

RATES
OF
ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion	\$1.00
One square, two insertions	1.50
One square, one month	2.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

"As Darby Says to Joan."
"Well, now, the sun's a power o' heat!
The sp's a-running strong—
I stopped in with the boys a bit
There, as I come along.
The cowslip swamp was boded thick
With now and then one blown—
I fetched a couple in my hat"
As Darby says to Joan.
"We'll have the cattle out to grass
Come Pass-day, I'll be bound!
Hear how the creakers stamp and low
Soon as they smell the ground?
It's time to rake the garden off
And set a boned're gone!
Plan out the beds to suit ye, wife"
As Darby says to Joan.
"It seems with white, a day like this,
Jes' to let wintered thro'
I feel the sun o'er to my soul,
Old as I be, I do.
Nebby it would look awkward-like
To fall as lives to stay on spell"
As Darby says to Joan.
"You ain't forgot the old side porch,
Back with the grapevine hung?
They think folks didn't court and kiss
When me and you was young?
Jes' such another likely day"
The parson made no use—
As hitching up his chair a bit,
Darby says to Joan.
[Dora Read Goodale, in Independent.]

A FAULT REDEEMED.

BY WILLIAM THOMPSON.

In Livingston county, Michigan, there is a small, land-locked lake, not noted on extant maps, but locally known as Whalen lake.
One Sunday morning, five summers ago, Willie Johnson, the 11-year-old son of a farmer's widow living near the lake, said to his mother after his little chores were done:
"Mother, Johnnie Porter and Alf Hughes (neighboring boys about his own age) are going in swimming to-day. May I go along?"
"Well, my son," replied Mrs. Johnson, "You know that I don't much like Sunday sports, but I suppose you boys do need a good wash after your week's work in the harvest field, and if you'll promise to merely take a bath close to shore and then come straight home you may go. But don't forget yourselves."
"Oh, no; we'll be very careful, mother, and not get into danger. Besides, we're all good swimmers," rejoined Willie, and with a goodby kiss he scampered gleefully away, while his mother, already half regretting her decision, looked after him with a sigh.
On reaching the lake he found his comrades waiting for him and in possession of a small boat, to which they were fitting oars, while a six-year craft lay alongside.
"Why, boys," inquired William, "where did you get the boat? My mother didn't give me leave to go sailing, and I promised that we'd just take a good bath, and not run into any danger."
"Oh, it's all right, Will," explained John Porter, "the skiff belong to some fishermen on the other side of the lake. They've gone to the village, I s'pose, and we're going to borrow this one for a little while and have some fun."
"Yes," broke in Alfred Hughes, "we'll have a good time. Jump right in, Will, and we'll row out to the middle of the lake and take something like a swim."
Willie Johnson, rather demurred at this extension of the programme, but, boylike, allowed himself to be overruled, and the three thoughtless youngsters were quickly afloat. The water, though deep to the very shore, was smooth as a mirror, and so wondrously clear that the pebbly bottom could be everywhere plainly seen.
The boys, shouting and laughing with delight, pulled out to a spot about three hundred yards equidistant from either bank, and then Alf Hughes proposed that they should anchor the boat, undress and swim ashore, when, if too tired for a return trip, they would take the other skiff and to recover the first and their clothes.
This plan was enthusiastically approved of, and, dropping the little anchor, the boys threw off their scanty garments and plunged fearlessly overboard.
"Let's see who'll touch the land first?" cried Johnnie Porter as the three glistening forms rose to the surface again.
"All right," yelled the others, and each one struck out at his best speed.
Now Whalen Lake is led principally by living springs and, even in the heat of summer, its waters are decidedly cold. All the youngsters thought themselves good swimmers, but they had never tried a course half so long as this, and before they had gone one hundred yards their own forced exertions and the low temperature of the water began to tell upon them.
However, they pushed gamely on

for fifty yards further, by which time young Porter was some distance in advance. Hughes next and Willie Johnson a bad third.
Suddenly the latter called out: "Help me, Alf! I'm tired out."
"So am I," dolefully cried Johnnie Porter from his leading position. "I don't believe I can reach shore."
"You go right on, Johnnie, and try to get the boat. I'll help Willie," gallantly said Hughes, and the brave little fellow turned back to his distressed comrade's side.
"You're safe enough, Willie," he cheerily spluttered. "Put one hand on my shoulder, and keep straight as a log and I'll tow you in."
For some distance further the over-weighted swimmer struggled manfully on, encouraging his helpless burden as best he could. Then, when no more than fifty yards from shore, Willie faintly gasped: "It's—no—use—Alf—I'm—numb—all—over! I'll—down—you—so—if—I—hold—on. Tell—mother—I—was—sorry. Good-by." And removing his cold hand the young hero sank like a stone.
Alfred Hughes knew only too well that he could not have sustained himself, and his companion as well, for twenty seconds longer; but the knowledge that Willie had voluntarily relinquished his only hope of life in order that he might be saved sent a thrill through his chilled frame and he managed to call out brokenly:
"Johnnie! the boat!—quick! quick! Willie is gone!"
But Johnnie had just dragged himself by a supreme effort ashore, and could not have stirred, at the moment, to save a word.
"Oh! Willie, Willie!" cried Alf, as if his friend could hear him. "I can't dive for you. I must die, too. There's no hope!"
Is there, indeed, none? Ah, yes, by Heaven's mercy, one, slight thought it may be as a gossamer thread; for at this instant there came, running swiftly down the slope to the water's edge, the two men who owned the boat, and who, from the window of an overlooking house, had seen the exhausted boy go down.
Never pausing in their eager race, not even stopping to ask a question, they sprang into the ready skiff and shot like an arrow from the shore.
"Don't stop! Don't stop for me!" faltered Alf Hughes, as they swept alongside. "A few yards further out—straight in a line with the other boat! Oh, hurry! good men, hurry!"
One man is rowing, the other watching, and now, ten yards beyond the self-forgetful Hughes, he sees, while peering anxiously over the side, a white body lying motionless on the bottom twelve feet below the surface.
"Back water! steady her, George!" he cries to his mate, and down like a plummet he darts to the rescue. In two seconds he is up again, his hand twined in the boy's long hair. Another second and both are in the boat.
Willie has been submerged possibly two minutes. He may yet be saved! No breath is wasted in words, no fraction of time in dallying. The hard fisherman, who still holds the oars, with one long, sweeping stroke, turns the bow shoreward; his companion picks up the exhausted Alf, as the boat flies along, and the fifty intervening yards are passed over in a flash.
Then the dry man lifts the drowned youth out to the hot sand, takes off his own upper garments and wraps him up, while his friend goes for the anchored skiff. Quickly returning, the two bear the still form tenderly to the house whence they themselves have lately come, leaving the now reviving John and Alfred to resume their clothing and follow when strong enough.
While one of the rescuers assists the good people of the house in their efforts at resuscitation, the other hurries off to the village, for a doctor, and soon everything which skill can suggest is being done for the unconscious sufferer.
Meantime a swift-footed messenger has been sent to Mrs. Johnson's and the distracted mother arrives to find her only son apparently beyond all human help. Not a sob, nor murmur, nor complaint does she utter, nothing to disturb the work in hand; but with fearless eyes and pale cheeks lends herself to the doctors, and with an enforced calmness sadly belied by her bursting heart.
Minutes passed away, a quarter, a half hour has gone, and yet there is no sign of returning life. John and Alf arrive, and without unwonted solemnity seat themselves in an outer room, awaiting in awe-stricken silence the dread verdict which to both seems inevitable.
But the skilled physician, a man of large experience in such cases, works steadily on, never despairing, yet dar-

ing to whisper to the self-repressing mother only vaguest words of hope. The labor is hard and the perspiration pours down the good man's face as he tries by alternately pressing and releasing his patient's chest and raising and depressing his arms to restore the action of the lungs. Nearly an hour has glided by, and still the beautiful clay lies there inanimate as a marble image. A portentous hush, profound as that of death itself, prevades the room; the tensely drawn nerves of the voiceless praying woman—the widowed, perhaps childless, mother—began to give way. All seems in vain. Her darling, willful, loving boy is certainly dead and she—she is henceforth alone. Is this, then, the end of fourteen years tender care? Blessed be His name, no; for, see! there is a new look in the doctor's watching eyes. He bends still lower, lays his ear close to the boy's heart, and the brave little white fingers on the pulse, and says—oh, so reverently!—the simple, life-giving words:
"He is saved!"
Then, as the long pent-up waters of an ice-bound fountain are released by the springtime sun, the blessed tears gush from the happy mother's eyes, and with an inarticulate cry of thanksgiving she sinks to the floor, weak and helpless as a new-born babe.
When she has regained some measure of strength, her boy has passed through the paroxysm of pain incident to returning circulation of the blood and, as she presses her lips lovingly to his, he whispers those two touching words, to which no true woman has ever yet since the creation of the world turned a deaf ear: "Mother, forgive!"—and the hovering angel of peace, we may well believe, soars heavenward with the glad tidings that a repentant and redeemed soul is lent for a while longer to earth.—[New York Advertiser.]

Friendship of a Canary and a Rat.

Mrs. Pert Atherton of the Fulton House has a canary bird and a white rat which afford great amusement for herself and other guests of the house. The bird possesses considerable talent as a songster, and oftentimes when Mrs. Atherton has company Dick's cage has to be darkened in order that the conversation may proceed. Dick's greatest joy, however, is to ride upon the back of the white rat, and when they are turned loose in the room he immediately takes his position upon Feeny's back and insists upon being carried about the room. Should the rat stop to eat a peanut thrown to him by his mistress, Dick will flap his wings, scold, and peck the back of Feeny until she makes another circuit of the room.
Miss Rat does not always take kindly to this manner of treatment, and on one occasion became so angry that she bit off one of the little yellow fellow's toes. Dick, in consequence of the loss of this all-important member, was confined to his cage for a number of days, and, like a human invalid, was fed upon the daintiest dishes the market could afford. His four-legged companion seemed to miss him very greatly in her morning romps, and when the warbler was again able to be about, showed every evidence of a desire to renew friendship with the bird that she had so wilfully wronged. Dick granted her his pardon, and yesterday afternoon they gave one of their old-time entertainments to a number of admirers.—[San Francisco Examiner.]

Badgering a Witness.

The old style of badgering a witness has almost disappeared from many courts; but in a Western Kansas town it is still kept up, sometimes, however, to the damage of the cross-examiner. Lawyer S. is well known for his uncomely habits. He cuts his hair about four times a year and the rest of the time looks decidedly ragged about the ears. He was making a witness describe a barn that figured in his last case.
"How long had this barn been built?"
"Oh, I don't know. About a year, mebby—about nine months, I s'aps."
"But just how long? Tell the jury how long it has been built."
"Well, I don't know, exactly—quite a while."
"Now, Mr. B., you pass for an intelligent farmer and yet you can't tell how old this barn is, and you have lived on the next farm for ten years. Can you tell how old your own house is?"
"Come now—tell us how old your own house is, if you think you know."
Quick as lightning the old farmer replied: "Ye want to know how old my house is, do ye? Well, it's about as old as ye be and needs slungin' about as bad!"
In the roar that followed the witness stepped down was not called back.—[Chicago Post.]

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE KING'S FOOT.

The foot kept by the King
Was quite a stupid bore.
Although, at everything,
His Majesty would roar—
"There's nothing in his shaft,"
Said he, "to cause me mirth,
But still I have to laugh
To get my money's worth."
—[St. Nicholas.]

A WALRUS HUNT IN ARCTIC SEAS.

The walrus was made fast to the stern, and then we rowed for the ship, delighted with our success. Our exultation was brief, for, as we were towing this immense burden, weighing, as we found afterward, nearly 1400 pounds, one of the party shouted excitedly, "Look ahead, boys! We are in for it!"
Advancing upon us in stern battle- array with regular, unbroken column, came a herd of between thirty and forty walrus. It was a grand sight. On they came with swift and vigorous strokes, their great, dark-brown forms in strong contrast with the ice-covered sea, their huge, hard-visaged heads erect, their long, sharp ivory tusks glistening ferociously in the sunlight. Their bloodshot eyes were fixed upon us with vengeful intent.
We, however, were as eager as they for the fray. Aglow with excitement and exhilaration, we set their fierce onslaught with a volley from our rifles that even those determined beasts could not withstand. But they withdrew only for a moment; then, belabored loudly with rage, they made a second desperate effort to reach our bank. One huge monster who led the ranks dived, and it appeared as if he would come just below the stern. Up he came alongside, and reared his ungainly head in order to hook his tusks over the gunwale of the boat. That we had to prevent; for had he succeeded in getting them over the side, his immense weight, even unaided by any effort on his part, would have capsized our boat as if it were but a racing-shell. Our artist fired into the trough hide only a few feet away. I caught the nearest weapon,—an ice-ax,—but the blow from it made me more impression than if it had been a light wad, except that it enraged him still more.
Again he raised his tusks, and renewed his attempt; but then our brave commander planted a good-sized rifle-ball in the nape of the neck—a vital point. We had had a narrow escape; for, once upset, even had we avoided the jaws of those angry brutes, swimming in that icy water to one of the distant icebergs would have been extremely perilous. In the meantime the herd of walrus, bewildered and frightened, many having been killed or wounded, turned and retreated in hasty disorder.
Then, towing our two walrus, a weight of over three thousand pounds, we rowed for our ship, the "Kite."
It was very slow and arduous work. But we felt secure, thinking we were done with our impetuous arctic enemies. They were of a different mind; certainly they were not done with us. For as we pulled with aching arms and weary backs, a loud shout from one of the men warned us that our fancied security was to be disturbed. Right ahead appeared a pack of some 50 walrus; and scarce had we time to collect ourselves and prepare for battle, when another group was seen of the starboard bow—then still another off the port bow! We were completely surrounded, and in the distance many more dark bodies were made out, evidently swimming toward us.
The sea was alive with them. The wounded had retreated only to summon aid to collect their scattered forces. More enraged than ever, they had returned to wreak dire vengeance on the presumptuous foreign intruders. This time it seemed as if our hunt was to have a disastrous ending.
Undaunted by our fire, on they came, some to within fifteen or twenty feet. We tried to make every shot tell. Some grasped the oars to row for the ship, and one brandished the heavy ship's ax, to prevent them from thrusting their tusks over the side of the boat. Now the fight had reached the height of excitement. Herds of undisciplined walrus were on all sides, and the sharp, rapid reports of the rifles were followed by the peculiar, discordant howling and bellowing of the infuriated beasts. We still cling to our unwieldy spoils, which made it impossible to attain any headway. At first we hurriedly debated whether we should not try to reach a low iceberg; but now that our passage was blocked on all sides, the only choice left us was to fight it out then and there.
At last, beaten and dismayed, our pursuers yielded, turned, and fled.—[St. Nicholas.]

BIG BUYING.

Work of the Purchasing Agent of a Great Railroad.

He Buys Immense Quantities of Various Articles.

The purchasing agent of a great railroad occupies a place that would be a sinecure for those persons of either sex who delight in buying for buying's sake. But it is no sinecure to the purchasing agent, who buys from year's end to year's end, and is always on the lookout for low prices, which he generally finds.
The work of the purchasing agent is to audit all the requisitions made upon him by heads of departments and station masters, and to buy the goods called for. Some of this work he does in person, and some by proxy.
The principal items with which he has to deal are iron, rope, waste, glass, stationery and oil. He must keep himself informed of the market prices of these articles, and be ready always to take advantage of a glut in the market or a drop in price from any other cause. He buys always at a discount from the lowest market price, because he buys in great quantities.
The purchasing agent of such a road as the New York Central buys about \$5,000,000 worth of goods every year. He has nothing to do with the rails, lumber, or heavy machinery; they are attended to in other quarters. Every head of department and every station agent must make a requisition on the first of the month for the supplies that he will need for that month. To keep the business in good running order it is imperative that the requisitions be made on the first of the month; it will not do for the agent to write in the middle of the month that he is short of something.
These requisitions are sent direct to the purchasing agent and he audits them. If he thinks that too much of any article has been ordered he cuts down the order. If, on the other hand, an order is manifestly too small, he increases it. This, however, seldom happens. After the requisitions have been audited they are sent to one of the principal officers of the company for his approval. As soon as they receive his stamp the goods are shipped to their destination. They are not bought as needed, but are kept in stock in great quantities.
A Sun reporter found the purchasing agent of the New York Central railroad in the midst of a heap of requisitions.
One was for 3 dozen red globes for signal lanterns, 750 barrels of oil, 100 barrels of signal oil, 20 gallons of turpentine, 10,000 seals and wires for sealing freight cars, a coil of rope five inches in circumference, 1 dozen brooms, half a dozen sponges, 100 pounds of waste for cleaning chimneys, 3 gallons of soft soap for cleaning cabooses, 4 kegs of nails, 500 envelopes, 1,000 paper clips, 1 gross each of pens and pencils, and 10 yards of flag binding. An office in the interior of the State called for 10,000 large envelopes, 20,000 small envelopes, 500 small pads, 5,000 letter-heads, 10 gross of pens, 500 application forms, 500 monthly report blanks, 10 gross of pencils, 10 gross of clips, 100 large sticks of red sealing wax, 500 heavy manilla envelopes, 5 dozen oil cans, 3 dozen lanterns, 10 signal lamps, 2 dozen white globes, 3 large lamps for station, 2 dozen brooms, 2 feather dusters, 150 pounds of waste, 3 kegs of nails, a half-dozen large chamois skins, 75 pads of glass 16x20, 5 coils of small rope, one-quarter bale of coarse wrapping paper, 250 fence pickets, and 1,100 feet of barbed wire.
Sometimes the iron bought comes out of the foundry so hot that it scorches the car floors. The discount secured by buying iron in large quantities is very slight; but in stationery, on the other hand, it is very large. Stationery at retail is not high at present, but the purchasing agent gets it at about one-half the usual rates. In rope, too, he gets heavy discounts.
The purchasing agent not only keeps his mind practising continual gymnastics figuring for low prices, but he has hard work to keep the run of all his stock. The single item of envelopes is enough to confuse him. The New York Central Railroad uses 10,000 different forms of envelopes.—[New York Sun.]

Experiences With Liens.

Mr. Selous, having spent twenty-one years in Africa, has returned to London from Mashonaland. Mr. Selous confessed that he had killed 100 elephants and twenty-five lions. His best lion story was about a mail carrier in Mashonaland. The man in

question was riding one horse and leading another, which carried the mails, when the lion made his appearance and his spring. The latter demoralized the mail completely. One horse was bowled over, the other broke away without its rider, and the mail carrier very naturally lost all interest in the mail.
The lion did not succeed in obtaining either of the horses (they turned up next day at the fort, one very badly wounded and without the mailbags), so he returned to the unfortunate carrier. Him the lion treed and then sat down at the foot of the tree to await developments. Fortunately for the carrier they did not develop entirely as the lion could have wished, for the next day a caravan passed and the lion stalked away into the bush, doubtless with an increased contempt for the refinements of civilization. The mailbags were not found for months afterward.
"Are lions fond of man meat?"
"No," said Mr. Selous. "They prefer donkeys. I think the donkeys remained them of zebra. They have no distaste for horses, but they will attack human beings. I once knew a lion to walk into a camp where I was staying and walk off with one of the policemen. I've brought his skin home—the lion's. I think it is in that corner—no, it isn't. I remember I have sent it away to be cleaned."
"Lion hunting is dangerous, isn't it?"
"It depends. One learns to run fewer risks as one gets older. When I would a lion now, I let him go. When I was younger, I used to go after him. I shall do so no more.—[London Graphic.]

When Niagara Ran Dry.

The Niagara Falls are dry. There is so little water running over them that one can walk out on the bed of the river to the very verge of the precipice. Bishop Fuller was the speaker, and he said those were the words on every one's tongue one day forty-five years ago.
He said he did not witness the spectacle himself, but that his brother-in-law, Thomas C. Street, Esq., did, and told him of it next day. There were many others who saw it also, for the river bed above the falls was, comparatively speaking, dry for a while. "It happened in this way," explained the bishop.
The winds had been blowing down Lake Erie, which is only about 80 feet deep, and rushing a great deal of water over the falls and suddenly changing drove this little water up to the western portion of the lake, and at this juncture the ice on Lake Erie, which had been broken up by these high winds, got jammed in the river between Buffalo and the Canada shore and formed a dam, which kept back the waters of Lake Erie for a day.
Mr. Street told me that he and his daughter went out to the edge of the precipice about one-third of the way from Table Rock toward Goat Island, and planted a pole, with the young lady's handkerchief firmly tied to it, in a crevice of the rock. He said that below the falls the water was so shallow that immense jagged rocks stood up above the surface.
This statement is amply verified by Hon. L. F. Allen of Buffalo, Henry Board of Chippewa, Welland county, Ontario, and James Marklain of the same town. The two latter make affidavits of their statements.—[New York Mail and Express.]

Finest Ironclad Afloat.

At the beginning of his tragic Chilean presidency Balmain ordered three ironclads at the Chantiers de la Seyne, Toulon, France. Two, it will be remembered, were after some demerit handed over to Balmain's adversaries. The third, the Captain Peat, has just been armed and will shortly start for Chile, where it will be warmly welcomed. The builders claim that it is the finest ironclad afloat.
Its cost was \$2,700,000, besides \$200,000 for incidental expense. The construction of it was begun in April, 1889, and it is named after the brave captain who fell at Iquique on May 21, 1889. It is a vessel of 7000 tons, is 109 yards long by 29 yards wide, draws 20 feet of water, and is of 12,000-horse power. It has 12 gunnet and 20 Hotchkiss guns and 5 Gatling mitrailleurs. Its guns are worked by electricity, and it has a Fiske telemeier and Balmain antitorpedo netting. The crew number 450 men, and are at present under the command of Captain Valenzuela Day.—[Chicago Herald.]

An opal, which is said to have weighed a hundred carats, was found near Caldwell, Idaho, the other day, and was sold for \$5500.

Mother Love.

Out of the sun of the land of love
Soil, radiant beams of glow,
They fly from the Father heart above
To the mother heart below.
And there they abide for evermore,
The symbols of love divine.

The old world flows with the amber
gems
Of the love rays from above;
The dead soul wakes from its formless
forms
To know that God is love,
The mother heart like the father heart
With love is glowing ever.

Oh, when can I see this love divine,
By the moonlight's shining
Of the mother hearts that ever shine
With God's own potent glory?
No earthly love is half so pure
As the gentle mother love.

That's the child may win, the mother love
Can know no shade of turning;
For no heart can, like brooding dove,
Will never cease its yearning.
The world may spin and the world
may loathe,
But mother love is changeless.

Oh, mother love, God's tenderest gift,
The old world's saving leaven,
It looks so just when our soul would drift,
And glads our pain with Heaven.
All other love may wither and die,
But mother love is deathless.
—[William Smith Morris.]

REMORSES.

Had to Beat—A boiled egg.

Wanted—A lid for the trunk of a tree.

"When is a woman not a woman?"
"Well, when is it?" "When she is a mad clerk."

Miss Snippen—Men are such fools!
Miss Darby—Ah, who has proposed to you now, dear?

"How is your little brother? Likely to get well?" "Oh! yes; he got his first throbbing today since his illness."

A philosopher being asked what was the first thing necessary toward winning the love of a woman, answered "an opportunity."

"This," said the boy whose mother turned him over to his father for punishment, "is one of the evils of parental government."

The young lady who burst into tears has been put together again, and is now wearing hoops to prevent a recurrence of the accident.

"I consider the old colonel a very liberal man." "In what way?" "In money matters. He has only one leg and yet he pays ten cents for a shoe."

"Poor Jimson! he's housekeeping and he tells me he has an awful time with his cook." "Why doesn't he discharge her?" "Can't; you see he married her!"

"When a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has once married with a congealing heart and one that beats responsible to her own, she will never want to enter the marriage state again."

A man out West has moved so often that when his chickens see a covered wagon stop before the house they march to the road, fall upon their backs behind the wagon and cross their legs to be killed.

A Boston broker, whose mind was full of stock quotations, was asked a few days since how old his father was. "Well," said he abstractedly, "the old gentleman is quoted at eighty, but there is every prospect he will reach par."

Had Her Money in an Ash Barrel.

The curious places in which women conceal their valuables was never better illustrated than by a story which came to light yesterday.

A ragpicker found an ordinary tin box in an ash barrel in front of 37 Poplar street, and was forthwith offered \$5 for it by the driver of an ash cart. The offer was accepted, and when the driver opened the box after he got home he found in it a lot of jewelry and \$688 12 in money.

A woman living in the Popular street house wanted to go out on Monday, and, no one being at home, put her box of valuables in the barrel, drawing a quantity of ashes in afterward. Some one, returning, took the barrel and placed it on the sidewalk, where, subsequently, more ashes were thrown in.

The woman, returning, noticed the barrel on the pavement, but the fact of the placing of the box had entirely slipped her memory until the collection of the ashes had been made, when she became well-nigh frantic and started out on a hunt.

She searched for the ragpicker but been seen in the neighborhood, and after considerable difficulty located him, only to find that he had sold the box. With the aid of Superintendent Deane she was enabled to find the driver. He handed her the box and he received \$50.—[Philadelphia Record.]