It is only by giving with the heart that any man can know what it means to be rich.

When we are doing our prayerful best let us remember that it is all God expects.

A book agent never gets too proud to speak to you.

Each convict in the Massachusetts prison costs the state $3.67 a week.

In wishing for his neighbor's possessions, the covetous man loses his own.

Don't try to be an assistant bookkeeper to the recording angel.

The revival must begin in the end of the church that contains the pulpit.

THIS BEAR WAS A BOXER.

When Armed Robbers Attacked His Master He Put Them to Flight.

Some days ago four tramps walked into Binghamton, N. Y., from the ... st. Their clothing hung in shreds and one was badly crippled from a wound in the leg. They visited a physician to have the injury dressed. One said his companion had fallen off a freight train and another that when the man was passing through a strip of woods near Owego they were attacked by wild animals and narrowly escaped with their lives.

The latter story was borne out by the nature of the wounded man's injuries. They had the appearance of long, deep scratches, from six inches to a foot in length, penetrating nearly to the bone. Later in the day, says a dispatch to the

THE BEAR KNOCKED OUT BOTH MEN.

New York Press, an Italian walked into town leading a dancing bear and told a story which accounted for the injuries. His name was Antonio Maxia, and he was on his way from Buffalo to New York. As the weather was mild, he conceived the idea of saving railroad fare and picking up a few coins along the way by walking the distance. Without adventure he reached a point between Bing[illegible] LOUIS, [illegible] he determined [illegible] 8 to 10 [illegible] over night.

[illegible] Jingly, "Beppo" was lodged in one corner of a box stall and Antonio curled down on a pile of straw for a nap. He was awakened by several rough forms bending over him and a voice saying: "We'll go through him anyway, and if he hollers a kick in the head will finish him."

Antonio was frightened. He had $40 in a belt. As one of the men seized his arms, he gave the whistle he used to call his four-footed servant. The men thinking he was signaling a comrade, threw him down and choked him until he gasped for breath. They did not see the dark form that emerged from the box stall and shuffled toward them. Evidently "Beppo" realized the situation at once. Among his other accomplishments he had at one time given boxing exhibitions with his keeper. As one of the men who was bending over the Italian looked up and saw the heavy figure, he gave a shout. Catching up a club he struck violently at the bear.

The blow was parried and the club sent crashing through a window. Then a companion drew a revolver. A blow sent the weapon in one direction and the man sprawling on the ground. Then it was that the wounded man drew a knife and attempted to attack bruin. He was seized in brawny arms and left shrieking for help as his companions fled.

Fortunately for the man Antonio had regained his senses and compelled the animal to loosen his hold. The tramp on being released staggered to the door and out into the darkness. Antonio thinks that only for the prompt aid rendered by "Beppo" that night he would have been robbed and perhaps murdered. As it was he had enough of touring in that section, and with his four-footed friend took the train for Port Jervis.

Sea of Azov Frozen Over.

The first time in the remembrance of the living generation the Sea of Azov is frozen over solid. The Don River and the Sea of Azov froze very suddenly in a rather unexpected way, and as a consequence a number of vessels were taken unawares and stopped on their way. More than twelve steamers are helpless in the ice between Azov and Rostov, and a large number of vessels are dispersed in various parts of this immense frozen shoot of water, first tossed about by the violent storm and then held fast in the glacial embrace. While the River Don has frequently frozen over there is no record of the Sea of Azov having frozen solid in this century.

Retort Courteous.

Fat Old Gentleman—Little boy, why don't you get up and let one of those ladies sit down?

Little Boy—Why don't you get up yourself and let both of them sit down?

God's grace is as much beyond our needs as the air we breathe.

Worth While.

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant,
When life flows along like a song:
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong;
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praise of earth
Is the smile that comes through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent,
When nothing tempts you to stray;
When without or within no voice of sin
Is aluring your soul away;
But it's only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honor of earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered today;
They make up the item of life.
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile—
It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in a while.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Congregationalist.

Daisies for Remembrance.

They were walking slowly side by side through the fields on a fine afternoon. He was tall and dark, with a grave, determined face, and his every look and gesture showed his strength. She was slim and fair, her eyes were blue and eager, and somehow the sunshine of the summer day seemed to have gotten into her face.

"So you are going to Newport tomorrow?" the man asked, turning toward the girl abruptly.

The wind had blown the loose ends of her wavy hair about her face and the dimples came into her cheeks as she smiled up at him. She was very pretty.

"Yes, tomorrow," she answered. "You must confess it is rather dull here, is it not? And Newport is gay. Mamma says it is the gayest place she was ever in, so I persuaded her to take me there."

She stooped as she spoke and pulled [illegible] it in her [illegible] both milk and fat pro- [illegible] portion [illegible] off a daisy head, pinching [illegible] chemicals that [illegible] fingers.

"Don't," said the man sharply, reaching out and almost roughly unclosing her fingers from the crushed little flower. "I beg your pardon. I did not mean to hurt you. You see you care for Newport and balls and things and I care for the meadow here, and the flowers, and——" He paused, leaving the sentence unfinished.

But she laughed brightly. "Oh, of course, I care for the meadows, too," she said. "But I could never live here as you do. I must be where there are people and dinners and dances—society, you know. I do love to waltz, don't you? And I adore fine clothes, and—and admiration, I must confess."

She spoke half shame-facedly, and glanced almost unconsciously at the man's shabby gray coat and grave, indifferent face.

"I don't think I was ever so happy in my life as I've been these last three months since I came out."

"Yes," he answered, slowly. "I've heard you say that before. But I've only known you two weeks, and it seems to me you suit the fields and the flowers far better than the opera and the ballroom, Miss Davis."

His voice and manner made the little speech a compliment, and the girl laughed again gayly. He thought sometimes that she laughed too often.

"There is something more in life," he went on, his eyes fixed on the daisies in their path, "than just society, I think. I have to get along without parties and fine clothes," and this time it was he who glanced at the worn coat, "but there are things broader and better and nobler than a good time, are there not, Miss Davis?"

She looked at him in surprise, quite uncomprehending and somehow disappointed.

"I don't know" she began slowly. "I like the good time best of all, I think. Anyhow, Mr. Paul, I will leave the other things for you. You must not speak ill of my dear, gay society, and I won't hurt your flowers. Is it a bargain?" And she picked a daisy very carefully this time and fastened it in his buttonhole, laughing.

Boston, Dec. — ——

My dear Miss Davis—You will be surprised at a letter from me, I know, and I fear more than surprised at what I have to tell you. I shall not enlarge upon the subject, and I can only say very simply, "I love you."

I never expected to share my secret with you, for I am aware that it can hardly be of a moment's interest to you. But my sudden departure on business to India on Friday, and a remark of yours made long ago, that a "man owed it to a woman to let her know he loved her," has caused me to write to you tonight.

Perhaps, too, I "owe" it to you to tell you that my love for you began with the two weeks we spent together last summer at L——. Since then I have met you but rarely, but I have watched from a distance your social successes and have been truly glad for the happiness I am sure they have brought you.

I can only hope that this society which you enjoy so well may never disappoint you, and that you will let me say a word of farewell to you at the ball on Thursday, as your devoted friend, PAUL MOSHIER.

It was the night of the charity ball. The great hall was ablaze with light; the orchestra, in a bower of palms at the far end of the room, played brilliantly; everywhere there were men in their ugly conventional black suits, and beautiful women, dressed in satins and silks of every color, and gay with jewels and flowers.

The dancing had begun an hour ago, but still Paul Moshier was standing in the little crowd of men always to be found about the door. He was waiting for Miss Davis. He did not think that he would say "good-by" to her after all—he did not know as he ever meant she should see him. But he must get a little glimpse of her before he went away to India.

To tell the truth, Paul was hurt and angry at Miss Davis. He had sent his letter to her three days ago and he had had no word from her since. He thought to himself that she was rude—a lady should make some acknowledgement, however slight, of a letter like that. But she was spoiled by much admiration; society had turned her head.

Nevertheless, he had come to the [illegible] his shabby dress suit [illegible] to see Miss [illegible] charity ball in [illegible] and his best gloves, simply [illegible] Davis and to say "good-by" to her silently in his own heart.

He waited patiently at the door, craning his neck to catch sight of each new face, and paying no heed to the brilliancy of the ball. Hundreds of radiant women passed and repassed before him, the dance music sounded in his ears, the lights blazed into his dark eager eyes, but he never turned his attention from the door.

Once someone spoke his name, but he did not answer, and many times he was jostled and did not feel that he moved.

The minutes dragged by slowly. Nearly everyone had come, and the great clock on the wall behind the matrons struck 12 faintly through the music. Still he waited silently, though he was thinking now that perhaps she did not mean to come at all. Perhaps that was to be her answer to the letter.

Fifteen, twenty minutes, half an hour went by—she had not come.

Then suddenly the crowd about the door drew back on either side and Paul, stepping hastily out of sight behind the other door, saw that she was coming.

He watched her with narrow, intense eyes as she came in on her father's arm. She wore a plain white dress, cut low, and finished about the neck with fine old lace; her gloves did not quite reach to the puff of her sleeve and showed part of her white arm; one of her little satin slippers had lost its ribbon rosette. Paul noticed all these details of her costume unconsciously; it was not till later that he knew he saw them. It was the sweetness of her pale, fair face and the light in her eyes that made him start.

"Miss Davis looks more stunning than ever tonight," said a man standing in the crowd.

But Paul did not hear him. He had pushed the men hastily aside, and stepping proudly, his head held high and his face shining with happiness he had gone to meet her.

For in the belt of her white muslin gown there was a great bunch of daisies.—Boston Post.

A Pointer Dog's Wonderful Point.

A pointer dog, owned by a well known hunter of Sylvania, made the most wonderful point on record a year or two ago. The hunter had killed a partridge and the dog was bringing it in to him, when it tripped over a log and fell on its back. Just as it fell it scented another bird in the grass a few inches from its nose, and became instantly rigid and immovable in that unique position. The hunter at first thought that something was the matter with the pointer, but upon seeing his tail so straight and quivering, he knew the dog was on a point. It was a sight to thrill the heart of a hunter—the dog lying there on its back with its feet in the air, a bird in its mouth and on a dead point. The hunter wished for a kodak to get a photograph of the picture, but after gazing at it in admiration for a minute or two, he flushed the bird and killed it.—Atlanta Constitution.

How George Was Caught.

They had been talking about the Sandwich Islands.

"Are you in favor of annexation?" the young man asked, and the maiden replied, coyly.

"Oh, George, this is so sudden!"—Twinkles.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Twelve average tea plants produce one pound of tea.

The feebler the patient the less dangerous it is to take chloroform.

The highest volcano in the world is Cotopaxi, in Ecuador, 18,496 feet.

The largest flower is the rafflesia of Sumatra, whose diameter is nine feet.

More than 150 flags are a necessary part of the outfit of every American warship.

About forty million feet of timber are annually made up into matches in this country.

In one tribe of spiders the female is one thousand three hundred times as large as the male.

The largest death rate from consumption in this country is shown by the District of Columbia.

The region about the Dead sea is one of the hottest places on the globe, and the sea is said to lose 1,000,000 tons of water a day by evaporation.

It is said that a Missouri dealer who recently shipped several hundred mules to Johannesburg, South Africa, realized $250 to $300 each on them.

A French statistician has calculated that the human eye travels over 2000 yards in reading an ordinary-sized novel. The average human eye is supposed to get through 2500 miles of reading in a lifetime.

An apparently unusual ferocity is exhibited lately by the coyotes throughout Colorado, and they show unmistakable signs of hydrophobia. Several dogs recently bitten by them have died with all the symptoms of rabies.

The number of persons in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland who use Gaelic as their native language is much larger than is commonly supposed. It includes 660,000 in Ireland, 350,000 in Wales and 230,000 in [illegible] of Vineland [illegible] Department [illegible] Pearl River [illegible] Sec. [illegible] Nelson [illegible] Wilson. [illegible] in capturing two burglars [illegible] The board of county supervisors [illegible] was [illegible] before [illegible] physicians [illegible] Peabody. It [illegible] a pin was found [illegible] after having been [illegible] indefinite period. The [illegible] pin was distant about five [illegible] millimeters from the external surface [illegible] of the heart. The pin seemed eroded, and was broken by the scissors in dissection, without becoming displaced. There was evidence of recent local inflammation [illegible] that part of the heart in the neighborhood of the protruding head of the pin was greatly thickened and snowed to be firmly adherent to the edge of the head.

Borrowing His Own [illegible]

"I have an old college friend who has been on his uppers here," said a LaSalle street business man. "About a year ago he began dropping in to borrow $5 or $10 at a time from me. He would always repay me and be effusive in his thanks. He never owed me more than $10 at a time. One day he came in to pay me, and when he offered me $5 I asked him if the amount was not $10.

"'I thought it was $5,' he answered, but your recollection is better than mine;' so he paid me the $10, although I protested against it.

"Later on my stenographer, who remembered the circumstances, told me that he borrowed only $5.

"I laid a $5 bill out on the desk for him. He came in during my absence and borrowed it, and left an I. O. U. A day or two after, while I was out, he came in and left the money for me. I put it back on the desk, under a paper weight, and within a week he came in again, while I was out, and borrowed it. That has been going on for three months. He has borrowed and paid back his $5 bill at least six times, but he never comes in the office while I am there. I'm waiting to catch him and let him know that he is borrowing his own capital."—Chicago Record.

Queen Victoria's Favorite Apple.

In Montgomery county, Virginia, on an extensive plateau of a spur of the Blue Ridge, an apple is raised that in size, symmetry, and flavor can only be surpassed, if surpassed at all, by the genuine Albemarle pippin. Unfortunately, it would seem that the real home of this last most delicious fruit is limited to a small area in and around Rockfish Gap, partly in Albemarle and partly in Nelson county. But a pippin much resembling it, even though not in all respects so excellent, may be advantageously cultivated through a stretch of a hundred and fifty miles along the slope of the Blue Ridge. More than forty years ago a barrel or two of the Albemarle pippins were sent as a present to Queen Victoria, and from that day to this it is the favorite apple at her court.—Lynchburg (Va.) News.

Value of a Man's Life.

The New York Appellate court has recently decided that damages of $5,000 are by no means an overvaluation for the death of a man earning $1.25 a day. The court, in passing on the case, lays down the rule that this sum is a narrow valuation for the mere material value of the man to his family, and that something ought to be allowed also for the loss of affection, which has no pecuniary measure. This estimate of a man's value offers an interesting measure as to the amount of insurance which ought to be carried in order to make good his loss to his family.—Philadelphia Press.

To Remove the Redness of Burns.

Burns leave a redness that takes a very long time to remove, but if the skin is well washed with milk or buttermilk every night for some weeks, the marks will become much less noticeable. Lanoline can also be used, but this advice applies only to a dry skin. For a greasy one a little olive oil will be found better to use.—New York Telegram.

A WASHINGTON DEBUTANTE.

Miss Mary Wilson, Daughter of the Postmaster General.

Miss Mary Wilson is the eldest daughter of Postmaster General Wilson and is one of this season's Washington debutantes.

Miss Wilson was born in Washington about eighteen years ago at the home of her maternal grandfather, Prof. Huntington, of Columbian University, but spent the first few years of her life at the old family home in West Virginia. She was educated at the Hollins Institute in Virginia, from which she was graduated last June. She is devoted to her music and books quite as much as the gayeties of society life, and her sweet voice charms all who hear her sing.

Like all other Washington girls, she declares allegiance to the wheel, and in a very fetching bicycle suit she is often seen spinning over the smooth

MISS MARY WILSON.

asphaltum pavings of the Capital City. She has her mother's cordiality of manner, and her merry, blithesome disposition makes her popular with all who know her. Miss Wilson is a decided blonde, with nut-brown hair which the sun glints with just a trifle of his own rich red.

A box 22 inches by 12¼ and 8 inches deep will hold a bushel.

WOUNDED IN THE WAR.

SHOT IN THE ABDOMEN AT CUMBERLAND GAP.

Blind, Rheumatic and Dropsical—A Union Colonel is Given Over to Die—How the Old Soldier Gave Azrael the Slip.

From the News, Barboursville, Ky.

In the year 1863, while in command of a Union regiment at Cumberland Gap, Colonel Messer, now of Flat Licks, Kentucky, received a severe gunshot wound in his abdomen. In a few months he was again in the saddle, but soon was obliged to undergo further medical treatment, and his condition became so serious that in the winter of 1863 he returned to his home, and was never again fit for active service. During the years that have since passed, Colonel Messer has been a confirmed invalid from the effect of his wound, and has been under the constant care of the local physicans, not improving, but growing worse as the years rolled on. His condition eventually became deplorable. Almost blind, legs swollen, so that he was unable to walk, the doctors who could do nothing to arrest the progress of the disease, diagnosed it as dropsy, and said recovery was impossible.

The old soldier did not half believe his physicians, but said that since they could do nothing for him, he would, upon an old friend's strong recommendation, try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The first box was taken by Col. Messer according to directions, and by the time that was gone, he felt so much easier and more comfortable, that several other boxes were procured, and he continued to take them faithfully. Soon the swelling in his legs disappeared, and with it the fierce rheumatic pains with which he had long suffered. Strangest of all, his eyesight, which for so many years had been useless, was restored.

In all, Colonel Messer took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills six months, and then was thoroughly cured. He now is a healthy looking man, rides on horseback, and stands as much fatigue as any man of his age.

The Colonel, since his recovery, is never tired of descanting on the virtues of these pills, and every advertisement that he finds he carefully clips, and sends to some sick friend or neighbor, with the assurance that they will cure him.

The high standing of Colonel Messer, and his remarkable recovery, makes this report more than usually interesting, and when it was received at the office of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., it was referred to Messrs. Phipps & Herndon, the well-known druggists, of Barboursville, Ky., for verification. We append the reply:

BARBOURSVILLE, Ky., Aug. 18, 1896.

DR. WILLIAMS' Med. Co.,
Schenectady, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Yours of Au[illegible] air as [illegible] inquiries [illegible] lar position and [illegible] yo[illegible] d a perpendicu[illegible] rigid [illegible] by Mr. Samps[illegible]ans as a meteoric [illegible] of Flat Lick, [illegible] Colonel Me[illegible] firmaments into a [illegible]raculous, an[illegible] come whose [illegible]acreless [illegible] with the gold of pop- [illegible] Dr. Will[illegible] densed form, [illegible]eekly will be changed [illegible] give new life a[illegible]me in the time [illegible] and [illegible] restore shattere[illegible] are also a specific for troub[illegible] as the [illegible] to females, such as suppressio[illegible] irregularities and all forms of weakness, [illegible] build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

"What is your nephew doing now?" "For the last five years he has been choosing a profession."—Jugend.