When I might be A messenger of hope and happiness-How could I ask to have what I denied. In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might share A brother's load along the dusty way, And I should turn and walk alone that

day, How could I dare, When in the evening watch I knelt to pray.

To ask for help to bear my pain and loss, If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

A little song to cheer a fainting heart, And I should seal my lips and sit apart. When I might bring

If I might sing

A bit of sunshine for life's ache and How could I hope to have my grief relieved If I kept silent when my brother griev-

ed?

And so I know That day is lost wherein I fail to lend A helping hand to some wayfaring friend:

But if it show A burden lightened by the cheer I sent, Then do I hold the golden hours well spent.

And lay me down to sleep in sweet con--Edith V. Bradt.

A STUDENT'S ADVENTURE.

Some ten years ago, I spent the long vacation on the northwest of Antrim; somewhat disappointed with early failures and with myself, I affected the solitary. I tried hard at twenty to set up the then impossible character of foolish, old misazithropical Timon. I soon, however, discovered the unpleasantness and impracticability of this. The wild precipices and mountains of the grand coast exercised my demon, and the limitless, full Atlantic, beating restlessly on its iron bounds, roused me to action. Presently I dropped into the doings and crafts of the rough fishermen and cragsmen of the neighborhood, and so on gained their hearts by some unusual feats. I acquired the high character of being "a gay, venturesome lad"-no unworthy fame

My rather confident address and courage, such as they were, underwent a peculiar trial when and as I least expected. I was living in the vicinity of the celebrated swinging bridge. Carrick-a-Rede. The troops of tourists visiting it reminded me of the world from which I was, after all, I fear, an unwilling exile. The danger of crossing the bridge with my dog and gun afforded some excitement. The giorious view of shore, sea and isles delight. ed me, the deep mossy heather on the headlands made a luxurious couch for dozing upon under the summer sun.

One day, from my favorite eyrie, I had watched a gay party descending the slope to the bridge, mixing and changing the colors as they went, like the view in a kaleidoscope. I could distinguish laughter and sweet voices pleasantly ringing out, and I confess it needed the solace of my favorite book, and all my fortitude to render me contented in my solitude up among the seagulls.

I had resumed my lost place and stretched myself very comfortably on the moss of my tall, outstanding, pillar-like cliff, when suddenly my dog, Tasso, rushed close to me and fixed his abig, dar't eyes anxiously in the direction of the bridge. We both trembled at that moment for a piercing scream smote us. The sea birds darted out from the rock face, and after a short. silent flight outward, cried their shrillest and loude-st. Could I be deceived? It was surrely human! Another scream, if possible, more intensely painful. It was a woman's voice. "Can it be." I thought, "some of

them over the cliff?" Grasping my gun, I rushed down the hill as men only run to save human life. Again and again, as I flew over the broken ground, I felt the same bitter cry striking, as it seemed, into my very heart. A few bounds over the slipperv sea grass along the edge of the precipice, and I stood at the head of the ladder which leads down to the swing-

ing bridge. Heavens! what a sight!

fair haired girl. With her two small, white hands, she desperately clutched the slender cord which the fishermen use as a balance or guide, the pressure of her whole weight drove it out from the floating strip of boards on which she stood. Sometimes with her nands stretched out, she swayed, face downwards, over the abyss, with its white raging waves a hundred feet below; sometimes the wind and the double oscillation laid her backwards, with her hands clenched upon that worthless cord, and her pale, sharp face straining upwards, as her long hair streamed out, pointing down to the sea. The bridge itself was shaking and sway ing, giving to it that clank and moan peculiar to it in storms, wreathing about like some serpent struggling with the poor girl's efforts. On the platform of rock beneath the ladder stood the rest of the party, each in different attitude of silent, horrified expectancy, inca pable of the slightest at tempt at rescue.

At a glance this never-to-be-forgotten scene was all understood. Another scream, another look of wild, appeal ing despair from the poor girl, and I was out upon the narrow plank. Under the double motion the ropes shook and were depressed, so that I could scarcely walk; theratlines on which the footboards lie strained to the utmost in sharp angles clearly marked against the rushing white and green under

There was no time to think or pause With rapid strides I came on. I could hear her praying now. But I saw alse that she was fast losing her conscious ness; her courage and strength had given way under the reaction of hope; she was about to faint. I measured the terrible distance into which she was about to fall headlong. I was prepared to abide the desperate plunge the bridge would give the moment she dropped.

In the last extremity of fear and

hope, I shouted, in a voice that stirred my own heart, too: "Courage, brave girl; courage for one moment more!

Just then I was within six feet of her standing on six inches wide of a deal plank that bent like whalebone, my only hold the loose swinging cord from rock to rock agross the gulf, below & black walled chasm of rugged rocks, with a dizzy whirl of roaring foam between them. Judge, then, my dismay and astonishment when I saw this girl as I spoke, leave hold of the hand rope, and walk unessisted towards me along that narrow, shaking path hung out in air. I could not credit my senses; it was unheard of: it was too daring: it was impossible for any human being. Before I could recover or decide how to act, she had thrown herself upon me, her arms about my neck, and her whole weight resting upon me like lead; I could scarcely retain my balance, and l could not attempt to relieve myself. I felt she was about to faint; I felt, for from her position I could not see. knew no human power could save us i she did. Moved, then, by my own life as well as hers, I whispered, in that strange, stern, inward tone which arises in the extreme of anxiety or peril:

"If you faint or give way, we are both lost!" The effect was wonderful. Bravely the poor, young, frail creature fought with her weakness, beating back the faintness there on that thin, quaking plank, with the flerce eddies rushing far below, and their hoarse voices filling the wide air about us; only my arm round her waist to stay her against the swaying ropes beneath.

"Now, are you ready to try it?" "I am ready," said the girl.

Gently and gradually I loosed her hand rope into her grasp, with direc tions to let it slip through her hand merely resting on it as she walked, and with her left hand clasped in my left, which was stretched out behind for her hold, inch by inch, foot by foot, without a single sigh or flutter, she reached the platform, where her friends stood like statues, waiting for us in breathless awe.

I had only time to lift her from the bridge when she gave way in sad earnest, and for a long time she lay, pale and rigid as a drowned corpse, on the black rocks.

Whenever symptoms of recovery be gan to appear, her friends were profuse in their acknowledgments; one old gentleman—the paterfamilias, I supposed -eyeing my rough coat and worn leggings, began something about "any remuneration I could fairly ask," fum bling at the same time in his pockets. I fear I consigned him rather abruptly quicker than scat and paid half the to the tender care of a certain unmen- price down." tionable personage, and in great dudgeon with what I conceived much toc sum." large a party of heartless cravens, I "Worth about \$300, sir. However, the nosing about the young girl I had as- presume they are rem mbered there to the lecturer. sisted, and stumping up the ladder with this day. Yes, sir, they give me \$600 him in my arms, the could never climb and I didn't drive twenty five miles in rose at that juncture and said. 'You're up, though he always got down splen | all. That was my banner day, though a liar?' didly, poor fellow!) I reached the top, A very sweet, faint voice followed me: "Oh, air, I wish to thank you."

This sounded soothingly and real: out stay my hot bashful young blood could not. I dimly remember taking off my hat, and replying with many blushes-"Not at all-don't mention it

I beg," and I moved away. I suppose you think the above named young lady is now Mrs. should have been so, perhaps, but it never was, or is likely to be, unless she turns up or rewards me after this long delay. I never heard her name or any. thing of her beyond this adventure on the swing bridge, and, as I am far out of the world's notice, it is improbable we will know more of each other now. But let no one dishelieve on this ac-

count the simple truth of our strange meeting on Carrick-a Rede, to which I have added nothing.

Yankee. We do not understand that the name Yankee necessarily suggests to people in this part of the country, "a lean, lank person, with a turkeylike neck, and a long, ungraceful stride." We regard, for instance, the Hon. Mr. Hoar, and the Hon. Thomas Reed, and the Hon. Mr. Lodge as typical "Yankees," and certainly they are not lean and lank persons with turkeylike necks, and such excertions might be multiplied by the thousand. So that the physical appearance of the person really has no part in determining the application of the term. It is perfectly well understood, in short, that a Yankee Right in the midst of it was a young, | may be a fat, roly-polly person as well as a stringy one, and it is a fact, we believe, that it is generally recognized that the sleek, round type now largely prevails. The pictures of Uncle Sam do not "fit" the popular idea of a New England Yankee, at all. It fits rather the idea of the Western Yankee, the 'Hoosier" Yankee, of a generation ago and is regarded as a composite representation of the former eastern and western types, of which Mr. Lincoln was a faithful example, and which is now becoming somewhat rare even ir the West.-Charleston News and Cour-

> Jules Jerne Outdone. Simon Lake, the inventor of the submarine boat Argonaut, built by the Columbian Iron Workks & Drydock Co., Baltimore, has been talking interestingly of his 200-mile trip under and on the surface of the Chesapeake bay in his wonderful craft. He says "During the trip we made various experiments to demonstrate the practicability of our system of submarine navigation. The whole trip was made witl our own power. The Argonaut was handled very easily either under the surface or when running on the bottom, and we proved that the boat was perfectly seaworthy. On hard bottom where the water was comparatively clear, the door was opened, and it was a beautiful sight. We picked up a few oysters as we were traveling along. Wi discovered that we could see farther under the surface at night with our electric lights than in the daytime The greatest distance seen in the day was about twenty feet. We hope to ge into the ocean soon, where we will ge clear waters, and see much farther Our divers were sent out from the boat and demonstrated the entire practica bility of our system." Mr. Lake expresses confidence in being able to de stroy mines laid to protect any harbor

in the world,—Seaboard.

and the court of the second of

ier.

Again. "In the years agone," said the man with a check book sticking out of a side pocket, "there used to be no end of talk about the awarding ways of the Niagara Falls hackman. Once in a get glimpson of the comedy of life an great while some hackman may have when Laughter holding both his aldes Niagara Falls hackman. Once in a overheard a patron, but it was mostly all talk. The papers must have their little jokes, you know "Did you ever investigate the mat

ter?" was asked. "Well, yes, I can reply that I did. It fact, I drove a back myself for several years and it would seem as if I ought to know something about it. Yes: I was one of the people whom the newspapers were constantly abusing. though of course I never paid any attention to what was said."

"For instance, you never charged over 50 cents apiece to convey passengers from Prospect Park down to the whirlpool?"

"Well, that was according. If it was a bridal couple I always charged a trifle mora. Bridal couples used to figure that it would cost \$1,000 to 'do' Niagara Falls, and of course, we helped matters along as much as we could. Ah! but those were good old daysgood old days! As to the fare down to the whiripool, my charge to a bridal couple was \$16. That is, I mentioned that figure at the go-off. Sometimes it would not be questioned, and again there would be a kick and I'd have to come down to \$12 or \$10. I recall one time when I got \$25 for the trip and as we returned the bridegroom forced me to take a tip of \$5. Plenty of meanspirited people came to the falls, however. The biggest row I ever had was with an old duffer who wouldn't pay hold of my neck and arms; I put the me \$5 for driving him across to Goat Island."

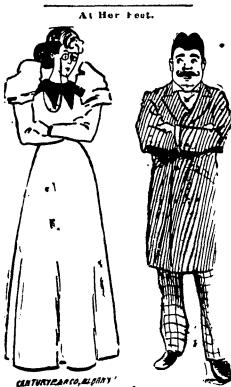
"And you didn't call that robbery?" exclaimed the questioner.

"Well, we had to live, you know, and we had to lay up against a rainy day. Every hackman of those days had a feeling that he would wake up s.me morning and find the falls played out, and of course he was anxious to heel himself against such a calamity. When you figure that you ought to make \$100 per day you can't ride people around for nothing." "Did you ever make as much

that?" "Many and many day, sir, or wouldn't be living on the interest of my money now. I had a banner day, though, and I love to recall it. There was two bridal couples from Chicago, both young people, and they had dead would be \$600. They snapped me up United States Senate.

"But the outfit wasn't worth that

I had another pretty fair one. 1 hauled a chap around for two hours Adam's ale, and finally landed him at the whirl- "Because behind and then flung himself into the you now if you'll step outside, river. What he left belonged to me, of course. Ah! sir, even as I cut off my ception, sir. If you keep on drinking coupons I pause to remember those; - The lecturer paused. halcyon days—days which were, but can never be again."



She (an heiress)—I can't marry you. I've had twenty better men than you at

He-Humph! Chiropodists?

A German Justice Reversed Himself. When George R. Peck first became an attorney for the Santa Fe he went to a small town in Western Kansas to argue a case that had been brought eral head of cattle that had been killed. The case was tried before a judge who was decidedly German. The witnesses were examined and the case gone through with and the attorney for the prosecution arose and made a strong plea for conviction. He waxed eloquent, and the judge paid close attention.

"Are you troo?" asked the judge, when the lawyer stopped. "Yes, your honor."

"You vins de case," said the judge. "But I want a chance to argue my side of the case," said Peck.
"No, he vins," stoutly asserted the

judge. But Peck commenced to talk and gradually his talk led up to the case, and before the judge knew it Peck was arguing the defence. The judge listened closely, and when Peck of his gross income. Finally, when had finished he said:

"You vins de case." "But you have already decided in my favor," said the other lawyer. "Dat's all right. I reversed may virst decision. Dis man vins." and the judge stuck to his last decision and Peck won his railroad case.—Topeka (Kan.) State Journal.

"Do you see that big cannon there?" said Jenks, indicating the thirteen. inch gun protruding from the turret in the picture of the battleship. "In one respect that's just like my pockets are every night." "Why, dear," Mrs. Jenks

Just Alike.

"how can that be?" "It's rifled," said Mr. Jenks.

REASON FOR LIVING

The fight of an Existing Rival Breach!

HOT ATTEMAN . W. L.

The experience of those who have engaged in hospitals is, happily, not invariably across the messi tripping, with the tragedy of human suffering The merry mead with covalina bloom alone; but there are times when they takes the place of gloom and sorrow. A woman had been brought to the hospital in a very weak state. We could do nothing for her; she seemed to have lost all hold on life, and gradually got worse and worse. The husband, who had often been to see her, and who was kindness itself to her, was sent for to take the last sad leave. He came, this time accompanied. His companion was a buxom young woman of the Moll and Poll type, who seemed to de-tight in parading the fact that she in-tended to succeed the dying woman in the affections of her kind but too easily consoled lord. I was in a fever of anxlety lest the shock should hasten my patient's end. But I didn't know the power of rebound in human nature, especially obstinate feminine human na ture. "Well, old woman," the man began, slouching up to the bed, in an apologetic air which he had never worn before, "you're got to go this time. The young woman (pointing to Big-hatted beauty) me) says there ain't no hope. You've been a good wife to me, and I shan't forget yer .. . " But he didn't get any further in his declarations of un- 1 dying approval. The woman, who a minute ago had lain weak and listless. was alive-and very much alive, too. Her eyes gleamed as she made an effort to get a good look at the other visitor, who was standing unabashed by the widower presumptive. I had to get the husband and his new-found love

"I ain't dead yet, nurse," my patient gasped out as I came back. What all the doctors, tonics, wine and beef-ten could not do, the sight of an existent rival and possible successor had done, and "soon a wonder came to light," for the woman did not dis. She mended from that day. We all took an interest in her. She had got a new reason for living, and I honestly admit we helped in her great effort with all the nourishment we could make her take. Before very long she went home, strong and well enough, I hope, to rout the enemy and to assert her rule.-London Telegraph.

out of the ward as quickly as possible,

Vest's Favorite Story,

Senator Vest has a favorite story which he has told on the occasion of loads of cash. They wanted my back many a political speech, but, so far as for the day and I told 'em the price known never on the floor of the

"A temperance lecturer was struggling against odds in Kentuck," says the senator. "He was talking to a not very large audience that had been drawn to the hall by curiosity. "The called old Tasso from admiring and young folks wanted to show off and I effect of alcohol is to shorten life, said

"An old man at the rear of the hall

"'Why?' inquired the advocate of

"'Because, sir, I've been drinking for pool. As he got out of the carriage he 75 years and I am 90 and likely to live left \$450 in cash and a watch and a pin to be 100. I am strong enough to lick asked. "'Oh, no doubt, sir. You're an ex-

> "'What?' asked the impatient old toper.

> "'If you keep on drinking, you'll have to be shot on judgment day."— St. Louis Republic.

> A Fifteen to One Chance. An amusing story is told of a patient in one of our London hospitals' well developed. His ward was visited. in the usual course, by the surgeon, with a retinue of fifteen students. The and extent of the disease from which ing to the first of the students, he

"Now, Mr. Sawyer, would you operate in this case?' "No. sir, I think not."

One after another the fifteen students gave the same negative answer to the question.

"Well, gentlemen," said the surgeon, "I'm sorry to inform you that you are all wrong. I'm going to operate." "Not if I know it, mister," said the invalid. "Fifteen to one agin it. No chance. 'Ere, miss, give me my togs -I'm orf."-Titbits.

Quite Familiar.

In the olden days Hawaiian servants insisted on calling their American and English employers by their given names. The strongest efforts to cure them failed, and the custom was generally concurred in. However, an English woman of much character settled in Honolulu with her husband, and she declared her servants should never address her in that fashion. One day she had some visitors, and to their against the road for damages to sev- inside the door and asked: "My love, great edification the cook put his head what vegetables do you want today?" 'After that the English woman was content to be called simply "Mary."-San Francisco Wave.

Small Souled, "I suppose that the ruling of the internal revenue department that marriage licenses are not subject to a stamp tax will greatly encourage the young man?"

"I suppose so. But it séems to me it would be a pretty mean young man who didn't care 10 cents for a girl."— Washington Star.

His Income.

A Maine paper prints a story of a witness who refused to tell the amount the judge ordered him to answer the question, he said: "Your Honor. I

have no gross income; I'm a fisherman

in Machias Bay, and it's all net."-Ar-

gonaut

Preliminary Steps. "Why do you think Mr. Quizzleham intends to run for something?" "He shook hands with a laborer who had just come out of a boiler shop a little while ago and asked him to call him 'Bill' hereafter.'

Mean. "I," he started to say, "have always had an idea-"I know it." she interrupted; "why don't you take a day off some time shid try to some up another one?" TOWN THE CONTRACTOR

ball thee. O milk maid Golden of the granty morn, hall Across the mead tripping With datales blooming,

The milkmaid also more or less bloom I half thee, o milkinglet SIDE I recognize the value of thy pall

ikerature and art. What were pastoral poet without thee? a lest, I had no doubt I had been Oh, I know thy jaunty juvenessence. Supernatural warning.
I know thy eighteen summers and thy elemal springs.

I know the pastoral poet without thee? a lest, I had no doubt I had been to less than the pastoral springs. oternal springs. Ay, I know thy trials!

I know how thou are outspread over pastoral poetry. Rampant, ubiquitous, inevitable, riotings in passional poetry. And in masterpieces of pastor arti

How oft have I seen thee sitting; One tri-colored stool sitting; On the wrong side of the cow sitting, Garbed in all thy preposterous paraphernalia.

know thy paraphernalia-Yes, even thy impossible milkpall and thy improbable bodice. Short-skirted siren ! What were the gentle spring without

thee? hall theel hall thy vernnality, and I rejoice in thy hackneyed ubiquitousness.

hall the superiority of thy interiorbeen and l lay at thy feet this garland of gratnitons :

-Carolyn Wells. WAS IS A DREAM.

I was in a hurry to reach home. Nu wonder, for it was the wildest night I had ever known in all my life, and the country over which I took my way as bad and dark as country roads in general. Consequently I was walking at a great rate, with the collar of my great coat over my ears, and a comforter tied over my soft hat and under my chin, to keep it on and to protect my sers, when suddenly a man stood full in my path, and caught me by the

"Hullo!" said he, "you're just in time; you are wanted at the cross-roads to-night."

The voice was the voice of a ruffian. fancied myself attacked by a highwayman. I stood quite still, and strove to show him by my manner that I was able to protect myself.

"What the deuse am I wanted at the cross-roads, for?" said I. "Unless I choose, it would be a very hard matter to get me there."

But instead of producing a pistol and demanding my money or my life, the man answered, in an altered tone: "Beg pardon; I made a mistake. thought it was my brother, and I wanted to frighten him. Bad night, sir."

"Very," said L "You don't know the time, sir?" he

at L," I said. "Thank ye,

"Good-night." If his object had been robbery he had decided from my rough appearance that I was too poor a man to be

worth the trouble. But, after all, I though, he spoke the the cries of the helpless old man are truth. A man may have such a voice the terrified girl, we soon had one of without being a highwayman, no doubt, So I went on homeward, and soon found myself under shelter, and parin whom the sporting instinct was taking of a warm and savory supper. My mother was the e, and my brother

Ben. Ben was a great strapping fellow who could heat any other boy of surgeon described minutely the nature his age for miles around if it came and extent of the disease from which to wrestling or boxing, and as good-the patient was suffering, then, turn-humored a boy as ever lived; a boy alone presidential election. When supper was over and we had

chatted for an hour, we went up stairs. We shared one room together. The moment Ben's head touched the pillow he always went to sleep. That

night I followed his example. But I did not sleep long without a dream-a dream in which I telt a rough grip on my arm, and was roused by a cry in my ear:

"Wake up! You're wanted at the cross-roads."

It was so real, so palpable, that when started broad awake, I actually believed that some one was in the room; the man who met me on the road, perhaps, and who intended robbery or violence. But when I had arisen and lit my lamp, the room was empty. except myself and Ben, who lay snoring

on his pillow. I went to the door; it was locked. I went to the window; the rush of rain against the panes was all I heard. I even went across the passage to my mother's room. She was awake: there had been no unusual sound she was # 14 经通信 Bure.

Only a dream born of meeting the strange man in the road, I felt, had awakened me. I went to bed and fell asleed again. Again I was awakened by the same words; this time shricked in my ear by an unearthly voice. "Wake up, wake up. You are wanted

at the cross-roads." I was on my feet once more, and caught Ben's hand as he came over towards my bed.

What alls you?" he cried. "Nothing," said I. "Did you hear a "Yours," said Ben. "Yelling wake up: you fairly frightened me."

Ben," said I, "wait till I light the lamp; I heard another voice. There must be some one in the house or out side.' So I again lit the lamp, but we

searched in vain. "Nightmare," said Ben, when I had told him my story. "Ben," said I, "what is there at the

cross-roads?" "A house," said he. Ben had lived in the neighborhood a long while, and I not long. "One little house, besides two oak trees and a fence. An old man lives there a rich man, and bit of a miser, they say. His grand- and it was called a judged daughter keeps house for him." "Ben, that fellow may have meant to

harm them. I may be wanted at the cross-roads." Brother, said Ben, so to sleep You have had a nightmare, and Ben

cross roads." .. This time I started out of I in a cold perspiration. I tr

ed at the cross-made and I see ing. And I began to dress myself as speed ily as possible, listening the mide. the storm raging wilder and wilde than at any other period since the po

mencement.
Ben remonstrated with me in water At last he also began to huddle on h clothes.

"If you have gone mad I must with you and take care of you. he said But fancy another man going out in storm like this to the tross roads, a cause a nightmare caused him to do so and what would you think of him I said nothing. All I could have

answered would have been "I am compelled to go; I must go. dare not refuse, whatever may be thought of me. In ten minutes we were alsohing through the mud and rails record the road. It was perfectly dark; now and then a blased red star in the distance told us that a lamp was because through the rain in some cottage window, but otherwise we would not have been conscious of proximity to any habitation whatever. At last nearing the

spot where the road from S. orosess the road from P. we were indeed in as solitary a place us can be imagined. The house, which abuited on the very angle of the roads called in familia parlance the cross-roads was the only one for some distance in sither direction, and certainly on such a fight was were not likely to meet many travels

All was quiet as the grave. We stond quite still. In a moment Ben broke out in one of his wildest laughs. "Well," he said, "how now? Will you go home now, and have another airbie

marel But hardly had the words escaped his lips, when a shrick broke on the sir. and a woman's voice plainly coming from the interior of the cottage, cried:

"Help! help! help!" "Ben," said I, "we are wanted at the it cross-roads," and then, understanding it each other, without more words we made, our way to a window through which a light shone. A muslin ourtain draped the panes, but through it we saw an awful sight.

An old man lay on the floor, and over. him bent a ruman, clutching his throat. and holding a pistol to his ear, while another man grasped a shricking girl by the arm-a girl in a floating nightdress-with such long golden hair as

belonged to the girl of my vision. Not a moment was to be wested. slender lattice and crushed it in; we had grappled the rumana before they knew whence the attack came, or be many foes were upon them.

I do not intend to describe the street gle; indeed I could not if I would by we were strong man, and inspired the villains bound, and the other prostrate on the floor,

Then Ben started for ansistance. before morning both were in fall; Be admitting, as we shook each other the hand, that we were wanted at Cross-roads."
The old man was not a miser, but h

had saved some few thousand for his old are, and living more plainly than ways to mother and I, though he had he need-have done, had given rise to exercised his right to vote already in the rumor, and so brought the barglars to the cross-roads in the hope of The girl, a beautitul creature of se

enteen, was his granddaughter, and a no story is acceptable to the lady readers without a flower of romance I will tell them that she became in after years. not my wife, but the wife of my brother Ben.

Agriculture in Aleska, Agriculture in Alaska has many p cultarities, and also, in the opinion some well-informed people, many pos sibilities. To determine this, latte point is the mission of Professor C. C Georgeson, of Kansas, who has b sent by the general Government to th Territory to make experiments I will establish farms in various sec tions. One of these will be located somewhere on the southern coast, one at Cook's Injet, one on Kadiak Island. and one in the neighborhood of Circle City. Each will be devoted to the culture of cereals and vegetables that are known to thrive in similar soll and ellmete elsewhere. In some parts of Alaska almost any kind of vegetation will thrive that grows in the far Northern States. On the Teller reindeer reservation, near Bering Straits, potatoes as large as hens' eggs are raised aver; summer, and on the Yukon, not fafrom Circle City, a colony has successfully cultivated all the hardy corsain and various kinds of vegetables all though the plough that prepares the ground for potato-planting scrapes that top of the ice. At no time does have thaw at that point go desper than two feet, but the sun shines so continuously and fiercely up there—the thormon eter in inidsummer averages his sixdegrees in the shade—that plant life. is forced to maturity much more rap idly than in the States.

Degrees of Wickedness Dr. Johnson was once committed by an old lady on the degree of wickedos an old lady on the degree of wickedness to be attached to her son a robbing a orchard. Madem sale Johnson all depends upon the weight of the both remember my school-silow. Lay Garrile who was a ways a fittle testo robbing a doken brehards with lines anity; but the very arat time I elli up an apple rest (for a season heavy boy) the sough peaks r

Boston etaless to a