vent me?"

NICETTE

over the world, whose nobility of heart

and almost paternal goodness Anatole

had learned to know better than any

other living souk and now, without the

least hesitation or preparation, he heard

have eaten or drunk-what you have in-

The last word was a ray of light to

Anatole. That very morning he had re-

ceived a letter from one of his friends

who was traveling in India. In the let-

appeared 'to him to be singularly pene-

trative. He hastily drew forth his pock-

"But-it is impossible! I am only

"At what hour did you open that fatal

"Well-tomorrow morning, at the

same hour, at the same minute, in full

health, as you say, you will feel a pain

he sank into a chair overcome by grief.

He hurried from the doctor's house

like a madman. His forehead bathed in

ing he knew not whither he sped on

How many hours had he still to live?

of a racking cough brought him back to consciousness; the looked fif the direc-

tion whence it came and saw, seated

upon the same bench, a pale and weak

little flower girl—a child not more than

eight years old, who, as François Cop-

Dies of the winter while offering us the spring.

waistcoat pocket and found there two

longer to live he gave her the two louis.

He had been like a man stunned by a

blow on the head; his bewilderment was

overcome now and he began to reassem-

"My situation," he said to himself, "is

that of a man condemned to death. A

hope for pardon—many of that sort are

pardoned in our days. In past times

even some have been saved from the ax

or the cord to devote themselves to some

difficult or dangerous piece of work—the

launching of a ship, for example, or as

in the time of Louis XI to marry an old

woman. If I were consulted in the

matter I should prefer to launch a ship.

Unfortunately I shall not be consulted

during the short interval of time that

remains to me. But, by the way, how

"Three o'clock in the morning-it is

time to go to bed. To bed-waste in

sleep my last six hours! Not if I know

it. I have certainly something better

than that to do. But what? Of course

A restaurant—one of those which keep

"Garcon, a bottle of champagne-and

He drank a glass of Clicquot and looked

thoughtfully at the sheet of paper be-

"To whom shall I bequeatly my 6.000

francs a year? I have neither father nor

mother happily for them! Among the

persons who interest me, I see only one

Nicette was a charming girl of eight-

een, with blond tresses and large black

munity in misfortune which had long.

established between them a secret and

His last will and testament was speed-

That done he drank a second glass of

"Poor Nicette!" he mused: "she was

very sad when I last saw her. Her

guardian, who knows nothing of the

world coming his class of wind instru-

ments at the Conservatoire de Musique,

had taken upon himself to promise her

hand to a brute of an amateur of fenc-

ing whom she detests—the more so be-

cause she has given her heart to some-

body else. Who is that happy mortal?

tainly worthy of her, or she would never

have chosen him. Good, gentle, beauti-

ful, loving Nicette deserves the ideal of

stands. Ahl she is the very wife that

haven't the least idea, but he is cer-

ily drawn up; universal legatee, Nicette.

open all night—was not far off. | Ana

This incident did him good.

ble his dislocated ideas.

long have I got to live?"

-to make my will."

tole entered it.

ink and paper.'

He looked at his watch.

The persistent and distressing sound

in your heart-and all will be over."

"None!" said the doctor.

he was really condenined.

"Then-you-really-think"-

"This morning at 9 o'clock."

"Alas! I am sure of it."

full of life and health!"

letter?"

means of"-

pee says-

tor. looking intently at Anatole.

Anatole staggered.

those authoritative lips!

Anatole greatly agitated

continued the doctor.

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THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL

EUMPANY.

ROGEDSINDIR

would have suited me if if "By Jove, it's an infamy to compel her to destroy her life—by confiding such a treasure to such a brutel I save never before so well understood the generous ardor which fired the breasts of the wandering knights and spiried them on to the deliverance of oppressed beauty!

And now I done to think of ft. what hinders me from becoming the knight errant of Nicette? My fate is settled-"You are a dead man!" said the docat 9 o'clock-after that it will be too He had come gavly to pass the evening with his old friend. Dr. Bardais, visiting people, but when I reflect that five hours hence I shall be no more I the illustrious savant whose works on conclude that I have no time for standvenomous substances are known all ing on etiquette. Forward iny life for

Anatole rose, and then perceiving that, he had no money he gave his gold watch to the waiter in payment for the chainpagne—a watch worth 500 francs.

this terrible prognostication 'issue from The garcon took the chronometer and "Unhappy child, what have you done?" hand, opened it and finally put it in his pocket doubtfully and without thanking "Nothing that I know of," stammered Anatole:

It was to clock in the morning when Fax your memory; tell me what you he rang at the door of M. Bouvard, the guardian of M. Nicette. He rang once. You know that I have been a master bell wire. At length M. Bouvard him? self, in his nightdress and in great alarm, came and opened the door. "What is the matter—is the house on

ter was a flower plucked on a bank of the Ganges by the traveler-astrangely "No. my dear M. Bouvard," said Anaformed red flower, the perfume of which "I have only paid you a little -he now recalled the fact vividly-had

> "At this hour!" "It is pleasant to see you at any hour,

visit."

etbook and produced the letter and its my dear M. Bouvard! But you are so contents and handed them to the savant. lightly dressed pray get into bed "No doubt is possible!" cried the doctor; "it is the Pyramenensis indica-

"I am going to do so. But I suppose, the deadly flower, the flower of blood!" monsieur, that it was not simply to tronbleme in this way that you have come conver yatsgais? You he at such an hour? You have something ytermals up your mind? of importance to say to me?" five and twenty years of age and feel

Wery important, M. Bouvard! It is to tell you that you must renounce the idea of marrying my cousin Nicette to M. Capdenac."

"What do you say?"

"You must renounce that project." "Never, monsieur! never!" "Don't fly in the face of Providence,

by using such language!" "And you know of no remedy-no "My resolution is fixed. this marriage will take place." "It will not, monsieur!" And covering his face with his hands

"We will see about that. And now that you have had my answer, monsieur, In face of the profound emotion of I'll not detain you." his old friend, Anatole understood that

"A speech mone too polite, M. Bouvard: but, as I am as good natured as I am tenacious, I will pass over it, andperspiration, his ideas all confused, go-"Stay, if it pleases you to do so, but I

shall consider you gone and hold no and on amid the darkness of the night, further conversation with you." taking no heed of the loneliness of the Saving which M. Bouvard turned his streets he was traversing. For a long time he pursued this blind course, until face to the wall, grumbling to himself "Was ever such a thing seen? rousing at length, finding a bench, he sank down a man at such an hour, breaking his

> sleep, only to pour into his ears such a pack of nonsense!"-Suddenly M. Bouvard sprang into a eitting posture in his bed.

Anatole had possessed himself of the professor's trombone, into which he was blowing like a deaf man and sending from the tortured instrument sounds of ndescribable detestableness.

My presentation trombone, given me by my pupils! Let that instrument That verse of the poet's occurred to the "mind" of Anatole; he felt in his Monsieur, vou consider me gone. sous and two lotis. He was going to give the poor child the two sous; but rec-

offecting that he had only a few hours fine note!" "You will get me turned out of the house; my landlord will" not allow a trombone to be played here after mid:

night." A man who evidently hath not music in his soul! Frrout! frrout, prrr!"

"You will split my ears! You'll spoil my instrument — a trombone badi man in that position may still, however, 'played'on is a trombone destroyed, monsieur!"

"Couac! prounn, pra-pra-prit"-"For mercy's sake, give over!"

"Will you consent?" "To what?"

"To renounce the idea of that mar-

"Monsieur, I cannot!" ""Then-couse"—

"M. Capdenac"— "Prrrroum"---

"Is a terrible man to deal with!" "Frrroutt"-

"If I were to offer him such an affront he would kill me.' "Is that the only reason which stops,

"That-and several others." "In that case leave the matter to ma

only swear to me that if I obtain M Capdenac's renunciation my cousin shall, atole, guardian? be free to choose a husband for herself." "Really, monsieur, you abuse"-

"Canac, frrroutt, ffuit, brrrout"-"Monsieur, monsieur-she shall be "Bravo! I have your word. Will you

now allow me to retire? By the way, where does your Capdenac live?" "One hundred Rue des Deux-Epecs."

the lion's mouth, and he will teach you lesson you deserve," said M. Bonvard as Anatole hurried from the bedchameves: an orphan like himself-a comber and shut the door after him.

fire eating fencer; it was just 6 o'clock. when he arrived there. He rang the, doorbell.

Who is there?" demanded a rough voice behind the door. "Open-very important communication

tion. M. Bouvard.' The sounds of a night chain and the turning of a key in a heavy lock were

"Here is a man who does not forket to protect himself against unwelcome visitors!" remarked Anatole to himself. The door opened at length. Anatole found himself in the presence of a with mentar amenation. Ine magness with which he has been stricken is of a gentleman with a mustache dercely appropriate character. It is well known turned, whose nightdress appeared to be that he was absolutingly engaged in an the complete costume of the fencing

see. always ready; it's my motto.

The walls of the swordsman's antechamber were completely covered with panoplies of arms of all descriptions. On Blank was yatagans, poisoned arrows, sabers. "Nicettel" rapiers, one and two handed swords, his his a regular arsenal—enough to te rir may haste minded observer.

"Baht" thought Anatole. "what do I now risks. At most two hours half !"

"Monsieur, said Capdenac, "may be allowed to know"late; now therefore is the time for action. The hour is a little unusual for a month of feeling. want to marry Nicette?" ***Yes. monsieur.

" Monsient you will not marry her!" "Ah. thunder blood! Who will pre

"I shall monsieur!" Cardenac stared at Anatole, who was not very big but appeared to be very

decided. "All Young man, you are very lucky examined it closely—weighed it in his to have dound me in one of my placable - moments: - Take-advantage of it-save yourself while you have time; otherwise will not answer for your days? "Nor I for yours." Boula challenge to me Capdenac? Do

twice, and at the third tug broke the northe art of fencing for ten years?" 1.1. i-44There's nothing of fencive about me,

""I have fought twenty duels; and had the misfortune to kill five of my adversaries, besides wounding the fifteen otherst Come, I have taken pity on your youth, once more, go away!"

"I see by your preparations that you "are:an adversary worthy of his and my long growing desire to confront a man so redoubtable. Let's see; what shall we fight with? Those two double handed swords standing by the fireplace? Or those two boarding axes? With cayalry sabers, or would you prefer a pair of conveit yatagans? You hesitate. Can't

AT amothinking of your mother and her/coming distress." "I haven't a mother to be distressed Would you rather fight with a carbine.

pistof or revolver?" " "Young iman, don't play with fire

"Are you afraid? You are trembling." "Trembling! I? It's with cold." "Then fight or at once renounce the hand of Nicette."

FileRenounce the hand of Mile. Nicette By Jove I withite voil bravery! And brave mentare made to mideistand one another. Shall I make a confession to you?"

"Speak!" "For some time past I have myself had thoughts of breaking off this marriage, but I did not know how to do it. I consent therefore with pleasure to do what you wish but at the same time you must see that I cannot appear to 'Rive way to threats, and you have threat-Trail retract them."

""In that: cospially inderstood." "You will give me in writing your re-

"Young man, you have so completely won my sympathy that I can refuse you nothing.

"Turnished" with "the precious document, Anatole flew back to the dwelling place of M. Bouvard. He had a considcrable distance to walk; and by the time the reached the professor's door it was nearly 8 o'clock in the morning. "Who is there?" "Anatole."

shall consider you absent, and shall "Go nome and go w bed, change shall consider you absent, and shall professor, savagely.

amuse myself until you return. Council professor, savagely.

That was a line of the state of the sta fof Nicette's hand! "Open" the door or I will break it down.

M. Bouyard admitted him and Anatole placed in his hand the momentons paper. That done, he rushed to the door of Nicette's room and cried: "Cousin, get up—dress yourself

duickly and come here." "d'It' appears monsion that I am no longer master in my own home!" exclaimed M.: Bouvard: "your come and go and order as you please! To make you understand that I will have nothing, more to say to you, I-I will go back to. the morning newspaper, in the reading

"" for which you have interrupted me!" VeA few minutes later Nicese, looking fresh as dawh; strived in the drawing

"What is the matter?" "The matter," said M. Bouvard, "is in algorithms vous cousin is mad!"

"Mad? So be it?" replied" Anatole "Last night, my dear little cousin, I chtained two things—the renunciation of your hand by M. Capdenac, and the promise of your worthy guardian to bestow it on the man of your choice the

mán vou love." ou Do your tally wish me to marry An 4'Eh?" cried Anatole: his breath nearly

taken away. "Since I love you, cousin!"

At-that moment Anatole felf his heart beat violently. Was it at pleasure from the unexpected avowal made by Nicette, or was it the agony, the death symptom predicted by the doctor?

"Unfortunate that I am!" he cried.
"She loves me—I am within reach of "I fly thither! Until we meet again!" "Sne loves me—I am within reach of "You are going to throw yourself intc." liappiness, and am to die without attain-

Then, taking the hands of Nicette feverishly within his own, he told her all about the letter the venturous flower Without a moment's hesitation Ana he had scented the prognostication of tole betook himself to the address of the his old friend, the will he had written and the steps he had successfully taken to release her from the claim of Cap-

> "And new,"-he said in conclusion 'I have only to go home and diel" "But this is impossible," cried Nicette. This doctor must have mistaken: who

stava men who is never metror. Nicette da Dre Bardais."

a Barlais! Bardais! criod Bouvard: bursting into laughter A: "Listen to what my newspaper here says: 'The learned Dr. Bardais has been suddenly seized with mental alienation. The madness inquiry circo, the nature of venomous into the delinion that everybody he met was under the industrie of polson, and endeavored to persuade them that such was their condition. He was last night transported to the Maison de Sante of

"Nicettel"
Anatole! The two young persons full litte each ther's syms.—Strand Magazine. A Green Big Bing.

"A few years agos bully known as Big Mike was the terror of southern Wisconsin, said Patrick O'Farrell. Big Mike was monaich of all he surveyed. and his rights there was none to dispute. Janesville, Beloit and Waukesha were his favorite haunts. He was always spoiling for a fight, and as the stood 6 feet 6 inches and was put up like a Hercules hobody cared to accommodate him, and, like Arkansaw in Mark Twam's o'ertrue tale. he traveled chiefly on his bluff and bad looks.

~"One night Mike was itt a Waukesha Baloon kept by a German with the patriotic name of Yankee. Mike was hungry for trouble. He insulted everybody present, imposed on the bartender and made himself a disagrecable nuisance generally." Presently a tall, gaunt, consumptive looking chap drifted in. He looked as though a good stiff breeze. would blow him away! "He lounged up to the bar, and in a voice sweet and . She was going to leave home owan deferential as that of a bashful school extended visit, and her friends began to girl called for soda. Mike swaggered up to him and announced his intention to drink at the stranger's expense. The monsty bestow upon her departure. She latter naid no attention to him. Mike became abusive. He followed him gloves significantly when her brother about the room cursing him and making said something about a goodby present. pugilistic demonstrations.

stranger turned and sweetly said (My ing open at just the wrong time and re-Christian friend, you appear to be yearn; vealing its vast emptiness! *Moreover, ing for a thrashing. Be kind enough to she wouldn't experience any more congive me your address and I will send gestive chills when her last dime slipped you home to your family when I get behind the tattered lining; and the conthrough with you.' He handed Mike a ductor fidgeted while he moved his lips notebook and pencil and carefully re just as if he were rehearing that pormoved his coat. The cool andscity of tion of the street railway bylaws in the stranger paralyzed Mike. Heltried which no one is entitled to a ride except to crawfish, but the stranger wouldn't have it.

"I've heard of you for two years past, and I came to Waukesha especially Smith, since Sister Sue was married. to whip the insolence out of you, he' And a Mrs. Browning! Didn't she sigh said, 'and right here we mix.'

"But they didn't. Mike made a break soul was' in a turmoil over an unfor the door and has not been in Wauth kesha since. 'It was a beautiful bluff. The thin stranger could not have hurt him with a hammer. He' died two weeks later of consumption."-Chicago Tribune.

Two Foolish Men.

Among the most interesting visitors at the outlying summer resorts are the make it look full—and a pocket for unregenerate. Uncle Silas was greatly rural business men who run down from town to see the sights. They have money and are persons of consequence at home. One of their most important duties is to go through the dinner. They have expected to find a waiter behind every chair, and fancy they are neglected if their orders are not attended to immediately. Two of them, already annoved at the delay, had everything the bill of fare could offer but the black pepper. That was at the other end of the table, and the waiter was gone

Neither would take up knife or fock without the pepper. They fumed and fretted. They vowed they would never come to that hotel again. 'They wouldn't come there for \$10,000. They wouldn't spend a summer at any fashionable watering place for money. They made themselves so unhappy that a neighbor made an 'effort and got them the pepper But it was too late to restore their spir its. When the waiter endeavored, itc. serve them again eagerly, and with cir

cumstance, one exclaimed: "Oh, yest you're in a great hurry now. Don't jump around so; you make me

Finally the other laid down his knife and fork and said solemnly: "I feel like Pm robbing my wife and children eating such an expensive dinner. It's the way men ruin themselves when they ought to be laving up money in the

Thus these two poor men struggled through the meal, torturing themselves with every monthful, and simply because their little bundles of self love were hurt at not getting the black pepper the moment they wanted it.—New York Evening Sun.

Fickle Fortune.

*The stage offers many instances of a mocking fortune. Mr. Braton Robins, an old actor, whose recollections of half a century on the stage were published in part some time ago, had the one great chance of his life when he was in the very direct straits. He had been a would revive her, when with trembling, super. and had advanced into the more half hearted haste she gingerly untied dignified rank of the recognized actor. the string: And there lay two handker-For some days he had been living on chiefs!-Chicago News. bread and water, and he was weak and ill. Then news came to him that Mr. Betty had declined his part at Drury Lane, Mr. Robins was sent for. The play was "Richelieu." and he had never appeared in it. Shylock was his favorite character, and he begged that the playmight be changed. But this could not be done,

renown. his privations told their tale. His voice deserted him, the performance was a failure, and at the close he was taken away to bed and a long period of fickle she could be! Dramatic Letter.

The Use of Toothpicks.

and in fwenty-four hours the unknown

actor had to learn the enormous part.

"Do toothnicks do harm or good?" is a question often asked. They may do harm if abused, undoubtedly, by causing irritation of the gum between two and if made of wood splinters are liable to be left behind, which have in many recorded instances caused even the loss of a tooth; but used judiciously they are of great value in routing the lattacking forces in carles namely, accumulations of food and mileus secretions. It has been urged against them that they might dislodge a stopping. But if a stopping is so insecure it must be faulty, and the sconer it is replaced the bester, for decay, due to the impessibility of keeping the surface clean, the main was sentenced so eight days must be going on underneath it. -Lon- somery confinement. - Rappel.

"THE LITTLE LIFE.

O lost delight! How shill and gray
The breach and bloom of himmer day.
In the breas takes on a sobbing tone
Since bully died.

O Vahished Joy! The hours thrice ble When closely to my bosom pressed The flaxen head. And now the smart of lightened arms and weighted heart. Since buby died.

Omother loves To dream, to wait, Then death. Of what avail to rave? There still remains the little grave Since baby died.

O pure, sweet life! Thy fragrance rare Still lingers in the silent air.
Like voiceless prayer it lulls my pain,
And frozen grief flyors down in rain Since baby died. -Ida W. Wheeler in Ladies Home Journal.

A DELUGE OF HANDKERCHIEFS.

She Was Going Away, and All of Her

Friends Remembered Her, 43 hint of various little gifts of remembrance which they would magnanibeamed gladly and looked at her old Herold purse, too-on, she wouldn't be "Finally the consumptive looking fundilisted by its loosened clasp burstupon the payment of the mickel fare. Her calling cards also—surely some one would remember that she was now Miss dut to every one she that her whole

> poems? Well, about a week before she left the first package arrived.

> quenchable desire for a volume of these

"It's just the size—it must be the pocketbook." she cried joyful. soft, too what beautiful leather it must be! A place for small change and one for bills—I'll stuff that full of cotton to cards, I'm sure."

But, lo! Upon disclosing the there lay two handkerchiefs. "Oh, well," she sighed, trying to be optimistie; "it isn't so bad after all, for the initials are pretty.'

'Following' that every mail and every caller left little bundles of various dimensions and degrees of softness and weight, and each time she opened them with eager fingers, while visions of engraved pasteboards, fresh purses and danty poems rose in transcendent glory nothing but little linen squares till her as snow." handkerchief box ran over and flooded her whole dresser with waves of snowy

"Do they expect me to have a continual attack of influenza?" she cried in sheer desperation as a particularly

of pink, blue and cream squares. Taril suddenly, · She seriously contemplated following the example of the young men of Harvard, who drape their windows with curtains made of handkerchiefs purloined from their various girl friends. she even dreamed of being smothered "under the loads of odious things, and glared so savagely at the old washer woman. who came home with profuse apologies because "one o' them handkerchiefs got lost somehow," that the poor for perticklers." Detroit Free Press.

creature fled in fear. At last she was at the station; and she gave a sigh of relief that she could not possibly be attacked by any more handkerchief fiends. She was just settled in the car, with a magazine on the sea beside her, instead of the coveted Browning, and she had contrived to tuck her tattered purse down in her jacket pocket with her tipless gloves, when papa handed över a little package

"Here, my dear, it's little, but wanted to give you something."

She waited until they got out into the country, where the fresh air and the fleeting green and gold of the landscape

An Old Country Road.

What can be more pleasing than the unmolested edge of an old road, where hazel and elder hang out their fruit for the birds, where the fragrant clethra, blossoms, where the wild grapevine and the klossy bramble climb from tree to treerand wild reses and morning glories brighten the shadows with their smiles? He sat up all night, and next! morning. Here in the spring the trientalis and he was letter perfect, but he had eaten anemone make the ground beautiful nothing, and his excitement would not with their white blossoms, while the shad bush waves a welcome to the passer-When the curtain went up for the op- by. As summer comes the sky blue portunity which gave him chance for chicory clusters there, the milkweed and the epilobium show pink and purple, first class moral science tripos (after amid the foliage, the mullein lifts its only a year's study, 1892. Therese Monstately vellow blossoms from its, furry leaves. while barberry shows first its sickness." Thus in the very moment of arcs of yellow bloom and later its coral his success Dame Fortune showed how clusters of fruit that contrast well with the great goldenrod and the splendid purple of the wild aster in the fall glership. Garden and Forest.

An Ingenious Defense. court martial on the charge of stealing teethe and les ration of brandy. He set up the following plea: "Gentlemen." should really be sorry to pass for a thief I had observed that my comrade's flask was getting old and would shortly comnence to leak. I therefore took his orandy in order to keep it for him. and his braidy on the top of mine, but were perfectly pure."

Notwithstanding his clever detense,

with Principle Hamy of the Smithnership the State of the Smithnership the State of the Smithnership the Smithnership to Sied of the Smithnership to Sied of the Smithnership to Boston with the princesoft. He says that while they were waiting for a steamer the professor was talkative and communicative in his quiet way, and was full of incidents of unvel and adventure.

Soon the steamer appeared in sight, and while she was approaching us the professor sat upon the what looking dreamily at her. Presently he arouse himself and said:

"I see a peculiar sparkle of the waves near the side of the steamer, where the sun shines upon her. (It was almost sunset.) "I wonder what the cause of it is? I have seen phosporescent light be fore, but hever exactly like this. And see, there it is also upon the other, the darker side of the steamer. Well, cer-'tainly that is very curious!"

We all looked Indeed It did seem remarkable. First appn the bright side of the steamer and then upon the dark side would appear these curious flashes of light and disappear almost instantly. They seemed to come at regular intervals, and it was a strange and beautiful Our reveries were presently disturbed

by the approach of one of the customs inspectors. He glanced at us with some curiosity and then said. Lookin at Yes, replied the professor, rousing

himself from his absorbed meditation of

'the phenomenon: "I wonder what they "Oh," said the inspector carelessly.

"them's hot asnes they're throwin out of the ash pits."

"The professor was nondused for a moment. Thei he feebvered his senses and said quietly, Well, live and 'learn-live and learn!" and lapsed into silence.—Youth's Companion.

A Serious Case.

Uncle Silas was a very honest and pious old colored man who preached on Sundays and had a great influence for good upon the others in the settlement. During one of his revival seasons, among a dozen or so at the mourners' bench was a black boy called Eph, about twenty years old and for a long time rejoiced to see him come forward, and at once went to him to Boberias or "Hain't no use in my comin up," he sobbed. "I'se sinned away de day oh

"No. you ain't, bridder, protested Uncle Silas. "You am de kin what de Lawd wants, to save. All you got to de is to gib up sin." "I'se dun dun dat. Uncle Silas."

sobbed Eph, "but dey ain't no salvation fer me.' "Yes, dey is, too, honey." Dey ain't m before her expectant eye. But, alast sin so black dat hit ain't washed white

> confessed the penitent. "Dat's all tuggib, Eph'm," "But dem two was you'n, Uncle Silas. Dem fat pullets you low'd so much sto'

"I done stole fou chickens las week."

by, Uncle Silas.' promising parcel evolved into a series "What dat?" exclaimed Uncle Silas

"Dem has two wuz yo' pullets, Uncle Silas," sobbed Eph. Uncle Silas became colemn and stern. "I reckon, Eph'm," he said slowly, "you case needs advisement wid pra'r. I ain't sho dat we wanter be clutterin up de kingdonfof hebben wid chicken thieves, an you better stay right on de mo'ners' bench till de meetin am done. and we kin dezamine you state ob sin

Queer Food. The hedgehog figures frequently in sylvan repasts, though he is hardly big enough to be sent to table as a piece de resistance. The primitive manner of cooking it supersedes the most costly refinements de claborate batteries de cuisine. The elephants foot or rather the slice below the pastern; which is a famous dainty in eastern hunting camps, is treated on precisely similar principles, which shows that the simplest cookery of all nations has much in common, like their folklore.

Shakespeare's British shedgepig, like its cousin, the porcupine, is shrouded in a plastic tenement of clay. Then he is laid to temporary rest in a bed of smol-dering cinders. When supposed to be done to a turn, the dwarf pig is dug up, and then the prickly skin is detached with the splitting of the case of clay. All the generous fuices, with their bouquet, have been confined and transfused. -London Saturday Review.

15 The Gfr Has Achieved Much.

Mis Edith Emily Read-has just beaten the record in Girton girls. She is now doing some responsible work on the labor commission, which comes as the climax of a singularly successful career. Here is a bare record of her achievements: Goldsmiths and Clothworkers' scholarship, from the North London Collegiate school to Girton (fifty pounds, each for three years, wrangler, 1891: tefiere membrial prize of fifty pounds 1892 for most distinguished student at Girton; prizes of twenty pounds each from Goldsmiths and Clothworkers' companies in recognition of her wran-

Miss Reed is we believe, the only lady who ever took first class honors in two tripeses. One of her principal tu-A Pomeranian linesman was tried by tors at the North Leadon Collegiate school was Mrs. Sophie Bryant, D. Sc.-London Letter.

> Mifect of the Sun of Monuments. The perpendicularity of a monument

is visibly affected by the rays of the sun. On every sunny day a tall monument has a regular swing leading away from the sun. This phenomenon is due to the every time I wanted a drink of my own greater expansion of the side on which I was forced to swallow some of his. the rays of the sun fall. A pendulum So you see gentlemen, my intentions placed inside say Nelson's column, in Trafalear sougher would be desired to describe on every clear day was ellipse of nearly half an inch m dismeter .- English Mechanic,