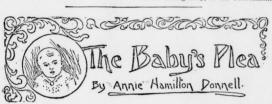
What know we of temptations deep That hover round him like the night, What bitter struggles may be his, What evil influences blight? Then be not hasty to condemn If he have strayed from paths of right.

We know so little of the hearts
That everywhere around us beat,
So little of the inner lives
Of those whom day by day we greet,
Oh, it behooves us one and all
Gently to deal with those we meet!

Gently to deal and gently judge, With that divinest charity That thinks no evil, but would seek The good in every soul to see, Measuring not by what it is, But by that which it strives to be. -L. M. Montgomery, in the Church



By Annie Hamillon Donnell.

It? Culck; what is it? The anguish of heart-break was in the woman's voice, but the buby's cross shrill and indignant above it, and made the answer of the girl in the doorsway a mere moving of lips. "Shut up, will you, you little limboh, no, no, I don't mean it, dauli'. You ain't to blame. You don't know what it was made me crush you up. There, there—the-re!" She rocked the tiny one violently back and forth, in an agony to hush it. "There, there, there—the-re!" She rocked the tiny one violently back and forth, in an agony to hush it. "There, there, darlin', mother's son!—oh, hush up hush up! I've got to hear." Then in shrick to the girl at the door, "Moll Tinker, how long you goin' to start there openin' and shuttin' your mouth? Ain't you goin' to tell me? Pityin heart, and me waitin' here to know, till the heart of me's turned to water! Ain't you goin' to speak? Ain't you goin' to speak



he moved before? He turned about suddenly, and what was this he was doing? He was holding out his arms! "Give the little chap to me, Lindy; I can hush him up."
That was what he was saying! He had the tiny, wailing one in his arms now. The tiny face was against his breast; he was swaying gently to and fro—the baby had stopped crying! A great silence filled the big, hare place. Every eye was riveted on the prisoner's face, as it bent over the baby. The wonder of the change in it filled every soul with amazement. For the face of the young prisoner was tender and warm; could it ever have been hard and defiant? Not this one—this face that nestled against the tiny one and gazed at it raptly. This whas the face of a father who looks at his son for the first time. But, heart of pity, what surroundings! What a background! Since the world began, had this thing ever happened before Men read the story and gazed in blank wonder. Women drew together and touched each other's hands. The pale little woman sobbed on the girl's faithful breast.

little woman sobbed on the girl's faithful breast.

A full minute—two, three, four—it lasted. The prisoner seemed lost to everything but the moist, warm touch of the tiny face. He did not cease the gentle swaying of his body for an instant, and people smilled presently and prodded each other, for the baby was asleep. A tiny one's bridge between trouble and unconsciousness is short. prodded each of asleep. A tiny trouble and unc



"GIVE THE LITTLE CHAP TO ME, I CAN HUSH HIM UP."

and there, in the noisome, crowded room, in that brief moment of sllence,

and there, in the noisome, crowded room, in that brief moment of silence, the tired baby had crossed the bridge into sleep. Calm and sweet it lay against the prisoner's tender face above it. A throb of sympathy rose in the crowd and traveled over it from side to side like a wave. Then the judge went on.

Whatever he might have said—who knows? Whether he were swayed by pity or the memory of a little face against his own, at some first, rapt moment—who can tell? This is true—that what he said was undertoned with gentleness and elemency. And the twelve listening faces took on mercy as a visible veil.

"It's tellin," murmured the girl beside the haggard mother. "It's tellin."
And it told. It was a softened sentence they brought in somewhat later. When the young father handed back the sleeping baby it was not without the hope of holding it again in his arms, before it had quite outgrown its sweetness of babyhood.

"Take care of him, Lindy, and keep him a little 'un till I get out," he said, earnestly. "I hanker to put him to sleep again."—Country Gentleman.

What a Young Man Should Know.

People differ as to how much a collegiate education helps a young man in a business career, some contending that it is of the utmost importance; others that he can get along without it. As a matter of fact, it depends on the young man himself, for, while a college education ean hardly be called a hindrance, it might, in some cases, give a young fellow a foolish pride that would make him held himself about the so-called drudgery of a business life in the right way, summarized the qualifications about as follows:

He should be able to write a good, legible hand.

set up near Larry. Fve got be-care where the search face is the first beauty class. We've laterally accessed to the condition of the father, would not be seen the condition of the father would be seen the father would be seen the condition of the father would be seen the condition of the father would be seen the condition of the father was bold as brase. How could be seen the condition of the father was bold as brase. How could be seen the condition of the father was bold as brase. How could be seen the condition of the father was bold as brase. How could be seen the condition of the father was bold as brase. How could be seen the cou



whale.

The whale that sunk the Kathleen struck the bark in the beam and crushed in her side. Water poured in so rapidly that it was evident that the old bark was doomed to go down speedily, and such of the company as were still aboard her hastened to get into the beats that had started the whale and to get out the other boats on board. They had hardly gotten away before the Kathleen went down. The boats kept together for forty-eight hours, but were separated on March 10 in a storm. There were thirty persons, all told, aboard the Kathleen when she was wrecked, and all of them have been accounted for now. Captain Jenkins and his wife and several of the large party that reached Pernambuco were brought north ent of the steamship Pydna, which arrived outside Philadelphia yesterday. Their stories have not been told as yet, however, for the Pydna was quarantined at Reedy Island. The rest of the Pernambuco party had to wait for another northbound vessel. The Pydna took all that she could accommodate. Viero's story, as teld by him after landing, was this:

"We had struck a school of whales on the morning of March 17, and had tilled three. One was tred up alongside and five barrels of oil had already been taken out of him. Two others were being towed toward the ship. It was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon when my boat started a buster, a twenty-eight barrel fellow. He sounded, and we went after him. I got him on the rise with a harpoon, and got him good. He sounded again, but he came up quickly.

"As he came up be saw the ship, and he made for her like a torpedo boat. The line on the harpoon went through the cleats like blue smoke, and he looked like a black streak. I had to cut the line to save ourselves. The Kathleen was only a quarter of a mile away, and he hit her just a little aft of amidships. He just stove her whole side in, and the ship went over on her beam ends. The whale gave it a slap with his tail and sounded. That was the last we saw of him.

"The Kathleen went cown in about thirty minutes. The captain ha

Man-Eating Lions in Uganda.

Man-Eating Lions in Uganda.

Lord Salisbury's announcement some time ago that the works on the Uganda Railway had been stopped for three weeks by the ravages of two maneating lions, was so far from being an exaggeration that it underestimated the actual truth, says the Spectator.

Although the progress of the railway was perhaps suspended no longer than three weeks, the depredations of the enemy lasted from March to December. During that period twenty-eight of the Government's Indian workmen, and it is believed fully twice as many Africans, were devoured, and many

others were more or less severely injured.

The terror inspired among the Indians was so great that they flung themselves on the line in the track of advancing engines, so as to leave the engineers no choice but to run over them or to transport them to Mombasa, for they were willing to give up their pay as well as their employment rather than remain.

Mr. Patterson, one of the engineers of the line, describing the panic that prevailed, says that the savage animals feared nothing, neither fire, nor weapons, nor the approach of the white men. They would carry a man in their mouths as a cat carries a rat, and thus burdened make the tour of the enclosure, looking for a convenient place of exit. They would not look at goats or other animals when human prey was to be had. The natives that remained hung their beds to trees, or placed them on top of water tanks, or wherever they thought they would be out of the reach of the enemy. It was useless to supply the coolies with firearms, as they were not accustomed to their use.

The lions survived many attempts to destroy them, but they were eventually shot by Mr. Patterson. They were about four feet high and nearly nine feet long.

A Rent Hero.

The age of heroism is not altogether Sunk by Whale.

IGHT survivors of the sunken whaling bark Kathleen, of When Bedford, reached this port to-day on the steamship of the form West Indian ports. The tale of wreck which they brought equals any in the annuls of those venturous New England markners who made famous history genes ago in their pursuit of the biggest fish of the sea. Their vessel was wrecked by a whale they had started and harpooned. They and their commades fand to take to the open ocean in small boats. So far as is known, the whole ship's company has reached land. Captain Jenkins and his wife, two offleers and most of the crew got to Pernambuco late last month.

The survivors who eams here to-day were Chief Bowman Manuel Vieso and seven seamen. They tossed on the sea in an open boat for eleven days before making land. They reached Dominien on March 2S. The Madiana touched at that port on April 14 and took them or board.

Not only were these men following it in a vessel that had considerable tile to antiquity. The Kathleen was built in Philadelphia fitty-eight years ago, and was perhaps by this time hardly fitted to cope with the onset of the ponderous leviathan that sent her to the bottom some 400 miles east of the ponderous leviathan that sent her to the bottom some 400 miles east of the ponderous leviathan that sent her to the bottom some 400 miles east of the ponderous leviathan that sent her to the bottom some 400 miles east of the ponderous leviathan that sent her to the bottom some 400 miles east of the ponderous leviathan that sent her to the bottom some 400 miles east of the ponderous leviathan that sent her to the bottom some 400 miles east of the ponderous leviathan that sent her to the bottom some 400 miles east of the ponderous leviathan that sent her to the bottom some 400 miles east of the ponderous leviathan that sent her to the bottom some 400 miles east of the ponderous leviathan that sent her to the bottom some 400 miles east of the ponderous leviathan that sent her to the bottom some 400 miles east of the ponderous le

courage and endurance supply.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Tiger Was Grateful.

It takes a special sort of man to train wild animals—one who, in addition to his mysterious power of control, the influence of which is unexplainable, has a full knowledge of the animal's traits and nature. Mr. Frank C. Bostock contributes a paper to Frank Lestile's Monthly on the "Brute in Capitity," in which he discusses a few principles of the interesting profession of animal training.

"If I were to lay down a basic principle," he writes, "I should say, just as my father did to me the first time he ever gave me a whip and a lion. Treat him with frank common sense and kindly hand. Learn from his habits what nature has taught him and then follow nature.

"Once a very fierce old tigress which we had in London had nearly killed my brother, and her keepers were afraid of her. It happened that she an a bit of bone into her paw and had a sorry time of it. I undertook to remove it, and by the use of cords and a little patience I succeeded.

"It took four men to help me. When we were about half-way through the operation she got the idea of what we were trying to do for her, and a more doclle patient no surgeon ever had. The next day I put a poultice on that paw.

"After that till the day of her death I could enter the cage at any time without receiving from her any sign except one of pleasure."

Dr. Rainsford tells a story of one of

out receiving from her any sign except one of pleasure."

For His Mother.

Dr. Raimsford tells a story of one of the unsung heroes of the East Side. He noticed a tall, thin lad at the celebration of the Holy Communian looking sadly pale and ill. Investigation showed that the boy's family was in a bad way. His father, a bartender, had no work, and his mother was ill. The only cash that came in to the family was earned by the lad. It was necessary that the woman should go to the hospital for an operation, but she was frightened at the thought of it, and felt that if she could see her family doctor, not an intelligent man, but one in which she had faith, she would be better satisfied. They sent to ask what he would energy for coning to see her. "Three dollars," he sent back word. The boy said he would earn that amount. He kad been accustomed to set apart ten cents for his daily luncheon. He went without any luncheon for one month to earn the \$3 to pay the doctor, and that is why he looked so pale in the church at the end of the month.—New York Press.

Twenty-five years ago a full-rigged ship of 2000 tons was considered a year. that amount. He had been accustomed to set apart ten cents for his daily luncheon. He went without any luncheon for one month to earn the \$3 to pay the doctor, and that is why he looked so pale in the church at the end of the month.—New York Press.

Twenty-five years ago a full-rigged ship of 2000 tons was considered n very heavy vessel. But there are now afloat eighteen American five and cix masted schooners of above 2000 tons.



A girlish young wife he would take, But he found he had made a mistake, When he asked her for bread And she gave him instead The biscuits she then tried to bake. —New York Press.

—New York Press.

Musical Criticism.

The Calf—"Moo!"

The Bird—"What a powerful bass voice, but entirely untrained! He ought to take singing lessons."—Puck.



"Have you a letter from your last employer?"

"Yes'm. But don't believe a word she says in it; she never was a truth-ful woman."—New York Journal.

Hard Luck. Hewitt—"It's sad about Greet losing Hewlit—"It's and about three losing his leg in that railroad accident." Jewett—"Yes; it must be a great disappointment to him; he was always talking about 'getting there with both feet.""—Brooklyn Life.

An Opening For Revenge.

Harry-"Harriet, don't you be so haughty with those people next door!"

Harriet-"Why not?"

Harry-"First thing you know they'll offer cook a dollar more and get her away from us."-Puck.

Foor Human Nature:

Jaggles—"How can a doctor, for business reasons, afford to tell his patients what things to do in order to keep in good health?"

Waggles—"Easy enough. He knows they won't do them."—New York Sun.

Realism.

"Do you believe in realism in the drama?" asked the friend.
"I do," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "Many is the time I would have given a great deal to play Macbeth with a real banquet."—Washington Star.

Sufficiently Equipped.

"My wife speaks several languages," said the young married man proudly.

"That would be a waste of time for Henrietta," answered Mr. Meekton.

"She has a faculty of making herself thoroughly understood in English."—Washington Star.

Two Types.

"I suppose you rejoice with the rest of us in seeing the grass come up to welcome the smile of the vernal sunshine."

"Of course I do," answered the man with the thin lips; "mowing the lawn at 6 a, m, is the principal fun I get in life,"—Washington Star.

"What we want," said the earnest man, "is a ballot that is absolutely incorruptible."
"That's right," answered Senator Sorghum, "and the only way to secure it is to bring up a generation of voters who won't be forever tempting us politicians to buy 'em."—Washington Star

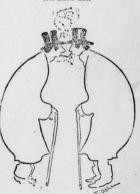
The Pet Dog's Airing.

First Nurse Girl—"Seems to me y'r putting on a heap o' style drivin' in the park with a moneygrammed kerriage, and coachman and footman, too. Does f'r missus lend ye her private rig?" Second Nurse Girl—"She sends me to take her pet dog out fer an airin'."

"But where's the dog?"

"Under th' seat."—New York Weekly.





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"No."
"His father's cut him off with only five billions."—Life.