

"WE ARE BRETHREN, I AND THOU."

BY HARRIETT F. BLODGETT.

Brother Dust, O little brother, Blowing in the wind...

Brother Wind, O mighty brother! Carry now for me Will wander forth together...

Brother Dust, O little brother! Under rain and sun We had wandered long together...

Brother Wind, O mighty brother! He whose breath was blown In our nostrils, we together...

Brother Dust, O little brother! Will she know us when First we seek her heart together...

Brother Wind, O mighty brother! He who gave us breath, He who sent us forth together...

OVER THE CLIFF.

BY LEWIS B. MILLER.

PETER McCALL, sitting on the cedar-rail fence, gazed reflectively at the mountain-side...

When the bear struck rushed in, but a blow sent him rolling over toward the wall...

"You've got a right to work if you want to. I can't tend to things here." A few minutes later Peter was following a dim path up the mountain...

Peter heard the falling dog strike the water, but had no time to look, because the victorious bear was now advancing toward him...

A little later he heard the dogs barking, and soon he saw a young bear run across an open space but a few yards ahead...

On she came, growling, and stood on her hind feet with her claws against the barrier. Peter aimed a blow at her...

There he found a steep, narrow path leading down to a ledge some fifteen feet below. The bear had vanished...

Peter, glad of the respite, lay down and fanned himself with his hat, for the sun, high above the mountains...

Peter walked along the ledge until he reached a part so overhanging by the cliff that he could not stand upright...

After watching Peter awhile, the bear renewed her attempt to reach him. Again and again she tried to climb the rock...

At the end of the ledge was a large piece of rock. It had fallen from above, and stood on end against the wall...

While the old bear was lying in the water, a cub came out from behind the rock Peter was standing on...

In his eagerness to capture the cub, Peter had forgotten that cubs have parents. He now saw the angry bear between him and the only way of escape...

He stood sweltering against the cliff, wondering how he could escape, and very thirsty. The sight of the spring and of the river flowing below tantalized him almost beyond endurance...

stopping?" said Peter to himself, whimsically. He could not entertain the thought. Although a plunge into the cool, clear water would have been delightful...

At noon the shadow of the upper cliff had covered the ledge, and Peter's position was much improved. A cool breeze blew up-river, and for an increasing time he would have been comparatively comfortable...

The next attack was the most determined of all, and lasted all the shadow of the cliff reached beyond the river. When it was over, Peter could see nothing of the dogs, and supposed they had got tired and humped and gone home...

The outlook appeared discouraging, but Peter did not despair. He could always jump to the river, and there was a chance in that. It would, at worst, save him from the bear...

At the first bark the bear turned to meet them. When she rose on her haunches to use her paws, she sat only a few inches from the edge of the cliff. Possibly she had learned, having lived here long, that the way to get rid of his enemy was to kick him over the precipice...

While Peter was quenching his thirst at the little spring, the dogs began to bark under the cliff at the cub, but it was getting dark, and the old bear would doubtless return. So Peter

shouldered his hoe, called off the dogs, and after making his way cautiously along the ledge and up the path, went home. Early the next morning he and his father, armed with guns, came to the den in the cliff...

INCREDIBLE FAMINE HORRORS.

Stricken Sufferers See Others Half Dead Devoured by Jackals.

From Bareilly, capital of the district that name in the northwest provinces of India, a New York man now engaged in ameliorating the condition of the famished natives writes to his mother in New York City: "We're very busy with the poor famine children I brought from Rajpootana. I had a great time bringing the boys from Beawar. I had a party of fifty-eight girls and forty-two boys. It is a thirty hours' ride by train from here, with six or seven changes, and at each change it was only with great difficulty I got them to the next train. They would scramble and fight like wild beasts over some stray grain or bit of food lying on the platform..."

After describing the fearful disease ridden, emaciated state of the children, the writer adds: "Our consolation is in the fact that our other children, so well and hearty looking now, were once just as bad. All these children are either orphans or one parent has died and the other deserted them, not being able to provide food even for themselves. We have now 175 children, and it takes us just about all our time to look after them. "The famine is something awful and one of its worst aspects is a water famine. Water the amount of your clothes' boiler full costs an equivalent of fifty cents. It was very scarce and had to be carried for miles. For various purposes, well-being was the question. Hence dirt was used for washing. Famine reigned, and it took out thousands. 1890-91. "The things that are too common here are the children who are so weak and emaciated that they can be carried in their arms, and eaten by hungry jackals on the very high road, while some other poor fellow, not far off, goes it, and knows his turn will come next, though he is powerless to run a way or help himself. "The Government, railways, native rajahs and all are doing everything they can, employing hundreds of thousands in building wells, canals, roads and so forth. "One of the worst features is that even if the rains come in time the people have neither money to buy seed with nor bullocks to plow with, the latter having all died off."

No One Caught On.

"There is bound to be a fly in the honey," said the disconsolate-looking citizen. "There's always some small circumstance that prevents joy from being complete."

"What is the trouble now?" "The leading paper of my community printed my picture the other day."

"That was nice." "And it said that I was one of the people whom everybody knew; that my fame was such that it spread beyond the confines of the city and was carrying me to the regions beyond."

"Splendid." "Then they rushed in the office and put my friend Wiggins's name under my picture."

"That was a little unfortunate." "It isn't the worst. Not a soul noticed it except my wife. And all she said was that she didn't think it looked much like Wiggins!"—Washington Star.

A Golden Honeymoon.

An intrepid soldier of fortune announced joyfully the other day that he had wooed and won the rich Miss Blank. The man to whom this good news was confided tried to beam and gush forth congratulations. But he knew that his friend would have married Nantippe herself if she had a fortune, so he felt rather sorry for Miss Blank, but knowing that Miss Blank had an uncertain temper, white eye lashes and a waist almost as big as her fortune he felt rather sorry for his impetuous friend. But he managed to smile as he shook his hand, saying: "How long, old man, do you think the honeymoon will last?" "Honeymoon?" cried the newly engaged soldier of fortune. "Don't call it honeymoon! It is my harvest moon!"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Novel Bicycle.

A bicycle that in five minutes can be taken apart and packed in a bag 24x16 inches has been invented by an ingenious Frenchman.

THE PLACID SPECTATOR.

Human nature can't keep still. Never did an' never will. Must be a'ndin', there's no doubt, Somethin' new to argue 'bout.

Things that raise a dreadful row (Oft'n seem quite small, somehow, Asks are 'whom?' fur a day, Then the trouble fades away.

So when'er a fuss is raised, I don't yell an' feel amazed. I have heard such things before An' likely hear some more.

Let 'em come an' fade away, New sensations, every day. Time keeps grindin' of 'em out, Jes' fur folks to argue 'bout. —Chicago Times-Herald.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Froud Father—"I tell you that baby of mine's a wideawake youngster." Sad Neighbor—"So I hear?"

Wigg—"Is Miss Oldgirl pretty?" Wagg—"About as pretty as a composite photograph of an old maid's convention."

"Was much feeling shown at your grandmother's funeral?" Bookkeeper—"Yes; they mobbed the umpire."—Harper's Bazar.

"We can be friends," she said, softly. "Then we can never be man and wife," he answered, dismally.—Philadelphia North American.

Poet—"I called to see if you intend to use my sonnet on Truth." Editor—"No; we have decided that there is more truth than poetry in it."

If men can't love—well, this I state With no intimation— They have the knack of getting up A first-class imitation. —Chicago Record.

Ruby—"No, I do not think he is a fashionable physician." Pearl—"Why not?" Ruby—"He does not keep you waiting in his office over five minutes."

"A camera, I grant you, takes pictures." Said the amateur. "Ah! but it's funny, When you have to buy plates and such fixtures, You find that it also takes money." —Philadelphia Press.

Faddy—"Mrs. Brownrigg always speaks of her physician, Dr. Stickler, as an 'old war horse.' Isn't it odd?" Duddy—"Oh, I don't know. They say he is a terrible charger."—Boston Transcript.

"My parents may come between us," she faltered. "If they do," he exclaimed hotly, "they must be pretty small." And he pressed her still closer to his manly breast.—Philadelphia Record.

"Follow citizens of the jungle," said the monkey, "various as our interests may be, we are all united in one aim, and that is to get the best of the human race." —Puck.

"There was a young doctor named Quince, A poor as a Portuguese prince; The first case he had Was a broken-legged lad, And he used up his single for splints." —Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Strongminded—"Women would not be the blind slaves of a party. They would be quite ready to scratch candidates." Professor Sneers—"Shouldn't wonder. I suppose they would even use hat pins."—Brooklyn Life.

"I was terribly upset to-day," she said. "So?" he replied, in his superior, masculine way. "I suppose you heard some disagreeable gossip concerning yourself?" "No," she replied, with a shake of her head; "I inadvertently got in the way of a moving bicycle."—Chicago Post.

Wiggles—"Some persons hold that there is no such thing as perfect happiness in this world." Waggles—"Guess those people never watched a young woman in oblivious contemplation of that brand-new ring on the third finger of her left hand."—Boston Transcript.

Aeke—"Back home again, eh? What was the matter—too healthy for you out there?" Doctor—"Exactly. There was only one case of sickness in the town the while time I was there." Asket—"And I suppose some other doctor had that?" Doctor—"No; I had it. It was homesickness."—Philadelphia Post.

He Didn't Follow the Custom.

A bicyclist ran into a dog, while turning a corner in a nearby town recently. The wheel was damaged and the rider hurt, but the dog escaped unharm. As soon as the rider could recover himself, he began a hunt for the animal's owner, ending in the following conversation: "Is your dog licensed?" "Yes."

"It's a good thing for you he is, or I would have him shot. He ran into me." "It looked just the other way," was the owner's rejoinder. "You ran him down, and you are the one responsible for the damage."

"Not at all," shouted the injured one. "I kept to the right, expecting the dog to do the same, and he didn't!"—New York Evening Post.

Not So Sure About His Joke.

Sometimes a joke reacts. A young man in Auburn, to play a joke on a barber, paid him thirty-five old-fashioned cents. Later, when he found that the barber had sold one of the coins for 25¢ he did not feel so well satisfied with his joke, or at least thought it had become misplaced.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.