

The Beautiful Land of Rest. There's a realm of rest in the sunset hills, And a life far from I know...

TIGER LILY.

A mid-summer moon was shining down on the uneven surface of the wild mountain plateau...

Six months they had been stationed at Onayo. When first the struggling settlement sprang up around the mountain mine...

But the United States protects its own, and a body of men were stationed at Onayo, until the settlement was strong enough...

Old Joe Jernigan sat smoking his pipe on the board platform in front of his General Supply Store.

All the evening it had been full of customers. But now, as the hands of the wooden clock neared the figure nine...

Lily was Jernigan's niece and book-keeper, and in addition to this the very apple of his eye...

"Tiger Lily," the miners called her, sometimes in reference to the firm spirit of her own that she had, and a self-assertion which she was very apt to show...

Lily was adding up the books for the day. Old Joe was no scholar, and knew nothing of bookkeeping by double entry.

"How shall I call her?" thought the old man. "My pet lamb, that I wouldn't hurt for a king's ransom!"

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Do say half rose, then sat down again. "Well," said he, "I guess I won't disturb them."

Jernigan answered only by a sort of sly chuckle. "A nice man, that young fellow?"

"Yes, he is—tomorrow. And I wish he'd fallen dead before he ever came to Onayo with his epulettes and his jangling spurs..."

"Uncle!" cried Lily, "whom are you talking about?"

"About Captain Ismay, to-be-sure."

"But what has Captain Ismay to do with it?"

"Everything, hasn't he?"

"But look here, Tiger Lily, do you love him?"

"Of course he does?"

"Then," said the old man, "I haven't a word of objection. I shall be awfully lonesome without you, but as long as you're both happy, why, it's all right."

"My Tiger Lily!" he kept repeating to himself; "my own little ewe lamb!"

"Well, Uncle Joe!" she said gaily. "Well, my lamb!"

"There—there's something I want to tell you."

"Is there, Lily?"

"Yes, I have," said he, "but oh, Lily, if your heart very much in this?"

"Uncle!" "Has he asked you to marry him, Lily?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Then—then the old man flung his clay pipe down upon the ground, where it broke into a score of fragments, and muttered a deep exclamation under his breath—'He's a villain, that's all.'"

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE OLD NEST. A nest hung rocking in a tree. With father, bird, mother bird, little birds three.

But the first little bird, that it wings and flew. And the two little nestlings were only two.

And the father bird, that it wings and flew. And the mother bird, that it wings and flew.

For what reason, on a lovely tree. Without the dear little nestlings three? —Graphic News.

HIS WAY OF REPELLING. One day the son of a well-known minister asked for something to eat.

THE SHEEP AND THE SERPENT. Farmer Harry's sheep always used a certain path through a thicket when evening came, and they left the down for home.

Now it happened that one morning, while Farmer Harry's sheep were quietly grazing on the down, a snake-gull, searching for a place to make a nest,

Galts do not build in trees, as most birds do, but on the ground and so this particular gull chose the most suitable spot in the thicket and made its nest there.

Bit of all this the sheep were, of course, quite unobservant, and so they trotted toward home that evening as they had done every other evening.

No right-minded sheep would step on a thing that acted like that, and the leading sheep being of that sort just raised himself on his hind legs, and cleared the indignant gull at a bound.

The next night the same thing happened, and the next and the next. After that you might suppose that either the gull or the sheep would tire of the game; but no.

Mr. Gesso (at window)—Hello! here come Mr. and Mrs. Gaby. They're coming here, I suppose!

Mrs. Gesso—They are! What an idea, to call at this time of the day. Why, I—

Mr. Gesso—They've gone by.

Mrs. Gesso—They have! Well, that's very strange. I should think Mrs. Gaby might be friendly enough to call when she's passing right by the door.—Pack.

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THE RATTLESNAKE.

Some Peculiarities of this Ophidian Terror. When His Headless Tail is Pinched the Neck Strikes.

From an article by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, on "The Poison of Snakes," in the Century, we quote the following: Let us observe what happens when the rattlesnake means mischief.

Then his head and neck are thrown forward into a spiral, and about one-third of his length, carrying the head, rises from the coil and stands upright.

At this moment the poison duct is opened by the relaxation of the muscle which surrounds it, and the same muscle which shuts the jaw squeezes the gland, and drives its venom through the duct and hollow fang into the bitten part.

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Desperadoes Who Were Fine Shots.

There never were finer pistol shots in the world than many of the noted desperadoes and killers who have figured in the romantic criminal annals of the west.

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The Shape of the Skull.

Is a man stupid, or brilliant or wise, supposedly able or dull?

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