

A TEN line item in THE TRIBUNE produces a two-column spasm in the Era. The Era is a very nervous creature.

An editor of a paper down in Havana wants to "spit in the face of the United States 100 times." This is additional evidence that there are a number of Spanish sympathizers in Cuba who need to be hauled across Uncle Sam's knee and spanked.

The Omaha World-Herald is positive that republican prosperity is a farce, yet in a speech before a meeting of the commercial club its editor was positive that prosperity was returning. The political end and the business end of the World-Herald is greatly at variance.

The Era should not forget that in two of the years in which the number of descriptions in the delinquent tax-list were the greatest, its idol, Butler Buchanan, was filling the position of county clerk, and that it was he who made up the descriptions. If there was any breach of honesty Mr. Buchanan was the guilty party.

The action of the state board of public lands and buildings in the case of Dr. Fall is exactly what was expected. It was not the intention of the board to be influenced by any evidence. The superintendent of the home for feeble minded was doomed to dismissal before a scrap of evidence was taken. The grounds for his dismissal are decidedly flimsy and will not be sustained in the court of public opinion.—Hub.

Senator Allen's position toward a protective tariff, and the protection of Nebraska sugar, chicory and hemp industries, is creditable. Of course he assumes, to maintain his populist position, that it is the currency and not the tariff that contains the cure that congress is looking for, but he states that he will throw no obstacles in the way of testing the tariff panacea, and while it is evident that a protective tariff law is to be enacted he will favor protection for the industries of all parts of the country.—EX.

In speaking of business, Dun's last report says that a comparison of prices "shows a remarkable similarity to the course of prices in the earlier months of 1879, when the most wonderful advance in production and prices ever known in this or any other country was close at hand. The key to the situation is the excessive production of some goods in advance of an expected increase in demand. So in 1879 consumption gradually gained, month by month, until suddenly it was found that the demand was greater than the possible supply. All know how prices then advanced and the most marvelous progress in the history of any country resulted within two years. Reports from all parts of the country now show that detail distribution of products is unusually large and increasing."

In his recent speech before the Cincinnati commercial Club Secretary Gage gave utterance to the following: "As to the financial question, I must content myself with few words. If any of you harbor the suspicion that the administration but just now installed into the responsibilities of the high office has forgotten or is likely to forget the mandate of the people, whose voice in behalf of honest money and sound finances rang out loud and clear in November last, put that suspicion aside. It is unjust and unfounded. In good time and in proper order the affirmative evidences of my declaration will appear. In the mean time, my friends, do your part to help those charged with legislative and administrative duties. Do not let the inertia engendered by fear and distrust creep over you. We have been passing through a period of great trial and nobly we have endured the strain. The future is not dark with forebodings. It is illuminated with rational hope. The revival of industry is near and with the establishment of a revenue law sufficient to bring into the treasury an amount adequate to meet the reasonable needs of our government, and with the establishment of our finances on a sound and enduring basis nothing now foreseen can delay the recovery of past losses and the inauguration of a new forward movement along the lines of material advancement and social progress, which we may humbly trust is in the benevolent mind of God to bestow upon the American people."

The Bradford manufacturing district in England, which sent about a million dollars' worth of goods a month during the existence of the McKinley law, sent six millions dollars' worth in April and four million in March of the present year in anticipation of the protective increase in the tariff.

LOVE COMFORTLESS.

The child is in the night and rain On whom no tenderest wind might blow, And out alone in a hurricane. Ah, no! The child is safe in paradise! The snow is on his gentle head, His little feet are in the snow, Oh, very cold is his small bed! Ah, no! Lift up your heart, lift up your eyes! Over the fields and out of sight, Beside the lonely river's flow, Lieth the child this bitter night. Ah, no! The child sleeps under Mary's eyes! What wandering lamb cries sore distressed? While I with fire and comfort go? Oh, let me warm him in my breast! Ah, no! 'Tis warm in God's lit nurseries! "A Lover's Breast Knot," by K. Tylan.

DUPED.

The big, white steamboat backs away from the wharf, swings about and goes slowly down the river sounding her whistle at intervals, for the fog is coming in rapidly.

The few loafers on the pier eye curiously the tall, elegant woman who has come ashore. She, casting a half scornful glance about, approaches old Jed Rawson and puts this query: "Can I hire any one to take me across the river?" "I reckon not," declares old Jed, taking out his pipe to stare at her with astonishment. "The steamer goes into port just below here to wait for the fog to lift. There's no getting across the river tonight, mam."

"Can you manage a boat, my good man?" All the loafers smile at this. Old Jed breaks into a mellow laugh which sends a perfect network of wrinkles over his brown face. "Why, leddy," he says, "there ain't nary a boy of 10 or up'ard alongshore as don't know how to handle a boat."

The lady laughs too. She is very charming, even old Jed realizes that. She takes a gold piece from her dainty purse and says: "If you will take me and my trunk across the river, this shall be yours."

The trunk is a huge affair, and Jed looks at it with one eye closed and shakes his head. "If it wasn't for the fog, mam, any one on us 'ud take yer across for nothing. But we couldn't see the boat's length tonight."

The lady utters a sharp exclamation, anger and disappointment clouding her features. A brown faced lad steps from the corner of the little red baggage house where he has been standing. "If you dare to go, madam, I will take you," he says.

She gives him a radiant smile, at which he flushes to the roots of his fair, wavy hair. "Jed and one or two of the other men remonstrate with him to no purpose. A small brown wherry is brought up to the flight of weather beaten steps leading down from one side of the wharf.

The big trunk is lowered into it, and the lady handed down by Andrew Russell, who is thrilled by the touch of her cool, satiny fingers. He pulls off into the fog bank while the loungers on the wharf make their comments. "Mighty fine looking craft that."

"Carries too much sail." "What can she want over the river?" "P'raps she's bound for Barrington's."

"P'raps. She looks like his kind." "It is late in the evening when Andrew Russell returns. Old Jed meets him hurrying up the village street. "Well, Andrew, you got across all right?"

"Yes, I had a compass." "Where'd she go?" "I can't tell you," is the curt reply, as the boy passes on.

All subsequent inquiries elicit no further information than that Andrew landed her at the road which leads up by Barrington's, and that she expected some sort of conveyance to come for her there.

Barrington is reported to be immensely wealthy. He never mingles with the people there, and he lives in a lordly fashion. He brings his own company from distant parts, and there are stories of gay and wild doings at the great house which fill the unsophisticated natives with amazement.

He comes and goes as he likes and is altogether very mysterious. Andrew Russell has a sweetheart on that side of the river—a pretty Jen Hardy, the fisherman's daughter.

It is only natural that frequently he should row across in his wherry. But Jen Hardy does not see him every time he goes during the next fortnight. He straps through a strip of woodland across lots until he reaches a sheltered vale this side of Barrington's.

Here he meets the mysterious lady again and again. Andrew is 20—tall, strong and manly looking. Cars Ferris, as she calls herself, uses all her blandishments to complete his enthralment. She tells him a pretty story—how that her uncle is determined to make a nun of her; that Barrington being her cousin and friend she has come to him for protection, until she can get out of the country.

She wants to go to Europe, for as soon as her uncle discovered her hiding place he will follow her. She is apparently very confiding with Andrew, who is too innocent to see the flaws in her story. "Would he think she was 25?" she asked coquettishly.

Andrew returns a decided negative, never once dreaming that she is 10 years older. Jen Hardy is too proud to own that Andrew does not come to see her any more. Andrew has no mother, and his father, who is not a very clear sighted man, sees no change in his boy, who is moody or excited by fits.

In two weeks' time Andrew imagines himself madly in love with this woman. He does not stop to reason over the absurdity of so brilliant a creature finding

any attraction in an ignorant boy like himself.

One night he goes home intoxicated by the memory of a round, white arm about his neck and the pressure of soft, warm lips to his own. A week later, one hour before midnight, he crosses the river in his little brown wherry.

On the big rock which serves for a pier a man and a woman await him. Barrington carries a valise in each hand. They enter the wherry, and Andrew pulls swiftly and silently down the river. In about an hour they come to a small cove, where a commodious sailboat is tied to a ring in the rocky shelving bank.

They go aboard this, the little wherry is fastened astern, the sails are unfurled and on they go, dancing lightly out into the waters of the bay.

At midnight of the next day they come to a great city. Barrington and the lady go ashore. Some purchases are to be made here, and Barrington is to see a man who will buy the boat—this is what he has told Andrew. In the meantime he is to wait with the boat until their return, when they will all go aboard the great ocean steamship whose black funnels rise from a neighboring wharf.

Andrew is not particularly pleased that Barrington is to accompany them, but nothing can dampen the joy of his belief that she loves him, and he can never forget that her lips have touched his own. The poor boy is quite deaf to the time and does not dream that he is being duped.

The city clocks are striking 10, when a ragged street gain crosses the wharf and hauls Andrew. "Hi, there! Be your name Russell?" "Andrew noods, and the boy hands him a note.

"A big swell up town sent this to yer." Andrew takes the note and tears it open. He knows, of course, that the "big swell" is Barrington. The note reads as follows: "When you read this, we shall be aboard an outward bound express. Goodby, my dear boy. Many thanks for your gallantry. Mr. Barrington makes you a present of the boat as a reward for your services. C. F."

For a moment Andrew stares at the note in dumb amazement. His brain reels. The letters dance blood red before his eyes. He staggers down into the little cabin and throws himself prostrate upon the floor. He breaks into great sobs which shake him from head to foot. He is so foiled, played with, cast aside, when he had served their turn!

Oh, the bitterness, the grief and rage in the boy's hot heart as he rolls to and fro upon the cabin floor!

All night long he battles with this first great trouble. In the morning he rises himself and goes up into the city to find a purchaser for his boat, for the sight of it is hateful to him, and he must have money to get home with. He sells it for \$150, which is a pretty sum for a poor lad. At noon he has a stroke and is conveyed to the city hospital.

When he comes out of his stupor, he finds himself under arrest for being the accomplice of an adventurer. He learns, to his horror, that Cars Ferris is Madge Delphine. That she engaged herself as companion to a little, miserly old woman. That she and Barrington, who is her lover, planned the old woman's murder, in order to obtain possession of the money and jewels which she hoarded about her. That Madge Delphine accomplished the murder by means of a subtle poison, packed the body into a trunk and conveyed it to Barrington's house, where it was buried in the cellar.

The very trunk which Andrew ferried across the river! Andrew is taken before a magistrate, where he tells his story, omitting the love passages. But the magistrate is an astute old man and reads between the lines and pities the lad.

"The woman and her lover have been arrested. I want you to identify her." He opens the door to an inner room and utters an exclamation of dismay. There, prostrate upon the floor, with her jeweled hairpin stuck through her heart, lies Madge Delphine quite dead.

"Is this the woman?" "Cars Ferris had dark hair," returns Andrew, who is white to his lips.

The magistrate lifts a wig of dark hair from a table near by. "A very simple disguise," he says and motions Andrew back to the outer room, where, after a few more questions and some fatherly advice, he dismisses him. The misery of Andrew's journey home is boundless.

When he reaches the familiar spot, he is taken ill and for weeks is delirious with brain fever. Jen Hardy is his patient and faithful nurse. To Andrew it seems as if the memory of his folly must torture him forever, but as the months go by the shame and agony die away little by little.

Jen, faithful soul, believes in him and loves him. He is young and the world is fair and life is pleasant after all.

So, gradually he returns to his old allegiance, and it all ends as it should—with a wedding.—Dublin World.

At the Back Door. Tramp—Have you anything, madam, to spare for a poor wayfarer this morning? Madam—Yes. You can go right out to the wood shed and indulge in cold chops and cuts to your heart's content.—Boston Courier.

Easy Proof. Prospective Purchaser—You say he's a savage watchdog? Owner—Yes, indeed. "But how am I to know that?" "Try 'im. Jes' go outside with me and climb in at that window."—Chicago Record.

Ennui. "We have found out why Nora breaks so much china." "Why is it?" "She says she gets so dead tired washing the same old dishes over and over and over."—Detroit Free Press.

The Corsican Vendetta.

We often see allusions to the Corsican vendetta, but few people know its real nature and to what a fearful degree of cruelty and bitterness it is carried. The vendetta consists in the practice of taking private vengeance upon those that have shed the blood of one's relatives. It is believed to have originated at the time of the Genoese domination in Corsica, when lawlessness was rampant and justice almost unknown.

As those in authority would not punish crime, individuals took the matter into their own hands, and long oppression, intensified by the cruelty to which we have referred, embittered a people whose feelings are naturally deep and violent.

This spirit prevails among the women as well as among the men. They sing songs of vengeance over the body of the slain and display his blood stained garments. Sometimes a mother cuts a bloody shred from the dead man's clothing and attaches it to her son's dress, so that he may have a constant reminder of his duty in seeking revenge.

If a murder be committed and the murderer escape, vengeance may be taken upon his relatives, and as it may be taken whenever an opportunity offers the relatives live in constant apprehension and surrounded by incessant pressure. Persons that were "under the vendetta" have lived shut up in their houses for 10 or 15 years and have been shot the first time they dared to come out.

The vendetta is made all the more terrible by the force of public opinion, for it is considered in the highest degree dishonorable not to take the revenge called for, and the next of kin who fails to take it without delay falls under the contemptuous reproach of the community.—Philadelphia Times.

Value of Breathing Properly.

Thousands of people die every year because they do not know how to breathe, or, knowing how, they do not fill their lungs as they should. Thin, pale, sallow people should wrap themselves thoroughly if the weather is cool, step out upon an open porch or stand at an open window and fill the lungs moderately full, breathing precisely as one does for the most violent exertion—that is, in short, quick, deep

inspirations, each one occupying not over two seconds. Use the muscles to expand the lungs and chest, and inhale all the air possible. If the exercise causes pain or giddiness, stop at once. This is the natural consequence of the action and does no harm, provided it is not continued. After a few minutes, when all unpleasant feeling has passed away, repeat the effort. This may be done two or three times within an hour or so and should be followed up day after day at intervals of from one to several hours. If the patient is very delicate, three times a day is enough for a beginning. In a very short time a marked improvement will be perceived. Another exercise with the lungs is to expand the chest with the muscles to its fullest extent, then fill the lungs and hold the breath as long as possible. This causes a heavy pressure of air on undeveloped and defective lung cells and after a time will open all of the passages of the lungs and create a condition of health to which a great many people are entire strangers.—New York Ledger.

Twisting Tobacco.

When the raw leaf tobacco reaches the factory, it is in large hogheads, packed tightly and done up in "hands," just as it comes from the curing house. The first process is to strip the stems out of the wide red leaves and smooth the heaviest of them into long strips for wrappers. These are dampened so they will roll readily without bursting. Then the leaves are handed over to the skilled workmen, who turn them into hand-rolled cigars. This process is most interesting and shows what skill may be acquired by practice. Each workman stands at a long table, upon which are piled the loose fillers and wrappers. At his right is a rack provided with a slat bottom, which allows the twists to dry. Deftly taking up a handful of loose tobacco and two long slender leaves, the workman quickly transforms the mass into a long roll and doubles it into an ounce or two ounce twist. Each workman has a small counter scale at hand, set to weigh the exact amount of tobacco he is to put in each twist. So skillful do these men become that they scarcely ever miss the correct weight the fraction of an ounce. The best workmen roll from 1,800 to 2,000 of these twists a day.—Kansas City Star.

Baseball Terms.

"I mentioned the other day as a baseball term that had fallen into decay," said Mr. Biferly, "the 'goose egg.' This term, time honored and once commonly employed, is now no longer heard. Two other terms, once as familiar and almost as commonly used, but now gone away on the same shelf with the 'goose egg,' are the 'redhot grounder' and the 'daisy cutter.'"

"The daisies grow now just as they did then, for which let us be duly grateful, but the baseball is a daisy cutter no longer. The balls are heated now as redhot as ever—if anything, a little hotter—but such a ball is no longer described by the phrase, once familiar, a 'redhot grounder.' The extreme warmth of the sphere is now referred to in some other manner.

"The fact is that in baseball, as in all things else, fashions change, and phrases that today seem to glow with descriptive fervor may tomorrow seem dull and spiritless indeed."—New York Sun.

Dwarfs have been known to live to the age of 90, and to the patriarchal age of 99 years, whereas giants usually die while comparatively young. But, as a general rule, tall people are the longer lived.

The smell of finely scraped horse-radish is said to be an effectual cure for headache.

A Poet's Explanation.

Question—Why do women always write love poems in the masculine gender? Answer—Because we know women too well to write in the feminine gender.—Lillie Barr Munro in New York Sun.

The Caller.

"Mary, has any one called while I was out?" "Yes, ma'am; Mr. Biggs was here." "Mr. Biggs? I don't recall the name." "No, ma'am; he called to see me, ma'am."—Strand Magazine.

AN UNFORGOTTEN KISS.

The rain is rattling on the pane, the wind is sweeping in! Now with dissonant shriek, and with melancholy cry. A lonely man, I sit and read beside the dying fire. The daily tale of love and crime, of greed and vain desire.

The letters blur and fade, the room grows dim and disappears, And in its stead old scenes come back across the waste of years. And set in frame of golden hair a fair young face I see, Whose eyes of deepest blue look wistfully on me.

Once, on a memorable eve, when heart and hope were young, Those luminous eyes upon my life a sudden glory flung. As she thus gazed I see her now, my young, my only choice, The brightness on her sunny brow, the music in her voice.

One question, and but one, I ask, then for an answer wait. My very heart is motionless, expectant of its fate. A wondrous light—the light of love—glows in the tender eyes— Her breath warm upon my face—Oh, sweetest of kisses!

But, bless my heart! The driving rain is pinging in, I fear, Or is that shining little drop upon my cheek a tear? Well, who would think an old gray head could be so soft as this? When more than thirty years have fled since that fond, foolish kiss! —John Scott in Chambers' Journal.

ONLY AN ACROBAT.

The first night of the season at the Hippodrome et Menagerie des Nations in that laughing loving and light hearted city of Paris.

Well might the proprietor, the genial Artello Milandri, hum a tune as he contentedly counted the "takings," for there was no seat to spare. One shimmering, sweltering mass of gay Parisians, patiently waiting the idol of every European capital, the one and the only, the inimitable Paolo.

Paolo, better known to his friends and associates as Bob Sinclair, was a real Englishman—a well set up, fresh colored, curly haired Yorkshire lad. Apprenticed as a tiny boy to the proprietor of a traveling circus, he had, willy-nilly, gone through the mill, now horseman, now acrobat, now clown, now ringmaster, anything and everything. A day came at length when, taking advantage of the "strong man" craze, Bob's muscles, thumbs and sinews suddenly launched him into fame, and as "Paolo, the English Hercules," he blossomed into the sought after "star."

When Paolo stepped into the ring, the public enthusiasm knew no bounds. It would be only taking up space to describe the "strong man" performance, which is now so familiar to everybody. Though Paolo worked that night as cleverly as usual and without any apparent effort to the eyes of the onlookers, yet within himself he felt weighed down by a strange foreboding that something unusual was about to happen, and he felt really relieved when at last his performance was finished, and he was at liberty to return once more to his dressing room.

Scarcely had the heavy velvet hangings separating the ring from the "back" of the house fallen behind him when his "dresser" rushed breathlessly up to him, his knees almost smiting together and terror contorting every feature of his countenance.

"Heaven help us, M. Paolo!" he gasped. "What shall we do? Scipio has got loose from his cage and is making for the arena. It is the only outlet where he can escape, and he has been at liberty to return once more to his dressing room."

Scipio was a huge lion, purchased as a cub by Milandri for exhibition to the patrons of his menagerie. Owing to some carelessness in the fastening of his cage door, the beast had managed to escape, and, attracted by the smell of the horses, was now making his way to the arena, on the opposite side of which the stables were situated. What could Paolo do?

Beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead as he thought of the effects of a sudden stampede among that vast concourse; how in their wild alarm hundreds of women and children—aye, and strong men too—would be crushed and trampled to death.

"Where are Francois, Jean, Pierre and the rest?" he asked. "All flows, m'sieur; all escaped!" "Now listen," he said to the attendant. "You are the only one who has shown any pluck, and I won't forget you. Get through my dressing room window, run as fast as your legs can carry you to the barracks at the end of the road, tell the officer on duty what has happened and ask for help. In the meanwhile—"grimly—"I will do my best for Mr. Scipio."

As the last sound of the man's hurrying feet down the passage proclaimed him well on his way for help, Paolo hastily snatched up a small stiletto which had been used in a juggling trick during the evening and, concealing it in his vest, stepped once more, to the astonishment and delight of the audience, into the arena.

Whispering a few hasty directions into the ear of a clown who was filling in the "corners" to stop the next act, Paolo hurried to the stables, unlocked the stable entrance, Paolo made a bow and, holding up his hand for silence, announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, I cannot thank you sufficiently in words for the kindness with which you have received my efforts tonight, so as deeds speak louder than words I shall bring before you for the first time in public my famous trained lion. And I will give an exhibition of wrestling. Ah, you hear him? I think answering my challenge—as a lion, I must burst from behind the curtains and caused a few of the more timid to move uneasily in their seats.

With one magnificent bound the noble beast was through the curtains and in the middle of the ring. There he lay crouching in the odorous tan, as though scarce realizing his unwonted freedom and struck by the strangeness of his surroundings, his bloodshot eyes rolling uneasily and his quick, gasping breath disturbing the dust beneath his dilated nostrils.

Paolo had braced his limbs to give himself a strong position in expectation of Scipio's onrush, his weapon concealed in the hollow of his hand, and as he stood in all the grace and strength of his magnificent manhood, every symptom of fear vanished, he felt within himself that he almost welcomed the moment that would bring to him victory or death.

Little time for thought, however, had Paolo. With one fell spring the mighty beast was at him, his open jaws dripping froth, his bloodshot eyes blazing with fury.

But not this time did he grasp his intended prey, for quick as thought the practiced eye of the acrobat detected the movement, and bending forward, head and knees almost touching the ground, he made a rapid shift in the opposite direction and avoided by almost a hairbreadth being crushed breathless beneath the lion's bulk.

Quick as lightning's flash the lion turned once more, crouching low in the dust, his eye warily seeking some weak spot in the armor of this strange antagonist, whose lithe limbs and sinuous movements puzzled him, and who showed less signs of fear facing him here in open fight than the crowds of frail humanity who had mocked and jeered at him so often from the safe side of his prison bars, but who shrink back affrighted when in his wrath he gave his awful battle roar.

This time, with catlike tread, he slowly advanced upon his adversary, striving, as though conscious of his power and strength, to drive him back and pen him helplessly and without chance of escape against the side of the ring, and then to seize him at his leisure.

Paolo was also thinking. When would the soldiers come? Could he survive to carry on the unequal struggle till they arrived? But while thinking not a muscle relaxed.

Seeing the lion's tactics, he gradually managed to skinnish toward the ring, though by so doing he passed within a few feet of his nose. "Come on, Scipio," he said aloud, with a gay bravado he little felt, "this is not how lions fight." And he made a slight feint, as though playfully to touch his adversary on the head.

With a deep, hollow roar of anger Scipio reared aloft on his hind legs, and, throwing all prudence to the winds and realizing that the momentous struggle had come at last, Paolo rushed madly at him, man and beast closing in a terrible death grapple, the lion continuing erect, as though wishing to wrestle on equal terms with the brave biped.

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In the swift onrush Paolo dropped his dagger, and now, weaponless but frenzied with rage and despair, he exerted every atom of his marvelous strength and with one giant upheaval overthrew the wild beast.

But Scipio's mighty claws were busy, and the blood lust was on him too. Crimson streaks through Paolo's tunic made it apparent to the fascinated beholders that this little wrestling bout was not all that it seemed, and many a timid heart, sickened by the sight of blood, edged furtively toward the nearest outlet.

But what sound is this that breaks the spell and causes the low whispers of inquiry to swell into a babel of tongues? In another moment the semi-solitude of the arena is broken by the appearance of a body of soldiers from the neighboring barracks, all converging rapidly on one point where lay the doughty combatants.

The young officer in command, hastily disengaging a revolver from his belt, fires one, two, three shots into the prostrate brute's car, and with one mighty groan the spirit of the erring Scipio returns to haunt the solitudes of the African deserts.

Tender hands lift Paolo, unconscious, bleeding and nigh to death. He is borne from the arena as the audience slowly files out of the building under the masterful direction of some of the soldiers told off for the purpose—silent, awe stricken, sobbing, praying, walking as in a trance.

In a peaceful little God's acre just outside the walls of Paris sleeps Paolo. His grave all the year round blooms with lovely flowers, and its fond tending shows that, though his body has passed away, his memory still flourishes as brightly as the blossoms that wave over him.—London Answers.

The Charm of a College Room.

A college room is a delightful place. Its occupant for the time being is its master. He can do as he will in it—lock his door and be not at home, admit all comers, sit alone and read or study, or sit with his congenial friend and talk out whatever he may have the good fortune to have in his mind. One Harvard graduate certainly, who found many pleasures of very varied sorts in college, remembers very few with such a sense of solid comfort duly taken as certain talks had in college rooms with good men, though young, about letters and life and people, the immediate environment and the greater world on the brink of which all college men stand.

Music has charms, superlative charms, in college too. In this same graduate's memory there are few musical associations more consoling than the memory of what he heard, half asleep in a chair before a fire, while a good musician who was his classmate sat at his piano in the corner. Some of the calmest and most peaceful memories of college are the best. The more boisterous pleasures we smile to recall and wonder as we remember them at the vigor and the folly of youth. But about those quieter streaks of happiness there was no folly and they involved no remorse.—Edward S. Martin in Scribner's.

THE OLD TREE.

Wave not so sadly in the wind, Thou old and leafless tree, Nor sob that summer nevermore Can beauty bring to thee, That but a desolation thou Must stand upon the sea.

The inspirations of the spring Long years were at thy heart, Thou gav'st through many a summer Grand images to art. Old tree, thou led'st us gloriously Within the world thy part.

Then sigh not such a mournful dirge, Yet if thy voice must be Like anthems let the undertone Be breathed exultingly, For thine was not a wasted life, Magnificent old tree!

Man, white haired man, if thou hast done bravely in life thy part, If true humanity has made its music in thy heart, Say why should'st thou die in grief and terror start? Oh, stand beside the grand old tree, And, gazing on its dim, Scarcely a leaf left, see bravely up Thy last but fearless hymn. For thou hast not done thine part. What more can cherubim? —W. R. Wallace in New York Ledger.

Gladstone and the Queen.

Gladstone is the one living man whose political experience stretches beyond that of the queen. His is the one figure that for a longer period than that of the queen has filled the political stage. That is a remarkable position for any public man to hold. To all others the queen represents knowledge, experience and training which none of them can possibly possess