UNDER THE SNOW

Pair as the fairwat of littles, Second as the d'um's first gives, Bright with a look exitentia, Bittle as the angels know Park as the angels know Tratained as the arth being tratained as the arth being tratained as the arth being tratained as the second second science we must be the second Titles is was to is; her Under the anow

Hair line a starry similar Wavering to and fro. Eyes of that depth of annew The first spring violens shirts | Lips that were made for kinetray, Current like an archor's hon Similes that we wrop to think of, Willing us, witching us not Av, for the grief of D, hidden Under the snite. -Margaret J, Prestna, in N. Y. Indepred-

ON FRENCHMAN'S ISLE.

Twas only a little island, -that called Frenchman's Isle. The old Isherman said that many years ago a French barque had been wreeked there thus its names Long and narrow. it boldly stretched its rugged arm out into the stormy ocean. A tonely place. people said. Hardly any one over went there. Indeed! there was no reason why one should.

for more than forty years old Richard Marsdon had ascended and desconded that iron staircase. Far from the basy world, he cared or knew little of its people or doings. It was with a calm and satisfied air that he passed his days on that lonely isle. Hardly ever did he go over to the mainland. Let me stay where I am." said he. ""Twas here that we put Dolly away, and now I want to be near her.

And even so it was. In his younger days he had married a sweet-hearted little fishermaid, and together they hal lived a happy life in the small fish ng village on the main-land. A son and daughter were born to them. Soon after Richard had undertaken the duties of lightkeeper. A warm and cosy home had been erected by the government at the foot of the lighthouse and here under this quiet and humble roof his children had grown up. Taught by their mother and father, they had ac uired a simple leaching which was much improved by the little library which the lightkee, er owned. But at in -t there came a change. One summer evening the mot er had quietly passed away, and amid the sighing of the waves they had sorrowfully laid her to rest, on the sheltered s de of the island. Still he continued his duties as lightkeeper. although he was uite old now-his wi o's death having occurred only five years before the night on which our story opens But during five years be had come to look upon his little da ghter with that love which cannot told in words. His daughter. Malge now entering womanhoodtook the place that Dolly. his wife, had filled. She it was who flit-ted about the house with her br ght young laughter, and who made those monoto ous days so much brighter. Her father loved to see her trip up the iron staircase to see her trim with skilful fingers the

greak wick. He loved to go wich her the rocky shore and watch

great brass ho: and went out of doors. "reseatly the great fog bell began to toil. Thus he sat throughout the entire evening thinking over and over again of Henry Beachmont and his son. And as he wont to his post ho somehow full that a change was about to take plane in his honotohore ealm and peaceful life. On one pleasant afternoon about a

wook later a brantiful achiever yacht quisity dropped another not far from the lightho - A boat put out from her side, and in a short time Mr. Ematage Beachmont landed on the Inthe plon. The old light keeper his daughter Madga and her brother had gons down to meet him. A few of the islanders were also present idly taking in the unneoustomed scone. The welcomes was cordial, yot simple, and the party accorded to the house. at the foot of the light Hardly had they arrived when the yacht broke ground A little cloud of smoke burst forth from her side and as the

sharp report of the parting salute rolled over the water, the little vessel flattened hor shocis and once more stood on her way.

And now this gontleman had been there four weeks. During that time Richard Marsdon had closely watched his daughter. Day by day he had seen her with this young man. and day by day be had realized that his little girl was giving away her heart. He needed no one to tell him of this not he. To Madge those quiet days were the happlest moments of her life but withal she was troubled about her father. He did not seem so bright as usual. His step was slower. At evening he busied himself more than ever in the lantern room instead of sitting, as was his wont, in h s armchair beside the window. Yes! Her father was changed. She had never seen him so silent and reserved. His whole self was altered. Ana she knew it was of her that her father was thinking.

Worried by these reflections she had wandcred one afternoon out along the white glistoning sand dunes. Nobody was with her. Slowly she went down to the great brown rocks, where she had sat for so many hours with Eustace. She was sorely troubled. While she stood there, looking out upon the calm sea, her father's face was ever before her eyes. She heard a step behind her. Turning she saw Beachmont. Before she could utter a word, he was at her side. A few trivial remarks were made, and thenthen this man of the world asked the light-keepers daughter to be his wife. But Madge had been thinking of her father while Eustace was speakingof her poor lonely father, and of his and and quiet life. Although she felt her heart beat quicker, although she knew that her soul was burning with love, yet when her lover had finished she turned to him and said. with toars in her eyes. "No" adding to herself with a sigh 'I must, for father's sake." And Beachmout, as he looked into her face, knew why she had refused him.

Shortly a'ter Madge had left the house on that eventful afternoon. Richard Marsden had likewise followed in the direction of her footsteps. But he did not know that he was taking the same path as his daughter. Calm and thoughtful, he made his way along the shore. Suddenly he heard voices. Stepping to one side. he looked a little below him, and there beside a massive round boulder stood his visitor and Madge. Their backs were turned toward him. but plainly he heard Mr. Beachmont ask his daughter to marry him. He saw him take her hand -- saw him bend nearer to her. He could not bear more. With sickening heart he silently turned, and without waiting to hear his daughter's reply he went sorrowfully back to the lighthouse. His heart was broken. That same evening, as the sun was sinking in the west the father, son, daughter and visitor were gathered in the little dining room. Scarcely a word had been spoken. The old man rose and silently went to the lantern room. He took the shining lamp from its case, and slowly ascended the iron stairway. As his boots sounded against the hard iron the silent stone tower gave back a hollow and dreary echo. He reached the top. Mechanically he lit the lamp and wiped away the moisture from the thick lons. As he turned to go down again. his gaze wandered over towards the west where the sky was reddened by the sinking sun. It see red to him as though his happiness also was fading away like the daylight. With tears in his eyes the old man went down into the darkened tower. He had almost reached the bottom when he slipped and fell. A sharp cry and then a dreadful silence. They found him lying on the hard stone floor-insonsible All through that and evening Madge knelt over his bedside. Shortly before the midnight hour had come her father had regained his senses and there, bending over him, he saw his little girl. A few short moments, and then all was over. In the silence of the night his life went out. But there was a look of contentment on his face. The next morning poor little Madge went down to the shore. All night long she had sat by her father's side, his hand in hers. And now as the sun rose round and clear from the placid sea, she had silently wandered down to where the waves almost touched her feet. Surely, never could there have been a fairer morn than this, which saw her an orphan. Before her lay the caim bosom of the sea, barely ru ed by the light morning breeze. Here and there a few guils circled about, now raising from the water now skimming along the gentle billows. Scarcely a sound save the soothing "rote" of the sea upon the shore reached her cars. All was hushed and pencetul. And here in the mdst of all this beautiful scene was Madge-her eyes looking far out velope the sea and land. His son, over the sea her mind with her dead cranny any tiue of day for its supply going to the mantel took down a father. How sudden and terrible it of sugar.

THE AMERICAN.

she not hean with him more in the last few days? He had seen all; he had known how she gave hor heart away, and yet had said nothing. Nhe re sambared how quietly he had gone to the tower on the night before. Why couldn't she have good and lighted the lamp for him-as she had done many, many times before? And now! now it was too late! it was all ever. Thus she remained her gaze was still senking the golden herizon. De-

fore long a gentle arm was placed open her shouldor, a warm hand sllontly took her own within its grasp. she did not withdraw it. There side the whispering waves hand in hand with her lover she cried as if her heart would break. She had beer true to her father. - Herman Habson in the Amherst Literary Monthly.

MURDER AS A FINE ART.

A French Writer Gives Advice in Prospositive Munderers.

Among the papers of M. Charles Monselet, the spirited and much regretted French writer a curious manaser of has been discovered. It bears the title, "Manual du Parfait Assaasin," and opens with an outline skotch of the qualifications of the man who would become a successful murderer. Above all, he should be neither too young nor too old. neither uneducated nor too learne, but one branch of knowledge which he should be careful to avoid is that of literature.

But unless a man feels that murdering is his vocation all other qualifications avail nothing. If he is not drawn toward the profession by an irresistible attraction, and if he has not from his tenderest age felt the desire to annihilate his fellow-beings. let him desist from meddling with murdering.

A street attack at night is tempt-It must be done by inspiration. ing. You require genius to do it well A man passes. He either inspires you or leaves you unmoved. If he inapires you go for him. His watch, if he has one; his pocket-book and the contents of his two waist-coat pockets are your booty.

. Throwing a dead body into the river has its drawbacks. The Seine often gives up its prey. Water talks, the earth is dumb. This is the advice of a famous assassin."

Under the heading. "Murderers and Magistrates," the author has a great deal to say:

"Avainain, when standing on the platform of the guillotine, said to the people, above all never confess." These great words ought to be engrated in letters of gold. As soon as you are caught, imagine you are somebody else. L'on't try to be clever in answering the judge. Rather say the most idiotic things that come into your head. The perfect assassin should be very respectful toward the gentlemen of the jury. If he knows one of them he had not better ask how his wife is. Good behavior is often rewarded. Meanwhile. ought to show his perfect tranquillity by asking one of the policemen by his side for a chew of tobacco."

Independence, as long as there is a gleam of hope, is the advice with which M. Monselet dismisses his subject, and when all has failed then resort to philosophy and die like a man.

had all bean? Oh! Why? Why? had HOLD UP YOUR HANDS.

A STAGE TAKEN IN BY CALL-FORNIA BANDITE.

How It Feels to Have Robbers Laval Their tinns at Your Bead Tales Told to the Boxun and the

Bollinyy Passenger,

The story of how the Weaverville stage was robbed near Hedding. Cal. sounds like a chapter from a dima novel as reported by the correspondent of the New York Press. The express measurger who guarded the treasure boxes was killed, the driver was badly shot, and the robber filled with buckshot.

The driver, John Boyce, says

On the night of the robbery there were three persons on the stage, one passenger named Suhr, the express messenger. Montgomory, and myself. We arrived at the scene of the robbery about 5:15 o'clock. Just as we started dows the grade of the cut the highwayman (Lee R. Howell) stepped our from behind a clump of low oak brush and said, Stop! Stop!' I instantly pulled the horses up and brought the stage to a standstill.

. He post said. Passenger, throw up your hands!' in a most pleasant manner and tone of voice. He then commanded me to throw out those boxes

"All this time he had his bristling shotgun, with both hammers cocked. leveled directly at myself and the passenger, Suhr. He seemed to be as pleasant and affable as a French dancing master. Just as the second box struck the ground there came two shots one from an unseen robber and one from the messenger The robber fired first. The messenger's shot dropped the man who was in sight. Couldn't tell whether the messenger had been hit or not.

"Notwithstanding the robber's wound he held the gun on me after he had dropped on his knees. His left hand gave out in an instant and then he held it with his right alone. "A second later he raised off one knee onto one foot and shot at me. He sent fifteen buckshot into my right leg just above the knee and three into my left leg.

"Then the team started on a mad run down the grade. I was pretty weak and I asked the passenger to take the reins. H said he couldn't drive four horses, so I put him on the brake and kneeling down on the boot, drove myself. I stopped the team after we had gone about 400 yards. Montgomery, the messenger, yelled to me and asked me if I was killed. I replied 'No,' and asked him if he was shot. He replied, 'My God. yes." He wanted to know if he had killed the robber. I told him no. but that he had dropped him.

Then we met some people, who drove the stage down to Middle creek hotel, where we were helped from the stage. Montgomery lived about two hours and a half after he received the fatal wound. His wife and children were with him when he died.

"None of us on the stage a

the robber, without losing the peak tion in which he hold his wonpos, sank slowly to his knoos. As he did so he fired and the contents of his place entered the knee of Bayce and the calf of my inft leg. Had Montgomery missed his aim we would cortainly have received the full charge of the robber's gun in our breasts and Incea "Then more shots were fired, but I

don't know how many. The horses started to ron and I second the reina Boyce said that his knee was shaltered, and that he could not work the braka I then handed him the lines. and erawled over to his place and worked the brake. Boyce slipped down in the boot and drove the horses from a kneeling posture. When we were fairly started the driver turned and asked Montgomery if he was shot.

"Yes, indeed; badly shot,' was the PORDODHO.

When help came I climbed inside the stage.

" I think you killed one of them." was the first thing I said to him as he fell over upon my shoulder for support.

"Yes, I think I did,' was the response.

. Where are you hurt?' I then nsked.

... Here,' said the dying man. placing his hand over his stomach.

"This was the last word the poor fellow uttered. He remained unconscious a few hours after reaching Middle Creek, and then died."

TEACHING A HORSE TRICKS. Monumental Patience is Needed to Make Him Learn.

It requires an immense amount of time and patience to teach a horse the tricks with which he astonishes an audience. Take, for instance, the finding of the handkerchief, that has always surprised children since the first circus took the road.

First the horse must be taught to bite. To do this the trainer tickled the animal on the shoulder. It made no impression at all, apparently, for nearly half an hour.

At last the horse grew tired of it and made a snap at the hand.

The hand was taken away and the tickling began again an instant later. Another snap and another tickle, until finally the horse realized that there was a method in all this seeming madness, and responded with a snap directly the hand approached his shoulder.

Then a handkerchlef was introduced and more time was consumed before he could get it through his head that he must take it into his mouth, more time still for him to understand that he must pick it up from the ground, and then came the bury. ing of the handkerchief and the finding it, which invariably awakens enthusiasm.

Here the whip comes into play, but never as an instrument of torture. Mr. Dockrill believes that nothing was over gained by striking a horse. The whip is used only as a pointer.

Three or four mounds of sand are formed, and the handkerchief is buried in one. The whip leads the horse to all of them in succession, and remains by the last one, and so the horse is

STICKING TO THEIR POSTS.

Engineers Face Danger With Small thance of Coming that Alive.

"Yos, I've been pretty badly scared several times since I began railroading. fifteen years ago " said an old freight conductor and don't really know which was the worse although of course. I always thought the last was Worse all of us human, and If a man tuils you he doesn't got scared railroading don't you believe him. I've seen lot in the papers about heroic ong neers who stay at their posts and ancelficed their lives trying to save others When you show one man who takes these chances for humanity's sake as they say. I'll show you a hundred who stayed just because they were too scared to jump, or didn't have time.

"A man thinks mighty quick sometimes, but he doesn't slways have time to think of any body that's behind him. When a follow's running across the country a mile a minute in pitch dark and all of a sudden a big head-light flashes in his face or a pair of red lights show up in front he is mighty apt to forget what the papers will say about a hero at his post. If he can not move at all he shuts off and throws her over and plugs her with one hand, working the air just because its second nature and he can't help himself. It's what they call mechanical, and a man will do it without really knowing what he's doing. Then he'll jump if he can.

Talking about these heroes I'm one of them myself. I've a big roputation up North as a man who'd stick to his post. I'd been raised in my superintendent's family and when I got old enough I went to firing on the Milwaukee. About three months after, after I'd got a regular ran, I was out on a freight over night. We'd had a rush and I was pretty tired and about 12 the head brakeman took the fire for awhile and I went to sleep. I was sitting on the front end of the seat. dead to the world when a couple of red lights on the tail end of a caboose showed up. The freight ahead of us had broken in two, and we caught the hind end in a cut. The engineer shut off, but he didn't have time to throw her over and plug her. and he and the brakeman both jumped without even waking me up.

"We hit the caboose pretty hard. I tell you, but instead of breaking her up or ditching, the pilot went under the car and raised it right up till it slid half way up the boiler. The shock woke me up, but I was only half awake then. She was moving along slow yet, and when I saw the red lights on the caboo e the first thing that struck me was that we were on a siding and that the engineer had got off. leaving the engine in forward motion and she had leaked or sprung her throttle, and gone into another freight on the siding ahead of us.

"I jumped over to the side and threw her over at her hard. It didn't take stop and I stood there for a Ber a o commenting profanely on indepengineer's leaving her in tory. mo tion, and yet, if I had be tion, and yet if I had be hi enough awake to think of ju wide bing some other fellow would have been the hero, and I'd tried to bat the engineer and brakeman out of he cab window."

to the white ships go sailing down into the watery hori on. Yos He loved all this He thought of her as making his old age happy and contented. And so it was that he came to love his little girl with all the simple affection that his large and open heart could give. He was very happy. He never thought of her as going away from h m, he never realized that perhaps at some time her young heart would open itself to another a and that she would crave for other people and other scopes. No' He never had dwelt upon a ch thoughts until one evening, when as he was about to sit cown to the s pper which his Madge had prepared for him the door was opened, and his son John hurriedly came in.

Come, John, we're waiting for you" said Nadge, as she placed the tea upon the white cloth.

Don't mind me." exclaimed John. "I've had my supper at the other end of the sland -with Dan-Oh! and I remember now he gave me something for you father-a letter; here it He's been over to town today."

"A letter?" Mr. Marsden rose and as he reached out his hand for it. h's mind was busy. "A letter? who could have sent me a letter? It must be something from the government." but no! 'Twas a common square envelope. and it bore the postmark of New York. He opened it, with a table knife, and this is what he read:

NEW YORK, June 8, 1888-My Dear Friend-You have probably al-most forgotten your old friend Henry Beachmont. We have not met for over 10 Baachmont. We have not met for over 50 years, but I have filen heard of you from several people of your town, and althout h such a long space of years has divided u, yet remember that my heart still beats warmly for fou. However, to come to the subject in fand-my son is in falling health and need, some good bracing air as well as quietness. You have not seen him since be wave child of two years he is now quietness. You have not seen him since be was a child of two years; he is now twenty-four. The doctor says that he needs a vacation. I thought at once of your cosy home and quiet island. Could you not keep him with you, say for two weaks or so? His friend—a Mr. Carl—is going to Bar Harbor, and he will take him to you on his yacht. Hoping to hear from you at once, I remain. Yours very cordially. HENRY BEACHMONT

What is it. father?" asked Madge. as they gathered around the table. A letter was such an uncommon thing op Frenchman's Isle that everybody felt the right to in nire.

It's a letter from one of my old friends. Henry Beachmont. He wants to have his son come here for a is.t. And with this he read the letter.

As the supper progressed no comments were passed upon the words just read: indeed, an unusual silence cemel to have settled over that homely board. The meal was soon The old man rose and took his over. seat by the western window. Uutside a thick fog was ast beginning to en-

Both Sides.

A lady school teacher in Boston, who is rather proud of her profession than the reverse. is not pleased at having her occupation thrust forward when she meets strangers. Not long ago, at a reception, the hostess regularly mentioned her occupation in introducing her.

At length the hostess presented a young man, adding to the introduction, as usual, "Miss Faneuil is one of our school teachers."

The gentleman bowed, but Miss Faneuil said:

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Allen, but I did not catch what the gentleman's business is."

"What his business is?" repeated the hostess in perplexity.

"Yes." Miss Faneuil said. thought it only right that this acquaintance should start fair, and as you told him my employment, it seemed only fair that I should know his."

The point was understood, and taken good naturedly, but the teacher was no longer introduced in her official capacity. -Youth's Companion.

A Sprinter.

Once, when deer were more plentiful in New York state than now, some persons were gathered at a store or tavern in an out of the way place, when a deer was observed to run across the road not far from them. Instantly one of the men ran to see the animal swim the river, which was very narrow, and he arrived at the brink just as the deer was attempting to climb the bank on the opposite side. The man hurled a good-sized stone and broke the deer's hind leg. The deer fell back into the water. and, curiously enough, struck out for the bank on which the man stood. As he came to shore the man i eized him and alter a hard struggle killed the deer. He then went to the tavern and told the men what he had done. To their great surprise they beheld the dead deer. 'How on earth did you catch him?" they asked. Oh, I can outrun a deer the best day he ever saw."-Forest and Strenm.

Trained Nurses.

There are now twenty thousand trained nurses in England, Ireland and Scotland. The largest hospital in London employs 250 and the seven next in size aggregate 1,000. So where such a number goes becomes quite comprehensible.

1 Wasts of Sugar.

A Philadelphian has educated . house fly to respond to a prolonged "buz-z-z," which brings it from its

the man who fired from the left side into the stage at Montgomery. The robber who shot me stood on a bank about five feet high. and, as near as 1 can judge. about forty feet ahead and on t e right side of the road.

"They wore masks made out of red cotton handkerchiefs had long linen duster, and their legs wrapped with dirty flour sacks: Neither of the robbers uttered a word at any time after the first shot was fired.

"4 think I will recover from my wounds all right and have as good a leg to work a brake with as even'

The wounded robber was captured and alled. He was badly hurt, but will recover. No one knows who his accomplice was. He seems to have faded from sight and scent like a gull's footprint in the ocean.

For hundreds of yards around the scene of the robbery the ground, brush, ravines, billsides and old and new prospect holes have been carefully searched for the treasure it is supposed the robbers could not carry off. Many boys and men engaged in the search, but without finding a trace.

George Suhr. of Pine street. Oakland, the passenger, talked freely of the adventure. He was not seriously hurt. He says:

"At French Gulch I took the four horse Weaverville stage for Redding and sat on the left hand side of the driver. Montgomery. Wells-Fargo's messenger, was also on the same seat sitting on my left.

When we left Shasta for Redding. Montgomery, instead of resuming his seat beside me, got inside the coach and occupied the seat facing the horses. We had probably driven half way to Redding when we were stopped in the cut.

"I was at the moment looking down at the horses. I was thinking of nothing in particular, and was sudden ly startled with the words:

Passenger! Throw up your hands!" Looking up I saw a man with a short two-barreled gun leveled pointblank at us. standing upon top of the cut to the right of us and not more than twenty-five feet away.

"That was all he said. I did not need a second warning, but instantly raised my hands above my head. Almost simultaneously with this John Boyce drew up his horses and letting the lines fall from his hands stooped down and threw the smaller of the two boxes to the road. This was only the work of a moment, and the highwayman, who was almost entirely enveloped in some red colored fabric, kept his gun le eled straight at us.

Then Boyce took the large box and let it fall from his bands over the side of the coa h. It struck the wheel and foll to the ground. As it struck two shots rang out in a isk see cession from Monogomery's gun and

old that the hardkerchief is there. In the same way a horse is taught to take a silver dollar and even a live fish from a tub of water, but the time required would break an ordinary man's heart.

Practically everything is done by touch. In this pretty stepping that a horse does when a woman is on his back every move is directed by the rider's heel on one side, the gentle touch of the whip on the other, or both. If he is to walk, raising his feet

high in the air. the rider presses her heel into his side and an attendant raises one of his forefeet. urging them forward at the sa ne time.

This is repeated time after time and time after time until the horse understands what is wanted.

Press a tiny boot agains his side while he is standing in his stall and one of his fore-feet will go up as though it were operated by some kind of mechanism.

There is one good thing about a horse-he never forgets any thing. and he is always looking for a reward, if that reward partakes of the character of something good to eat Neither will he do wrong after he has once learged that a certain act on his part is to be followed by an unusual and disagreeable act on the part of his master.

While, of course, Mr. Dockrill's estimate of a horse's intelligence is exaggerated, there is no question that he can be taught a wonderful lot of tricks but the man not possessed of patience outshining Job's would do well not to take the contract to be. come his instructor.

A Questionable Sift.

A man in Leeds England, looked a gift horse in the mouth the other day. with profitable results. The keeper of a skating rink had advertised 'a great fancy costume carnival," and by way of stimulating the invention of his patrons he promised that the wearer of the most original costume should be rewarded with a watch of the value of ninety dollars. The man who won the watch took it to a jeweler, who said the time-piece was worth only twenty dollars. The winner, therefore, applied to the courts for redress. The skating rink proprietor defended himself with the plea that the giving of the price was a purely voluntary act, and the recipient should not take the giver's estimate too literally. The judge, however, took a different view, and gave judgment for the plaintiff for ninety dollars.

Her Devotion.

"I wish Maria's lover was more of a Christian; It's very little time he spends on his knees. I'm thinking?" Perhaps not but Maria's doing all she can or him why, I hear she spinds hours on his chees herself."

Why the Sun Shines North of Us.

There is no spot on the earth's surface where, if unobstricted, the sun would not shine on th; north side of buildings and other objects at some time during thy year. Why? Because the earth is not so poised in space to allow of the sun's rays fallspace to allow of the sun's rays fall-ing vertically upon the equator throughout the yes. If it was so set in the great searf space then the sun would never take a peep in at our north window is, he does regularly both morning and evening of some days. As it is there is only two days during the year. March 21 and Sep-tember 23 that the sum tember 23, that the sun is directly over the equator. Now, as the earth's inclination from a perpendicular to the plane of its orbit is the same throughout the year, it thus causes unequal day and night alternately north and south of the equator. Therefore it shines more or less obliquely, according to the latitude toward either pole, and the very moment it deviates from the perpendicular at the e uator the rays are thrown obliquely, until at the time of the summer solstice when it has worked around 23 (eg. and 28 min. north of an east direction. It must, therefore, shine beyond the north pole and appear to rise in the northeast and set in the northwest.

Why He Wilted.

"Well John said the humorist's wife after he returned from the office. whither he had been hastily summoned by the publisher, ...what did Mr. Hicks want? Has he promoted YOU?

"No," replied John. wearily. "You are not discharged?" cried the little woman.

"Worse!" returned John. -I've got to explain two of to day's jokes in to-morrow's paper. I don't believe it's possible."

Worse Than Horse Races,

Blinkers-Why is it that your friend Winkers is always down at the heel? Does he lose his money on horse races?

Dinkers-He never bet on a horse race. He loses his money on the human race.

(Eh?"

"He has nine children."-New York Weekly.

Incatthed at Ninevah.

The earliest known lens is one of rock crystal uncarthed by Lavard at Ninevah This lens, the age of which is measured by thousands of years now lies in the British museum as br ght and as clear as it was the day it left she maker hand