

WHAT KNOW WE?

What know we of the gnawing grief That dims perchance our neighbor's way...

We know so little of the hearts That everywhere around us beat...

What know we of temptations deep That hover round him like the night...

Gently to deal and gently judge, With that divinest charity That thinks no evil...

The Baby's Plea By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

WELL? Quick; what is it? The anguish of heart-break was in the woman's voice...

any paddin' on his little bones. He's dreadful poor. They were hurrying away down the bare street...

She was sorely in need of her breath, and panted between the words. Yet she talked on drearily. The man on ahead of them...

Gasping and white she got to the court room door and held out her arms for the sick child. "Now!" she whispered...

The haggard little woman's eyes swept the sea of faces rapidly and then whitened. She had not found what she sought...

"It's his way—it's his way," whispered the little woman to the girl, her friend...

The judge was visibly annoyed. A frown gathered between his shaggy brows. But there came a short respite from the baby cry...

he moved before? He turned about suddenly, and what was this he was doing? He was holding out his arms!

That was what he was saying! He had the tiny, wailing one in his arms now. The tiny face was against his breast...

A full minute—two, three, four—it lasted. The prisoner seemed lost to everything but the moist, warm touch of the tiny face...

and there, in the noisome, crowded room, in that brief moment of silence, the tired baby had crossed the bridge into sleep...

What a Young Man Should Know. People differ as to how much a collegiate education helps a young man in a business career...

A Queer Suicide in Alaska. The startling suicide of John Daly, of Cowley, near Bennett, on the line of the White Pass and Yukon Railroad...

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 man-eating lions...



Sunk by Whale. EIGHT survivors of the sunken whaling bark Kathleen, of New Bedford, reached this port to-day on the steamship Madiana from West Indian ports...

Not only were these men following a calling that is so historic that most persons have to be reminded that it is not extinct, but they were following it in a vessel that had considerable title to antiquity...

The whale that smuk 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...

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...

For His Mother. Dr. Rainford 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 Communia looking sadly pale and ill...

A Fair Business Woman. Mrs. Twitter—"Oh, I've no patience with my husband sometimes. He says that women have no heads for business..."

others were more or less severely injured. The terror inspired among the Indians was so great that they lunged themselves on the line in the track of advancing engines...

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...

A Real Hero. The age of heroism is not altogether in the past. We have to-day heroes as sublime as any in history. But we have one less than we had only a short time ago...

Patrick McCormick was a Chicago fireman with an average record for good conduct. Last Friday afternoon it was his turn to take the afternoon off. He was in front of the Cottage Grove avenue engine house...

McCormick was the only man killed at that fire. He was at a post of duty near a tottering wall, and an avalanche of superheated bricks covered him before he could escape...

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"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, 'First of all, warm up to him...'"

"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."

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



Why Marriage Fails. A girlish young wife he would take, But he found he had made a mistake, And she gave him instead The biscuits she then tried to bake.

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



Slanderous. "Have you a letter from your last employer?" "Yes'm. But don't believe a word she says in it; she never was a truthful woman."—New York Journal.

Hard Luck. Hewitt—"It's sad about Greet 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.

Four 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.

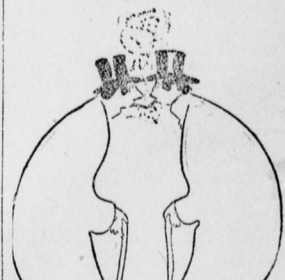
Sufficiently Equipped. "My wife speaks several languages," said the young married man proudly. "That would be a waste of time for Henrietta," answered Mr. Meekton. "She has a faculty of making herself thoroughly understood in English."—Washington Star.

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.

Temptation. "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 of 'style drivin' in the park with a moneygrammed carriage, and coachman and footman, too. Does y'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.

His Hard Lot. "Hear about poor Astorbill?" "No." "His father's cut him off with only five billions."—Life.



A Fair Business Woman. Mrs. Twitter—"Oh, I've no patience with my husband sometimes. He says that women have no heads for business..."

Mrs. Flutter—"And after the splendid work you have done at our church fair! Where is the man, I'd like to know, who could sell goods at 300 per cent. profit? Women have no heads for business, indeed!"—Boston Transcript.