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WHEN THE ANGELS CAME.

People tell the story yet, With the paths of regret, How along the streets one day, Unawares, from far away, Angels passed, with gifts for each, And no more gave them back. They had cheer for those who weep, They had light for shadows deep; But for broken hearts like mine, They had no word to give. They had the old, blind, human way— Fed the quick and haled the clown When the angels came to town.

THROUGH THE DARKNESS.

BY MADEL NELSON THURSTON.

Light from the little lamp on the table struck sharply across a corner of the box on the floor; it was a large box, and they had spent the evening unpacking it; but it was quite empty now.

"This missionary and his wife did not look at each other; the man's hand rested tremulously on a little pile of children's toys; the woman held a long heavy overcoat with a fur collar; with studied carelessness she thrust her fingers into all the pockets, keeping her tall-tale face turned from the light.

"It was a fine box," said the missionary. His voice was husky; he struggled with it and added more firmly: "A generous box."

"Yes," answered the woman mechanically. She slowly she dropped the coat in a heap on the floor and buried her face in her hands; she made no sound, but her thin shoulders shook pitifully. The man crossed the room, stumbling over the piles of clothing on the floor, and caught her in his arms. His voice was broken with pity.

"And now you have a good new dress at last, dear; and that overcoat is just what I need; and there is much to give away." Then his eyes fell again upon the little pile of toys, and his face brightened; and he smiled with cheerful confidence: "And we can have a Christmas for the children, Annie. They never sent toys in the box before."

"I forgot the children," she said; "I was thinking of you and the dreadful winter. I am glad for the children—oh, I am! I can write to-morrow—I am sure." She spoke with a pathetic eagerness and touched the toys lovingly, trying in her thought to override the disappointment with the children's joy.

Her husband stood looking at her; as she bent over the toys, he noticed how heavy were the blue veins on her temples and how thin the hand that set the doll's dress in order; and he felt a sudden tightening at his heart. "Annie," he said, pleadingly, "take the children and go back to your mother's this winter. It is too hard for you here."

She looked up, startled and hurt and indignant all at once. "As if I would let you!" she cried. "As if it is any harder for me than it is for you! I don't have to go out in all weathers. Besides," she added, with a laugh that disappointed her by struggling uncertainly with the soles that looked her throat. "Besides, I couldn't; the money didn't come, you know."

and she went quietly on under the golden stars. In fifteen minutes she knocked Deacon Garnett's and stood rereading at the door; there was no answer. She knocked again; then as the truth dawned upon her she beat at it with fierce terror; but no one came, and the sounds seemed to thunder mightily about her in the still, sharp air. She was very cold now; but she sat down on the step a moment to think. There was but one thing to do; her mother had said that the medicine must go to Cassock's that night; she must go to the town herself. Choking back her sobs she struggled to her feet; even the few minutes on the doorstep had made her stiff. She stood a moment looking pitifully back at the home she had just turned away and ran—into the shadows of the great night.

Nearly an hour later a man, hurrying from one of the saloons in the town, was stopped by a child's voice. "Mr. Cassock lives?" "The man had not been drinking much; he stared down at her in amazement. "If 'tain't the parson's kid?" he cried. "What are you doing here this time of night?"

"The child's weary face looked white as paper as he came from the old blue hood. "Papa's sick," she said; "and this medicine has to go to Maunie Cassock, else she'd die. I carried it to Deacon Garnett's; but nobody was there, and he said to take it to Cassock's. Do you know where he lives?"

With a smothered exclamation the man stooped down and picked the child up. "I guess you've walked far enough," he exclaimed. "I ain't good for much in the way of meetings, but I Felde, near Berlin, and at first good headway was made against a strong wind, but unfortunately (probably owing to the gale), the belting connecting the motor and the shafting slid from one of its pulleys, and the whole affair immediately fell in a slanting direction in Schoneberg, one of the suburbs of Berlin. The engineer sprang out of the car just before the motor was reached, but the car and motor were smashed and half a dozen people were killed or mangled. During the night the hurricane completed the havoc and the next morning the thin shell lay in a heap of ruins."

The cost of the balloon was about \$50,000, and its maneuvering capacity is considered proved, another is to be built without loss of time.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Calculating Bicycle Speed. A method of obtaining the approximate speed at which a rider is cycling is suggested by a cycling paper as follows: The rate of speed is ascertained by noting the number of revolutions the number of seconds, the number of seconds in every instance depending upon the gear of the bicycle. For example, a rider whose wheel is geared at six-six gears as many miles per hour as his pedal cranks make revolutions in 11.78 seconds. The following gear and seconds to correspond in this method are given: Gear 54, seconds 11.78; gear 60, seconds 12.84; gear 78, seconds 13.92; gear 84, seconds 15; gear 90, seconds 17.14. Inasmuch as the ordinary rider would be unable to split seconds with the requisite fitness for a rough calculation.

Biggest Toy in Creation. A Baltimore man has determined that America shall own the biggest toy in creation. He is making this toy for his own pleasure, and it occupies one and a half acres of ground, on which are a windmill, castle, railroad equipped with two trains, a log cabin and a cottage. In the plain below are an artesian well, a farmhouse with a pump by it, and a Ferris wheel, chutes having a link at the bottom, windmill, church, prison, swings and hand stand. In the plain is a large lake, on which boats will ply. The windmill, Ferris wheel, trains, pumps, etc., will all work, having their attaches, as it were, performing the labor. The windmill and grist mill will be pleasing features. A miller is seen raising barrels of flour by a pulley. The power will be supplied by three water motors concealed under the toy.—New York Journal.

Women in British India. There are more women in British India (224,000 of them) than there are men, women and children in Great Britain, France and Germany put together, with the population of several minor European States cast in as well.

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