An' tell me de top letter in de fus line Yer sees how it am shaped? Thes like or furn When it am standin' straight on its bigges' wides' edge! Yer don't know whut hit is? Dat whe I heerd yer say? I'se tole yer twenty times dat rep-er-sents or A.
Lemme tell yer, sonny, ef I has ter begin.
De way I'll beat yer, honey, 'ill shorely be er
sin!

Now whut's dis here letter shaped like de oxes' yoke Er standin' on hits eend thes fer a little joke? Yer dun furgot dis too? Don't yer dodge fum When I's tryin' ter l'arn yer whut repersents eous han'— May be so 'twill he'p yer ter see an' onderstan'! An' nex' time rec-o-member sum things whut

Whuts dis here like de moon when hit are mighty young, Long erbout de fust nights hit in de sky am hung— When yer can't scasely see de feeters ob de Now tell me dat, nigger-provided ef yer Can't! Yer dis-re-mem-bers? I'se got no in' in de brain.

I 'lowed yer'd rec-o-member dem things yer didn't know.

Arter I 'nounced dem 'fer yer wid er goodsize, healthy blow.

C stan's fer Can't, I tell yer, an' D stan's fer fair young face still turned towards

an' here! How does yer eber 'spec' ter git ter de legishlate-chur, Ef yer's so idlin' when I tries ter edg-ur-cate

pates, But sho's yer born, nigger, ef yer don't cum with suffin, Yer'll neber be no preacher, nor guvernor,

## HER EVIL GENIUS.

He was not so much to blame after all, for he loved her even against his will. He had striven, but in vain, to banish the sweet young face, all framed in sunny hair, from his memory. It had haunted him with its fair beauty, from the day he first saw it till this day, when, with white woeful face, and tear-filled eyes, she cried out that he had broken her heart.

"It was cruel!" she cried, "it was unjust, unmanly, and unfair! You spoke words of love to me, and I believed you-earth was heaven for the bright summer past, and all the time another woman held your promise, another woman wore your ring, and had listened. before I saw your face, to your vows of

"I never loved her." Vere St. George said; "you, and you alone, are the one love of my life. You must believe this, Avis; you must not think me a scoundrel.

Avis Leigh smiled half-pitifully, halfscornfully.

"How that would lessen your right to the title I cannot see," she said quietly; "it would be no worse, nor even as bad, to woo me, while you loved and were engaged to another, than to win her with words of love, make her your promised wife, and then be false to your vows. It makes little difference which you love-nothing can excuse your action."

Vere's face flushed hotly, for he knew that Avis spoke the truth; but love for her had been conqueror over every other feeling-even honor itself had been hushed silent for a while; but there was, if no excuse, at least some extenuation of his conduct.

Before he had ever even seen this fair-faced Avis Leigh, Sibyl Meredith had come to his mother's home to make it hers-Sibyl Meredith, the orphan daughter of his mother's dearest friend -a friend to whom she owed the very gift of life itself, who had saved her from death at the risk of her own life when they were both girls.

Sibyl was about nineteen years old then, a brilliant dark-eyed girl, with a rarely beautiful face, a crown of ebon hair, and royally graceful in every

Sibyl Meredith, though beautiful as woman seldom is, seemed to care for nothing or no one save Vere and his mother. They seemed to be her world. and Mrs. St. George loved her for it, and Vere, man like, felt flattered. How it happened Vere could not

very well tell, only it was his mother's wish, and then the girl was so beauti-

ful herself, and yet—and yet— Well, he had not the slightest intention of asking her to be his wife that summer afternoon, but somehow they had strayed down past cliffs and crags, away to the woodland beyond, and then the thunder and lightning had broken so suddenly over them, and Sibyl was frightened and clung to him, and he in the passion of the moment bent his head and kissed the trembling lips, and

called her darling.

After that—well, he had made a fool of himself; he would not be a knave, so he asked Sibyl to be his wife, and she had answered him yes.

He was satisfied enough for a while; he did not love the little dark-eyed beauty, and lately he had come to feel with a vague unessiness that there was something under all the soft childishs of Sibyl's manner—something that he could not understand.

But she had promised to be his wife and his ring glittered on her finger; and, then, he had met Avia Leigh, and raed what love meant—passion

es and the glint of her

Avia, will you not listed to me?".

raised her clear pure eyes to his
half startled by the vehemence of

There is some reason, Vere, why he said. "There is something you have hidden from me. What is it, Vere?" What could he do then but tell her the truth, for she would find it out later tell her the truth, and ask her to parden him and listen to him for their love's sake?

But Avis only turned away in passionate despair, and then he caught her hand.

"You must listen to me, Avis! My derling, my darling, have mercy on me!" he cried. "Do not wreck my

She smiled bitterly. "You had mercy on me!" she cried; then, suddenly: "Do you think I would rob a wife of her husband, the bride Dar now! take dat-an dat-fum my right of her bridegroom? Oh, shame that any one could humble me with the thought!"

He pleaded then as a man might I is said—
B stands fer Box—mind yer!—Box on yer plead for his very life, but she only wooden hed!

"You never loved me!" he cried passionately.

"You can believe as you like," she answered coldly; "and we had better part now forever. He longed to clasp her in his arms. his very soul cried out for one parting

kiss, one never-to-be-forgotten caress; heart to splain

Ad' 'scribe things ter er nigger whut's lack- but he felt he dare not, and with white set face he turned away. Once he turned and looked back; she

Don't keer, An' I washes my hands ob yer foreber-now him, perfectly calm now, though white and weary looking.
"She never loved me!" he cried again.

"Never loved him!" Avis said to herself with a pitiful smile. "Oh, Heaven Sum cullard men dese days gits ter be candy- help me how much and how well! Wid these r little larnin' an' mighty shaller and then, her agony conquering her, she sank down upon her knees-sank down, white and shivering, and knelt out obdis,
Yer'll neber be no great shakes in pulpit nor there fill the evening shadows fell, and offis;

Ef yer don't larn dem letters an' fill yer head the pale moon came out with her train of glittering stars; and then she rose white as death, and stole to her own nor nuffin!
-Mrs. Jule W. Thompson, in Arkansaw room, only to sink down again, this time in blessed unconsciousness.

A pretty little cottage set in a small garden that in summer was all bright with flowers, but looked cold and dreary enough now.

Inside, however, there was light and warmth enough, and on her knees a woman, young and beautiful, clasping a child of three or four years old to her breast, and standing at the mantelpiece, a man, the expression of whose face at the moment was perfectly un-

readable. It might be love; it might be hate, or a mixture of both, that filled his handsome, dark, evil eyes, as they rested on the woman.

Suddenly he went over and put his hand on her shoulder.

"This mast end, Sibyl," he said. "I cannot trust you. I feel you will play me false in some way. There is something in your manner that I don't like."

The woman leaped to her feet and faced him with passionate glowing eyes.
"You cannot trust me?" she cried.
"Would to Heaven you could not. What I am, you have made me, and yet I loved you once."

The man's face grew dark. "Loved me once! Then you do not ove me now?"

"No," she cried, "only for her sake. whom I love better than my life, am I still your slave."

The man's clasp tightened on her shoulder, and he bent his head nearer to her face.

"This is the last game you will have to play; but if you turn traitor you will never look on Esta's face again, and you know I generally manage to keep my promises. Become Vere St. George's wife, and give me the sum of five thousand a year, and I will give up all claim to Esta, and never trouble you or her again.

The woman kneeling there is Sibyl Meredith, the betrothed wife of Vere St. George.

It is a bright clear day overhead, one week later, and the ice is most tempting to those to whom skating is enjoyment, and the ice is a bright scene of fair faces and brilliant costumes.

One of the skaters on the ice is Sibvl Meredith, looking singularly beautiful in a skating-dress of navy-blue velvet, made to match the dress, both being

trimmed with silver fox. At a little distance from the pond another girl is standing, gazing idly at

of wistful pain. Avis Leigh has changed greatly since her parting with Vere St. George. Hers was not a nature to love lightly, and

her heart could never love again. The dream had been perilously sweet. but the awakening was terribly cruel.
The lovely face is very pale now, the

sweet lips, half drooping, seeming to know no longer how to smile, and the roundness has left her cheeks. She looks fragile enough for a breath

to blow her away. run back again, seeming to enjoy it cool off."

with a child's merriment.

pears in the water.

More than one rush to a certain dis-

the little one sank. A moment—a minute of suspense, during which pale faces grew still paler, and during which the people could hear their own heart-bests, and then Avis had come up, the little one

fasped in her arms. From every heart there rose a cry of thankfulness, for the most cowardly could not help appreciating the bravery of the girl-a cry of thankfulness echoed again, when the little one and her preserver were in safety, and then
—then the lady in the blue velvet and fox-fur came down from the upper lake. Her eyes fell first on Avis, whose eyes

had closed in unconscious, and then on the little girl. With a wild cry she caught the little

one in her arms. "My darling! my darling!" she cried, kissing her passionately. "How did you come here?"

They bore Avis to the nearest cotness, a beautiful dark face was bending over her, and the locket she always stranger's hand.

A flush dyed Avis' face. "Pardon me," Sibyl Meredith said: "it lay open and-and-" Then after a pause: "You are Avis Leigh, whom Vere St. George loves. Girl, you saved a woman's soul as well as a child's life to-day, for the little one was mine-mine; and if I am lost to all other feeling, I love her better than my

"I would not tell you, only that if it brings me death, I am going to atone for my past by my confession, but before I go, answer me once simple ques-

tion: 'Do you love Vere St. George?' " Impelled by something in the dark eyes fixed upon her face, a faint "yes" could frame another word, the stranger had left the room. Next day Vere St. George was standing in the garden, when suddenly Sibyl stood before him, and something in her face for the moment made his heart stand still. "Sibyl," he cried, "what is it?"

"It is this," she answered slowly, "that I am not Sibyl Meredith, but an imposter, for Sibyl Meredith sleeps in her grave under my name, and I am here under hers. I will tell you all, then you can judge me-"

lips, a pistol-shot rang out on the air. "He has murdered me!" she cried-Vere's feet, her red blood dyeing the own sepulcher, subterranean cataground.

she only lived a few hours. "He—he was my evil genius!" she cried, before her death, "but I am sorry for it all." And then, after a pause, as the end drew near: "My child, my child! I have her safe. He cannot find her, but you-you- Ah, dare

He knew what was in her mind, and sent for the little one.

It was brought to the dying woman. She looked at Avis, who came with it. "When you are his wife, you will be kind to my little one?"

"I gave it second birth," Avis said softly, "it will never leave my care." A smile lit up the beautiful dark face. and clasping the child in her arms, she closed her eyes on life forever.

Whatever her sins had been, she died penitent, and her judgment is with

God, and we cannot fathom His mercy. Six months after, Avis and Vere were blessed their home, Esta, the dark-eyed

never known for certain, but a man was shot in a gambling den six months after Vere's marriage, and on his breast was found a likeness of the woman surface is fifty feet below that of Su-who was called Sibyl Meredith for a perior's, and its bed is about on a level

His last words were: "She was my wife. I loved her in my own way, but I murdered her— ponding distance to the level of the shot her dead when she turned traitor other two lakes. Lake Erie's surface to our plans."

have availed them nothing, for Vere than the ocean level, consequently its and Avis had her legally adopted, so bed is 250 feet higher than those of the she was safe, not only in love, but in lakes above it. Lake Ontario's surface law; and with gentle Avis we leave her. is the lowest of all the great lakes,

## What Ailed Him.

"What's the matter, Slipity?" asked her jetty curls falling loosely down her back, from under the little velvet cap. proached, with the impression of five proached, with the impression of five finger nails on each jaw, and with his hat off, cooling his head, that resembled a half-picked fowl.

the gay throng, her eyes, however, full to smile, 'just merely a little domestic from above, and the theory of an undereyclone."

What caused it?" "Well you see, at breakfast my wife asked me what I thought would be the next to heaven."

"Yes. heaven. She wanted to know why, looking awfully pleased, and I told her because I didn't think my mother-in-law would ever get into heaven and consequently she would be next thing Her eyes turn now to a little dark-eyed girl who is venturesome enough to that place. Then the air got souter tangled up with finger nails, hair, and to walk quite a distance on the ice, then me, and I thought best to come out and

ling sound, and the child, seeming to realize her danger, turns to run back; but all too late, for with the same now crushing sound, followed by a crash, the fee parts, and the little one disap-

More than one rush to a certain distance; none venture farther, and at the upper end, where the better skaters are assembled, and among them Sibyl Morelith, the accident has not yet been noticed.

For a moment none ventures nearest than selecty. Then a slim girlish form, who was not among the skaters, dashes to show its author how much his selecty.

TYSTERY OR THE LAKES Cayuga's Bod of Autors-A Subterranean River Be and Ontario.

If you are ever drowned in Cayuga Lake, your friends need not go to the expense or trouble of tragging the lake for your body, for they d never find it." This was the cheerful remark made by a resident of Ithaca, who has a taste for geological research, and who has

"From all I have been able to discover." said he, 'the bottom of Cayuga lake is a series of large openings and cavities, many of them resembling the craters of extinct volcances. Some of old farmers with nearly a quarter of a these are a hundred feet in diameter. century added to their lives and glistand are surrounded by raised rims, like the sides of a milk pan. These tage, and when she woke to conscious- craters, as I believe they are, lie at wore round her neck, with Vere St. never been able to sound, although I George's face within it, lay open in the have lowered many hundred feet of plumb line into them. They are undoubtedly fathomless, and have become receptacles of the bodies of the country is that at the moment the hundreds of persons who are known to sportsman pulls his game out of the have been drowned in the lake during the past half century, and of the undoubted thousands of people killed in the fierce battles that were frequently waged on the shores of the lake between hostile tribes of the original people' years before the white man appeared on this continent.

"It was in Cayuga Lake that the wretch Rulloff lowered the bodies of his wife and child, inclosed in a chest, after he had murdered them, twenty years ago. The weeks that were spent in dragging for the chest was time fell from Avis' lips, and before she thrown away, for if had sunk into the mouth of one of these dead volcanoes, and, if it is not sinking yet, is no doubt floating about in the bottomless depths where, in the ages past, fire and smoke and ashes were the domin-

ant elements. "Within forty years between 200 and 300 persons have been drowned in Cayuga Lake to recover the remains of whom the grappling-iron and drag have been used industriously, but in vain. If it were possible for one to make the rounds of this lake's crater-Before another word could leave her like bed, he would, beyond doubt, encounter hideous charnel-houses beyond number-caverns where thousands of "my husband!" then fell forward at grinning skeletons have found their combs without end. Water taken Vere carried her into the house, but from a depth of 300 feet in Cayuga of these cavities-is strongly charged with sulphuretted hydrogen, nitrogen, carbonic acid, and the carbonates of

lime, potash, soda, and magnesia. Cayuga Lake has also a mysterious tidal motion. It is irregular in its oc-I ask you? She was the little one Avis currence, but very decided. The phenomenon has been known to appear twice a year, and then two years or more have elapsed between its periods. The water frequently recedes fifty feet. The ebb is gradual, but the flood tide that for a homely boy I had grown to be a remarkably picturesque-looking man. I trusted to Tidd's failing eyemater at a distance of twenty feet, and any person with an eye capable of distinguishing them will be able to tell which is on the right, which on the Leigh-your Avis-saved from drown. phenomenon has been known to appear The ebb is gradual, but the flood tide comes in with considerable force and rapidity. This phenomenon is also noticed on Seneca Lake, which is divided from Cavuga by the high Seneca county hills. The surface of Seneca Lake is sixty feet above that of Cayuga Lake, but I believe its bed is of the same remarkable character. | Seneca Lake rises and falls as much as three feet during the time of its tidal commotion, which is also irregular in its

"I believe there is a subterranean married, and though other children river running from Lake Superior, through Lakes Huron and Michigan, little stranger, knows not but that she under Lake Erie, and emptying into is their child, and never will, God will- Lake Ontario. There is no other way in which to explain certain mysteries What became of her father was connected with our great lakes. The surface of Lake Superior is about 650 feet above the tide, while its bed is 260 feet below the tide level. Lake Huren's with Superior's. The surface of Lake Michigan is 800 feet lower than Lake Huron's, and its bed is sunk a corresis nearly as high as Lake Michigan's One thing was certain; no one ever being 565 above the tide, but its bed is sought Esta, and if they had it would also above tide, being 350 feet higher being less than 500 feet above tide, but its bed is 280 feet below the ocean, or about the same level as Michigan, Huron, and Superior. So there is a continuous fall from Lake Superior to Ontario, and all the outlet that the upper lakes have that is known is the

comparatively insignificant Detroit River. That stream never can care for all "Nothing much," he answered trying of that great pressure and volume ground river such as I mentioned seems to me most reasonable. All the St. Lawrence fishes are taken in every one of the lakes but Lake Erie. Why? Because they follow the course of the subterranean stream, passing 300 feet, "And I remarked that I thought my beneath the bottom of Lake Eric and mother-in-law was the next thing to enter the waters of the upper lakes. The great lakes above Lake Eric have an occasional flux and reflux of their waters, corresponding with ocean

tides save in regularity. "The subterranean river, according to my theory, becomes occasionally obstructed by great obstacles that are constantly moving down from the lake bottoms. Then the channels of outlet with a child's merriment.

Suddenly a cry leaves Avis' lips, a cry of warning to the fearless child, who has dashed out on a thin shell of loc marked dangerous.

No wonder, then, a second cry leaves Avis' lips, and one fraught with more terror, for she hears a crushing erack-ling sound, and the child, seeming to resilise her danger turns to run backs.

Commenting on a recent lecture by volume of water, and the great volume of water, and the lakes rise. Finally these obstructions are swept away by the investigation of the tongue of an audible lecturer; and the tongue of an audible lecturer; and the tongue of an audible lecturer; and the dammed waters subside. That is the whole mystery of the rise and fall of the tides in the great lakes."—M. Y. Sun.

Dr. carr, an engues scientist says that if one could watch the march of 1,000,000 through life the following Was 1,000,000 through life, the following would be observable: Nearly 160,000 and mystified. And there lay his dog at the door, dosing in the sun. It had lost one than 4,000 in the thirteenth year, and the bell!— Mituries Thirppen, is M. less than 4,000 in the thirteenth year.

As the end of forty-five years MA 600 will have died. At the und of dog years 570,000 will be still livingy and the bell!— Mituries Thirppen, is M. Miles Only with Asta Hill, at Champan of the digity years, 97,000; as expected with a selected and the selected with the selected of the selected with years, 1,000, and the selected with the selected of the selected with the selected of the se

fishing on the only erigins. Employed, nick river less week. It makes that of Rip Van Winkle picule and fishered, moonlight excursion home. It believe that Rip Van Winkle, however, confined himself to hunting mostly with an old musket that was on the red red list when Rip took his sleepy dring on the Catskills. If he could have gone fishing with me last week over the old trail, digging angle worms at the same indulged it during the past few years trail, digging angle worms at the same in investigating the bottom of Cayuga old place where I left the spade sticking in the grim soil twenty years ago if we could have waded down the Kin-nickinnick together with high rubber boots on, and got nibbles and bites at the same place, and found the same ning in their hair, we would have had fun no doubt on that day, and a headcraters, as I believe they are, lie at different depths, or, rather, are of different heights. Their depth I have trout can be caught successfully with a never been able to sound, although I corkscrew. I have tried. I've about decided that the main reason why so many large lies, are told about the number of trout caught all over the

> to see only one. I wish I had as many dollars as I have soaked deceased angle worms in that same beautiful Kinnickinnick. There was a little stream made into it that we called Tidd's creek. It is still there. This stream runs across Tidd's farm, and Tidd twenty years ago wouldn't allow anybody to fish in the creek. I can still remember how his large hand used to feel as he caught me by the nape of the neck and threw me over the fence with my amateur fishing tackle and a willow "stringer" with eleven dried, stiff trout on it. Last week I thought I would try Tidd's creek again. It was always a good place to fish, and I felt the same old excitement, with just enough vague forebodings in it to make it pleasant. Still, I had grown a foot or so since I used to fish there, and perhaps I could return the compliment by throwing the old gentleman over his own fence and

> water, he labors under some kind of an

ptical illusion by reason of which he

sees about nine trout where he ought

then hiss in his own ear "R-ev-e-n-g-e!!!" I had got pretty well across the "lower forty" and had about decided that Tidd had been gathered to his fathers when I saw him coming with his head up like a steer in the corn. Tidd is a blacksmith by trade, and he Lake-which must have been from one has an arm with hair on it that looks like Jumbo's hind leg. I felt the same old desire to climb the fence and be alone. I didn't know exactly how to work it. Then I remembered how people had remarked that I had changed very much in twenty years, and that for a homely boy I had grown to

Then he said: "I s'posed that every allow fishing on my land.'

became more fearless. "I don't know who you are," said I, as I took off my coat and vest and piled them on my fish basket, eager for the fray. "You claim to own this farm but it is my opinion that you are the hired man, puffed up with a little authority. You can't order me off this ground till you fraction also affects the color of t can't order me off this ground till you show me a duly certified abstract of title and then identity yourself. What

ment, then he said he would go and get his deed and his shotgun. I said shotguns suited me exactly, and told him to bring two of them loaded with

giant powder and barbed wire. I would not live always. I asked not to stay. When he got behind the corn crib I climbed the fence and fled with

my ill-gotten gains.

The blacksmith in his prime may lick the small boy, but twenty years changes their relative positions. Possibly Tidd could tear up the ground with me now, but in ten more years, if I improve as fast as he fails, I shall fish in the same old stream again.— Bill Nye, in New York Mercury.

Hunting With Belled Dogs.

"I hunted with an Englishman in Michigan, once, who put bells on his dogs when he went woodcock-hunting; when the dogs got into the thick covert, he could trace their course by the sound of the bells, and whenever the tinkling ceased, he knew they were pointing birds

dog, and after following the sound back and forth and around and around in the tangled growth, suddenly the tinkling coursed. Very much pleased, he went to the spot expecting to flush a bird, but he could find neither his dog nor any woodcock. Long and hover round about but the spet, to no purpose. Then he called his dog; it did not come. Here is a mystery. Could it be possible that his dog had patiently he tramped about the spot, to no purpose. Then he called his dog; it did not come. Here is a mystery. Could it be possible that his dog had fallen dead in some dense clump of the covert? He called until he was hourse, and finally went back to camp the

ances can not be theroughly cleans after the most thorough rinsing, so impurities will remain in the pore the stone. Spongy iron and cerfera are open to the same objection; they will answer well for a short time, but soon become contaminated by polu-tion retained in their porce. Sponge, cloth, and felt, unless cleaned every day or two with hot water, will do more harm than good, and the average servant girl will not clean them or any other filter unless under the eye of her mistress.

The various forms of filters that are screwed to the faucet have only to be hastily examined to be discarded, as there is not sufficient filtering material in them to be of much utility, and they very soon become foul and offensive. Buck says, "There is no material known which can be induced into the small space of a tap-filter and accomplish any real purification of the water which passes through at the ordinary rate of flow." The various complicated close

filters, filled with any material which can not be removed for cleansing, condemn themselves. No amount of pumping water through them at different angles, which is at all likely to be used, can cleanse them of the impuri-ties that adhere to the mass and in the pores of the filtering material used. Parks, in his "Manual of Practical Hygiene," says: "Filters, where the material is cemented up and cannot be removed, ought to be abandoned al-

together." The various metal filters in which the water comes in contact with metallic surfaces, either iron, lead, tinned iron, or zinc, are objectionable from their appreciable influence upon the water retained in them for any considerable time. Pure black tin is the least objectionable of any of the metals.

The aim of most filters is to remove impurities from the water speedily—as rapidly as it escapes from the faucet. Experiment shows that effective filteratives as he ran up the popular than the popular the popular than the popular tion can not be accomplished in this way, as the water does not remain long enough in contact with the filtering material used to become purified of much that might be removed by slow filteration or percolation through the same appliance. Of all the filtering materials mentioned it seems to me he almost original and asked his he almost original and asked his healmost original and asked accomplish the best results, and of these vegetable charcoal is the best.—
Popular Science Monthly for June.

## Difficulties of Judging of Dista

not answer my question, but I didn't left. The eye is not easily deceived as mind a little thing like that, to position at right angles to the line of Then he said: "I s'posed that every vision. Let the man advance five feet; pesky fool in this country knew I don't it is easy to tell that the dog is farther away than the man. Next, place the "That may be," says I, "but I ain't man at a distance of 100 feet, the dog fishing on your land. I always fish in at 105 feet; it is not so easily decided a damp place if I can. Moreover, how as before, although mistakes are rare do I know this is your land? Carrying the argument still further, and admitting that every pesky fool knows that though we can still tell which is to the you didn't permit fishing here, I am not going to be called a pesky fool with impunity, unless you do it over my dead body."

He stopped about ten rods away and I For this reason it is difficult to judge of

distances, requiring much practice Refraction always changes the ar parent place of an object, so that we seem to see the sun after it has gone show me a duly certified abstract of title and then identity yourself. What protection does a gentleman have if he is to be kicked and cuffed about by every Tom, Dick and Harry claiming they own the whole State. Get out! Avaunt! If you don't avanut pretty quick, I'll kidnap you and sell you to a medical college."

He stood in dumb amazement a moment, then he said he would go and object. In the log the mission received by the square of the mated from the indistinctness of the mated from the indistinctness of the state of the mated from the indistinctness of the mater is certified abstract of the passes has more or less effect upon the passes has more or less e object. In the fog the apparent del-ance is increased, but the are interpreta it as due to the opposite cause. On looking at the photograph of a large church, a monument, or a present, in is not possible to form a correct ide its size unless a man or antical is in the same view with which to o pare it. In nature, especially on land, the intervening objects that lead up to it give the data on which to calculate the give the data on which to calculate the distance. Where now intervence, as it looking from peak to peak, the symmust depend on distinctness, and where the air is very clear and transparent as in Colorado, distances with them they are. If the object is see through transparent, but solored media, the form remains true, its face of the see changes. colors are changed.

Never Say Die.

What is more soul-stirring the see a man, who, beaten on every crowded into a corner, fighting a cally to recover lost ground! He who when his legs fall him, fights or "He told me that one day he went his knees. Him who examples out to a woodcock covert with a belled old Norse maxim: "Eaher I will a way or make one." It has been we said that "success consists not in new falling, but in rising every time fall." Push on. Friends may describe the clouds of doubt and words of that B