

ENGAGED!

His fingers still in the driving seat, striving to keep his shadow in sight. There's a tremulous smile on his lips he has missed.

LOST HIS BEAR!

"Bezonville! Gravelotte! Montreuil! What a long time ago it all seems!—half a lifetime, monsieur!" said my old friend Philippe Albert.

"Poor Mariel! M. Vendome thought nothing of her." "Cambert hated Leon and would of you say while stroking his thick, black beard: 'This young cocked crow is too good for his life!'"

"I was in very great haste to part company with my right arm, but I stood aside to give young Leon his chance. A right arm is a good friend and stickthief friend is sometimes a drop."

him groan 'O Jehu!' and saw him throw out both his hands into the air. Then I knew what had happened. "In another instant he would fall backward over his horse's haunches and lie on the ground with a Prussian bullet in his internals and his comrades' horses trampling the beauty in his young face."

STRIKING INCIDENTS.

SCENES THAT WERE PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE MEMORY.

The Professor Heard Governor Brough Make His Last Speech With Head Bare. General Buell and the Sergeant Crazed With Thirst at the Spring.

"Some of you youngsters," said the professor, "wonder how we old fellows remember the prominent men of 20 or 30 or 40 years ago so well. Because we associate them with some particular event, not necessarily of any importance, but serving to bring the men associated with it vividly before the mind."

"Brough was one of the very strongest men of that period in public life, but you know that I heard one of the most prominent ladies in Ohio urge that he be not re-nominated because he was so reckless in his use of tobacco."

"The doctor, with a gasping sob, turned to us as we drew toward the door of the hut. 'I loved the youth,' he said. 'I find that I have loved our sister. It is well that you should go—she wishes it—' but courage, my brothers, the time has not yet come to say of our brave comrade in arms—may the soul of the faithful departed rest in peace."

OUTPUT OF TWO FORESTS.

The Almost Inconceivable Amount of Lumber Cut in Wisconsin and Minnesota.

"The Story of a Pine Board" is the title of an article by W. S. Harwood in St. Nicholas. Mr. Harwood says of the lumbering in Wisconsin and Minnesota: "About 4,160,000,000 feet of logs were cut in the season of 1895—that is to say, what is equivalent to 4,160,000,000 pieces of board 12 inches square and 1 inch thick."

MR. LAMAR PAID TWICE.

General Lee Tells a Story of the Justice's Absent-mindedness. General Lee tells this story of ex-Senator Lamar, while the latter was a member of the United States supreme court.

A Quaint Scotch Wedding Custom.

A quaint wedding custom still prevails in many of the little country towns and farming villages in Scotland. When a wedding is held, the contracting parties make their guests pay in full for the eating, drinking and dancing facilities which are usually provided on such occasions.

The Use For It.

"And now," said the banker, when they had entered the private office and closed the door, "what can I do for you?" "The sinister looking stranger drew from his pocket a glass vessel securely corked, containing a yellowish liquid."

SCHOOLS AND POLITICS.

A Scheme With Real Estate Trimmings That Won in Oregon.

"Speaking of schools in relation to politics," said the ex-boomer from Oregon, "always reminds me of a campaign in which I was interested some years ago. The Douglas county representative in the Oregon state legislature, realizing that his popularity was not exceedingly great, had been talking of building a new state normal school, presumably at Prineville, the county seat and his own home."

Duration of Human Life.

That the human being was intended for greater length of life than is usually attained in our artificial existence is probable from the fact that he does not reach his full and complete development until his sixteenth year.

A Friendly Bar Examination.

A Georgia correspondent sends us this account of a young man's oral examination before a bar by a local committee before an old judge, who was also an old acquaintance of the candidate. Being asked, "What is arson?" he scratched his head and finally said, "I believe that's pison, ain't it?"

Physiologist.

Instructor—What is it that gives to the blood its bright red color? Little Miss Thavnoon—I know. It's the corpuscles. But ours ain't red. They're blue. Mamma says so.—Chicago Tribune

He Benefited Humanity.

There is an oriental story of two brothers, Ahmed and Omar. Both wished to perform a deed whose memory should not fail, but which might sound their name and praise. Omar, with wedge and rope, lifted an obelisk on its base, carving its form in beautiful devices and sculpturing many a strange inscription on its sides.

SIGHTSEEING IN LONDON.

A Chicago Girl Notes That English Women Have Large Feet.

"Under these circumstances we took our first drive down Piccadilly, and Europe to me dates from that moment," writes Miss Lillian Bell in 'The Ladies' Home Journal.' "The ship, the landing, the custom house, the train, the hotel—all these were mere preliminaries to Europe, which began then. People told me in America how my heart would swell at this and how I would thrill at that, but it was not so. My first real thrill came on me in Piccadilly. It went all over me in little shivers and came out at the ends of my fingers and then began once more at the base of my brain and did it all over again."

CARE FOR EMPLOYEES.

The Plan Which a Large Manufacturer Found Successful. The question, "What is to become of the old man" is one that is frequently discussed. Generally it is meant to apply to men who have not been able to save sufficient money to support them in their declining years and whose economic efficiency has become impaired by the passing of years.

A Story of Abernethy.

This is the story of Dr. Abernethy which Tennant used to tell. A farmer went to the great doctor complaining of discomfort in the head, weight and pain. The doctor said, "What quantity of ale do you take?" "Oh, I takes my yale pretty well." Abernethy (with great patience and gentleness). "Now then, to begin the day—breakfast, what time?" "Oh, at half past 7. 'Ale then, how much?" "I takes my quart." "Luncheon?" "At 11 o'clock, I gets another snack." "Ale then?" "Oh, yes, my pint and a haaf." "Dinner?" "Haaf past 1." "Any ale then?" "Yes, yes, another quart then." "Tea?" "My tea is at haaf past 6." "Ale then?" "Noa, noa." "Supper?" "Noine o'clock." "Ale then?" "Yes, yes, I takes my fill then I goes asleep arterward." Like a lion aroused, Abernethy asked, "What is arson?" he scratched his head and finally said, "I believe that's pison, ain't it?"

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Curious... The... G... L... Ste... Me... Bu... Co... Cha... M... Fu... Pa... John... L... S... O... D... W... Cou... W... Gen... P... CAVE... SKE... O'FA... 1425... 9999