

UNDER THE SNOW.

Fair as the forest of lilies, Sweet as the daisy's first glow, Bright with a look celestial, Pure as the angel's knee...

ON FRENCHMAN'S ISLE.

Twas only a little island—that called Frenchman's Isle. The old fisherman said that many years ago a French barque had been wrecked there...

For more than forty years old Richard Marsden had ascended and descended that iron staircase. Far from the busy world, he cared or knew little of its people or doings.

And even so it was. In his younger days he had married a sweet-hearted little fishermaid, and together they had lived a happy life in the small fishing village on the main-land.

Worried by those reflections she had wandered one afternoon out along the white glistening 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.

Shortly after 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.

"Come, John, we're waiting for you," said Madge, as she placed the tea upon the white cloth. "Don't mind me," exclaimed John.

"My Dear Friend—You have probably almost forgotten your old friend Henry Beauchmont. We have not met for over 50 years, but I have heard of you from several people of your town, and although such a long space of years has divided us, yet remember that my heart still beats warmly for you."

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

"It's a letter from one of my old friends, Henry Beauchmont. He wants to have his son come here for a visit. And with this he read the letter."

great brass kn: and went out of doors. Presently the great fog bell began to toll. Thus he sat throughout the entire evening, thinking over and over again of Henry Beauchmont and his son.

On one pleasant afternoon about a week later a beautiful schooner yacht quietly dropped anchor not far from the lighthouse. A boat put out from her side and in a short time Mr. Eustace Beauchmont landed on the little pier.

And now this gentleman had been there four weeks. During that time Richard Marsden had closely watched his daughter. Day by day he had seen her with this young man, and day by day he had realized that his little girl was giving away her heart.

Under the heading "Murderers and Magistrates" the author has a great deal to say. "Avast! when standing on the platform of the guillotine said to the people, above all never confess."

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.

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.

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.

All through that sad 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.

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.

had all been! Oh! Why? Why? had she not been with him more in the last few days? He had seen all; he had known how she gave her heart away, and yet had said nothing.

Thus she remained, her gaze was still seeking the golden horizon. Before long a gentle arm was placed upon her shoulder, a warm hand silently took her own within its grasp. She did not withdraw it.

MURDER AS A FINE ART.

A French Writer Gives Advice to Prospective Murderers. Among the papers of M. Charles Monselet, the spirited and much-regretted French writer, a curious manuscript has been discovered.

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 murder.

"A street attack at night is tempting. You require genius to do it well. A man passes. He either inspires you or leaves you unmoved. If he inspires 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."

"Then the team started on a mad run down the grade. I was pretty weak and I asked the passenger to take the reins. He 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.

"None of us on the stage ever saw 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 I can judge, about forty feet ahead and on the right side of the road.

"I think I will recover from my wounds all right, and have as good a leg to walk with as ever." The wounded robber was captured and jailed. He was badly hurt, but will recover. No one knows who his accomplice was. He seems to have faded from sight and sent like a gull's footprint in the ocean.

"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 Madge 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 suddenly startled with the words: 'Passenger! Throw up your hands!'"

"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."

HOLD UP YOUR HANDS.

A STAGE TAKEN IN BY CALIFORNIA BANDITS.

How It Feels to Have Robbed Last Year's Times at Your Head-Takes Told by the Driver and the Solitary Passenger.

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

"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 struck the man who was in sight.

"Then a handkerchief 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 burying of the handkerchief and the finding of it, which invariably awakens enthusiasm.

"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 same time.

"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 learned 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 outlasting Job's would do well not to take the contract to become his instructor.

"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.

"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 spends hours on his knees herself."

the robber, without losing the position in which he held his weapons, sank slowly to his knees. As he did so he freed and the contents of his piece entered the knee of Boyce and the calf of my left leg.

"Then more shots were fired, but I don't know how many. The horses started to run and I seized the reins. Boyce said that his knee was shattered, and that he could not work the brake. I then handed him the lines and crawled 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.

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.

"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.

"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 told that the handkerchief 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.

"Why the Sun Shines North of Us. There is no spot on the earth's surface where, if unobstructed, the sun would not shine on the north side of buildings and other objects at some time during the year. Why? Because the earth is not so poised in space to allow of it.

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

"Worse than Horse Races. Binkers—Why is it that your friend Winkers is always down at the heel? Does he lose his money on horse races?"

"Enchanted at Ninevah. The earliest known lens is one of rock crystal unearthed by Lavard at Ninevah. This lens, the age of which is measured by thousands of years, now lies in the British museum as a bow leg and as clear as it was the day it left the maker's hand."

STICKING TO THEIR POSTS.

Engineers Face Danger With Small Chance of Getting Out Alive. "Yes, 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.

"Talking about these heroes I'm one of them myself. I've a big reputation 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 bring on the Milwaukee. About three months after, after I'd got a regular run, 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."

"I jumped over to the side and threw her over her head. It didn't take for a second to get up and I stood there for a moment, commenting profanely on the engineer's leaving her in that position, and yet if I had been wide enough awake to think of jumping, some other fellow would have been the hero and I'd tried to get at the engineer and brakemas out of the cab window."

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