OUR LANGUAGE.

vere a man eaught in a slough, ou suppose he'd cut up rough-scape, nor even cast a slough? "scape, nor even cast a slough? ushed his way most bravely through ushed his way most bravely through se a sudden tempest blough? Do you In ca

Then take a man who would at eight Go hence to some ideal height— He could not take a low? freight— The last express had gone that neight! His indignation knows no bounds! Heart-faint, do you suppose he'd swound? Or do you think he'd work up grounds On which to have the railroad pround?

Now, take a lamb led to the slaughter-Has he the least excuse for langhter? Or should he solo, as good lambs sughter, And think him on the long hereaughter? And should a starving person plead Or go to battle for his bread? Or mining, when you strike a lead, What portion of the ore is lead? What portion of the ofe is lead: [Alse] from this theme I must tear, And et the muse pall-hearers bear The the muse pall-hearers bear The what I've said no lesson pours To useful make your idle hours; In fact, the subject only bours-This wondrous spellingness of ourst The subject only bours-The subject only bours-The subject only bours-

ngness of ours! -Baltimore News.

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INETTE'S eyes bespoke an approaching storm. "A fair gentlemen; good-by, Ceeil--Ninette", half audibly as she gathered up the cards impatiently, to throw for the last time which should decide if she were right to doubt Ceell's loyalty. "Ninette, the dark-yed attist's model spread out the fortune-telling cards on predo out the fortune-telling cards on the west out the fortune-telling cards on the state."

Ninette, the dark-eyed artist's model, spreud out the fortune-telling cards on the pedestal before her, while she awsited the coming of Ceell Thorne, master of the studio and of her heart. 'Ah! This is better"—with a smile of satisfaction—'why, here is good lock again! Perhaps, after all, Ceell is true. If I could only understand their language! But he never speaks to her in French. Courage, Ninette! the last card tells your story. Is it a fair lady or a dark girl who is loved by Ceell? Dien!" The "fair lady's card" had turned again, and Ninette burst into a fresh

by Ceell? Dleu!" I have been by Ceell? Dleu!" The "fair lady's card" had turned again, and Ninette burst into a fresh deluge of tears just as the false Ceell swung open the studio door, and, with-out observing the crouching figure of Ninette began to whistle a merry air. "How can you whistle when I am so miserable?" said Ninette between her sobs.

so miserable?" saw her sobs. "Why, bless my soul, Ninette, I never

You!" You have no eyes for me. You ald have seen another if she had

been here." "Another would not have kept so silent, perhaps-and tears, tool Now this is very threasone, when I have had such a turn of good luck. Listen, Ninette, and dry your tears. My pie-nues..."

greeting. Ninctte was glaring from her dark gres, and Julia involuntarily shuddered as she lifted her rich silken gown and swept down the stars. "Oh, if I knew how to speak French I would let that liftle French demon know shé must not stare at me so in-solently. Poor Ninette! I hope her fore for Cecli will not interfere with his work, but I am the last person in the world who ought to blame her for loving him." Careless and free as are only the pleasure loving English artists who al-ternate the study of art with that of "La Vie" in the Eden of both. Cecli Thorne and his companions made the cafes in the Latin Quarter of Parls ring with their merriment until a late hour, when Cecli returned to his lodg-ing, intoxicated with the thought of the morrow. He spent a half hour or so in his studio, and after making a few final arrangements started for his static bedroom. As he passed the door of Ninette's apartments he wondered if she slept. Then, at a sudden recol-lection of his hopes, and ail they meant to him, he broke into a merry whistle, and moundel light-heartedly to his own door. His burst of merriment was the last straw. "To-morrow," she thought, "I will not forget that I have helped you to reole; but you do not know Ninette:" Spring from hee couch she felt for matter, she said, "I know the easel well. Have I not watched him bend-ing over it as though he loved the canvas itsel? Dieu! you should have exhibited Ninette." Noiselessly, vin-dictively, she groped her way along the dark passage into the studio. Not even the cold stone floor. "Ha—the eaself with deirious joy she drew it again and again across the picture, smear-ing beyond recognition every corner of the canvas. "There!" she said, as she threw down the brush and started to leave the studio. "There! Mademois-elb Yellow Hain-- I hate golden hair--at least, I should hate it if Cecil had not golden hair." The burght ec' Goeil's fei ha hair." whete, and dry your tears. My pieture—"
"Of me?"
"Of me?"
"No, no-the grant one, "The Dawn," will be exhibited. Then if luck comes our way, as is sure to happen, we can be-you know 'nhat?"
Cell drev Ninette to him in affectionate eL-Yrace, too chied with his own hope of prosperity to question further the cause of tears. Ninette's doubts vanished somewhat as the tender avowals of love fell from the lips of her lover. She could not believe him quite false, and yet-why did he not exhibit her portrait in the Salen? Could not "Dawn" have black hair as well as golden? and surely the far lady was not otherwise more beautiful than she.
Cell interrupted the unpleasant reverse where this morning and said the warmth and soul of "The Dawn' were extraordinary."
The announcement that love for her had ided him in putting warmth and soul of the bawn' were extraordinary."
The announcement that love for her had ided him for the statistical distribution of the studio, and shut herself in her own little chamber, which was on the ground floor.
"The little vixen?" laughed Cecil. "I suppose old Gretha gave her a bid breakfast this morning. She did not seem properly pleased with the possible with the sould not be statist and her bakes for the studio, and stut herself in her own little chamber, which was on the ground floor.
"The little vixen?" laughed Cecil. "I suppose old Gretha gave her a bid breakfast this morning. She did not seem properly pleased with the possible with the source is nearly finished—and such good news!
De Thales was here this morning, and was deliphted. Why do you look at the door-are you arraid of ghosts followed in the sealing of fear sometimes when i see Ninette! She peered at me bid excell, with y do you wone." The please was here this morning, and was delighted. Why do you wone." The bid kipht the cecilent juding of fan tome wonn's strange feeling of fear sometimes whe

eue Yellow Halr--I hate golden hnir-at least, I should hate it if Cecli had not golden hnir." The thought of Cecli's fair hnir, which she had so often covered with ardent kisses, recalled her to a moment of sudden reproach. What had sile done? She who pretended to love Cecli had destroyed the result of a whole half year's toll and his hope of fortune, and perhaps-yes, that selfab "perhaps," swept over her with over-whelming force, and the little criminal crept back to her chamber, threw her-self upon her couch, and there re-mained till her restless slumber was disturbed by the sound of Cecli's foot-steps entering the studio. She awoke with a start. He was walking toward the easel. She dared not go to him; she would wait till the longer to bear the suspense, she tim-idly opened the studio. At last, unable longer to bear the defant insolence which made her so bewitching had vanished, and she paused submissively, awaiting the volley of reproof which she felt she so richly deserved. In-stead of this, Cecli smiled at beholding her and advanced to meet her, and she fort hind fardal. "Ah, there you are, ma cherie, Come and see what some villainous hand has done."

how to make her peace with him.-New York News. The Beginning of Ostrich Farms. Fifty years ago the domestication of the ostrich was an idea scouted by most of the zoologists who had given time and thought to the subject. Their young, it was believed, could not be raised in a state of capitvity. The great domand for ostrich feathers was then met by hunting and killing wild birds, and there were indications that the species would scoon become extinct. But, in the entry sixties, a French scientist named Goses issued a pamph-let in which he argued that the domes-tication of the ostrich was feesible and practicable, and not long afterward a brood of ostriches was reared in the city of Algiers. Goses's pamphlet and news of the experiment in Algiers be-came familiar to two farmers in Gape Golony, who determined to undertake the domestication of ostriches in South Africa. Beginning with two birds, which they caught and placed in an in-closure, in a twelvemonth they had a brood of eighty, which marked the birth of a new industry which has played a potential part in the develop-ment and commerce of st vast region. Large tracts of land in South Africa, which could not be profitably used for any other purpose, are now devoted to this business, and feathers to the value of \$\$,000,000, from nearly 400,000 do-mesticated birds, are now annually sent abrond from Cape Colony.-Suc-cess.

sent abroad from Cape Colony.--buc-cess. Cat Lenps Four Stories. A cat named Troubles, possessed by Francis Bane, a political worker in the Eighth Ward, has made numerous friends. One morning Troubles was purring on the window sill of the fourth floor of its home when it ob-served Kane on the sidewalk below. Espying its master, the fellne uttered a faint "meow" and made the awful leap. Somersault after somersault it turned until it landed on terra firma. The hard asphalt pavement was too much for the kitten's feet, and its right foreleg was broken at the knee. When Kane noticed what had happened to his pet he couldn't conceive that the cat had made the frightful leap. He hurrielly ascended the starts to ascer-tain if any of his servants had been cruel enough to throw the cat out of the window. Upon learning that the cat had made the jump he carefully conveyed it to the Jefferson Hospital, where the feline had its broken limb put in splints. Since then the cat has been carefully nursed and fondled.-Philadelphia Tclegraph.

A fiable Bird Ton Feet From Tip to Tip. George L. Stillwell, who has just returned from a trip to Santa Barbara County, has brought back with him a young bird of the giant condor family, the largest species of birds in existence. The bird was captured after a most thrilling and dangerous experience. Stillwell and a companion scaled a lofty crag and engaged in a battle with the mother bird. The parent bird measured fifteen feet from tip to thp of its wings, and both men suffered many bruises. The young bird has never learned to dy, and its wings are not yet strong enough to bear the weight of its body. It measures ten feet from tip to tip and is developing well in ciptivity. The parent of this bird is the only one of the species known to exist in the State. Its home is one of the wild-est spois in Santa Barbara County, a crag in the heart of the mountains, and midway between Bakerstield and Santa Barbara.—San Francisco Chron-icle. An Expect Tails on The "Colored Waiters" Chastorefield" A Baby Bird Ten Feet From Tip to Tip.

An Expert Talks on The "Colored Waiters' Chesterfield" An Expert Tails on The "Colored Whiters' Chesterfield" is a book on the duties and responsi-billities of waiters. The author is John B. Goins, an old-time Chicago waiter. "A waiter should never place himself in the position of expectancy in the matter of receiving a tip," says Goins, "and should avoid approaching a guest if he sees him in the act of drawing change from his pocket. A waiter should never pose as an object of pity with a view to securing a tip. If he deserves a tip, he should let the guest feel within himself that he deserves it, Should a waiter receive a tip previous to waiting on the guest, he should leave it lying on the table and then do his level best to earn it. A waiter should never make any demonstration of grat-tinde when receiving a tip beyond a polite acknowledgment."-New York World.

refebration. Come out of the studio-fifer fomorrow you will be too grand for frivolities." "Do, Cecil, you work much too hard. "Do, Cecil, you work much too hard.

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animal was dead before he reached me. "Of course I was grateful to the artist-any man would be to another who did him such a favor, but at the same time it was a little blow to my pride as a hunter to have 'ise only man in the camp who refused to hunt come to my rescue in this manner, and at the same time have him secure the credit of killing the largest grizzly we bagged during the trip and one of the largest I have ever seen in all of my experience."-New York Times.

experience."-New York Times.
Struck by a Watespout.
An accurate description of a water spout at close range, given in the more in sight and its occupants, noticing the end to his aid. The whale then disappeared.-Toronto Globe.
Gremeists in German7.
The number of trained chemists emotion in process of formation, three or four hundred yards to the windward. Captain Ferguson immediately endeuvord to change his course enough to avoid a collision, but was unsuccessful. Finding that this was

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thus accounting for the rare forma-tion. Clung to Ledge Over Abyse. Three young men of Vienna left hi daybreak a few days goo for the Bax Alp, intending to climb over the "Cau's Path" to the "Devil's Own Bathroom." the worst of all paths to the peak. They lost their way and the two best climbers left the third, named Grubler. In a spot where he could neither get forward nor turn back. He could just room enough for his feet and a scraggy pine to hold on by. While he was waiting for a signal from his friends, who had the roope and were lashed together, he suddenly heard a noise above him, and, looking up, saw his two friends flying over a precipice head foremost. He grasped the tree tightly, and the next moment his hat was kicked off by one of the failing men, who disappeared in an abyss 600 feet deep. Mis crises for help were answered af-ter many hours of agony. Those who leaned over the precipice could not see him, and they lowered a roop and shouted to him to tie it around his waist. Though the roope was 250 feet long

him, and they lowered a rope and shouted to him to tie it around his waist. Though the rope was 250 feet long it did not reach him. Darkness came on and the expedition had to return home if it would reach the valley in safety. The lonely man was told to keep heart until daybreak, when his rescuers would return. The next day at 5 a. m. they were on the spot again, and a master glazler from Vienna, one Echer, lowered him-self 300 feet to where Grubler had lashed himself to his tree, but so cold and stiff and numbed that he seemed more dead than alive. The two, firmly tied together, were finally drawn up the precipie. Grubler's companions were after-ward found at the bottom of the abyss, every bone in their bodies broken, their clothes, even to their bods, torn off by the rocks.—New York World.

their clothes, even to their books, torn off by the rocks.—New York World. A Swim For Life. Homer Quick, sixteen years old, son of Charles Quick of Matamoras, just across the Delaware River from Port Jervis, had a thrilling experience. The river is considerably swollen from recent rains, and among the matter that diffed down was an eel rack that lodged against the middle pier of the bridge. The lad tried to recover the rack, and as his boat neared the pier it cap-sized in the turbid waters, and com-pelled him to grasp an iron anchorage on the abutments. While in this posi-tion young Quick kicked the rack loss and then threw himself on it, but it sank with his weight, and he was obliged to swim to his upturned boat, several yards down stream. He clung to the bottom of the boat over perilous rifts until the current forced it near shore, a mile and a quarter below the bridge. Then he swam a few feet and landed, reaching dry land almost ex-inusted.

A Fisherman's Fight With a Whale. Chased by a huge whale with nothing but a pair of ears to defend himself, is the story told by a fisherman. Fred Campbell, of Mainadieu, Cape Breton. Mr. Campbel was out in a small boat. He was not very far from land when he noticed a huge sea monster approaching him. Not wishing to en-counter it, Mr. Campbel? beat himself to the oars and tried to get in shore before the monster reached him. The whale gained on him, and he soon rec-ognized that his efforts to reach slore ahead of his pursuer were futtle. His means of defense were not of much account, but he made good use of what was at hand. The monster opened his jaws wide and tried to swallow the boat, man and all. Mr. Campbell reached over with an oar and for a few minutes succeeded in keeping the whale away. When it looked as though Campbell was doomed, a small boat hove in sight and its occupants, notic-ing the man's perilous position, hast-cned to his ald. The whale the dis-appeared.—Toronto Globe. Chemists in Germany. The number of trained chemiste one

FLOWERS AND INSECTS.

Others in the Day. There are many interesting things in nature that we can fully understand without having to bother with the dry problems that confront the scientists, and this is one of them, says the Scots-mark.

problems that confront the scientists, and this is one of them, says the Scots-man: Flowers live by the insects, and the insects live by the flowers. The nec-tar in the heart of the flowers is the insects' food, and the insects, to get at it, light on the flower and thrust their probose is down into it for a sip. In doing this they bring to the flower on their legs and feet pollen gathered from other flowers. Without this pol-len the flowers would be without the ferdilization that they must have to live and continue their kind. So you see how dependent one is on the other. There are certain flowers that open at a certain time of the day, and oth-ers that open only at night. Now this is not the result of chance. These flow-ers depend on certain insects for fer-tilization and they open when those particular insects are on the wing. Flowers sometimes are as if they were endowed with human intelligence. Out a spray of laurel from outside and up ti find that the flowers will last longer in the house than those on the bush from which you cut them. It seems almost incredible, but it is true, that these flowers has the cause they are waiting for the visits of the insects on which they degnd for fertilization, and from which they have been sep-arated by your bringing them linto the house.

Some tropical orchids last longer in yur hothouses than they do in their intural state for the same reason-they are waiting for natural fertilization.

WISE WORDS.

They talk most who have the least to say.—Prior. Great talkers are not great doers.— French proverb.

Without consistency there is no more A strength.-Owen.

It is better to wear out than to rust ut.—Cumberland.

out.-Cumberland. Nothing is so hard but search will find it out.-Herrick. The worth of a thing is what it will bring.-Portuguese proverb. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy.-Frankiin. Friendship has a power to soothe af. fliction in her darkest hour.-H. Kirk White.

White, Beauty is the first present nature gives to women and the first it takes away.-Mere. The small fidelities of life acumulate to great changes, until at last the faith-ful soul is born again.-Lawrence P. Looks

Since we are set here so fast in the midst of duty that we cannot escape if we would, we must find a way, even f we cannot find beauty in duty, to oring beauty out of it.—Henry Wilder

Foote. Beautiful is the good man's regard for all other members of the great human family, when nothing that is human is allen to his heart, when the sight of the weak, the ignorant, and the poor reminds him that we are all of one primal nature, and that the law of kindness is the supreme law for man,—Nicholas P. Gilman,

man.—Nicholas P. Gilman. "Precisely as Advertised." Soon after one of the largest Amer-tern railways had been opened a trav-ler noticed a marked disregard for punctuality on the part of the officials, but he was interested in the country and made no complaint. At last the ter-minus was reached. There he mer-a beaming official of the company. who, pulling out his watch, said: "Just look and see what time you make it, will you, please?" "It wants ten minutes to 1," said the traveler, a little puzzled. "Yes, sir, 12.50 exactly! And that's the hour she's timed to arrive! How's that for promptness? Crossing the con-timent almost 3000 cilles, and getting here at 12.50 e'clock, precisely as ad-vertised." "I can't deny that, you know," said the traveler; "how many days were you late?" "Oh, two or three, perhaps; but we struck the Coast at 12.50,"—New York Times. From Norway in a Cofin.

Why Some Blossoms Open at Night and Others in the Day.