

Mr. Gladstone is the freshest, liveliest, most thoroughly up-to-date "back number" existing in the world to-day.

The number of unmarried women in England and Wales exceeds the number of unmarried men by nearly 200,000.

Germany and Spain are now connected by a submarine cable 1250 miles long the ends of which are at Emden and Vigo. It is the first link in a series of lines to be extended to Brazil and the United States by way of the Azores.

The death is recorded in England at the age of at least sixteen of an ant (not ant) of Sir John Lubbock. This large black insect, whose name was Methuselah, was brought home to England years ago by that celebrated naturalist, and by him studied to great advantage. Its home was in a cosy glass house on the scientist's desk.

The widow of a stage driver who was killed by a tree falling upon him while driving in South Vancouver, British Columbia, sued the town for \$15,000 damages, and a sympathizing jury, after a three days' trial, has awarded her \$10,000, the claim being that the tree was known to be dangerous, and should have been cut down.

Cologne has been celebrating the carnival by a historical and artistic procession around the Cathedral, including young women who represented St. Ursula and her 11,000 virgins, the town tower and the mercenaries employed by the archbishops when they were secular princes. It is asserted that the carnival has been held at Cologne since pre-Christian times and that it is the direct representative of the Roman Saturnalia.

It is said that "horror parties" are now the rage in Missouri. We do not know just what sort of entertainments these are, comments the New York Observer, but we have an impression that this "horror" business is being overdone, both in daily journalism and in general literature. Tragedies are not proper aliment for the mind, which was never meant to live on that sort of food. It is high time that a healthier state of public opinion on this subject was assiduously cultivated.

Ten million dollars more is to be given by Baroness de Hirsch for the benefit of the poor Hebrews in this country, and especially in the City of New York. The fund will be especially devoted to improving the conditions of those in the quarter where they are so closely crowded as to make it almost a ghetto and providing model suburban homes. These, and the various schools and other plans of benevolence, will, like all Hebrew charities, be under the best management, and need to be.

The youngest president of a republic is undoubtedly Jacob G. Smith, who is not yet in his seventeenth year. It must be said, however, that the dominion over which President Smith rules is the George Junior Republic, of Freeville, N. Y., which has done much in the way of teaching young waifs and criminals the meaning of government and law. Jacob Smith was an expert thief and the terror of his neighborhood when he came to the Republic, but he immediately began to reform, showing an exceptional desire to acquire knowledge. He has been a model boy in every respect since then and now is a member of the Methodist Church, in which he conducts a Sunday-school class. By industry and economy he managed to save enough money to take his younger brothers out of the slums and has already made one of them self-supporting. "Jake," as he is familiarly known, has held every office in the gift of the Republic.

The editor of the Christian Observer of Louisville, Ky., has had a canvass made of the churches of that city, with a view of ascertaining how many attendants they have, the number of members and the number added in 1896. Eighty-four churches report a membership of 25,423. The attendance at the morning service of eighty-seven churches is 14,588; of eighty-five churches at evening service, 10,483; of eighty-four churches at Sunday-school, 13,829; of fifty-three churches at prayer meeting, 2207. The number of men who joined fifty-four churches, last year was 489; the number of persons of both sexes who joined seventy churches the same year was 2337. From the returns of seating capacity it would appear that the evangelical churches for whites have room for about one-fourth of the population of the city. It is stated that seventy per cent of the white population of Louisville over twelve years of age, are not church members.

BITTER AND SWEET.

The apple that grows the highest is the best upon the tree;
The rose that is most fragrant always has the sharpest thorn;
The pearl that is the purest lies within the deepest sea;
And the deeds that live the longest are of hardest efforts born!
The love that's won too lightly is not treasured as a gem;
The words that flow too freely never have the greatest weight;
Man appreciates his blessings if he has to strive for them,
But he never knows their value if they're passed up on a plate.
—Cleveland Leader.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

THE last time I had seen Charlie Rudge was years ago, when I bade him goodbye on the platform of the station of the little town where we both lived, and he had shouted as the train moved away that he would write in the course of a day or two. I remembered him well—a seedy-looking figure in a well-worn brown overcoat, a rather dirty collar round his throat, and an old top hat that had done duty for many a rainy day, and was past ironing. A merry-hearted, good-natured fellow was Rudge; ever empty of pocket and open of heart; rather weak-minded, and easily imposed upon.

He never kept his promise of writing, and for eight years I had heard nothing of him, when, not long ago, a rap came at my door, and in came Charlie Rudge, exclaiming:
"Hallo, old chap, how are you?"
"Rudge! Why, you on earth would have thought of seeing you?"
"Didn't know you were in town, old boy, or I'd have come before. Saw your name in some paper the other day and your address. So here I am."

As we talked over old times I observed him curiously. Just the same old Rudge, with the addition of a heavy moustache. His hat was exactly like the same old topper, very napless; his collar might have been the identical one he had on when I last saw him, while his shirt front and frock coat were rivaling each other in decrepit old age. I asked him to lunch. At first he could not get away, having a most important engagement in the city, where he was about, it appeared, to preside over a board of directors. "The same old liar! Afterward he repented and did stay, saying the meeting could wait.

We talked of many things. He had apparently tried most occupations and mastered none. Now he was on certain company promoting schemes, which, he said, was risky work, as he had to chance losing large sums of money. I glanced at his shabby coat! Where was he living? At Brixton, and I must go over and dine with him on Thursday evening. I really must. "Got bachelor diggings, don't you know, old chap, and we'll have a rare old time of it."

So I accepted. Then he told me he was engaged to a "fine girl, old chap. Awfully lucky fellow to get her. When am I going to be married? Not quite sure, but between you and me, I fancy I shall make a stroke of luck soon, and then—oh, I say, you shall be 'best man' you must. Amy'll be delighted. She's a splendid girl. Money? Oh, she's a bit down on her luck now. Clever girl, though. Does typewriting—well, I must say good bye now. Don't forget Thursday, old chap."

On Thursday I went over to Brixton, and after considerable wandering reached a small back street and knocked at a dingy door, which was opened by a slatternly looking woman, who showed me into a room where mine host awaited me. A certain hung across this room, barely concealing a bed and washstand.
"How are you, old chap? Hope you don't mind small diggings, but they're awfully comfortable. Just one room, you see; I find it handier than having a separate bedroom—no lagging from one room to the other. We'll have supper in a trice. Hope you don't mind a cold collation?"

The "cold collation" shortly revealed itself upon a grimy table cloth, and consisted of small meager slices of cold beef, a bottle of mixed pickles, some bread and about three ounces of cheese.
"Mrs. Wilkins," cried Rudge, as that inestimable personage was leaving the room after having laid the above banquet and scattering some knives and forks promiscuously upon the table, "we shall want some coffee, please. Would you kindly get us some. You'll have some, won't you, old chap?"
I nodded. Mrs. Wilkins stood with her arms akimbo and scowled.
"Where's the money, Mister Rudge?"
"Oh, certainly, certainly, Mrs. Wilkins. Why, dear me, 'pon my soul I haven't got anything less than a sovereign!"—Mrs. Wilkins sniffed.
"Eh? Well, if you don't mind lending me a shilling, old boy. Thanks awfully."

Rudge did the honors of the meal in truly aristocratic style. He became exceedingly confiding:
"Now, old chap, I'm going to tell you a secret and put you on to a good thing in the bargain. I've chummed up lately with a fellow named Marsworth, who's an awfully clever chap and up to all sorts of tips. Well, he's got one or two of us to go shares with him in a grand scheme. I'm not at liberty to tell you exactly what it is, but it's a big affair. He knows more about the ins and outs of company promoting than I do, and he's just started a syndicate for booming the

thing, and if you want a good investment, I think I can say it will pay you nearly cent for cent; at any rate, Marsworth says it ought to. I wouldn't tell any one else, but for the sake of old times I've given you the tip."
"Somehow my soul did not yearn for this tip, and I gave Rudge distinctly to understand, and urged this point emphatically, that I was absolutely short of spare cash.
"Well," he said, "I'm sorry, for you might have made a good thing out of it. But let me tell you something else. Marsworth's put me on as secretary, and this morning he came to me in rather a way; he'd made some technical mistake—just a little legal slip, or something—and there was only one way out of it—the signatures of the directors to some document or other; I never bother about these things, you know. He'd got one man to sign, and he wanted my name. Then he could raise capital at once, and he's promised us both a hundred pounds on Saturday. Did I sign? Rather, my boy."
"But, is it all right?"
"Oh, Mr. Marsworth's safe as nails, and as honest as the day. He's been awfully nice to me all along."
"Well, I shouldn't touch that money—"
"Not touch it? Won't I, though! And I've had 200 shares allotted to me free, besides the post of secretary, and soon, old fellow, you'll have to be 'best man,' for I'm going to have the banns put up on Sunday week."

A few days after this I met Rudge in the city. He was smartly dressed and told me that Marsworth had given him the money, and also that he had sold some of his shares for £60 that morning, "as a favor to a pal of mine, old chap." Then about a week afterward I had a letter from him saying he had taken a house and fixed the day of the wedding.
Some few days had elapsed. It was past midnight, and I was just thinking of retiring, being the only one up in the house, when a knock came to the door. I carefully withdrew the bolt and latch, a manly over his face, and a hat slouched down over his eyes dashed in, almost knocking me down. "For a moment I was staggered, and then made a rush for the intruder.
"Hush! For heaven's sake shut the door!"
It was Rudge! I shut and bolted the door.
"What do you want?"
"Let me come into your study, please."
I took him there, and he threw himself into a chair, exclaiming:
"I'm a hunted man. For the sake of our friendship, don't betray me. I swear I'm innocent."
"What's the matter, Rudge?"
"Marsworth! Forgery and embezzlement!"
I began to see daylight.
"What has he turned out a fraud?"
"Yes; and worse than that. I'm in it, too. There's a warrant out against me."

The poor fellow began to sob bitterly, and by degrees it all came out. Marsworth had used him and the other man as tools, neither of them having the slightest idea what was really happening. Marsworth had known that the crash must come, and had provided for it. He was nowhere to be found. The other man had been arrested, and Rudge had escaped by the skin of his teeth and come to me. I saw he was more sinned against than sinning, and I gave him my solemn promise that I would assist him in escaping out of the country. The poor fellow had been honest about it, and had actually sent the hundred pounds to the Public Prosecutor, having, he told me, some £37 left out of the £60 he had received for the now worthless shares, and with which he determined to get to America, feeling sure the friend who had bought them would not grudge the money.
"But," said I, "you'll never get abroad. They'll look for you at the docks sooner than anywhere. Besides, you're not easily disguised."
"That's true," he said; "and they've got my photo. I'm afraid."
Rudge had a very striking profile, his nose being a most prominent feature.
"Look here," I exclaimed; "your best plan is to make for the Continent. How about going to Antwerp or Holland, and getting a passage to America on a North German Lloyd?"
"Ah, that's a good thought. We'll decide to-morrow."

I gave him a shake-down for the night and kept him concealed in my study next day, taking in his meals myself. He wrote a letter to his fiancée, whom I promised to see next day, and then we decided that he should take the 8.30 p. m. train from Liverpool street to Harwich. He shaved off his moustache and stained his eyebrows, and I managed to get him a black wig. But nothing sufficed for that profile of his, and I warned him to beware of exposing his face too much. I also managed to rig him out in some other clothes, and I gave him a bag and sundry requisites.
"Now," I said, "I shall come down and see you off, so that I can go and tell Miss Saunders you are safe. But as soon as we get to Liverpool street we'll separate. Do not take any further notice of me. Go first class—it's only a few shillings more; get in the carriage at once and sit on the further side, reading a newspaper until the train starts."

He promised to observe all these precautions carefully, and in due time I found myself hanging about the platform at Liverpool street, apparently studying the boat train, but really keeping my eyes fixed on a particular compartment wherein sat Rudge. As luck would have it there were few passengers that evening and he had the compartment to himself. The whistle sounded, the train began to move out of the station, and I was

congratulating myself that all had gone well, when I saw Rudge deliberately change his seat for the one nearest the platform, exposing his profile as he did so. At the same instant a tall, well dressed individual, who had been lounging about the platform, made a rush for the carriage. Rudge, catching sight of him, darted back.
"Stand away there!" shouted a porter, catching a man by the arm, just as he was about to board the train.
"You fool!" cried the man, "I'm a police officer. I should have nabbed him if it hadn't been for you."
"Very sorry, sir," said the porter.
"But you can telegraph."
"Thank you for nothing," said the detective, as he turned and rushed to the telegraph office.
"Where will they catch him?" I asked the porter.
"At Harwick, sir. The train doesn't stop till then."

I went to see Miss Saunders next morning, introducing myself as Rudge's friend, and found her quite broken-hearted, and yet just a little bit hopeful at the idea that he had escaped. With deep pity for her I was obliged to tell her what had happened. It was the last stroke of grief for her, and she burst into tears. In vain I tried to cheer her with the hope that he might have escaped, after all.
"No, no. I'm sure they've got him, and he'll go to prison. Oh, you don't think he is a criminal, do you?"
"No, Miss Saunders; he's only very if he is taken, and you must cheer him by promising to be faithful to him."
"Oh, I will. I am content to wait if it comes to the worst."

I left her promising to see her again in a few days. As I went home I bought an evening paper, and the first thing on which my eye lighted was the following:
THE MARSWORTH FRAUDS.
Strange Disappearance of the Man Rudge.
Last evening just as the 8.30 train from Liverpool street to Harwich was moving out of the station, Detective Inspector Frost suddenly recognized Rudge, one of the men who is "wanted" in connection with the Marsworth frauds, seated alone in a first-class compartment. The inspector was too late to enter the train, but at once wired to Harwich, and on the train arriving there a force of police in plain clothes were ready waiting to arrest the criminal. He tried to escape, however, although the train was carefully searched no trace of him was discovered. As there had been no stop between Liverpool street and Harwich, it is supposed that the unfortunate man must have jumped from his carriage in desperation. Nothing has since been heard of him, however, and the affair remains a mystery.
"Poor Rudge!" I sighed, as it dawned upon me that perhaps he was lying crushed and mangled somewhere along the line. I was terribly upset and only hoped that Miss Saunders would not get hold of the paper.

The next evening the postman brought me a letter with a French stamp and a Paris postmark, and the direction written in the sprawling fist of Rudge! I hastily tore it open, and read as follows:
Dear Old Chap: Just a line to tell you that I'm never dead nor in prison. How you must have been wondering what had become of me! I saw you noticed the detective had taken me. What a fool was to move—and I wonder how on earth I should escape. For I guessed they would be waiting for me at Harwich. At first I thought of risking it and jumping, but suddenly a bright idea came into my head. I knew that although the carriage I was in did not stop before we reached Harwich, that I had once traveled by this very train to Ipswich, and on puzzling it out I made up my mind to "cut my coat" in the rear which is "slipped" at Colchester, and afterward runs on to Ipswich. If I could get on board that coach I should be safe, and I made up my mind to try it. I opened the door and got out on the footboard and started on my journey to the rear of the train. And it was a journey! I had to creep along three carriages, and we were going at a good speed; then had to duck my head as I passed the windows, lest people should see me, and I was particularly careful at the guard's van. At last I found myself on the footboard of the last coach, and to my joy, discovered an empty compartment. We were slipped at Colchester, and I managed to evade the ticket collector, got a bed for the night, ran up to town the next morning, risking discovery, caught the 11 a. m. boat train from Charing Cross, and here I am! I am off to Hamburg to-morrow, and shall take the passage to America. I have written to tell Miss Saunders I am safe, and you shall both hear me again as soon as I reach America. With everlasting thanks, yours ever,
CHARLES H. RUDGE.

This is the true history of Rudge's marvelous escape. He reached America and gladdened the heart of his fiancée by getting an appointment there—of course, under another name. Miss Saunders was talking of going out to him, but I have just heard that Marsworth is taken, and has made certain confessions that clear Rudge and the other man from all share in the frauds, except that of being Marsworth's dupes. So I am in hopes that all will be right yet.—Pearson's Weekly.

Danger in Postage Stamps.
One of the newest diseases is the "postage stamp tongue." The credit of discovering it is due to a London physician. It appears that the mucilage itself is injurious, and that, further, it is an excellent cultivating medium for germs of the worst character. In the ailment called "postage stamp tongue" the latter becomes sore and covered with red spots. A bad sore throat is likely to follow if great care is not taken. Apart from the specific disease of the tongue, any contagious disease may be acquired through the medium of mucilage. Never lick a postage stamp with your tongue, say the physicians. It shows a great lack of cleanliness and hygienic knowledge.

The Jungfrau Railroad.
The proposed railway up the famous Swiss peak, Jungfrau, is about to be commenced. Its maximum gradient will be one in four and the sharpest curve of 328 feet radius. The power will be supplied by turbines with an available force of 4500 horse power. Electro motors will be used for traction purposes. The total length of the road will be 7.6 miles, the total rise being 6355 feet.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Chased by a Band of Sioux Indians—Keeper's Nerve When a Lioness Got Loose.

THE real "Deadwood Dick," otherwise Dick Clark, laughingly repudiates most of the deeds and adventures attributed to him by the dollar-a-mile dime novelists, but is willing to admit that he has been in some pretty tight places, and is duly thankful that he lives to tell the tale. Clark is in the employ of the F. E. and M. V. Railway Company, at Whitewood, and now goes about a daily routine, utterly devoid of romantic features, but if properly approached he is not averse to "spinning a yarn" about the days when he was an adventurous boy, scouting for Uncle Sam. He gives the story of his most thrilling experience as follows:
"The tightest pinch I was ever in was in the spring of '73, on a ride from Fort Pembina to Fort Stephenson, away up North. 'Jimmy from Cork,' a well known scout of those days, had the ride to make, and invited me to go along, with the assurance, however, that it would be at the risk of my scalp.
"It was lovely weather when we started, and we had a pleasant, uneventful trip to within a couple of days' ride of the Missouri. Jimmy was jolly company, always telling stories and cracking jokes, like the happy-go-lucky Irishman he was. He was not only good company, but he was a good man to have with you in a scrimmage, for, although he was a little chap, he was strong and wiry and was totally devoid of fear.
"One evening, a couple of days before we expected to reach the river, we had stopped to camp, and had the horses picketed out and the fire going for supper, when Jimmy suddenly laid his ear to the ground, then looked up and remarked quietly: 'Injuns, Dick! Get 't horse, an' be quick, too, I'r we've got t' roide fr' ut!'"
"We didn't have much of a start, for by the time we got into the saddle they were within rifle shot of us. As soon as he was mounted Jimmy, who was a splendid marksman, drew a bead on the foremost red and 'got' him—and for a moonlight shot from the back of a nervous horse I thought it was pretty good. Then we flew, with the bullets pelting all around us.
"Our objective point was a place known to Jimmy as the 'Dog's Den,' about sixty miles from where the reds flushed us; and the question was uppermost all the time, Can we make it? Well, to make a long story short, we did make it, running right through another bunch of Sioux to get there, just as we began to think ourselves safe. Jimmy shot one red's pony, and was lit on the leg himself; but it wasn't much more than a scratch. His horse was grazed on the flank by the same bullet.
"We were mighty glad to get into the 'Dog's Den,' which was an excellent place for defence. It was a little rock strewn terrace, backed up by a perpendicular cliff. The rocks in front made a natural barricade. There was a little grass and a spring of water; and, properly provisioned, a half dozen or so of men might have withstood an army there. As soon as we got inside the barricade we dismounted and looked back. The reds, half a hundred or more, were swarming right after us.
"All day we stood off the crowd without much trouble, but when the shadows began to lengthen we got uneasy, for we knew we couldn't hold out against so many in the dark. We had done it for the hour or so before daylight, but we couldn't do it all night. So, just as the dusk began to gather, Jimmy told me to go and get the horses. I saddled them in good shape and joined Jimmy, and presently he gave the word, and the way we flew down that hill was worth the price of admission. I didn't see anything distinctly, but I knew that we were going through a lot of Indians bunched together; that they were shooting at us, and we at them, and the next thing Jimmy and I were side by side skimming over the level prairie toward the source of the Jim River.
"For about an hour we rode, with the red rascals none too far behind, and taking an occasional shot at us, until we came suddenly to a little stream that flowed toward the Big Chippewa. It wasn't very wide, but the banks were high and almost perpendicular, so we did not try to cross the stream, but turned and followed it. Movement we knew that the reds had seen us, and thought they had us trapped. Then suddenly half a dozen little fires sprang up in our rear and in almost less time than it takes in the telling these merged into one great wall of flame that bounded across the prairie behind us like a race horse.
"It looked as though we must surely die in one way or another, but we intended to die fighting. We found a tangle place, by going down the bank carefully, we could get into the creek bed. Then we set a back fire, and another on the opposite side of the creek, after which we got into the water, with nothing but our faces out, and waited for the big fire to come along.
"It came, along with a pelting storm of flying, burning missiles. It jumped the creek and presently petered out, but not until the terrible heat had singed off our whiskers and the hair our hats didn't cover and the smoke had almost suffocated us. After it was over we got out and reconnoitred, but there was no sign of the Indians, and we decided they must be waiting for the ground to cool before coming to find our charred and blackened remains.
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"Pretty soon we pulled out and re-

sumed our trip toward the head waters of the Jim, and in a few hours we came upon the camp of some friendly half breeds—eleven of them—who were hunting horses that had been stamped by the Indians. They took us in, fed and sheltered us, and came near suffering for their hospitality, for at daybreak the Indians, who had struck our trail and followed it, came along and demanded our surrender.
"The half breeds were game, however, and told them to stand back and fight; they wouldn't deliver us worth a cent. The messengers went back and reported, and they charged on us in the buffalo wallows, with the result that we emptied three or four saddles.
"Then followed a pretty fight as ever I care to see. They were four to one, at least; but while a half dozen of us remained entrenched and did effective shooting at the least possible risk to ourselves, the others got out and fought them Indian fashion by riding around them and harassing them, flank and rear. At the end of a couple of hours they got disgusted and withdrew, with the loss of a half dozen men and enough horses captured by the half breeds to recoup them for those they had lost, with several more for interest. Of our outfit three of our four were wounded, but none of them seriously.
"Jimmy and I reached the post all right, but pretty badly scorched and shaken up. We parted there, and I did not see Jimmy from Cork again until 1876, when he was at Crook City, in the Black Hills. He left there to join General Terry, and died a little later at Fort Buford."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Animal Keeper's Nerve.

There was a man travelling with us some twenty years ago, an Englishman named Wilcox, who came to this country when quite a boy and grew up a pretty good American. He was a helper around the animals, and somehow he went to England and got a job with the old Wombwell Messagerie, long before it was sold to Manders. When the split occurred he went to the big Bellevue Garden at Manchester with some of the animals the proprietors had bought. He soon rose to be head man over the lions, tigers, &c., and had a house in a pretty little garden just within the great wall, near the entrance gates. Five nights before Christmas the lionsess, a new purchase recently imported from Africa, gave birth to a litter of four cubs, and the cage front was boarded up and every care was taken of her. Well, Wilcox went on Christmas Eve to a party with his wife, leaving his helper to feed the animals and close up. Toward midnight he returned, entered the gardens, and went to sleep in his house. An hour later his wife woke him, saying there was a noise outside in the garden, and he got up and looked out of the window. Right in front of his house, at the big gate, was that lionsess with one of her cubs, and she was biting at the door and scratching for dear life to get under it, her idea being to get out in the open. In that open, within a circuit of five miles, were more than a million people. Some one must have fastened her cage door insecurely or something had gone wrong.
"Wilcox slipped on his trousers and shoes, and, despite all his wife could do, he slipped out of the front door of his cottage, hurried around by the private hedge, and in the moonlight went running down through the lines of forcing houses for plants, keeping them between him and the gate as much as possible, and so vanished from his wife's sight, in the direction of the lions' house. In a short time he reappeared in the centre avenue with a cub in his arms, and his wife saw him come boldly right down the walk until he was within twenty yards or so of the lionsess. Then he picked up a stone and threw it at her as she lay biting at the door. The brute looked round, saw the man, and jumped up with an angry growl. The man bit one of the cub's ears and made it cry out just as the lionsess was about crouching for a spring. At that sound she rose, her tail moved softly instead of lashing her sides, and she walked straight to the keeper. Wilcox held the cub out to her and said, 'Hello, Queenie,' as if it was the most natural meeting in the world, and, letting her take the cub from his hand, he passed her and picked up the other one. She dropped the one she held made to take the one he picked up, getting more friendly every minute. So, picking up the cub and giving them to her, stepping backward all the time, he slowly led the brute to her cage, and then mounting the narrow platform, pushed the iron gate open and threw a cub inside to the furthest corner. The lionsess bounded in after it, he threw the other cub in also, banged the gate to, shot the bolts, and fell unconscious from the platform to the ground.
"Not seeing him return his wife sounded the alarm and brought all the helpers to the cottage, and they cautiously went to look for him, and there they found him with a third cub curled up by his side. Well, the matter was of course kept quiet, the under-keeper was severely scolded for carelessly shooting the bolt past the socket instead of into it, and as for Wilcox they gave him a present of \$2500, and his place was solid for keeps. It was a piece of good old-fashioned American-raised grit just the same."—New York Sun.

A New Soap Invention.

It is said that a French chemist has made a blue soap which will render unnecessary the bluing in the laundry. In ordinary soap he incorporates a solution of aniline green in strong acetic acid. The alkali of the soap converts the green into blue.

WINGS OF A DOVE.

At sunset, when the rosy light was dying
Far down the pathway of the west,
I saw a lonely dove in silence flying
To be at rest.
Flit from air, I cried, could I but borrow
Thy wandering wings, thy freedom blest,
I'd fly away from every careful sorrow
And find my rest.
But when the dusk a filmy veil was weaving,
Back came the dove to seek her nest.
Deep in the forest where her mate was grieving—
There was true rest.
Peace, heart of mine! no longer sigh to wander;
Lose not thy life in fruitless quest.
There are no happy islands yonder;
Come home and rest.
—From Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke's "The Builders and Other Poems."

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Cholly—"I'll go crazy if you don't marry me." She—"That's no proof you love me."
Little Clarence—"Pa, what is a paradox?" Mr. Callipers—"A possible impossibility, my son."—Judge.
"Yarley has taken a violent distaste for opera."—"What a clever stroke of economy."—Chicago Record.
She—"I wonder if two really can be cheaper than one?" He—"I guess they feel cheaper."—Indianapolis Journal.
"Do you think he really loves her?" "I am sure of it. He exchanged his wheel for the kind she rides."—Brooklyn Life.
Freddy—"What is statesmanship, papa?" Papa—"Statesmanship, my son, is successful politics."—New York Commercial Advertiser.
He—"Don't you think you could learn to love me?" She—"I would not have to learn, if I felt inclined to love you."—Indianapolis Journal.
Dusnap (skeptically)—"Can you keep a secret?" Penelope (convincingly)—"Just let me tell you some of the secrets I am keeping!"—Brooklyn Eagle.
Hobson—"Is Robson a man you can trust?" Dobson—"Yes; that is, if you lend him anything; it's all you can do."—New York Commercial Advertiser.
Leola—"Don't you think they are two souls with but a single thought?" Hazel—"Well, I shouldn't wonder. They are both making fools of themselves."—Truth.
Frances—"Yes, he is pursuing literature." Gertrude—"Indeed! And is he very successful?" Frances—"No. It is still a long way ahead of him."—Cleveland Leader.
He (fervently)—"Your eyes are like the stars above." She (sleepily)—"There are no stars above just now, Charles—the sun is about to rise."—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.
What is a hardy rosbush?" "It is one that doesn't mind your mother putting it up by the roots every few days to see if it has begun to grow yet."—Chicago Record.
Tostess—"Ah, M. Le Ministre, sit down on this Ottoman." Russian Diplomat—"Parbleu! I would raze your stud. Ze rare thought eez compossible!"—New York Press.
As has been remarked, the fiercest battle is often:

The Useful Baboon.

S far as speed is concerned the dog, of course, has the advantage, for the keenness of scent, for the instinct of finding edible plants and hidden water, and as a sentinel against every kind of danger, the baboon is unequalled.

I. Vaillant, an African traveller, gives an account of a tame baboon which accompanied him on some of his journeys. "By his cries," he says, "he always warned us of the approach of an enemy before my dogs discovered it. The dogs were so accustomed to his voice that they used to go to sleep, and I was at first vexed with them for deserting their duties. When he once had given the alarm, they would stop to watch for his signal, and on the least motion of his eyes, or the shaking of his head, I have seen them all rush forward to the quarter where his looks were directed."

The most expensive product in the world has latterly been the subject of some inquiry with the result that the metal gallium has been put at the head of the list with the approximate value of about \$100,000 per pound. Following this have been placed the metal beryllium and lanthanum, a pound of which is held at \$10,000, rhodium and thorium, which is said to be worth \$6000 per pound; didymium and rubidium, worth \$4000; indium and tantalum, \$500, erbium, niobium and yttrium, \$300, and ruthenium and vanadium worth \$2000, or about Ambergis, a secretion of the whale has, similarly, been said to be the most expensive organic substance known, with a price of \$600 per pound weight.

A Brahmin's Chivalry.
Sir Partab Singh, Rajah of Jodhpur, a Rajputana, is the hero of an extraordinary act of chivalry. Though a Brahmin of the highest caste and blood of India, he broke his caste to prepare for burial a young English officer, a complete stranger, who had in his city. He helped put the body in the coffin and carry it downstairs to the carriage, and later, to the grave.

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