

NOW.

Feller what shirks an' is lazy
An' no use livin' it, I vow!
But I tell yer who is the daisy—
The feller that does things now.

He's never procrastinat'!
An' tellin' ye "why" an' "how."
When the doin' on 'a' what he's hatin';
He just goes and does it now.

Et the cordwood calls for a tussle
The'll bring the sweat to his brow,
He hits out his saw with a bustle,
An' tucks on the job right now.

The chap that talks of ter-morow
Is crooked somewhere, I 'low;
In payin' what he may borrow,
He never gets round ter now.

But the feller that starts on the minute—
The crowds don't roost on his plow—
Et 's rains he ain't 'wastin' out in it,
'Cause he gets his hay in now.

Et yer lookin' fer what'll suit yer,
Ter the chap that's short on the future,
An' eckery long on now,
—Frank Roe Batchelder, in Life.

A LOCAL COLOR TRAGEDY.

BY EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

HEN Violet Lindgrann announced she was going in for literature there were those among us who scoffed. Violet was so alarming-ly pretty, on a would never suspect her of possessing brains. She was one of those girls with alluring faces—the sort of beauty-diable of which Ouida is always writing, eyes of most unholly blue and lips which could smile a man's soul away. A fascinating mix with the most graceful and winning manner, a being of moods, tender, repulsive, kindly and icy by turns, she had created havoc and stream devastation wherever her dainty feet had trod.

Suddenly she feared of the endless round of gaiety and fashion to which from her teens she had been accustomed and amazed her coteries by declaring her intention of writing realistic novels. Of course everyone said it was merely a fad and would soon blow over. But it didn't, that was the astounding part of it.

Her first novel attracted more than passing notice. She was commended for her original and audacious style, her clever plot and a certain dainty feminine touch. She was written about, interviewed, her beauty and talent were praised by the paragraphs and all the details of her luxurious life were bandished about the country. From being merely a typical society girl, a young woman of elegance and fashion, she suddenly became somebody to be pointed out and stared at and raved about.

This apocryphal adulation pleased Violet. She had always feasted upon flattery but now she revelled in it. She threw herself into a life of feverish emotion, became cynical, disdainful, and thought of nothing but her miserable ambition.

Local coloring came to be an absolute mania with her. She was always prating of "atmosphere" and "realism." One can stand a lot of infernal nonsense from a pretty woman, but really poor Violet often grew actually tiresome with her endless rhapsodies about "the divinity of realism."

It was just after publishing her second novel, a combination of ingenuity and wickedness, a smartish, brackish story you wouldn't have liked your sister to write, that the girl decided to go to the far west in search of "local color" for the next attempt.

"Yes," she drawled, with the fine lady air of disdain she had assumed since her success, "yes, I am going in search of local color and a hero. I may take a cowboy for the latter—who knows? They tell me those fellows are delightfully original and as breezy as the winds from the Rockies."

She made up her mind she had not been misinformed when, a month later, she met Jack Weatherby.

and letting out a yell which could have been heard in Denver. And there by the side of pretty Mrs. Atherton, sat a stranger, a vision, an angel. The astonished ranchman blushed and stammered like a school boy as he bowed awkwardly and apologized for his Apache-like descent. Who was this divinity in palest pink, this radiant creature with hair like gold and eyes of heaven's own blue? "My friend, Miss Lingard, from New York," Mrs. Atherton had said. Pshaw! She was a celestial being straight from Paradise.

I have always pitied Weatherby. Never for one moment could I blame him. He was a primitive man with savage instincts lurking in his breast. Brave, loyal, straightforward himself, how could he dream of the treacherous crowd blows his little soft white hand was capable of dealing?

Violet found this sturdy, brawny ranchero a delightful study, and decided he should be the hero of her next novel. His quaint wit and poetic fancies born of the mesas and the mountains, his forcible and often ungrammatical speech were faithfully noted; his emotions were played upon, his heart was probed. And he never dreamed he was being experimented on. He loved this exquisite creature, this dainty, soft, purring beauty, as he loved his life. He coveted her and longed to shut her close to his big, faithful, honest heart.

At last came the night when Violet carried her passion for "atmosphere" and "local coloring" to its climax. They had gone for their customary evening stroll, and had climbed up a lofty bank to a broad ledge of rocks. At their feet yawned the canyon, tremendous, awful, black, save where the moonlight touched the opposite wall with ghostly fingers. Back of them loomed the range like the battlements of a phantom city. Through the pines in the canyon the wind came sighing in mournful cadence. While far, far below sounded the faint rushing of water—the river tumbling and foaming along over its rocky bed.

"What a weird place," cried Violet with a pretty little shudder, "and what a ghost-like night. Why did we never come up here before, Jack? What a scene!"

Weatherby was lying at her feet where he had thrown himself to rest after their climb. He turned his face, white in the moonlight, toward her, and fixing his dusky, unfathomable eyes upon her, said: "I kept this place for this hour. I meant to bring you

here when I got my courage to the point where I could say all that is in my heart. Many a time down there, pointing to the ranch lying below, "I have looked up here and thought of the time I would bring you to tell you how I love you."

For one instant Violet felt a queer little thrill. The simple dignity of his declaration almost moved the worldly, cold-blooded girl. Then she thought of her local coloring. "What a situation for my novel," she said to herself; then aloud, gently: "So you really love me, Jack?"

"Love you?" he echoed, passionately, as he rose and sat down beside her. "Violet, look," taking her hand, "my heart lies here in this dear little hand." Then throwing all reserve to the winds, he seized her and kissed her, madly, tempestuously.

She struggled to free herself and at length succeeded. "How dare you?" she demanded; "how dare you?"

"How dare I?" he cried. "Why, dearest, I love you—I love you, do you hear? And you love me, a little, do you not?" He was approaching her again, when she said, contemptuously: "No; not a bit. I have simply been studying you."

He stood as if turned to stone. "Studying me," he said, in a queer voice, "studying—why—why?" he savagely demanded, as he caught her wrist and held it in an iron grip.

"You were so different," she faltered, a bit frightened at his sudden ferocity. "I wanted a new type for my book, you know. I suppose Tom told you I write books—"

An absolutely murderous look swept over Weatherby's face. "No," he said, "no one told me that. So you write books? And you wanted to put me in it—was that it? Answer me, answer me."

"Yes," she murmured, faintly. "And that was all? You never loved me—never meant to marry me?"

"Why, no, how could I? I am to be married in the fall to a man in New York—"

A snarl like that of an infuriated beast interrupted her. Livid with rage, he sprang toward her. Once again he crushed her, shrinking and trembling, to his breast, then dragged her to the very edge of the canyon, gazing like the bottomless pit to receive them. And as her agonized screams pierced the soft summer night, Weatherby, still holding her against his outraged heart, stepped off.

They found them next day in the bottom of the canyon. Violet's lovely face was past recognition, but on Weatherby's lingered a smile of such awful triumph as would have pleased the arch-devil himself.—Truth



HE STOOD AS IF TURNED TO STONE.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Christ "Chiefest Among Ten Thousand."

The Most Conspicuous Character of His- tory—The Paragon of All Sin and the Correction of All Evil—Chief in Heaven.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage made selection of a sermon for publication this week on the subject of "The Chief- tain," basing it upon the text:

The chiefest among ten thousand.—Canticles v. 10.

"The most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to him from the Bethlehem sky, was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the "rox humana" in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all paintings, the acme of all climates, the dome of all cathedral grandeur, and the peroration of all language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared himself to the first letter the Omega, he appropriated to himself all the splendors that you can spell out either with those two letters or all the letters between them: "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end."

What does that Scripture mean which says of Christ: "He that cometh from Above is above all?" It means after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly; Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain; but mythology tells when the giants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to seal the heavens; but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prophets and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory, they might all well unite in the words of Paul and cry out: "Above all!" "Above all!" But Solomon in my text prefers to call Christ "The Chiefest," and so to-day I hail Him.

First, Christ must be chief in our preaching. There are so many books on homiletics scattered through the country that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is the most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the paragon of all sin and the correction of all evil—individual, social, political, national. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justification, sanctification, covenant of works and covenant of grace, therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism, of all the world treasures that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European, but we have a right to marshal it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars; and we do not propose in our Sunday-school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limit.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tables of stone? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course, thought is the cargo, and words are only the ship; but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sabbath-school class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ and Heaven. We ride a few old words to death, when there is such limitless resource. Shakespeare employed fifteen thousand different words for dramatic purposes; Milton employed eight thousand different words for poetic purposes; Rufus Choate employed over eleven thousand different words for legal purposes; but the most of us have less than a thousand words that we can manage, and that makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love of Christ we are going to take the tenderest phraseology wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ the Conqueror we are going to draw our similes from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy have eighteen flags by which they give signal, but those eighteen flags they can put into sixty-six thousand different combinations. And I have to tell you that these standards of the cross may be lifted into combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to these young men who come from the theological seminaries into our services, and are, after awhile, going to preach Jesus Christ. You will have the largest liberty and un-

limited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas, are all these Gospel themes. Song his melody, flowers his sweetness, sunset his color compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire, and producing revolutions with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the ambassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for direct—guilt sweetest comfort for chastest agony. Brightest hope for grimmest death. Grandest resurrection for darkest sepulcher. Oh, what a Gospel to preach! Christ the Chief. His birth, His suffering, His miracles, His parables, His sweat, His tears, His blood, His atonement, His intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of Heaven? It is because Jesus went there, the herald and the forerunner. The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he had put it off no one ever dared to put it on; but the robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the weakest and the worst may wear.

"Where sin abounded, grace may much more abound."

"Oh, my sins, my sins," said Martin Luther to Staupitz, "my sins, my sins!" The fact is that the brawny German student had found a Latin Bible that made him quake; and when he found how, through Christ, he was pardoned and saved, he wrote to a friend, saying: "Come over and join us great and awful sinners saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God; but we that have been such very awful sinners praise His grace the more now that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yourself in first-rate spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are scarless and immaculate? What you need is a looking-glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and purifying scars. No health in us, and then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them, and then offered us the receipt! And how much we need Him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have His grace. Why, He made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that great St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; and after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all the pools of worldly enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal rock the Christian, from cups of granite jily-rimmed, puts out the thirst of his soul.

Again I remark, that Christ is chief in dying alleviations. I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise. The emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of his coronation the stonemason should come and consult him about the tombstone that after awhile he would need. And there are men who are monomaniacal on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less they are prepared to go. This is an unmanliness not worthy of you, not worthy of me.

Saladin, the greatest conqueror of his day, while dying, ordered that the tunic he had on him be carried after his death on his spear at the head of his army, and that then the soldier, ever and anon, should stop and say: "Behold all that is left of Saladin, the emperor and conqueror! Of all the states he conquered, of all the wealth he accumulated, nothing did he retain but this shroud." I have no sympathy with such behavior, or such absurd demonstration, or with much that we hear uttered in regard to departure from this life to the next. There is a commonsensical idea on this subject: there are only two styles of departure. A thousand feet underground, by light of torch, toiling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out at sea, falling from the slippery ratlines and broken on the halliards, we may die a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and reeking leprosy and burning fevers, we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country, slugs through the heart, the gun cartridge may roll over us, and we may die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure—the death of the righteous and the death of the wicked—and we all want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home. You want the head of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want your room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us up when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open Heaven's gate? Can human hand pilot us through the narrows of death into Heaven's harbor? Can any earthly friendship shield us from the arrows of death and in the hour when Satan snail practice upon us his infernal artistry? No, no, no, no! Alas! poor soul, if that is all. Better die in the wilderness, far from tree shadow and

from fountain, alone, ventures eeling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to men, and to have no burial, if only Christ could say through the solitudes: "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." From that pillow of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going; and across the solitude and the barrenness would come the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy.

What did the dying Janeway say? "I can as easily die as close my eyes or turn my head in sleep. Before a few hours have passed I shall stand on Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and with the just men made perfect, and we shall ascribe riches, and honor, and glory, and majesty, and dominion unto God and the Lamb." Dr. Taylor, condemned to burn at the stake, on his way thither broke away from the guardsmen, and went bounding, and leaping, and jumping toward the fire, glad to go to Jesus, and to die for Him. Sir Charles Hare, in his last moments, had such rapturous vision that he cried: "Upward, upward, upward!" And so great was the peace of one of Christ's disciples, that he put his finger upon the pulse in his wrist and counted it and observed it; and so great was his placidity that after awhile he said: "Stopped!" and his life had ended there to begin in Heaven. But grander than that was the testimony of the worst first missionary, when in the Mamertine dungeon, he cried: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to them that love His appearing." Do you not see that Christ is Chief in dying alleviations?

Toward the last hour of our earthly residence we are speeding. When I see the sunset, I say: "One day less to live." When I see the spring blossoms scattered I say: "Another season gone forever." When I close the Bible on Sabbath night, I say: "Another Sabbath departed." When I bury a friend I say: "Another earthly attraction gone forever." What nimble feet the years have! The roebucks and the lightnings run not so fast. From decade to decade, from sky to sky, they go at a bound. There is a place for us, whether marked or not, where you and I will sleep the last sleep, and the men are now living who will, with solemn tread, carry us to our resting place. Aye, it is known in Heaven whether our departure will be a coronation or a banishment. Brighter than a banquet hall through which the light feet of the dancers go up and down to the sound of trumpets will be the sepulchre through which rifts the holy light of Heaven streameth. God will watch you. He will send His angels to guard your slumbering dust, until, at Christ's behest, they shall roll away the stone.

So, also, Christ is chief in Heaven. The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celestial ascription, all the thrones facing His throne, all the palms waved before His feet, all the crowns down at His feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit, shall recite the Saviour's earthly sacrifice.

Stand on some high hill of Heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of His suffering, in silence first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs, all the purer for the flame through which they passed, will say: "This is the Jesus for whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and scourging through which they went, will say: "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth, and at Cappadocia, and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem. Little children find and white will say: 'This is the Jesus who took us in His arms and blessed us, and when the storms of the world were too cold and loud, brought us into this beautiful place.' The multitude of the bereft will say: 'This is the Jesus who comforted us when our heart broke.' Many who wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say: 'This is the Jesus who pardoned us. We were lost on the mountains, and He brought us home. We were guilty, and He has made us white as snow.' Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled. And then, after each one has recited his peculiar deliverance and peculiar mercies, recited them as by rote, all the voices will come together into a great chorus, which will make the arches echo and re-echo with the eternal reverberation of triumph.

Edward I. was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed one hundred and sixty thousand dollars to have his heart, after his decease, taken to the Holy Land, in Asia Minor, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-day whose hearts are already in the holy land of Heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. Quaint John Bunyan caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way he said: "And I heard in my dream, and, lo! the bells of the city rang again for joy and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and, lo! the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them, harps in their hands, to ring praises withal; and after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them!"

There are many forms of lying. There is the open, bold, vulgar lie, the business man's lie, the lie by insinuation—the most dangerous of all—and the hypocritical lie, when a man professes to serve God with the lips, yet in his heart and by his life serves the devil.—Rev. J. W. Sproull, Reformed Presbyterian, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A POET'S GEM OF A GIRL.

He Nearly Lost Her When He Sprinkled Whales Oil on a Favorite Bed of Roses.

New Jersey is proud of a poet who has a house in that state and publishes in New York, and the poet himself is proud of a gem of a servant. He came near losing her the other day. This particular girl came from an old whaling town in Maine three years ago, and she has been in the poet's household ever since. She made no acquaintance among the neighbors' girls, and she had no steady company. In other respects she was worthy of the poet's commendations. During the three years that she has worked for Mr. Poet she has never asked for a vacation to visit her old home.

"I never think of the place," said Mary. "For if I did I am afraid that I would get homesick."

It was through the poet's own carelessness last week that he nearly lost Mary. There is a thrifty bed of roses in front of the poet's house that is his pride and joy. Destructive bugs and worms, whichever they might have been, swooped down on that bed a week ago and threatened to destroy it. The poet took advice and, as a consequence, invested in whale oil that was warranted to kill bugs at long range. As he sprinkled the bushes with the whale oil a light breeze carried the odor of it back to the kitchen, where Mary was working. Both Mr. and Mrs. Poet noticed that Mary's mind seemed to be wool gathering while she was serving them at luncheon. She mixed the orders that were given to her, and she made Mrs. Poet unhappy. Before dinner was served Mary rapped at Mrs. Poet's door.

"Come in, Mary," said her mistress.

"Are you ill?"

"No, marm," said Mary, "I am not, but I don't know why it is, but—but—but—"

"Well, but what?"

"Why, marm, I—I'm homesick. I've been thinking of Maine all day. There seemed to be something in the air that suggested home. If I don't get over it to-morrow I shall have to go home. It's in the air to-day."

Mrs. Poet summoned her husband from his study and told him of the calamity that threatened the household.

"Dear, dear! that's too bad. How can we spare Mary? Homesick, eh, poor girl? Strange, too, for she has been here contentedly for three years. Said it was in the air? Wait a minute. It was in the air. It's that whale oil on the rose bushes."

Mr. Poet played the garden hose on the rose bushes for an hour after dinner, and Mrs. Poet scattered lime near the kitchen. Mary's homesickness was gone the next day.

"It was just something in the air," she said, and I'm sorry, marm, that I troubled you."

Half of the poet's rose bushes are stripped of leaves, but Mary remained.

—N. Y. Sun.

RUNNING—FOR BOYS.

Every Boy Can Become a Runner If He Feels It.

Every American boy should learn to run. In Greece, in the days when men and women took better care of their bodies than they ever have since, every boy, and girl too, was taught to run, just as the American girl is taught to read. And as far as we can judge by the statues they have left behind them, there were very few hollow-chested, spindle-legged boys among the Greeks. The Persian boy was taught to speak the truth, run, ride and shoot the bows.

The English boy is encouraged to run. In fact, at some of the great English public schools, boys of thirteen and fourteen years of age, like Tom Brown and East at Rugby, can cover six and eight miles cross-country in the great hare-and-hound runs. Every boy is turned out twice a week, out of doors, and made to run, and fill himself full of pure fresh air and sunshine, and gain more strength and life than any amount of weight-pulling or dumb bell work in stuffy gymnasiums would give him. See the result—the English boys, as a whole, are a stronger set than we American boys. Every English school-boy is to some extent an athlete. And that is what American boys should be. Not because football, baseball and tennis are valuable in themselves, but for the good they do in strengthening boys' bodies.

By playing ball every day for hours in the open air; by exercising his arms, back and leg muscles in throwing, batting, running and sliding; by going to bed early and giving up all bad habits in preparation for the games, a boy stores up strength, which he can draw on all his life long—And is why every boy should be an athlete. But not every boy can play football or baseball. He may not be heavy or strong enough; he may never be able to acquire the knack of catching or batting the ball. Every boy can become a runner.—S. Scoville, Jr., in St. Nicholas.

Wanted Dad to Go, Too.

"Father says that if I am a good boy he will take me to see the circus," said Johnny.

"That is what he told me," replied his mother.

"Well, you can keep your eye on me and see if I ain't the pride of the neighborhood. Father's come me a good many favors, he has, and I'd hate terribly to be the means of making him miss that show."—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

How the Trouble Began.

"I wouldn't wear bloomers for anything," said the thin girl.

"Neither would I if I were you," replied the plump girl.

And that's why they do not speak now.—Chicago Post.

Mrs. White—"And do you mean to say that you and your husband always agree about everything?" Mrs. Black—"Always; except, of course, now and then when he's out of humor or pig-headed, or something of that sort."—Boston Transcript.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Richard Le Gallienne, the youngest of the London poets, intends to visit this country next winter. Dr. Conan Doyle is coming back some time during the year for a season in Colorado, not, however, to lecture, for he found lecturing here unprofitable.

Descartes' works are to be published in a complete edition for the first time by a committee of French scholars, aided by the government. Printing will begin next year, and it is hoped, will be finished by 1900. The committee asks for help in collecting copies of letters and manuscripts preserved in public libraries and private collections.

Among the treasures in Lord Rosebery's house are a mantel-piece from Rubens' house, the chandeliers from the Doges' palace and tapestries that belonged to Cardinal Mazarin. These were Rothschild treasures, and on the death of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, in 1874, they came into the possession of Hannah de Rothschild, Lord Rosebery's wife.

The expression in the prayer book, "kindly fruits of the earth," has for most persons no definite meaning on account of the difference in significance now attached to the word kindly from that used when the expression was first written. The word kindly in that connection meant as nearly as possible "of its kind," and the expression "kindly fruits of the earth" meant "the fruits of the earth each after its kind."

Mme. Ponis, whose stage old women were beloved by all who saw them, has concluded her life in New York by the gift of all her stage costumes to "Aunt Louisa" Eldridge. In the forty-five years she has been on the stage in this country she has played many roles, and the contents of her wardrobe ranged from the robe of the grande dame to the cheap frock of the village matron. When Mme. Ponis began her career she went twenty-five miles on foot to secure her first engagement. This was in England, and it was nothing unusual in those days for her to walk from town to town to keep her engagements. "I own to her fame, and she has supported Macready, Forrest, Charlotte Cushman, Lester Wallack, and others. She expects to end her days in Washington, at the home of a step-daughter.

All Cromwell's descendants in the direct male line are extinct, but he is the lineal ancestor through females of a numerous progeny. Among the peers who descend from Cromwell are Lords Ripon, Chichester, Clarendon, Cowper, Morley, Lytton, Walsingham and Amphil; and among the eldest sons of peers who so descend are Lord Courtenay (heir to the earldom of Devon), Lord Stanley (heir to the earldom of Derby) and Lord Clifton (heir to the earldom of Darlington). Lady Devon, Lady Derby, Lady Darley, Lady Bathurst, Lady Roslyn, Lady Lytton, Lady Lathom, Lady Isabella Whitbread, Lady Amphil and Lady Northwick are likewise his descendants. So are Sir John Lubbock and half a dozen other baronets, Mr. Chas. Villiers, the father of the House of Commons, and Mr. Montagu Villiers, the vicar of St. Paul's Knightsbridge.

NUMEROUS.

"Hi Jimmy, wot's de matter?" "Back's blistered." "Swimmin' or lickin'?" "Both."—Chicago Record.

"They say Hamby is generous to a fault." "Yes, he is, if it happens to be one of his own faults."—Buffalo Express.

In a Bad Boat.—"So De Land has taken to navigation?" "I haven't heard of it." "Yes; he's been arrested for sailing under false colors."—Detroit Free Press.

Jack—"I think my brother is an awful cross fellow." Mother—"Don't you think you're a little to blame at times, Jack?" Jack—"No; because he can't help it—It's the W in his name makes the ill Will."—Harper's Round Table.

Bellefield—"I understand that Mrs. Spiffins claims to be a self-made woman." Bloomfield—"It isn't quite true. My wife has seen her add the finishing touch—put on her complexion."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Best Man.—"Wiggles"—"Who was the best man at Miss Tompson's wedding?" "Giggles."—"We all thought that her father's gift of a one-hundred-thousand-dollar check was only a dummy."

What excuse have you to offer for your behavior, Jack? Come—speak up. "I haven't anything to say until I see my mother," said the boy. "We have a rule in our school that no excuses are good unless written by one of a boy's parents, and I ain't a-goin' to break it."—Harper's Bazar.

Mother—"Where have you been, Johnny? Your hair is dripping wet and your stockings are full of sand. Surely you haven't been in bathing, when I told you you mustn't?" Johnny—"That's just like a woman; always trying to find out how a man spends his time when away from the house!"—Boston Transcript.

The stout man wiped off his forehead. "Yes, I was a good deal run down before I got a bicycle," he said; "but now," he added, determinedly gripping the handles and taking aim at an old lady crossing the street, "it is the other people who are that way." The old lady was piled up in the gutter.—N. Y. Recorder.

Gratuitous Insertion.—"That's all right!" The advertising manager leaned over the prostrate form of the burglar whom he had caught in his room. He had struck the robber down, but his hand was injured by the blow. "I put it in a bold-faced type," he murmured. Then flicking the fallen robber, he again scanned the man's face. "Nicerly illustrated with cuts," he continued, "but I'll not charge you for the display!" Then the moon went behind a cloud and wept, while the stricken thief groaned inwardly.—N. Y. World.



THE HERO OF THE NEXT NOVEL.

and herds; had settled down somewhat and had begun to think he would like a wife and home.

He was a handsome fellow, as fiery as the mustang he rode and as tender-hearted as a woman—some women.

His ranch lay in the shadow of the Sangre de Cristo range, next to that of the Athertons, where the New York girl was stopping. Its acres stretched to the shadowy foot hills and over them roamed the stock, well-fed creatures of which he was so proud.

It was two days after her arrival that he saw her first. He had ridden over to see Tom Atherton, the big muscular Englishman, who was his particular crony, and had come down the trail with his customary "Hark!" and "Whoop." As though riding the sightless couriers of the air, he dashed up to the little flower garden, spurs and chains jingling, sombrero flapping,