THE GOOD THINGS WE HAVE MISSED. Ah, how we pity our poor selves In looking back along the days; We think of joys we might have had. Of blessings that had made us glad If we had traveled other ways; We sigh o'er chances that were lost And fret and grumble and persist, As men have always heretofore, In vainly, sadly counting o'er The many good things we have missed.

We mourn the dead past and forget The splendid tuture that remains; Upon the fates our blame is tossed For all the profits we have lost, But never credit for our gains; We name the old, lost chances of er And, every day, add to the list. Forgetting all the joys we've had In looking back and feeling sad Because of good things we have mit c and feeling sad ood things we have missed. --Chicago Record-Herald.

# IN THE DARK. A Strange Adventure in a

Railway Compartment. WENT one morning to Poissy to see a little house to which I had fallen heir, and, after break-fast, I took my keys to the fam-titorney. As I was about to leave offlee the head clerk called me to desk and said: "There is also some ey coming to you from your uncle's te. Six thousand francs. Here it

is." The surprise was most agreeable to me. I took the blue bills and slipped them into my pocketbook without counting them. Because of this delay I had to hurry to get to the station in time. Fortunately, the train was late. It pulled in just as I stepped on the platform. Seeing an empty compart-ment, as I supposed, I hurriedly en-tered it.

tered it. As I sat down I saw that I was not alone. A lady sat in the right-hand corner of the seat facing me. I drew back as far as possible in the left-hand corner, not because of suspicion, as I had already forgotten my windfall, but in order to stretch out and reflect at my case.

The lady was young, beautiful and elegant. A dark-blue traveling dress of a correct cut set off her slender, grace-ful figure. Masses of golden hair rip-pled back under a dark-blue felt hat, trimmed with a band of ribbon and a quill. A dainty patent-leather shoe was visible below the her of her skirt. A watch with some councitish trinkets hung from her belt, while a bangled bracelet on her left wrist indicated a pretty feminine vanity. A gold-handled umbrella, in its sheath, leaned against a portiere near her. From my observations I gained an impression of sober luxury, a trifle English in its rigor. A newspaper lay on the lady's lap, and she was reading it with such perfect unconsciousness of my sur-vellance that I could not even see the color of her eyes.

rigor. A newspaper lay on the lady's lap, and she was reading it with such perfect unconsciousness of my sur-veillance that I could not even see the color of her eyes. After we had left the Maisons Lafitte station the thought occurred to me to read over some letters which I had merely glanced at in the morning. I put my hand in my pocket to get them, and I felt the pocketbook. A feeling of pleasure came over me at the re-membrance of my bequest, and I could not resist a childish desire to handle my, little fortune. I took the bills from my purse and, in the perfect security of the closed compartment, I counted 'hem without the slightest suspicion of being watched. The 6000 frances were there. I folded the money up, put it back into the pocketbook, and, with my usual heedlessness, laid the purse down beside me with the letters I was going to read. I now took these up, one by one, read them, and tossed them back on the sent. I was soon made aware, by the vibra-dion of the coach, that we had reached the Asnieres Bridge. The young woman folded up her newspaper, and, without glancing in my direction, be-gan slowly and composedly to unlace the glove on her right hand. Finally the drew it off. We were about to time for removing one's gloves. Still inder act distinution. It was not the time for removing one's gloves. Still marrelous agility, as if they were uumb from their bondage. The shadow of the great wall of the Batig-nolles soon fell upon our car, and I noticed that the lantern was not light-and, with its tapering fingers. The shadow of the great wall of the Batig-nolles soon fell upon our car, and I noticed that the lantern was not light-shadow of the great wall of the Batig-ventered the tunnel. Soon I funcied I heard-the sound was barely perceptible in the general francas—a slight rusting among the fapers at my side. Careless ns I usual y am, it is a wonder that the sound was barely perceptible in the general francas—a slight rusting among the fapers at my side. Careless ns I usual y am, it is a wonder

book. By some intuition, however, I did so. Not intentionally, but with an in-stinctive, rough gesture, of which I should have been ashamed in the day-light, I forcibly threw both my hands over the scattered papers and pressed them down with all my might. Then, with a start, I feit something move under the pile, like an animal in a trap trying to escape by twisting, turn-ing and pulling. I bore down all the harder. Just then the train whistle shricked out. The speed slackened and we came to a standstill in the black-ness of the tunnel. For a moment I experienced a verifiable nightmare. With a rusting and tearing of papers the struggle continued silently but fercely.

period of time, very short, Post.

probably, but the length of which I could not estimate, the train began to move slowly. My relief at this was so great that my whole being involuntiz-ily relaxed from its tension. This was evidently expected, for the hand again tried to free itself, not by violent jerks this time, but by a strong, steady pull-ing. I felt it slipping along, little by little, under the papers. I imprudently raised my palm a bit to get a fresh hold. When I again bore down I clasped only my pocketbook. The hand had escaped, I knew not when nor how. I hastily opened the purse, felt that its contents were there, then put it into my vest pocket and stupidly crossed my arms over it. I that as a gray light penetrated into the compariment, followed by the bright light of day. My first givnee was at the lady opposite. She sat in exactly the same place, with the same ale of haughty indifference. Nothing about her tollet was disarranged in the least. Not a fold of her dress seemed to have been moved. The newspaper lay folded in her lap, the sold-handled umbrella leaned against the portiere, the patent-leather to e protruded slightly below the hem of her skirt.

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trap trying to escape by twisting, turning and pulling. I bore down all the harder. Just then the train whistig shricked out. The speed slackened and we came to a standsfackened and twe came to a standsfackened and twe came to a standsfackened and the story of a fellow-divine who went the struggle continued, silently but the story of a fellow-divine who went fishing last summer. Not being familiat token of his remarks with family the story of a fellow-divine who went fishing last summer. Not being familiat token of his regard in bard cash.—New York Sun.
After having wriggled and turned desperately in every direction, like a struggled reptile, the hand, crushed under my paims, lay quiet. I saw builded out by a farmer who chanced to not he aler, noting, heard nothing,—not even a breath. I knew, however, that my companion was on the alert, noting my nerves, I waited for the daylight my nerves, I waited for the daylight for deliverance.
After a period of time, very short,

Pluck and o o © ◎ Adventure.

The boys were Louis Hof, aged fourteen, and Frank Gazan, aged thir teen, who are playmates. Gazan was in the river and Hof was herolcally trying to reach and help him. They had been skating hand in hand when Frank suggested going further out in the river where the ice looked smother. It proved to be new lee-just a skim made the night before over a spot which the tide had hither-token open. At they skimmed along over the lee it cracked and snapped under them. The older boy suggested that it wasn't safe and that they would better go back to the crowd. Hardly had he spoken when the ice broke under his companion and young Gazan sank into the water. Louis Hof let go his hand and, making a sharp turn to the right, skated away to a distance of twenty feet, where he stretched him-self on the ice and began to work his way back. "The moment I felt myself going down I began to pedal with both feet," aid Frank Gazan, describing his adventure. "It worked fine, keeping me from sping down and coming up under the ice. I then caught hold of the ice at the edge of the hole, but it broke each time that I tried to lift myself upon it. "I called to Louis to take off his

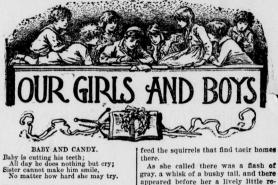
10:6. I then caught note on the let at the edge of the hole, but it broke each time that I tried to lift myself upon it. "I called to Louis to take off his overceat and throw it to me, but in-stead of doing that he lay down on his stomach and worked his way toward me. I saw that many of the skaters saw us and were skating toward us." "Yes, and I saw them, too." spoke up Hof, "and I called to them to go back because I was afraid they'd all go through and a lot of us would be drowned. The ice was very thin, and even though and a lot of us would be drowned. The ice was very thin, and even though I was stretched out full length—I didn't dare get on my knees or I would have gone through sure-it cracked under my weight, and sev-eral times my heart was in my mouth." "Yes, and it seemed hours before he reached me," said Gazan. Finally Louis was close enough to put out one hand, which I grabbed. Sticking the ends of his skates in the ice he pulled bimself back, while I at the same time raised my legs and kicked out behind as if I was swimming. "In that way I was able to work my body out upon the ice and to-gether we crawled along for inhe or ten feet, when we both got up and skated for dear life to the shore. I could hear the people cheering as we elimbed up the bank." IN AN AVALANCHE.

### IN AN AVALANCHE.

climbed up the bank." IN AN AVALANCHE, The sense of helplessness is said to be one of the most terrible parts of the experience of falling in an avalanche of snow. In writing of the dangers of the Alps in the Pall Mall Magazine, Mr. Harold Spender recounts the ad-venture of Mr. Gossett, who was ac-tually covered up by a wave of snow which came from behind him and closed over his head. He managed to work himself to the surface, where he was so borne along that he could watch all that took place, although unable at the time to free or even to help him-self much. This is his own story: "I was on the wave of the avalanche, and saw it before me as I was carried down. It was the most awful sight I vere witnessed. The head of the aval-anche was already at the spot where we had made our last halt. The head alone was preceded by a thick cloud of snow-dust; the rest of the avalanche, was denow, and far before me they hundering of the foremost part of the avalanche. To prevent myself from sinking again I made use of my arms much in the same way as where we had nade use of my arms much in the same way as where in font of me stop at some yard's dis-tance; then the snow starlight before me stopped, and I heard on alargo seale the same creaking sound that is produced when a heavy cart passes over hard-frozen snow in winter. I feit that I also stopped, and instantly threw up both arms to proteet my head in case I should again be covered up." Mr. Gossett and three of his com-panlone escaped. The other two were burded by the avalanche. GUARDSMANA A RESCUER. David F, Silver, A member of the

New York World. OWLS IN WINTER. Owls are really much commoner in whiter than one is led to believe by the casional specimens which are seen about the daytime. If we searched the hollow trees systematically this moring we should probably discover several screech owls, and perhaps some of the larger species. We might be sur-prised to find some of the screech owls read and others gray, and, like the early ornthologists, we might conclude that the difference in color was due to dif-ference in age or sex. It is now known that there are two distinct color phases of this species not dependent on either age or sex. It is now known what these birds frequently feign gerfectly sull in the hand. By and by, when these birds frequently feign gerfectly sull in the hand. By and by, when they find that their little ruse the succeed, they will same their bills and bite and scratch in a solern matter of fact there is more prey-matter of fact there is more prey-bills on winter night is than is gener-ally supposed. Wild mice are very nu-matter of fact there woods, build succease, the woods, build share more on winter night is than is gener-ally supposed. Wild mice are very nu-meter of act there is more prey-bills and bite and scratch in a solern the soler while hight is a the steeled by mange to get enough to est on these diver of fact there is not be previded the soler while hight is than is gener-ally supposed. Wild mice are very nu-meter of fact there is solered the soler while hight is a the steeled by the soleristis is an est sepert mouse cathers on the solering is so acute the new bills and bite and scratch in a soler the these birds are most expert mouse cathers the solered bills who is a statested by the soleristis is an est sepert mouse cathers the solered bills who is a statested by the soleres the solered bills is a statested by the soleres the soleres the newly fallen the soleres the newly fallen the newly be not a larm the game. When the soleres are solere

panions escaped. The other two were burled by the avalanche. GUARDSMAN A RESCUER. David F, Silver, a member of the Seventy-first Regiment, rescued Wil-liam Nelson, aged twelve, from drown-ing in Tarrytown (N. Y.) Lake, where many were skating. When the boy broke through the lee Mr. Silver plunged in after him, but the boy sank three times before he could get hold of him. The rescuer had to dive to the bot-tom of the lake, and he nearly lost his life. When he began to ascend with the boy one of his skates caught in something on the bottom of the lake, but he managed to kick if loose. On reaching the surface Mr. Silver lifted the boy out as far as he could, and two boys went out to haul the uncom-scious boy on to stronger ice, but they broke through. When they came up they managed to reach ice that would hold their weight and were hanled out. Mr. Silver and his burden were hanled out and the Nelson boy was revived. SWAM & MILE AMID SHARKS.



Given some candy, wee Kate Came running with him to divide. Turning, a moment he hushed, Refused it, then harder he cried.

Refused it, then and Soberly looking at him, She said, with a sigh: "The poor pet, He doesn't like candy. I s'pose He sweet tooth he hasn't cut yet." His sweet tooth he hasn't cut yet." —Washington Star.

THE BIRD IN THE CAGE.

Traw on a sheet of paper a bird cage and at a little distance a bird. You can now make the bird pass over and enter the cage. Take an ordinary visiting card between two fingers and place it edgewise perpendicularly on the paper

feed the squirrels that find taeir homes there. As she called there was a flash of gray, a whisk of a bushy tail, and there appeared before her a lively little ro-dent with his tiny hand raised dra-matically to his breast. A dull, white eyeball told the story of sightlessness in one eve. eyeball in one

eyeoni fold testing of significances and the story of significances and the woman, turning to an interested onlooker, as the squir-rel began feeding, "you see, when these little one-cyced pets are eating these always sit with the blind side toward their benefactor, while devouring the dainty given them. Do you know why that is?

This in the first paper a bird caga and at a little distance a bird. You can now make the bird paper a bird caga and ta little distance a bird. You can now make the bird paper a bird caga distance a bird. You can be drawn and place the cage. Take an ordinary visiting card between two fingers and place the cage. Take an ordinary visiting card between two fingers and place the cage. Take an ordinary visiting card between two fingers and place the cage. Take an ordinary visiting card between two fingers and place the cage. Take an ordinary visiting card between two fingers and place the cage and the bird. The place the end of your nose on the upper edge of the card and look at the two bijets. The bird will is mediately take flight and you will see it in the cage. The figure on the right will save that though it is too small to get the best of the card. Be careful that the card is

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PUZZLE OF MISSING MEN.



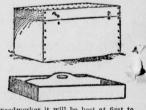
Two men have given this man and them?

OWLS IN WINTER.

so placed with reference to the light that it does not cast a shadow on either side. This simple experiment illus-trates what is called binocular vision.— New York World.

### A SIMPLE TOOL CHEST.

A SIMPLE TOOL CHEST. The boy who works with tools should first of all have a place where these tools may be safely kept. It seems to be a matter of pride with most carpen-ters not to buy a tool chest, but to make one, and many very handsomely finished chests are to be seen in conse-quence. In the case of the youthful



perfectly still in the hand. By and by, when they find that their little ruse does not succeed, they will snap their but very effective manner. How they manage to get enough to eat on these drack, cold nights is a mystery to those anacquainted with the woods, but as a matter of fact there is more prey abroad on winter nights than is gener-ally supposed. Wild mice are very nu-merous-a fact which is attested by their footprints in the newly faller snow-and owls are most expert mous-tant not a squeak escapes them, and they themselves are so soft on the wing that they do not alarm the game-many women who find pleasure in many women who find pleasure in with them bags of nuts with which to

## SWAM A MILE AMID SHARKS.

SWAM A MILE AMID SHARKS. A boat's crew from the United States cruiser Don Juan de Austria made the first successful attack on the mine fields near Subig Bay, Manila.Bay, in the naval manoeuvres. The boat capsized as it was ap-proaching the mines, and part of the crew, with Ensign John F. Babcock leading, swam a mile, though the water was infested with sharks, towing coun-ter-mine buoys, which were success-fully placed. The searchlights of the warships did not discover the opera-tion.

A married woman always travels un-der an assumed name.