



A FAMILY STORY

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURRO.

BY ROSE L. ELLERBE.

II, my love is but a lassie, a wee and winsome lassie, she, sang a deep baritone voice, with careless abandon. A girl who was strolling along the mountain path stopped and looked about her in wonder.

"singer," and he came directly to her. "Jose tells me that you have met with an accident," he said; "I am very sorry."

"I beg your pardon. The path is so narrow here I'll go back a bit," and he turned. The girl followed him with an amused smile.

"Oh yes, there are other ways; we might make a little and carry you—or—did you ever ride a burro?"

"Well, she is a 'winsome wee thing,' but she must have thought me an idiot to stare at her so;—must be stopping at the Glen." And he went on his way.

"It is badly swollen," said Maxon, looking sympathetically at the little foot; "if I could bring some arnica or cold water—or—something—"

"I can go up there just as well as not," she thought; and up she went. On reaching the higher level another little fall was disclosed, and the wild confusion of growth was even more picturesque.

"Do you remember our first meeting, Miss Hildreth?" "Of course," she answered, with a smile.

He had made arrangements to visit some of the Northern resorts, and he had already overstayd his time in Chicago. So one morning he took his seat in the sleeper of a through-express, feeling, bitterly, that he had lost the happiness of his life, perhaps, through his own carelessness.

"Well, I should think you would want to know something about that young man before you gave him any more encouragement!" "I encourage him?" asked Miss Neva, innocently; "why, you told him he might go."

"Do you remember our first meeting, Miss Hildreth?" "Of course," she answered, with a smile.

Collectively, Too Much for Him. A doctor once refused to take a fee for attending a friend during a dangerous illness. Upon his recovery, however, the patient presented the agreeable amount in a purse, saying: "Sir, in this purse I have put every day's fee; and your goodness must not get the better of my gratitude."

No sermon is dull that cuts the conscience. Heart work is something that cannot be paid for in money. Every man must pay his own tuition in the school of experience. Every man is a hypocrite who prays one way and lives another.

Growth of Cities. It will take Greater New York a long time to become the largest city of the world, even if we ignore Chicago's hopes of passing her in population. Within the area to be embraced in Greater New York are now about 3,000,000 people, besides 500,000 more just across the river.

One Man's Strange Diet. John Luton lives on the edge of the marsh on the bay shore almost due east from Redwood City. His home is not a pleasant one to look at, nor even to get near, for that matter.

A Pitiful Industry. "For one's wits to go wool gathering" is an allusion to a pitiful industry sometimes seen in older countries. In parts of France, Germany and Spain very old people are sometimes employed in gathering wool from bushes in sheep pastures where it has been plucked from the fleeces as the animals pass too close to the branches.

WORDS OF WISDOM. No sermon is dull that cuts the conscience. Heart work is something that cannot be paid for in money.

PITH AND POINT. As a rule it is the woman who can't ride a wheel who says other women shouldn't.—New York Sun.

Revolution of the Earth. "One of the wonders of the coming Paris exposition," says a Paris paper, "will be a 360-foot tower in which the scientists will experiment with a pendulum to ascertain if it is possible to detect or demonstrate the motion of the earth."

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The Poetic Muse. Cradle Song. To sleep the corn is sinking. For heavy hangs its head. The timid flowers are shrinking. From darkness in their bed.

To Love or To Be Loved. What is Love? Go ask the little Men and women everywhere. Who, for love, will do and dare. Who will die for Love's endeavor. Bravely, for the one heart, ever. They will say that Love is giving.

The Farmer's Wife Replies. "Want to rest my head, just about half dead. And to get my things off. And to tumble into bed. Sixteen hours a day's pretty hard, I vow! Hope there ain't no consolation in this world to come!"

The Song of the Wheel. Whizzing through the meadows. Bouncing over ridges. Dodging busy crossings. Scooting under bridges. Coning down steep hillsides. Till the senses reel; Bless me! this is pleasant, Riding on a wheel!

New Use for Pneumatic Tubes. Pneumatic tubes have many uses, but one of the latest, says the Chicago Chronicle, is attracting a great deal of attention from its novelty.