

THE OWNERS OF THE DEEP

One shall walk the narrow bridge To the song the breakers sing...

TRUCE TALES PLUCK AND OF ADVENTURE.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

THE VICTORIA CROSS is the anniversary of the institution of the soldier's most precious decoration...

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

Electrically operated shears, guided by hand, clip the fleece from an average sheep in three minutes.

Love at First

By Winifred Oliver.

THE man or woman who loves is second only in sweetness to the one who is loved.

Art of Stump Speaking.

By Lieutenant-Governor Curtis Gould, Jr.

THE part that the public speaker plays in our National life is familiar enough, but the manner and method of it have changed in late years almost as much as the methods of the stage.

A HERO OF THE SHIPYARDS

On Friday last a big battle, weighing sixty-four tons, was about to be waged in the hold of a steamship at the New York shipyards.

Swallowed a Fortune.

Thirty years ago I was on my way home on board a Norwegian vessel from South Africa with one of my friends, Monsieur Jacques.

Why the Stomach Lacks.

An old question which has long puzzled physiologists is, Why does not the stomach digest itself?

HUNTING ALLIGATORS.

Alligators move rapidly under water. We had to see, however, to hit the harpoon will penetrate only the least accessible portions of the body.

Beyond Our Vision.

If a bull may be permitted: There are many beautiful things in life that we never see until they are out of sight.

Our Admiration.

Too often we admire the person who has a chance to talk—Philadelphia Telegraph.

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Not A Disfigurement.

By Martha Morris.

I am quite too delighted to see you, dear," exclaimed Violet Grant as she clasped her cousin's hands in warm welcome.

"Yes, of course, I understand," returned Veronica, the blase city cousin, and she let her big, blue, handsome eyes travel leisurely over Violet.

"How strangely you speak," she returned, nervously, "but do you really care to know?"

"Naturally I am interested," Veronica replied with the petals of a rose and her eyes were cast upon the ground.

"I have wanted to see you, Violet, for so long," she said, "and you must have been mad."

"I came back to the drawing room," she said, "and you were sitting there, and you were looking at me as if you were looking at a stranger."

"I am not a stranger," she said, "I am your cousin, and you know me."

"I am not your cousin," she said, "I am a stranger, and you know me."

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Arrived, and as Veronica kissed her cousin good night she had never looked more radiantly lovely.

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