

AFLOAT.

Ere the race of the spring was run,
Or violets began to die,
Nenth the kiss of the golden sun
And the smile of the azure sky.

HERO OF SALTHAM PIT

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Everyone that knows anything about coal mines knows that the great Saltham pit lies just on the edge of the city of Whitehaven, and extends thence far under the sea.

Indeed, Mary Allonby was a universal favorite, and before the first winter was over it was generally understood that she was the promised wife of the handsome Gerald Peel, a young man of very good family and of great promise.

Among this shabby crew a man was lurking—a man with a dirty, ragged clothing and a face as passion-smitten and every way evil; and whenever Mrs. Allonby's voice or Mary's laugh caught his ear, his expression was almost terrible.

"No, no, no! She thinks you dead—and oh, Richard! she is going to be married."
"I know that, too. Give me the papers. Have been long enough here."

anger is not to be defied; so he said sullenly:
"I'll do as you wish."

Gerald's first thought was: "There is something wrong at the pit," and he said, impatiently:
"Now, my man, what's wrong?"

Then Gerald knew that he had either to deal with a lunatic or a great sorrow, and he closed the window, and said:
"Get down, sir, and say what you have got to say."

Richard did not spare himself. He told all: How he had killed his mother with sorrow, and ruined his wife, forged his friend's name, and been forgiven, and then robbed a bank and been transported for fourteen years in it.

He made some excuse for hurrying forward matters, and in spite of the suggestions of his friends that the missing papers ought to be found first, he married Mary Allonby early in June.

There is something so compelling in a great sorrow, that he cloaked himself silently and followed her into a waiting carriage. As it drove through the narrow black streets, he told him the outlines of her story.

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ing to the last to relieve the poor mines stopped forward and said gently:
"Mother, I am here too."

Yes, it was Gerald Peel; he had been notified at once of the accident, and none had worked harder for the relief of the sufferer.

Those men were heroes who stormed the Malakoff and lit their cigars in the trenches before Vicksburg, but private life has heroes quite as great, and I think that Gerald Peel's five-years' patience, prudence and unselfish burden-bearing may make him the brother-knight even of the peerless Bayard.

Counterfeit Milk.
A dairyman called at the office of Dr. J. E. Sullivan, City Milk Inspector, yesterday, and informed him that a certain individual was going about among the dairymen offering to sell a recipe or prescription by which a good article of milk could be made artificially by the use of various drugs, chemicals, etc.

Mr. Tyrer—Borde never visits us now, Mrs. Tyrer—No; it is rather singular, Mr. Tyrer—it is. The last time he was here I did my best to entertain him. Sat with him two solid hours relating to him the smart sayings of our children, and you helped to entertain him, too.

Nicknames of Great Men.
Great men's nicknames all remind us, we might be well known to fame and departing life behind us proofs that we were "in the game."

The average grizzly, says Mr. Roosevelt in the New York Sun, has but one idea when he sees a man, and that is to get away; it will run as quickly as a rabbit.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

THE PROVERB.

Teacher—What does the proverb say about those who live in glass houses?
Small Boy—Pull down the blinds.

Nothing Mean About Her—Let By-gones be By-gones—A Misconception—He Singeth Not, Etc., Etc.

A Maine woman sent to the house of her nearest neighbor and requested the loan of a new pair of scissors. The neighbor was using them, and sent back word accordingly.

Haughty Lady (who has purchased a stamp)—Must I put it on myself?
Stamp Clerk—Not necessarily. It will probably accomplish more if you put it on the letter.

Tom—You say you expect to win Miss Fortune, but haven't begun to make love to her yet?
Jack—Yes; keep your mind easy; I'm running as a dark horse.

Old Henpeck—Nonsense! The idea of talking about marriage! You and my daughter haven't been engaged over six months.

Love for the Gimp.
"Isn't that a bad cold you've got," said a benevolent-looking old gentleman to a young fellow he had met casually.

Cloves Are Flowers.
Cloves are the unopened flower of a small evergreen tree that resembles in appearance the laurel or the bay.

Adulterating Tea.
Teas are not adulterated by intermingling the leaves of other plants, as the leaves of the tea plant itself, if quality is not considered, can be gathered in unlimited quantities.

Huge Stones From the Moon.
In a catalogue of Mexican meteorites prepared by M. Antonio del Castillo one mass is mentioned which exploded in the air and fell in widely dispersed fragments.

In Case of Croup.
While waiting for the doctor, in cases of croup, quickly apply several sponges, squeezed out in the hottest water, to the child's neck for about twenty minutes.

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THE LAND OF THIRST.

A Feature of the Great American Desert in California.
The most famous part of the Great American Desert is Death Valley, in California.

Popular Doctoring in Russia.
Slovo of Kiev reports some curious instances of popular doctoring in south Russia. The rural dentist places his patient upon a little stool and examines him.

THEY COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT.
Mr. Tyrer—Borde never visits us now, Mrs. Tyrer—No; it is rather singular, Mr. Tyrer—it is.

THEY HAVE THEIR DISADVANTAGES.
"I don't know about these silver weddings," said Mr. Easy, doubtfully.

THEY STAYED AT HOME.
Aunt—Why don't you stay at home some times and play with your sister?

HE FORGAVE HIM.
Wife—You've been drinking again. Husband—Can't help it, m'dear—make me so happy, m'dear.

HE SINGETH NOT.
I cannot sing the old songs I sang a while ago, For if I do the other guests Quickly get up and go.

IN LUCK.
She married a poet, And proudly I say, As her part's worth a million, She has three meals a day.

WITH JENO AT THE GATE.
She—Did a wicked man tear your clothes that way, George, dear? He—No, dearest, it was the wicked gate we were leaning on last night.

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THERE IS HUMOR IN GRAVE-STONES.

A Few Novel Instances of Laughable Post-Mortem Devotion.
The tombstone literature of the world is sometimes amusing reading.

Every one who has visited Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond, Va., will remember the burial lot of a certain gentleman who laid away decorously and fearfully in this grassy plot three wives.

Unbrellas made of paper are used in Paris.
If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

Fainting Spells,
drooping wherever she happened to be. At these times she would turn black and appeared at the point of death.

Heart Trouble
Nothing that we gave her did her any good until, in desperation, we began giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Healthy and Rugged
a child as you will find anywhere and has never shown any indication of a return of the heart difficulty.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
and cannot say too much in favor of it." Ed-ward Wilson, Iowa, Mass.

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Every lover and breeder of game birds should possess a copy of "THE BIRD" a monthly journal of sixteen pages, \$1.00 per year.

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