And his life lapsed all unconscio From tranquil sleep to death.

The king beloved by grateful hearts

MOTHER CAREY'S CUSHION

"Now, Octavia," said Mrs. Oland, "do be a little careful to-day. Don't, for pity's sake, let your wild spirits run away with you!" Octavia Oland, in her pink muslin dress, tied here and there with jaunty little bows of ribbon and a straw gypsy hat garlanded with pink poppies, turned around, the very incarnation of radiant glee.

intule bows of ribbon and a straw gypsy hat garlanded with pink poppies, turned around, the very incarnation of radiation of the very incarnation of radiation glee.

"Mamma," she said, "why should you grudge me my little holiday? Don't I work behind Miss Fanshaw's counter all the year like any African slave? Don't I lose my very identity in shirrs and pullings, and toil my singer ends off with flounces and tucks? Do let me play I am a child again, just this once?"

So this beautiful young Euphrosyno danced away, leaving only the sweet echo of her laughter in the gloomy apartment, and Mrs. Oland sighed.

"She is so thoughtless," said the mother. "And Duncan Ray and Harry Bolton are both going on the sailing party, and somehow I teel as if to-day were to be the turning point of her life. I wish she could bring herself to like Duncan—he's a steady, noble-souled lad, as his father was before him, but the first much outside show about him. And Bolton's a dashing young fellow; just the sort to attract any girl. But somehow I can't quite believe in him. Octavia says I haven't any knowledge of the world. Well, perhaps she is right. But I think we quiet, staya-thome bodies are sometimes gifted with a sort of instinct in these matters."

The day was all sparkle and sunshine the excursion steamer, futtering with gay flags and the sound of music, gilded majestically along: the sea air breathenew strength into the weary lungs and touched fevered brows with alchemic power; and all of these over-tired, overworked sewing girls forgot, for a brief while, that life was nothing more than a treadmill to them.

They laughed, they danced, they sang they flung flowers into the water that floated around the welchlouse; they counted the glimmering sails that leaned up against the horizon; and finally, when the boat landed at White Crags, they all scattered in various directions over the silver-shingled beach, in merry pursuit of shells are well as an achile stream of the same man all of such as a served and scalled the constant of the

young presence; and the nother Carey a chickens as circle round the point, of a dark day, when there's a storm coming up. It's a round rock near the top— d'ye see? With grass and mosses grow-ing on it, in a circle, like a cushion. I and my sweetheart—as has been dead these thirty years—climbed up there once. But we didn't care to stay there long, I tell ye. For the wind howled, and the sea gulls shrieked, and the tide roared like a hungry shark around us, and it was as much as we could do to get down again with whole bones."
"Why, it doesn't look such a great height," said Bolton.
"Mebbe not—mebbe not!" said the old man, %''A quarter of a mile makes a deal of difference in the looks of things, And them as ain't used to distances can't cal-culate."

And he went on with his work while

mer.
"Yes," asserted the latter. "Puts one—ahem!—in such an awkward position."

And where was Octavia Oland all this fine?

She was springing up the steep and winding ledge of rock, quicker and lighter than any mountain chamois, her weil floating back like a white wreath of mist, an exquisite scarlet dying her cheek.

"If other people can climb to Mother Carey's Cushion, so can I," said dauntlets Octavia, keeping her face resolutely away from the furious waves that boiled and raged below, lest perchance it should render her gildy, "and how astonished they will be when they see me waving my handkerchief to them from that dizzy peak."

Long before the cold fowls, chickes said and and sandwiches were spread upon the grass the captain came up from the steamer.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "Thm sorry to spoil sport, but there's a squall brewing, if ever there was one, and we'll be safer well at sag than on these ranged points of rock, "especially as the tide is coming in a deal faster than we calculated on. So if you'll step lively I shall be particularly obliged."

The ladies began hurriedly to repack the incomplete repast, and to gather up which may located, form part of the which many located, form part of the "Garden of Nova Scotia," as fine an agri-level. Express.

At Blois, France, a few days ago there was a violent thunderstorm. A hotel was a violent thunderstorm. A man hap-than are known in any other territory of general than are known in any other territory of general than are known in any other territory of expassions. But here are more valuable minerals by far than are known in any other territory of expassions and sandstone best facilities for profits along water abundance. There is scarcely a county best facilities for profits along water abundance and sandstone best facilities for profits

their hats, veils, parasols and gloves—
the gentlemen looked around for shawl straps, books and baskets; and once again ran the question—
"But Octavia! Where is Octavia!"
And Dorsey Wheeler, straining his eyes through the gray mist which was already beginning to gather over the land scape, exclaimed—
"Who has an opera glass? I see something on that tall rock that seems to lean toward the water—something, I am quite certain that moves."
The captain produced his glass.
"Though to be sure, "said he, "glasses ain't much use in such a plaguey Scotch mist as this. But I declare, there is something up there, fluttering in the wind, like some one waving a signal of distress!"

Bolton snatched the class from the

something up there, fluttering in the wind, like some one waving a signal of distress!"

Bolton snatched the glass from the veteran's hand, and hurriedly adjusted it to his own eyes.

"It's Octavia's veil," he said, "I can see the pink flowers like little dots of color, on her head. Good heavens! she has been mad enough to climb that rock, all for a spirit of crazy adventure," "It's a bad job for her, then," said the fisherman, who, having left his nest to take care of themselves, had mingled, black pipe and all, in the general confaint nobody nor nothin' can get near Mother Carey's Rocks; and if the wind rises, as it's goin' to do, she'll be blowed into kingdom come, at the very first puff."

"Can nobody help her?" cried the horrified group.

The old salt shook his head.

"You'd come to your own death," said he, "without helpin' her a mite, There was a man killed there twentyone years ago come October, He—" one years ago come October, He—" on the years ago come October, He—" one years ago come October, He—" on the year of years The banana goes back to the earliest days. Alexander's soldiers, as Pliny says, joined the sages of India seated in its shades and partaking of the delicioux fruits. Hence the name "sapientum" given the plant, which likewise bears the name of Jupiter's fair daughter, Musa. Now it has been shown that the banana is of Malayan origin. How did it get to India and to South America and to Mexico? The feet of birds have borne seed a full 10,000 miles, while the coconnut floated well nigh the world around in the great occan currents.

But the banana has no seeds, nor has it a casing like the globular coconnut for the control of the seed of th

float it around over the waters. Then is must have been carried by man. It is significant that the Aztecs had tradition of visits by people from over the seas, while there was, to confirm it, an admixture of religion of the Brahmins in their own theology. Would you think that the despised banana would actually step forward to prove that before Columbus was, or Lief Ericson even had an existence, some swarthy denizens of the Old World had migrated across the waters?

waters?
Manila rope is made in the Philippine isinade of the stem of the banana. This stalk, which usually grows to be six inches in diameter and from fifteen to twenty feet high, has a very valuable fibre, from which are woven beautiful textile fabrics. Many of the finest India shawls and wrappers worn by ladies of fashion are manufactured from this fabric.

So, too, an excellent article of paper.

Juncan—he's a steady, nobeloudel ad, infristanmen, all of you! Are you go in deliberately off, to leave the sweetch that much outside show about him. And Bolton's a dashing young fellow, as his father was before him, but there in tunde to unside show about him. And Bolton's a dashing young fellow, as his father was before him, but the control of the world. Well, perhaps he's right. But I think we quiet, stay-at-bone of the world. Well, perhaps he's right. But I think we quiet, stay-at-bone of he world. Well, perhaps he's right. But I think we quiet, stay-at-bone of he world. Well perhaps he's right. But I think we quiet, stay-at-bone of he world. Well perhaps which alchemic he excursion steamer, fluttering with gard fand the sound of music, glided majestically along; the sea air breathed majestically along; the well allong the world he world he's state of the world. Well and the boat landed at White Crays, they allong the world he's sand, to the majestime of the world well along the world he's sand, and the sum of the world well along the world he's health and the health of the world well along the world he's sand, and he wheelhouse; the said the old sallor, his dim eyes of the sand, and the sand most provided several the same summer as a lender fig. The world well well along the world well with a sort of the long of younder left, and the throng reigned as a sort of the long of younder left, and the throng reigned as a sort of the long of younder left, and the throng reigned as a sort of the long of younder left, and the same prokes. But I myself was for the long of younder left, and the same memorate slender fig. The world well along the world was a state of the long of younder left, and the same prokes and the

once. But we didn't care to stay there long, I tell ye. For the wind howled, and the sea gulls shricked, and the tide roared like a hungry shark around us and it was as much as we could do to get down again with whole bones."

"Why, it doesn't look such a great height, said Bolton." said the old man, 4, quarter of a mile makes a deal of difference in the looks of things. And them as an it used to distances can't calculate."

And he went on with his work, while the little group strolled on, bright Octavia with her ribbons and curls floating. Bolton carrying her shawl, and Duncan Ray walking silently on the other side. And just then another gap party over took them, and there was a discussion as to where the site of their impromption took them, and there was not discussion as to where the site of their impromption to where the site of their impromption and the shade and the shade and the shade and the space above the ceiling and beneath the glioba begins to hunt, crawling along. "Where's Octavia?" he asked.

Everybody had some answer to make, Auriette Hall had some has were to make and the statemer for a scent bottle or a handkerchief, "She'll be here presently," he said, "In the meantime let us get the lunch road, for there's a dark little edge of cloud down in the west that the captain says he don't half like the looks of,"

And where was springing up the steep and winding ledge of rock, quicker and lighter than any was and lighter than any was and the statement of the statemen

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY

Vhere Are You Going ?—A Personal Reflection — At Bar Harbor—A Sudden Move, Etc., Etc.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"
"I'm going crazy, kind sir," she said.
"I'll not go with you, my pretty maid."
"You're there already, kind sir," she said.

"Miss Hijee didn't sing to day," remarked a friend to the leader of the choir of the Church of the Offertory.

of the Church of the Offertory.
"No, she's resigned."
"I thought she had a good place. What was the trouble?"
"She was offended about the selection of an anthem which she had to lead off last Sunday, and vowed she'd resign sooner than sing it, and she did."
"That's odd. What was the anthem?"
"It began, 'I have been young and now am old.""—[Epoch.

AT BAR HARBOR

Miss Passe—Don't you think that this talk about seaside engagements is all nonsense, Mr. Youngnoodle?

Mr. Youngnoodle—Aw, do you think so?

Miss Passee--Yes. Johnny, dear (to her young brother), please stop that

noise,
Johnny—I'm ony playin' wid yer bag
of engagement rings.—[Jewelers' Circular.

A SUDDEN MOVE.

Stranger (in Iowa)—Does a man named Stackhouse live here?
Resident—No. He moved into the next State.
Stranger—Well, I never. Told me he had settled here for life. Must have moved on an impulse, didn't he?
Resident—No, on a cyclone.—[Argosy. A SHARP REJOINDER.

An old lady, brought up as a witness before a beach of magistrates, when asked to take off her bonnet, refused to do so, saying: "There's no law compelling a woman to take off her bonnet," "Ch," said one of the magistrates, "you know the law, do you? Perhaps you would like to come up and sit here and teach us?"

you would have a constraint and teach us?"
"No, I thank you, sir," replied the old lady; "there are old women enough there already."

AN UNREASONABLE PATIENT

Victim (after five minutes of torture)
—You said you would have that tooth
out in a second!
Dentist—So I will, so I will (giving
another wrench) just as soon as I get it
loosened from the gum.—[Chicago
Herald.

NOT UNCOMMON.

"Now that I have stated them, sir, don't you think my aims are lofty?"
"Yes, Mr. Hicks. Your aims are all right, but you are a very bad shot."—
[Puck.

KNEW THEIR TRAITS.

old Gentleman (in the park)—What are you doing, my little dear?
Little Girl (with doll)—I am giving Dolly a drink.
"Giving Dolly a drink, eh? But the water is running down all over her pretty dress."

"Yes, she slobbers a good deal. All babies do."—[New York Weekly.

TIRED STANDING.

TIRED STANDING.

Old Lady (in electric car)—Dear me!
We're going to hear a thunder storm.
Bad Boy (hanging to strap)—I don't see no signs of it, mum.
Old Lady—No signs? Why, the lightning is beginning. See the flashes and hear the thunder.
Bad Boy—That ain't outside, mum.
That's in the car. I guess something's wrong with the 'lectric connections.
Old Lady—Goodness me! Conductor!
Conductor! Stop the car; I want to get off.

off.

Bad Boy (taking her seat)—I guess the old lady kin git into some store before she gets wet.—[Good News.

Gigantic Lady (to policeman)—Sir, can you not see me across the street? Policeman—See yez across de streate, is it? Sure, mum, I can see you a mile off.—[Outing.

WANTED INFORMATION.

"Your son finishes his college studies next year, I believe?"

"Yes."
"What baseball club is he going to bin; do you know?"—[New York

TOTAL ABSTINENCE DESIRED.

TOTAL ABSTITENCE DESIRED.

Captain Cruiser—So your son is a little dissipated, eh?

Auxious Mother—Oh, very, Captain, very. What can I do with him?

Captain Cruiser—Leave him to me. We sail from New York for San Francisco next week, and won't touch port six months.

Anxious Mother—But, Captain, don't you think brandy or any other spirit is just as bad as port for my son?—[Pharmaceutical Era.

CONSISTENT CRITICISM. Poet—You always tell me that my poems are too long, so I have brought one of two lines only. What do you think of it?

Editor-Same as usual-it's too long.

Neighborly Caller—How many chil-ren have you, Mrs. Newcomer? Mrs. Newcomer (just moved in)—

Iwo.
Neighborly Caller—Only two? Dear
ne! I thought I heard about a dozen.
-[New York Weekly. THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

He—What do you think of the Gov-rament weather service? She—I call it a signal failure.—

[Argosy. POETRY THAT KINDLES.

Poet (to Editor)—What is your opin-ion of my summer poetry? Editor—It's too light for winter fuel, but it makes good kindling material.— [New York Journal. THAT CIRCULATING ENGAGEMENT RING.

Miriam—Horace, you have made a mistake, You have had H. S. engraved in this ring instead of M. P. Horace (sotto voce)—Ding that jeweler. I told him to file out the initials. (Aloud.) That jeweler is slightly deaf, and you know M. P. sounds like H. S.—[Jeweler's Circular.

DONE WITH AN EXPLETIVE. "You can't get your postage stamp to stick, I see?"
"I can't, by Jupiter!"
"I can do it, by gum!"

BRIGHT FOR RESSIE

"Bleist von 't you have a little piece of this chicken?"
"No, thank you," said Bessie.
"What! no chicken?"
"Oh, yes, I'll have the chicken, but I don't want a little piece."—[Philadelphia

THE DIFFERENCE.

On leaden feet the time goes by
As you want for her at the pasture
bars;
But oh, how swiftly the moments ily
When you're standing with her under
the stars!

—[New York Press.

A WARM DAY. Mother—I'm afraid you'll catch cold if you sit in that draught. Little Boy—But, mamma, I'll catch hot if I don't.—[Good News.

A HINT AT 12 P. M. Maud-Do you feel the cold? Mand—Do you leef the court. Chollie—No, why do you ask?
Maud—O, I don't know. I was just condering whether you do or not, as it very cold outside.—[Argosy.

IT WOULDN'T DO. Photographer—Can't you assume a more pleasant expression than that? Just think of your best girl for a few

minutes.

Young Man (sadly)—It wouldn't do any good. She refused me about a week ago.—[Brooklyn Life.

CROWDED OUT.

"I like this dress very much," said Ethel, "It is just too delightfully tight. But where are the pockets?"
"Here they are," said the dressmaker, handing her two small silken bags. "You'll have to carry them in your hands. There's not room in the dress for them.—[Harper's Bazar.

FLY TIME.

They pester us both night and day;
From their attacks we're seldom free.
The man is happy who can say
Just now: "There are no flies on me!"

SHE PLAYS FOR SMITH. "So Smith cut you out with her, did he? I would break every bone in his skin if I were you."
"Oh, I am having a better revenge than that."

"How?"

"Why, her father has just bought her a piano and Smith goes to see her three times a week."—[New York Press. LACKING THE MOTIVE POWER. 'I wonder why the car doesn't start!'

exclaimed an impatient passenger.
"There are not enough people on board yet to make the cargo," replied another, who understood the situation.

"Men are not born free in this country," said Willie, "There ain't no worse bulldozed slave in creation than my baby brother."—[Bazar.

Indian Fights to a Finish.

John T. Miller of Fort Reno, Okla., while seated in a group at the Laclede Hotel said:

while seated in a group at the Laclede Hotel said:

"When you talk about a fight to a finish and knock-out blows, both are witnessed in the aboriginal degree of perfection when a fight between two Indian bucks is seen in a ring, the circumstances of which is not a rope, but a string of interested human spectators. It is a fact that among Indians of the same tribe, though they may number-rhousands, there are few cases of quarrels among them that ever result in murder. This is strange when it is remembered that the Indian is passionate, uncontrolled in his impulses, cruel and ferocious by nature. They have their difficulties and quarrels, however, but arbitration of the old men prevents bloodshed or murder.

"Yet once in a while a fight occurs, and it is a novel sight to witness. One buck challenges another to combat, and, accompanied by their friends to the battleground, each buck is stripped and made to confront the other. Between them lies a war club—a smooth, long niece of hard wood. seasoned by vers of

accompanied by their friends to the batter of the party of the same as usual—it's too long.

—[Puck.

AN UNFLEASANT SUBJECT.

"What shall I write this morning, sir!" asked the fresh young man of the managing editor.

"You may try your hand on your resignation," replied the latter.—[Epoch. QUALIFIED.

Scholasticus Hardup—I am a college student, and I want a place to work in your hotel.

Hotel Proprietor—What experience or qualifications have you?

Scholasticus Hardup—I am the champion boxer and wrestler of my class.
Hotel Proprietor—Ah, then you will do very well to whip cream.—[Boston Courier.

BADINAGE.

"Mizpah Say drinks sage tea because she thinks it will make her wise."

"Her parents should make her drink gunpowder tea."

"Why so?"

"Because then she might go off."

DELIGHTFUL THEATMENT.

"So you proposed to her. Accepted, of course?"

"New you proposed to her. Accepted, of course?"

"Accepted! Why, she treated me like a dog."

"Allow me to congratulate you, old fellow. I saw how she treated one the other day, and, by Jove. how I envied that dog,"—[New York Sun.

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en my stables for three years.

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