



THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE TIGER AND THE CRUISER BERWICK.

The illustration depicts the terrible British naval disaster which recently occurred off the Isle of Wight.

down with all hands. The men in the stern part, promptly ordered up from below, were able to throw themselves clear of the vessel, and some kept afloat on oars, spars, and wreckage; but nearly every man saved belonged to the engine room staff.

IN LOVE'S TENDER KEEPING.

Hold me a little away from the world, Dear arms! with your tenderest clinging; The bird with its breast to the blue singeth sweet.

Through the Night

Hot with resentful retrospect, Tom Sardon leaned heavily upon the parapet of the bridge. All around the silent streets, the absence of life, the darkness, accentuated gas lamps, seemed to convey the idea of a deserted city—as if man, awed by the devastation he had wrought on fair Nature's face, had fled from his grim handiwork.

for him, into a blaze, placed a small kettie on the fire, and returned to Tom, who sat, white and tired, looking at the portrait of a gentle-faced lady lung opposite to him.

"That—your wife?" said Tom. Amusement was followed by a quick gleam of hope. "You told me that you married Miss Arley?"



TOM TOOK OUT THE LETTER.

"My Son Thomas." Handing it to Tom, he said: "Now, I'll leave you for a minute or two while you read your epistle. I shan't be long away."

of the old to remonstrate with the young and the duty of the young to listen in patience to admonishment.

"Good news, old man?" "Yes, too good for me. I'll not let you read the letter, L. It is too sacred. But I am off again, L. I'll write this time to tell you how I get on."

"Well, all right. But after breakfast I must say good-bye." "Perhaps," said Lionel.

"The young sounded. Lionel appeared and led the way downstairs to the breakfast room. A pleasant faced lady there was introduced as Lionel's wife.

"What a lark! Poor old Tom!" Tom waited till his brother had closed the door, and then ripped open the envelope and took out the letter:

"My Son—You and I parted in anger. You have gone away, I know not where, leaving your father and your brother without a good-bye. You have not written, and now in my last days I find myself cut off from communication with my eldest son. But before I die I wish to set down some particulars of which I feel you are ignorant. Jacob Arley was my enemy. The only crime he could ever accuse me of was that I married your mother—the girl he professed to love, but who did not love him."

"Justice Hawkins' tenderness for women prisoners was well known. He admitted it, and he had a great dislike of sentencing these poor creatures to death who had been recommended to mercy and would probably be reprieved. On one such occasion the sheriff asked if he was not going to put on the black cap."

"No," he answered, "I am not. I do not intend the poor creature to be hanged, and I am not going to frighten her to death."

"There was a man the other night trying to play a 'black hand' game with me." "Oh, John, what did he do?" "Held all the spades and clubs when the black cards were trumped."—Baltimore American.

SHEEP NONSENSE

"What is the capacity of your church?" "About 300 spring hats."—Life.

Jeweler—Shall I engrave the bride's initials on the inside? Fiance—Better say, "For my best beloved."—Flegende Blaetter.

Miss Millyuns (rather ago)—Will you love me when I'm old? Brighton Early (absently)—Well, what do you think I'm doing now?

The Professor's Wife—You haven't kissed me for a week. The Professor (absently)—Are you sure? Then who is it I have been kissing?—Life.

Maggie (calling upstairs)—The gas stove went out, mum. Mistress—Well, light it! Maggie—It went out through the roof, mum.—Success Magazine.

De Quiz—Have you heard a robin yet? De Whiz—No, but I've seen a woman with her head tied up in a towel beating a carpet in the back yard.—Judge.

Waiter (who has just served up some soup)—Looks uncommonly like rain, sir. Diner—Yes, by Jove, and tastes like it, too! Bring me some thick soup.—London Tatler.

"Billger eloped with his cook, the unfeeling wretch!" "Well, I don't know. Why shouldn't he if he wanted to?" "But his wife was just going to give a dinner party."—Life.

"The corporation has resolved at last to lay out a park for the benefit of the poor." "Have the preparations begun?" "Rather! All the 'Keep Off the Grass' boards have arrived already."—Tit-Bits.

"Going to make a garden?" "Not much." "I thought you were so enthusiastic on the subject last summer." "Won't you allow a man to learn anything by experience?"—Nashville American.

Wink—He didn't use to dodge his rich relatives, but he does now. Bink—Does, eh? And as poor as he is? Wink—Sure! All his rich relatives have bought automobiles. —Chicago Daily News.

Bill—I see in a favorable wind a fox can scent a man at a distance of one-quarter of a mile. Jill—Of course, he could scent him farther if the man happened to be in an automobile.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Beware!" whispered the fortune teller; "your bitterest enemy will shortly cross your path." "Hoary!" cried the man, delightedly; "my new motor car won't do a thing to him."—Philadelphia Press.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

TO WHIP OR NOT TO WHIP?

THE school authorities of New York City have had under consideration for many months the question of the advisability of restoring corporal punishment as a means of correction and discipline in the elementary schools.

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DEATH RATE AMONG THE STATES.

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IN MEMORY OF OLD VIRGINIA.

Plantation Ways Recalled by an Incident in Street Car. All the seats were taken in the car which I entered one morning in early April, says a writer in Lippincott's.

Do Fish Feel Pain?

How sensitive to pain are fish? A correspondent writes: "I have a small pond which is stocked with trout. I keep an accurate account of those I catch and note when I lose any."

Turning Defeat Into Victory.

She (in tones of rejection)—Well, George, to be plain with you— He—But you can never be that never, never, you are too beautiful.

population of similar character to that of the United States now seems toward an annual death rate of about 15 per 1,000 or less.

THE STEAMSHIP TO BE BUILT.

NO man can at this moment say when the limit of size will be reached in the building of ocean liners. Extremely big and swift ships cannot be developed much beyond the present dimensions and speed, unless their owners are willing to run them at a loss for the sake of advertising their lines or unless they are made commercially profitable through government subsidies.

WHIPPING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

HERE is little whipping in the English schools to-day, and it is almost confined to historic institutions, such as Eton, Harrow and Rugby, where the rich and aristocratic send their sons, and where a peculiar pride is taken in maintaining ancient customs.

REMARKABLE TRAP FOR BIRDS.



CATCHING CROWS BY MEANS OF BIRD-LIMED PAPER BAGS IN SNOW.

The bags are placed in the snow with their mouths level with the surface. For a few days each bag is filled with snow, upon which rests a piece of raw meat or fish. At first the birds are shy, and will not go near the contrivance; but hunger overcomes timidity, and they eat. For a time all goes well with them; day after day they secure the tempting morsels. Then is the trapper's chance. In each bag, instead of snow, he places bird lime; and on the bird lime meat. When next the birds come to feed, they find their heads held fast in the bags, and when they seek to fly they flounder to the earth.

A ROSE FOR TRIBUTE

When in a comfortable state of solvency, the householder may suffer no nervous dread at thought of the landlord appearing at the door; still, redness is not generally observed as a festival and time of rejoicing, as is the case once a year in Mainheim, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania.