

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.

IN THE DARK.

A Strange Adventure in a Railway Compartment.

I WENT one morning to Polisy to see a little house to which I had fallen heir, and after breakfast, I took my keys to the family attorney.

The surprise was most agreeable to me. I took the blue bills and slipped them into my pocketbook without counting them.

As I sat down I saw that I was not alone. A lady sat in the right-hand corner of the seat facing me.

The lady was young, beautiful and elegant. A dark-blue traveling dress of a correct cut set off her slender, graceful figure.

After we had left the Malsons Lafayette station the thought occurred to me to read over some letters which I had merely glanced at in the morning.

Soon I fancied I heard—the sound was barely perceptible in the general fracas—a slight rustling among the papers at my side.

After having wriggled and turned desperately in every direction, like a strangled reptile, the hand, crushed under my palms, lay quiet.

probably, but the length of which I could not estimate, the train began to move slowly.

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.

At last a gray light penetrated into the compartment, followed by the bright light of day.

The train stopped and the platform was on my side.

Feeling stupid and duped, I put out my arm to detain her. But she was already on the steps.

Mule Judicially Declared Treacherous.

The Western Missouri Court of Appeals has decided that a mule is a treacherous and vicious animal.

This decision was made in the case of Pete Borden against the Falk Construction Company.

The mule is a domestic animal whose treacherous and vicious nature is so generally known that even courts may take notice of it.

Wit at Mr. Reed's Expense.

Sarcastic himself, Thomas B. Reed appreciated a joke at his own expense.

"What is the price of this?" asked Mr. Reed.

"A dollar, sir," replied the old man rather tartly.

He Came to Fish.

The Rev. E. A. Horton was one of the guests at the recent dinner given by the Wollaston Unitarian Club.

"How did you come to fall in?" asked the farmer, while the reverend gentleman was trying to wring some of the water from his clothes.

"I didn't come to fall in at all," was the reply. "I came to fish."

Pluck and Adventure.

RACE FOR LIFE WITH WOLVES.

INTELLIGENCE has just been received of one of those startling tragedies which now and then direct attention to a class of men who spend more than half the months of each year in the solitude of the Canadian pine woods.

When the lakes were covered with a clear sheeting of ice recently two young fellows employed on the shore of Deer Lake secured two pairs of skates which chanced to be in the place and set out at night to visit another band of men about nine miles away.

As they were hobbling over the portage on their skates, they were startled by the sudden breaking across their path of a red deer followed by three or four wolves.

Just as they were breaking through the thin ice at the lake side, they heard a whining behind them and then the low howl which told them that their track had been discovered.

Fortunately for them there were a few hundred yards of thin ice to be crossed, which almost, but not quite held up the wolves.

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.

"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 ever witnessed.

"Around me I heard the horrid hissing of the snow, and far before me the thundering of the foremost part of the avalanche.

"At last I noticed that I was moving slowly; then I saw the pieces of snow in front of me stop at some yards' distance; then the snow straight before me stopped, and I heard on a large scale the same creaking sound that is produced when a heavy cart passes over hard-frozen snow in winter.

GUARDSMAN A RESCUER.

David F. Silver, a member of the Seventy-first Regiment, rescued William Nelson, aged twelve, from drowning in Tarrytown (N. Y.) Lake.

Within 200 hundred yards of their winter home they found the blood-stained spot where the unfortunate young fellow had been attacked in front by the two brutes which had chased his friend.

Happily for the injured man, a shanty missionary on his rounds reached the island where he lay that same night, and being a medical man also was able to set his leg with some degree of satisfaction.

DARING RESCUE.

A crowd of 200 people were skating on the Hudson opposite the lower landing in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., when the cry was raised that somebody had broken through the ice.

The boys were Louis Hof, aged fourteen, and Frank Gazan, aged thirteen, who are playmates.

At they skimmed along over the ice 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.

"The moment I felt myself going down I began to pedal with both feet," said Frank Gazan, describing his adventure.

"It worked fine, keeping me from going 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 overcoat and throw it to me, but instead 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.

"In that way I was able to work my body out upon the ice and together we crawled along for nine or ten feet, when we both got up and skated for dear life to the shore.



OUR GIRLS AND BOYS.

BABY AND CANDY.

Baby is cutting his teeth; All day he does nothing but cry; Sister cannot make him smile.

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

THE BIRD IN THE CAGE.

Draw on a sheet of paper a large cage and at a little distance a bird. You can now make the bird pass over and enter the cage.



between the cage and the bird. Then place the end of your nose on the upper edge of the card and look at the two objects.

The figure on the right will save the trouble of making the drawing, although it is too small to get the best results.

feed the squirrels that find their 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 rodent with his tiny hand raised dramatically to his breast.

"You see," said the woman, turning to an interested onlooker, as the squirrel began feeding, "you see, when these little one-eyed pets are eating they always sit with the blind side toward their benefactor, while devouring the dainty given them. Do you know why that is?"

"Well," she explained, throwing the squirrel another nut, "they are conscious that they are near a friend, and need not watch her closely, so they keep a sharp lookout on the other side for stray dogs or other enemies."

True enough. Even as the woman spoke, one of the many dogs that take their daily airing up and down the walk by the West Drive escaped from its young mistress, and with its leader dangling made a dash for the squirrel.

There was another flash of gray, a whisk of a bushy tail and a sharp squeak of fear as the wary little creature with the one eye darted away to a safe bough to blink and chatter and finish his peanut in safety.

"Are there many of these blind squirrels in Central Park?" asked the onlooker of the woman, who seemed versed in squirrel lore.

"There are a good many, I'm afraid. You see, it is the work of mischievous boys, who come here to the park with slingshots, diabolical little instruments of wood and rubber, and deliberately shoot out the eyes of these harmless creatures. However, the policemen

PUZZLE OF MISSING MEN.



Two men have given this man a counterfeit coin. Can you help him find them?

so placed with reference to the light that it does not cast a shadow on either side. This simple experiment illustrates what is called binocular vision.

OWLS IN WINTER.

Owls are really much commoner in winter than one is led to believe by the occasional specimens which are seen abroad in the daytime.

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 carpenters not to buy a tool chest, but to make one, and many very handsomely finished chests are to be seen in consequence.

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A BLIND SQUIRREL.

"Here, Bunny, Bunny, Bunny!" It was the day of the first snowfall, and the woman who called was one of the many women who find pleasure in going to Central Park daily, carrying with them bags of nuts with which to

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