

YOU'D BETTER CHERISH HIM.

There are husbands who are pretty. There are husbands who are witty. There are husbands who are as smiling as the morn. There are husbands who are healthy. There are husbands who are wealthy. But the real angelic husband—well, he's never yet been born!

Some for strength of love are found. Who are really so devoted That when their wives are absent they are lonesome and forlorn. And while now and then you'll find one Who's a fairly good and kind one, Yet the real angelic husband—oh, he's never yet been born!

So the woman who is mated To the man who may be rated As pretty fair should cherish him forever and a day. For the real angelic creature, Perfect, quite, in every feature, He has never been discovered, and he won't be, so they say.

—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A LUCKY RUSSIAN.

In the heart of the Ural mountains, which divide Siberia from Russia, stand the largest sheet iron works in the universe. Owned and managed by the Russian government, they constitute an entire city and are fortified like a fort against the rest of the world.

Russian sheet iron, as every one knows, is the strongest and best produced by any nation, and the process of its manufacture is jealously guarded by the authorities. One who enters the service of the company never again sees the outside world. He gives up everything—freedom, family, friends, all for the sum of a few pitiful rubles a month delivered where he chooses. He is there in the works, but he might as well be in his grave. Not a word can be obtained concerning him, and should he live 20 years after entering the service or die the next day not even his family would be the wiser, unless the stoppage of the monthly stipend revealed the fate of the man. Once in a while one tries to escape; not often, however, for they are always caught and always shot—as a warning to others—for the attempted treachery.

It was a crisp October night in the little village of Obvinsk, about 200 miles from the great iron works. The weather was sharp, the trees and vegetation turned to a reddish brown—all but the lichens and mosses, which seemed to crouch into the very bowlders in their effort to shield themselves from the keen wind, sweeping knife-like from the snow covered Ural.

Petroff Norvitski entered his poor hut as his wife Kartina placed their scant supper of dry bread and potatoes on the little fir table, on which flickered and flared a bit of candle end stuck in a gourd for candlestick.

"I am tired through, wife," said he, "and will go to bed, but cheer up before I go; sunshine is always back of the clouds. True, the crops have failed and I can get no work, but the Blessed Virgin will surely see us through the winter."

And with a tender kiss to wife and babies Petroff sought the rest he so much needed. He shut his eyes, but not to sleep, and only to turn over and over in his fevered brain the probability of seeing his family starve and freeze. He was brighter, more hopeful, when he rose next morning, but any one could have seen that his cheerfulness was mostly assumed. Eating his breakfast—one potato again—Petroff kissed the babies more tenderly than usual, and evading his wife's questions as to where he was going he bade her keep up her heart and once more left the house.

But once out of sight of her eyes he flung himself down by the roadside, and, strong man as he was, he bowed his head in his hands and sobbed like a child.

But Petroff was a sturdy fellow, and after a few moments given to uncontrollable grief he wiped away his tears and strode down the highway. From time to time he begged a bit of bread from a passing serf, and when nightfall settled over the valley crawled into a thicket and sunk into a heavy sleep. The sun was peeping bold and brassy over the Ural mountains before he awoke and stiff and sore began again his tramp toward the iron works. It had crossed the meridian, the shadows were lengthening, and still not a morsel of food had passed his lips this day, every one of whom he had begged a bite needing it for their own uses.

Suddenly to the right a gunshot sounded, and a ptarmigan fell within reach.

"A providence for me!" cried Petroff, joyously seizing and thrusting it under his jacket and looking about him to make sure that the sportsman had missed the effect of his shot. As soon as he dared he stopped, made a fire and cooked the bird, and though he ate it without bread or salt it gave him strength to keep his way. Sleeping in the night air had stiffened and made his bones ache, so he had decided that he would not again try the thicket if he could help it, and as night had come on dark and murky he began to look about him for a place of shelter. He was then, though he did not know it, passing the estate of the celebrated Comte Romanoff.

Looming through the darkness stood the great turreted castle with its battlemented walls and close by the highway a barn, into which Petroff slipped through an open window and stretched himself on the sweet smelling hay, his troubles for the time forgotten in slumber.

It was pitch dark and close on to midnight when the sound of voices roused him—suppressed voices talking in cautious tones, which at once awakened his suspicions. He lay still and listened.

"But this isn't the stable," a voice at the door murmured complainingly.

"No, devil take it!" replied another, "I took the wrong turn; the stables are back of the castle. Come on. Get three of the best horses and bring them to the gate by the lodge, a tidy addition, you know, to the ransom we will get for the capture of Romanoff. It is 12 o'clock now. We must be at the rendezvous by 8. Hurry; we have no time to lose here."

Norvitski lay still till the sound of their footsteps died in the distance. Then he arose and dropped from the window by which he had entered, hurried to the castle and rattled the knocker vigorously. A servant responded and inquired what was wanted.

"Your master," said Petroff. "I must see him at once."

"Return tomorrow," said the man. "The comte's abed, fatigued by hunting."

"I must see him now, I tell you," Petroff persisted. "It is life or death! Go, as I bid you."

Guessing from Norvitski's manner that something serious did demand his master's attention, the servant obeyed, and Petroff five minutes later was entering the room where the comte, in dressing gown and slippers, sat upon the edge of his bed sleepily rubbing his eyes and considerably exasperated at his interrupted nap.

"What do you want, fellow?" cried he angrily as Petroff entered. "What mean you by disturbing me at this unseasonable hour?"

"To secure your safety, sir, perhaps," Petroff answered boldly, and in a few words told his story. The comte, when Petroff finished, was no longer yawning, but angry and alert.

"Well," said he, "if that isn't impudence! Once, some years ago, the Kroski pass brigands caught me and made me pay a round price for freedom, but who would have dreamed of their venturing to the castle to try the game again? This time, if I know myself, we'll turn the tables!"

And the comte jerked the bell. The same man that had answered Petroff's knock and awakened the comte answered the summons and was told the details.

"There's no use rousing the house, master," said he, "unless you order it. We three can manage them. They can get in only by the scullery windows, and we'll have them when they enter the house."

A plan arranged, they noiselessly started below stairs, the comte carrying a lantern over which he had thrown a cloak to hide its rays. Taking their stand in cautious silence, they feverishly awaited events. As the castle clock struck 1, as if it had been a signal, a file was heard swiftly and noiselessly cutting the iron grating. In a short time a section of grating was out, and a wolf-like tread was heard in the darkness, followed quickly by another. As the unfiled feet drew near the door leading above the brigands found themselves suddenly covered with light and the yawning muzzles of three cavalry pistols. Resistance was useless. Three men were more than a match for two. They helplessly suffered themselves to be bound, disarmed and thrown like a bundle of fagots in the corner to await the arrival of the officers the next morning.

"Norvitski, my friend," said the comte, "you have saved my life possibly and are a rich man besides. Twenty thousand rubles reward has been offered for the capture of these men, dead or alive, two of the most desperate brigands and wretches that ever cursed Russia. Twenty thousand rubles reward, of which you, Norvitski, shall have every kopeck. Why, man, what are you crying about?"

"For joy, my lord," Petroff responded and breathlessly told his sad story.

"I could not see them starve, my wife and babies, good comte," he cried. "I was going to the iron works, but now, thanks to the Blessed Virgin, I can return to my home, to Kartina, to the children, whom I never expected to see again."

"Exactly," said the comte, "and in one of my finest sledges too."

The astonishment of the villagers when this splendid equipage with furs, footmen, outriders and jingling bells drew up to Norvitski's humble hut, and Norvitski himself, assisted by a footman, got out—well, I leave you to imagine it, as well as Kartina's joy, who did not dream where her husband had gone.

The brigands were promptly exiled to Siberia, the reward paid in full, and today if a happy man exists in Russia Petroff Norvitski is that one.—From the Russian.

Cave Dwellers in Brooklyn.

It is true enough that one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives, and it is likely that some residents of the Brooklyn heights are unaware of the cave dwellers who eat and sleep within 50 feet of their back windows. In cutting down the hill front to lay out Furman street a precipitous face of gravel was left, and instead of making an easy slope from the crest of the heights to the water's edge the gravel was kept in place by a heavy retaining wall. This wall has been pierced in several places, however, so that it has become the front of a row of underground houses, veritable caves that extend back for about 80 feet into the hill, the lawns and gardens of the rich people overhead constituting their roofs. In these caves there are saloons, shops, storerooms and tenements. They are dark and rather damp, as they have no light or air except on the street side.—New York Sun.

An Improvement in Glass Globes.

It is well known that opaque globes absorb a very large amount of the light of arc lamps, and whatever present style of globe is used a dark shadow is cast directly below the lamp. To avoid these difficulties a new style of globe has been brought out in France made of transparent glass with circular depressions, having such faces as to form lenses (similar to the well known lighthouse lenses), the curvatures of which are so calculated that they refract and reflect so as to diffuse the light. Such globes may be made of pressed glass and although more expensive they diffuse light much more economically than absorbing opal or ground glass globes.—New York World.

A Foolish Proceeding.

"A man tried to commit suicide the other day by swallowing a paper of tacks."

"How foolish! The object of suicide is dissolution. I should think the tacks would have fastened him together more firmly."—Harper's Bazar.

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Description.—Sultan is a bright dapple gray, 6 years old, 16 1/2 hands high and weighs 1700 pounds; has good style and fine action, and a good disposition. Will show for himself.

Pedigree.—Sultan was sired by Old Sultan, imported from France by W. T. Walters, of Baltimore, Md. First dam Ole Colie, by Prince Napoleon, also imported from France; second dam, by Old Nigger, imported; third dam, Wax-work, imported.

Terms.—\$5.00 for the season, payable with the first service of the horse; \$3.00 to insure mares with foal, payable as soon as mare is known to be with foal; or \$8.00 to insure living foal on foot. Parting with an insured mare before known to be with foal forfeits the insurance. All reasonable care taken, but not accountable for accidents.

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