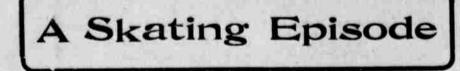
THE PRICELESS THOUGHT.

A penny for my thoughts? I'll tell you this: To me that thought is worth the whole of bliss, Ten thousand kings, set on ten thousand thrones, Have not a millionth part in precious stones, In silver, gold, and other treasures rare. Of what is mine in that one thought so fair That you would buy for copper. E'en the mint Itself compared to it hath nothing in't. The chests of Crossns, Monte Cristo, and The added wealth of all our lavish land. I would not take for that one precious thought, Yet since you ask, I'll give it you for naught. "Tis this, Sweetheart, come hither and incline Your ear that I may whisper-"Thou art mine!"

-John Kendrick Bangs, in Ainslee's Magnaine,



Years ago, when I was a student at | am dying. Let me die in your arms! Heidelberg, it was my custom to travel And-and tell me your love." Then, placing her arms around my up a branch of the Neckar every weekneck, I raised her up and told her end to an old castle where dwelt the what no other ear shall hear, no other Baron von Rosentower with his daugh- eye shall read. A tremor of love-and ter Elsa. My father and the Baron death-shook her as our lips met. Then, had been fast friends at Heidelberg as her spirit fied, her arms fell from my neck. many years before, and the Baron was Elsa! Elsa! always glad to see me. I for my part had fallen deeply in love with the dark-My student days were over. After eved Elsa. With all the ardor of youth a long search for the murderer of my I had wooed her with my eyes; but as yet not a word of love had passed love, I had been denied even the conbetween us. On the night of which I solation of vengeance. Yet in the end am writing it was my intention to it was brought home that the murder-

speak to her of my passion, and ask er's knife stabs himself and the "robber robs to render." her to be mine forever. It was a bleak winter day, and Jan-It was in the early part of the year. uary's frost brought the vigorous and the river was well frozen. Knowing that I could travel nearly the youth of London out on to the skating ponds. Beneath a gray and frosty sky whole of the distance on the ice, I donned my skates and set out. When I made my way with my skates to the I reached the branch of the river that ornamental water in Regent's Park. led up to the castle the full moon There, among people who were hurryrose before me, shedding its glorious ing hither and thither in a motley

silver light over everything. Its rising hurried my strides, for I realized served enclosure, and was very soon that in the previous week I had arranged with Elsa to meet her at a certain bend of the river at six, and it was the first time I had skated since was now nearly that time.

The ring of the skates called the sad As I hastened on I could see the lights of the castle twinkling in the disscene up to me vividly. I could see tance. They shone in the night like the banks of the frozen river and the stars to guide my feet to her I loved, broad moonlit space where Elsa had think he has a little mark on the calf met her death; could bear her last She would be coming down the river



citement. "Are you sure of it?" "Yes," I replied. "Do you happen to remember the case of Elsa von Rosentower, killed on the ice at Heidelberg. three years ago?" "I've heard of it." he replied. "They never found the man. You don't meau to say that-

"I do," I said. "You come and stand nearby while I talk to him; and take your cue from me." With this I approached the foreigner, and the policeman established himself nearby.

"That's an extraordinary figure of yours," I said. "Yes," he replied. "I think I may claim a-what you call-a monopoly of that. You see, no one else can do 12

"Are you sure?" I asked, pointedly. "I fancy I've seen it somewhere." He looked incredulous. "I'll wager you a hundred golden s v ereigns you can't show me another man who can do it," he said. "Where did you see it?"

"On a branch of the Neckar," I replied. "Leading up to the Castle Rosentower." The man's jaw fell, and he blanched suddenly as I went on: "Of course, it was you. I tried to overtake you, but

"Me!" he ejaculated, recovering himself. "What proof have you of that?" "The trick you performed on the ice just now to elude me was the same

that you employed on that occasion." "That is nonsense !" he cried, starting up and glaring at me. "Do you suppose that I'm the only one in the world that can do it?" "You said just now that no one els-

could do it," I replied. "You're the man without a doubt." "Absurd! Ridiculous!" he cried

again, while I caught the policeman's "This is too much. You are romancing. I tell you-" "Listen to me," I said, interrupting

him. "Do you know me?" "No; I never set eyes on you before. "Good. That lends additional weight what I have to say. It is this. throng, I gained admission into the re-While I was chasing you I managed to run my rapler through the calf of your mixed in the crowd upon the ice. Yet right leg before you tricked me. I proit was a melancholy pleasure, for this sume the mark is still there?" He laughed uneasily.

"Ach! Gott!" he said. "You Engthe tragic affair three years cince. lish are too much. To accuse a man of murder because he can cut a certain figure on the ice, and because you of his leg-ach! That's good!" And

he laughed again. But his amusement was short-lived. "Murder !" said I. "Who accused you of murder? I never said a word about murder."

"Not to him." said the policeman. now stepping forward, "but you did to me a little while back. Will you charge Mr. Warner replied encouragingly that this man?" he went on, addressing me. "He seems to know exactly what the harge is."

"Yes," I returned. "I charge him with the murder of Elsa von Rosenower, three years ago, on the Neckar!" There was a sensation among the looked this way and that as if for some

-Good-Short Storles

a Trojan all the morning. Then at luncheon she said she thought she'd Gaston burst like a whiriwind in surprise the girls of the old luncheon apon his friend Alphonse. "Will you club by learning to prepare a whole e my witness?" he cried. "Going to meal, and then invite them to eat it. "No; going to get married." light?" I told her she might, and to-morrow Alphonse after a pause inquired, "Can't nurping she's going to learn to cream you apologize?" potatoes and make mayonnaise dress

aight. "Though it's anything but funny

for those two poor youngsters," she

added. "I've been chuckling all day.

This morning Eleanor asked me if I

could help her with that dress, and

though I had planned to do other

To which Mr. Parks replied, "Oh,

A DANGEROUS STOWAWAY

······

Brooklyn dock.

Almost every ship which gets into

It was an awfully old joke, but the ing. Poor Madge's return has had American thought it might cause his more effect than all my planning and English friend to generate a smile. trying." 'Just before I sailed for Liverpool,' said the American, "I dreamed that I told you not to worry. Eleanor's all was dead, and the heat woke me up. right."-Youth's Companion. 'So?" rejoined the Englishman, seri-

usly, "The weather must be beastly ****** hot in America."

Dr. Walter C. Smith, the popular Scotch poet-preacher, on one occasion **** tried to explain to an old lady the

meaning of the scriptural expression, "Toke up thy bed and walk," by saying port has an experience to relate of that the bed was simply a mat or rug easily taken up and carried away. "No, no," replied the lady. "I canna be lieve that. The bed was a regular four-poster. There would be no miracle in walking away wi' a bit o' mat on rug on your back."

Rube Waddell, the baseball star, at banquet in his honor in St. Louis, Calcutta with a load of rails for the said of pitching: "The secret of wiu-Trans-Siberian railway. It unloaded aing pitching is trickery. I once knew at Dainy and on its return trip, on the Nicetown drummer named Horton third night out its strange stowaway who would have made a fine pitcher. I was discovered. found Horton one day writing in a red book. 'A diary?' said I. 'I didn't on the poop-deck, were found slaughknow you kept a diary, Horton.' 'It is tered one morning. The next night a only a fake one,' he replied. 'I make out sheep was killed and its half-eaten in it that I lead the life of a saint. carcass left near the machinery room. Then I leave it lying around for my A watch was then kept, and it was wife to read."" found that a Manchurian tiger was on

board the ship. The creature had stolen Ap old lady was accosted in a London street by a well-dressed and re-imed-looking stranger, who effusively driven on deck by hunger had commitc'aimed her as a friend. "I really ted the depredations which had set the don't believe you remember me!" she crew to wondering. exclaimed, reproachfully, and the old In spite of a strict lookout no near view of the cat could be obtained. At lady, never doubting that her memory daylight search failed to reveal its hidwas at fault, confessed that she could nct quite recall the name. "Ah! but ing place. Once or twice the crew I have changed it since you knew me," caught sight of two green eyes glaring said her interlocutor, gayly, and after out of the darkness, but they vanished before a gun could be brought to shoula few more lively speeches she passed on, having possessed herself meanwhile der. The thefts went on. Then, one night, of the old lady's purse.

When Charles Dudley Warner was a Chinese fireman, crossing the deck, the editor of the Hartford, Connecticut, was badly scared by the sudden appear ance of the animal. The captain decid-Press, back in the sixtles, arousing the patriotism of the State by his viged that something must be done. Anorons appeals, one of the type-setters other hunt was organized. The first, came in from the composing room, and, second and third officers were armed and the crew provided with clubs to planting himself before the editor. said : "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided beat up the game. It was night when to enlist in the army." With mingled the creature was finally discovered besensations of pride and responsibility, hind some odds and ends in the space under the poop-deck. The second officer was the first to he was glad to see that the man felt

the call of duty. "Oh, it isn't that," see the big cat. Two blazing eyes were said the truthful compositor; "but I'd turned in his direction and the officer rather be shot than try to set any more fired. There was a cry from the animal, and then the lithe body was of your copy." One of Lord Carmarthen's future

launched full at its would-be slayer. constituents once asked the youthful The officer fired again, and then, as he spectators as the man, pale as death, andidate his opinion upon some ab- half turned to avoid the springing anistruse question of which he knew noth- mal, it struck him full on the shoul-

RATALIE'S BRACELETS.

She Liked Boys Who Would Spend Money Upon Her. Natalle Joyce held a pretty brace

leted arm before Pen Darlington. "See things, I said yes, and she worked like what it is to have a birthday!" she cried, gally.

"Three! Natalle Joyce, aren't you the lucklest? And isn't that one with the pearls a beauty?" Pen's voice sounded as happy as if the pretty things were her own-it was a way Pen had.

Natalle twisted the one with the pearls thoughtfully. "It is lovely," she said, "only I kind of hated to have Dick Marshall spend so much for it." "Dick Marshall !" Pen repeated.

Natalle dimpled. "And the others are from Ralph Dixon and Brent Lyon. Wasn't it funny they should all have had the same idea? What is the matter with you, Pen Darlington? You look as solemn as an owl."

"I wish you-hadn't let them," Pen said, bravely,

Natalle stripped the bracelets off and thrust them in her pocket.

"I might have remembered what a stolen passages. Perhaps the most cu-Puritan you are!" she said, angrily. rious case of a stowaway is told in a "You needn't have said a word-it's recent number of the New York Times, enough to stand there looking a hun-The adventure took place on the big dred things, each worse than the last." British freighter Matoppo, which reach-"I'm sorry," Pen faltered. ed its berth a short time ago at a South

"It looks like it !" Natalle retorted. marching off. At the corner, however, In February the Matoppo sailed from her anger fell away and her dimples came back, for she saw Rob Darlington coming, and in the secret place in her heart where she kept her dreams -still sweet and innocent girl-dreams, in spite of her vanity-Rob Darlington A number of chickens, kept in a coop moved as hero. The two went on together, laughing and talking, both well content. But that evening Rob came to his sister's room.

"I want to ask you something, Pen," be said.

"All right," Pen responded. She was very proud of her big brother.

"It's about Natalie Joyce," Rob said, seriously. "Pen, is it true that she accepts presents-valuable ones-from any fellow who gives them to her? Fellows like Ralph Dixon, for instance?"

Pen shook her head. "No fair, Rob." she said, quietly.

"I supposed you'd say that," Rob returned. "I heard the fellows talking about it, and I wouldn't believe He strode across to the window 12." and stood looking out, whistling soft-

ly, a long time. Natalle wondered why Rob Darlington stopped coming to see her. Then she decided that it was not worth worrying about. She never would have ared for him, anyway; he was too proper. She liked boys who were good fun and gave you things. She had six bracelets now .--- Youth's Companion.

NEW POINT OF VIEW.

Clever Suggestion of a Woman to Aid Erring Youth.

"I had to dismiss that office boy of mine, Mary-you recall him, don't you?" said Mr. Clark to his wife one evening, according to the Youth's Companion. "He stole. We weren't sure of it at first, but one day we found

A STRUGGLE THAT PAID.

It took Max Grelber four years to become the prosperous and respected proprietor of a restaurant, after having been a loafer and a "bum." His wife had died, his children were with their grandparents and he himself had been twice in the hospital before he got ta drifting. A useless, objectless, pitiful life it was that he led for a while. He "didn't seem to succeed," somehow, When he was at last on his feet again and his own master, he told the story

to an acquaintance as follows: I was a full-fledged hobo, I tell you! Slept out nights, and drank every time I got a nickel. Many's the time the con has come along and warmed the soler of my feet to wake me up and keep me from freezing stiff in some alleyway or hall. But I got a jounce one day that made me see things differently. If was this way:

I used to be good looking-I mean clean and well dressed. I took pride in being smart. Why, when my wife was alive, I wouldn't start to work in the morning with my dinner bucket till my hair was parted just so-that's the truth !

Well, maybe vanity isn't the worst vice a man can have. I was going alone the street this day I tell you of, and I came to where some fellows were put ting one of those big plate glass windows into a store front. They'd got the boarding off one face of the glass, and I turned the corner and came por onto a full length reflection of myself in that window pane.

"Why," says I to myself, "what a filthy looking bum that fellow is!" And then I realized that the face was mine When I got it into my head that that blear-eved, ragged, unshaved, dirty vk sion in the glass was the reflection of Max Greiber, that decided me.] wasn't a minute deciding to turn square. I knew I was gradually drifting from bad to worse, but this struck me like a cluby I stopped drinking then and there-and it wasn't any casy break. It was harder still to get to work. I'd got so used to loafing that I thought I was sick when I began to put

some hard licks in once more. I took the first thing that came at hand. I found a couple of bags and went to the nearest place where they were tearing down a house, and begged some wood. I didn't have an ax, and the workmen wouldn't have trusted me with one if I had asked to borrow it I broke the wood into kindling length with a paving brick. When I had two bags full I went through the streets hollering, "Wood! Wood!" till I sold them. That gave, me twenty cents.] paid half of it for a shave and the next day, when I'd earned more, I went to the barber again and got my hair cut. I kept at it like a dog in a treadmill, I wasn't contented with just filling my stomach. As fast as I could I got whole clothing from second hand shops. hired a room for a dollar a week. A lot of my old pals, still hung around, and I set them to work. I bought an ax and sometimes I paid for the right to clean out the refuse wood where contractor was at work. I cut the wood and sold it to my pals for five or six cents a bag. They had to bring the bags back or they didn't get any more, Finally, when I got a little money to, gether, I went back to my trade, saved up, and here I am with a little business of my own today. I have a home, with the old folks and the kids in it. I can hardly realize that I was ever that chap I saw in the glass that day-and lucky for me I wasn't too far gone te see myself as I was.



IT WAS A MELANCHOLY PLEASURE.

now, and would reach the meeting words ringing in my ears, and see the place before me. last look in her eyes upturned to mine. There had been some talk of rob-Mingling among the throng I strove bers in the neighborhood recently, and to drive away these memories. Then for this reason I carried not a re- as I skated on I caught sight of a volver, but a stick in which was concrowd gathered round a man who was cealed a rapier, thinking this was good cutting figures upon the ice.

enough for them. Thoughts of robbers I drew near to watch, and soon saw were capped by the weird, dismal howi that he was no ordinary skater. He of a wolf in the distance. It brought displayed a dexterity and a finish that a chill to my heart-a vague misgiving are seldom seen. As I watched him and a presentiment of evil. I was not with admiration he suddenly struck overconcerned about myself, but I was across the open patch and sped at a in great haste to reach the spot where rapid pace towards the line of specta-Elsa would be waiting for me. A foretors at one side. But when he came boding of catastrophe followed at my within a yard of them he executed a heels, and as I sped faster and faster peculiar movement difficult to follow. it still followed close. What a fool and, darting off at right angles, just I was to be late and keep my loved avoided a collision. one waiting in a wild spot!

"Bravo! Bravo!" went up from the I was nearing a bend in the river crowd, for it was a wonderful feat. when a cry reached my ears. Could it Those around me ejaculated expressions be the howl of a wolf? It was re- of astonishment, for it was indeed a peated. It sounded more human. Was trick that they had never witnessed beit the cry of a woman? I increased fore. But I-I clenched my teeth, and my pace to the utmost to round the said nothing. I had seen it before. It bend whence the cry had proceeded. was the exact movement by which the My forebodings of evil gripped my murderer of my love had eluded me on heart and lent wings to my feet. that fatal night three years since.

Could this be the man? I had not seen Again the cry was repeated, and 1 his face, but I had duly noted and renow knew it for that of a womanand, what was more, it was a cry of membered the twist and turn and glide distress. Another moment and I had that had baffled me. This idea, that he was the man, grew rounded the bend. There I saw, in a

upon me as I watched him narrowly. broad patch of the moonlit ice, a man Then, actuated by a sudden idea, I and a woman struggling together. I shouted. The man turned his head struck forward into the ring and mo-

tioned to him. He brought up sudand saw my swift approach. Then, denly and faced me. quick as thought, his knife flashed "You're a quick skater," I said. "Now

twice, and there was a sharp moan from the woman as she sank to the ground. I was now almost upon them, and if you can prevent me from catchwhen the man darted off. I gave chase, ing you I'll admit you're the smartest thinking to run him through before he man I've ever seen on the ice. could get up speed. But he was too "very well," he replied, with a forquick for me. As I sore down on him eign accent; "try it. And if you can with a rapid sweep he eluded me with catch me you're eleverer than L" the most peculiar and extraordinary maneuver I have ever seen on the ice. I followed. Round and round the ring But, as he executed this strange fig- we went like lightning, the spectators ure, I made a swift thrust with my cheering us on. I gained on him and rapier at his right leg as it was thrown was stretching out my hand to catch back for a moment within my reach, him when he leaped right across my and pierced the fleshy part of the path, and, with a stumbling backward calf. But pursuit was hopeless. He movement, left me on the other side reached the bend, and with a mocking of the ring. laugh again executed the extraordinary figure which had ballied me. Then he was gone, and I saw him no more.

All this was a matter of seconds. same thing: but I was after him like As it was now impossible to catch the a shot, and pressing him close in the robber, or whatever he was, I hurried middle of the ring. But he was not to the prostrate form upon the ice. to be caught. When he was almost Bending over it, I turned the face up within my grasp he swiveled and perto the light. Alas, my worst fears were formed the intricate maneuver that realized. It was Elsa! And upon the had first attracted my attenion. Beice beside her was the crimson stain of fore I could look round he was at the her life's blood. The cruel kuife had other side of the ring laughing at me. evidently done its work. She was "I give it up," I said. "You are too dying. clever for me."

Quickly I pressed my brandy flask "I give it up, too," he said. "I've to her lips. She stirred, and her eyes had enough." And with that he sought looked up into mine. "My dear," I said, tenderly, "to called for his skates to be removed.

night I was going to tell you how much | Seeing this, I at once made my way I loved you. And now-and now-" to a policeman, and briefly explained which only books printed in Esperanto "Dear," she replied plaintively, "I my suspicions to him.

oophole of escape. But, with the po liceman's heavy hand upon him, there was small chance, and he was led away like one in a dream, self-convicted vy his own words.

Subsequent investigation proved him to be the right man, for there was the small mark of the rapler wound visible upon the calf of his leg. The whole matter was cleared up and his identity was proved beyond a doubt. In due course he was executed, and I had the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that the very trick by means of which he had escaped me on that tragic night had now brought about his just doom. -Philadelphia Telegraph.

"ADS" THAT PARIS KNOWS.

Heralding of Goods for Sale Differs from America's Methods.

The new moving picture arrangement for advertising on the "Great White Way" is one of the means of advertisement with which Parisians have long been familiar. The cimematographs are the most amusing things on the boulevards at night, portraying crazy

stories, interspersed with many re clames, says the New York Post. Posters are more employed than over here. Although Paris boasts of few glaring billboards, almost every blank wall space is covered with little slips advertising houses to rent, furniture to sell or help wanted. Each bill should have a governmental stamp of a few centimes, and those who do not pay this duty to the government are liable

to prosecution. Political and mass meetings are also announced in this way; in fact, it is the usual form of agitating. The recent strikes were made public by means of posters, and at regular intervals the will give you a start round this ring. women's rights members go about pasting slips.

Sandwich mon are extensively em ployed, especially by the music hall. On the Boulevard St. Michaei an old man walks with half-closed eyes, carrying a sign which reads in hig letters With the words, he started off and 'Do Not Look Behind." Needless to say, every one hastens to do so.

The custom of distributing reclames in the street, although seen here, is by no means as general as in France. There it is a common advertising medium. Any business, from dressmaking and dry goods to schools and libraries, is recommended. This is, indeed, a reg-

The onlookers cheered him, and I re ular business, and the distributers, men turned to the charge again. This time, and women, must have a license. when I was close on him, he did the The theater is an advertising medium for dressmakers and milliners. It is a well-known fact that the principal Parislan actresses never pay for their dresses; these are furnished by the big establishments free of charge, provided their names figure on the program.

> Him Also. "Her hats beggar description." "And that's not all they beggar if

her husband tells the truth."-Houston There are two Esperanto clubs in

the bank, and, sitting down on a chair, Moscow, and over a thousand persons are busy studying the language. A book store will shortly be opened, in will be sold.

"Let him alone!" cried another, der. The cat's sharp claws cut his coat ing. from the collar down. Then the beast derisively; "don't you see he's nothing bounded through the door leading to but a baby?" "What do you think?" reiterated his inquirer, heedless of the the deck. At that spot coal had been pilod up to the rail. The men who had run aft

interruption and determined to have an answer. "I think," said Lord Carmarthen, with ready wit, "that it is at the sound of the shot saw the anihigh time for all bables to be in bed"; mal bound up this pile and leap far out and so saying he gathered up his into the sea. "It was very interesting," said the papers and disappeared from the patform. Again-and this last anecdote is second officer, "but we were all disappointed because we lost the skin." so well known as to have become wellnigh historical-at a crowded meeting OLD SLEUTH UP TO DATE. just before his election, he was in errupted by the question: "Does your nother know you're out?" "Yes, rie

loes," was the instant retort, "and y fuesday night she will know I'm in." His prophecy proved correct and he neaded the poll by a large majority.

SFFECT OF AN AWFUL EXAMPLE.

it Brought Home to Eleanor Her Lack of Accomplishments. "Well, John, what am I going to do with Eleanor? I can't make her

take any interest in practical things," mid Mrs. Parks. "You must remember, my dear, that

cleanor is young yet; she's more inter--sted in having a good time." scoundrel's toils, never fear."

"Of course I want her to have a good time, but she ought to know how to do a few things besides play tennis and basket-ball. Why, when I was eventeen I could sew well and was good cook."

"But you are a remarkable woman, you know," said Mr. Parks, with a twinkling eye, "and you doubtless be gan by being a remarkable giri-"

"Now, John, don't be foolish," answered Mrs. Parks, blushing with pleasure. "I wasn't remarkable at all, and really I've tried so hard with Eleanor. got up a luncheon club, to try and inspire her to learn cooking. Each girl was to prepare two dishes; but, dear me! Eleanor always had an imperative engagement, and at the last noment the cook and I prepared them. Then I told her she might have anotuer muslin dress, which she wanted. if she'd make it herself, with my help. She talks about it, but never gets at it. What a time she'd have if she were married !"

"Ob, don't worry about it, Martin. Something will happen perhaps to direst her interest to home things. But she won't be marrying yet a while ' "Well, I don't know, John. Madge Richards was only nineteen-" At this moment Eleanor burst in,

prefty as a picture, her hair a little wild and her face flushed from the came of tennis.

"Mother," she exclaimed, "have you heard what's happened? Why, I think it's perfectly awful! Madge Richards has come home! I mean she's been brought home. Her husband brought her. She said he hadn't enough money yet to supply the necessary servants to take care of her, and he'd brought her back because she couldn't do anything. Isn't that awful?"

"Yes, I think it is pretty awful," answered Mrs. Parks, not daring to him she can begin and learn now."

"you can cry any way you like, but interference of parents or outriders .--"Oh, John, Isn't it funny to see it work?" exclaimed Mrs. Parks the next | this is my way."-United Presbyterian. Grant Allen.

out certainly. There were a lot of print ed and stamped envelopes that we kept stored in an unused closet, intending to have them redeemed some time. Ted got ahead of us, though. He wrote a letter on a typewriter, using the office stationery. It was addressed to the postmaster, and requested him to give to Theodore ----- the money for the envelopes he was returning."

"Did he sign it?" asked the wife. "Yes, he did that, too; and it was the illiterate handwriting that gave him away. The postal clerk telephoned up to see if it was all right-there was about \$20 involved-and so we caught

"What did you do then?"

"We gave the boy a long lecturefrightened him with the reform school, and so on-and then fired him." "Was that all?" asked the wife.

"Why, yes. We couldn't keep him. of course. He is not fit to do any trustworthy work. We cannot afford to risk it."

"It seems to me," said the woman. "that you are running a bigger risk in turning him loose this way. If no "Keep up your courage, dear," said one knows his weakness he will be the doomed man calmly. "Providence more easily tempted again, and his fuwill yet provide an escape from that ture employers, not understanding with whom they are dealing, may suffer bad-"Let's see," murmured the great au-

ly from his thefts."

thor abstractedly, as he paused a mo-"Well, what would you do?" ment in his dictation. "How's she go-"Keep him. Watch him without leting to get him out of that fix? She ting him know it. He is only a child can't rush wildly into the tunnel and if he does not realize that every bad flag the train with a sulphurous match, thing he does will be discovered sooner because she's tied. She can't influence or later. Some one should teach him. the villain, because his is a heart of Don't you think you ought to? It was stone. The engineer couldn't hear her in your employment that he came to plercing shrick, because the train is in grief." a tunnel. Her faithful hound couldn't

"I hadn't thought of it in that way. untie him. She---- Oh, I have it! Of but I don't know but what you are course," and he resumed his dictation. right, Mary," said her husband. *I Just as the headlight of the apwill take him back and give him anproaching train twinkled into view far other show." up the subterranean passage, a sudden,

Falling in Love.

mountain, struck our heroine's hat. I do not doubt as the world goes which had been leaning against a tree on a deeper sense of moral responsibiland trundled it across the open space ty in the matter of marriage will grow into the cavernous mouth of the tunnel. ip among us. But it will not take the A moment later was heard a long. alse direction of ignoring these our barsh, grating screech, and the locomoprofoundest and holiest instincts. Martive, its wheels tangled and locked in riage for money may go, marriage for the mammoth ruins of the hat, came cank may go, marriage for position to a standstill with its cow-catcher just may go, but marriage for love, 1 betouching our hero's hair. Men descendieve and trust, will last forever. Men n the future will probably feel that a mion with their cousins or near relations is positively wicked; that a union with those too like them in person or disposition is at least undesirable; that a union based upon considerations of wealth or any other consideration save onsiderations of immediate natural impulse is base and disgraceful. But to the end of time they will continue to

eel in spite of doctrinaires that the oice of nature is better far than the volce of the lord chancellor or the royal society and that the instinctive desire for a particular helpmate is a surer guide for the ultimate happiness both of the race and of the individual than any amount of deliberate consultation. It is not the foolish fancies of youth that will have to be got rid of, but the foolish, wicked and mischlevous

COSMOPOLITAN CARDIFF.

Fow Cities in the World Have Such a Mingling of Races.

The preconceived impressions of Cardiff are very far from accurate. People generally suppose it to be a sooty and ugly coal town, with a thick atmosphere and processions of grim miners passing through the streets between the shafts and their slate thatched cottages. On the contrary, it is one of the prettiest cities in the kingdom, with wide, clean streets, lined with shade trees and rows of comfortable villas, with flower gardens, shrubbery and clinging vines, writes William E. Curtis,

Although Cardiff handles more coal than any other place in the world, and that is the chief occupation of its citizens, a stranger might live here for a year without suspecting such a thing from appearances. There isn't a mine within nine miles of the place, and the coal is carried directly from the shafts in railway trains to the docks, which lie some distance below the residence portion of the city. They are reached by a long screet that is inhabited by people of every clime on earth, chiefly sallor folk, who have been stranded here at the end of voyages or are keeping boarding houses and shops for the patronage of their fellow countrymen who come here by the sea.

The coal of Cardiff goes to every port except those of the United States. It can be found at almost every factory in the world outside of our country and furnishes steam to move the fleets of nearly every nation. Hence the shipping that comes to Cardiff represents a corresponding number of countries, and perhaps no other city except it he Port Said, at the entrance of the Suez Canal, or Panama, or Punta Arenas, on the Straits of Magellan, has so many races represented in its population. If you will take a tramcar from the city to the docks you can see signs in almost every language hanging over the doors of shops and restaurants and boarding houses,

What He Saw.

Mrs. McSwat--iffilinger, how did you like the decorations at the church this morning?

Mr. McSwat-All the decorations I could see, Lobelia, ware worn by the young hady in front of me, I liked the grand sweep of the brim, the floral display and the general arrangement of the ribbons, but I thought the dead bird ooked out of situas.

A girl is arways .n love. She's on with the new before the old is entirely off.

ed from the cab and released him and the girl, while the wretch Tarbox dashed away into the night, shaking his clenched fists in bitter anger at the sky. "Thank God!" gasped our heroine widly as she sunk fainting into her lover's arms. "Thank God that I wore my Merry Widow instead of the usual wild rose!" **Obliging**, Yet Grateful. "It is very kind of you," said the

fierce gust of wind blew down the

lady to her stout husband, as he knelt before her to put on her overshoes. "Don't mention it, my dear," he replied. "Nevertheless, I am glad you

are not a centipede."-Judge.

Her Way. "I wouldn't cry like that if I were look at her husband, "but if she loves you," said a lady to little Allce.

"Well," said Alice between her sobs,

There Are More Ways than One of Foiling the Villain. him." Right at the mouth of the tunnel our hero lay, tightly bound across the track. says Judge. A few yards up the hillside was his sweetheart, lashed to a

tree. Near by stood the villain Tarbox, arms folded, a diabolical grin on his face, as he invited the helpless girl to see the destruction of her lover. What could save him? Already there echoed from the tunnel the roar of the express train as it thundered down the nountain slope toward its victim.