MINORS

The winds in minors mormus, The rain boats on the pane. The night is dark and pleasur. Plained with the weaping rain. Oh, the whole in someway accretions. And the rain beats on the pauc.

The winds in missors mursous. The rain beats on the pane. My heart in gloom and abothow Keeps time in and refrain-As the winds in interes murmur, And the rate beats on the pube

The winds in minors murmur. The rain beats on the pune. If you were with me, darling would not sigh in vain. -While the winds in minors murmur, And the rain beats on the pane. -Baturday Evening Post.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

"Are you going to the party this evening" Griffin Stenlake inquired of his better half.

"I am. Oh. I don't want your escort! I'm going with Mrs. Jackson. I'll take a cab and call for her on my

"All right, my dear. I'll turn into my den as I have some writing to do." So to his particular sanctum in the front basement (most families would have made it a housekeeper's room) he betook himself in due course. Not to write, however, but to the companionship of a strange, shabby-genteel individual who was consuming whisky and water and smoking a pipe, and of whose presence in the house Mrs. Stenlake had not the faintest

It should be explained that Griffith Stenlake had married a young widow with two little girls. They had not been very happy during the last year. Their attitude toward each other might aptly be described as an armed neutrality. Each drifted their own way. The lady was a votary of pleasure and must have money at any cost. Her husband was a man of weak character, hence he supplied the needful meekly and concenled his difficulties from her, knowing that she in her turn would only upbraid him for his

So it came about that till now he had successfully secreted from her the shabby man in his den (which she never intruded upon), the said shabby individual being no less a person than a man in possession. Griffith, in his indolent fashion, was a student of character. This man amused him and he resolved to spend the evening in his company until Mrs. Stenlake's return. He found him peeping between the venetians, apparently trying to get a glimpse of that lady as she went out at the front door.

"Don't let yourself be seen, for goodness sake!" exclaimed Griffith.

"All right, sir; I'm sure I don't want to be," the broker's man replied very quietly, but as he turned Stenlake noted a strange look in his face. 'Your wife, sir? She's a very pretty woman.

"I'm glad you think so." don't mind me, sir. She brings back to my memory some one I once knew."

anything different from a bum bailiff?" story had given way and brave Bill "No. Mr. -by the what is your name?" Sangster-Bill Sangster. That

will do well enough for me at present. suppose you'd be surprised to hear I'd been a solicitor once?" 'I should indeed.'

"Well, I was. And that I'd been struck-off the roll?" 'No, I shouldn't be surprised at that."

"Ah, well, that's just what I wasn't! I simply sank gracefully into oblivion. Only about four years ago the final crash took place, mind you, and all because I was too trustful for this world."

"A confiding lawyer!" "Ah, you may well laugh. But I paid dearly for my experience. I bartered away both fortune and happiness, and now I believe in no one. He sat for a moment pulling at his

pipe, and then continued: 'It was all through a lady who came to me representing that she was entitled to a large fortune. She told me she did not wish to take proceedings in the matter at once, as there was a young man in love with her who would not propose to her if he knew it, lest it might be thought he wanted her for her money. I believed this romantic tale and advanced her-well, nearly every penny

I had in the world. "Then she levanted, and I had to face my wife and little children and tell them they were beggars. She was furious and jealous, too, for she thought there was more in the matter than I would confess to. I pleaded excuses then: I can find none now. It was a cowardly piece of folly on my part She left me, taking the little ones. I don't know how they fared. I became a penniless wanderer, without home, without friends. I sank lower and lower until I have found my level. Experience has taught me cunning, care has made me drink; so

I have become a broker's man." He stopped speaking. Griffith was thoughtful and there was a long silence between them.

Mr. Stenlake coughed and winked. The man in possession did the same. The room was full of smoke, a great deal more smoke, surely, than could possibly have been caused by their pipes. Griffith opened the door. The passage was full of smoke, too, and at the same moment the servant maid came positively flying down the stairs wildly shricking:

"Fire! Fire!" "Halloa!" said Bill Sangster, starting up, his utterance a little thick, for he had absorbed nearly as much whisky as was good for him. "What's What's up? Is this some of know to more what's the matter

than you do. "And the children! Where are they?" cried Bill passing his band over his eyes.

'In the top-front room " Stenlake replied, mechanically the was not a person gifted with presence of mind. but the idea struck him at the time, how chil this man know there were children in the house? He had not seen them, and no one had told of them. But Saugster had not stopped to think. He had rushed upstairs. and Griffith going after, met him coming down again. "The fire's in he excinimed; "the door's thera locked! My God, they'll be burned alive-the poor little children!

Where's the key?" of don't know. We look them in

for safety. I don't know where my wife put it."

"Ah!" eried the broker's man. clasping his hands in evident auguish. you're not their father-you don't cure; but at least she's their mothershe must love them a little after all and Jane" he yelled rushing into the kitchen. 'a hammer, a hatchet or comething to burst the door open with. for the love of heaven!"

Jane was not there. She had fled up the street to give the alarm but Sangster soon found a kitchen chopper, armed with which he ran upstairs again. On the landing he met Stenlake, who had tried to ascend but had been beaten back, choked and blinded by the dense volumes of smoke.

"I'll go up again. "he said in gasps. 'It's very good of you-but don't attempt it-it's simply madness."

'Let me pass!' cried the man in possession, authoritatively, and disappeared into the darkness.

Griffith Stenlake, although not such a bad sort of an easy-going, weak fellow in the main, was not the man to actively prevent other people from making heroes of themselves.

Meantime at the top of the house the agonized cries of the children could be heard and the determined crash! crash! crash! against the panels of the door. That is like a human sound, too. It seems to say: "I will conquer or die!"

Quick! quick! or it will be too late. The devouring flames are fast gaining ground. Oh. heaven help that brave heart! Yes, just one more vigorous blow. The door is flying in splinters. The smoke and flames burst forth, but he is inside.

All this happened in a very few minutes, and by that time the engines were there playing on the house. They lose no time when they are summoned, that gallant brigade, which for true heroism can beat all your soldiers from Alexander down-

"Quick!" cried Stenlake, "the es-There's a man and two chilcape. dren in the top room!"

In a twinkling the indder is set up and one of the men is ascending it. At the window he can see a sort of demon-a blackened form illumined by the glare of the flame -- holding in either arm a terrified little girl; they were safe and sound. The fireman caught them and bade their preserver descend. But his only thought had been for them. Somehow his foot slipped and he fell "Yes-well, no. I suppose you'd backward. Then there was an appallbe astonished to hear I'd ever been ing crash. The flooring of the upper Sangster was buried beneath the ruins.

The first gray streaks of the dawn are lighting up the sky. The fire has been mastered. The damage was confined to the two upper stories, and the rains are still smouldering. After infinite exertions Sangster has been extricated and carried into Stenlake's den, where they passed the evening. His face, where it was not scorched. was deadly pale. Great drops wrung out by agony stood out upon his brow. for both his legs were broken. The first words he uttered were to ask for the children. They were there; for by a merciful Providence they had escaped all injury.

Just then a cabdrove up to the door and a lady in evening dress and wrapped in a cloak alighted. It was Mrs. Steplake.

"Oh, Griffith." she cried, incoherently, as she ran into the house, "what is this? What has happened? Where are the children?"

'Safe, thank goodness! Como in here, Mary. This is the brave fellow to whom we owe their lives, who has risked his for them!"

She came into the little room and started back on seeing the blackened figure lying upon the couch. Her eyes dilated and it was only by a supreme effort that she saved herself from swooning.

"Where did you come from?" she said at last in an awed whisper.

"I am the man in possession," he answered, with a faint smile, putting an arm round each of the little girls. Yes. a little money I owed," Sten-

lake remarked wearily. But his wife had not asked for an explanation. She had not even heard

·I thought you were dead, " she continued. in the same tone. 'Oh, don't worry about that, my

dear. I soon shall be, but I've been able to save them at any rate, my little ones.

"Who is this man?" Griffith asked. "My husband!" she replied, covering her face with both her hands,

'Yes, sir, and a bad husband, tooheaven forgive me! although I loved her in my own way. Don't blame her. She didn't know. It's my fault. She thought I was dead. But I soon shall be-very soon."

'No. no; I have sent for a doctor,' Steniake said, vaguely. He hardly knew what he did say.

"Ah, doctors would never do much good, but I'm past their healing now. I feel it and I've no doubt you're glad in your hearts. I know I am. for my life has been a weary wreck since-for some time past. May I kiss them just once?" he asked, and there was a quiver in that voice, which was growmade a gesture which the other quicks

ly interespied. "Ah don't to aband. I shan't tell them, they shall never know from

He rass and painfully kissed both the children. He had saved from the fire and they were not afraid Grane Thought It was Wrongof him. No with his bicesing upon. The Trainman's Gentle Way-of him. So, with his blossing upon their innocent scals their father sank

One short sob broke from Mary, and then putting up her hand solkly to her husband, see said

"Can you forgive me?" "Mary!" he eriod.

The humble, beweehing tone coming from her surprised him. He took her in his arms and from the time of that strange scone they began to realies the great principle of give and take, and instead of drifting still apart they prospered best by facing the world hand in hand together -London Tid-Bits.

A BRAVE MONTANA WOMAN.

Coulded she Brove the Couch From Which the Driver Had Fallen.

A lady whose name we are unable to learn met with a startling adventure while traveling on the stage, near Moulton's station, very early one morning recently, says the Susanville, Cal., Mail. The lady resides in Montana and with her five-year-old daughter, was on her way to visit her parenta who reside near Ft. Bidwell. Arriving at Amedee, the remainder of the trip must be traveled by stage- to talking. Wasn't it?" coach. Herself and daughter constituted the passengers, and, as the night was extremely cold, blustry and disagreeable, she preferred riding on the inside of the coach.

Before leaving Amedee the curtains were all fastened. The coach rumbled along all right for miles, the horses were changed, and nothing unusual transpired until Madeline plains were reached, when suddenly the driver fell from his seat and the team continued driverless on toward the next station. The lady soon realized her plight and endeavored to vacate the coach as expeditiously as possible, but the curtains were fastened on the outside. Possessed with great presence of mind she hastily took her ti-tum-tum-worry me. penknife and cut the fastenings and thus secured an avenue to reach terra

Her first move was to drop the litpossible and then she followed alighting in safety. After running a short
distance she managed to stop the

Lum-ti-tum-tum. Rum-tum. tle girl from the coach as gently as horses, and placing the child on the seat, the lady mounted the coach and drove on to the Moulton station. A relief expedition was sent out after the driver, who was met beating his weary way into the station.

It seems the jehu had become sleepy or something of the kind, and losing his equilibrium had fallen overboard. Another driver less sleepy was found at the station who continued on the the piano had nothing whatever to journey. Fortunately the team hap- do. pened to be very gentle, otherwise the adventure might not have terminated as luckily. The lady displayed great that fact that herself and little daughter escaped a fearful fate.

Mrs. Ye's English.

Everyone's right to 'dife, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" must minister in Washington that a lady asked him how he liked America.

'Oh, very good," he replied. "And your wife, how does she like

·Oh, she like it too good! She say, I good as you now; I not go back any

more, ' " Mrs. Ye is a charming little woman, who is in love with American customs. She has adopted the American style of dress and speaks English with a delicious accent. It is wonderful how quickly she has learned our difficult tongue. Some of her literal translations possess an original flavor that is bewitching. For instance she was telling of thieves breaking into the house. 'Yes." she said, earnestly, "the steal mans took everything." What could be more expressive than that?-N. Y. Times.

Two Long Felt Wants.

Jinks-By George! I've struck it. I'll be rich in five years. Winks-What at?

"Going to start an intelligence office."

"Huh! Nothing new about that." "Wait till you see me. I'll have a regular line of cabs, and send around every morning to all my customers."

.What for.' To leave a fresh girl and take yesterday's girl away. Just think of it. For the mistresses, a new girl every morning; for the girls, a new place every day. There's millions in it. "-Puck.

That Explains It.

A New York artist was recently vistted by a lady friend. The artist was painting an angel. "Why do you always paint your an-

gets with dark hair and black eyes?" asked the friend. "It's a great secret, and it might

get me into trouble if you were to give it away. .Well, the reason I paint my an-

gels with black hair and eyes is be-cause my wife is a blonde."—Texas Biftings.

Pansies.

Pansies sometimes called heartsease, herb-trinity, kit-run-about lovein-idleness, three-faces-under-a-hood, are supposed, in the language of flowers, to denote thought. Ophelia says: 'There's rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray you, love, rememper; and there is pansies, that's for thought. The word pansy is undoubtweaker and weaker. Griffith edly from the French pensee-though,ne

FUN, FAST AND FURIOUS.

LATEST PRODUCTIONS OF THE FUNNY MEN.

Herone in Kansava-The Florida. Way.

Oracle Thought It Was Wrong,

"Gracie, you-you don't think I come here too often, do you!" was the anxious inquiry of the ingenious, openfaced young man who stood leaning against the piano.

"Certainly not, Frank," said the young lady sitting on the piano stool. Lum-ti-tum-ti-tum-tum-tum. R-r-rr-r-r-r-tum-tum. Which the sagacions reader will interpret to be an interlude on the part of the piano.

"I didn't know," pursued the young man, reflectively, "but I had been overdoing it."

R r-r-r-r-r-rum-tum. Lum-ti-tumti-tum-tum. R-r-r-r-rum-tum.

"What made you think so, Frank?" "Why, it was the stipulation, you know, when you gave me the-cold shake, that I should come to see you occasionally as a friend, so as not to break off too sudden and get people

Lum-ti-tum-tum. Pilli-willi-willi-willi-willi-willi. Ker-chug. Ker-chug. Rr-r-rnm-tum.

"Yes, I believe that was the understanding." "That's what I've been doing, you know Gracie. I've been coming occa-

sionally. Once or twice a week is oc-"Yes, I suppose you could call it

"But when a fellow gets to coming three or four times a week, you know it looks as if he were getting off the occasional basis and trying to make a new deal. That's what is worrying

"I wouldn-t-r-r-rum-tum. Ker-shung -let such a little thing as that-lum-

"It's all right, of course, to go on being friends, Grace, but it's going to take a long time to break it to'em gently if this occasional business gets any more h'm-occasional than is

'Some day, of course, I'll have to quit. It has been a pretty long time now since I have bored you, Gracie, with a word of love-

"A long time!" exclaimed Gracie, pensively. "It's been an eternity,

Yum! Yum! yum-yum! Yum-Which the sagacious reader will un derstand to be an interlude with which

And Frank is to go to see Miss Graas luckily. The lady displayed great cie one day next week with a regular-nerve and coolness, and it is due to ly ordained minister, a new black suit, and a marriage license.-Chicago Tri-

bune The Trainmen's Gentle Way.

He came rushing up the stairs to the elevated station, bought a ticket, certainly be in the air of the land of dropped it in the box as he ran and the free. It is told of the Corean pulled himself up with a jerk at the car platform.

This train go to Franklin square?"

he asked, panting.
"Nop," answer answered the trainmen. "Nop," answere slamming the gate.

Then the man in a hurry walked up and down the platform nervously and impatiently until the next train came along. He got on the front car, but at the door he turned to make sure

that he was right. "Franklin square train?" he asked. "Nop," said the trainmen. Fourteenth next," and he threw the gate after the fleeing heels of the passenger who had hastily left the car.

There was another promenade; another train pulled in, and again the traveler asked:

"Does this train go to Franklin "Nop," said the trainman, looking sweetly at the young woman in a red

There was desperation in the manner of the stranger after the third train had gone. He looked around him carefully, walked quickly back and forth, turning sharply and taking short savage steps. Before the fourth train reached the station he went up to the ticket "chopper" and said very

respectfully: Does the next train stop at Frank

lin Square?"
"Nop," said the chopper, prying in the glass box with a wire and then chopping viciously.

'Does the next train after the one

coming stop at Franklin Square?"
"Nop," answered the official, putting on his gloves, which he had taken off to handle the wire, and carefully examining a little rip in one of the fingers.

"The next one after that?"

"Nop."
"Will you kindly tell me," said the passenger meekly, "when a Franklin Square train will come?" "There ain't no Franklin Square trains on this side.' "None at all?"

"Nop."
"But I thought-" "Nop. This is the Sixth avenue line.

You want to walk over to Third ave-"Couldn't you have told me that

before?" asked the stranger, with a faint smile of wonder. "Why not?" mildly.
"'Cause you didn't ask me," and the stranger went down the stairs very softly as if he were afraid of dis-

turbing a sleeping lion.-New York Tribune.

Heroes in Kansas. "About the coolest thing I ever

saw," continued the man who had beed talking writes C. P. Parsons to The Story of a Stolen and Misplaced Box the Detroit New Press, "was something that happened out in a scrap of n place in Western Kanens one day I

lay over there a couple of years ago," "Indeed" interrupted the quiet life father was president of a college, and the man, cornered up next the car wine the commencement dinner was always dow

"It sectors a couple of boys had come into town the day before and got so all fired funny that the citizens to the parior before he was allowed had to dust up their old pinescaptiin' any chance at the good things on the calaboose for their benefit.

"Well, by the next morning they were a heap too dry in the throat to stand any nonsense, so they made up their minds mighty quick to leave their present quarters and they did it, too.

"Well one of 'em slipped down to their one-horse printing office and got a big poster struck-We are fugitives from justice.' And what did they do but stick it onto a crompiece of their scantlin' and parade the town with that bill flying over their scantlin'

"What did the citizens say? yelled hat to pay the damages.

A Wrinkle for Dentists.

A mother took her little five-yearold to the dentist's to have a bad hot baked potatoes! tooth extracted. The young monkey, in anticipation of the pain, set up an awful squeal, till the dentist pacified him with these words:-

"I say, my little man, are you good at whistling?" "Y-e-s!

"Then let me hear you." (Boy whistles.) "I tell you what, my boy, this is how we'll do; as soon as it begins to hurt you whistle, and I'll stop

at once." The lad fell in with the suggestion, a dreadful howl. "Ah! my little fellow, why didn't you whistle?"

The Florida Way.

John North, on the cars.-For Heaven's sake, conductor, can't this my hand. train make a little better time? We have stopped 20 minutes out here in the woods for no apparent reason. There is only one house in sight, and-Colonel Gator, the conductor.—No reason, suh? W'y, bless yo heaht, suh, we are stoppin' in the interests of business. Mizzus Wiregrass, who lives in this yeh house, wants to take a full dozen of turkey eggs to market. She's got 11 now, an' is waitin' foh the tuhkey to lay the othuh one. Just as soon as the turkey does her

duty, we'll steam onward. The Weaker Sex.

Magistrate: "Prisoner, are you not ashamed of ill-treating a feeble creature like your wife?"

"Prisoner, smiling: "Feeble creature! Did your Worship eyer see the feeble creature?"

"Magistrate: "No." Prisoner: "Then you will please allow me to make a short statement? Three weeks ago I got her weighed on the feeble creature, asshe stood in her clothes, was found to weigh 187 pounds!"—Tagtiche Rundschau.

Paris Beggars.

Alexandre Dumas, on alighting from his carriage recently, was accosted by a beggar, to whom he gave a couple of sous. The latter, expecting something handsomer, no doubt, started back in amazement.

"Come, come!" said the author or treme head. "The Princess of Bagdad," with a knowing smile, "just take the coppers, when the will you, and give them to the first Emery said: poor chap you come across."-Annales Politiques et Litteraires.

A Sequel to the Recent Ministerial

Assault. A French Deputy lately went down to the House having his head and face covered with a huge fencing mask. On going in he was stopped by the usher: "We cannot allow you to pass dis-guised in that fashion, sir!"

"I beg your pardon, but to day I never see him again."
have a question to put to the Ministers."—Le Gil Blas.

An Uncommercial Traveler.

Gaswell-Hello, Bellefield, I haven't seen you for six months. Are you still keeping books for Sheetz & Linnen? Bellefield-No; I'm traveling for the

"Ah! Since when?" "Since Saturday. It was on that day they told me to take a long walk."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Love and Lucre.

A:- "Are those two lovers yonder and cooing like turtledoves. I suppose their parents are agreed on the subject?"

B. Pretty nearly there is only a difference of a thousand marks between them!"-Der Schalk.

A Pleasing Prospect.

Dr. X-has just amputated both nether limbs of one of his patients. After a few words of encouragement, he adds:-

"Whatever you do, keep quiet, and in six weeks at the outside, you will be on your legs again."—Le Papillion.

Unkind of Him.

"They say you have an excellent memory, Mr. Dukane," observed Miss Hobson now? They used to be insep-Wallflower.

"Yes, indeed," replied the brute. can remember distinctly events that occurred in 1849, the year you were born .- Pittsburg Chronicle.

DICKERS-HOWITT-DURNS.

Points.

At an alumn) dinner last sommer a professor in a Museactuanits college told a taughable story of his box hond relates the Youth's Companion. held at his house. It was a grand affair with many distinguished guests. and the little boy had to wait until they had finished dinner and returned 4 april in

For days previous to the event there was baking and browing, and the whole house was filled with savery edors On the morning of the commencement dinner there seemed no place in the house for a small urchin like myself. I was sent from the pantry, from the kitchen and from the dining room. So I wandered about disconsolately, growing hungry with every whiff of the roasting meats and the spley pies and puddings.

At last dinner was ready, and Jane. one of the hired girls, went to the parlor to annoused the fact, leaving "Why, the town just naturally parior to announce the fact leaving relied itself hourse and passed the dining room door ajar. I was in hiding under the hall table, and here was my opportunity. I rushed into the dining room to see what there was good on the table. Alas, the only thing within my reach was a dish of

> Father and the company were approaching. I seized a potato, jammed it into my trousers pocket and made a rush for the door. I managed to scramble past father, who led the way with a lady on his arm, and blundered full into the governor of the state.

The governor laughed and picked me up in his arms, while I struggled for freedom.

Ah, what a fine boy, Mr. President," said his excellency, as he held me firmly against his side. But he's the dentist pulled out the tooth, after father's chin." "I didn't steal father's chin, either!" I gasped. "'Twas only a potato! and oh, it's burning me!" With that

I gave a ringing scream, and, to the

horror of my father and mother, struck the governor in the face with Then it all came out. The hot potatoe had burst under the governor's hug, and steaming through the thin linen trousers, had made a great, red burn on my leg. And so it came to pass that, until I entered college, I never had anything for dinner on

tato. ·That is to help you to remember to keep your pockets clear of stolen goods," father used to say, 'for one never knows when he may meet the governor."

commencement day but one baked po-

DANIEL WEBSTER.

The Day Came When the Eyes of the Nation Were Upon Him.

Daniel Webster was in 1876 a member of Phillips Exeter academy, says the Boston Globe. A few days after Mr. Webster had enter Exeter academy he returned to his boarding house one evening in a very despondent mood and told his friends that the city the automatic weighing-machine. And laughing at him because he was at the boys in the academy were constantly foot of his class and had

the backwoods. The next day Mr. Nicholas Emery, who was then an assistant in the academy, urged Webster to think of nothing but his books, and added that all

would come out right. The advice was needed and at the end of the first quarter Mr. Emery, mustering his class in a line, formally took the arm of young Webster and marched him from the foot to the ex-

At the end of the second quarter, when the class was mustered, Mr.

Daniel Webster, gather ap your books and take down your cap. The boy obeyed, and, thinking he

was about to be expelled from school, was sorely troubled; The teacher soon dispelled this illusion, for he said; 'Now, sir, you will please report yourself to the teacher of the first class. And you, young men, will take an affectionate leave of your classmate, for you will

They never did see him in that class room again, but the time came when the eyes of the nation beheld

Buff Willow Is Strongest.

A general mistake is made about baskets most people supposing that the white willow basket is the best. It looks best, but it is by no means the strongest. The white willow slips are cut in the fall and kept green all winter by packing their stubs in wet sand or water, and when spring comes the bark peels off with a twist of the hand. The buff baskets, on the contrary, are made from dried willow firmly engaged yet?" They are billing elips which have been steamed and then peeled. While not so handsome, they are much stronger, and will wear far longer than the white.

Written in Pencil.

The vicar of Doncaster England, found the accompanying lines written in pencil on the walls of the belfry of the parish church. They happily define 'ringing," 'chiming" and 'toll-

To call the folks to church in time, I chime. When mirth and pleasure's on the wing,

I ring. When from the body parts the soul, I toll."

Estranged. Howell-Why does Fuller avoid

arable. Powell- . They were hypnotized on

the stage last week and the professor told Fuller that he was a grain of corp and Hobson that he was a chicken."