- Write me an epic," the warrior said-Victory, valor and glory wed."
- Prithec, a ballad," exclaimed the knight
- "Give me a drama," the scholar asked

- "Frame me a somet," the artist prace "Frame me a somet," the artist prace "Power and passion in harmony placed. "Sing me a lyric," the maiden sighed—"A lark note waking the morning wide."
  "Nay, all toolong," said the busy ago—"Write me a line instead of a page."
- Then swift years spoke, the poet heard, "Your poem write in a single word."

From the lights below to the lights above

## THE CABINET'S SECRET.

I had been mending linen all the morning for those four great, romping, precious bors, until my head ached viocutly, and my heart beat very impatiently. I had hoped to secure time for at least fifteen minutes' practice on Beethoven's lovely "Moonlight Sonata" that morning, and now the hands of the little ormolu clock pointed to two o'clock, the children were just home from school, and the last button sewn on. No music for me that day! My assistance would be urgently needed in the afternoom with lessons, and other neuding, and I must forget my desires for reading and practising. Oh, dear!

Don't think, geale reader, that I was

tising. Oh, dear!

Don't think, genule reader, that I was an impatient, querulous mother, repining at those legitimate duties which every maternal heart loves to perform. I was only an aunt, just nincteen, with the cares and responsibilities of a woman of thirty. When sister Bessie died her husband would allow none but myself to act as her substitute. I understood the children, and dear Bessie's disciplinary methods, he said, better than any of his family. So, young as I was, I cheerfully undertook the charge, simply because I loved Bessie so much.

The circumstances of that morning had been peculiarly trying; and completely discouraged, I felt anything but patient and geutle. The cares of a wife and mother come so gradually that a woman is fully prepared to meet them, and can bear submissively the troubles which her own offspring bring. But when these same heavy burdens fall upon the shoulders of a young girl, whose education is still unfinished, and whose mind and heart need much moulding, it is more than she can carry uncomplainingly.

Father and mother died when I was quite young, leaving me to Bessie's faithful keeping. So when God took her, I was left alone, indeed, in this strange world. And at the time of Bessie's faithful keeping. So when God took her, I was left alone, indeed, in this strange world. And at the time of Bessie's faithful keeping and the strange world. And at the time of Bessie's faithful keeping and the strange world. And at the time of Bessie's faithful keeping and the strange world, and at the time of Bessie's faithful keeping. So when God took her, I was left alone, indeed, in this strange world. And at the time of Bessie's faithful keeping and the strange world. I had grown up together with that peculiar love which, commencing at infaney, I might say, philip Carrington and I had grown up together with the peculiar love which, commencing at infaney, I might say, grows and strengthens with the years, until it has twined itself so tightly around the natures of its victims, that to root

p loved Bessie dearly, and ghingly, told George that it ling but his (George's) age ured her for him, for Bessie wars older than Philip and she

Philip break in on that solemn hour.
While I hesitated I heard the outer door shut, and the question was decided for me. He was gone.

He never came to the house but once after that, and then it was to bid us good-by, preparatory to-starting on a long Continental tour. I had just returned from Greenwood, about a week after Bessie's death, when he was anounced. With a glad little futter of my heart I went down, sadly but calmly, to meet him. As I entered the parlor little Howard was lamenting, most clamorously, over something, which seemed to distress him exceedingly, and upon inquiry, I found it was in connection with Phillip. 'Oh, dear.'" sobbed Howard, 'Mr. Carrington's going away for three years; and I love him, and don't want him to go; and mamma's gone, and every-book the dear."

"air, tallingiand him, and don't want him to go; and mamma's gone, and every-body! Oh, dear."
With faltering and astonished voice, turned to Philip for his explanation, with a strange and dignified demeanor, he answered evasively, "Howard is excited, and makes a great deal about nothing."

othing."
"Ain't you going ?" shouted Howard,
rom behind the door, where he had hidlen to conceal his tears. Anxiously I
waited his reply, looking steadily at

him. "Yes, 1 go on Wednesday, Miss Ruth. Won't you give me your blessing, and as many commissions as 1 can conveniently

Won't you give me your blessing, and as many commissions as I can conveniently execute in three years?"
I almost fainted, I was so overcome with astonishment and sorrow. Was this my old Philip? We were certainly not engaged, but still we had loved each other before Bessie died, Happily my pride came to my assistance, and I answered haughtily, "Thank you. I can purchase what I need here."

With a few affectionate farewell words to the children, he rose, and taking my hand in his, said: "Take care of yourself, Ruth, when you need a friend, think of me, Good-by, and God bless you all; and hastily kissing little three-year-old Ruth (not me), he was gone.

When the front door closed I flew to my room, where no one can ever know how I suffered.

my room, where no one can ever know how I suffered.

But how my tide of recollections have drifted me away from that unhappy Wednesday, and my needlework! We were just seated at dinner, I with dishevelled hair and norning dress, for it was snowing hard, and I expected no visitors, when Mabel Carrington's flittle open carriage drove up, and she with her sister Edith alighted. For a moment I felt wickedly rebellious, and wished I was fashionable and rich, but I soon forgot these inconsistent emotions in my desire to touch up my appearance before they should enter. But a little reflection induced me to conclude that I would see them in my housewife garb. They both rushed at me with such vehemence and affection that I was non-plussed, and really would have preferred their stateliness.

"My dear Ruth," simpered Mabel, "we are getting up tableaux for Saturday rich and con the first surface and the part of the control of the cont

"My dear Ruth," simpered Mabel, i'we are getting up tableaux for Satuday night, and you must form one of the party; we need you for several characters. Let me see: what are they? 'Moraing,' 'Noon,' and 'Faith.' Now don't shake your head; we have calculated upon your lovely face, and certainly shall expect you. Your sister has been dead over a year, and you must come; nobody will think strange of it," &c., &c., &c., until in perfect desperation, I promised to be present at the rehearsal the next day.

&c., &c., until in perfect desperation, I promised to be present at the reharsal the next day.

I knew full well that somebody had failed them, and in an extremity they had thought of me; still I decided to go, for I felt impelled by a strange force, which I could not explain, to enter the Carringtons' house. I wanted to see Philip's home.

I was in a strange flutter of excitement from Wednesday till Saturday. It was not that I feared my ill-success in the personification of the various characters assigned to me, or that I anticipated with enthusiastic delight the fashionable and uncongenial entertainment; but there was that premonition of "coming events."

was that premonition of "coming events."

Ah! how often "they cast their shadows before."

The intervening days flew by swiftly, and with strange emotions I recognized myself in the elegant mirror in "Miss Esther's boudoir." I was actually permitted to dress in this fastidious lady's room. The house was so immense that the amateur performers had ample accommodations, each young lady being offered a separate dressing-room. By a strange accident, or as it afterwards proved a loving providence, Miss Carrington's charming little apartment was chosen for me. My coadjutors all being well acquainted, preferred to arrange their toilets merrily in trios, and quartets, rather than be located alone.

I had noticed when I entered the room

their toilets merrily in trios, and quartets, rather than be located alone.

I had noticed when I entered the room a very old-fashioned cabinet, occupying an obscure corner, and looking decidedly lonely, and out of place among its very modern neighbors. Being extravagantly fond of antiquities, I prepared for a leisure examination of it during the long intermission between my first and second tableau. The top was glass; and underneath were choice specimens of shells, which attracted my eye and attention so much that I sat down and proceeded to look them over, leaning unconsciously against the side of the cabinet.

In doing so, I must have touched a

against the side of the cabinet.

In doing so, I must have touched a secret spring, for the whole panelled side fell out, as the lid of a desk when you drop it to write upon, and letters, books and papers were scattered around. I replaced all the articles, without glancing at their wrappings, until I picked up a little box neatry tied, whose handwriting was to singularly familiar, that I allowed myself to read the signature:

'Miss Itut Sidney."

Certainly that was my name, and this package belonged to me indisputably. I

ferring not to be seen in my fancy dress again. Then, with a swimning head and a raging heart, I walked straight towards the unapproachable Miss Esther, and, is an authoritative voice which she seemed to understand, for she rose immediately, a I said: "Miss Carrington, I would like to see yourself and nieces alone in your private room; if you refuse, I will proclaim my business before all these, your friends; so you had better accede to my request."

Then turning towards my brother-in-law, George, who was walting for me, I bade him follow us to the room.

When all were seated, I produced the flowers and letter explaining its sudden appearance to me. Without a word of reproach to her, poor, humbled woman, I told Mary, the youngest daughter, to-bring her aunt's writing material, and there I, simple Ruth Sidney, dictated to her, proud Esther Carrington, a letter to Philip, recording her mean and wicked deception. I made her direct and sai it, while George, with significant look, suggested that he should post it. After this, I slowly put on my bonnet and shawl, never designing another word to the dishonorable enactor of the uncomfortable scene; while she, with pale face fand cringing manner, begged me not to mention it. She had mean to give it to me some day, if I didn't marry, she said. I condin't forgive her then, as I have now; so, turning unchristianly from her, George and I left for our home. Week after week passed, bringing noword from Philip, until it was just six weeks since Miss Esther's letter started for Rome. Although there was the posting the proper of the postman so anxiously that morning that little Ruth, who scruttinged my face for indications of "clear weather," as closely as George watched his barometer, confidentially whispered to Howard, "I s'pose Aunt Ruth is thinking of mamma, she looks so dis'p'inted, and won't eat no breakfast; let's be very dood to-day Howie."

I was too disappointed and heartsick to attend to household duties; so, slipping away from them all, I stole in to my face for indi

stood before me.
With one eloquent glance, he said, "Is
this, indeed, my Ruth?"
As for me, I ignominiously fainted in
his arms, the shock was so great and so
sudden.

That is all of my love story. But it as long before I could believe that I must prepare to be Ruth Carringto

## Great Seeds and Early Fruit.

Great Seeds and Early Fruit.

Correspondents of Garden and Forest remark upon the evidence afforded by recent experiments that seeds from immature fruit will give a product requiring less than the usual time to ripen, and that the earliess thus gained can be increased by continuing the selection. This has been observed, according to Dr. E. Lewis Sturtevant, at the New York Experiment Station, in the case of varieties of corn, turnip, and cabbage. At Purdue University, India, a gain of from fifteen to twenty days has been obtained by early selection. Processor Arthur, of Purdue University, has observed further that the plant as well as the fruit thus cultivated tends to early ripeness, and hence the period of fruit-fulness, or the time between the first and the last ripe fruit, is much shortened. With the increase in the amount of fruit, according to Professor Arthur, there is also a corresponding decrease in the size of the vegetative parts of the plant—that is, the stems and foliage. A tomato plant grown from green seed in the fourth generation was found to bear three and a fourth times as much fruit as tops stems and leaves together, while a similar plant from ripe seed had only one and an eighth times as much fruit as tops. It follows that, while carliest may be considered as a usual condition in all crops from unripe seed, an increase in the amount of the crop occurs when any part besides the fruit is harvested, as in turnips and potatoes.—|Popular Science Monthly.

The Care of Razors,

"Yes," said a Pearl street barber as he was shaving me the other day, "we often have amateur shavers bring up their razors to be fixed up. Almost any man with a steady hand can shave himself, but not one in fifty can keep his razor in decent condition. The first reason is that amateurs wear all the temper out of their razors by excessive strapping, and the better the steel the easier it is affected in this way. The only remedy is to let it alone. Put away the razor that scrapes and cuts the skin and give it a good rest. Then use it again, and in all probability it will be in good shape. Some of the modern shaving sets have as many razors as there are days in the week, and on the handle of each is engraved the name of the day. If a rotation is kept up very little sharpening is needed. I have heard men talk of pet razors which they have u-ed so many years; if they would little those lie by for a while they would lind a welcome improvement. The second

and refreshing delicacies of all descriptions. Dear sister! It know from the first time she was setting ready for the "New Jerusalem," and yet no one else could see the "ange," wings." George, so completely blinded by the physician synchistic comfort, confidently expected that she would be well in a week or two. But Bessle and I know. And she was only waiting till the angels opened wide that she would be well in a week or two. But Bessle and I know. And she was only waiting till the angels opened wide the mystic gate.

But how mysteriously Philip and sources of the mysterious business and in the control of comment. It was from Philip; revealing the produced such mingled emotions that I cannot now tell whether joy or sorrow, love or anger, were the most stunning an so suddenly that it seems when we arouse ourselves, like a wonderful dream. She, sister, died on the 5th of November, Philip's twenty-first birth day; an occasion anticipated with much expectation by him, as giving him possession of his handsome property and his liberty. Only a wouth ago Bessle and I had hoped to assist at this celebration. And now she was lying coid and still.

At such times no human symaphaty, not even the dearest, can give us consolation. I was sitting, with the big, didashioned Bible in my lap, reading the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians, when I heard through the open door of my room the voice of Philip in the hall below. He was asking Jane "if Miss Ruth would see him." I had given orders not to be disturbed, for I felt that I could not bear the sight of a strange face; and I hardly expected him to call, on that day at least. But at the sound of his voice almost resolved to change my resolution and yet, somehow, I could not tet even and yet, somehow, I could not tet even and yet, somehow, I could not let even and yet, somehow, I could not be the side of the property of the

## THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY

Nothing Against Him-Avertin Public Disaster-That Was Essential Point, etc., etc.

"Lend you a dollar? Why, sir, I never w you before in my life. I don't know

AVERTING A PUBLIC DISASTER

"My good girl," said an experienced anusement purveyor, "take my advice and don't go on the stage." "I suppose," she said, sharply, "you are going to undertake to save me from a tegrible fate, or something of that

sort."
"No," he replied, solemnly, thinking of the public,"—[Wast

THAT WAS THE ESSENTIAL POINT. "I can't find where that plumber did nything to this heater." "Neither could I. I told the man, but ie said we'd certainly find it in the bill."

WILLING TO TRY.

"Emmeline, can you keep a secret?" he whispered hoarsely.
"I don't know. I never tried to. What is it?"—[Philadelphia Times.

IT LOOKS THAT WAY. Aunt Edith-Where is your father

Aunt Form
Peggy'
Peggy-I guess he's gone in the parlor to see sis and her beau.
"Why do you think so?"
"He took a lamp with him.",

AN INSULT.

Fred—I didn't mind Taylor's discharging me so much as I did the insult he subsequently offered me.
Frank—What was that?
Fred—He advertised for a boy to fill my place.—[Yankce Blade.

SLANGY CAPTAIN KING.

Kitty Nostrand—Won't you show me fr. Van Nobs; he's in the race, isn't

the programme.

Captain King-Well, there he is; that last man. You don't call him "in it," do you?--[The Weck's Sport.

A FERDINAND AND MIRANDA QUARREL "Have you seen our friend Bookworn

since his marriage to Miss Strongmind'
Snifty?" asked Truffle,
"Yes, frequently."
"Their home must have a delightful
literary air about it."
"It certainly does. Do you know it
constantly reminds me of Shakespeare's
works."

"In what, pray?"
"There is always a 'Tempest' in it.
hicago Times.

JUST LIKE HIM.

He certainly wasn't handsome, but he had a loving heart.
He bought his adored one a present of a pug that broke down all the usual standards of ugliness and set up one of its own.

standards of ugints own.

The gift went right to the affections of the gushing maiden.

"Oh, thank you, James, thank you, she warbled. "It's just like you, so i' is."—[Courier-Journal.

UNUSUAL ADVANTAGES.

"One hundred dollars a month," said the young doctor, looking for a place to hang out his shingle, "is an enormous rent for a little office like this."

"But look at the location," replied the owner of the building. "It's nearer than any other house by ten feet to the football grounds across the way."—[Chicago Times.

A PROBLEM.

Mathematicans figure that a man 60 years old has spent three years buttoning his collar. How much time has been consumed by a woman of 45 in putting her hat on straight?—[Life.

THE WAY IT HAPPENED. Edgerly-Hello, old man! I hear nat you are married. Wasn't it rather

nat you are married. Wasn't it rather idden?
Wooden—Well, yes, a bit sudden

Wooden-Well, yes, a bit sudden, perhaps.
Edgerly-How did it happen?
Wooden-Well, you see, it was in this way. I was calling on Miss Simoon, from Chicago, and she said: "Do you think, Mr. Wooden, that marriage is always a failure?" "Why, no," said 1; "not always. I can imagine a case where it would undoubtedly be a perfect success." At this she leaped up, threw her arms around my neck and said: "This is very sydden, but you have made me the happiest of women. Let next Tuesday be the day."

"No, I never carry my watch when I go out," she said, artlessly. "I am so careless that it wouldn't be safe. Why, a person could steal anything right from under my nose and I wouldn't miss it."

Then the young man stole a kiss right from under her nose and she didn't seem to miss it.—[Chicago Tribune.

First Britisher—There goes the Duke f Muddy Water. He's an absolutely orthless fellow. Second Ditto—Worthless? Oh, I don't

Second Ditto-You don't Well, he must be worthless, -[1

Fair Subscription Fiend—Can't I put you down for \$50 for the Home for Friendless Cockroaches? "The Lord loves a cheerful giver," you know. Old Gotrox—Yes; I have heard that often enough to know. But I wish you would tell me what He thinks of you cheer.ul beggars. GETTING EVEN.

One of the Senators from Montana is proud of his State, and resents any im-putation upon its fame or its greatness. The other evening a lady meeting his for the first time asked where he was

proudly.,
"Helena? Helena?" queried the lady;
"pray, where is Helena?"
The Senator, boiling over with righteous indignation, answered the question, and with a gallant smile, said:
"And may I inquire where you are from?"

"And may I inquire where you are from?"
"Certainly," she said pompously, "I am from Brooklyn,"
"Oh, yes, Brooklyn," echoed the Senator, beautifully, "Brooklyn is a fine town. Quite near Hoboken in New Jersey, isn't it?"—[Washington Star.

HANGING MIGHT IMPROVE HIM. "The Indian," observed Rivers, "is a picture of discontent."
"Yes," said Brooks, "and he is in a bad frame of mind."—[Chicago Tribune.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE. Bessie—He said he loved me. Jessie—He told me the same. Bessie—I thought so. When I refuse im he said he would do something de-erate.—[Munsey's Weekly.

WELL MEANT.

Mrs. O'Rourke (to charitable old Mr. Hartwell, who is giving away poultry to the needy)—Long life to yer honor; sure I'll never see a goose agin but I'll think of ye.—[Life.

Jawkins—Have you seen this man who allows rocks to be broken on his head? Hogg—No; but I saw a woman yester-day who stopped a street car with one

Mi Zer—How much are you going to harge me for this apple? Dealer—I won't charge you anything or that. for that.

Mi Zer—Thanks! And since you are so reasonable I'll take two more at the same price.

HER TASTE HAD CHANGED, Jake Jimpson—What species of bird do you like best? Cora Bellows—When I was a child I liked the canary best, but (blushing) since I grew up I—I rather prefer the poppin-jay.

FIVE YEARS' PROGRESS

Tomdik (indicating a passer-by)—
'ive years ago that man had but \$10 to
is name.

McClammy—How much has he now?

Tomdik—Nothing. Everything he
as is in his wife's name.—[Inter-Ocean.

THOSE WOULD-BE MILLIONS.

I tell May that the freekles, Which she thinks such disgrace, Are only where the sun and wind Have stopped to kiss her face. But, oh, how very lucky
I'm not like sun and wind!
For how she'd look, if I had left
Each time a mark behind.
—[Boston Courier.

ABOUT THE SAME THING.

He—Now, my darling, you know how trong is my love for you. Do not say ou will be a sister to me. She—No, George, I will not say so You—
He—Then you will—
She—You may be a brother to me
George,—[Boston Herald,

HEROIC TREATMENT.

Sympathetic Visitor—Mrs. A., what do you suppose makes you suffer so?
Mrs. A.—I don't know, I'm sure, and I believe nothing but a post-mortem will ever show.

S. V.—You poor thing! You are so weak you could never stand that!—[Newport News.

# Two Profitable Professions

In discussions and articles on "The Choice of a Profession," two of the most lucrative professions of all have been forgotten. These are the professions of a jockey and "strong man." At a festive meeting, viz., the annual dinner of the Jimcrack Club, during the past week, a former steward of the Jockey Club said. "Cases now exist where a jockey receive "Cases now exist where a jockey receive." under my nose and I wouldn't miss it."

Then the young man stole a kiss right from under her nose and she didn't seem to miss it.—{Chicago Tribune.

"You see that big, broad-shouldered fold with the corridor there? That's young Fobkins, one of his college eleven; the when he gets his whole back,"—[Harper's Weekly.

"The LAME MAN'S JOKE.

"It's funny," said Jones, as he limped do to of the park, "that, although there was no skating until mid-winter, I did all of mine before the fall."—[Detroit Free Press.

SOMETHING WRONG.

"Are you sick, Mr. Chaff?" asked the managing editor, eyeing the young man who labors over the jokes with an air of great solicitude.

"Why, no, sir, not at all," responded Mr. Chaff with surprise.
"Are you sure of it? Aren't you mistaken? I'm sure you can not be in normal condition."
"I certainly am—never felt better in my life. What makes you think I was ill."

Jing annual dinner of the dorm a financial point of seew ox stakeward of the Jockey receives a salary equal to that of a Secretary of State, and jockeys even of the second and receive, I think, payments which place them in a position, from a financial point of view, considerably ahead, I may say, of the bulk of their employers believe the min a position, from a financial point of view, considerably ahead, I may say, of the bulk of their employers believe the intention of young and the receive, I think, payments which place them in a position, from a financial point of view, considerably ahead, I may say, of the bulk of their employers believe the intention of young and the receive, I think, payments which place them in a position, from a financial point of view, considerably ahead, I may say, of the bulk of their employers black each of their employers black and jockeys even of the salary cash salary equal to that of a Scartery of State, and jockeys even of the salary cash as alary equal to that of a Scartery of State, and jockeys receive the at

taken? I'm sure you can not be in a normal condition."

It was shortly after the Revolutionary "I certainly am—never felt better in my life. What makes you think I was slif?"

"Nothing," continued the chief, "except that with all this disturbance in Ireland I had not observed in your column that ancient and revered joke about the Pat riot, that's all."—Chicago Times.

DIFFERENT DEGREES OF TEMPERATURE.

Bagley—Nice, pleasant day, Bailey.

Builey—Yes, here, but I tell you it's scold down at my house.

Hence Guatown.

It was shortly after the Revolutionary it was shortly after the neitron to barrowte in graph and the content of Gunn, proved himself a Tory of the most notorious stripe. Rather than ance in Ireland I had not observed in your column that ancient and reversed in your column and was horted the Chickasaw hadians and became a chief. He married a fair and became the pride of the Chickasaw mation and was noted for her beauty, saw nation and was noted for her beauty, saw nation and mode-ty. Hence the

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

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

A FRENCH workingman named Melut, of Clermont-Ferrand, was on his way home recently, when he found a book in the road. It proved to be a bank passbook containing three 100-franc notes, (\$50 in all). He put it in his pocket and went on home, intending to wesh him self in order to make a respectable appearance at the prefecture. Melut, however, owned a small tame deer, which was in the habit of poking its nose into his pockets to find crumbs, apples and other edibles. Taking off, his coat, and the habit of poking its nose into his pockets to find crumbs, apples and other edibles. Taking off, his coat, and the set of eating the book. He snatched it away, but found to his dismay that two of the bank notes had been swallowed. He went with the remaining one to the prefecture. Here he met the peasant who had dropped the book recounting his loss. Melut told his story and produced the bank notes had been swallowed. He went with the remaining one to the prefecture. Here he met the commissaire refused to believe the statement, declaring that no deer would cat paper. Melut subsequently fetched the animal, and, on putting some pieces of paper into his pocket, the deer extracted and swallowed them. The peasant the mean who had for opped the book recounting his loss. He to the demanded that the animal should be killed, so that the notes might be taken ment, declaring that no deer would cat paper. Melut subsequently fetched the animal, and, on putting some pieces of paper into his pocket, the deer extracted and swallowed them. The peasant the would the peasant demanded his 200 francs, Melut to be declared than the would not allow it to be touched. Thereupon the peasant demanded his 200 francs, Melut, however, did not possess anything like that sum, so he was obliged to submit to the order of the commissiare and allowed the pet to be slaughtered. In its stomach its of the commiss detaced and fort that the bank refused payment. The peesant has now sum-moned Melut to make good the missing 200 francs, and Melut has entered a counter-claim against the peasant for the slaughter of his pet.

counter-claim against the peasant for the slaughter of his pet.

BUENA GUASA, who arrived in New York recently from Nicaragua, told a story of a battle that occurred between a mother and an eagle over the possession of a four-year-old boy at Jalisco, Mexico, which resulted in the death of the mother. The father of the boy, Juan Guteriz, left home to attend to business, after telling his wife to take good care of their little boy, Pedro. The mother was attending to her household duties, with the little boy Pedro at her feet. The little fellow stole out while his mother's back was turned. When she discovered his absence a few minutes later she hurried out and found her child in the talons of an eagle, which was carrying it away. The bird of prey was about two feet from the ground, and the little fellow was struggling in the eagle's claws and crying with pain. Mrs. Guteriz threw herself on the back of the eagle. The bird left the child, and, spreading its wings, slapped the mother on the head, felling her to the ground unconscious. The eagle again left the mother and was just taking the child off when the cattle man came in sight. He took in the situation at a glance, and, raising his gun, fired at the eagle, lodging a bullet in its left wing. The bird of prey dropped to the ground and released the child. Farmer Guteriz called for help and soon a number of his neighbors came about and carried the mother and child into the house, where it he former died within an hour from a fracture of the skull. The child's wounds were not dangerous. The eagle was killed. He measured six feet from tip to tip of wing. was killed. He mes tip to tip of wing.

would were not using rous. The cage was killed. He measured six feet from tip to tip of wing.

New Yonk has a club that exists for the purpose of combating the "thirteen" superstition. It started with thirteen members, who flew in the face of previdence by sitting down together to dine. The club now has 1,300 members, and the peculiar part of it is their death rate is no larger, and possibly smaller, than is that of other clubs. At their dinners they have thirteen courses, with thirteen different wines. There are always thirteen seated at each table, and the dinner commences always at \$1:30 pm. The committee of arrangements, entertainment committee and reception committee each numbers thirteen. The dues are thirteen cents a month. The wine list for the last dinner, is printed on black cardboard, in the shape of a coffin lid, in which are thirteen gold nails. One side tells you in the most reckless manner that death is saluted—though it is tamed down a little by being in Latin—and the other side has the name of the wines, headed with a gold crowned skull, overshadowed by an incredulous, astonished owl. They defy death, and then stand up and ridicule the superstition in their responses to sarcastic toasts. They have several dinners through the year, and the last was the ninety-third.

One of the most exciting weddings on ONE of the most exciting woddings on

One of the most exciting weddings on record occurred here yesterday, writes a Newp.rt (Ky.) correspondent of the New York Press. W. P. Weldin and Miss Lull Bever drove forty miles from Williamstown at breakneck speed to get here ahead of the girl's angry father, who opposed the marriage. They went immediately to the court house, where they were refused a license. A hack was secured and the anxious couple drove to Dayton, Ky., to the residence of County Clerk Jones. After some persuasion the old gentleman agreed to issue a license. Squire Hallen was found, and the quartet—squire, hackman and lovers—started for this city. While en route the bride espied her father down the road driving like mad. The squire could not mary

few minutes imprisonment and considerable suffering.

A SICK pauper was sent to the home of a woman near East Portland, Me., and the town agreed to pay her a stipulated sum for attending and boarding him. He died a few weeks after entering the house, and in justice the bill for his maintainence should have ceased. But the woman conceived a plan to turn his death to her pecuniary advantage. For several months she preserved the body from decay by packing it in snow and ice, said nothing of her silent lodger, and regularly collected her bill. She thus made money by bearding a corpus.

A cuntous story comes from Paterson, N. J., of a ram that has just died, that did duty in a slaughter house there for many years. The ram was trained so that it would lead a flock of sheep from the cars to the slaughter-house, selecting the proper streets itself, and never leading the flock astray. It was much easier to move a flock of sheep in this way than by driving them with dogs, as they always followed the ram with perfect willingness. It would be interesting to know if the ram ever realized the fate it was leading its fellows to.

A Tsan Martin, near Atacapotzal, Mexico, there resides a pure Indian woman

AT San Martin, near Atacapotzal, Mex-AT San Martin, near Atacapotzal, Mexico, there resides a pure Indian woman who is believed to be 115 years of age. Her descendants are numerous, and count among their number sons and daughters, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren. She owns documents proving that she carried on lawsuits with Viceroy Venegas, while Spain still held dominon in Mexico. Her husband died about cight years ago in his 98th year. The name by which he is known is Torres, but her true name is Ixcahuaxochitl.

name is Ixcahuaxochitt.

Mrs. Rev. John F. Damon, of Scattie, was stopped by a highwayman one recent dark evening as she was going home from a visit to a sick person. The robber held a pistol to her head and demanded her money, but she held on to her pocketbook and produced a series of yells of such intense power that her assailant became frightened and ran away. This incident teaches the New York World that if a woman wishes to acquire an effective voice for special emergencies she must practise in a pulpit.

In speaking of the minute parasites

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In speaking of the minute parasites which are found in the hairy part of a tiger's foot, a scientist says: "They constitute one of the most wooderful curiosites I know of in the animal world. The parasites are so small as to be almost invisible to the naked eye, and yet each is a perfect counterpart of the tiger; head, ears, jaws, legs, claws, body, tail, all are there. You may think this is a big story, but look the subject up and see if it is not so.

A TAME Crow belonging to Mrs. Henri-

A TAME crow belonging to Mrs. Henrictta McPherson of Herkimer, N. Y., will whip any dog in the neighborhood, and amuse itself jumping upon a chair with a spool of thread, picking the end loose and unwinding the spool in the face of the cat. As the cat jumps for the runaway spool, the crow will laugh like a child.

The men who are known as "master of the hounds" and "grand falconer" get large salaries. The positions are all regarded as very dignified places. For instance, the Earl of Coventry is the "master of the hounds" at a salary of 87,500 a year. Of course he has nothing to do with the hounds or with their care, except to say a word now and then to the "huntsmen" or buy a good dog if he seen one. The Duke of St. Albans is the "grand falconer" at a salary of nearly \$5,090 a year. To that titig is added that of herder, and in the fiction of that curious custom and condition he is sup-Squire Hallen was found, and the quarter — squire, hackman and lovers—started for this city. While en route the bride espied her father down the road driving like mad. The squire could not marry the couple until he got inside the corporation lines. The hackman had his horses going in a wild gallop. At last they approached the line. The couple stood up and clasped hands. Squire Hallen braced himself against the seat, and, clasping the fond hands, watched for the line. By this time the father was within ten feet, yelling as the hack dashed a ross the line, and while it was rocking like a boat in a storm Hallen married the pair. The father concluded to forgive the couple and the party returned home this morning.

A rank has been concluded at Trieste over which the entire population has been in a state of excitement. The prisoner. Countess Carlotta Bailini, was accused of having ill treated and murdered her step-daughter, aged fourteen, who died on the 30th of June. The tountess hated the girl in an unaccountable manner and subjected her to horrible treatment. The post-mortem examination of her victim, who died of a blow from a hard instrument, showed that she would have died of privation even without the blow. The Countess denied everything, and charged her fifteen-year-old stepson with perjury. The jury was unanimous in finding her guilty, and she was sentenced to sixteen that the prinsonment, with a fast day every month on the date of the child's death.

Here is a true tale of business life in New York. Once upon a time a young