

GROWN OLD TOGETHER.

They say they are going to shoot you, Old Billy, but don't you fret. For the fellow that would shoot you, you must reckon with me, you bet!

The Girl Who Laughed.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A girl was gathering roses in the yard as Morris Gurnee went by to his work. He was a carpenter and joiner, working in Mr. Mills' employ.

He overtook Jane Smith the next morning as he was going to his work, and walked a few squares with her. She was pretty, with such soft black curls.

Morris walked on with the rose in his hand, and love in his heart. Oh, yes, he did love her, but that was the use of the "if" he told her she would laugh at him.

She was turning to go, when some one rushed past her into the room. It was Fleece Mills, all wrapped in a white shawl, her face white, her blue eyes dilated.

"Oh," she cried, "I am so sorry for you—so sorry. Tell me, is he dead—will he die? I have heard such cruel tales, a dozen different ones, on my way here."

"Not at all like her," answered Morris, quietly, with his hand shading his eyes from the lamplight. "Jane always looks on the serious side of things, and I never saw her more than smile, and she always seems sorry for having done that."

"Jane is a good girl," said Mrs. Gurnee, quickly, "and a very conscientious girl. Modest, earnest, proper in her behavior, and viewing life in its true sense. She would not be pecking young men with roses. Yet she cares more for you, Morris, than Fleece Mills does, or ever can."

Jane Smith was a pretty and a good girl, and he believed she cared for him, or would grow to be so, he thought. She was too prudent, too sedate, too respectful of the "propriety," to allow herself to care for any man until asked. His mother liked her; why not let the matter be asked Jane to be his wife? But Fleece—oh, Fleece!

IN DEATH'S SHADOW.

LOUISE MICHEL'S ACCOUNT OF AN EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCE.

The "Red Virgin" relates her vision of a Trip to the Great Beyond—Says It Was a Real and Cruel Pain to Return to Consciousness.

In all probability each of us experiences when dying certain sensations which in the main agree, what difference there is being in minor details.

Last February I undertook a long lecturing tour with my friend Girault. The subject which I chose to speak upon was "Prise de Possession," Girault's belief "Vers la Cité Métempsique."

On reaching Toulon I imagined I had conquered my illness, and it was with that conviction that I lectured, but on returning to the Hotel Terminus, where I intended resting for a day or two, I felt exhausted and it was found that the influenza had developed into congestion of the lungs.

Prussian Police and Matrimonial Adventures of Albert Adams. An American gentleman named Albert Adams, said to have been in Denver, had been attracting the attention of Berlin police.

A Flood of Silver Dollars. This makes the third silver dollar that has been given to me in exchange in this store this afternoon.

How did I return to life? I cannot say. I know it was a real and cruel pain to come together again, as it were, after the molecules enveloping my body had been dispersed.

For a Simple Burial. Rev. Charles Wagner has been talking a deal about the simple life, but Rev. Father McLaughlin of Adams is advocating the simple burial.

Physicians are beginning to recognize worry as a disease. The doctor who is beginning to recognize worry as a disease.

HORSE PUSHES NEVER PULLS.

He is the Descendant, Too, of Five Toed Eocene Hds.

The horse in its relation to evolution was the topic of the lecture delivered at the museum of natural history by Henry Fairfield Osborn, D. Costa professor of zoology and a curator in the museum, says the New York Sun.

By means of excellent stereoscopic slides, Prof. Osborn pointed out the muscles about the limbs that give the horse the peculiar fore-and-aft motion which necessarily for speed has developed at the expense of any lateral motion.

The stereoscopic map then flashed upon the screen "Clicque, the horse with six feet," and the "Horned horse from Texas." Clicque's forefeet are as if split into two each.

"This polydactylism," said Professor Osborn, "is in every case a genuine revival of an ancient condition. Suetonius, the Roman historian, speaks of Caesar's horses that had many fingers besides the main hoof."

The best thing is to so carry Jesus Christ in our hearts that we shall see Him and hold the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

When we study this one word, the word face, we find that it stands related to three great facts and to none other that I know of, and these three facts are, first, revelation, then inspiration, and lastly, religion.

There is a curious tradition concerning the almost miraculous prescience of the life of the first Earl of Kildare, which explains the origin of the great used by the Offaly Geraldines.

It is often said that only the rich take care of the pennies, the poor are too busy dreaming of the \$1000 bills. That is one of the reasons why some people are always poor.

The inventor of a new feeding bottle for infants, sent out the following among his directions for using:

THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY BISHOP D. A. GOODELL.

Subject: The Face of Christ.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—A very large audience filled the Tabernacle Sunday to listen to Bishop D. A. Goodell. His subject was "The Face of Christ."

As you read the Bible both in the Old and New Testaments you will be struck by the great number of times which the word "face" is used.

There is a general conviction among us that the face will work out the inner character, so that whatever may be the beginning of life when we are born, it will be pretty apt to show upon our faces what kind of a person we have lived with.

Now, what one is there among us that has not desired again and again to have lived with the face of Jesus Christ? Not in His humiliation, but in His exaltation; not as a babe in the manger, but as a king of the universe; not as humbled before Pilate, but as ruling all things and judging all things.

Things that come easily are not of much value. The more we accomplish, the more we are tempted to rest at its highest, perhaps close to the breaking point, that results usually count for most.

Along it has civilized whole nations. It is the one book that can fully lead forth the richest and deepest and sweetest things in man's nature.

New York's Odd Thermometer. New York city unconsciously provides an odd thermometer for loungers in Madison Square.

Esquimo Masks. Thibetans wear the most pretentious and grotesque masks, which are used in their religious ceremonies.

Work to Make Pound of Honey. It is estimated that to collect one pound of honey from clover \$2,000,000 heads of bees must be kept in the hive.

THE TRIUMPHANT FEMINE.

These are tough days for the beauty—These are the times when it's shown that man is a weak, helpless creature.

Clara—Didn't you consider the duke a good bargain? Maude—Why, no; he was little more than a remnant—Life.

"Is she sentimental?" "Very! She will even weep over her old divorce papers."—Judge.

"Any changes in autos beyond side door and back seat?" "Yes, we are putting in a conservatory, this year."—Motoring and Boating.

"We've struck a great scheme to raise the church debt." "What is it?" "We're going to let the inside space for high-class advertising."—Brooklyn Life.

"They ain't no slich thing ez gettin' married in heaven." "Course dey ain't. Don't de Bible tell you it's a place of peace on rest?"—Atlanta Constitution.

"I heard you make use of the word 'jacksass,' sir; did you apply it to me?" "No, sir, I didn't. You don't imagine you are the only jacksass in the world, do you?"—Cleveland Leader.

Customer—You said you'd finish that job if you had to stay up all night to do it. Dealer (snappishly)—Well, I didn't have to stay up all night. This is a free country.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Teacher (trying to teach the meaning of the long, hard word "phlegmatic")—And when people take everything easily, we say they are what? Little Johnnie Britchell—Kleptomaniac.—Baltimore American.

"Did you spend money to get into public office?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum. "I didn't spend it. I gave it away and then depended on a decent sense of gratitude in the beneficiaries."—Washington Star.

Tommy—Pa, I smoked your pipe today. Pa—What? Tommy—You said it would make me sick, but it didn't. Pa—You misunderstood me, my son. I said I'd make you sick. Hand me that strap.—Philadelphia P.

JUST FOR FUN

Clara—Didn't you consider the duke a good bargain? Maude—Why, no; he was little more than a remnant—Life.

"Is she sentimental?" "Very! She will even weep over her old divorce papers."—Judge.

"Any changes in autos beyond side door and back seat?" "Yes, we are putting in a conservatory, this year."—Motoring and Boating.

"We've struck a great scheme to raise the church debt." "What is it?" "We're going to let the inside space for high-class advertising."—Brooklyn Life.

"They ain't no slich thing ez gettin' married in heaven." "Course dey ain't. Don't de Bible tell you it's a place of peace on rest?"—Atlanta Constitution.

"I heard you make use of the word 'jacksass,' sir; did you apply it to me?" "No, sir, I didn't. You don't imagine you are the only jacksass in the world, do you?"—Cleveland Leader.

Customer—You said you'd finish that job if you had to stay up all night to do it. Dealer (snappishly)—Well, I didn't have to stay up all night. This is a free country.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Teacher (trying to teach the meaning of the long, hard word "phlegmatic")—And when people take everything easily, we say they are what? Little Johnnie Britchell—Kleptomaniac.—Baltimore American.

"Did you spend money to get into public office?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum. "I didn't spend it. I gave it away and then depended on a decent sense of gratitude in the beneficiaries."—Washington Star.

Tommy—Pa, I smoked your pipe today. Pa—What? Tommy—You said it would make me sick, but it didn't. Pa—You misunderstood me, my son. I said I'd make you sick. Hand me that strap.—Philadelphia P.