Adom the valley, through the fields,
The twilight forces rise,
Day sullenly and slowly yields;
Not so the sunset skies.
A fan-like glow lights up the west,
And twilight mists of gray
In robes of red and gold are drest

Before the dying day. Beneath the old Dutch tiles the fire

Beneath the old Dutch tiles the fire Glows like the setting sun; The flames, frail types of my desire, Before me leap and run. The shadows that in corners fall Fade in the ruddy light. A ray steals through the darkened hall And banishes the night.

The thoughts of summer days have fled, And in the embers' gleam

The hopes and joys I counted dead

Awake us from a dream. Yet they to me are weird and strange

Like ghosts of days long past;

The year has brought a wondrous chang

The dream I hold will last, A dream of youth that will endure

As days pass into years;
To hold a purpose high and pure,
To banish cares and fears;
Though dreams of old shall rise once
They are not now so plain.
For life is true; there lies before
A higher goal to gain.

A higher goal to gain.

- [Flavel S. Mines in Harper's Bazar.

THE MANGOLDS.

BY CHARLES M. HARGER.

"There's nothing against the Mangolds as I know of," the joily storekeeper at the Rock Prairie settlement remarked, "but it's plain they don't amount to much."

much."
"That's so," spoke up one of the set-tlers who were warming themselves by thers who were warming themselves by the fire at the stove on an early February evening. "They make the two little fellows do all the work. I've never seen

the father anywhere."
"Neither have I," said the storekeeper.
"They come here in September; the first we see of 'em_was_net'... "They come here in September; the first we see of 'em was noticing the white-topped camper's-wagon standing on the section of Government land topped camper's wagon standing on the section of Government land near the cabin that the Blagg boys left when they found the land wasn't first-class. The two boys have been here for a few things and always paid for what little they got; but they wouldn't talk much. I guess they're pretty hard up, and I've thought I'd go over and see 'em, but I never got to it."

The overly mard up, and I've thought to it."

The other men agreed with this history of the family, and remarked that they, too, had thought of going to see the family, but they had never carried out their purpose.

soling to strike through that quarter section.

Gone had passed the cabin about a month before; he had seen a woman through the window, but nothing more was known of them. They were evidently the one family of delinquents in a prosperous community of settlers.

"Nice, open winter," remarked Squire Gillett, as they arose to go.

"Yes," said the storekeeper. "Plows" libe going next week, though the nights are kind of chilly yet."

"If the Mangolds expect to hold government land, they must get some plowing done right off."

"Grorect. Too bad the old man puts it all on those two boys."

gling to strike through that quarter section.

"I'll be tough on the Mangolds to lose their claim," slowly droned out a mount to much in the settlement, and the Hay beys being hustlers—"

He got no farther. The look that the storekeeper gave him quite upset him, and he relapsed into silence.

Then a very important conference was held between the storekeeper and after it the party separated with smilling faces and a satisfied air.

The rain had cleared the atmosphere, and he was morning the sky gleamed in the settlement, and the relapsed into silence.

The rain had cleared the atmosphere, and set morning the sky gleamed in the settlement of the same than the settlement, and the relapsed into silence.

The rain had cleared the atmosphere, and the settlement, and the relapsed into silence.

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The rain had cleared the atmosphere, and he was considered to the settlers and after it the party separated with smilling faces and a satisfied air.

Buttoning up their heavy coats, the casteliers mounted their ponies, and rode homeward together.

"There's the two boys now," remarked Squire Gillett, when they had ridden atwo miles or more across the brown a prairie. Looking off to the west, they saw two small boys mounted on large, rawboned work-horses, their outlines distinct against the sunset sky.

The two boys were jogging along slowly and in silence. Their stender forms seemed oddly in contrast with the size of the horses they were riding. They shivered in the raw evening air. Heavy clouds were coming up in great black masses from the northeast.

"We must hurry, Joe," said one of the boys, "or we'll get wet."

"I suppose so, for our coats aren't quite waterproof," said the other.

"Say, Clive," Joe went on, after a moment's silence, "don't you think it's been a pretty lonesome winter!"

Joe nodded three or four times, rather ruefully.

"I shall be glad enough when spring a

ruefully.
"I shall be glad enough when spring

"I shall be glad enough when spring comes," he continued, "for then papa can get out of doors and see folks."
"He's pretty sick, don't youthink?"
"Yes, Joe, but mamma says he's feeling better, and if we're brave, strong boys, he'll get well again."
"But the plowing? Can we do it all?"
"Do it? We've got to do it, and there are only a few days left before the time will be up, and if we don't have it done we shall lose the claim. It's too bad the harness broke this afternoon, but if the storekeeper has some straps, we'll be all storekeeper has some straps, we'll be all prairie.

aside the core, the interior.

A child, hardly more than a baby, was meaning on the bed of straw within. "Can't we help you?" asked Joe, anytonsky.

A child, hardly more than a baby, was moaning on the bed of straw within. "Can't we help you?" asked Joe, anxiously.

"I don't know. I've tried to find doctor, but I don't seem to make out. Maybe the folks are afraid of me. Anythow, they don't seem to want me around, and now I've clean lost my way."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Joe. "We'll take you home. Papa can doctor people."

"But the harness, Joe?" said Clive.

"That's so," said several of the setters.

"Tell you what let's do," proposed Squire Gillett, "let's give the certificate to the woman for a valentine?"

Gathering together, with the Squire at their head, they knocked at the door how the cabin. Mrs. Mangold opened it, and the pale face of her husband was seen behind her shoulder. Squire Gillett made a very handsome little speech, and presented her with the circle as a valentine, accompanying his formal words with some hearty praise of the brave boys.

and I'll go to the store. I ain't afraid."
In a few minutes the emigrant was on the road toward the Mangold cabin with Clive, while Joe, his courage just a little weakened by the appearance of the still darkening sky, was riding rapidly in the other direction.
"My goodness, who's this!" exclaimed the storekeeper, as he was putting up the blinds of the lonely prairie store for the night. He could hardly believe his eyes when the young rider presented himself.
"And you've come all this way alone?"

night. He could hardly believe his eyes when the young rider presented himself.

"And you've come all this way alone?" he said, when he had heard Joe's story. Well, my boy, you must be a good one. Look here! I'm going home with you." He put on his overcoat, and wrapped a shawl about the slender boy's shoulders. "Come," he said, picking up a bundle which Joe thought was certainly too large to contain nothing more than the piece of harness, "let's go."

Together they mounted the horse, and through the falling rain the two rode on mile after mile, the steady swish of the horse's feet through the dead grasses being the oally sound to break the stillness of the night. At last the faint light in the cabin of the Mangolds shone across the plain, and a few moments afterward the store-keeper and the boy had entered the house.

"I tell you what," said the store-

keeper and the boy had entered the house.

"I tell you what," said the store-keeper the next evening, when a group of settlers had again gathered about his fire, "it wasn't a pleasant sight. There was the baby moaning and suffering, while the little woman was trying to comfort it. Over in the other corner was Mangold himself."

"The old man, ch?" said the Squire.

"He's sick, boys, pretty sick. He's been a kind of doctor in the East, but was ordered here for his health. He hasn't been able to go about any since he came, and his brave little wife and the two boys have looked after everything."

the two boys have 100 act and thing."

"That's it, ch?"

"Yes. And besides that, out of all of us they were the ones to take care of the camper. The poor fellow was about discouraged, and it was a godsend to him that the boys came across him, for the baby'd surely died right there in the ravine.

baby'd surely died right there in the ravine.

'More'n that, boys, I found out that
the plowing that has to be done on the
claim to hold it from the government ain't
near finished. Those children have been
trying to do it, and they've got only a
few acres plowed. The time expires on
the fifteenth of the month,—that's day
after to morrow,—and the claim's likely
to be jumped by some outsider."

'I know two fellows who've got their
eyes on it." said the Squire. 'They've
been wanting it for some time, and are
going to make a break whenever they
can. They're sharp, and I think they've
got wind somehow that the railroad's
going to strike through that quarter section."

'I'll be tough on the Mangolds to

toff,"
Too bad the old man puts at two boys."

Too bad the old man puts and next morning the characteristics. "tCorrect. Too bad the old man puts all on those two boys."

Buttoning up their heavy coats, the titlers mounted their ponies, and rode to the single mornage of the single morn

niess and warmen of an early spring morn-ing in Southern Kansas;
At an early hour there were seen here and there wagons wending their way along the prairie. In each wagon there was a plow or a harrow, and in some of them were heaps of corn and other pro-visions.

Clive and Joe looked out of the Mangold cabin, and noticed that the horses' heads were all facing them.

"Let's hurry and hitch up," said Joe, and get to plowing. "All the folks are coming by here, and we ought to be at work."

They see out said.

work."
They ran out and began harnessing the horses to the plow, the stranger emigrant looking on dolefully.
"Hold on there, boys! Unhitch those horses!"

horses!"

It was the storekeeper, with a grin or his face.

It was the storekeeper, with a grin on his face.

"All you have to do to-day," he went on, "is to boss, We'll do the work. Now, say, where do you want your forty acres plowed?"

Joe, bewildered, looked anound upon the gathering teams, and pointed to a tract around which the boys had made several straggling furrows.
"All right. Now, fellows, hurry up!" shouted the storekeeper.

There was a great rattling of chains and much laughter, as team after team went with its plow to the corner of the field, presently to send a long chocolate ribbon of sod rolling after as it took its way around the great square piece of prairie.

"Twenty, four, of, them," said Mrs.

looking up, Day."
"That's so," said several of the set-

"And the little fellow," he asked, "how is he?"

"Much better," said Mrs. Mangold. "His father will leave him here and come back in the summer to get him. It will be safer for him to travel then."

Then she faltered a little. "I—I—cannot thank you enough, gentlemen, for this—valentine," she said, "but you know how grateful we must feel."

"Tut—tut—tut," called out the store-keeper. "No thanking." We ought to eashamed of ourselves that we didn't help you before, oughtn't we, boys?"

"Of course, we had," they all said.

"And before we go, let's give three cheers for the little woman."

The cheers went up, heartily.

"Now three for the bys," said the squire.

"Now three for the beys," sand the squire.
"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"
"And three for the baby," added the lank herder.
The cheers went up again.
As the wagons rattled away in the darkness, there was great happiness in the Mangold cabin. There was happiness among the departing visitors, too; and the start they had given the stranded family enabled its members to become as prosperous and as hearty as the rest of the community.—[Youth's Companion.

IN DEATH JUST AS IN LIFE.

Bodies of Two Children, Lon Buried, Wonderfully Preserved.

Buried, Wonderfully Preserved.

In Hudson street, just opposite the point where Grove street joins it, stands old St. Luke's Church. It was erected in 1824, when that locality was yet the thriving village of Greenwich. Many of the most prominent people on Manhattan Island, at that time, attended services in it, and were buried in its churchyard. But, lately, many bodies have been removed from there to other cemeteries. In most cases nothing remains but the dust of those who were buried a half century ago. On the other hand women, who by the plates upon their caskets are known to have died fifty years ago, have been disinterred their caskets are known to have died fifty years ago, have been disinterred with their hair in a sufficient state of preservation to show how it was worn by them in life. One was discovered who wore her hair in coils and fastened with two tortoise shell pins, much as is the present style, and so far from the bang being a modern fashion one lady, who died two score years ago, was buried with her hair banged over her forehead. But by far more remarkable: The

bang being a modern fashion one lady, who died two score years ago, was buried with her hair banged over her forchead.

But by far more remarkable: The bodies of two children were recently taken up to be reburied in Greenwood Cemetery. The children belonged to a family prominent in society to-day, and whose name is therefore withheld. The children were buried in what are known as 'old Egyptian' caskets, elliptical in form, bulging at the middle and tapering towards the ends, which were rounded. The caskets were hermetically sealed. Beneath the metal disk at the head of the coffin was a glass plate covering the face of the dead. When the metal covering was removed the undertaker, W. H. Hawks, of Sixth avenue, started back in surprise. A little girl lay there as if in a trance. Her yellow hair fell in soft curls over her forehead and lay clustering around her shoulders. She wore a simple white gown with a needlework yoke, such as children often wear now. Her hands were crossed peacefully over her bosom. A little roughness of the skin was discernible, heightening the life-like effect, and her clothing was as fresh and dainty as though it had just been put on. The undertaker looked at the plate. She had died in 1851, when she was ten years old.

The body of her little brother was in a midle by comb.

The body of her little brother was in: The body of her little brother was in a similar but smaller casket. He died in 1856, when he was four years and six months old. He also presented the same wonderfully life-like appearance. His hair was of the same sunny hue and he wore it in a big roll on the top of his head, with small clustering curls framing his pretty face. He had on a little jacket of white, with a broad white sailor collar, and he looked as if he had but just fallen into a doze.—New York World.

A Rich Laplander.

The island group which lies to the northward of Norway is called the 'Ofoten,' and here there is still found fair sprinkling of Laplanders, the nom-d tribe of Norway, who live in tents with but one opening, the entrance, hrough which the smoke is also forced o make its secane.

with but one opening, the entrance through which the smoke is also forced to make its escape.

The richest among the tribe is Aa Joens, who owns over three thousand reinder, the value of which is estimated at 100,000 crowns (825,000). Some years ago he came with his wife from the Kjoelen Mountains, where he usually so-journs, to the little city of Ostersund in order to purchase a bridal outfit for his only daughter, Maja, who was married to one of the tribe.

Upon that occasion they were photographed, and one of the sketches represents the young bride in her luxurfous bridal garments. Like all Laplanders, every member of the family is small in stature and not at all good-looking.

The funniest thing about "Millionaire" Joens is his hat, which makes a desperate attempt to shape itself into the style of the plug hat of civilization. There is little difference between the dress of the men and women in Lapland. Both sexes wear short dresses and heavy, coarse shoes made largely of reindeer fur and hide.

The men weat their hair long, quite as much so as the women, who conceal

we shall lose the claim. It's too bast the harness broke this afteranoon, but if the storekeeper has some straps, we'll be all right."

The horses had started into a gallop, and the boys bobbed awkwardly in the seats. Over the swells, down the grassy slopes they went, and then, with a still faster pace, whirled down another decilivity, and crashed through the dead sundower stalks and tumbleweeds that covered the bottom of the slough.

They had gone but a few yards here when the horses suddenly stopped, and sent the young riders sliding forward to the naimals' shoulders and manes.

The object which had stopped them was a large and dilapidated "prairie schooner," which stood at the side of the trail. The horses that had been attached to it browsed upon the dead weeds.

A camp fire had been started beside the wagon, and near it, his hands holding his head and his elbows on his knees, was a flannel-shirted and unkempt man. He did not look up until the bors, was a flannel-shirted and unkempt man. He did not look up until the bors, called to him, and then he raised a worn, anxious, hopeless face.

"Anything the matter?" Joe asked.

"Yes, somethings the matter. It's the little one." He motioned toward the wagon.

"Sick?" asked Joe.

"Yos, somethings the matter. It's the little one." He motioned toward the wagon.

"Sick?" asked Joe.

"Yos, somethings the matter than the proposition was received with a shout of approval.

"It go," said the lank herder, who had been completely converted to the little one." He motioned toward the wagon.

"Yes, somethings the matter than the proposition was received with a shout of approval.

"The boys slipped to the ground, and by the light of the fire, approached the back part of the wagon. They drew aside the cover, and let the freelight into the letter of the decore and the cover and the cover and the country of the many the proposition was received with a shout of approval.

"The boys slipped to the ground, and by the light of the fire approached the back part of the wagon. They drew

A mint official said to a Washington Star reporter: "The most unpopular silver coin ever issued was the 20-cent piece. Its coinage was stopped some years ago, As far back as 1873 two other silver pieces were decided to be a nuisance, so that Congress declared that they should not be minted any longer. Those were the silver 3-cent and 5-cent coins. At the same time the bronze 2-cent piece was abolished. Within a few months, as you remember, three more unpopular coins have been abolished by law—the 3-cent nickel, the one-dollar gold piece. So you see that quite a number of coins have been discontinued in this country because they really were unpopular."

The reduction in the public debt during

"And the little fellow," he asked, THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNN MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Question of Will-Too Hasty-Two Views of the Case—A Mer. cenary Beauty, Etc., Etc.

A QUESTION OF WILL.

He-I think before I go out I'll alter He—I think before I go out I'll alter my will.

His Wife (who believes in letting well enough alone)—Indeed you won't. You seem to forget that when I married you I absorbed all the will power of this concern.—[Frank Leslie's.

TOO HASTY.

Coal Dealer (anxiously)—Hold on!
That load hasn't been weighed, It looks
to me rather large for a ton.
Driver—'Tain't intended for a ton.
Leave tons.
Dealer—Beg pardon. Ge ahead.

TWO VIEWS OF THE CASE. Jake Jimpson-What agonies Juliet ust have suffered when Romeo left

her! Cora Bellows (yawning)—I would sup pose she must have felt relieved. A MERCENARY BEAUTY.

-Do you like my brother better than you do me?
She—What salary does he get?—[Muney's Weekly.

NOW FOR AN EXPLANATION. "He was awfully flattering. He said my cheek was the color of his favorite rose," said Maude. "He told me he liked yellow roses best," returned the genial Estelle. THERE MIGHT BE SOME THERE.

Goslin-Do you see any green in my Dolley-No, but then I am color blind. -[Epoch.

MUST HAVE A DULL AUDIENCE.

Optim—Why do you talk to yourself about yourself?
Pessim—Because then I converse with the only person who thoroughly understands and appreciates the subject.—[Philadelphia Item.

HE SHOULD GO TO THE ANT. "This is the greatest country in the orld for progress; you're fast in every-

thing."
"You must make one exception—the messenger boy, you know."—[Philadel-

MARITAL REPARTEE. Mrs. Brown—I don't half like riend of yours—that fellow Smith. Mr. Brown—Do you think you; e.y gool judge of men, my dear? Mrs. Brown (with expression)—N

AN UNREASONABLE GIRL. "A penny for your thoughts," she said; And then he deemed it strange, After his inmost thought she'd read, That she should ask for change.

THE FLY WAS TOO FLY. THE FLY WAS TOO FLY.

"Will you come into my parlor?"
Said the spider to the fly.

"Tis the pretitest little parlor
That ever you did spy."
But the fly was fly in answer,
For it said, "It cannot be.
I am a little fly, "tis true,
But there are no flies on me."

—[Philadelphia Times.

VALUABLE ANCESTORS. Mrs. Bilgor (reading)—The body of a petrified man found near Fresno, California, has been sold for \$10,000.
Mr. Bilgor—Ten thousand dollars! By the way, my dear, your family used to live in California. Are any of them buried there?—[New York Weekly.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT. Sig. Ham—Did you see how I para-lyzed the audience in that death scene? By George, they were crying all over the bouse! house!
Stage Manager—Yes. They knew you
weren't really dead.—[Chicago Tribune

HE PREFERRED THE EXPRESS. Morris Towne-I thought you said this

vatch had a train movement!

Jeweler-So I did.

Morris Towne-Well, it stops five minutes!

Jeweler—Probably it is an accommo dation train!—[Puck.

AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE.

Bloober—Mabel has refused me! I am desperate! Oh, for a war cloud, that I might beceme a soldier of fortune and bare my breast to ptiless lead!

Van Leer (yawning)—You might get a job as electric light lineman.

NOT LONG, BUT EFFECTIVE.

NOT LONG, BUT EFFECTIVE.

Hicks—I wish I could make an afterdinner speech. But it's no use. I'm not
equal to it.

Wicks—Why, it's easy enough when you
set about it. I made one the other day
which was quite effective, if I do say it.
Hicks—What was it about?

Wicks—Oh, it wasn't very long. I
remember every word of it. "I say,
waiter, you've given me the wrong
check."—[Boston Transcript.

NOTHING VERY NEW. Mrs. De Visite-Good afternoon, Mis-Blank! Is your mother at home?

Miss Blank—No. She has gone to
Mrs. De Mugg's Progressive Conversation Party. By the way, what sort of a
party is that, Mrs. De Visite? Mrs. De Mug tion Party.

Mrs. De Visite.—It is one at which the conversation begins with art, science, and literature, and progresses very rapidly to fashions, gossip, and servants.—
[Good News.

HER HOME-MADE BREAD.

Young Man—Doctor, you have been attending me for a week, and I am worse than I was at the start.

Physician—I will be frank with you, sir. Being unable to discover what was the matter with you, and being unwilling to risk interfering with the curative powers of nature, I have given you no medicine at all. In fact my treatment has not commenced yet.

"But you have given me pills right along."

llong."
"They were only a sham. They were nade of bread."
"Where did you get that bread?"
"Your young and charming wife made."

"No wonder I'm worse."—[Ne York Weekly.

NO SHOW ON EARTH.

"Give me a room," said the tiredlooking citizen as he walked into the
hotel corridor a few centuries after the
present date.
"Front!" shouted the clerk, "take this
gentleman out, put him in the balloon
and give him nice apartments on Saturn."
"I'd like to stay on the Earth, if it's
just the same to you."
"I'm very sorry, but everything on this
earth is occupied,"—[Washington Post.

A DISTINCTION. Clerk-This cloth is very durable

madam, I assure you.
Shopper—Yes, but take it away. It is not endurable. пе нар.

They were waiting on the corner, and one gave the other a light from his igar.
"Let's see?" said the first, after a bit, 'haven't we met before?

"Naven't we met betore;"
"Yes, sir."
"I thought so. Your face is familiar.
Where have I seen you?"
"I'm a Woodward-avenue car conductor, and every morning for the last three years you've got on at Canfield and asked me if this is what I called rapid trancit!"

"Um!" growled the other as he went up to the next corner to catch [Detroit Free Press.

RESTORING HER TO GOOD HUMOR Miss Mervilleux—What is the longes ord in the English language, Mr. Pon

onby? Ponsonby (promptly)—Disproportion Associated the state of the sta

"Where are you going my pretty maid?
"To salt the cattle, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?
"You might absorb it, sir," she said! SOMEWHAT STRANGE, IF TRUE.

"Hooray" cried Jimpson. friend Blithers has won the sprin match in the National Guard sports. "Is it considered an honor an militia men to be a fast runner?" at Higgles. THE POOR BRUTE.

in the street?"

"What kind of a looking man was he?"

"He was nearly in rags."

"Poor Jip! Wash the darling's mouth out with a little cau de cologue."

"Oh, madam, Jip has just bit a ma

RATHER UNPLEASANT. "Are you out with Mr. Dreamy, the poet, Ethel?"
"Yes, I am, the nasty thing. He wrote some lines about a girl at the seashore and dedicated them to me. He had the audacity to call me a sand witch Made me feel ridiculous."—[New York He

Sun.

"Father, what is a luxury?" asked little Johnnie the other night as he wrapped himself round the parlor store.

"A luxury? Why, it's something we "A luxur? Why, it's sometining we don't really need, you know—a thing we can do without." reply the logical youth, "what a luxury a mosquito net must be in winter!"—[Bostonian.

A WAG'S SEVEN CHILDREN.

"How many children have you? wag was once asked by a person whose intellect was not his strong point. "I have three sons," was the reply, "and each of them has four sisters." "Good gracious!" exclaimed the other in amazement, "why, that makes fifteen!"—[Eulenspiegel.

LIKE BREEDS LIKE. "Jimpson says he loves the sough of "Well, Jimpson is something of a hoghimself." A POOR HOST.

Cleverton—Did you get my note ask ng you to dine with me? Dashaway—Yes. Cleverton—Then why didn't you come Dashaway—I was too hungry.—[Ba-rags.]

A PRACTICAL MAIDEN

He—Marry me and your life 'shall be ne long dream of blissful content. She—How many hired girls does that nean?—[Munsey's Weekly.

MISTAKEN KINDNESS Tramp -That lady's kindness

nearly killed me once.
Second Tramp—How was that?
First Tramp—She gave me a pie
tte it.—[Inter-Ocean.

Shot Full of Holes.

conversation begins with art, science, and literature, and progresses very rapidly to fashions, gossip, and servants.—[Good News.

A LITTLE CHERUB.

Little Boy—Mamma, may I give what's in my saving-bank to that begger-man? Mamma—You dear, little sweet cherub! Do you want to give away all of that money your uncle gave you? There was over a dollar.

"I spent some of it, mamma."
"Did you? How much is there left," "There's a twenty-live cent piece left, but th'candy man said it was bad."—[New York Weekly.

Mr. Slimpurse (after a decided refusal)—I know what the matter it. It 's because I am poor. You would marry me if I were rich.

Miss Gailie (thoughtfully)—Perhaps so; but you would have to be very, very rich.

THEY FELL OUT AGAIN,
"Do you know Browne?"
"No."
"Op you know Browne?"
"No."
"Yos, we fell in together, but we didn't stay in any longer than we could help."—[Continent.

HOW INSPECTORS FERRET OUT DEPREDATORS.

A Few Interesting Cases A Mail Thief is Almost Sure to be Caught

—A Thieving Rodent.

Around the walls of the government building, if one will look closely, he will look closely, he will observe what appears as registers, high up near the ceiling. They are innocent looking enough to distract the suspicions of the most willy thief. But every day, behind one of these iron greatings, there may be found a post-office inspector, intently watching the actions of the clerks, either in the main distributing room or in the register or money order departments. Should there happen to be any complaint of missing mail there is a sourcying in the inspection department and every man on the staff is put on to teat his mettle with the case which confronts the department. And the wonder is that, nine times out of ten, the case is worked to a successful conclusion and the guilty person convicted of the heinous crime of tampering with Uncle Sam's mail.

"We get some pretty tough cases." said

the guilty person convicted of the heinous crime of tamporing with Uncle Sam's mail.

"We get some pretty tough cases," said an old inspector, yesterday, "but it has been my fortune to run down every case on which I was set to work."

"What was the most difficult case you ever had?" asked the reporter.

"It happened while I was stationed at Utica, N. Y., about seven years ago," replied the inspector. "Many letters containing valuables had been missed, and by dint of hard work we managed to trace the job down to one clerk, a shaved-faced young fellow, of about 22 years. He was a clerk who distributed the letters into the boxes of the carriers. As I said, we managed to get this far on the case and then I set my trap. I had a decoy letter, containing a \$20 gold piece, mailed from a country town in Connecticut to a prominent stove dealer in Utica. The letter failed to reach the carrier promptly, and I felt we had our man solid at last.

"I waited for him until the dinner hour, and as he was leaving the office accosted him. He came with me, and look as closely as I might I failed to detect any signs of uncasiness in his features; they were perfectly immobile. He walked with me into the office of the postmaster and submitted to a thorough search, but no trace of the letter or \$20 gold piece was found on his person. To say I was dumbfounded is drawing it mildly. He appeared to be very indignant. But whether I was right or wrong at the time, the petty robberies came to a sudden stop. No more complaints were heard for a month. Then they began again. This time I was about to give up the case in despair, Inoticed the fellow tearing up an envelope and dropping it to the floor. When he had gone I picked up the scraps of paper, and after hard job was actived to when it was about to a hard job was actived to when it was about to a hard job was actived to when it was about to a hard job was actived to visce it."

one man does easily as much work in two days as another in three. Skill in directing muscle and ability to turn off work without slighting it are valuable essentials. Better pay a good man fair wages than get a cheap one for his board and this is not saying anything about listless idle men; it merely considers the difference between industrious hands. A man's habits, and demands should have weight when employing. Addicted to tobacco—especially smoking—risk from fire is increased, and time is lost in using the weed or in going to get it. However low wages a drunkard may ask, he has no proper place on the farm, for the owner cannot tell when he will change from man to a maniac, to the financial, if not greater, loss to his employer. The profane man, coarse and unclean, should be avoided like contagion. Against the losses he causes, there is no Insurance, His damage is the contamination of employer, family and neighborhood.—[New York Tribune. AFTER MAIL THIEVES. one man does easily as much two days as another in three.

Decay of the Boy Bootblacks.

Some fifteen years ago boys nearly monopolized the bootblacking business in New York, as they do in London and Paris to the present day. Gradually the advent of the well-cushioned chair outside the saloon door in summer and inside, close to the stove, in winter, not to speak of the so-called "bootblacking parlors," has reduced the ranks of the boy bootblacks almost to the verge of extinction. You will find the American boy with his box still around the City Hall Park, which seems to be his last ditch, and around Washington Square the young Italian solicits your custom, but the boy bootblack is threatened with extinction by the advance of civilization.

but the boy bootblack is threatened with extinction by the advance of civilization.

The young Americans round City Hall Park charge you five cents for "ashine," just the same as though they could offer you a comfortable chair to sit in and the morning paper to read instead of making you hop round, with one foot on their box and the other wherever you get a chance to place it. "We ain't no scabs," as one of them remarked to the reporter, and certainly they keep up prices. Wife you have the good luck these boys will make \$3 a week, but there are weeks when they make hardly anything. A succession of wet days is fatal to the business, and the fad of wearing russet shoes has almost destroyed the Summer trade.

The little Italian boys who hang around Washington square are the "scabs" of the bootblack brigade. They charge only three cents for a shine, and seldom manage to pick up over thirty cents a day. They nearly all work for padrones, for the padrone system is not yet extinct in New York, though we do not hear as much about it as we did some years ago.

The business of shining is almost en-

not hear as much about it as we did some years ago.

The business of shining is almost enterly in the hands of Italians, and many of them are doing so well that they are able to hire a number of boys to assist them. These lads are nearly all compatriots, and strange as it may seem, are very well paid, getting as high as \$4 a week, and never less than \$2.—[New York News.

a widen stop. No more complained were heard for a month. Then they began again. This time I was bound it would not fail, so I set a close watch on give up the case in deepair, I noticed the fellow tearing up an envelope and dropping it to the floor. When he had gone a hard got hand the set is a hard job managed to piece it. I was disheartened when I saw that the envelope had been addressed to kinself. I set it was the set of the young clerk came to work, and star from observation, but in such a position, that I could see the fellow's every action, I saw him take several stanged and adversed to the same in the course of the morning I saw the fellow slip four letters inside of as many cruyelpean and the same in the carrier was a several stanged of the morning I saw the fellow slip four letters in the course of the morning I saw the fellow slip four letters inside of as many cruyelpean and the same in the several stanged in the server section.

"The same of the several stanged in the server section of the morning I saw the fellow slip four letters inside of as many cruyelpean and secured the four in the server section." The server section is such as the server section of the server section of the server section in the server section of the server section in the server section of t

requested him to remove his big boots and feel more comfortable.

"Then he began to fidget uneasily and I grew suspicious. With a rush and a jerk, I pulled off one of his boots, and out dropped three letters. The other boot yielded up half a dozen. Never until that moment had I had the least suspiciou of those clumsy, big boots, and were it not for that lucky grate fire I should probably have never been able to convict my man."—[Cincinnati Times-tonvict my man."] In China, beautiful care of gold, and with the end of gold. The first thimble are seen, bound with gold, and with the end of gold. The first th