well down in the water, palms down,

well down in the water, palms down, and paddled gently, sometimes with both legs and arms, sometimes with only my hands. When I felt that my arms might become overwearied, I

folded them under my head and kicked

asily. As time went on the clouds

flew away, and the moonbeams glist-

that man-from the crest of the wave,

the chances of rescue with the heart-

and struck out savagely hand-over-hand through the swells with a mo-

when the sense of utter hopelessness

to die was to drop my arms. The idea came to me as so curious that I laughed outright, the weirdest and

most mirthless laugh that ever went to

as one who had been mesmerized, and kept myself affoat automatically. The

rocking motion of the swells soothed me to a strange content that I cannot tell you about. I remember talking to the moon • • • The men who picked me up told me I shouted to them, but I do not remember it. They told me I had been received about 5

told me I had been rescued about 5

o'clock in the morning. I had been alone with the sea for four hours."

AN EX-VICE-PRESIDENT'S FAD.

evi P. Morton Has the Finest Barn and

Hennery in the World.

Former Vice-President Levi P

hennery, as well as the firest barn, in

tion, and has fifteen incubators con-

being able to furnish spring chickens

The pet of the herd is "Buda," a Jersey that gave 4000 quarts of milk last

dead. "Buda" was born blind, but a

stranger would not notice her afflic-tion. When she goes out for exercise

every day she walks between two other cows and receives the entire at-

tention of a herdsman .- Chicago Rec

Three Chivalrous Young Me

The age of chivalry is not dead.

down in jumps, one step at a time after the manner of small girls, and

proaching. She continued to jump, one step at a time, missed her footing.

and just saved herself from falling by

grasping the handrail. But the can-dies hopped high in the air out of

the paper-bag and flew in a chocolat

shower over the three exquisites. For an instant they stood amazed, staring

at the puckered up face of the young

lady in short skirts. She was the first to recover presence of mind (and

her equilibrium) and at once set about recovering her chocolates. The three young men took the hint. And the

birds in the square near by twittered

with mirth to see three frock-coated

gloved, high-hatted irreproachables

tooping and peering and bumpin

gainst each other as they gathered

p the sweetments of a maiden in

ort skirts. - New York Commercia

The Country's Petroleum Wells.

Many thousands of wells have bee

unk in this country chiefly in the

earch for petroleum or natural gas, but

lect most of them are not over 1000 to

the many thousands of artesian wells,

sunk for irrigation in the western half

It is in our copper mining shafts on

The greater part of the

Advertiser.

village of Rhipecliff, N. Y.

"Toward the end I became, I think,

NO. 21.

VOL. XVIII.

The man who has a good memory and can forget may still hope to become a successful politician.

On the list of famous patriots who fought heroically to defend their country the name of Piet Joubert will be for all time among the first.

A certain feminine court witness's reply to the question of her age that she "was too young at the time to remember the date" offers only another indication of the masterful resources of woman's intellect bent upon decep-

How soon the electric car has be come "the carriage of the people!" An official report says that in Massa chusetts there are one thousand seven hundred and thirty-five miles of street railway, and that only four miles of track are now traversed by horses.

The reason why men in the employ of banks who are found to have peculated large sums during long periods of confidence are invariably lacking in such apparent bad habits as drinking or gambling is obvious. Constant supervision makes it impossible for a bank employe who so indulges to retain his position long.

Successful and delightful any girl may be, even though she cannot stay all day in the home. If it be her duty to be away, teaching in kinder dergarten or primary school, writing in an office or selling goods in a shop, she loses not a bit of her true worth in the household through her brave independence and her endeavor to relieve her parents of her support, ob serves the Ladies' Home Journal.

Persia is going to send another Minister to this country. Ten year, ago Hadji Hassan Gooli Khan packed his traps and left Washington because the newspapers printed lokes concern.

Hers just scrape, the plunge, down, down and institutely began to light down, down into the dark—that is all, and Jack's knell is one that lasts for the ages, the knell of the murmuring waves; his coffin one that the centuries shall not rot, the coffin of the ocean.

Hers just scrape, the plunge, down in way up.

"I suppose it was only a few seconds but it seemed hours. With my hands pulling at the water as if climbing a rope over-hand and my feet pumping up and down as if treading a steen stairway. I clowly rose. All the ing his name, and since then Persia has not been represented here. It is suspected that the new minister may try to appear under the alias of John Smith, in order to escape such an enwrapped fleet of fishermen on the noyances as his predecessor had to put up with.

practical grounds also. The treasurer of the American Ornithologists' Union estimates that the ravages of insectupon growing crops involve a loss to upon growing crops involve a loss to farming interests of \$200,000,000 every year. The most effective safebirds, and it is demonstratable that as the birds disappear the losses caused by insects steadily increase. The American farmer is prosaic, practical and but little given to sentimentalism. But he knows his friends, and away. About I o'clock that morning the sheigest of these he counts icest of these he counts the birds which guard his grain fields, his orchards, his vineyards and his berry patch against his insect on emies. His plea for the protection of the birds is prompted by the same sense of self-interest that impells him to keep a watchdog to guard his sheep and cattle. And it deserves to

It is one of the grievous defects the school system that the courses of instruction are framed for the "average pupil," when, as a matter of fact, there is no average pupil. The present tendency toward imparting more flexibility to public school curricular to the end that the varying temperamental characteristics and mental capacities of children may be adequate. ly accommodated, is one of the most hopeful signs in the educational world. Educators are beginning to realize that rigidity in methods of instruction is not progress; in fact, it is not instruction. Give the defective of his tarry thumb, returned the stock, boy a chance. The dull boy who gets of them wanted to divide up the constant of them wanted to divide up the constant.

mphs over his physical disabilities he gets out into the world and marked success in business en-But it is the duty of the take considerate and huunt of his defects and give chance, so far as practhe more fortunate

> tly published of the enship mutual fire ies in Minnesota tion to the excep-State of the co-opness. It began produce, and d fuel yards. ated, com farm in these 8362.

facmilk

QUEENSTOW. MARYLAND, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1900.

THE END OF ENDS. "Behold Finis itself coming to an end and the Infinite beginning."-Thackeray. Sunbeam and mconbeam,
And a light that holds them all; Snowdrift and stardfilt
And a life that holds them all;
All the darkness and the light,
Summer's bloom and winter's blight,
Now are fied beyond recall,
With a passing sigh
For a day gone by,
With the snowdrift and the stardfilt,
Guarding it. And a light that holds them all;
And the glowing rays of noon,
And the gleaming rose of June,
Seel they flee beyond recall,
With a parting sigh,
For an hour gone by,
Past the sunbeam and the moonbeam,
Clasping it,
Finis and the Infinite.

Guarding it. Finis and the Infinite. Teardrop and raindrop,
Seel a mist obscures them all,
All the shadows and the showers
Of this releving world of ours,
And the dead beyond recall,
With a sigh at last
For the sorrow past,
In the teardrop and the raindrop,
Hushing it,
Eliss and the Inflate. Daydream and lovedream
And a heart that holds them all;
All the sunshine and the rain,
With the memories that remain,

ith the memories that remain,
Whose dear presence can recall,
With a last long sigh
For the joy gone by,
I the daydream and the lovedream,
Crowning it,
Finis and the Infinite.
—Mary West, in the Independent.



ADVENTURE OF ROBERT JOHNSON, A. B

at the brace that the tips of the fingers just scrape, the plunge, down, down into the dark—that is

Finis and the Infinite.

Four tines on the deep waters I have heard the cerie cry "Man overboard!"—twice in broad day, twice in Grand Banks when midday had the gloom of midnight; once above the howl of the gale that drove a mer-Popular feeling against the wanton destruction of bird life is not wholly sentimental or humanitarian. It has practical grounds also. The transfer of the gate that drove a merchantinan through the darkness of the Western Ocean; once from the deck of a battleship steadily plowing her way toward an enemy's flect; once it migrated with the row of the gate that drove a merchantinan through the darkness of the wanton mingled with the roar of the rush

On the night of July 14, 1886, the full-rigged British ship Conqueror fourteen days out from Liverpool, was guards against insect posts are the plunging her way westward before the steadily increasing wind ha reached such a force that he reluctantly gave the order to the mate to shorten sail, and the tired sailors slowly wormed their way up the rig-ging and went about the work. Suddenly, as from the heavens, came that cry that every seafarer dreads to hear overpowering the creaking of the straining timbers, the whistling of the wind and the splash of the seas break-ing over the deck, 'Manovertheoard!' The skipper unsteadily groped his way to the lee rail and stood with one arm firmly twined about the shroud, peering out over the inky waste. Then he shook his head. The next morning he wrote with searned or firmly the shook his head. with sea-pudgy fingers in the log "Lost overboard on the night of July 14/during a gale, Robert Johnson

The crew gave little heed. They were used to such things. They knew that the skipper was an ordinarily kind-hearted man and that he would not let a mandie if efforts to save him were within reason. One of them, s young fellow who had come from Johnson's home, ventured the remark "Bob was a good swimmer," and old Jim Brown, with a downward motion

tents of the lost man's sca-chest Others were afraid of "the old man. We reached the Miramichi in good time, and the loss of the seaman was duly reported. Three days later the British barque Adelaide, from Belfast, came into the harbor and that after noon was warped at dock alongside the Conqueror. The first man to step aboard our ship was Bob Johnson. can see him yet—a fine, hearty, bif fellow he was, of about six-and-twenty

as he climbed over the rail forward and made toward a group of his forme shipmates. They gave a startled glance, and with one accord broke and ran. It was hard work to convince them that it was really Bob in the flesh; indeed, some of them never were quite at case about it, so that elevators and when the Conqueror sailed again the and has ex. captain was constrained to leave John son behind with his best wishes. I had been well acquainted with

Sob. He was a young Englishman o good family, who had taken to the ses for reasons of his own. He did no like, usually, to talk about his most extraordinary resurrection from the

"I don't know how it happened," said Bob. "I am edging out on the main topgallant yard. Maybe some thing broke, maybe my foot 'slipped, maybe it was only a sudden lurch of the ship. I suppose I had grown the snip. I suppose I may careless. You know I have always be longed to the sea. All I knew was in first-rate physical condition, when, it is expected, it will be the was falling and the wind was and I had frequently stayed in the water for two or three nours at a time tion now held by the Red Jacket vertical to the Calumet and Heela,

The Yarn of a Sailorman.

VERY sailormar will tell you that on the open seas the "man over board" usually stays there. Some times it would take too much time and trouble to pick him up. Oftener it is impossible. A ship breasting the smother, paced by the scurrying clouds overhead, with the night all about—the night of the sea that the landsman may not know—the slipping of a foot on c the sea that the landsman may not speed, with the spokes lengthening know—the slipping of a foot on and shoving out the rim each time it smooth yard-arm, the futile clutching went around. I remember the precise instant of time when I stopped going down and instintively began to fight

steep stairway, I slowly rose. All the wants of my life were compressed into the one intense desire to get once the depths of the night. Once it rost again a breath of air into my lungs. shrill above the ghostly whistle "As I came to the surface and drew the sweetest breath of my life I turned

the sweetest breath of my life I turned over on my back, and, letting my legs hang well down, floated easily with my nostrils just out of water and en-joyed two or three minutes of the most single-standed Fight Against Five Boers, and hear the rustling, when he can deavored to insert a paw between the structure to collapse, but lackity the structure to collapse, tons and gradually wriggled one shoul-der clear. As I was fumbling to get the other arm clear, my hand came in contact with the knife. I never went without and it gave me fresh courage. That contact the contact t That coat stuck on my left shoulder, but a few vigorous slashes with the knife made it part company with me. I sank some little distance in the operation, but held my breath and soon came to the top again none the worse. The shirtz were disposed of easier, and then I tackled the boots I hacked away at them successfully, ubling myself up in a sitting pos tion. It was pretty hard work, for every time I made a slash, down I would go. I would draw up ray left foot, for example, paddle vigorously with my left hand, take a long breath make a slash with the knife in my right hand-and start bottomwards. Fin ally, however, I managed to kick the last vestige of the last boot off and rested on the surface with a certain

satisfaction of having done something, naked as the day I came into the "I knew that there was scarcely s chance in a thousand that an attempt had beer made to launch a boat, and I knew that if a life-preserver or any-thing else had been thrown overboard t would be a miracle if it reached me. It would have to come to me, for I could not reach it in the blackness of the night. Nevertheless I experi-enced an overpowering desire to look. Gazing straight up in the sky I saw that the scurrying clouds gave signs of the breaking up of the storm. Here and there a little lightening of the loom overhead showed the moon's rays trying to break through. Raising myself breast high on the top of a sea I took one swift whirling look all about. Dense blackness everywhere on the face of the occan-but just as I sank back again the moon, break-ing through a rift, lighted up a silvery path before me, and at the end of it for an instant I was sure I saw the glistening sails of the Conqueror-then blackness again. It may have been a mirage, but to me it was terribly real. I fell back into the trough with a more sickening feeling of de olation than I had yet experienced.
I felt that I had looked upon the last
sign of human life that I would ever

see. But it is bard for a strong man to die. "I suppose a more hopeless situa-2000 deep. The greater part of the artesian wells in the country vary from grave of the sea, but his account of tion can hardly be conceived than the it, as he told it to me one night, wat one in which I was in, yet I have 200 to 1000 feet. The average depth of far more thrilling than it could be thought much more about it since written. the Atlantic Ocean, at night, naked, alone, with no hope of rescue, with not even a splinter to cling to, keeping of the country, is 210 feet. not even a splinter to cling to, keeping from death only by constant effort, yet there was something that would not let me go. It was scarcely an effort for me to keep afloat at first. I will not be completed till next year in first-rate physical condition. In my mouth beating back my breath. I had not time to know it then, but! knew afterward that in that little second my whole soul went out in one prayer that I would fall dear ship, into the friendly waters, the water for two or three nours at a time for the mere sport of the thing. I lay on my back, with my head deep, my mouth closed, only my nostrile above, conserved the strength in my legs by latting them hang deep, the company can obtain all the ore at that one

AND ADVENTURE.

down to the long heavy swell of the after-storm. If any one was literally rocked in the cradle of the deep I was Besieged by Llons.
ION-HUNTING is daugerous enough when the hunter's health and strength are of down, down, in a gradually diminishing rush, and the up, up, and then the the best. But an inveterate sportsman does not regard consequences, and the author of "Sport in same sensation over and over again. Once when I found myself calculating benumbing rush of conviction that it was impossible, I turned over quickly, mentary insanity of trying to get some-where. The dogged idea of living as long as I could came to me again with fatigue, and I rolled over and rested again in my cradle of the sea. Again and although his legs were too weak to allow him to walk a dozen steps, he had himself propped against the door-jamp, and laid his double-bar-relled rifle across his knees. struck me sharply I found myself grasping my knife which still hung from the lanyard around my neek, ad contemplating suicide. Suic hy cutting my throat when all I needed

and lapped noisily at the water.

Next came a terrified voice from a neighboring hut.

"White man, we are going," he sid, and the "boys" rushed pell-mell

but I was too weak to stand, and was powerless to act.

After some further noise and confusion, I heard a lion treading over the dead leaves near by. Then came a prolonged muffled sound, half roar, half mean, uttered in a deep voice; which under the circumstances, I which under the circumstances, I recognized as profoundly musical. Morton is now raising chickens for a living, and probably has the finest the world, at his farm, "Ellerslie," which overlooks the Hadson near the hatches all his chickens by incubawhich under the circumstances, I recognized as profoundly musical. Then there was a heavy but silent footfall as the beast walked to the back of my but, and thrusting his nose among the thatched grass, snifted loudly, till I could see the lighter stalks stirring with his breath and hear the rustling, when he endeavored to insert a paw between the interstices of the wattles.

Each instant I expected the whole structure to collapse, but luckily the beast forebore to take a mean advantage, which would have secured my destruction. I should have fired, had I not been afraid of setting fire to the stantly employed, turning out several dozen little chicks every week, thus at all periods of the year, which he sells to the clubs and fashionable hotels of New York. Mr. Morton has been in the milk business for a long time, and supplies milk, cream and butter to the Union League Club, the

oving just as if they were invalids, They are rubbed down every morning with a brush and currycomb, just like blooded horses; their tails are braided, and ribbons of different colors are

often attached when visitors are ex-Over each stall is a printed card giving the name of the cow, her pedi-gree, ago and record as a milk-giver. bered up before him. Fearing lest staggering to the earth. He was upon he, too, should fall into the lion's maw, the other fellow kicked his leg clear, so that the unfortunate fugitive could recover Harvey struck him dead. year, a record never exceeded except by one cow, named "Bretonne," now

fell to the ground, uttering the yell I had heard. Why the nearest lion did not seize bled to his feet and climbed up another tree as fast as his black legs

could ship. Brave Children

small girl was coming down the steps of the elevated railroad. She came on record is Beonard Webber, aged five years, who has just received a certificate of bonor from the Royal Humane Society for saving his three-year-old brother from drowning. The Philadelphia Times tells the story.

The children were playing with other bors upon the edge of a pand when the extreme outer lies to she held an open bag of caudy in her hand. Three young men, in the awe-some regalia of correct young men on their way to make a party call, started to ascend the stairs. The small girl'c eyes opened wide and fixed them-selves on the row of shining hats apand rescued his brother.

ually had the temerity to tackle a bay, climbed the pole and held the great, gaunt wolf that had assailed a connection while the operator sent tiny playmate as he lay asleep. warning to General Anderson.
The rescuer seized an axe that had message probably saved the

o the wood. Russia has been the scene of much youthful heroism. Some years ago, while a peasant woman was sitting with her little daughter, aged about eight years, at supper, the curtains which divided the living-room in which they sat from the adjoining bedroom caught fire through the explo-

tion of an oil lamp.

The mother sat still, not knowing that to do, but her daughter, child as she was, pessessed more presence of mind. Seizing a knife, she climbed upon a chair, cut down the blazing apon a chair, cut down the biazing curtains, and then smothered the flames with the hearth-ring. In two burning his shirt and hat on fire and burning him terribly from the hips to the course of his head. minutes the fire, which might have leveloped into a verifable conflugra-

ion, was extinguished. An event that is, on the same scale, unparalleled in history was that provided by a womay of noble race, the Rance of Jhansie, who stood at the head of her own troops and twice. nance of Jhansie, who stood at the head of her own troops and twice defied the British army; she, on the second occasion being, so desparately connecd as to be carried off the field.

He then fell over unconscious glant mountains, and smid the and was carefully picked up by his ness of nature, is this impression of office, where medical aid was summoned.

His eyes escaped in the field upposedly dead.

His eyes escaped in the field upposedly dead. he Indian mutiny

was singularly ha

European sense, still quite young-fanned the dying flame among her own subjects in Central India, giving every active direction for the defense every active direction for the defense of her city of Jhansie, but her fiery and intrepid spirit brought the very fiercest and most bloodthirsty of the mutineers throughout whole provincer to be a city of the state of the city of the matter of the city of the state of the city of the state of the city of the inces to her aid. Sir Hugh Rose, with a British force, made a most memorable speedy march in order to inter-cept the hordes rushing to her ban-ner, and when he came before her city she sent out messages of insolent de-

fiance, declaring that she would have him murdered, as she had ordered other Britons to be massacred. East Central Africa gives an account of a foolbardy adventure which he the guns, while furiously urging on her men, and when the place was of a foolhardy adventure which he seems to have enjoyed. He was ill with fever in a little settlement of blacks, but since lions were in the neighborhood he must needs insist upon having the careass of a bear placed as bait not far from his hut; and eithough his legs were too weak in the first line is a raritable fury. n the first line like a veritable fury, and was mortally wounded.

Our modern military annals-It was nearly I o'clock, he says, when the lions gave notice of their private soldiers—have one, and only when the lions gave notice of their whereabouts. I heard the heavy grunting sighs of three or four of them as they moved about in the scrub two hundred yards away. The followed a series of rushes, as they leaved down the bank of the creek

During the Indian mutiny it was sometimes in battle almost impossible to tell our loyal native allies from the revolted enemy. At the relief of Lucknow, Private Howell, of the from their shelter, some passing in Thirty-second Foot, was near a loyal front of me, others behind me, makfront of me, others behind me, making for a grove of trees.

Scarcely had the first of them got well outside the huts, before it seemed as if a lion were right among them, as, with deep, savage grants, it dashed past my but, bounding through the scrub in close pursuit.

Suddenly a yell rang out from the darkness, and I was convinced that one of my blacks was being devoured; but I was too weak to stand, and was powerless to act.

native regiment that had, through too great impotnosity and misconception of orders, got to a position where it was mistaken for the enemy, and the smide advance of the smide, poured into it an awful fire, killing great numbers of may like the men exposed were paralyzed with astonishment and fear, rushed forward some thirty yards in advance of their line and, through too

back, breathing fired, wounding one of the Boers heavily and growling low. Yet not at the side. The remaining two closed whisker hair did one of them show in upon him, clubbing their rifles. he firelight in front of me.

The excitement did me good. The waited for the attack. One of the next morning I was up and about in pajamas and an ulster. Not one of the boys had been injured, although one had had a marvellous escape. The lone were close upon him as he reached a tree. He sprang at a body. Simultaneously the remaining leg of another black who had clam-

Lieutenant Charles E. Kilbourne, of face of the Filipino fire. The young soldier, who is a sou of Major Kil-Probably one of the youngest heroes on record is Leonard Webber, aged New York under President Cleveland, boys upon the edge of a pond, when the younger Webber fell into the water. The others, frightened, took to their heels, but Leonard, without the slightest hesitation almost the slightest hesitation. he slightest hesitation, plunged in tives attacked in force and cut the and rescued his brother.

Quite as remarkable was a case which comes from a remote corner of Russia, where a boy of nine years actually had the temperity at tacking to cover, held them at warning to General Anderson. been left by a woodman, and gave bat-tle to the wolf, which, finding itself has been recommended for promotion thus attacked, promptly scuttled off and has a medal of honor awarded

a kettle under a scaffold, above which the men washed up at quitting time. A quantity of water had leaked from the kettle there was an explosion, and the liquid metal was thrown upon him.

Although suffering untold agonies Murphy stuck to his post and handled

Mis eyas escaped injury, but he lace, arms, and body will be seen

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT ******* The solutions to these puzzles will appear in a succeeding issue

93 .- Word Square. 1. A dent. 2. Unemployed. 3. A hint. 4. Sharp.

My whole, composed of sixteen let-ters, was a President of the United My 13, 4, 8, 12, 1, 6 is a farm and My 7, 10, 11, 5 names one of an old colitical party.

My 9, 3, 16, is a relative.

My 14, 15, 2 is part of the body. 95.-Diamond. 1. A consonant. 2. A famous general. 3. To carouse. 4. Au affirmative. 5. A consonaut.

96 .- Decapitations 1. Behead to pull and leave a sor-2. A branch of a tree and leave cov

ering for the head.
3. Luminous and leave correct. 4. To upbraid and leave repartee.
5. A float and leave behind.

ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZIES. 89 .- Vegetables in Anagram-Cauli-

flower, Carrot, Artichoke, Asparagus, Beets, Celery, Lettuce. 90 .- Word Half Square-

ROBIN

91 .- Letter Enigma-Spain, Chill Italy. 92 .- Double Acrostic-

MUST HAVE THEM.

Sature Is Generous In the Matter of Red The geographical distribution of red-headed girls is, fortunately, wide. They can be found in every inhabited

nuarter of the world. quently glorified by glowing locks. The Spaniards are swarthy as a race, but the purest-blooded Castilians frequently show traces of their Visigothi blood by blue eyes and red hair. The Infanta Eulalie, who visited this coun

try in 1893, is red-headed.

Red-haired Italians are fairly numerous in Italy. They are most nu-merous in the northern provinces, where there is the greatest infusion of German blood. And there is no girl in the world

prettier than a red-haired Italian of paniard, except it be a red-baired In Ireland a red-haired girl is made iserable by being called a "Dane."

This epithet is a legacy of a thousand years or more—from the time when the Danes did override the coasts of Britain. In a similar manner the Norsemen,

who invaded Sicily centuries ago and intermarried with the inhabitants, thatches. eyed race and their children are every-where scattered about Asia and north-

And where there aren't any redhaired girls by nature—as among the Moors and Arabs -the glowing locks are commonest of all. The women all dye their jetty tresses to a most lovely red with henna.

There was a sort of Jack Russell parson who was called in from his shooting one day to a christening, and with him came his factorial who was both parish clerk and keeper. He put gun and bag down in the porch thin, I cannot say. The boy explained duty in the Philippines, is a former was interrupted by a wild fluttering outside the open door, and one of the Cincinnati boy who has been honor-ably mentioned for heroic work in the pheasants, which was not as dead as it ought to have been, rose up and flew hither and thither through the church with the noise and commotion of which only pheasants, and frightened pheasants, are capable. "Mark that cock, John," said the parson in his usual sonorous voice, and then resumed the service. And here again I do not think one of the little party around the font saw the humor of the thing, and certainly John, who re-plied "Yes, sir," with as much propriety and dignity as he had just bee responding "Amen," saw nothing in-congruous or unbelitting in the scene. -Longman's.

> "All Will Come Right." This cheerful and optimistic expres sion was the favorite saying of Mr. (afterward Sir) John Brand, a young lawyer of Cape Colony, of Dutch ex-traction. It must be considered a part of the good fortune of the second Boer Republic that they elected Mr. Brand the first President of the Orange Free State, in 1865. He guided the internal and external affairs of the young remarkable tact for nearly a quarter of a century. The Free State burghers were told, for twenty-four years, "all public with unusual wisdom and re-Albert Murphy, a young man, employed as iron molder by the Goulds at Seneca Falls, N. Y., came near bewill come right" by their patient and noon. Murphy, having a quantity of bell metal in his ladle, poured it into from mouth to mouth as a phrase of encouragement. The words "all will come right" are now carved upon his tombstone at Bloemfontein, a sincere above into the kettle which Murphy did not see. As the metal went into makes for righteousness

> > Grave on a Mountain Top. According to the last request of Helen Hunt Jackson, the authoress, her grave lies in solitude on the creats of the Rockies near which she lived and died. On the summit of the Cheyenne Mountain, in Colorado, beneath giant mountains, and amid the wild-ness of nature, is this impressive

THE SISTERS.

There were two sisters—one Had beauty—one was wise; One's face was like an angel's, One conquered with her eyes; One saw her clever sister. Sit down to study books; One stood before the mirror. And doctored up her looks, One sat and pored until
Her eyes were weak and red;
She gave no heed to fashion—
"Fools did such things," she said;
She had her brown hair shingled,
She dressed severely plain—
Her time was all devoted—
To filling up her brain.

They both got married-one With weary thorars allow Her never-idle needle

Her nover-idio needle
And looks through tired eyes
The books she used to study,
Alack! and well-a-day!
Are dusty and forgotten
And somewhere piled away! The pretty sister sits

Where luxury is rife,
And servants wait upon her,
And sho's a worshiped wife;
And she has time for study.
With clever tutors, who
Have taught her Greek and Ge
And she can parley voo.

NOBAL.

O little maid be wise

In May time, if you can,
But hearken to a pointer

That's offered by a mai:
There's always time for learning
The truths that books contain
And just one time for something
That come ne'er comes again

That gone ne'er comes again!
Old maids may scoff at beauty
And use it for a jest.
But a woman's highest duty.
Is first to look her best!
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Nell-"I have a great dread of bo-ing buried alive." Belle-"But think of the satisfaction of seeing who comes your funeral." Nell-"Mr. Softleight such a bore. When he says good-bye he so long going." Belle-"Yes; that a one of

his shortcomings." Mrs. Banks-"Do you have any trouble in getting servants?" Mrs. Rivers—"No; I've had five in the last two weeks."—Tit-Bits.

Servant—"Come quick, your wife's nother has fallen into the cistern."

Mr. S.—"Oh, well, it won't hurt her. The water is soft."—Chicago News. "Oh, Edgar! it's delightful, this

being secretly engaged and nobody knowing anything about it. All my friends are envying me for it."—
Fliegende Blaetter. "Can you use a Boer dialect story?"

asked the young author. "No," re-plied the editor, "we've a whole kopje of them out on the veldt."—Philadelphia North American.
"Dear me, I've brought only one piece of music." "Never mind, pro-

lessor; play it over again every time you are called on. Nobody will notice it's the same."—Chicago Record. As man struggles up fame's ladder,
This queer feature spoils the fun;
Why are ladders that men climb on
Made just wide enough for one?
—Detroit Free Press.

She-"A married couple should pull together like a team of horses." He-"Yes, and they probably would if, like a team of horses, they had but ane tongue between them."—Chicago

Society Reporter-"Mrs. Skilligh complains that the picture we printed does not look a bit like her." Editor -"That's lucky. We can use it for

"He insulted me," said the legis-lator. "Indeed?" returned the plain citizen. 'Offered you money, I supplied the legislator, "but he underestimated my price"

"How's your friend the promoter getting along?" "Why, he has a cataract in his eye, now." "Too bad," "You misunderstand mo. He's merely looking at Niagara with a great to starting a pay vatur mover. view to starting a new water power "Is it true that Mrs. Dragger reads such exhaustive club papers?" "Exhaustive? Of course, nobody ever

ays anything, but when sho

through every woman in the club breathes as if she had crawled through tunnel a mile long."-Indianapolis Journal. Hicks-"So far as my observation goes, everything depends upon training." Wicks — "Not everything. There's that clerk of Wiggins. He was taught upright penmanship at school, but notwithstanding that he

Transcript. Here the poet rallied bitterly. "It is absurd to pretend that my lines are not worth printing!" he protested. "You are a conceited ass!" retorted the editor hotly. "You think just because you don't know what you mean in your poetry that nobody else knows what you mean! Bah!" It was a crushing thing to say, yet it were perhaps better said.—Detroit

Business Chances in Mexico. The opportunity that Mexico offers o the manufacturer who can establish imself and grow with his field are many and varied. branch of business and household conomy presents suggestions in this line. Very few factories have been started in Mexico with proper direction and sufficient capital that have manufacture of household utensils of a better grade contains many open-ings for limited capital. The use of cnameled ware is growing in this country, yet none is made here.

There is also a growing demand for better pottery and the cheaper grades of porcelain or ironstone ware. Good clays and kaolin abound and a manu-

enne Mountain, in Colorado, beneath some sections and their scarcity in others would seem to offer great post sibilities .- Modern Mex

cturer in this line would have the dvantage of finding here many of the lower classes who are skilled in making the crude forms of pottery that is typical of the country, and who could readily be trained to do better work improved methods. The canning and preserving business is one that is