If mother would listen to me, dears, She would freshen the faded gown She would sometimes take an hour's rest,
And sometimes a trip to town.
And it shouldn't be all for the children, True, mother has had her day, dears, When you were babies three, And she stepped about the farm and the

As busy as ever a bee.
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,
And sent you all to school, And wore herself out and did without

And lived by the Golden Rule And so your turn has come, dears, Her hair is growing white,

And her eyes are gaining the far-away look

That peers beyond the night.
One of these days in the morning
Mother will not be here;
She will fade away into silence, The mother so true and dear. Then what will you do in the daylight,

And what in the gloaming dim;
And father, tired, lonesome, then,
Pray, what will you do for him?
If you want to keep your mother,
You must make her rest to-day, Must give her a share in the frolic,
And draw her into the play.

And, if mother would listen to me. dears, She'd buy her a gown of silk, With buttons of royal velvet, And ruffles as white as milk. And she'd let you do the trotting, While she satstill in her chair; That mother should have it hard all through,

-Margaret E. Sangster, in the Interior.

TO THE RESCUE

BY RICHARD DOWLING



NTIL my dying hour I will re-member my first Sunday in Lon-

don.
In the middle of the week I had gone up on business which kept

night. I was unacquainted with the city beyond the Strand, Chancery Lane and Arundel street, in the last of which I lived—at Weldon's, a small private

On Sunday morning came one of the On Sunday morning came one of the thickest fogs of the year. Misled by the darkness of the midwinter morning I was late for breakfast. When I got down to the dining-room I found only one person, a young man of about my own age, at the table. He had arrived very late the night before, and was quite unknown tome. His appearance and manner attracted my attention at once. He was tall, dark, good-looking, courteous. Several times during Several times during eal, at which he only drank a cup the meal, at which he only drank a cup of coffee, he seemed on the point of speaking to me about something. He was restless and overwrought. I felt strangely drawn toward him, and experienced a feeling of relief when at last he soid.

name is Victor Grame. The

"My name is Victor Grame. The landlord here knows me. Are you going to church this morning? The rest of the people have set off already." We were alone.

"My name," I said, "is Marcus Fall. I had intended going to Newington, but I could no more find my way there than through the centre of the earth to New Zealand."

New Zealand."
"There is," said he, "a part of London to which if ... do not find my way in a couple of hours I shall be a dead man before night." He groaned and dropped his head into his hands. No one could mistake his words, tone.

manner.
"In that case," said I, "of course,

opposite.

"I am in a terrible position!" said young Grame. "I do not know a man in London but Weldon, our landlord; and he is too old for help. My girl's life is in danger—in danger from vio-

"Good Heavens!" cried I. "But

aren't there the police?"
"The police!" he whispered, with a swift glance round and then a look of horror in his face. "The mere rumor of the police would be fatal!—fatal!
Her life hangs on a thread." He leant against an area railing and wrung his

In a while he roused himself, drew broken silence. his hat low over his brows, caught my arm, and turning toward the Strand,

"Mr. Fall, under ordinary circumstances it would be inexcusable to

snatch her from the antees of those murderous ruffians."

"And I will go with you, if I may."

He seized my hand and for a moment could not speak.

"If you will help me to-day you may count on my devotion for life," he said

at length.
"Will you go armed?"
"Armed? No. If it comes to weapons we are lost—we are dead men; and
she—but I will not think of her. It
would paralyzed me, and the time for
action is almost at hand."
"Where do you intend getting into the

house?"
"I must break in. You now know how doubly dangerous is the enterprise. It is not too late for you to drawback."
"I am with you heart and soul," said I, taking his arm.
He set a rapid pace west.
"My poor girl," he said, "is locked in an upper room, no doubt. I intend getting in through the fanlight. I can stand on your shoulders. Once in, I will open the front door. This fog is all in our favor."

It was a long walk, during which he never could see across the street. He seemed to find his way by instinct. He never paused or hesitated.
At last he drew up. "We are in Derby Square," he whispered. "The house is on the south side, No. 37. We will cross the roadway and stand with our backs against the railing of the enclosure. We have twenty minutes to wait."

"Now," whispered he, when he drew

"Now," whispered he, when he drew
up, "we are directly opposite the house.
I know the spot by this drooping ash
tree." He took off his hat and wiped tree." He to his forehead.

tree." He took off his hat and wiped his forehead.

Those were the longest twenty minutes I ever endured. To him they must have been hours. During the whole time he never said a word. He leaned motionless against the railings, watch in hand, his eyes fixed upon the dial. We could not see even the middle of the roadway.

At five minutes to one I heard a door open and shut softly, then cautious footsteps stealing away. I looked at Grame. He didn't look at me. He did not move. He kept his eyes fixed on the dial like one hypnotized. I gazed at the watch myself; I found I could not now take my eyes off it. I saw the the dial like one hypnotized. I gazed at the watch myself; I found I could not now take my eyes off it. I saw the hand pass the hour: I saw it creep one, two, three minutes beyond the hour. Had he forgotten, or was he really hypnotized by too intent thought and gaze?

When the hand touched the fourth When the hand touched the tout of minute, he put the watch in his poc-ket, and catching me by the shoulder moved across the roadway and up to

"In that case," said I, "cf course, the fog will not hinder you."

"No, no," said he, raising his face from his hands. "The fog will not hinder me. I could find my way it I were blind. It is the place where the girl I am engaged to lives." He turned his pale face to the window and stared at it with eyes that did not see.

"She is not very ill, I hope?" said I. "No; not ill; and yet she may be at the point of death. If you have finished your breakfast, and can spare a few minutes will you walk outside? This place suffocates me."

When we reached the street the fog was so thick we could not see the house opposite.

Het, and catching me by the shoulder moved across the roadway and up to the door of 37.

"How will you break the glass? Will therenot be a great noise?" I whisperd.

"No; the fanlight is stained glass in lead. Give me a back."

In an instant he was up, standing on my shoulders and working at the fanlight. I could not see, but he must have wrenched out the pieces with amazing celerity and care, for in a few minutes he whispered. "I am going to hand you walk outside?

This place suffocates me."

When we reached the street the fog was so thick we could not see the house opposite.

into the hall.

He opened the door. "Come inside.

Close the door and wait for me. If
any of these men are here and I fall, fly. All will then be lost. Save your own life."

He darted past me. For a few mo He darted past me. For a rew mo-ments all was silent. Then I heard a crash, as though of a door burst in. This was followed by the soft, joyful cry of a woman, and presently two fig-ures ran down the stairs. I opened the door, and the three of us darted out. I closed the door softly behind. Grame led us across the road and we set off at a quick pace through the fog in un-

broken silence.

When we were clear of the square Grame stopped, took the girl in his arms, and crying, "Thank God! my Aggie!" burst into tears.

The instinct which had guided Grame

her mother, and now and then I come up to Durham to see her. Mrs. Folgate is only nineteen years older than her daughter. She is a woman of remarkably youthful appearance and great personal attractions, romantic and painfully anxious to marry again. "For some time, a very stylish and fascinating foreigner—a count, he says—has been leading Mrs. Folgate to think he wants to make her his wife. Sir Arthur and his family are in the Riviera. The Derby Square house has been used by this foreigner as a postal address. There have been meetings of foreigners in it—meetings of men connected with some illegal scheme. Yesterday I got this from Miss Folgate.

As he spoke he handed me a ragged piece of paper covered with faint pencil lines, crossed and recrossed.

"You can't make it out easily and there isn't time to puzzle over it. The substance is this: Miss Folgate has doen the the Mrs. Folgate had been released unharmed, and that there would be zone reference to the affair in the London papers that day or the day after. Next morning the newspapers had an account of the clever frustration by the Vienna police of a daring and gigantic attempt to swindle the banks of that city by a man calling himself Count Wolinski who, with a half dozen accomplices, was arrested just as they had brought their nefarious scheme to perfection and were about the means used by the swindlers to mislead was the fact that letters for their basis of operation, London, were addressed to the mansion of a well-known rich baronet, whose town house is in one of the most select West End squares."

A few months after I received cards and wedding cake, which assured me that all had gone well with the young people; but from that day to this I have not seen Grame, or Mrs. Grame, who was Miss Folgate the first Sunday I spent in London.—New York Advertiser.

Flesh-Eating Plants.

A familiar example of the carnivor-ous plants or flesh eaters is the little.

"And I will go with you, if I may."
He seized my hand and for a moment updated my my eye by a sount on my devotion for life," he said thength.

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Flesh-Eating Plants.

A familiar example of the carnivor outsplants or flesh eaters is the little ownsy por tions of the country. The plant is small and inconspicuous. The first sudden flash of fiery red light, and kneeling on the damp grass I fairly caught the little carnivore in the act which has rendered it so famous. There were several tender, delicate to stalks in the center, and round about it near the ground four or five singular round, pad-like objects, about the size of small buttons.

These were leaves and their upper surface was covered with reddish tentacles that stood boldly up, each bearing a delicate drop of the dew that gleamed and glistened in the sunlight like a veritable garnet. Across the top of the leaves a long legged fragile insect lay, caught but a second before and dying a most terrible death.

Five or six of the hair-like tentacles were thrown across its legs and wings, holding it down and pressing its body nearer and nearer to the leaf, while other rich blood red stalks were in all positions, bending over to encompass the vicin. The sight was a horror in a miniature and reminded me of the actions of an octopus, or devil-fish, as the little cephalopod is commonly called. It has eight sucker lined arms radiating from a small, bag-shaped body, and each arm has all the sinuosity, all the possibility of motion of a snake, ever undulating, quivering as if with surpressed emotion, while over the entire mass waves and varied shades of color seem to ebb and flow—California Magazine.

Miners Killed by Hundreds.

A frightful list of fatalities is em-A frightful list of the Secretary of Internal Affairs, which is made up from the reports of the Mine Inspectors of Pennsylvania. This report has just been issued, and the staport has just oeen issued, and the sta-tistics contained in it and quoted by the Philadelphia Record are valuable, for they show that apparently little has been accomplished in the effort to decrease the number of deaths in the decrease the number of deaths in the mines. The anthracite region of the State is divided into eight districts and over each district a Mine Inspector has charge. He is appointed after a competitive examination by the Govcompetitive examination by the Governor. The bituininous coal region is also divided into eight districts, each under the supervision of one Inspector. The total amount of anthracite coal mined in Pennsylvania in 1892 was 45,833,543 tons, and the total amount of bituminous coal mined was 46,018,277 tons. While the output of the two great fields was almost equal, the number of fatalities in the anthracite collieries was about three times as great as the number in the soft coal mines. Of the eight anthracite districts, fatalities were reported from seven. The total deaths in the mines in these seven districts was 341 during 1892. The Indeaths in the mines in these seven districts was 341 during 1892. The Inspector of the third sent no figures, but the fatalities there added to the other seven would bring the total up to at least 370. This many men and boys were killed outright, and several times as many more were injured. Figures were given by six of the eight bituminous Mine Inspectors. In six districts 103 people were killed and probably thirty more were killed in probably thirty more were killed in probably thirty more were killed in the two districts not reported. That would make a total of 133, as against 370 in the anthracite fields. Several inspectors report that the greater the proportton of foreign miners, the greater the number of fatalities.

A Railway's System of Oiling.

A Railway's System of Oiling.

The system of oiling the engines of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railway is to allow so much oil to so many miles for passenger, freight, switch and work locomotives, making a distinction between the different classes. From thirty to thirty-five miles to a pint of lubricating oil, and from 100 to 125 miles to a pint of cylinder oil is considered good service for large passenger engines or The instinct which had guided Grame thirty-five miles to a pint of lubricating oil, and from 100 to 125 miles to a pint of cylinder oil is considered good service, and pint of lubricating oil, and from 100 to 125 miles to a pint of cylinder oil is considered good service for large passenger engines or leavy trains. For consolidation made absolute secrecy still imperative. The lovers spent that evening in the trawing room, and I saw little of them. The lovers spent that evening in the trawing room, and I saw little of them. The peril of Mrs. Folgate's position made absolute secrecy still imperative. Next morning I met Grame at break-who is now twenty years of age, and an only child. Her father, a solicitor, is dead. Her mother was glad to take the position of housekeeper at Sir Arthur Pennyfather's town house in Derby Square. Miss Folgate lives with

CRAPES OF ESCHOL

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine Takes up the Old Bible Story and Draws

From It Many Lessons.

Try: "And they come unto the throok of Rechol and cut down from themes a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they were through of the barders in the borders of the promised land draw between the wilderness was almost ended. They had come up to the borders of the promised land. It was refuled in all they are come back from California, bringing to your family a basket of pears or plus one beaker for San a southing party is sent out to reconome back bringing specimens of its growth.

Just as you came back from California, bringing to your family a basket of pears or plus or apples to show what monstrous fruit by the vietnes of the borders of the promised land they were very curious to know what kind of a place it was and whether it would be safe togs over.

Jo a socuting party is sent out to reconome back bringing specimens of its growth, Just as you canne back from California, bringing to your family a basket of pears or plums or apples to show what monstrous fruit by the vietnes, so this secunity party cut of the biggest bunch of grapes they could find. It was or large the triange is such rapid and perpetual interconmended the bringing specimens of its growth, Just as some time eagle in the town of the could be safe togs over.

Jo as souting party is sent out to reconome the bringing specimens of its growth, Just as you came back from California, bringing to your family a basket of pears or plums or apples to show what monstrous fruith the fact of the bringing specimens of its growth, Just as you canne back from California, bringing to your family a basket of pears or plums or apples to show what monstrous fruith the fact of the largest the proper of the promise of the

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