Jayne picked up the letter and found it was from General Dix. It conveyed the information that several Federal prisoners had escaped from Libby prison with the aid of Abbie Green, a woman famous during the war. The letter also said that, as the fact of Abbie's assistance was well known, she had been obtiged to flee from Richmond and even then was on her way to Washington on the flag of truce

"Now, my boy." said the president, "I don't know what I should say to any rascal who would steal that letter and have a bill passed through congress to grant \$10,000 to the relief of Abbie Green." Mr. Jayne "stole the letter," and the next day both branches of congress passed the bill to grant \$10,000 to Abbie Green. The following morning "Honest Abe" sent for Jayne again.

"I told you I didn't know what I should say," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "to the rascal who would steal that letter and have congress act on it. Now, I've made up my mind what to say. You go down to No. -street, get Abble Green, take her down to Chase at the treasury, and don't you let her go until she gets that money."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Swallowing Sait Water.

One of the most beneficial features of a sea bath is the salt water inadvertently swallowed by bathers. It is a wonderful tonic for the liver, stomach and kidneys. In many cases it will cure biliousness when all drug preparations have failed. It is peculiarly effective in ordinary cases of indigestion. disordered stomach and insomnia and has been known to produce excellent results in many cases of dyspepsia.

Clean sea water is full of tonic and sedative properties. It won't hurt anybody. Indeed two or three big swallows of it would be of positive benefit to nine bathers out of ten. It is not, of course, a palatable or tempting dose to take, but beither is quinine or calomel. You seldom if ever see an old sailor who is billious or dyspeptic or a victim to insomnia, and why? For the reason that an ocean of good medicine spreads all about his sky, and he doses himself copiously with it whenever his physical mechanism becomes the least bit deranged.—Washington Star.

Cruelty to Lobsters.

It is singular how the cruel practice of boiling lobsters alive continues. Our forefathers - and indeed our parents the theory that in no other way could white meat be secured, and later on calves were bled one day and killed the next. Now, every one knows that a calf can be killed in a humane manner | Of course, Mamie did not wear snowand the veal made just as good, and, generally speaking, animals killed for food have been put out of the way in a much more humane manner than formerly. But lobsters are still tortured out of existence, the only difference being that, while formerly they were exclusively boiled to death, now some are boiled and some are broiled. Which process causes the most agony no one can say.—Exchange.

Monotonous Tones.

If voices were cultivated toward expression in speaking as well as in singing, the variety of tone would be very agreeable to the listener. Many people find the monotonous tone used in everyday conversation very irritating and would hail with delight any method which would tend toward breaking this tiresome sameness. Even beauty of tone does not save this monotony from condemnation. It is like striking one key of a musical instrument over and over again. The teaching of elocution should be of aid in this direction or the practice of reading aloud, striving to give proper expression to each sentence.-Detroit News-Tribune.

Department Store Repartee. "What are these things?" asked the customer.

"I don't want anything that will

erase a blackboard. I want a chalk mark eraser." "That's what I meant. These are

chalk mark erasers. Anything else?" "Yes. I want some lead pencils." "We haven't any lead pencils. We

have some wooden cylinders with graphite on the inside of them. Will they do as well?"-Chicago Tribune.

Shaking Hands. At a duel the combatants discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interfered and proposed that the duelists should shake

hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary.

"Their hands," said he, "have been shaking this half hour."

The Return Trip. Passenger (on steamer en route to Europe)—The steerage appears to be empty. Don't emigrants ever return to

the old country? Captain-Oh. yes: but they always go back in the first cabin.—Chicago News.

A small damsel of twelve who disliked boys wrote an essay upon them. in which she said, "If I had my way, haif the boys in the world would be girls and the other half would be dolls."

Hate hurts the hater most. Don't pinch yourself and expect others to feel the hurt. National Magazine.

THE BEAR THAT

Boy was a little chap. Perhaps that was the real reason he was not out thought it was because he did not want

"I'll never kill a moor little deer wher I am big." he said to his grandmother, but she did not answer or secon to no dee, because she knew that all men. even the very kindest, like her son. Boy's tather, saw no harm in shooting down the soft eyed creatures, and she thought the child would outgrow his opinions. So she only said:

"I guess you will forget about being sorry for the deer when you eat him broiled over the coals for your dinner. I shouldn't wonder a bit if your pa brought in a wild turkey too. There have been a lot of them in the woods just below the timber line, and the snow is covered with rabbit tracks."

Then the busy old lady hurried cheerilv around the cabin, and Boy sat and day, looked out of the window at the mountain peaks that rose against the deep his father asked, and the little fellow blue of the sky. It is not every little replied: child who can live so near the clouds as Boy lived. But he was a whole week above the village in the valleyto get up to their cabin in the summer. In the winter they called it three months above the town, for as long as the snow was on the hills no one ever thought of making the journey.

Boy's father was a prospector, and he had an idea there was gold higher and said she couldn't stand it. But her up on the hills than any one supposed. He had at first intended to go up alone and camp for a season and return to that night, and he looked a long time the village in the fall, but Boy's grand- into the fire and then went over very mother put her little plump foot right softly and kissed the boy as he lay down and said:

"No. If you are going up there, Boy and I are going too."

What can a man do when the foot about speaking tender things: that wears the slipper that used to not do anything but say, "All right," as this, 'A little child shall lead them.' " though that was what he had been thinking of all the time, and let them but she nodded her head very gently

They had to get plenty of warm clothes and blankets and stormcoats. Boy suddenly laughed in his sleep .and rubbers and high boots, and a cab. Grace Duffle Boylan in Chicago Recin had to be built in a sheltered hollow ord-Herald. under a beetling crag, where it would be safe from the great snowslides. which might otherwise have slipped down and covered them.

This cabin had double walls and a tarred and sealed roof, and all the hauled wood and cut it to proper length knowledging a favor. for the great fireplace that filled one Keep step with any one with whom lengths for the cook stove that glowed the white winter found them cozy place. enough and living among the clouds. his father and Mamie snowshoeing. office. shoes or any other kind of shoes, for she asks you to precede her. that matter, because she was a cinnawore the queer things, which look more son, is seated. like tennis rackets than shoes, only instep and secure them to the feet. Boy had hard work to walk on them at first. for you have to step with feet wide apart and take long strides, and sometimes, when the snow is soft, at every step you seem to be lifting a ton. It was on one of his first excursions that seat after ladies and elders. Boy met Mamie. His father had shown him just how to manage and started him out nicely, and then he got to thinking about something else, as fa- ish the course when they do. thers will-they are different from Boy struggle on alone as best he could.



"NICE DOGGIE! DON'T HURT MY PAPA!" Faster and faster he strode along, and, fore the crab sets off he takes in water the little legs behind ached with his efforts to keep within sight. He was might do. too brave to call out, and yet he feared . As he goes along the dusty road drops to let his father get away without him. of water keep falling out of the sacks He stumbled along pantingly and then on to his gills and keep them moist, so suddenly slipped and fell, face down- that he does not suffer either from heat ward, while the great flat shoes, driven or dryness.—Mary Kirby in Pittsburg coal were crawling to the bottom. deep in the snow, held him immovable. Dispatch,

That was a bad place for a boy to be in. He could not stir or cry out, and in a short time he must have smothered if he had not been promptly and the woman who was calling on his gently turned over on his back. He saw the whirl of the snow follow the upward swing of the shoes as they were turned with him, and he laughed and brushed the clinging white masses from his eyes.

"Lucky you came just as you did, papa," he said, and then he looked up to see a big black bear looking down at

surprise, for he had never seen a besi before and did not know that he might be considered had company for children. "Nice doggie! Come here!" He put out his little mittened hand, and the bear laughed and slid his head under it for the caress. They were like this when Boy's father came back in wild haste and upon them. For a moment he stood speechless and amazed; deer hunting with the men. But he then his rifle leaped to his shoulder. The child looked up, and in a moment his chubby arms were around the wild beast's neck, and the man's hand fell to his side at the moment the bear aught sight of and recognized an encmy. He sprang from the friendly embrace and, rising on his hind feet, made a furious dash at the newcomer. But Boy, kicking his feet free, was again

> clinging to the shaggy sides. "Nice doggie!" he cried. "Don't hurt cay papa!" And the beast settled down under the baby hand and then turned and walked, without looking back, into the timber below them.

All this happened during the first winter of their stay on the mountains when Boy was only four years old. After that he used to stand at the door and call "Mamie! Mamie!" day after ed Lois, quivering with suppressed in-

"Why do you call him that name?" "Oh, just so he'll know I love him.

Mamie sounds that way, you know." So he called "Mamie" to his heart's that is, it took the mule train that long content, and one day the bear came to the place and nearly frightened grandma to death. But she saw the baby run out and throw his arms around the shaggy neck and saw the pointed head over the little gingham shoulder. Then she just sat down, trembling, and cried own little one had disarmed a wild animal. She spoke to her son about it asleep.

Then he said diffidently, as people will when they are grown up and shy

"Mother, you used to tell me some spank him is put down hard? He could things, and one, I remember, was like

Boy's grandma did not say a word, and smiled into her son's brown, bearded face as they sat there in the silence.

Manners For Boys. Here are a few rules that our boys, both large and small, would do well to

observe 1. In the Street.—Hat lifted when cracks were covered with felt to keep saying "Goodby" or "How do you do?" Jack Frost from peeping in. The men Also when offering a lady a sent or ac-

side of the room, and they cut short you walk. Always precede a lady up more, I am glad that I am free." bright red in the opposite corner. So in going through a crowd or public

2. At the Street Door.-Hat off the And Boy's great delight was to go with moment you step into a private hall or

3. In the Parler .- Stand till every

mon bear, but Boy and his father each lady in the room, also every older per-Rise if a lady enters the room after

there are straps across to fit over the you are seated and stand till she takes Look people straight in the face when

> they are speaking to you. Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

4. In the Dining Room.—Take your Do not take your napkin up in a

bunch in your hand. Eat as fast or slow as others and fin-

Do not ask to be excused before the grandmothers in some respects—and let others unless the reason is imperative. -American Boy.

> The Crab That Lives on Land. Crabs live not only in the sea. They swarm in every brook and river, and they even live on dry land.

There is one crab that would die in you threw him into the water. He would be drowned. He is called the land crab. He likes to live in the shadow of some damp, dark forest. The forest will often be a great way from the sea, but he does not care about that. He hides himself in a hole and lies there as snug as possible. When it is getting dusk, he comes out of his hole and runs about a little. very likely to catch something for sup-

Nature has provided in a very in genious manner for the wants of these land crabs. I must tell you that the gills, or breathing apparatus, of the crab lie in the center of the body and look like a number of loose fringes.

It is necessary to the creature's health that these gills be kept damp. But as the crab will often go on a journey, for grabs are great travelers,

how is it to be done? A number of little sacks, like water bags, are placed under the gills. Beby filling his sacks, just as an engine

"My father," said the small boy to

mother, "la a great man. He knows what time it is without looking at his watch." "What do you mean. Tommy?" asked

the visitor. "Oh, when I holler out and ask hime what time it is in the morning, he coways says it's time to get up, and when I ask him what time it is in the evening he always says, Time to go to

bed!"-Waterbury.

CENTRED.

To each man's life there comes a three course.
One day, one night, one moraling or one no one relighted hour, one moment opportunity of the course of the co One space when integenetiding with the stream.
One once, in belance twist Too Lais. Too

And ready for the passing instant's book And ready for the passing message were.
To tip in favor the uncertain beam.
Ah, nappy he who, knowing how to walt.
Knows also how to watch and work and stand
on Life's broad deck alert, and at the grow
To selze the passing moment, big with fate.
From opportunity's extended hand,
h men the great clock of deathy strikes Now!

—Mary A. Townsond.

-Mary A. Town

BACK TO LOVE AND LIFE.

'Don't be unreasonable, Lois," pleaded Dane Bronson, laying this thand fondiy on the bright curls of the ind.gnant girl by his side. "Don't be

unreasonable." "Unreasonable" exclaimed Lois with an impatient shrug of her pretty shoulders. "Pray, sir, in what way have I proved myself unreasonable." "By making a charge that you cannot substantiate," answered Dane un-_hesitatingly.

"And to add insult to injury you now accuse me of falsehood," assertdignation.

"No, no: I do not mean that, Lois. I do not mean to imply that you have not told the truth, but you do not understand the whole truth and will not listen to the explanation I have a right

to give," insisted Dane. "What I saw with my own eyes needs no explanation," returned Lois, said: coldly. "The attention lavished upon "Ch that little gypsy, Natalle Holland, was such as you have no right to give after upon my finger. It was very humiliating to encounter the inquiring fouth frequently, but not having any glances of my friends." "But, Lois, there was no cause for

humiliationfor a pretty little brunette, who had no claims upon you!" interrupted Lois, "You don't know who that pretty little brunette was, Lois," began Dane, for the sake of the three who. with an amused look.

"Nor do I want to know," retorted Lois, angrily. "You take advantage of my supposed absence to engage in a his veins, flirtation, and now you have my permission to keep it up indefinitely.

"Lois, Lois, listen to reason," urged Dane, soothingly. "You don't under could be noted, and when the opening stand everything or you would not was made and the brave rescuera en speak in this way."

our engagement is at an end," she said more helpless condition than any of and offering it to him.

"You mean what you say, do you, words, she said sharply:

For a moment Dane stood looking at her with burning eyes, and then the answer came low and sorrowful.

joyful in my freedom, as you profess come to spend a few weeks with her to be in yours; nevertheless. I must idolised brother in his new home Lole Let a lady pass first always, unless accept it. Farewell!" and before Low knew now, and bitterly did she recould reply he was gone.

ned by an unexpected blow. They they were together. had quarrelled before, and, in spite of her expressed determination not to listen to his explanation she had expect- have spent another hour with her, and ed him to make it and in a very hum- so evaded Jack Daniels and escaped ble way sue for her forgiveness. She the mine disaster and the horror of realized now that she had gone too fur being buried silve. and from the white, set face that he

aiready bearing bitter fruit. As Dane emerged from the Maberly grounds he was accosted by his friend. Jack Daniels, who, after rallying him and it was she who first discovered on his doleful appearance, proposed a visit to the Rendville mines, half a mile out from the village.

Dane was glad of any kind of diversion just then, and, as he had never been through the queer underground chambers, where so many of his fellow-beings lived day after day, he consented at once to accompany Jack, who was well acquainted with the

great chambers. Dane was a great student of natural and, regardless of the heavy heart he carried, became much interested in the wonderful workings of this subterranean home, and if it had not been for an accident, that occurred just as they were about to leave the mine, he would have blessed Jack for his delifew hours of his great disappointment. They had visited the most interesting parts of the miss and most interesting that the miss of the miss and most interesting that the miss are most interesting that the miss are most interesting that the miss are miss and miss are miss and miss are miss

The mine is falling in," shouted one white as his own to give the warning to his comrades.

"You are surely nelstaken. Bill."

And may it ever be worthy of you gasped Jack, stopping the fellow in

his mad retreat. "Would to God I was, but I'm not!" shricked Bill. There is no chunce of talle breaking in upon the scene escape by this route. Go back and try

ed mechanically, but their progress was soon arrested by a pile of state that effectually blocked the way. Then your musband is engaged in a work that enectually plocked the value of the process of profain history.

they turned aside into the old diggings, of profain history.

of profain history.

"Yes," replied the authors wife alling in great quantities, and by the certainly sounded that way when I heard him correcting the proofs.

Washington Star.

"Let us try to get into the chambers in the northern part of the bank, ang zested Jack, and they started on the me this horse was without fault? run, only to find, when they reached the place, that the way of escape was cut off there also. They were shut in of his eyes is blind on all aides and apparently nothing. Stableman Thats on all sides and apparently nothing Simbleman. Thats not his fault its remained but for them to die together, bas misfortune. Harper's Basar.

Cornish workmen, was found wandering in an aimless way in the billing enleading into this northern chamber. He was very much discouraged was to and said; when he realized the worst ton It in his vite "Boys, let us go back and make up out bed wherean to die
The room which prunised to be there

Poor Joe Pearson, another of the

Cour to he abread. Two distant By accepted mineral water Council Free consisted of four places of bread two of which were buttered; four anapietes of fried bacon, two bolled age and two pickies split in two Three Jugs were found containing about ny Quarts of water and about a quart of

oil for their miners lamps Their greatest audering through the aret few days was from cold. De what they would they ablyered con tinually. The only way they could ge any warmth was to lie down on the bod, taking turns in lying in the mid-

For some time after their food was exhausted the peroxysms of hunger were frequent and terrible but as the hours were away these paroxysms became loss frequent and violent, and to wards the end they gave them very little trouble. After their oil gave ou they were in total darkness, a mistor tune that they looked upon as the very worst connected with their im-

prisonal at Recardless of his own troubles, Dans kept up his spirits much better than the other three, and did all in his power to encourage them to try to keep life in their wasten bodies till

help should reach them. One day when he was in the blind entry he thought he detected the dull sound of a pick. The sound seemed to be communicated by the wooden rail at , 9:00 9:35 nesses to or run which occupied the middle of F.M.—3:10 at , 3:10. the entry. When sure he was not mistaken he went back to the room and

"Cheer up, boya! I hear them dig ging." But they either did not believe him or were too much exhausted to be having placed the engagement ring fully conscious of the good tidings, he After this he went back and CHARLOTTE AMDOSTAND bore, way of computing the time it was impossible for him to tell how many dies days clapsed before he was able to "No cause for humiliation, when at a attract the attention of the rescuent public entertainment I was deserted and help them to dir to a better pur-Dose. While the work was going on outside, poor Dane was conscious that his powers were falling rapidly, but tenrued to depend so much upon him he struggled bravely against the fatal numbress creeping so stealthly into

At last he was compelled from sheer weakness to cease his visits to the entry, where the progress of the work tered the stifling mine they carried I understand enough to know that him up into the air and sunshing in A slowly, taking the ring from her finger the three for whose lives he had made

such a heroic struggle. During the twelve days of almost Lois?" questioned Dane, hoarsely, as hopeless waiting, Tolk Maberly had he rose to his feet without even a grown white and thin from constant glance at the ring she held out to him. suffering. Her maldenly reserve pre-There was a look in his dark eye that wented her from speaking of her sor reminded Lois of a wounded animal, row even to her most intimate friends. helpless in the tolls of its foe, and she but her silence pleaded more slowiently determined to test its power to its at for her among the rough miners than termost; so, instead of retracting her the most bitter grief could have done. In these days of trial and suffering "I mean what I say, and what is she had learned how deeply she had wronged the one being on earth dearer

The little "brunette," who had be the innocent cause of the disruption "You have chosen, Lois for me as between the lovers, was Dane's own well as for yourself, but I cannot be half-sister—a mere child—who had proach herself when she recalled her For a moment she sat as one structure unwomanlines con that last morning

It she had only listened to the explanation he wished to make he would

All night long she had waited with carried away, she scarcely hoped that bundreds of other anxious hearts at he would ever again give her a chance the mouth of the mine to learn the to unsay those cruel words that were fate of the entombed men, and when Dane was brought up from the pit more dead than alive, it was Lots who bathed his face and chafed his hands. that the vital spark was still burning feebly in his breast. It was on he pale face, too, that his eyes first gased when, at last, the death-like swoo gave way to the warm throb of life.

She was kneeling by him, his white limp hand in hers, when conscious

"Lois." he whispered "It is you dear, with the ring still on your finger. Then it was all a horrible dream." "A dream I hope you will speedily

forget, Dane," answered Lois tender-iy. "I did not understand all then, but I do now, and if suffering can atone for the wrong done I surely have ex-plated my sin Oh, Dane, Dane, can you forgive me? Can you forget that dreadful morning—It seems like years

parts of the mine and were nearing its mouth when a low rumbling sound resembling distant thunder startled them and caused them to quicken their median to be left to be and the left to be a l

of the laborers, leaving the car he was pushing before him, and hurrying back with an effort he raised it to his lips pushing before him, and hurrying back and imprinted the kiss of forgiveness "Mine forever," he whispered.

said Lois sweetly without attempting to withdraw it "And it will be I am sure," said N the tunnel. If it is closed, God pity keep a varm place in your heart for us!"

"I am told," said the caller, "that

Young Pastkind-"Well, I notice of

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