Once, wandering o'er untrodden fields
Far from the bustle of the town,
Bound by the spell which tancy weids,
I climbed a hill and looking down,
Sav. in the valley far beneath,
A darksome wood, where oak trees tall
Swayed in the south wind's gentle breath,
As throbbing bosoms rise and fall,

But when I reached the vale, alas!
And on the very border stood,
A mighty hedge I could not pass
Grew all about the tempting wood.
I caught within the golden ray
O buttercups. The rippling thrill
Of brooks and countains in their Palay
With birth-songs seemed the wood to fill.

And, as I listened, on the wind
There came a voice, as one who sings:
"Oh, mortal, leave the world behind,
And scale the hedge on fancy's wings.
Behold, thou standest on the edge,
Of that enchanted fairyland.
Thy doubts have raised the mighty hedge,
"Twill vanish now at thy command."

I saw the thorny hedge grow less;
And fainter grow the mystic gleam;
The hedge passed into nothingness,
Within a burren vale I stood.
The day was sinking to the I sighed as one who doubts his dream

There was no dim enchanted wood.
-Flavel Scott Mines in Harper's Weekly.

JOHN WALKER'S PROPOSAL

"Dear me, I know he is just ready to say it, and I can't see why he doesn't say it." And pretty Mary Branwook puckered up her lips into the sweetest of all pouts, and plied her needle more rapidly than ever "It does seem to me very strange," she added after a brief pause, "that a great big man should be so timid about saying he loved a girl. Dear me, it's enough to aggravate a girl into taking advantage of--"
And Miss Mary blushed rosily and

finished the sentence with a hysterical

Mary Branwood was just at this moment thinking of John Walker whofor the past two years had been her escort upon every possible occa-sion. For a long time each had looked upon the other with expressive eyes, and, though the gossips of that part of Harlem looked upon the end ing of their courtship as a settled matter, John had not asked the allimportant question. Mary's womanly intuition prompted the thought that he had been trying to voice the love he so often displayed, but his natural bashfulness seemed an insur-

natural bashumess seemed an insur-mountable barrier.

So Miss Mary sat that February atternoon in her chair, briskly rock-ing to and fro. The afternoon was searly gone and the girl was impa-tiently waiting for 8 o'clock, when the bashful John would arrive to take her to the class in yocal mysic at the searly gone and the girl was impatiently waiting for S o'clock, when the bashful John would arrive to take her to the class in vocal music at the church. Her heart beat faster as the moments sped. Her rosy cheeks flushed more deeply as her mind dwelt upon the possible form of a question that she felt must soon be asked. She knew there would be nothing romantic about John's asking her, for she was sure he would do so in a blundering way. The thing that troubled her most was that after he really did muster up sufficient courage, her long knowledge of his purpose would prevent her showing a proper amount of surprise and embarrassment. She knew she would blush, but she hoped it would be so deep a blush that John could not fail to see it.

She started suddenly and her face flushed with a feeling that there was a time of immodesty and hypocrisy in her train of thoughts. She felt guilty of being immodest in thinking of proposing herself and ofhypocrisy in hoping she would blush as though she had not expected the question. Her thoughts annoyed her, and failing to drive tnem away as she sat sewing, she laid down her work and busied herself cleaning up the room.

When both hands of the clock reached S the light ring of the door bell told her of John's arrival. As he entered it could be seen that though his youthful face was suffused with blushes there was an unmistakable air of manlines about him. When his brown eyes 4 ooked into Mary's she felt so strong and confident that her half-uttered thoughts during the afternoon of taking advantage of the season to render a little assistance came to her, and a moment later she was oppressed with the thought if he had asked her then she really would not have blushed. Then she tried to drive away the thought with a mighty effort as her old feeling of immodesty and hyprocrisy came to her, and the crimson flush covered her face as she saw that John was trying to say something.

A few minutes later the two were carefully walking along the tow were carefully walking along the toy side.

flush covered her lace as she saw that
John was trying to say something.

A few minutes later the two were
carefully walking along the icy sidewalk in the direction of the church.
They discussed the weather and everything in connection with the singing

thing in connection with the everything in connection with the singing
school until they reached the church
and then they both joined heartily in
the exercises. Mary sang exceedingly
well. John was equally successful until they sang the strain:

"We share our mutual woes,
"Then it suddenly dawned upon him
how easy it would be to say, "Mary,
let us share our mutual woes," and
he couldn't dismiss it from his mind
all the evening. Every now and then,
to his great embarrassment, he got
out of tune. To make matters worse
the professor noticed it each time,
and, in a kindly tone, offered as suggestion which increased John's confusion. There was no one is the class
(mader than John when 9:30 came
and he and Mary stepped out into
the moonlight to go home. They
picked their way along the sidewalk
slowly, cautiously, and in allence.
John did not speak for two reasons.
He was oppressed with the thought
that he had been particularly stupid
during the whole evening, and he was
repeating the sentence, "Mary, let us
share our mutual woes," so that
when they stood beneath the light in
the parlor he could put his arm
around her and say it without blundering. Mary was silent with expecta-

How brief a sentence would have

made them supremely happy!

John's absent mindedness served to distract his attention from the icy

John's absent limitedness served to distract his attention from the icy walk more than he should have allowed, and no loss than a half a dozen times Mary's feet slipped, but each time she found herselt borne up, by her sturdy lover. Each slip was accompanied with a little shriek, and when she was again safe her soft laugh was music to him.

A group of boys pulling a sled turned the corner ahead and dashed past them. Mary turned her head to glance atter them. Her foot slipped, a little shriek, and she was down. But she wasn t alone. In falling she had managed to knock John's feet from under him, and he had fallen to. Each scrambled to rise quickly and their heads came together with a sound bump.

Sound bump.

John was in the thross of mortification upon his awkardness, when Mary said naively as he helped her to

her feet:
"We seem to be sharing our mutual

Mary said naively as he helped her to her feet:

"We seem to be sharing our mutual woes."

He was amazed. The very sentence he had been saving for under the gaslight! Before he could take advantage of his present opportunity, however, Mary seemed to realize that she had been immodest, and she walked on, as if determined that he should reap no advantage from her remark. John made several efforts to recall the opportunity, but was baifled every time. Then he determined to wait until they stood beneath the gaslight, but when they reached the parlor the light seemed to burn more brightly than ever before, and his courage departed. Once he made an effort, but the first word that passed his lips was "woes," and the consciousness that he was blundering caused him to blush and pause before trying again. But a sweet "What were you going to say?" completed his embarrassment, and he answered "Nothing," and in despair prepared to go.

A moment later, as they stood at the parlor door exchanging the last words, and as John's hand was on the knob, Mary turned her blue eyes to him and said with a laugh:

"You'll be sure to get home without falling, for you'll have no one to drag you down."

John's face crimsoned. He was about to protest she hadn't dragged him down, when he thought of his lost opportunity after they had fallen. He had a feeling that the sentence he had been trying to say all evening would be singularly importunate now, but he was determined not to lose another chance. Despite that feeling and in sheer desperation he gasped:

"Mary, let us woes our mutual shares always."

gasped:
"Mary, let us woes our mutual

"Mary, let us woes our mutual shares always."

Mary looked puzzled. For a moment she didn't grasp the purport of the misquoted sentence. When it dawned upon her a flood of crimson passed over he 'face, her eyes fell, and she whispered, "Yes."

And John, with his newly acquired courage, but his arms ground her and

And John, with his newly acquired courage, put his arms around her and drew her to his breast. Then John was at peace, and Mary was perfectly happy. The question had been asked and answered, and she had fittingly blushed, besides waiving the privilege of leap year.

The Easiest Way the Best.

A two hundred and fifty pounds colored woman got into the Fifth avenne stage and insisted on riding for nothing. Expostulation did no good. So the driver called a policeman to put her out.

man to put her out.
"So you won't pay your fare?" said
the policeman, looking at her from
head to foot.
"No, I'll die first. They should have
given me a transfer."
"But I will be obliged to put you out
if you don't nay your fore." said the

"But I will be obliged to put you out if you don't pay your fare," said the policeman, rolling up his sleeves.

"You jes' try it" said the old lady, with glaring eyes.

The policeman took another look at the giantess, thought a moment, and then quietly dropped a nickel in the box. "I guess that is the ensiest way to adjust this case," he said, as he went whistling along on his beat.—Eli Perkins. -Eli Perkins.

Insanity Due to Flour. The organization of the Old Stone Miller's association at Detroit, with Miller's association at Detroit, with the avowed purpose of educating the public mind to the dangers to health attending the use of roller flour and the superiority of old stone flour throws some doubt upon the state-ment that "the world do move." The association charges patent flour with being the cause of the rapid increase of insanity and kindred diseases, as well as the startling fact that the huwell as the startling fact that the hu-man race are fast losing their teeth and dentists are multiplying by hun-dreds in every part of the country. The news association has already The news association has already started a healthful influence in the inquiry and investigation which the discussion of the subject will involve, even if the result should be its own discomfiture.—New York Telegram.

One on Zach Chandler.

Henry Cabot Lodge recently related an amusing scene that occurred in the United States senate. Some proposition was under discussion extremely distasteful to old Zach. Chandler. The great Michigander waxed eloquent. He said that the passage of the bill would be a disgrace to the government. It would humiliate every conscientious American citizen. As for himself, if it became a law he should feel like going to the south west and living forever among the Comunches. This brought Senator Wigfall to his feet. With stately dignity the Texanresponded: "I really hope, Mr. President, that this proposition will not pass the senate. The Comanches are among my constituents, and they are already sufficiently contaninated with toe civilization of the white man." ed an amusing scene that occurred in

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

'ABOUT A KI"E-ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN FROM A MILLIONAIRE.

Lions in California—Destroying Life Wan Juvenile Paragraphs, Etc.

The Tale of a Kite.

Little Johnny Summerville Made a pretty kite, Made it out of paper red, Quite a brilliant sight.

Said his little brother, Tom, "I will make the tail; ve some nice green paper here That will make it sail."

Soon the tail was nicely made, Johnny bought a string; Up the kite went in the air, Swift as anything.

Johnny held the string at first. Tom soon cried, "Let me!" Then both wanted it at once, Angry as could be.

Loudly laughed the wind at this-Laughed a meaning laugh, Whispered slyly to the wires Of the telegraph.

Soon the kite was tangled fast On the wires; no more On the wires; no more
To speed upward like a bird,
And as gayly soar. Said the wind, "We've served them

Said the wind, "right!
Quarrels should not be."
Baid the telegraph, "Perhaps
Next time they'll agree."
—GERRIT SMITH.

Young Men in Business.

 One great cause of the failure of young men in business is lack of concentration. They are prone to seek outside investments. The cause of many a surprising failure lies in so doing. Every dollar of capital and credit, every business thought, should be concentrated in the one business. be concentrated in the one business upon which a man has embarked. He should never scatter his shot. It is a poor business which will not yield better returns for increased capital than any outside investment. No man or set of men or corporation can manage a business man's capital as well as he can manage it himself. The rule "Do not put all your eggs in one basket," does not apply to a man's life-work. Put all your eggs in one basket, and then watch that basket, is the true doctrine—the most valuable rule of be concentrated in the one busines doctrine—the most valuable rule of all. While business of all kinds has all. While business of all kinds has gone, and is still going rapidly, into a few vast concerns, it is nevertheless demonstrated every day that genuine ability, interested in the profits, is not only valuable but indispensible to their successful operation. Through corporations whose shares are sold daily upon the market; through partnerships that find it necessary to interest their ablest workers; through merchants who can manage their vast enterprises successfully only by interesting chants who can manage their vast enter-prises successfully only by interesting exceptional ability; in every quarter of the business world, avenues greater in number, wider in extent, easier of access than ever before existed, stand open to the sober, frugal, energetic, and able mechanic, to the scientifically educated youth, to the office boy, and to the clerk-avenues through which they can reap greater successes than were ever before within the reach of these classes in the history of the world. When, therefore, the young man, in any position or in any business, explains and complains that he has not comparison to near the proportion to present the proportion of the proportion of the proportion to present the proportion of the p has not opportunity to prove his abil-ity and to rise to partnership, the old

answer sumces.

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

—Andrew Carnegie.

A Good Catch.

Our little scientists are beginning early. But we hope as their out-of-door studies go on they will learn more and more that the best way to find out all about the beautiful insects which fly around us is not to catch them, stick a pin through them and fasten them to the wall, or hide them away in boxes and drawers, but to watch how they live. The next time you see a butterfly, boys, don't snatch your hat off and dash madly after it, but follow it gently, quietly, so as not to alarm it. See what flowers it lights on, try to discover where it deposits its eggs and how it secures their safety until they are hatched. Try breaking off the twig when you find some insect eggs with which you are not familiar and keeping it carefully until you see what becomes of them. Or gather carefully a few cocoons from trees or fence ralls, or hidden away in cracks of old buildings and keep them until the moth or butterfly comes out. of old buildings and keep them until the moth or butterfly comes out. Of course, some things you will have to destroy, the tent caterpillars and every insect that Injures our gardens and orchards must go, but don't boys, don't kill just for the sake of killing. Don't kill thoughtlessly. Be sure that a thing is harmful before you try to destroy it. And especially concerning birds. Even when you know of some mischief that some do, wait and study their habits a little further and hink insect that injures our gardens and

and picking up stray curs. The chalk hills back of Santa Faula have always afforded safe retreats for these beasts, being very rough and broken and full of small caves. Irving Foulks was up there lately and came back without any cougar pelts. But he brought back some stories about the number of mountain liens prowling through the chalk hills that made old hunters wag their heads and insinuate that he was getting early into the habit of spinning yarns, a habit that was to be tolerated only in men of years and experience. Foulks said that he saw so many lions that he was afraid to fire at them, whereupon old Jake Gries snorted contemptuously, and asked to be piloted to a place where varmints were thick enough to scare him.

to a place where varmints were three enough to scare him.

Foulks and the old man went up there and for once in his life Jakes saw varmints" enough to satisfy him. They got into the ruggedest part of the hills and sat down to watch for game. hills and sat down to watch for game. Presently a lioness appeared less than a hundred yards away, and Jake shot her through the body. Of course she yelled as soon as she was hit, and before the echoes of the rifls-shot had time to get back across the canyon old Jake Gries was sorry he had fired. Lions started into view so suddenly and plentifully that it seemed as though there must have been a lion lying behind every rock on the hill-side. Jake threw another cartridge into the barrel of his rifle, and raised the piece to take aim, but put it down

into the barrel of his rifle, and raised the piece to take aim, but put it down again slowly and remarked that he would be everlastingly condemned. Then he suggested to Foulks that it was no use for a man to be a chump, and that perhaps they had better go home if the lions would let 'em. They retreated cautiously, and managed to get out of the hills without being attacked. Jake declares that he counted thriteen mountain lions in that crowd of "varmints," and nobody doubts his word.

Saved by a Mirror.

Saved by a Mirror.

The following story is reported by an Englishman who, with his family, had passed ten days in India:

It was a very sultry summer night. The doors and windows of our bungalo stood wide open to let in the air. My little daughter, two years old, was sleeping in a low crib in a room adjoining the one where I was sitting, engaged with some accounts. It was late; all the servants had retired, and everything was quiet out doors and in. inte; all the servants had retired, and
everything was quiet out doors and in.
In the room where the child was sleeping there was a large pier glass which
we had brought out from Liverpool.
It was our most pretentious article of
furniture. This glass hung directly
opposite where I was sitting, so that if
I raised my ever objects in the other opposite where I was sitting, so that if I raised my eyes, objects in the other room were plainly to be seen in it. Suddenly my attention was attracted by what seemed a shadow flitting past, or rather by a sense of something moving in the other room. I looked up. The sight which met my gaze chilled my blood! In the mirror there was reflected a tiger, creeping stealthily toward the sleeping child!

I was wholly unarmed, and sat powerless, benumbed, gazing with awful fascination into that mirror. To scream or to make the least motion

To scream or to make the least motion To scream or to make the least motion would precipitate the terrible tragedy. Suddenly the tiger stopped, arrested by his own reflection in the glass. He lashed his tail back and forth; his eyes shot fire; each separate hair of his orange-yellow coatseemed to stand creet at sight of a possible rival. Faster and faster that expressive tail where the contract of the

Faster and faster that expressive tail whipped the iloor. Another moment, and the animal uttered a deep, challenging roar and sprang forward with one great bound.

There was a crash of glass and a loud, prolonged roar of surprise and rage of the tiger, which jarred the very ground. The great mirror, with its frame, fell heavily to the floor, pulled from its position. The tiger turned tail and sprang out at the open door.

It had all happened so quickly that could almost have believed it ream but for the broken mirror ar ne marks of blood left where th nattered glass had cut the tiger's fee

Fortunate Young Men

A man can hardly be more fortunate in this world than to be possessed of a good mind in a good body.

With these and the willingness to work two young men in Maine have recently shown themselves fortunate. They went up the Kenebec a few years ago and let themselves to an enterprising ice man, and by their energy and determination so pleased their employer that he was glad to retain them and give them work on the farm during the summer and kept them busy cutting ice winters. Last fall the old gentleman desired to retire, and offered to sell them the entire business. gentieman desired to reture, and of-fered to sell them the entire business, houses, lots, engine, boiler and privi-leges for six thousand five hundred dollars. Tiffs was before any one could predict the ice bonanza. The

FATALISM.



HE duck pie that the cook had served for breakfast at the club was exquisite! Too exquisite in fact, for my friend, Robert Mercier, and 1 made such a hole in it that,

on rising from the table, we felt a vague sensation of sleepiness and congestion.

"Will you take a walk with me? asked Robert. "Let us go to my rooms. I want to show you two new

"All right."

We were walking very fast, oppress ed by the cold, smoking our cigars with rapid puffs and not saying much, when with a common movement we stopped to look at a superb bay cob, harnessed to a tilbury, who was coming in our direction at a gate that showed supple strength and perfeet rhythm. Just then we were opposite the Palais de l'Industrie, almost at the corner of the Avenue Marigny. At the precise moment when the horse was passing by us he slipped with all four feet and fell to

slipped with all four feet and fell to the ground heavily. There he lay, entangled in the shafts and traces; with an air of bewildered abandon. Passers-by came running up. Soon there was a group, talking and gesticulating. At last the horse was extricated, raised up and led away by the bridle. The carriage, one of the shafts of which was broken, was hauled to the nearest carriage house by a team of officious by standers, among them, of course, a kitchen maid.

As we moved off I said to my friend: "A fine invention, decidedly, this

As we moved off I said to my friend:

"A fine invention, decidedly, this
wooden pavement! At the least frost,
the slightest drizzle, these poor
horses are unable to stand up. I
have seen seven or eight accidents myself, on this very spot, within a year."
Robert, turning very pale, answered me in a strange voice that was also a little hard:

"If so many accidents happen on

ed me in a strange voice that was also a little hard:

"If so many accidents happen on
this spot, it is my hault."

"Your fault? You are mad!"

"No; but morally I am innocent."

And he continued, for my air of
amazement implied all possible interrogations for enlightment:

"Ah! my dear fellow, how incidents
of ao apparent importance sometimes upset our whole lives! You
must have asked yourself why I have
changed my way of living. I am going to tell you the story which has
opened my eyes to the invisible
world."

This phrase, and especially its conusion, filled me with some anxiety. Whether it was the duck pie, or the lear of seeing Robert go mad, I do not know, but I f lt a disagreeable cramp in mystomach. With wander-ing eyes and contracted brow he con-

'You remember George Sauviniere Tou remember George Sauvinere and his targic death about two years and a half ago. On reaching home one night, I found a letter in which he announced to me his intention of killing himself. I immediately hurried to the little hotel in the Rue des Saussaies, a dismal den where he had lived since his misfortune. I arrived oo late; he hanged himself too late; he hanged himself. While the servant went in search of a useless doctor and to notify the police, I remained there, alone with the body which we had stretched upon the bed. Around the neck a very the bed. Around the neck a very slight violet streak, a countenance that was almost smiling, the chin thrown a little forward. As I took a few steps toward the mantel-piece to light two candles, my foot caught in the rope that we had cut and thrown upon the ground. A curiosity seized me—a curiosity that was mingled with a sort of timid respect—to get a closer view, to examine and feel this thing that had killed. It was a curtain cord, covered with red worsted, and looking bourgeois and harmless enough, and, while I was handling it, thinking 'What! it was this land filled with that astonishment which always come from finding so which always come from finding so paltry and simply the factors of the problem of death, which seems to us so rigantic, there came to my mind that old superstition which makes the rope with which a man has been hanged an infallible talisman of good luck "Well, you took the rope. But I

do not see the relation. "Wait! No. I did not take the rope. The police officer who was coming would ask to see it, and I would blush a little at this fit of superstition. But I cut off a little I did not take the

on't kill just for the sake of killing.
Don't kill thoughtiessly. Be sure that a thing is harmful before you try to destroy it. And especially concerning birds. Even when you know of some mischief that some do, wait and study their habits a little further and hink if this piece of mischief is not more than atoned for by their destroying some insect that unchecked would work still greater harm. Everyliving thing has some reason for being. Be sure that you are doing right before you take a life that none but God could give. I would not enter on my list of friends, though graced with modest manners and fine sense, yet wanting sensibility, the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—Ez.

Mountain lions, or cougars, have been unusually numerous and audacious in Southern California recently. They have killed fifteen colts for John F. Cuddy, on Frazer mountain, and have been seen prowling about on the outskirts of the smaller towns, raiding sheep-pens and chicken-roosts

This tend to seit them the onlier and privileges for six thousand five hundred dollars, thousand dollars. This was before any one could predict the ice bonanza. The young men had saved a thousand dollars and paid this amount down, going security for the rest. They caught sight of the bonanza afar off, however, and were ready to meet it, and have and this plees of it, two or three inches in superstition. But I cut off a little objustment of the bonanza afar off, however, and were ready to meet it, and have and paid this amount down, going security for the rest. They caught superstition. But I cut off a little objustment of the bonanza afar off, however, and were ready to meet it, and have and paid this amount down, going sucretive for forty-six thousand dollars, giving each the nice sum of twenty thousand dollars, giving each the nice sum of twenty thousand dollars, giving each the nice sum of twenty thousand dollars, giving each the nice sum of twenty thousand dollars, giving each the nice sum of twenty thousand dollars, giving each the nice sum of

Robert uttered this word

respect.

#But the rope? Where did to
"Then this cook had Saggi constitue cards for her. Marthewantel
see him, and advise me to cost
him. Let me tell you that this see
is astonishing—frightful, even. I
have never paid any attention

have never paid any attention sorcery?"
"Yery little."
"You are wrong. You see, peo laugh without realizing that they playing with terrible things."
"But the rope, the frope!" Icrist "Ah, yes, the rope—I am comback to it. For a year I studied at Saggi, and all that time misforts, continued to rain upon me. I be my leg in falling from a horse, little left me; I quarreled with the left me; I quarreled with the loff friends, and was neglected in will of my uncle, who had made play chess with him twice a west 15 years, Everything, in short, exching!"

But the rope? Where did to

The rope! Exactly; it was to

"What; it brought ill luck?" "Yes, my dear fellow. You was never have believed it. But the because you do not know. And because you do not know. A

And with an air that was at on triumphant and sorrowful, Re

added:
"I was always dreaming of hanged man. I had a nervous ease. I have it yet, for that mat I mable to stand it longer, I amined to tell all to Saggi, and be

mined to tell all to Saggi, and beat plained everything to me. Verything to me. "Oh ho! Another illusion we out! Painful, very painful," I so in a conciliating tone.

"Do not joke: it is a very serio matter. This was Saggi's explantion, The rope with which a mant been hanged does indeed bring he but on the express condition that but on the express condition the but was executed by a public

"Precious information! But :

"Precious information: Bus thorse that we saw just now?"
"I am coming to that. Then that has hanged a suicide brings, at the contrary, ill luck. Enlights by this revelation, I wanted to rid immediately of the rope wis had been keeping so carefully, There rid immediately of the rope had been keeping so carefull, a which was unquestionably the as of all my misfortunes. But how do it? It was not a thing to be on lightly. The talisman might fall to other hands and become the sortune of some one else. In the fortune of some one else. In the case the responsibility would mine, and, you see, not him posture the flow of the fluid portion of soul like"—

Thank you, I prefer to remain norance. But what course did n ignorance.

"I resolved to throw this can "I resolved to throw this can the water. With that take

"I resolved to throw this case rope into the water. With that view I left my house one mp holding the piece of red to which seemed to me to have a moniacal tint. As I was cross the Champs Elysees, at the paymere we just saw the actidest stumbled into a heap of sand-or were just then laying the wood payement—and fell so awkwas that I again broke the leg which pavement-and fell so awki that I again broke the leg whi that I again broke the leg which suffered by my previous accide in my fall I dropped the rops fainted: they carried me to house and I lay there flat on back, for three months. They remained in the hole and they is that time all the horses fall at it spot, and there have been fatal cidents. It is frightful and quefit not?"

"Terrifying," said I, with as

it not?"
"Terrifying," said I, with as of conviction. "But how also yourself? Have you got rid of p

yoursel? Have you got rid of re-evil genius?"
"Oh, you may be sure. I boo the whole rope with which Strands the English assassin, was had last Summer in London. I went-get it myself. It cost me deat, I do not regret it. Now, I as luck; and, in lact—I may annos it to you—I am going to be marre-

Thumped Him for a Fool James Welch, of Middletown, Co having been told that the fore

dynamite explosion was downs made a practical test of this p made a practical test of this proper a few days ago by boring a hole into a monstrous gnarled into which he put a lot of dynamignited a short-time fuse and clessly sat down astride one estable in a curve about 30 feet the descent the position of the cowas reversed. Welch arrived attribute the log followed, and we says it thumped him several in after he was down.

Natural Gas in Cæsar's Di Natural gas has been know extensively used in China and oparts of Asia for many centuries. history tells us of a natural gas in France in the time of Julius Co It was first discovered in the United States near Pittsburg, about \$ years ago, but it is only of later that it has been extensively a ized.—Golden Days.

Artificial Lightning.

Provide a tin tube that is larg one end than it is at the other, in which there are several holes, this tube with powdered resin, and when it is shook over the sof a torch the reflection will protect the exact appearance of lightnist Cor. Sunny Hour.