

THE ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.

Three pairs of dimpled arms, as white as snow,
Held me in soft embrace;
Three little cheeks, like velvet peaches soft,
Were placed against my face.
Three pairs of tiny eyes, so clear, so deep,
Looked up in mine this even;
Three pairs of lips kissed me a sweet "Good-night."
Three little forms from Heaven.
Ah, it is well that "little ones" should love us;
It lights our faith when dim,
To know that once our blessed Saviour bade them
Bring "little ones" to Him.
And said he not, "Of such is Heaven?" and
blessed them.
And held them to his breast?
Is it not sweet to know that, when they
leave us,
"Is then they go to rest."
And yet, ye tiny angels of my house,
Three hearts in mine,
How I would be shattered if the Lord should say
"These angels are not thine."
—Anon.

LIVING AND DEAD.

There was a panic on Wall street, the worst since "Black Friday." Fortunes acquired by years of patient toil and rigid economy had been swept away in a few hours. Men rated as millionaires yesterday were beggars to-day. But only those who have been in the whirlpool of humanity that surges over the floor of the Stock Exchange can understand the full meaning of the words, "A panic on Wall street."

Many of the oldest and strongest houses had gone in the storm, and there was no prospect of early relief. The rate of interest for money had been going higher and higher until the figures reached were almost ruinous, and then came the terrible announcement that the banks would lend no more. Money could not be obtained and the few traders who had been holding on in a vain hope of relief from some quarter must now throw their stocks on the market at a great loss and send prices down with a rush.

Men lived years in a few hours, and strong indeed must be the man, in mind and body, who could stand the strain.

Among those who rushed to and fro as if mad, on the floor of the Exchange, none seemed better fitted to bear the fearful excitement than Philip Dryer, one of the youngest traders on the street. He had been a member of the Exchange less than a year, but in that brief time had established a reputation as a cautious and skillful trader that was valuable. He took few great risks and made money from the start.

Dryer was a handsome, manly young fellow and very popular on the street. He was usually cool and collected, carefully calculating the chances of every deal before he closed it, but now he seemed terribly excited. His face was pale, his lips drawn and large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. Anxiously he watched the quotations on his favorite stock, of which he was carrying a large block. Little by little he saw the price go down and down until the limit of his margin was almost reached. Then, with his breath coming in quick gasps, he gathered up his last batch of securities and hurried away to his bankers to borrow more money.

There was more than the loss of fortune at stake for Philip Dryer that day. Six months before he had married the sweetest and prettiest girl in New York. His bride was the daughter of a wealthy retired merchant and she had always been accustomed to a life of luxury. He had promised on their wedding day that she should never know a wish ungratified. He had purchased for her a beautiful and costly home and had furnished it with everything that wealth and good taste could suggest. There was a balance due on his home and the place was mortgaged to secure it. The payment would be due in a few days. A few successful deals on the Stock Exchange now and he would have the money. But the tide had set against him, the panic came and all his fortune seemed about to be swept away. If he lost on the present deal he would be penniless, the beautiful home would be sold and his fair young wife turned into the street.

No more loans to-day," answered the cashier briefly to Philip Dryer's appeal for \$50,000 to tide him over the panic. Mechanically the young broker turned and made his way back to the exchange. It seemed to him that a dark cloud had suddenly shut off the sunlight, but he would go back; perhaps there had been a turn of the tide. He reached the floor of the exchange at last and then as one hears in a dream, he heard his own failure on contracts announced and saw all his holdings of stock closed out at auction. The business of the panic-stricken ceased. The closing hour had arrived and scores of pale-faced men staggered but into the open air to breathe and think.

Philip Dryer stood in front of the Exchange a few moments, and then walked slowly away from the scene of his ruin. All his surroundings seemed so changed he did not realize where he was. As a man in a trance might walk he went on, not knowing or caring where his footsteps led. He turned up Wall street toward Trinity. The chimes of the grand old church suddenly pealed forth, but to Philip Dryer they seemed to be the voices of demons shrieking in his ears. He hurried on to the river, and there he saw the tall masts of a ship dimly outlined against the sky. Then he knew no more. A mist was over his eyes; he could not see. Of the past he remembered nothing.

While walking from the Stock Exchange to North River the expression

of Philip Dryer's face had so changed that his dearest friend would not have recognized him. He was no longer the same man. In that brief half hour Philip Dryer had ceased to exist. He was living yet dead. A new identity lived in his brain and betrayed itself in the changed face. The mental strain he had undergone that day had proved too much for him, and Philip Dryer, the broker, in mind, features and identity, passed out of existence.

The newspapers of the metropolis devoted many columns to the mysterious disappearance of Philip Dryer. For a time he divided attention with the Wall street panic. It was a strange case, but the newspapers reasoned that he had committed suicide on account of his failure, and in time the public accepted their conclusion.

The Wall street panic passed into history and the Dryer disappearance gave way to other sensations. The reading public demand frequent changes of mental diet.

In time Philip Dryer, the once popular young broker, was forgotten by all save his young wife, who mourned him as dead. She, too, had at last been forced to accept the conclusion of the press that in a fit of despondency, he had taken his own life. For weeks she visited the morgue every time a body was brought from the river, but at last she gave up all hope of seeing the loved face again.

Grief will wear itself away in time, and finally Mrs. Dryer put aside her mourning and joined some friends who were going West for a long sojourn in California. Three years had passed since her husband disappeared, and while his body had not been found she was satisfied that he was dead.

In the beautiful city of Pasadena Cal. Mrs. Dryer and her friends lingered for months. They mingled in the best society, and the beautiful young widow was soon a great favorite.

Edward Parker, a young and successful banker, was one of the social leaders of Pasadena. He was a handsome man, but there was something in the expression of his face that made him seem older than he was. It was a look that resembled the trace of a great sorrow, but in the gay manner of a young banker there was nothing to indicate that he had ever looked on any save the bright side of life.

There was something about the face and manner of Edward Parker that interested Mrs. Dryer more than she cared to admit, and he made scarcely an effort to conceal the fact that he had been in love with her from the first time they met.

They were together more and more as the stay of the New York party lengthened into months, and when Parker told her of his love Mrs. Dryer could only admit that she was very happy. "Do you know," she said, when their troth had been pledged, "that there is something in your face and your voice that interested me the first time I saw you! It is not that you remind me of any one I ever knew, but there is something about you that makes me feel as though we had been friends in the long ago. You have never seemed quite a stranger to me."

"You have made me so happy I can not find words to tell you all I feel," said Parker, "but I am sure fate has brought us together. It was no chance meeting. Long ago I saw in my dreams a face and form divinely fair and fell in love with the vision. In my waking hours I could not recall the face. It passed away with the dreams, but when I met you it came back to me. You are the vision that came to me in those dreams and before I ever saw you in reality I loved you."

At the earnest request of Parker Mrs. Dryer finally named an early day for the wedding. They were to be married in Pasadena and spend their honeymoon in the East.

The church where the marriage was to take place was crowded to its utmost capacity on the evening fixed for the happy event.

The bride more beautiful than ever in her wedding costume and wreaths of orange blossoms, stood at the altar, and the happy groom came forward to take her hand. He advanced a few steps then stopped suddenly. His face turned pale, and then those who stood near saw a change come over it, a change so great that the man standing there to be married was not Edward Parker.

The spectators vaguely realized that something was wrong. There was a murmur of interest and excitement and then the bride glanced up for one instant to the face of the man at her side. For a moment only her glance rested there, then clutching at the railing of the altar for support she reeled and with a scream fell to the floor in a faint.

Only the bride had recognized the changed face of the pale and trembling bridegroom.

The man who stood at the altar was not Edward Parker, banker, but Philip Dryer.

The dead lived again.

Cruel Father.

It is not often that the father of a would-be poet commends the publisher who declines his son's poems, but this rare man appears in the Memoir of John Murray, the eminent London publisher.

A young Quaker sent him a batch of poems. Mr. Murray wrote him a letter declining to publish the poems, which fell into the hands of the poet's father, of the same name, but without the word "Jm." The father answered:

Esteemed Friend, I feel very much obliged by thy refusing to publish the papers sent thee by my son. I was entirely ignorant of anything of the kind, or should have nipped it in the bud. On receipt of this, please burn the whole that was sent thee, and at thy convenience inform me that it has been done. With thanks for thy highly commendable care, I am respectfully thy friend,

JOHN MURRAY.

BAITING FOR SALMON.

HOW AND WHERE THE FINEST FISH IS CAUGHT.

A Very Expensive Sport—Large Prices Paid for the Right to Fish in Well-Stocked Waters—The Life of a Salmon.

Pliny, over 1800 years ago, said that salmon were the best of all fishes, or words to that effect, and to this day most persons agree with him. Whether on the hook, leaping and racing around a pool or tearing down a rapid, with the angler doing his best to keep up with him, or lying in state on a platter, surrounded by parsley and drawn butter, he ranks A. No. 1.

It is unfortunate that with our usual shortsighted policy we have exterminated our salmon on the Atlantic coast, writes William Holberton in the New York Advertiser, and thereby lost an annual income of at least \$2,000,000, to say nothing of the loss of sport. This we are now trying to repair in a feeble, faint-hearted way.

The Penobscot river in Maine is the only waters where they have shown up to any extent, some forty or fifty are now killed there on the fly every season. But here as elsewhere the netters control everything and their nets lap one another at the mouth of the river in such a manner that it is wonderful that a salmon ever escapes. There were about 200 or 300 salmon killed illegally in the Hudson last year, mostly taken in fykes and shad nets, but so far none have been caught fairly on hook and line, though several good anglers have tried it every spring.

Hendrik Hudson reported that these fish were very plentiful when he entered the Hudson river, but he probably mistook the weak-fish for the salmon. It is doubtful whether salmon ever entered the rivers further South than Connecticut, notwithstanding Thackeray's "Virginians," though lately the Susquehanna and Delaware have been stocked with these fish, and a few years ago several were taken in the latter river on the fly. Half of the salmon's life at least is spent in the ocean where these fishes find abundant food in the various crustaceans, young crabs, shrimp, etc. It was supposed at one time that they did not feed in fresh water, but this theory is now exploded. They take worms, minnows, young trout, flies and even artificial minnows when they feel in the humor. After spawning in the fall they are in a wretched condition, and are known as "kelts." The young fish when first hatched are red spotted and look somewhat like trout. They are called "parr" then and remain in the river until next season, when they assume a silvery coat and descend to the ocean under the name of "smolt." The first time they return from the sea they are beautiful and clean built, full of life and vigor, and are then known as "grilse," and can be easily distinguished from a salmon of the same weight, as the latter is more stocky. After the next trip to the salt water they become full grown salmon.

Grilse seldom exceed a weight of six or seven pounds but they make it lively for the angler when hooked. In our rivers they are seldom seen, but they are common in the rivers of Canada. The salmon attain a weight of fifty to sixty pounds, but differ in that respect according to the river they are bred in. The Caspian is celebrated for its long fish, though they are not so plentiful as in the Restigouche and other waters.

Salmon fishing is essentially the sport of the wealthy anglers. Not only are the fishing privileges held high, but the long journeys, expensive guides and tackle and camping outfits, make it high priced amusement. Still the number of salmon anglers is rapidly increasing, and since the Canadian courts have decided the rights of land owners to the waters fronting their lands, a fair pool can sometimes be leased for a reasonable sum. Most of the wealthy American anglers either own private pools or belong to the Restigouche club which is one of the most famous fishing clubs in America. Enormous sums are paid for favorite stretches on salmon rivers. I have heard that as high as \$35,000 was paid for one short stretch on the Restigouche last season.

The outfit for salmon fishing consists of a rod, reel, line, leaders and flies. This at first sight seems simple enough, but when one comes to purchase it the figures grow to quite a respectable size, for salmon fishing is a serious matter and the cheap stuff that will do to bounce a baby trout out of a brook will not do for a thirty-pound salmon in swift water. A good salmon rod costs from \$22 to \$65. It should not be less than fifteen feet long and spring nearly from tip to butt. The reel should be a simple electric of hard rubber and German silver, capable of holding not less than 100 yards of water-proof silk line. A good reel costs anywhere from \$15 to \$85, and the lines are worth 10 cents per yard. Some anglers reel on 100 yards of Cuttyhunk line and then splice on fifty yards of the heavy silk line, but it is very risky, as the "lay" in the Cuttyhunk line will twist the leads off close to the fly sometimes. Good leaders are difficult to find. They should be nine feet long and tested to stand a strain when dry of seven to eight pounds. A first-class article can be bought for from \$18 to \$30 per dozen.

Flies can be bought at \$3.50 to \$9 per dozen, according to size and kind. Some salmon flies are really works of art, and the whole world is ransacked to supply the various feathers. Teal, wood duck, silver and golden pheasant, bastard, wild turkey, sea swallow, Indian crow, etc., are a few of the different kinds used. The crests of the golden pheasant are particularly prominent in the make-up of these flies, and must be plucked while the

birds are alive, or else they lose their rich metallic luster, which is considered necessary in a good salmon fly.

HE DIDN'T WANT SOAP.

This Farmer Had Opinions of His Own and Informed Them.

"You can either beat a farmer as slick as grease or you can't beat him at all," said the patient hay fork man as we were talking about his adventures in the rural regions. "That is, he is either gullible or oversuspicious. Some will refuse a good thing and some will snap at a swindle. I think I can illustrate my declarations right here, or at least one of them. The man in the seat over there is a farmer."

"I should say so."
"And he's one of the sort who suspects every stranger. Watch me try him."

He took a cake of toilet soap from his sachel, and, going over to the farmer, saluted him, in a pleasant manner, and added:

"I have a new make of soap here which I am introducing to the public. It is worth 15 cents a cake, but I make the price only 5."

"Don't want it," was the gruff reply.

"With every cake goes a \$5 green-back, and a gold bracelet, the deed of a town lot in Kansas, a pocket knife, a pair of eye-glasses and a solid gold ring."

"Don't want 'em sir!"

"As I want your opinion of the soap I will give it to you."

"I won't take it!"

"But, sir, in order to introduce it into your neighborhood I will give you 100 cakes free, and at the same time leave five watches and five deeds to town lots."

"Look-a-here!" shouted the farmer as he jumped up and spat on his hands. "You go away from me or I'll smash you! I'm on your tricks, old man, and if you think you have picked up a hayseed you are barking up the wrong tree."

And the hayfork man had to move lively to escape the blow leveled at his nose.—Chicago Herald.

His Image.

I am stronger than my fears
I am wiser than my years,
I am gladder than my tears,
For I am His image.

I am greater than my pains,
I am richer than my gains,
I am purer than my stains,
For I am His image.

I am better than my deeds,
I am holier than my creeds,
I am worthier than my needs,
For I am His image.

I am truer than I seem,
And more gracious than I deem
And more real than I dream,
For I am His image.

I have naught with death or birth
I encompass heaven and earth;
Measureless my power and girth,
For I am His image.

He, whose image thus I bear,
And whose likeness I shall share,
All His glory will declare,
Through the "I"—His image.

CROOKS AND CRANKS.

The tramp with a sore arm, caused by a fly plaster, has been soliciting alms at Trenton, Mo. He was brought before the mayor and physicians called in to examine the arm. The fraud was detected, the tramp fined \$10 and told to skip.

A far-seeing Australian, who interpreting the clause in his marriage vows, "till death do us part," to mean that his obligations ended with his wife's demise, refused to pay for her burial. So the matter went to court, which promptly decided that a husband's duties only cease when the undertaker's bills are paid.

One of the old settlers at St. Paul, wearying of calling and dunning for a bill, brought suit to enforce its collection. When the day of the trial came on, the old settler was a little late, and the jury had been impeached and sworn. He entered, sat behind the attorney, and rapidly ran his eyes over the jury. When he reached the last man he sprang to his feet and, regardless of court etiquette and decorum, called out: "Judge, every man on that jury owes me a bill. Dismiss the case quick or I'll turn up in that fellow's debt."

A STRING OF CURIOS.

A pair of ear rings that belonged to Marie Antoinette, and which have been owned since by Prince Potemkin, Mehmet Ali and others, are held by a Bond Street (London) jeweler at \$65,000.

A monument is to be erected to the memory of Elizabeth Barrett Browning in Leobury, England, a place closely connected with her childhood. It will consist of a brick tower, with stone copings, about 120 feet high. A large clock will ornament one side.

Oxygen is the most abundant of all the elements; it composes at least one-third of the earth, one-fifth of the atmosphere and eight-ninths by weight of all the water on the globe; it is also a very important constituent of all minerals, animals and vegetables.

Divers in the clear waters of the tropical seas find that the fish of different colors when frightened do not all dart in the same direction, but that each different kind takes shelter in that portion of the submarine growth nearest in color to that of the fish.

A unique carpet is being made for the Church of Le Coeur Jesus, Montmartre, in Paris, by some Parisian ladies. It will cost \$4,000, and the names of the workers are to be embroidered around the border. The center represents Montmartre, and above are to be the arms of the city of Paris.

The flora of Europe embraces about 10,000 species. India has about 15,000. The British possessions in North America, though with an area nearly as large as Europe, have only 5,000. One of the richest floras is that of Cape of Good Hope and Natal, which figures up about 19,000 species being now known.

The street railways of Paris are under the government control and the rules for their guidance are very strict. Only four passengers are allowed to stand on the same platform, and they must pay the same fare as the first-class passengers inside, viz., 5 cents, while those on the roof of the car ride at half rates.

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