.
A little girl was permitted one bright Sunday to go to hear her papa preach. Now, it chanced that on this special oc-casion papa's sermon was of the "warn-ing" order. After a moment of breath-less surprise and horror the little lis-ener's soul was wrought upon with a great pity for the poor mortals upon whose souls she was preaching. Her wide rosy cheeks just peeping over the back of the seat, called out, in sweet, child-like tones:

What for you scolding all the people so, papa?
"How is it, Frank, that you're late home nearly every afternoon?"
"Why, you see, mother, we've got such a big clock in our school."
"But what has the clock to do with it?"
"Cause it's so big it takes the hands an awful long while to get around. If we had a clock like papa's little one I'd get home a great deal quicker."

Frank the Little Householder.
Assistant District Attorney Osborne, of New York, who won notoriety by his energetic prosecution of the Mol-ineux case, tells this story:
"Some years ago I was spending a vacation at Rhinecliff, N. Y., trying to recuperate my shattered health. I stayed at a farmhouse which was the property of a man named William Travis. He was often subject to fits of melancholy, and in that condition was wont to say that he was tired of his life of drudgery and toil, and was most tempted to end his wearisome existence. Things went along smooth-ly; but one day he went out to attend to the stock and was gone rather long-er than usual. I thought he might have met with some accident, and started for the barn to look for him. My worst fears were realized, for there was Travis hanging by a harness trace from a beam.
"I hastily whipped out my knife and cut the trace, picked him up and carried him into the house and ran two miles into Rhinecliff for a doctor. He recovered, and gave his solemn word that he would never try to commit sui-cide again. I left there two days ago, and he has since been well."

What Leads to Be Opened.
The alarm about the early exhaustion or insufficiency of the world's wheat supply may be somewhat abated by the facts in connection with an applica-tion for charter of a new Canadian rail-road. The route proposed is from the Quebec and Lake Huron, and its route is from the mouth of French River, on Georgian Bay, across the Ottawa at Mattana and the St. Maurice at Quebec. The distance is 140 miles, or 135 miles shorter than the route by the St. Lawrence. The line is a great plateau, embracing 3,000,000 acres of forest and farming lands, now out of reach of railroads, and said to be capable of easily sup-porting a population of 500,000.
The region through which the new road will pass is well adapted to wheat raising, and the plan includes great grain elevators for the accommodation of this resource. Incidentally the project calls attention to the fact that Canada has other large tracts of unde-veloped territory adapted to the grow-ing spring wheat. This area, added to the wheat lands of the Pacific and the Siberian Railroad, will certainly pro-duce for some years the shortage pre-dicted by Sir William Crookes. Mean-while the wheat farmer is not receiving a price for his product indicative of its full value or speculative belief in the future of the supply.—Pittsburg Dis-patch.

NOT WHOLLY A COWARD.
Railroader's Good Reason for Not Re-sisting Train Robbers.
"When I hear people boast that they would or wouldn't do under the per-suasion of a six-shooter," said an old prospector, "I am reminded of the man-ner of an expedition of mine years ago on the Iron Mountain Railroad.
"I was station agent at the time at a little town near Texarkana, and had been summoned up to Little Rock on some business that has nothing to do with this story. I was in the first day coach, well up to the front, and in the rear of the train a messenger, a man who had attracted a good deal of at-tention from the fact that he wore his hair long and had a pair of enormous revolvers stuck in his belt. The rest of the car was well filled with a mixed crowd, including perhaps a dozen women. At about 9 o'clock at night, while we were going over a very desolate part of the road, the train slowed down sud-denly, and before we could inquire what was wrong the front door flew open and a masked man stepped inside with a saved-off shotgun at his should-er. 'Sit still,' he yelled. 'I'll shoot if any soul moves a finger! As he spoke another masked man stepped around him with a cocked revolver in his hand and started down the aisle, looting the passengers as he went. When he came to the express messenger he burst out laughing. 'You scarecrow!' he said, 'what are you doing with them guns?' and he snatched one of the pistols out of his belt and hit him over the head with the butt. Then he took the other, made him hand over his watch and money, and passed them to the messenger who wiped the blood off his face and said nothing.
"After it was all over and the robbers had disappeared the messenger was a target for numerous sneering remarks, but he held his tongue. 'If I had a head like yours,' he said to me, 'I'd have been a head with a sawed-off gun and killed half the women folks in the car.' At the next stopping place he got off, and one of the women stuck her head out of the window and screamed 'Coward!'
"Two days later that same mes-senger walked up to a little cabin in the mountains, kicked in the door, shot two of the robbers dead in their tracks, and captured three others, all single-hand-ed. I often wondered whether the woman who hollered 'Coward!' heard of that incident."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

TRAMPY GALLS.
What for you scolding all the people so, papa?
"How is it, Frank, that you're late home nearly every afternoon?"
"Why, you see, mother, we've got such a big clock in our school."
"But what has the clock to do with it?"
"Cause it's so big it takes the hands an awful long while to get around. If we had a clock like papa's little one I'd get home a great deal quicker."

Frank the Little Householder.
Assistant District Attorney Osborne, of New York, who won notoriety by his energetic prosecution of the Mol-ineux case, tells this story:
"Some years ago I was spending a vacation at Rhinecliff, N. Y., trying to recuperate my shattered health. I stayed at a farmhouse which was the property of a man named William Travis. He was often subject to fits of melancholy, and in that condition was wont to say that he was tired of his life of drudgery and toil, and was most tempted to end his wearisome existence. Things went along smooth-ly; but one day he went out to attend to the stock and was gone rather long-er than usual. I thought he might have met with some accident, and started for the barn to look for him. My worst fears were realized, for there was Travis hanging by a harness trace from a beam.
"I hastily whipped out my knife and cut the trace, picked him up and carried him into the house and ran two miles into Rhinecliff for a doctor. He recovered, and gave his solemn word that he would never try to commit sui-cide again. I left there two days ago, and he has since been well."

What Leads to Be Opened.
The alarm about the early exhaustion or insufficiency of the world's wheat supply may be somewhat abated by the facts in connection with an applica-tion for charter of a new Canadian rail-road. The route proposed is from the Quebec and Lake Huron, and its route is from the mouth of French River, on Georgian Bay, across the Ottawa at Mattana and the St. Maurice at Quebec. The distance is 140 miles, or 135 miles shorter than the route by the St. Lawrence. The line is a great plateau, embracing 3,000,000 acres of forest and farming lands, now out of reach of railroads, and said to be capable of easily sup-porting a population of 500,000.
The region through which the new road will pass is well adapted to wheat raising, and the plan includes great grain elevators for the accommodation of this resource. Incidentally the project calls attention to the fact that Canada has other large tracts of unde-veloped territory adapted to the grow-ing spring wheat. This area, added to the wheat lands of the Pacific and the Siberian Railroad, will certainly pro-duce for some years the shortage pre-dicted by Sir William Crookes. Mean-while the wheat farmer is not receiving a price for his product indicative of its full value or speculative belief in the future of the supply.—Pittsburg Dis-patch.

NOT WHOLLY A COWARD.
Railroader's Good Reason for Not Re-sisting Train Robbers.
"When I hear people boast that they would or wouldn't do under the per-suasion of a six-shooter," said an old prospector, "I am reminded of the man-ner of an expedition of mine years ago on the Iron Mountain Railroad.
"I was station agent at the time at a little town near Texarkana, and had been summoned up to Little Rock on some business that has nothing to do with this story. I was in the first day coach, well up to the front, and in the rear of the train a messenger, a man who had attracted a good deal of at-tention from the fact that he wore his hair long and had a pair of enormous revolvers stuck in his belt. The rest of the car was well filled with a mixed crowd, including perhaps a dozen women. At about 9 o'clock at night, while we were going over a very desolate part of the road, the train slowed down sud-denly, and before we could inquire what was wrong the front door flew open and a masked man stepped inside with a saved-off shotgun at his should-er. 'Sit still,' he yelled. 'I'll shoot if any soul moves a finger! As he spoke another masked man stepped around him with a cocked revolver in his hand and started down the aisle, looting the passengers as he went. When he came to the express messenger he burst out laughing. 'You scarecrow!' he said, 'what are you doing with them guns?' and he snatched one of the pistols out of his belt and hit him over the head with the butt. Then he took the other, made him hand over his watch and money, and passed them to the messenger who wiped the blood off his face and said nothing.
"After it was all over and the robbers had disappeared the messenger was a target for numerous sneering remarks, but he held his tongue. 'If I had a head like yours,' he said to me, 'I'd have been a head with a sawed-off gun and killed half the women folks in the car.' At the next stopping place he got off, and one of the women stuck her head out of the window and screamed 'Coward!'
"Two days later that same mes-senger walked up to a little cabin in the mountains, kicked in the door, shot two of the robbers dead in their tracks, and captured three others, all single-hand-ed. I often wondered whether the woman who hollered 'Coward!' heard of that incident."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Giving Bachelors the Go By.
The town of Givet, in the Ardennes, is taking steps to put an end to the depopulation of France. Hereafter in all town offices first fathers of more than three children and next married men will be preferred to bachelors. Prizes of \$5 will be awarded yearly to those parents who have sent the largest number of children to school regu-larly, and scholarships in the national schools will be reserved for families of more than three children. Fathers of families shall also have the preference for admission to almshouses and old people's homes.

Old Story, but Good.
A little girl was permitted one bright Sunday to go to hear her papa preach. Now, it chanced that on this special oc-casion papa's sermon was of the "warn-ing" order. After a moment of breath-less surprise and horror the little lis-ener's soul was wrought upon with a great pity for the poor mortals upon whose souls she was preaching. Her wide rosy cheeks just peeping over the back of the seat, called out, in sweet, child-like tones:

What for you scolding all the people so, papa?
"How is it, Frank, that you're late home nearly every afternoon?"
"Why, you see, mother, we've got such a big clock in our school."
"But what has the clock to do with it?"
"Cause it's so big it takes the hands an awful long while to get around. If we had a clock like papa's little one I'd get home a great deal quicker."

Frank the Little Householder.
Assistant District Attorney Osborne, of New York, who won notoriety by his energetic prosecution of the Mol-ineux case, tells this story:
"Some years ago I was spending a vacation at Rhinecliff, N. Y., trying to recuperate my shattered health. I stayed at a farmhouse which was the property of a man named William Travis. He was often subject to fits of melancholy, and in that condition was wont to say that he was tired of his life of drudgery and toil, and was most tempted to end his wearisome existence. Things went along smooth-ly; but one day he went out to attend to the stock and was gone rather long-er than usual. I thought he might have met with some accident, and started for the barn to look for him. My worst fears were realized, for there was Travis hanging by a harness trace from a beam.
"I hastily whipped out my knife and cut the trace, picked him up and carried him into the house and ran two miles into Rhinecliff for a doctor. He recovered, and gave his solemn word that he would never try to commit sui-cide again. I left there two days ago, and he has since been well."

What Leads to Be Opened.
The alarm about the early exhaustion or insufficiency of the world's wheat supply may be somewhat abated by the facts in connection with an applica-tion for charter of a new Canadian rail-road. The route proposed is from the Quebec and Lake Huron, and its route is from the mouth of French River, on Georgian Bay, across the Ottawa at Mattana and the St. Maurice at Quebec. The distance is 140 miles, or 135 miles shorter than the route by the St. Lawrence. The line is a great plateau, embracing 3,000,000 acres of forest and farming lands, now out of reach of railroads, and said to be capable of easily sup-porting a population of 500,000.
The region through which the new road will pass is well adapted to wheat raising, and the plan includes great grain elevators for the accommodation of this resource. Incidentally the project calls attention to the fact that Canada has other large tracts of unde-veloped territory adapted to the grow-ing spring wheat. This area, added to the wheat lands of the Pacific and the Siberian Railroad, will certainly pro-duce for some years the shortage pre-dicted by Sir William Crookes. Mean-while the wheat farmer is not receiving a price for his product indicative of its full value or speculative belief in the future of the supply.—Pittsburg Dis-patch.

NOT WHOLLY A COWARD.
Railroader's Good Reason for Not Re-sisting Train Robbers.
"When I hear people boast that they would or wouldn't do under the per-suasion of a six-shooter," said an old prospector, "I am reminded of the man-ner of an expedition of mine years ago on the Iron Mountain Railroad.
"I was station agent at the time at a little town near Texarkana, and had been summoned up to Little Rock on some business that has nothing to do with this story. I was in the first day coach, well up to the front, and in the rear of the train a messenger, a man who had attracted a good deal of at-tention from the fact that he wore his hair long and had a pair of enormous revolvers stuck in his belt. The rest of the car was well filled with a mixed crowd, including perhaps a dozen women. At about 9 o'clock at night, while we were going over a very desolate part of the road, the train slowed down sud-denly, and before we could inquire what was wrong the front door flew open and a masked man stepped inside with a saved-off shotgun at his should-er. 'Sit still,' he yelled. 'I'll shoot if any soul moves a finger! As he spoke another masked man stepped around him with a cocked revolver in his hand and started down the aisle, looting the passengers as he went. When he came to the express messenger he burst out laughing. 'You scarecrow!' he said, 'what are you doing with them guns?' and he snatched one of the pistols out of his belt and hit him over the head with the butt. Then he took the other, made him hand over his watch and money, and passed them to the messenger who wiped the blood off his face and said nothing.
"After it was all over and the robbers had disappeared the messenger was a target for numerous sneering remarks, but he held his tongue. 'If I had a head like yours,' he said to me, 'I'd have been a head with a sawed-off gun and killed half the women folks in the car.' At the next stopping place he got off, and one of the women stuck her head out of the window and screamed 'Coward!'
"Two days later that same mes-senger walked up to a little cabin in the mountains, kicked in the door, shot two of the robbers dead in their tracks, and captured three others, all single-hand-ed. I often wondered whether the woman who hollered 'Coward!' heard of that incident."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

LIKE MANY OTHERS.

Clear Eggs Wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's Ad-vice and Tells what it did for Her.
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have seen so many letters from ladies who were cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies that I thought I would ask your advice in regard to my condition.
I have been doctoring for four years and have taken different patent medicines, but I received very little benefit. I am troubled with back-ache, in fact my whole body aches, stomach feels sore, and breath and am very nervous. Menstruation is very irregular with severe bearing down pains, cramps and back-ache. I hope to hear from you at once."
—CLARA KOPF, Rockport, Ind., Sept. 27, 1898.

"I think it is my duty to write a letter to you in regard to what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I wrote you some time ago, describing my symptoms and asking your advice, which you very kindly gave. I am now healthy and cannot begin to praise your remedy enough. I would say to all suffering women, 'Take Mrs. Pinkham's advice, for a woman best understands a woman's suf-ferings, and Mrs. Pinkham, from her vast experience in treating female ills, can give you advice that you can get from no other source.'"
—CLARA KOPF, Rockport, Ind., April 13, 1899.

Traveling Speed of Sound.
Sound passes through the air at the velocity of 1,142 feet per second; through water, 4,900 feet; through iron, 17