

KING CORN.

King Corn is a jolly old fellow,
And rules with a proud hand;
His train comes in autumn so mellow,

EPISODE IN COLORADO.

BY MARY A. WINSTON.

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Colorado, in the pursuit of our chosen profession.
How well I remember that night!

Those of us who formed a little group by ourselves, with the superintendent of the mine for our center, laughed and talked gayly to while away the long, tedious, evening hours.

We had called Amasa several times on his unusual silence, when finally he raised his head and spoke:
'Well, friends, I suppose I must contribute my share to the evening's entertainment.'



TO FOLLOW AMASA'S RETREATING FORM.
On approaching, this rapidly-moving speck took the shape to my eyes of an exclamation point which ever grew larger and larger till it was the size of a man.

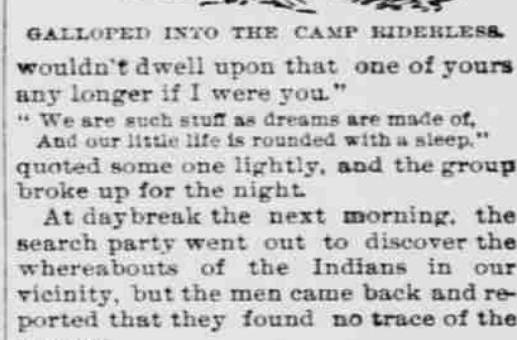
'Gentlemen,' continued Amasa, solemnly, 'doubtless you are wondering why and how I recollect so clearly this night of my childish years. The reason is simple enough. I never have been permitted to forget it. For since then I have had that same dream, with the very same details in every case and the same conclusion again and again, as I have grown to manhood. It has haunted my life. Last night I dreamed it again and to-day, as I was riding to D—, I heard with my waking senses that same horrible mocking 'Ha! Ha!' of the dream.

friend's trouble seemed to me, yet it pained me to see that horror-stricken look in his honest eyes. I turned away from the great camp-fire that I might not see that look, and in doing so I faced the long irregular line of the 'barracks' or miners' quarters, with the small cabins of the superintendent and his assistants nestling near. There was a light in the superintendent's cabin. Just as Amasa finished speaking a woman's face appeared at the open window of this cabin. Her features were silhouetted against the outside blackness of the night for an instant. With a start, I realized that she was gazing at Amasa's dejected figure with the most baneful expression of fiendish and savage revenge.

It was Mahala, the superintendent's beautiful young Mexican wife.
Once I had seen her offer Amasa a crimson rose which she plucked from her black hair, but Amasa, who was in no mind to set evil tongues wagging, had said, curtly:
'Madame, no one but your husband is worthy of such gifts from your fair hand.'

Mahala dropped her eyes, and when she raised them to follow Amasa's retreating form the amorous look in them had changed to one of bitter, scorching hate. It made me shudder to behold the counterpart of that look on the night of Amasa's story. It was said that Mahala had Indian blood in her veins, and I believed it.

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wouldn't dwell upon that one of yours any longer if I were you.'
'Are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep,' quoted some one lightly, and the group broke up for the night.

At daybreak the next morning, the search party went out to discover the whereabouts of the Indians in our vicinity, but they came back and reported that they found no trace of the savages.
At noon, Amasa, evidently anxious to show that he had overcome his weakness of the night before, rode out of camp and shouted back that he was going to D— for the mail. The superintendent stood at his cabin door.
'Are you afraid, Mr. Weatherlee?' he asked as Amasa went by.

THE OLD LADY GOT THE SEAT.
How a Selfish Girl's Attempt to Steal a March on a Man Failed.
The seats of the car were filled and a number of passengers were standing up as the driver encouraged his tired horses to push their uneven way along Van Buren street.

'Do you believe that story that Baitjog caught only half a dozen fish?' Mrs. Baitjog—'Yes; he told me himself that it was only sixty.'

A MALAGASY ANT'S NEST.

The Votry Peculiar to the Great Forest of Madagascar.
All who have journeyed through the great forest must have frequently noticed large black or dark-brown balls attached to the higher branches of trees, which are called 'votry.'

Now, if you can find it in your heart to be so ruthless and cruel, take a knife and cut a vertical section through the nest; you will discover that it is made up of more or less irregular concentric galleries, the floors of which are about as thick as a shilling and about a quarter of an inch apart. Each of these floors, or layers, is supported by a number of pillars rising from the one immediately below it.

Curious Effects Secured by the Solar Spectrum.
The three primary color sensations are considered to be red, green and violet. Certain mixtures of violet and green produce a blue; red and green also give a yellow. But it is important to observe that these are primary color sensations, and not primary colors, though the expression 'lights of primary colors' is admissible.

Humorous.
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James T. Evidge, of the Quaker City, has been an indefatigable collector of relics of Philadelphia's early history, and his cabinets contain one of the most curious personal collections to be seen.

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Miss Edna Dean Proctor, poetess, wants to be known as the apostle of maize as the national flower. She considers Indian corn as being the most distinctively American product.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.
THE LITTLE KITE.
'I never can do it,' the little kite said, as he looked at the others high over his head; 'I know I should fall if I tried to fly.'

GRANDMA'S STORY.
She Tells Little Ada About Her First Attendance at School.
'Grandma,' said little Ada, 'mamma says I must go to school next week, and I don't want to go. Do you think such a little girl as I am ought to go to school? Did you go, grandma, when you were so little?'

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