The average daily attendance of children in the public schools is high est in Penneylvania, being 779,000, while in New York it is 757,000.

Five years ago there were two direct steamship lines from Southern ports to Europe. Now there are eleven cities, each of which has one or more lines across the Atlantic.

Governor Pingree has suggested that the present capitol of Michigan be turned into a lunatic asylum; and the Legislature of the lake State is wondering whether he meant anything by that remark.

In 1869 a Rev. Dr. Crane wrote tract on popular amusements, in which he said that "novel-reading has become the vice of the age," and warned his readers and listeners against so evil habit, so soul-destroying a recreation, as novel reading. His son is Stepher Crane, who has lately been making considerable reputation as a writer of novels.

An adventurer's share" in the New River Company was sold recently in London for \$625,000. The company was started in 1609 by Sir Hugh Myddleton to supply London with water from the Hertfordshire hills, forty miles away. Half the shares went to James the First as the king's moiety, the others to the thirty-six adver turers. Myddleton was ruined by the speculation, but the company owns a great deal of property in the city of London and the counties of Middlesex and Hertford. The interest on a share is about \$13,000 a year.

Under the operation of the childlabor law in Illinois, as enforced by Miss Florence Kelley, Chief Factory Inspector, there has been a positive decrease in the number of children employed in the factories. This decrease has continued notwithstanding the fact that a larger percentage of children usually finds employment in these concerns during dull times, their cheaper labor being sought and idle fathers sometimes finding it necessary to send them to the shops. The num-ber of children found unlawfully em-The numployed in 1896 was 3.7 per cent. of th total number of employees, as against 4.5 in 1895, 6.2 in 1894, and 8.5 in This decrease is the more marked because the inspectors covered 2067 more establishments than in any previous year. In the stock yards there is no noticeable change in the number of children employed, but the reverse is happily the case in glass factories, where the report says the dwarfing of children by their arduous labors seems to have been decisively Sweat shops are still the greatest evil to be contended with, one-sixth of all the children employed in the State working in the garment trades. The ratio, the report says. increases yearly in spite of persistent persecutions of violators of the law. The only complete remedy, the In-spector says, would be the prohibition of tenement manufacture.

Mr. Peary, U. S. N., the arctic explorer, told some interesting things of the polar regions at a recent public dinner. He said he could talk of only one thing, and then laid hold of the pole. Picturing a man standing over the north pole, he said that this person would have but one point to his compass, and that would be south. He would be unknown to him. He would know no night or day. Experiences of Nansen and himself during the last three years, he said, had shown that the ideal party to discover the pole nust consist of only two or three per-

BRING BACK TO ME. For ask me what—since we must part-You shall bring home to me; Bring back a pare and faithful heart, As true as mine to thee. I ask not wealth nor fame, I only ask for thee, Thyself-and that dear self the same-My love bring back to me.

You talk of gems from foreign lands,

of treasure, spoil and prize. Ab, love, I shall not search your hands, But look into your eyes. I ask not wealth nor fame, I only ask for thee, Thyself-and that dear self the same-My love bring back to me.

You speak of glory and renown, With me to share your pride. Unbroken faith is all the crown

I ask for as your bide. I ask not wealth nor fame, I only ask for thee, Chyself-and that dear solf the same-My love bring back to me. You bid me with hope's eager gaze

Behold fair fortune come. I only dream I see your face Beside the hearth at home.

I ask not wealth at home. I ask not wealth hore fame, I do but ask for thee, Thyself-and that dear self the same-My God restore to me. -Juliana Horatio Ewing.

TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.





whose dresses area to be a solution out. "'Frost, eh?" said she. "'I rather guess so," responded Elsa, with a shiver. "Stars shinin' like so many little diamond specks, and a new more baching the nines."

many fittle dimond specks, and a new moon behind the pines." "Well, it's a good thing we nin't stinted for wood," cheerfully observed Mrs. Robbins. "You're always finding out some cod thing or other worker" and

"Tou re aiways inding out some good thing or other, nother," said Elss, a little petulantly. "La, child, the world is full of 'em i" said Mrs. Robbins, who had a sweet, plaintive voice. "The Lord, Ho's a deal better to us than we de-

"Well, then," quaintly remarked "Well, then," quaintly remarked Elsa, "I may as well tell you, now, as ever, that the roof's leakin' dreadful bad."

"Leakin', 1s it?" said Mrs. Robbins "Where?

"Where?" "Up garret," said Elsa. "Over the west store room." "Well, it's lucky it an't leakin" over the rooms we live in," said the invetorate old optimist. "If it was to leak at all, it couldn't have selected a better spot."

Peak at an, it contain t have selected a better spot." "And the fence is down in the north lot," remarked Elss, "and neighbor Carter's cattle are all in!" "Bless me!" said Mrs. Robbins. "Well, there ain't much but rock and "well, there ain't much but rock and "wells, there all to bat how, and

mullein-stalks in that lot, anyhow, and Neighbor Carter don't half feed his cattle. I'm glad the poor creeturs can have a good bite for once in their lives."

thave a good bite for once in their lives." "And I've had a letter from Walter's widow," added Elsa; "and she wants to come here with her children." "Tell her to come," said Mrs. Rob-bins. "It ain't a fine eity place, and maybe she and the little ones will find it hard to make out on mush and mo-lasses and baked potatoes, as we do. But she's my nephew's widow, and she'll be welcome here." "But, mother," said Elsa, "think what you are doing. Another family in this cramped-up little house—I ot of noisy children, racing and scream-ing about.—a fine lady to be waited on, who is certainly as able to take care

tears in the corners of her hard, gray eyes. "You dear, old mother!" said she. know it myself at the time that lap-Let Walter's widow and her children come. Wo're poor, and in debt, and everyone thonght. Foor, dear Wal-can't find bread for our own two eyes. "You dear, old mother!" said she. Let Walter's widow and her children come. We're poor, and in debt, and can't find bread for our own two selves; but I believe, for once, I'll follow your example, mother, and trust in Providence." And she sat down and wrote to Wal-ter Robbins window, inclosing that last twenty-dollar bill, with which she was to have bought the warm winter cloak for the old lady, who was so con-tentedly knitting in the coral glow of the firelight.

Robb

Salaries of High Officials,

The Sheriff's "Poser,"

Mrs. Walter Robbins was sitting by the fire also, but not such a fire as il-lumines the farmhouse kitchen with a softer shine than any electric light. It was a merc handful of coals, in a rustic grate, over which she bent with a shudder, as the wind howled by, shaking the window-panes and rattling the oblidren's stockings, and as she worked a little girl crept out of the bed and stole across the floor to her side.

side. "Mamma, I can't get warm," said she. "Isn't there any fire?" "There's a fire, dear," said Mrs. Robbins; "but we can't have much, for there's only a peck of coal left in the box."

r thee, ana Horatio Ewing. Ana Horatio Ewing. PROVIDENCE. INST GRAVES. UESS it's goin' to be a snappin' cold night, mother," said the blaze of an armful of pine br fingers over the cellar, for it's we're got the rus. the cellar, for it's s which she the set for the said the mother is getter. "Teach and the same seconomize." "Bamma, "spoke up a tiny voice from the bed, "If yoil et the coal blaze and crackle it soon turns into ashes, and we must economize." "There is no more, Bessie," said Mrs. Robbins, with a pang, sharper than any serpent's tooth, at her heart. "Got o sleep, deat; you'll soon forget had just fluug we're got the rus. "And D'm very you know." "And D'm very the sight, mong the leaves, and ent apples with armin dependence the matter of the constry, and in the morn-ing we are to start for the contry, "And D'm very you know." "And pick up nuts where they grow anong the leaves, and ent apples with and her mother? Is Consin Elsa and the quiver in her voice. "No, she is not a child; she is a woman, like me. But f think she must be an angel Ine salary of the First Lord of the Treasury is \$25,000. The Chancellor of the Exchequer also receives \$25,000. The salary of the Lord Chancellor is \$10,000.

But I think she must be an ange in her heart." For Elsa Robbins' had been the first

For Elsa Robbins' had been the first helping hand which had been stretched out to lift the poor little widow out of the abyes of troubles which had al-most overwhelmed her since her hus-band died, in the far-away Mexican lands whither he had gone to make the fortune which, alas! was never made. She had become sadly used to sharp words and cold glances, but kindness, sympathy, tender recognitions of her claims to kinship, were new and pre-cious to her.

Just then there came a heavy, creak ing footstep on the floor—a tap at the

door. Little Lillio jumped up and scam pered back to bed. Bessie drew her carly yellow head under the sheets. ''It's a mistake," said Mrs. Robbins. spiritlessly. 'Nobody ever comen here." here." But she rose and opened the door.

Ent she rose and opened the door. There stood a stout, middle-aged man, with cheerful blue eyes, a ruddy com-plexion, and leg-of-mutton whiskers, slightly sprinkled with gray. "Does Mrs. Walter Robbins live here?" he aaked.

Miss Elsa had made waffles for

Alise Lisa had made walles for sup-per, and had fried some fresh erulers, brown and light as butterfly wings. She had brought in the parlor lamp, and bunted up two little china mugs, handleless, and with the gilt inscrip-tion faded off, which had been hers and her dead sister's, as children, long azo.

ago. "They'll please the little ones," she

ago. "They'll please the little ones," she thought. And Mrs. Robbins, in her clean cap, sat smiling by the hearthstone, when Walter's widow came in, her black dress powdered over with the snow which had begun to fail at the gather-ing of a:zeh, and with the two little girls clinging to her hand. "You are welcome-kindly welcome-you and the dear little gris!" And Elas came in, her face softened for the moment, and led them hospit-ably to the firs. "It's a poor place," said she; "but mother is right-you are welcome !" The children looked timidly around at the black beams which traversed the roof overhead--the deep-set windows, with their broad ledges filled with musk plants and fish geraniums-the strings of red peppers above the man-

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DAR ING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Miner's Heroic Deed-Under

A diner's Herole Deed-Under an Avalanche in Idaho-Gen. Grant's Coolness When a Lieutenant. Soloness was the de-latenation of those who stood by while a corps of physicanas amputated his arm at the shoulder to save him from the fearful possibility of blood pois-oning as a result of his terrible in-juries, sustained in his heroic rescue from certain death of two follow-min-ers. That he still lives is the marvel of all Roseland, for faw have ever been wrenched, mangled and bruised as Hensworth was and lived through his injuries as this hardy sufferer bids fair to do. The doctors declared their belef that he would survive in very hopeful tones. Jen Smith and Frank Conson were working at the bottom of a narrow what of the Young America mine at Roseland at a depth of nearly 150 feet, engaged in loading ore into an iron-bound bucket, while Jim Hemsworth's duty consisted in hanling the bucket to the surface by menso of a windlass. The heavy bucket filled with ore had almost reached the top of the haft when the iron crank of the wind-nes suddauly sangped in two likes bit of pine, huriing Hemsworth to the ground. Springing to his feet, half-dazed by the blow, Hemsworth saw the windlass whirling around at a frightful rate of speed as the loaded bucket shot down the shaft upon the men below. better than anyone expected. A law-yer from the South came to see me last night, and told me that I am to have at least a thousand dollars a very "Eh?" said Elsa, almost incredu lously. "It ain't possible?" chirped Mrs. Robbins. "And," went on Mrs. Walter, "if yon will allow me to live here and share it with you..." "No," said Miss Elsa. to right to it!" "But," pleaded the widow, "you were willing to share all that you had with me." "That's quite another thing," said

with me." "That's quite another thing," said Elsa. "No, it isn't," said Mrs. Walter. "It's the same exactly. And I have always longed for a home in the coun-try, and it is so lorely here; and--and I feel that I love you already, and I should be miserable anywhere else. Please-please let me stay!" And what could Mrs. Robbins and Miss Elsa nay but "Yea." And when the gentle widow retired to her room, Miss Elsa looked at the old lady with tears in her eyes. "Mother," said she "you were right. Providence has provided. The mo-ment I made up my mind to leave off caring and planning, and trust in God, He has lad a blessing at my feet. I think I will never doubt or despair again."-Saturday Night.

bucket shot down the shaft upon the men below. He had not a second to lose. There was just one chance to save them, and he took that chance. Jumping for-ward, he threw his body upon the coge of the whirling windlass, threat-ing his arm and shoulder between the swiftly revolving wheels. Their iron jaws crunched and tore the flesh, crushed nerves, bone and sinews, tore ghastly wounds from finger tip to shoulder, but the wind-lass stood still. With an awful jerk the loaded An American Cabinet officer gets 38000 a year, and has an allowance for tationery and for a private secretary. As principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Lord Salisbury drew \$20,000 a year and \$2000 for a private secretary. oreign Affairs, Lord Salisbury drew 20,000 a year and \$2000 for a private ecretary. The salary of the First Lord of the

Jass stood still. With an awful jerk the loaded bucket stopped just above the heads of the two terrified miners far down in the shaft. Fale as death, and with the bload down. The English Attorney General is not member of the Cabinet, but he draws \$21,000 a year and about \$20,000 ex-m in form Sci, loop a year new Line of the Conneil Tra in fees. The Lord President of the Conneil draws \$10,000 a year, and so do the presidents of the Boards of Trade and Agriculture. In addition to the Prime Minister, the Foreign Affairs Minister and the Lords of the Admiralty get residences in Downing street. the blood flowing from him in streams and suffering intense agonv, he never uttered a cry nor even a sound as the jaws of the wheels pinioned him fast

jaws of the wheels pinioned him fast as in a vise. Superintendent Shields witnessed the accident from a short distance away, but so horrified was he at the sight that for a moment he stood as if paralyzed. Quickly recovering his faculties, he rushed to Hemsworth's aid, and in a twinkling had blocked the machinery and caused Hemsworth to be released from his perilous posi-tion. Lords of the Admiralty get residences in Downing street. When an English Minister's term expires he may receive an annuity of \$10,000 if he makes affidavit that he actually needs it. The English Minister of Foreign

The English Minister of Foreign Affairs is supposed to give three re-ceptions a year. If he is a poor man he gives only the great dinner and ball on the occasion of the Queen's birthday. This sometimes costs \$5000, The Queen's household often helps out by supplying the flowers from the royal conservatories. tion. As Hemsworth staggered back and was about to fall, Shields caught him in his arms, at the same time exclaim-ing, "My God, Jin; this is awfall" "Oh, what's the difference," answered the plucky follow, "so long as I saved the boys?" It was not long, however, before the

the plucky (ellow, "so long as I saved the boys?" It was not long, however, before the intense pain he suffered, together with the loss of blood, began to have their effect on Hemsworth's powerful con-stitution, and he became too weak to stand. A litter was hastily formed by men who had by this time arrived. Tenderly the wounded man was placed upon it, and with the utmost care Hemsworth was carried to Rossland, a mile away, and placed on a cot in the hospital. He was unconscious then, but Dr. Bowers, who had been hastily summoned in advance of the arrival of the litter, was at his side, and with restoratives Hemsworth was soon brought to consciousness. His wounds were dressed and the injured man made as comfortable as could be nuder the circumstances. Smith and Conson, who were hauled up from the shaft and assisted in carry-ing their brave conrade to the hos-pital, stood with eyes dimmed with tears as they witnessed the sufferings of the man who had made such a heroic sacrifice to save them from death. Smith said, in describing their sensa-tions at the bottom of the shaft: "When I heard the bucket falling I expected nothing but death, as thero was no way for us to avoid the heavy load dropping upon us with such frightful rapidity. I'll admit that my hour had come. When the bucket stopped but a few feet above us, Con-son and I, in awul suspense, stood with heads bowed, awaiting to be crushed to a pulp. It was serveril minutes after the bucket stopped be-fore we recovered ourselves sufficiently to realize that in some manner we had been savet." It was not long, however, before the The Sheriff's "Poser." When Jack Ringo was Sheriff of Menefee Connty, Kentucky, and a good one by the way, says the Hazel Green Herald, he found that the own-er of some property in that county had not paid his taxes and was a non-resident, as he lived in the adjoining county of Powell. So Jack, finding nothing in his own county upon which to levy for the tracs rode over into Powell and drove one of the delin-quent's cores into Menefee to secure the debt. Subsequently he met with the lamented Congressman Wick Ken-dall, who was then Proseenting Attor-ney of that district, and put the quention:

question : "Wick, can the Sheriff in one coun ty, where taxes are due, go into an adjoining county, and levy on prop-erty to satisfy the claim?" "Why, of course not," replied "Why, of course not," replied Wick. "Well, I know better," said Jack. "But I tell you it can't be done," persisted Wick. "I know better," retorted Jack, "for, by gum, I have just done that very thing," and Wick admitted his defeat in the argument.

from sight. It was a frightful moment. Fortunately the earth parted be-tween the two animals, leaving Grant's horse on solid ground. Lifting and firmly holding Miss Dent, and apply-ing the spur to his horse, he was on safe ground in a moment; then he gently lowered her to the earth-all this without a word from "the silent man," or a scream or murmur from her. As he hastened back to rescue her horse she stood holding the bridle of his, outwardly as composed as if noth-ing had happened. Her horse had disappeared. Grant followed down stream and hailed a boatman in a skiff, who found the horse swimming several hundred yards below, amid driftwood and dobris. He landed the animal at a place where for on sife ground, none the worse for he fright and the bath.

Wedded to a Tree. A curious enstorn prevails in certain parts of India, which may be called a symbolical marriage. In families where there are several daughters the sisters may only marry after the elder sister is married. That, of course, is not always the case, but the obstacle can easily be surmonnted if the elder sister declares herself ready to marry some tree or large flower or some oth-er lifeless object. The elder sister, must, however, take care not to choose a poplar tree, an elm tree or a pine; if she chooses a plum, apple or apriost the c, she may get a divorce—that is to say, shake it off as soon as a real man will ask for her hand, while if she been saved." Superintendent Shields said that in all his mining experience of twenty all his mining experience of twenty-five years he had never witnessed a more heroic effort to save the lives of fellow workmen than that of Jin Hemsworth .- San Francisco Exam iner.

An extraordinary escape from death was lately recorded by a newspaper of Mountain Home, Idaho, a mining town bick up aware the mountaing more Mountain Home, Idaho, amining town high np among the mountains, where walanches of the most fearful descrip-tion are not infrequent. On the first day of last December a citizen of Mountain Home, Frank Andress by name, started at an early hour in the morning to go from a mine to a black-smith shop, some distance away on the side of the mountain. With him were his two big dogs, which are in part of St. Bernard blood. The dogs were gambolling about in

smith shop, some distance away on the side of the mountain. With him were his two big dogs, which are in part of St. Bernard blood. The dogs were gamboling about in the snow some distance from their master when a great snowslide, which the warmt of the sum had dislodged some two hundred feet up the mount-ain, descended npon Andreas with such velocity that there was no eccaping from it.

He was borne along with and under the snow, and lodged against the side of the guleh much farther down. Above him the snow was packed hard. Andreas did not know how deep it was -in reality it was about four feet deep above his head-but he did not know their it mane head but he did not They say that he is wisest who can always Who thinks in silence, and so leaves the talking for the rest. This may be so; but there are fools who pass know that it was so hard that he c

WHERE IS WISDOM?

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"What is pronunciation, Uncle im?" "It is something you hunt up Jim?" "It is something you hunt up in a dictionary one day and forget the next."—Chicago Record.

"It's a shame," cried the young wife; "not a thing in the house fit to eat. I'm going right home to pape!" "If you don't mind, dear," said the husband, reaching for his hat, "I'll go with you."—Yonkers Statesman.

go with you."—Yonkers Statesman. Waiter (to cook)—"State for one! Gent don't want it raw, nor he don't want it burn't black." Cook—(an-grily)—"Is that what he said?" Waiter—"No; not exactly. I asked him how he wanted it, an'he said 'medium."—Spare Moments.

'medium.'"—Spare Moments. Mamma-"I don'ts see why you call Daisy Martin selfish. 1 think she is a very nico little girl." Ethed—"On, mamma, but she is selfish! She's al-ways at the head of the class, and she won't let any of the rest of us get ahead of her."—Harper's Bazar. (What do non mean is in "neard

ahead of her."—Harper's Bazar, "What do you mean, sir," roared the irate father, "by bringing your trunk to my house and ordering a room?" "I'm adopted as one of the family," coolly answered the young man. "Your daughter said she would be a sister to me."—Detroit Free Press.

Press. Customer—"I don't see how any-body can handle a big stock of glass like this without doing a lot of break-ing." Persuasive Salesman—"They can't, ma'am. Two firms broke all to pieces trying to handle this lot. That's why we can sell it so cheap."—Chicago Tribune.

Tribune. He—"I suppose your thoughts were all on your new bonnst during the sermon this morning?" She—"No, indeed, they were not." "I don't believe you can repeat anything that was said during the service." "Yes, I can, too. I heard a lady behind me say, fissit it stunning?" "I don't like your mulk" said the

say, 'Isn't it stunning?' " "I don't like your milk," said the mistress of the house. "What's wrong with it, mum?" "It's dread-fully thin, and there's no cream on it." "After you have lived in the town a while, mum," said the milk-man, encouragingly, "you'll get over them rooral ideas of you'n."—Tit-Bits.

Bits. "Theoretically," remarked the main who had lived in flats for years, "there are always two sides to a story. Practically, however, after you get above the fourth story, the inside doesn't amount to much." He spoke somewhat lightly, as knowing the po-tency of an affectation of gayety and insouciance to lighten the sternest sorrows.—Detroit Free Press.

as wise to-day, Because they sit and listen and have nothing much to say. But stay! Is that man, after all, not passing wise who knows Enough to hide the ignorance that talking would expose? —Cleveland Leader.

know that it was so hard that he could scarcely move a muscle. Andreas quickly began to experience difficulty in breathing. Luckily he had been carried along by the aval-anche in au upright position; he had thrown up his hands in an effort to save himself, and his left arm had re-mained in that position—thrust up-ward. By working it from side to side in the hard packed snow, he made a small opening up into looser snow in which there semed to be some air; at any rate, he could breath enough to save himself from sufficient at present.

Present. He knew, however, that he could Present. He knew, however, that he could not live in such a place long. He struggled and pushed, and tried to enlarge the opening made by his left arm, picking pieces of snow from about his body with his right hand and working them into the opening. But he would certainly have grown discouraged, after he had worked vainly thus for half an hour or more, if he had not heard a scratching and burrowing sound above his head. He knew by this that his faithful dogs had escaped the avalanche, had found the place where he was overwhelmed, and were digging him out.

Editor (to comic paragraphist)-"Your jokes lack originality." Comic Paragraphist (irritably)--"So does your criticism."-Tid Bits. This gave him strength for nev efforts. Now he bent all his own en

Paragraphiat (irritably)-"50 does your criticiam."-Tid Bits. "Do you thick that Wiggins is really your friend?" Goeling-"I suppose so; he's always griving mo disagreeable advice."-Trath. Bacon-"I see the editor has some out for athletics." Egbert-"That's strange! He told me he was going in for them."-Yonkers Statesman. Cynthia-"Do you think Frank will love me when I am old, Mand?" Mand-"Well, there's one thing, dear -you'll soon know."-Pick Me-Up. "Is the sail the only thing that guides a ship?" asked the green pas-senger. "No," said the mate. "There are rudders."-Indianapolis Journal. Kind Lady-"What would you like to eat, my poor ma?" Tired Tre-fethen-"Soup, if you have it. It doesn't need chewir,"-"Up-To-Date. Physician-"You have only a few

This gave him strength for new efforts. Now he bent all his own en-deavors, not to getting out-he left the dogs to uncover him-but to get-ting air enough to keep him alive un-til the dogs should succeed in digging down through the hard snow. He worked his left arm upward and about, and as the dogs dug downward, he soon succeeded in getting a little hole through to the air. For an hour and a half he and the dogs were at work, and at the end of that time he succeeded in dragging himself out upon the side of the excava-tion the dogs had made. There, more dead than aive, he took deep draughts of the mountain air till these reviewd him, and he was able tog on his way.

Grant's Coolness.

Grant's Coolness. While General Grant, then a lieu-tenant, was couring the lady whom he married, there occurred an event to which he never reverted without a shudder. A writer in the Midland Monthly, describing an adventure which the young lieutenant and Miss Dort met with, says: While the water is high in the Mis-sissippi the swift current abrades the banks, and they frequently "cave in" for several yards or rods at a time. In early apring, in one of their af-ternoon explorations, Lieutenant Grant and the young lady were riding along the bank of the river, passing from one cove or valley to the mouth of another. Miss Dent was nearest the water. The land was but a few feet subove the surface of the turbulent stream. lis Journal. Mrs. Ton-"'You used to say I was the light of your life," Mr. Ton-"Yes; and I suppose that's why you are so easily put out now we are mar-ried."-Judy.

Tied."—Jady. The Customer—"Confound yon! You have cut my cheek." The Barber —"By Jore, so I have! I was won-dering what had taken the edge off my razor."—Standard.

dering what had taken the edge off my razor."-Standard. Riggs-"Halloa, old man!" Briggs -"Excuse me, sir; yon have the ad-vantage of me." "Yes, I guess I have. We were engaged to the same girl, but you married her." Friendly Criticsm.-Artist-"This is one of those peculiar pictures that one has to be far off to appreciate." She-"And 'way off to paint, I imagine."-Harper's Bazar. Ted-"How did that English noble-man manage to borrow the money from Chollie?" Ned-"On being nn-troduced he asked him if he wasn't born on the other side."-Judge. Often and Often.-"Ah, my poor man," said the benevolent old lady, "I suppose you are often pinched by want and hunger, are you not?" "Yessum; and by de cops."-Clocin-nati Commercial Tribune. "If's a shame," cried the yong

stream. Suddenly Miss Dent's horse began

Suddenly Miss Dent's horse began to sink. The earth had given way un-der his hind feet. Grant's horse was close beside hers. In an instant he saw that her horse was sinking into the awfal abyss! Grant's cool head and splendid horsemanship here had opportanity to display themselves. Quick as a flash he leaned over, threw his right arm around Miss Dent's waist, and drew her to him as her horse disap-peared in the seething and murky eddy that a moment later boiled and surged in angry tumult over the place where bank and horse had vanished from sight.

from sight. It was a frightful moment.

Wedded to a Tree.