

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my Fate to thee, Or place my hand in thine, Before I let thy Future give Color and form to mine...

The Drowned Bedroom.

By RENE BACHE.

The feelings with which I accepted Worthington's invitation were strangely mingled. He had declared himself unalterably my enemy, for no other reason than that I had won the woman he wanted to marry...

was characteristic of him to select a method wholly novel and hitherto unthought of. I was to die by drowning, and as slowly as possible. How well I understood now the significance of that chuckle of his as he had left me a few hours earlier...

With trembling fingers I obeyed him; the door, released by the spring catch, swung open, and I fell outward, half fainting. He caught me in his arms. 'Why, what's the matter?' he began, when, as he gazed down into the brilliantly lighted room...

Buffalo Memorials.

The Trail, the Wallow, the Rubbing Stone.

Over much of the Western country, a few feet above the level of the soil, which in ancient times the buffalo used as rubbing stones. If in traveling over the prairie on foot or on horseback, the traveler happens to see such a lonely erratic, it is worth his while to go to it and examine it closely...

Relieving the Poor.

By BOLTON HALL.

'I hear you have joined the Stolo Settlement, O Eupraxsilles. Is your Settlement another Society for the Suppression of Vice—among the poor?' 'No, Socrates, we have had such a society ever since the fourth Olympiad, and we have more suppressed vice than ever.'

THE WOMAN WITH THE BROOM.

Bowed by the cares of cleaning house she leans Upon her broom and gazes through the dust. A wilderness of wrinkles on her face, And on her head a knot of wispy hair...



Blm—"He's going south for the grip." Tim—"It's cheaper to get it here."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. 'You are beneath my contempt, sir!'" "So are you beneath mine, and I'm piling on more every minute."—Philadelphia Ledger.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Character is a kind of worship; all true life is worthy.—Robertson. There is always a certain air of peacefulness pervading a clear consciousness of duty. A sense of duty which does not bring with it a quiet restlessness of soul is an imperfect sense of duty.—Newman Smith.