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Express . .	9:35 P. M.	Express . .	6:45 P. M.
Accom. . .	11:42 P. M.	Express . .	9:45 P. M.
Sunday . .	9:51 A. M.	Sunday . .	7:35 A. M.
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"MY MA, SHE KNOWS."

My pa, he scolds me jes' becus
He says I'm gittin "tough;"
He says my face is never clean,
My hands are always rough;
I'm not behavin like I should,
An goin wrong, I s'pose,
But ma, she takes an pats my hand
An smiles, becuz she knows!

My pa hain't got no use for boys;
He wants 'em always neat.
I wonder if he's clean forgot
The boy he must 'a' been?
Fer ma, she says they're all alike
'Bout face an hands an clothes,
An says I'll learn to be a man;
An ma—I guess she knows!

My pa, he says I ain't no good
At doin anything;
I'd ruther fool away the time
An whistle, play an sing;
But ma, she smiles an says I'm young,
An then she up an goes
An kisses me an shows me how,
For ma, you bet she knows!

My pa, he says I'll never be
A business man like him,
Becuz I hain't got any "drive"
An "get up," "vinci" an "vim;"
But ma, she says, so solemnlike,
A man's a boy that grows,
An boys must have their playin spell,
An ma's a trump an knows!

My pa, he shakes his head an sighs
An says he doesn't s-o
Where I get all the careless ways
That seem jes' born in me,
An ma, she laughs an laughs an laughs,
Till pa's face crimson grows,
An then she says, "'Tis very queer,"
But somehow ma, she knows!

My ma, she knows most everything
'Bout boys an what they like;
She's never scoldin 'bout the muss
I make with kites an bike:
She says she wants me to be good
An conquer all my foes,
An you jes' bet I'm goin to be,
'Cus my sweet ma, she knows!
—Birch Arnold in Detroit Journal.

THE JUDGMENT OF DUNGARA.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

They tell the tale even now among the sal groves of the Berbulda hill and for corroboration point to the roofless and windowless mission house. The great god Dungara, the god of things as they are, most terrible, one eyed, bearing the red elephant tusk, did it all, and he who refuses to believe in Dungara will assuredly be smitten by the madness of Yat—the madness that fell upon the sons and the daughters of the Buria Kol when they turned aside from Dungara and put on clothes. So says Athon Daze, who is high priest of the shrine and warden of the red elephant tusk. But if you ask the assistant collector and agent in charge of the Buria Kol, he will laugh—not because he bears any malice against missions, but because he himself saw the vengeance of Dungara executed upon the spiritual children of the Rev. Justus Krenk, pastor of the Tubingen mission, and upon Lotta, his virtuous wife.

Yet if ever a man merited good treatment of the gods it was the reverend Justus, one time of Heidelberg, who, on the faith of a call, went into the wilderness and took the blond, blue eyed Lotta with him. "We will these heathen now by idolatrous practices so darkened better make," said Justus in the early days of his career. "Yes," he added, with conviction, "they shall be good and shall with their hands to work learn. For all good Christians must work." And upon a stipend more modest even than that of an English lay reader, Justus Krenk kept house beyond Kamala and the gorge of Malair, beyond the Berbulda river close to the foot of the blue hill of Panth on whose summit stands the temple of Dungara—in the heart of the country of the Buria Kol—the naked, good tempered, timid, shameless, lazy Buria Kol.

Do you know what life at a mission outpost means? Try to imagine a loneliness exceeding that of the smallest station to which government has ever sent you—isolation that weighs upon the waking eyelids and drives you perforce headlong into the labors of the day. There is no post, there is no one of your own color to speak to, there are no roads. There is indeed food to keep you alive, but it is not pleasant to eat, and whatever of good or beauty or interest there is in your life must come from yourself and the grace that may be planted in you.

In the morning, with a patter of soft feet, the converts, the doubtful and the open scoffers troop up to the verandah. You must be infinitely kind and patient, and, above all, clear sighted, for you deal with the simplicity of childhood, the experience of man and the subtlety of the savage. Your congregation has a hundred material wants to be considered, and it is for you, as you believe in your personal responsibility to your Maker, to pick out of the clamoring crowd any grain of spirituality that may lie therein. If to the cure of souls you add that of bodies, your task will be all the more difficult, for the sick and the maimed will profess any and every creed for the sake of healing and will laugh at you because you are simple enough to believe them.

As the day wears and the impetus of the morning dies away there will come upon you an overwhelming sense of the uselessness of your toil. This must be striven against, and the only spur in your side will be the belief that you are playing against the devil for the living soul. It is a great and a joyous belief, but he who can hold it unwavering for four and twenty consecutive hours must be blessed with an abundantly strong physique and equable nerve.

Ask the gray heads of the Bannockburn medical crusade what manner of life their preachers lead. Speak to the Racine Gospel agency, those lean Americans whose boast is that they go where no Englishman dare follow. Get a pastor of the Tubingen mission to talk of his experiences, if you can. You will be referred to the printed reports, but these contain no mention of the men who have lost youth and health, all that a man may lose except faith in the wilds, of English maidens who have gone forth and died in the fever stricken jungle of the Panth hills, knowing from the first that death was almost a certainty. Few pastors will tell you of these things any more than they will speak of that young David of St. Bees, who, set apart for the Lord's work, broke down in the utter desolation and returned half distraught to the head mission crying, "There is no God, but I have walked with the devil!"

The reports are silent here, because heroism, failure, doubt, despair and self abnegation on the part of a mere cultured white man are things of no weight as compared to the saving of one half human soul from a fantastic faith in wood spirits, goblins of the rock and river fiends.

And Gallio, the assistant collector of the country side, "cared for none of these things." He had been long in the district, and the Buria Kol loved him and brought him offerings of speared fish, orchids from the dim, moist heart of the forests and as much game as he could eat. In return he gave them quinine, and with Athon Daze, the high priest, controlled their simple policies

"When you have been some years in the country," said Gallio at the Krenks' table, "you grow to find one creed as good as another. I'll give you all the assistance in my power, of course, but don't hurt my Buria Kol. They are good people, and they trust me."

"I will them the word of the Lord teach," said Justus, his round face beaming with enthusiasm, "and I will assuredly to their prejudices no wrong hastily without thinking make. But, oh, my friend, this in the mind impartiality of creed judgment belooking is very bad."

"Heigh-ho!" said Gallio, "I have their bodies and the district to see to, but you can try what you can do for their souls. Only don't behave as you predecessor did, or I'm afraid that I can't guarantee your life."

"And that!" said Lotta, sturdily, handing him a cup of tea.

"He went up to the temple of Dungara—to be sure he was new to the country — and began hammering old Dungara over the head with an umbrella; so the Buria Kol turned out and hammered him rather savagely. I was in the district, and he sent a runner to me with a note saying: 'Persecuted for the Lord's sake. Send wing of regiment.' The nearest troops were 200 miles off, but I guessed what he had been doing. I rode to Panth and talked to old Athon Daze like a father, telling him that a man of his wisdom ought to have known that the sahib had sunstroke and was mad. You never saw a people more sorry in your life. Athon Daze apologized, sent wood and milk and fowls and all sorts of things, and I gave 5 rupees to the shrine and told Macnamara that he had been indidicious. He said that I had bowed down in the house of Rimmon, but if he had only just gone over the brow of the hill and insulted Palin Deo, the idol of the Suria Krol, he would have been impaled on a charred bamboo long before I could have done anything, and then I should have had to have hanged some of the poor brutes. Be gentle with them, padri—but I don't think you'll do much."

"Not I," said Justus, "but my Master. We will with the little children begin. Many of them will be sick—that is so. After the children the mothers, and then the men. But I would greatly that you were in internal sympathies with us prefer."

Gallio departed to risk his life in mending the rotten bamboo bridges of his people, in killing a too persistent tiger here or there, in sleeping out in the reeking jungle or in tracking the Suria Kol raiders who had taken a few heads from their brethren of the Buria clan. A knockkneed, shambling young man was Gallio, naturally devoid of creed or reverence, with a longing for absolute power which his undesirable district gratified.

"No one wants my post," he used to say grimly, "and my collector only pokes his nose in when he's quite certain that there is no fever. I'm monarch of all I survey, and Athon Daze is my viceroy."

Because Gallio prided himself on his supreme disregard of human life—though he never extended the theory beyond his own—he naturally rode 40 miles to the mission with a tiny brown baby on his saddlebow.

"Here is something for you, padri," said he. "The Kols leave their surplus children to die. Don't see why they shouldn't, but you may rear this one. I picked it up beyond the Berbulda fork. I've a notion that the mother has been following me through the woods ever since."

"It is the first of the fold," said Justus, and Lotta caught up the screaming morsel to her bosom and hushed it craftily, while, as a wolf hangs in the field, Matui, who had borne it and, in accordance with the law of her tribe, had exposed it to die, panted wearily and footsore in the bamboo brake, watching the house with hungry mother eyes. What would the omnipotent assistant collector do? Would the little man in the black coat eat her daughter alive, as Athon Daze said was the custom of all men in black coats?

Matui waited among the bamboos through the long night, and in the morning there came forth a fair, white woman, the like of whom Matui had never seen, and in her arms was Matui's daughter, clad in spotless raiment. Lotta knew little of the tongue of the Buria Kol, but when mother calls to mother speech is easy to understand. By the hands stretched timidly to the hem of her gown, by the passionate gutturals and the longing eyes, Lotta understood with whom she had to deal. So Matui took her child again—would be a servant, even a slave, to this wonderful white woman, for her own tribe would recognize her no more. And Lotta wept with her exhaustively after the German fashion, which includes much blowing of the nose.

"First the child, then the mother, and last the man, and to the glory of God all," said Justus the hopeful. And the man came, with a bow and arrows, [illegible] for [illegible] one to cook for him.

But the tale of the mission is a long one, and I have no space to show how Justus, forgetful of his injudicious predecessor, grievously smote Moto, the husband of Matui, for his iniquities; how Moto was startled, but, being released from the fear of instant death, took heart and became faithful ally and first convert of Justus; how the little gathering grew, to the huge disgust of Athon Daze; how the priest of the god of things as they are argued subtilely with the priest of the god of things as they should be and was worsted; how the dues of the temple of Dungara fell away in fowls and fish and honeycomb; how Lotta lightened the curse of Eve among the women and how Justus did his best to introduce the curse of Adam; how the Buria Kol rebelled at this, saying that their god was an idle god, and how Justus partially overcame their scruples against work and taught them that the black earth was rich in other produce than pignuts only.

All these things belong to the history of many months, and throughout those months the white haired Athon Daze meditated revenge for the tribal neglect of Dungara. With savage cunning he feigned friendship toward Justus, even hinting at his own conversion, but to the congregation of Dungara he said darkly: "They of the padri's flock have put on clothes and worship a busy god. Therefore Dungara will afflict them grievously till they throw themselves howling into the waters of the Berbulda." At night the red elephant tusk boomed and groaned among the hills, and the faithful waked and said: "The god of things as they are matures revenge against the backsliders. Be merciful, Dungara, to us, thy children, and give us all their crops!"

Late in the cold weather the collector and his wife came into the Buria Kol country. "Go and look at Krenk's mission," said Gallio. "He is doing good work in his own way, and I think he'd be pleased if you opened the bamboo chapel that he has managed to run up. At any rate, you'll see a civilized Buria Kol."

Great was the stir in the mission. "Now he and the gracious lady will that we have done good work with their own eyes see, and—yes—we will him our converts in all their new clothes by their own hands constructed exhibit. It will a great day be—for the Lord always," said Justus, and Lotta said "Amen."

Justus had, in his quiet way, felt jealous of the Basel weaving mission, his own converts being unhandy, but Athon Daze had latterly induced some of them to hackle the glossy silky fibers of a plant that grew plenteously on the Pandh hill. It yielded a cloth white and smooth almost as the tappa of the south seas, and that day the converts were to wear for the first time clothes made therefrom. Justus was proud of his work.

"They shall in white clothes clothed to meet the collector and his well born lady come down singing 'Now thank we all our God.' Then he will the chapel open, and, yes, even Gallio to believe will begin. Stand so, my children, two by two, and—Lotta, why do they thus themselves scratch? It is not seemly to wriggle, Nala, my child. The collector will be here and be pained."

The collector, his wife and Gallio climbed the hill to the mission station. The converts were drawn up in two lines, a shining band nearly 40 strong. "Hah!" said the collector, whose acquisitive bent of mind led him to believe that he had fostered the institution from the first.

"Advancing, I see, by leaps and bounds."

Never was truer word spoken. The mission was advancing exactly as he had said—at first by little hops and shuffles of shamefaced uneasiness, but soon by the leaps of fly stung horses and the bounds of maddened kangaroos. From the hill of Panth the red elephant tusk delivered a dry and anguished blare. The ranks of the converts wavered, broke and scattered with yells and shrieks of pain, while Justus and Lotta stood horror stricken.

"It is the judgment of Dungara!" shouted a voice. "I burn! I burn! To the river or we die!"

The mob wheeled and headed for the rocks that overhung the Berbulda, writhing, stamping, twisting and shedding its garments as it ran, pursued by the thunder of the trumpet of Dungara. Justus and Lotta fled to the collector almost in tears.

"I cannot understand! Yesterday," panted Justus, "they had the Ten Commandments— What is this? Praise the Lord, all good spirits by land or by sea. Nala! Oh, shame!"

With a bound and a scream there alighted on the rocks above their heads Nala, once the pride of the mission, a maiden of 14 summers, good, docile and virtuous—now naked as the dawn and spitting like a wildcat.

"Was it for this!" she raved, hurling her petticoat at Justus. "Was it for this I left my people and Dungara —for the first of your bad place? Blind ape, little earthworm, dried fish that you are, you said that I should never burn! Oh, Dungara, I burn now! I burn now! Have mercy, God of things as they are!"

She turned and flung herself into the Berbulda, and the trumpet of Dungara bellowed jubilantly. The last of the converts of the Tubingen mission had put a quarter of a mile of rapid river between herself and her teachers.

"Yesterday," gulped Justus, "she taught in the school A, B, C, D. Oh! It is the work of satan!"

But Gallio was curiously regarding the maiden's petticoat where it had fallen at his feet. He felt its texture, drew back his shirt sleeve beyond the deep tan of his hand and pressed a fold of the cloth against the flesh. A blotch of angry red rose on the white skin.

"Ah!" said Gallio calmly. "I thought so."

"What is it?" said Justus.

"I should call it the shirt of Nessus, but— Where did you get the fiber of this cloth Lotta?"

"Athon Daze," said Justus. "He showed the boys how it should manufactured be."

"The old fox! Do you know that he has given you the Nilgiri nettle—scorpion — Girardenia heterophylla — to work up. No wonder they squirmed! Why, it stings even when they make bridge ropes of it, unless it's soaked for six weeks. The cunning brute! It would take about half an hour to burn through their thick hides and then"—

Gallio burst into laughter, but Lotta was weeping in the arms of the collector's wife, and Justus had covered his face with his hands.

"Girardenia heterophylla!" repeated Gallio. "Krenk, why didn't you tell me? I could have saved you this. Woven fire! Anybody but a naked Kol would have known it, and, if I'm a judge of their ways, you'll never get them back."

He looked across the river to where the converts were still wallowing and wailing in the shallows, and the laughter died out of his eyes, for he saw that the Tubingen mission to the Buria Kol was dead.

Never again, though they hung mournfully round the deserted school for three months, could Lotta or Justus coax back even the most promising of their flock. No; the end of conversion was the fire of the bad place—fire that ran through the limbs and gnawed into the bones. Who dare a second time tempt the anger of Dungara? Let the little man and his wife go elsewhere. The Buria Kol would have none of them. An unofficial message to Athon Daze that if a hair of their heads were touched Athon Daze and the priests of Dungara would be hanged by Gallio at the temple shrine protected Justus and Lotta from the stumpy poisoned arrows of the Buria Kol, but neither fish nor fowl, honeycomb, salt nor young pig was brought to their doors any more. And, alas, man cannot live by grace alone if meat be wanting!

"Let us go, mine wife," said Justus. "There is no good here, and the Lord has willed that some other man shall the work take—in good time—in his own good time. We will go away, and I will—yes—some botany learnedly."

If any one is anxious to convert the Buria Kol afresh, there lies at least the core of a mission house under the hill of Panth. But the chapel and school have long since fallen back into jungle.

Economy.

A west Philadelphia young woman, on the ground of economy, induced her betrothed to waive the formality of an engagement ring and to give her the money, $100, instead. After they had been married six months she informed him that she had invested the money in a life membership in a woman's suffrage society.

Pre-eminent.

"Ma, I'm at the head of my class."
"How's that, Dick?"
"Teacher says I'm the worst of all the bad boys in school."

A DEAD CZAR'S FACE.

THE STORY OF THE ARTIST WHO PAINTED OUT THE GASHES.

A Deathbed Confession That Recalled a Brutal Tragedy of Russian Court Intrigue—The Assassination of the Emperor Paul I.

At Zverevo, a little town in the "government" or province of Voronej, in the Don country, Russia, there died not so very long ago Osen Ivanovitch Schtchatka, a gray haired teacher, who, when he felt death approaching, called for a priest, though he had previously never professed religion. His father, he said, had been a citizen of St. Petersburg up to the end of March, 1801. He died in Zverevo in 1860, making a deathbed confession to his son.

This was Ivan Shtchotka's deathbed confession, according to his son, Osen Ivanovitch:

"In 1801 I was one of the most promising pupils of the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences, a government institution which was under strict military rule. I was not particularly noted for my work with the brush, but, despite my youth, had already gained some reputation as a portrait painter.

"During the night of March 22 or the morning of March 23 I was awakened by Cossacks, who ordered me to dress, take my brush and palette and follow them. After a rapid drive of a few miles we halted before a palatial building, into the cellar of which I was hustled through an opening. We passed through a labyrinth of recesses and up several flights of back stairs. At last the handkerchief bandage was removed from my eyes, and I found myself in a stately room half filled by solemn looking men in rich dress. The floor was covered with rags that seemed to have been thrown down without regard to decorative effect.

"A tall man, in whom I recognized Plato Zuboff, approached me and said, pointing to a divan covered with a black cloth, over what seemed to be a giant figure in an attitude of repose:

"'Are you skillful enough to restore the face of a dead man who suffered violence, cuts and strangulation, so as to regain its natural appearance? Your art must last three days, for the body is to be exhibited in the cathedral. You must not spare the red; it will be given out that the person died of apoplexy.'

"Remembering the threat of the Cossacks, I did not hesitate to answer in the affirmative. 'Very well,' said Zuboff; 'you will go to work at once.' And, in a low voice, he added: "That your conscience may not prick you understand that the late czar was not a Romanoff. He was only the natural son of Catherine II and Soltikof.'

"With that he removed the black cloth, and I saw the body of the Emperor Paul I, dressed in full general's panoply. He was gloved and spurred. His neck was swollen and his face a mass of bruises.

"I can well realize the report afterward spread—viz, that he sold his life dearly. The emperor had been sleeping in the antechamber of his wife's bedroom on a hard lounge, as was his wont to do, when the conspirators came upon him. The guards in and around the palace, and particularly in the corridor leading to the czar's private apartments, were all in the conspirators' pay, with the exception of a hussar whom Zuboff cut down with his saber before he entered Paul's chamber. The emperor, I was told, offered at first no resistance. On his bended knees he begged and implored that his life be spared, promising to sign any instrument of abdication they might choose to submit. More, he would himself proclaim his son (afterward Alexander I) czar.

"But the murderers advanced fiercely, and Paul attempted to escape by way of the window. Prevented and bleeding from a cut hand, he defended himself with a chair, killing one of the assassins. But now the rest assailed him with their sabers. A heavy blow in the temple floored him, and again he supplicated for his life with outstretched hands.

"Then Zuboff tore off his sash, wound it twice around the emperor's neck, and, taking hold by one hand, commanded another officer to help him strangle the unhappy monarch.

"In the struggle preceding the final act Paul's face had been hacked and cut, and it required four hours' work on my part to get it into presentable shape. When I declared my work finished, a handsome young man was ushered in with great ceremony—the new emperor, Alexander. I heard him say in French:

"'It is well.' The widowed empress, too, passed through the room, but could evidently not bring herself to look upon her husband's face. Poor woman, she had tried to come to Paul's assistance, but had been prevented by a threat of instant death.

"After that two soldiers took me, and between them I was marched out into the corridor and down the stairs. When we reached the cellar, I was ordered to wait, and a person whose features I could not make out approached me.

"'Would you like to become an imperial drawing master, with a salary of 2,000 rubles per year for life?' he asked. I was so astonished that I hardly knew what to say in reply.

"'Decide quickly!' spoke the stranger again. I assured him that I was at his orders.

"On March 23, at 7 a. m., I was speeding toward the Don country," concluded the deathbed confession. "I have kept faith with the government and the government has kept faith with me."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Expected Too Much.

A well known man who gives much to charity was walking along Grant street when he was accosted by a "professional macer," who said he needed "a dime to get a bed." He was given a quarter. After that the man who gave it was marked. A few days later the same "macer" met him.

"Please, sir," he said, "will you give me a nickel to get a cup of coffee?"

He was given a dime. The following week the man was stopped again. This time the beggar wanted a "dime to get somethin to eat."

"See here, my man," said the charitable one, "don't you think you are pushing this a little too far? It is not so very long ago that I gave you a quarter and again a dime. Isn't it time to stop asking?"

"What do you expect of a man, anyhow?" indignantly asked the "macer." "Do you think I can live on 35 cents for two weeks?"—Pittsburg News.

Reckless Expenditure.

Dilver—When I took this place, it wasn't fit for a dog to live in. I have spent nearly $1,000 on it.

Samson—Don't you think it would have been cheaper had you killed the dog?—Boston Transcript.

SPLITTING BANK NOTES.

The Process Is Simple Enough When You Know How.

Some years ago the commercial world was taken aghast by the announcement that a certain scientific man could actually split a bank note so exactly into halves that it was impossible to distinguish the separate pieces of paper from genuine notes.

The authorities of the Bank of England took alarm, for it appeared that this invention would speedily open the way to a new kind of fraud. The imitation of the engraved plate, however well performed, was always discoverable by experienced eyes, and he must be a good forger indeed who could prepare the paper on which the plate was printed so as to imitate the peculiar water marks on the Bank of England notes with anything like success. But here was a discovery which set at naught the precautions of paper makers, engravers and printers.

It was really a serious matter. A long correspondence ensued between the proprietor of the secret and the officials of the bank, the former asking a large sum of money for his knowledge and the latter requiring actual proof of his ability to perform the alleged feat.

Paragraphs began to appear in the newspapers, and public attention was drawn to what seemed a very extraordinary fact—that the thin tissue paper of which a bank note is composed could really be divided into two leaves. It became necessary to test the truth of this remarkable discovery, and so it was arranged that trial should be made with an actual note of the Bank of England.

Preliminaries were settled, and a note, properly marked, so that it might be afterward identified, was submitted to the inventor. In the course of two or three days back came the note to the owners actually split in two. It was eagerly examined, but in a little time the bank officials ceased to feel any alarm, and confidence in the commercial world was quite restored.

It was true the bank note was completely split, but it was also true that on only one half of it was the printed impression sufficiently plain to allow of its being circulated. Any attempt to pass the other or back half of the note would, it was declared, be immediately detected.

Still, the discovery was curious and might lead to disagreeable consequences should any person attempt to increase his wealth by means of split bank notes. Another kind of ink was therefore ordered for the future to be used in the printing of the bank securities, so that in case any one chose to try the experiment the one half would be left blank.

The secret, however, did not long remain hidden from the world. Indeed, its very simplicity seems to have prevented its being discovered by the clever men who felt so much anxiety about it.

The method of splitting paper is just this: Two pieces of calico are firmly glued to the sides of the paper, leaving the ends of the calico loose, and the whole is perfectly dried. By a gentle and equable pull on each side the paper is split completely in halves, one of which adheres to the calico on one side and the other to the opposite.

The fact that the adhesion between the paper and the cloth is greater than that between the surfaces of the paper to each other is the cause of this phenomenon.

Having now divided the paper, the two halves may be removed by damping and so loosening the glue between the calico and the paper. What was once a great and puzzling secret is no longer in the possession of one person. Those happy individuals with bank notes to spare may while away a winter evening in trying this experiment. —Chicago Chronicle.

The Simangs.

The gentle simang is a gibbon and no monkey. In assemblies on the tree tops live the simangs, whooping over the octaves, calling to their friends from miles away and swooping off to meet them, racing steeplechases with the winds. I have seen, and hope to live to see again, a pack of the simangs going through the jungle, a long black arm and a small crumpled body swinging wildly from it like a pendulum run mad, then, a suicidal fling, a crash in the covering green, and so they are gone.

Tame they are the gentlest creatures. The Malays catch the young ones and bring them to our doors, knowing that buy we must. It is not among the possibilities for a Mem to resist the forlorn, small, speechless thing when it winds its long arms and fingers round her neck and hides its black, wrinkled face of an old woman, with round, unhappy eyes, in the softness of her morning gown. Or it lurches across the veranda on a pair of very bandy little legs, balancing itself with outstretched arms. But they always die. They who have weathered torrential rains under the open heaven die in captivity of consumption and cough out their ill comprehended souls like Christians huddled in a blanket.—Blackwood's.

Loyal and Subtle.

In its essence the following story, found in the Rev. Dr. Newman Hall's autobiography, recalls an instance of flattery in a maid of honor in France, who, being asked by the queen what o'clock it was, answered, "What your majesty pleases."

The royal librarian, Woodward, at Windsor castle was showing the princess royal the large collection of miniatures. As Crowmell turned up she cried out:

"Oh, Mr. Woodward, you cannot like that man!"

He replied, "Your royal highness must know that my admiration and loyalty to your royal highness' mother are such that I cannot but reverence the memory of the man to whose struggle for liberty we owe the unspeakable blessedness of possessing such a monarch on a constitutional throne."

So Easy to Go Down Hill.

A recent traveler, in giving a description of his climbing Mount Popocatepetl, in Mexico, and visiting its crater, says that he was able to return from the top of the mountain to the snow line in 15 minutes, covering a distance which had required six hours to ascend. One sees things like that often in common life. A man struggles for years to build up a good reputation for honesty and integrity among his fellow men, and then in an unguarded hour he takes a fatal toboggan slide that hurls him in a single act below where he began to climb 20 or 30 years ago. It is those who persevere unto the end who win the crown, and no one can afford to grow careless or to cease to be watchful against temptation.—Homiletic Review.

Right Man in the Right Place.

Manufacturers' Agent—Is the head buyer up stairs?

Accommodating Employee—No; he's out. But the subseller is down stairs.