There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your schoolgirl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by.
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But heaven holds all for which you sigh.
There! little girl; don't cry!
—[James Whitcomb Riley.

MR. HAZELDT'S ECONOMY.

Mr. Gerald Hazeldt sat in his private office, indulging in a reverie and an after-inacheon smoke. He was at ease with himself—supremely content with the world, for it had treated him well. President of a successful life insurance company, in receipt of a large salary, happy in his family, and possessed of a good digestion, he was not ambitious for further preferment.

The office boy interrupted his pleasant thoughts by presenting a card which

oughts by presenting a card which the name "Anthony Roberts." "De es to see you on important business

"Very well, show him in," said the president, with a sigh.

Anthony Roberts came in briskly, and after seating himself in the chair to which the president pointed, stated his business in a few words.

'I have come to secure a contribution from the company of which you are the head to a fund for the defense of my brother, David Roberts, charged with murdet."

He snoke with a cond

murder."

He spoke with confidence and Mr.
Hazeldt looked at him in amazement.

'An assessment?" he presently inquired, blandly.

'No, 'said Mr. Roberts, "a plain business proposition. You have issued a policy of nmy brother's life for \$50,000.

If he is convicted and executed, your company will have to pay that sum to his widow."

his widow."
"Certainly," assented the president.
"Guess we can stand it, though."
"No doubt; but suppose he is not convicted?"
"Eh?"
Mr. Hazeldt had no doubt of the guilt of the accused, but the query of the vigitor raised a question in his mind.
"Skillful counsel is what he needs," continued Mr. Roberts, "but he is bankright and canhot raise the money necessary to retain powerful, cloquent, and influential actorneys."

to retain powerful, eloquent, and influential attorneys."

"In that case we need not worry about the policy; it would lapse before his death on account of the non-payment of premiums," said the president decidedly, as as if to dismiss the whole subject.

"But his wife—you forget her. She is the beneficiary and will keep his policies alive, for she firmly believes that he is guilty and that he will be executed,"
"Has she any financial resources,"
"Some and she can obtain assistance from a man who will unarry her when she is a wildow."

is a widow."

"Will she not do anything to support her husband?" inquired the president,

musingly.

"Nothing, She wants him out of the way, and believes the law will divorce her."

hef."

"And suppose we contribute, say \$10,000, and your brother is cleared?"

"He will agree to cancel the policy."
"Been to any other company?"

"No, nearly all his other policies have become void or have been exchanged for paid-up policies."

"Then our company is really the only one interested?"

"Yes."
"Do you believe your brother guilty?"
"Do you believe your brother guilty?"
"I do not," replied Mr. Roberts, meetig the president's searching glance uninchingly.
Mr. Hazeldt reflected a moment, and

Mr. Hazeldt reflected a moment, and then said: "Come and see me to-morrow."
Mr. Roberts withdrew, and the president lighted a fresh cigar, but he did not smoke as complacently as was his wont. He was puzzling over a moral question—would it be right to assist a than, who was undoubtedly guilty of murder, to escape punishment? But there was that \$50,000. By a payment of \$10,000, \$40,000 could be saved the company which he had managed so successfully, and that sum would go a long way toward paying running expenses. Financial considerations and morality waged a conflict in the president's usually placid mind, and ruffled his serenity. He spoke gruffly, to the astonishment of the office boy, and was abrupt with those who called on business matters.

denits usually placed finind, and fullied his scientity. He spoke gruffly, to the astonishment of the office boy, and was surput with those who called on business matters.

Finally he sent the office boy to the newspaper offices with instructions to procure copies of the papers in which the account of the murder—a highly sensational crime—had been given. When he obtained them he read them and carefully compared all the accounts. He succeeded only in confirming his opinion that the accused was guilty, and he was firmly convinced that to assist him to escape the vengeance of the law from a desire to save money for the company would be placing himself morally in the position of an accessory after the fact. He therefore decided not to contribute to a defense fund.

But there was the \$40,000.

He did not wish to lose that.

And there was the \$40,000.

He did not wish to lose that.

And there was the self-the cold selfab wife, who wanted her husband to die so that, without scandal, she could marry the man who was willing to lead more money to pay the premiums on her husband's life insurance policy who, when the money was paid, would share the proceeds with her. Was this not a conspiracy to defraud the company? Ought it not be met by another conspiracy to cheat the law?

"Yes," said the president and company? Ought it not be met by another conspiracy to cheat the law?

"Yes," said the president had triumphed. Conscience was dead.

When Mr. Roberts came the next day, he knew from the welcome that he received that the president had been during his previous call.

"I must have proof that you are abrother of David Roberts," asid Mr. Hazeldt, resuming the subject they had brother of David Roberts," asid Mr. Hazeldt, resuming the subject they had brother of David Roberts, "asid Mr. Hazeldt, resuming the subject they had brother of David Roberts," asid Mr. Hazeldt, resuming the subject they had brother of David Roberts, "asid Mr. Hazeldt, resuming the subject they had brother of David Roberts," asid Mr. Hazeldt, resuming the

and the other memoranda are quite satisfactory, but I must have you indentified as his brother."

"Come with me to the Tombs and my brother will introduce me to you. The warden will identify him."

"No, that would not do at all, as I don't want to be known in this thing."

"Bend some one with me."

"The president thought a moment and then said he had a plan.

"Have you a photograph of yourself?"
he asked.

he asked.

Mr. Roberts had one, fortunately.

"Come to see me to-morrow."

"With pleasure," said Mr. Roberts, and he left the office with a pleasant "good day."

On Mr. Roberts coming into the president's private office on his third call he was effusively received by that officer, who said:

was effusively received by that officer, who said:

"Your brother identified you at once. I managed the thing very skillfully. We will give you the \$10,000 provided you tell me your brother's plan of defense, so I can judge of its merit."

"It is very simple, but it must be kept a profound secret until the trial. On that condition only can I impart it to you, even if by withholding it I should forfeit your aid. My brother's life depends upon the secrety with which the plan of defense is kept."

"I promise faithfully to keep it not as my secret, but as the secret of the accused."

my secret, out as the secret of the accuised."

"The night on which the murder was
committed, the chambermaid in my
brother's house turned the hall clock
back one hour, so that she could have
her beau until eleven, instead of
ten o'clock, as usual. The murder was
committed at nine. At that time my
brother was at home, as his wife will
say 'just as he entered my room the hall
clock struck ten.' His house is half a
mile from the scene of the murder. So
there is an allbi established."

"But how did you learn about the
clock!"

I overheard a remark that led me to "I overheard a remark that led me to make inquiries among the servants, and two of them confessed to me that in the morning before the house was astir, they set the clock right. They do not sus-pect that the little incident has anything to do with the case, and I do not mean that they shall until they are on the stand giving their evidence."
"Cauital" said the president. "With

"Capital," said the president. "With that evidence and with sharp lawyers to make the most of it, an alibi can be established without doubt."

make the most of it, an alibi can be established without doubt."

"We need able lawyers to take care of the case, because circumstantial evidence is very strong against my brother."

"A poor lawyer makes a strong case weak' is a legal maxim of mine," said the president as he turned to write a check for \$10,000.

A clerk soon brought the money, and the president paid it to Mr. Roberts, who expressed profuse thanks and withdrew to lose no time in retaining a firm of famous lawyers.

The next morning the president learned from his newspaper that David Roberts had retained "as his counsel the well-known and able criminal lawyers Breckenridge and Bartel, who intimated to the reporter that the accused had a 'strong defense.'" Mr. Hazeldt rubbed his hands and was pleased with his business venture—it was outside the usual lines, of course, but pretty sure to save the company \$4,000.

On the the day of the trial imperative business called the president to a Western city. It was there that he learned the verdict—guilty. He was startled, stunned, and, at first, he could not believe that the telegraphic message to the newspapers was correct, but he ascertained later in the day that the jury voted unanimously for conviction on the first ballot.

Mr. Hazeldt gasped like a man who

ballot.

Mr. Hazeldt gasped like a man who has been exhausted by running, when he was convinced that he had wasted \$10.

100. But he breathed more regularly when the thought confronted him that of course there would be a new trial.

when the thought confronted him that course there would be a new trial.

When the opportunity offered, he procured the New York papers and read with interest the testimony that was produced by the defense, and, as he could find no mention of the two servant girls, he wondered why they had not been placed on the witness-stand. At last he concluded that the attorneys for the defense had not considered them reliable and had decided to go to trial without them and rely on the inability of the prosecution to fix the crime upon their client.

When the president reached home he was informed that a new trial had been ordered in the case of the Commonwealth vs. David Roberts, and, one day meeting Mr. Breckenridge in a restaurant, he said to him:

ing Mr. Breckenrage ...
said to hlm:
"Why did you not call the servant
girls in that murder case?"
"What servant girls?" asked the at-

of girls in that murder case;

"What servant girls?" asked the attorney.

"Roberts' servants. You know one of the murded the clock back the night of the murder."

"Who told you that story?" asked the attorney, who was becoming interested.

"Anthony Roberts, David's brother. You see he came to see us in regard to the policy, and I asked him some questions about the chances his brother had of getting off and he said: 'Oh! there's no danger. He can prove an alibi,' and then he told me confidentially that the servants had meddled with the clock and it would prove David was at home at the time of the murder."

"The defendant never said anything to me about it." added Mr. Brecken-ridge.

"That is curious." murmured Mr.

JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY

It Was a Boston Horse—Joh plies—How Time Increases Values, Etc., Etc.

A STRIKING SIMILARITY.

"Those quarrelsome speakers remin ne of a pair of whales."
"In what respect?"
"They never spout without coming tolows."

AN ORDINARY MAN. He was of such commonplace brain
That when anyone said it would rain,
He would look at the sky
With a squint in his eye,
And would beg of someone to explain.

A DIFFERENCE.

Visitor-Your sister is studying music understand. Little Girl—Oh, no ma'am, she doesn't study music.
"She doesn't?"
"No'm. She only practices scales

LIVING UP TO HIS MOTTO

"Well, I must go now," said Chollie.
"What's your hurry?" asked Ethel.
'It is five minutes of twelve, and my
otto in life is, 'Never put off till toorrow what you can do to-day.'"

KNEW LOTS.

Mrs. Lakeside (of Chicago)—I am sure you would like my new husband. He knows lots. Mrs. Boston—A man of intellect? Mrs. Lakeside—I spose that's what you call it in Boston. He's a real estate agent.—[New York Weekly.

CONSOLATION.

Old Lady (in corner seat of a Broad-way car)—Conductor, the rain is drip-ping in from the lamp-hole all over my dress!

Eminent Author—You bought a MS. from me some ten years ago for twenty-five dollars.
Publisher—Yes, sir; but we haven't printed it yet.
Eminent Author—Well, let me have it back, and I'll give you a hundred. Pve got a reputation now, and don't want to spoil it.—[Puck.

DEATH'S WORST TERRORS

Bliffers (to his best girl)—The worst about the death of poor Whiffers is that compromising letters were found in his speckets. I should hate awfully to have such a thiag happen to me.

Miffers (a rival)—Yes, Bliffers, take good care of yourself.—[Good News.

MILK AND WATER. "Bjones is a milk-and-water sort of fellow."
"Yes, but it is the hereditary influence.
His grandfather made his fortune in the
dairy business."

Fleecy—I see you call on the Broirls a good deal. Which one are

irls a good deaf. Which one are you oing to marry? Downy—I love Sally the best, but I uess that Chara is the one for me. Fleecy—You will get along better with woman you love than with one you on't.

don't.

Downy—I don't know about that.
Clara has declared over and over that she
won't leave home even if she does marry.

—[Epoch.

Only a cat in the moonlight; Only a cat, that's all; Only a song at midnight, Only a wild, weird waul.

Only a man impulsive, Only a reason flown; Only a clutch convulsive, Only a bootjack thrown.

Only a worden sally,
Only an uttered "Scat!"
Only a corpse in the alley,
Only a poor, dead cat,
—[Chicago Evening Post,

MODERN MERCHANTS. Mrs. Bargan-What are you worryin Mrs. Dargan—vanta are you worryin-bout this morning? Mr. Bargan—I need some new clothes ad a new watch, and I can't make up ly mind whether to get the clothes at a core where they give away watches, or to uy a watch at a store where they give way clothes.—[Good News.

"THUNDERSTRUCK." "Gracious! that was an awful clap of hunder; it frightened me terribly." "Pooh! thunder can't hurt you." "Can't, eh? Didn't you ever hear of a erson being thunderstruck?"—[Bazar.

The hairless man smiles in his glee,
And as he mops his brow
He says, "The fly that walks on me
Will get his feet wet now."
—[Washington Post.

AWRULLY POLITE.

"Brown is an awfully polite fellow."
"Is he! I never noticed it."
"Why, yes. I went to borrow an X of him yesterday, and before I left him he had borrowed one of me."—[Bazar.

THE TRAMP'S PARADOX.

He spilled his beer upon the floor,
Then tore with rage his wool;
Then gave vent to this paradox,
"Alas! My cup is full."

IN DOUBT. Bicycle Dealer—Here, sir, is one of the nest machines we have. What do you finest machines we have.
think of that?
Young Man (who wants a bicycle, but
has yet to mount one)—Don't you think
the—the wheel is a—a leetle narrow?—

A GREEN FISHERMAN.

He never caught a fish in his life, unless the dealer he bought them from threw them to him. However, when he brought home his last catch, owing to his load being too much, perhaps, he wasn't as careful of their age as he should have been.

"There's something nice, Hannah," he cried, bringing them into the kitchen as the twilight shadows were falling.

falling.

"Ah," was the only reply, as a deep wrinkle came in her nose; "what are they—smelts?"—[Exchange.

JOHNNY REPLIES. "Johnny, why did the teacher give "Did you ever see a shad row?"
"No, but I've seen a sword fish."

IT WAS A BOSTON HORSE "Git up!" exclaimed Mrs. Bunker-ill's cousin. But the horse did not

nove.
"The animal does not seem to comprend," said Miss Hill. "Let me try."
"All right."
"Proceed, Bucephalus!"
And the animal proceeded.—[Bazar.

AT AN EBB.

Mr. Van Etten (trying to conceal a yawn)—Where did you say you were going this summer?
Miss Marigold (who has seen his struggle)—Mr. Van Etten, I am having just as hard a time as you are, and I should feel indebted if you would yawn for me, also.—[Life.

A BOOMER. He-That man has lots on his mind. She—Who is he. He—Jones, the real estate agent.

Skribler—There's a poem I ought to tet \$10 for, don't you think? Skrawler—Yes—or thirty days.—[Terr Haute Express.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

Grumpington (to seedy party)—I never give to beggars in the street!
Seedy Party (with graceful bow)—Will rou give me your address and I will do rou the honor of calling personally upon

Neighbor (breathlessly)-Where's you

pa?

Little Girl—He's gone to the meeting of the Society for the Comforting of Jail-birds. Why?

Neighbor—He's wanted, quick. I just saw two suspicious-looking cusses driving off like sixty with your pa's horse and buggy.—[New York Weekly.

NOW AND THEN A WALL A.—What kind of a wall will you have by your garden? B.—Stone wall in the day time, cater aul at night.—[Binghamton Republican

BOTH IN THE SAME FIX. "I would suggest ice cream," remarked Miss Bleecker, "but I'm dead broke," "I, too, am in mortal fragments," re-plied Miss Beacon-street of Boston.

In Ireland a belt made of woman's hair is placed round a child to keep harm

away.

Garlic, salt, bread and steak are put into the cradle of a new born babe in Holland. 1. nanian mothers tie red ribbon

Roumanian mothers tie red ribbons around the ankles of their children to preserve them from harm, while Esthonian mothers attach bits of assafectida to the necks of their offspring.

Welsh mothers put a pair of tongs or a knife in the cradle to insure the safety of their children; the knife is used for the same purpose in some parts of England.

knife in the cradle to insure the safety of their children; the knife is used for the same purpose in some parts of England.

Among the Vosges peasant children born at a new moon are supposed to have their tongues better hung than others, while those born at the last quarter are supposed to have less tongue but better reasoning powers. A daughter born during the waxing moon is always precocious.

At the birth of a child in Lower Brittany the neighboring women take it in charge, wash it, crack its joints and rub its head with oil to solder its cranium bones. It is then wrapped in a tight bundle and its limbs are anointed with brandy to make it a full Breton.

The Greclan mother, before putting her child in its cradle, turns three times around before the fire while singing her favorite song to ward oil evil spirits.

In Sectland it is said that to rock the empty cradle will insure the coming of other occupants for it.

The London mother places a book under the head of the new born infant that it may be quick at reading, and puts money into the first bath to guarantee its wealth in the future.

The Turkish mother loads her child with amulets as soon as it is born, and a small bit of mud, well steeped in hot water, prepared by previous charms, is stuck on its forehead.

In Spain the infant's face is swept with a pine tree bough to bring good luck.—[Springtield Republican.

Peruvian Gold Mines

The gold deposits of Peru are historical. The enormous quantities of metal found in the capital of the Incas by the Spaniards were drawn principally from the province of Pancartambo, but old workers are found in many parts of the country, and the gold is very widely distributed. The entire subsoil of Peru presents an almost unbroken network of auriferous lodes. The obstacles to working the deposits are in some parts almost insuperable—want of water, inaccessible peaks, severe climate, and, lastly, total absence of internal communication.

lastry, total absence of internal communi-cation.

It is to be hoped, though, that within a few years a peaceful government may bring about the commencement of an era of mining prosperity for this country. The department of Arequipa is con-sidered one of the richest in the country, more especially the province of Union. A number of the mines have produced enormous quantities of metal, but bad engineering and other causes have led to their abandonment. The Montes-claros mines, for instance, were worked claros mines, for instance, were worked during last century with great profit; but in 1788 a landslip, occasioned by an earthquake, caused the main shaft to fall in. At subsequent periods—attempts were made to clear the debris, but with were made to clear the debris, but with no success. Recently a national company was started with the help of English capital, and it is understood that with improved machinery great results may be anticipated. A great deal of information as to these and the other gold fields of Peru is contained in a report just received from Lima, and published as a Foreign Office paper.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

Longost Boat Sees Most Icebergs

The British ship Lansing, which is the longest but not the largest sailing craft adoat, has had a rough passage of 33 days from Dundee, on which she lost one of her seamen, Edward Scott. He was leaning over the after rail when the ship gave a lurch and he fell into the sea. The Lansing smashed the record as an iceberg observer. C&pt. Hatfield says he passed 150 bergs off the banks, and that nearly all of them were big. The Lansing omes here in ballast, and will sail for the East Indies with a cargo of general merchandise. She is a four-masted iron vessel of 2,600 tons, and is 356 feet long.—[New York Sun.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE. ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

user Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

tures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

FIANK TERRY, a Wells-Fargo express messenger, his helper and a baggageman had a lively experience with a manmoth scal on a Santa Pe train here, writes a Kansas City (Mo.) correspondent. There were four seals ordered from the Seal Islands, in the Pacific, for the New York a Zoological Garden. They left San Francisco in large wooden cages. The heat and the absence of water proved distastrous to three of the seals. The first ascal, a female, died at Denver. On the train between that point and Kansas City one of the males went mad and attacked his mate, killing her almost instantly by biting her head nearly off. He raved for several hours, and the express messenger and other occupants of the car were considerably frightened lest he break the strong cage and escape. The animal was finally quieted and gave the messenger no further trouble until Argentine was reached, then he became turious and, raising himself on his foremost fins, used his tall with such force that he broke the cage into pieces in less time than it takes to tell it, and then bellowing loudly, made an attack on Express Messenger Torry. He jumpedon a pile of express matter, but was quickly driven from that position. The men at last made their escape through the side door of the car and closed it behind them. The seal raged and then dropped dead. The carcass, weighing 518 pounds, was taken to Armour's packing house and skinned. The remaining seal was carefully watered and shipped on to New York.

PETE WALTERS, a passenger engineer on the Delaware, Lackwawanna & Western

taken to Armour's packing house and skinned. The remaining seal was carefully watered and shipped on to New York.

Pete Walters, a passenger engineer on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Raliroad, had a horifying as well as thrilling experience. He was running his train at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, and when he entered the stretch just before reaching Binghamton Bridge he was horified to see three blackberry girls on the structure. He reversed his engine and then fainted. The fireman took charge of the throttle, and when the engine was within thirty yards of the girls one of them, with remarkakle presence of mind, jumped to the side of the bridge, stretched forward flat on her face, fand swung herself clear of the tracks, hanging on to the end of the ties over the tother girls followed her example, and just as the train swept by the last of the trio swung clear of the bridge, while, with amazement and horror plainly stamped on their countenances the passengers and crew rushed back to the speene and rescued the brave girls from their terrible plight.

A GILMER COUNTY (W. Va.) lumberman forms swaying to and fro in midair. As soon as the train could be stopped the passengers and crew rushed back to the speene and rescued the brave girls from their terrible plight.

A GILMER COUNTY (W. Va.) lumberman forms swaying to and fro in midair. As soon as the train could be stopped the passengers and crew valuable, and the string the loght of elimerite peeled to the speene and rescued the brave girls from their terrible plight.

A GILMER COUNTY (W. Va.) lumberman forms swaying to and fro in midair, as the washed to the speene and rescued the brave girls from their terrible plight.

A GILMER COUNTY (W. Va.) lumberman from swaying to and fro in midair, as the deal departs of the passengers and crew valuable, and the speene and rescued the brave girls from their terrible plight.

A GILMER COUNTY (W. Va.) lumberman from service the speene speene shipping the loght of elimerite peeled to the speene shipping the logh

and it singled out, as an especial object for its abuse, Col. W. J. Nelson, whose office is across the street. For several days, as the journalist entered or left his office, he heard from the bird expressions like these: "Look at old paste-pot." "Soak his head!" "Get your hair cut!" When the bird was brought into court it amused the spectators by screeching, "Johnny, get your gun!"

artful Chinese thus evade our laws, and come here in almost as large numbers as before we passed laws to exclude them as emigrants.

A WATERVILLE (Mc.) feline has a great fondness for the flesh of birds, and in order to make her quest for the same successful employs a strategem. Evidently understanding the birds' fondness for angle worms, she collects anumber of the same and buries them in the ground. She then takes her place in a convenient place of ambush, and when the birds alight to secure their coveted morsel she springs from her concealment and pounces upon them. Manya bird thus falls a prey to pussy's shrewdness.

A MYSTERY of New York is a "Norwegian, a thorough cook and housekeeper, with the best of references as to character and ability, now out of employment," who has been advertising for a situation for nearly a year. Sometimes she receives as many as one hundred letters a day. Several decoy letters have been sent to her by mewspaper men desirous of penetrating the mystery, but they have been unsuccessful.

JUST as John Burns, the deputy jailer at Ashland, Wis, had opened the jail doors to take out a squad of prisoners, he dropped dead in a chair. The prisoners, some of whom were held for serious offenses, thought Burns was merely restring, and made no effort to escape, atthough they might easily have got away. Half an hour later, when the jailer appeared, the dead deputy seemed still to be on guard.

A FARM-HAND on the farm of Alex. Sturm, residing two miles south of Huntington, Ind., while mowing in a low meadow, saw a large snake coil itself and prepare to strike, when the machine cut if into three pieces. The snake was measured and found to be six feet and five inches, having a shell-like covering over each eye, and gray and yellow spots along its back. It is not known to what species it belongs.

A WATCHUMAKEKIN Neweastle, England, recently completed a set of three gold shirt studs, in one of which is a watch that keeps excellent time, the dial being

sufficient height in the Guyan River.

John Bross, the mail carrier on the Campbell, N. C., route, delivers his mail to the offices on foot, walking twenty-four miles one day and thirty-one miles next day. During a year he steps over 8,454 miles, and at this rate would cover the circuit of the globe in three years, exclusive of Sundays.

A swarm of butterflies on the mountain range near Plainville, Cal., settled about the springs and moist plains so thickly that teamsters report that at times it is impossible for them to see their leaders, and that horses are often scared by the sudden rise of large masses of them.

At Dijon, France, a convict was a sufficient on the second of them.

cinnant, where he sold the oak log for waint for \$106. The Gilmer man then left for home, but he hadn't been gone long before the Cincinnat firm discovered the fraud and started after him. The strange history of an Englishman of title has just been recalled by his death. South Africa as a missionary about forty years ago, and during the latter part of his life he lived in seculsion on a farm at Wynberg, which is within a short distance of Cape Town. Lord Stamford was three times married, and one of his wives was a colored woman. The titles ago came to him without the estates which had belonged to his predecessor, but the valuable Cheshire property will revert to the carldom after the death of Lady Stamford, who has the whole of the estates for her life. The latter of the castes for her life. The latter was recently professor of mathematics at a college in the West Indies. He took high honors at Oxford, and has traveled nearly all over the world.

J. B. Allen, a Block Island (N. Y.), isherman, had a thrilling experience will be able to go the block of the extended the host that goes with the harpoon, became entangled in the line and was dranged out to sea by the infuriated fish. His companions turned the propon, became entangled in the line and was dranged out to sea by the infuriated fish. His companions turned the propon, became entangled in the line and was dranged out to sea by the infuriated fish. His companions turned the propon, became entangled in the line and was dranged out to sea by the infuriated fish. His companions turned the propon, became entangled in the line and was dranged out to sea by the infuriated fish. His companions turned the propon, became entangled in the line and was dranged out to sea by the infuriated fish. His companions turned the propon, became entangled in the line and was dranged out to sea by the infuriated fish. His companions turned the propon became entangled in the line and was dranged out to sea by the infuriated fish. His companions turned the propon became the propon b

A RACE FOR LIFE.

MAN'S FLIGHT FROM WOLVES

Fleeing on Snowshoes from the Hun-gary Brutes—Plunging Down the Precipitous Declivity at Terrific

says a letter from Steamboat Springs, Says a letter from Steamboat Springs, Col., to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. They are generally made about ten feet long, with the end bent up not unlike a sleigh runner. They are not lifted from the ground when in motion, but slide along on the crust, and the experienced snowshoer, by the simple throwing of his weight on the shoe set ahead, moves along at a much faster rate than the pedestrian. Going down a decline one goes at such a terrific rate of speed that one has to use a brake—that is, "ride the pole," which is generally a stick some eight feet long, which is held in front in the hands and then sat upon so it will plough in the snow, thus lessening the speed.

plouch in the snow, thus lessening the speed.

On the 17th of February last I started from my cabin at the foot of Storm Mountarn to make a trip to the top to see if the fur-bearing animals were still out. It is only about ten miles to the top, and I reckoned that I could easily make there and back in a day. Packing a slight lunch, I tied it to my belt and started. Slowly and painfully I worked my way up by "tacking," as it is impossible to travel straight up a steep incline on snowshoes. Noon came, and I set down in the shelter of a rock to eat my lunch. I saw that it would be late when I reached the top, but that did not alarm me, for I have come from the top of Storm Mountain to my cabin in twelve minutes.

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When I had reached the top and looked it over I was surprised to find the sun just going down. Darkness falls very sudden in this country after sundown, and I concluded to await the rising of the moon, which I knew would rise soon after dark, as it would be dangerous snowshoeing down the mountain side in the dark, as one could not keep the trail and would be liable to rush headlong against a tree or go plunging over a precipice. Darkness fell as I have never seen it before. Everything was obliterated. I sat on my snowshoes at the head of the trail waiting for the light of the moon. The silence was oppressive. All around me I could see the dim outlines of the snow-capped peaks, dark and sombre, rearing their heads toward the sky. I must have fallen asleep, but I awoke with a start at the cry of a panther coming from a path of green timber a short distance to the left. This was followed by the cry of a timber wolf, which was answerad by another and another, until the hills resounded with their weird howls. Soon gaunt shadows flitted from tree to tree all around me. Then the awful thought burst upon me that I was surrounded by wolves, which at this season of the year are very hungry and fierce.

If I could keep them at bay until the moon rose I was safe, as I could easily keep away from them. As one came close I did a very foolish thing. Pulling my revolver, I shot him through the body. With a fearful yell he stated to run, the blood pouring from the wound in a stream. He was pounced upon in a second and torn to pieces by his companions. Crazed by a taste of blood, the whole very many started by a taste of blood, the whole very started by a taste of blood, the whole very started by a taste of blood, the whole very started by a taste of blood, the whole very started by a taste of blood, the whole very started by a taste of blood, the whole very started by a taste of blood, the whole very star

ond and forn to pieces by his companions. Crazed by a taste of blood, the whole yelping pack charged upon me. It was growing light in the east, where the moon would soon rise, but was still too dark to travel with safety, but I tarried not. Hastily slipping my feet in the leathers of my snow-shoes I started down the steep incline as if shot from a catapult. Down, down, down, into the darkness I rushed at a headlong rate. A gaunt brute, crouching near a tree, sprang at my throat, but he had not calculated on my rate of speed, and passed harmlessly through the air ten feet behind me. On came the pack, but their cries became fainter and fainter, and I soon began to ride my pole and slacken my rate of speed, as I was passing close to the brink of a precipice, and soon had a turn to make, which one cannot easily do with snowshoes twelve feet long. I stopped at the turn to await the rising of the moon, which soon came up, making it as light as day.

I believed that the wolves had left to hunt some slower game, but that declusion suffered a rude shock. Soon the yelps commenced with redoubled fury as they scented me, and came closer and closer. I got on my shoes and waited, nothing loath to showing them again how easy it was to give them the slip. On they came, and as they got close I started out oncore, but was horrified to find that at this place the decline was not great enough for the shoes to run themselves. I had forgotten until this time about the hundred yards long, and from there the trail veered to the right, and for half a mile descended very nearly at an angle of 45 degrees; then the angle was not quite so much, but still very steep, down a trail as straight as a string to my cabin, seven miles below.

On came the howling pack, and knowing it was life or death to get to the steep decline before my pursuers, I bent every energy to reach it. Every time I shoved a foot ahead I would give a push with my pole, sending myself along about five feet each time. As I reached the turn I could hear their yelps right be

me, and with a fearful snarl sprang at my head. I stooped, and as he went over me I straightened myself on my shoes and started down the steep hill. I plunged down with a speed that no steam could give. Trees flew like spectres; looking down the narrow path it seemed like a plunge to destruction. On, on, I went, riding my pole for dear life, trying vainly to check my speed. My pole snapped like a pipestem under the heavy strain, and I bounded forward with increased speed. The world swam before my eyes; trees reeled back from my course with a horrible nightmare weirdness. I don't exactly remember what the next sensation was, but I tried to peep out from under the brim of my hat, and it was all a blurtrees, rocks, landscapes were all blended together in an undistinguishable mass. It seemed an age, but it was in fact but a very few moments, until my speed began to decrease. The momentum was speeding ne out onto the "mess" Undian for val-It seemed an age, but it was in fact but a very few moments, until my speed began to decrease. The momentum was speeding me out onto the "mesa" (Indian for valley). I saw my cabin close by, but having no pole, I could not stop, so I disengaged my feet from my snowshoes and rolled into a drift, let the shoes go on. I found them next day nearly a mile from there.

If I should live a thousand years I would never forget that wild night ride nor the indescribable feeling of excitement, fear, and pleasure as I plunged madly down the narrow path from old Storm Mountain.