A something in the forest word. A something in the forest word.
It carried may be named a voice,
Yet fettered captives hear is call.
And in their I nging heart rejoice:—
A subtile whisper in the breeze
So soft, it seems a spirit's breath,
Yet le fless boughs grow tremulous
With cestary, at what it saith!

A something tises with the morn,
Audlingers with the sun's last ray,
Brings rapture to the silen' nig st,
And luste to the sh ning day;
With yearning, half of b iss and pain,
It swells my heart, and, wondering,
I ask,—what can it be? A bird
sings at my window—'th is spring,' w
—[Zitelia Cocke, in Youth's Compasio

A PECULIAR GIRL.

The tears that seldom rose to Rachel's eyes for her own woes, overflowed for the imagined sorrow of this forlorn old wreck of humanity. The woman was quick to see, and instantly stretched forth an imploring hand, in which Rachel placed a liberal donation.

It was this incident that paved the way for an unexpected but far more important encounter. As Rachel, walking quickly, and with eyes still wet with tears, and a heart wildly throbbing with newly quickened feeling, turned the corner of the street, she rushed directly into the arms of a young man who was coming toward her. He was pale and wan, he stooped under the weight of that experience that is more aging than years, but Rachel knew him in an instant, and as his arms involuntarily closed about her and held her for one moment to his breast, she cried out, as if he had thrust a dagger in her:

"George—George Murray!"

"Rachel." he said, softly, "forgive me. I did not mean to touch you. It was so sadden—"

"Yea, yes, I know. It is my fault. I didn't see you."

And she wrenched herself from his hold, it was, indeed, from his embrace, for he clung to her as if he could not again let her go. But seeing her face, which grew like marble at sight of him, his arms dropped away from her. "Oh, can you forgive me?" he cried. "It was all a wild delictinum—a madnes! I never lored but you! Can you not forgive me—an you not even try to forgive me—e—an you not even try to forgive me—en you not even try to forge we me—an you not even try to forgive me—e. The color of the strength of the season was the season hours later she was ware that she was in her own room, the door locked, and all the world shut out.

How long she had been there she didn't know, but she remembered that he had she way now the body to locked, and all the world shut her she as a ware that she was not her own room, the door locked, and all the world what he had she way to he had been there she didn't know, but she remembered that he had she way to a head on the face of the strength of the proper of the stre

A PECULIAR GIRL

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THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

IESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Double Entendre-Very Fly Indeed—A Strained Joke—Spring, Gentle Spring—Better Than Noth-ing, Etc., Etc. A DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

"You don't know yet how she feels to-"No don't make her show her hand."
"No, but I'm going to make her show her hand."
"How?"
"I shall present her with a diamond."

VERY FLY INDEED.

Wool-Bronson seems to be as fly as ver he was.

Van Pelt—What has he been doing?

Wool—Whon I saw him last night he eemed to be trying to walk on the ceil-

A STRAINED JOKE. A STRAINED JOKE.

First Anarchist—The members of our club seem to be afraid of suspension.

Second Anarchist—Why should they be afraid?

First Anarchist—Because it always ands fatally.—[The Club.

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.

Come, put away the ulster big, And the sealskin cap we wore, For gentle spring is coming on, We shall not need them more.

Pull down the camphorated trunk
Forth from the attic high,
And pack those winter clothes away,
For spring is drawing nigh. And when we get them packed away, Up out of sight. Why, then, We'll shiver and we'll shake to find, That cold snap's here again. —[Clothier and Furnisher.

BETTER THAN NOTHING.

"Am I the man of your choice?" whispered.
"Well, no," was her hesitating reply,
"not exactly; but I guess you'll do."

HIS REVENGE IN SIGHT.

Jack Hardup (with unwonted enthusiasm)—By Jove! I see that some fellow is talking about introducing a bill into the House making it a misdemeanor to send annoying letters to any one. Very clever idea that. I'll have my tailor locked up for six months, by Jove!—[Tid-Bits. AN EASY ONE.

"What is the difference between a col-lege student and the man who has college degrees conferred upon him for his eru-dition?"

"One gets his learning by degrees an the other gets degrees by his learning." THE CONSOLATION OF THE SIX-FOOTER.

"Little maiden, tell me true,
What sort of man most pleases you?
She blushed and hung her pretty head.
"Tis Hymen I like best," she said.
—[Life.

NO FINANCIER WANTED.

Jess—And you want to be closer to me than a brother? Dick—Yes, dear. Jess—Twon't do; he is altogether too

COULD THERE BE ANY DOUBT OF IT.

Acquaintance—Going to be married next Thursday? I congratulate you, old boy! Who is to be best man? Fweddy (highly indignant)—Best man? Baw Jove! Me!—[Chicago Tribune.

Baw Jove! Me!—[Chicago Tribune.

He—It is so good of you, darling, to accept me. But even my great wealth, I am afraid, can't make you forget that my grandfather was a common fisherman.

She—Why need I forget it? I will tell everybody about your "ancestral hauls," and on your income of \$100,000 a year, we will be as happy as the day is long.—[New York Tribune.

THE FAINTING RACKET.

First Tramp-"What's the matter Mike? He looks as if life wasn't

First Tramp—"What's the matter wid Mike? He looks as if life wasn't wort' livin'."

Second Tramp—"That's jist how he feels. Ye mind two days ago a poor man fainted in front o' that big house over yonder, and the kind lady rushed out wid a bottle o' brandy to restore 'in?"

"I mind."
"Wull, Mike, he tried th' faintin' racket there this mornin', an' th' ole lady rushed out th' same as before. But when she seed Mike, she said, 'Poor fellow, his pores is all stopped up so he can't breathe,' says she, an' then she turned the hose on 'im."—[Yew York Weekly.

SCHEDULE TIME.

Hungry Traveler (at railway dining tation)—How soon will the train start station—How soon was conductor?
Conductor—I'll start on time to-day. I ain't got much appetite.

The festive spring chicken, With death, is alone In rightfully claiming All seasons its own.

"I don't wish to influence you, Mabel," said the mother, "in any way that would do violence to your own feelings or in-clinations, but does not young Blanner-man appear to be partial to your society of late?"

man appear to be partial to your society of late?"

The queenly young girl bowed.

"I thought I had observed an inclination on his part," pursued her mother, looking with pride and tenderness at the beautiful face and figure of her eldest born, "to pay rather exclusive attention to you. He is a man of excellent habits, well connected, and of good prospects, is he not?"

Again the young girl bowed her lovely head.

"And he seems to be intelligent well."

SURE OF HER GROUND.

head.

"And he seems to be intelligent, well educated and unassuming, besides being handsome and of good address."

handsome and of good address."
"Yes."
"He is not personally objectionable to you, is he, Mabel?"
"Ho is not."
"Do you think, my dear—you will pardon the question, I am sure—that he seeks to win your love? Do you think he intends to offer you the highest homor that a high-minded man can tender to the maiden who has won his heart's best affections?"
"Ye-e-es, manma," yawned the beauti-

"Ye-e-es, manma," yawned the beautiful girl. "If I want him he's my pudding."—[Chicago Daily Tribune.

A VITAL DIFFERENCE. Wickars —I don't believe there is much difference between genius and in-

much difference between genius and insanity.

Vickars - Oh, yes there is a heap. The lunatic is sure of his board and clothes. —[Indianapolis Journal.

An HOUR AHEAD.

An oldish couple who had come in by the Erie Road were crossing on a Pavonia ferryboat recently, when the wife asked her husband about the time of day. It was about 2 o'clock by the right time, but he looked at his big silver watch and replied that it was 3.

"But they said we'd get here about 2," she protested.

"Train might have been late."

"It wasn't quite 2 by the clock in the depot."

"It wasn't quite 2 by the clock in the depot."

He took out his bull's eye again for another look, held it up to his ear to see if it was going, and then suddenly exclaimed:
"Oh, pshaw! I'man hour ahead! I've had her set for the hired man to g-t up by, and forgot to turn 'er back."—[New York Observer.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

She (with some severity)—I have been told that you speak in very complimentary terms of me to others. I do not wish you to do so, for people may get the idea from your praise of me that there is something between us. That is an impression that I do not wish should get abroad.

He—I'm sorry for what I said. It was only in fun.

She—Fun?

He—Yes; when I said you were beautiful and amiable and all that I did not mean it, upon my word, so please forgive me.—[New York Press.

A DESIRABLE FREAK.

Wiggs—I suppose you know "Fore-warned is forearmed?" Futlites—Never heard of him; let's offer him three hundred a week.

The First Paper Makers.

The First Paper Makers.

The wasps were actual paper makers long before man knew how, and by very much the same process by which man manufactures it now. In fact, all the while that people in the olden times were using wood and stone and brass, the bark of trees, and the skins of animals, this little insect was making a far better material.

The wood-fibers used by the wasp are about a tenth of an inch long and finer than a hair. They gather them into a bundle, adding to them as they move from place to place. You would find it very unlike the wood gnawed by other insects. They bruise these fibers into a sort of flint, before using them, with their mandibles or jaws, preferring old and dried wood. After this bruising process they use a sort of glue, which they eject from their mouths, to fasten them together; then they kneed it into a sort of paste, like papier mache, making it into a ball which afterwards they trample into a leaf as thin as tissue paper with their feet. The first thing a wasp does after the paper is ready is to line the roof of her house with it, using fifteen or sixteen layers, or sheets, one above the other, making a wall often nearly two inches in thickness. These layers are left with spaces between, appearing, as you look at the next, as if made of so many little shelis. After the coiling is finished, the wasp begins to build the rest of the nest, which is composed of an immense number of paper shells, and when done looks like a honeycomb, only pehaps more light and elegant, if this were possible. You may think these cells are for honey, but they are not, for the wasps never make it, but are solely prepared for rearing their young.—[Detroit Free Press.

Digging Powers of the Mole.

Nith death, is atoms In rightfully claiming All seasons it own.

All seasons the own.

"I guessed you loved me, sweet," said I, And gazed within her eyes, Like violets shyly raised to mine In maiden's soft surprise.

The Notorycles burrows obliquely in the sand, going two or three inches under the ground, and never betraying its passage except by a slight undulation of the soil. In digging it uses its coaled the raised her lovely eyes once more And whispered, "Guess again!"

An we were one whispered, "Guess again!"

An whispered, "Guess aga

ful haddhood of youth and inexperience.

"Have you canvas-back ducks?" she inquired of the man in the stall.

"Yes, miss, and they are beauties, and mighty scarce at this time of year. An' I've got mallards and red-heads, too."

"You may cut me off three-quarters of a yard of the canvas-back," she said, in her clear, classic tones; "and cut it diagonally so that it will not ravel," and she looked about for the yardsitch to see that he did notcheat her in measurement.

[Detroit Free Press.]

SOMEWHAT STRANGE STERNING STRANGE STERRY-DAY LIFE.

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

Oxe of the spots which have been seveled for public squares in Philadelphia William Penn made his great treaty with the Indians. But wen before that time it had aclaim to historic attention as the land aclaim to historic attention as the land aclaim to historic attention as the land and the stranger of the place that the landians. But wen before that time it had aclaim to historic attention as the land to the land of the land to the land

The Japanese Commissioners at Chioago have been fortunate in securing
extremely advantageous sites for their
country's exhibit. A certain island
which has long been coveted by rival
applicants is now definitely promised to
them, and this favored spot will probably
be occupied by a reproduction of the
famous editice known as How-od, one
of the finest and best-preserved examples of ancient architecture that the
empire contains. It stands in the village
of Uji, a suburb of Kioto, and was built
when the Emperor's first fixed their residence in that locality. Its name may be
translated "Phoenux Tenple," the word
"howo' signifying an imaginary creature
of the air, redited with attributes akin
to those of our fabled emblem of immortality; and its shape is supposed to be
suggestive of a huge bird with outstretched wing and spreading tail. The
original structure covers 150 tsubos of
ground, a tsubo being equal to six feet
square. It is expected that one result
of Japan's possession of the island above
referred to will be the exhibition of
specimens of ship-building, representing
different periods of the nation's maritime
development. This feature, if fully
carried out, will be a surprise to those
who imagine that the Japanese were almays a homekeeping and isolated people.
Three centuries ago there was not anywhere a more daring or enterprising race
of navigators, and their adventurous
expeditions, not only to various parts of
Asia, but even across the Pacific Ocean
to America, are matters of historical
record. THE Japanese Commissioners at Chic-

of a broken limb.

Widow Abigail. Houghton, who lives near Scranton. Penn., has 200 pet sparrows and she has given up one of the rooms in the house, where she lives alone entirely to their use. One of Widow Houghton's geese got into the indiscreet habit of laying in the weeds by the creek on the place, and a crow of the lower classes, possessed of a certain degree of low canning, "caught on," as they say in

stormbound and starving. A hunter happened along and rescued them:

CAPTAIN PITCHER, of the United States infantry, has been telling a reporter some curious things about a hot spring in Wyoming, near Fort Washakie. He said: "It is near our camp and about ten yards in diameter. The perpetual temperature is 110 degrees above zero. Often in the winter I have come home from a cold ride when the thermometer was 15 degrees below zero and taken a swim in the springs. It is not inclosed, and it is a funny sensation to go swimming in a temperature of 110 degrees above, while your head is exposed to a temperature of 15 degrees below, zero. I have often seen the soldiers take a swim in the spring and follow it up with a roll in the snow. It almost makes a Turkish bath."

An example of the cunning of gulls

hath."

As example of the cunning of gulls was observed at Tacoma when several alighted on a bunch of logs that had been in the water a long time, with the sub-merged sides thick with barnacles. One was a big gray fellow, who seemed to be the caprain. He walked to a particular log, stood on one side of it close to the water, and then uttered peculiar cries. The other gulls came and stood on the same side of the log, which under their combined weight rolled over several inches. The gulls, step by step, kept the log rolling until the barnacles showed above the water. The birds picked eagerly at this food, and the log was not abandoned until every barnacle had been picked.

Seven years ago Mr. W. E. Mason, of

Ir is said that there is a horse in Chicago which is so strongly charged with electricity that when warm with exercise it will give a powerful shock to whoeven touches it, and even yield enough of a spark to light gas. The fact was discovered by accident a few days since, and the electric horse will soon probably figure as a dime museum curio. We have seen a mule communicate a shook powerful enough to knock out a man's brains and he was not considered a curiosity, nor was his power attributed to electricity.

Alexandria, Egypt, possesses the largest