

THE MAN WHO RODE TO CONEMAUGH

Into the town of Conemaugh, Striking the people's souls with awe, Dashed a rider, aflame and pale, Never alighting to tell his tale, Sitting his big horse astride, "Run for your lives to the hills!" he cried; "Run to the hills!" was what he said, As he waved his hand and dashed ahead.

OUR PEGGY.

BY ALICE BROWN. It was a most exciting letter. Mamma read it aloud to Daphne and me at the breakfast table, and we looked at each other in amazement over its most important part, the postscript.

over some old dresses, lengthening the skirts and relieving them of superfluous tags of trimming which might get caught in the wheels. Then we learned to trim the machine, and finally to manage it. The cousin had written Uncle Mel that he was a chimney sweep, and that he was a chimney sweep compared with their new three-wheeler; but we, who were used to no lighter means of transportation than the family wheelbarrow, were more than satisfied with our new steed.

by the time I reached her was wheezing Peggy out from the spring bush; "Jump on!" she cried. "Never mind your gloves. Put your best foot foremost." We rolled out of the yard and down the dusty road. Hitherto we had tried to ride in a style that might be generally considered consistent with good deportment; we had sat straight, and even composed our faces to an expression suggesting "prudence and prudence."

TWO QUEER CASES.

THE PART IMAGINATION PLAYS IN DISEASE. A Man Who Believed He Was Fatally Stabbed—A Patient Who Endured Torture for the Purpose of Fooling the Doctor. There are two cases to which I will call your attention that afford an illustration of what a curious thing human nature is, says a New York letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer.

physician constantly hammered into his mind that he was an impostor, and finally his resolution gave way and he admitted that he had been practicing deception ever since he had the epileptic fits on the 8th. This was a most remarkable confession. He had endured pain and torture of almost every kind without a murmur, simply for the purpose of being a curiosity and deceiving the physicians. He picked up enough knowledge to carry him through by reading medical books while on the schoolship. Such endurance as he showed was never seen before, and the manner in which he could control the muscles so as to prevent the outward manifestation of pain, by the will power, itself is probably was by a body not naturally sensitive, will be an interesting study for students in the physical sciences.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. What Kept Him—A Matter of Daily Bread—He Had Been Warned. At a certain "court time" in Pike county, there was a trial for a general row, and a witness testified that the Slantonstall "just kept sloshin' about."

WILKINS'S SLUR. Grigley (after offering his box to Wilkins and both have lighted their cigars)—I like to lie back in an easy chair like this, Wilkins, and forget the cares of the day. What a slosh is a good cigar! See that! How pleasing life looks through an azure cloud of Havana! We've nothing to complain of, I should say, Wilkins. Wilkins—Nothing; unless it is the cigar.—[Chicago Herald.]