trial was over, and, in spite of the earnest, whole-hearted attempts of the prisener's counsel, had terminatd/in .ne only possible verdict. All dge, in a queer, quavering whisper, and drawn on the fatal beadgear of doom in a manner to suit his peculiar taste, and spoken these words which even the most callous cannot hear unmoved, and for the zext twenty-four days the doomed man was walking the sorrow-stricken path of the Valley of the Shadow. From that awe-inspiring moment Winthrop Lyle was no longer wholly human. A metamorphocis had changed the convict into a being whose soul was already knocking at the Eternai Gate,

The condemned man heard the ver dict unmoved, save for a tremulous movement of the lips, which the most self-contained can never wholly hide. and passed down those footworn steps so many unfortunates have trod to the cell apportioned him. Here, by special permission of the Judge, he had an interview with his brother without the restrictions of a watching warder. "I expected nothing better." said the

prisoner, "and nothing remains for me now but reparation for the end so close at hand." This was said in a natural shrewdness. loud voice in order that the warder standing outside the door, which was just ajar, should hear and form a mistaken conclusion.

When Eustace Lyle left the prison he carried with him, and concealed in an inner pocket, a letter which Winthrop had written when we case seemed hopeless, and had managed to slip unseen into his hand. Not until he was door did he venture to read it. It ran

Before the day of execution comes shall be far away from this place-or dead. I want you to do one thing and promise another. Leave \$10,000 with our lawyer Roome, to be given to any one who asks for it, be he beggar, tramp or gentleman. And promise me that if I escape no one of my family shall make the slightest effort to find me or follow me.

Ordinary means of escripe are out of the question. I shall be shepherded night and day by two armed warders, who are reli. ved at intervals of four hours. I know, and you will yourself see, prison doors are to be opened only from the outside, and were I to succeed in overpowering the guards and opening the door, some twelve other doors and gates would have to be negotiated ere I breathed the outside air.

I have calculated the periods of duty and relief of the six men told off for "condemned cell duty." as it is called. and find two warders, Cox and Foster, both young men, will be my guard from 10 to 11 a. m. on Sunday next, when I shall be at exercise in the prison yard. You must get at these men. not ostensibly, but by ordinary courtesy. They use The King's Crown, and, as I know from experience while here, appreciate a good cigar. Spin a yarn of bonded cigars to be purchased on Saturday, or the day after to-morrow. and you wish to share the delicacies with them. You need make no secret of our relationship. Give them a dozen or so each on Sunday morning as they enter the outside gates. Their hours of duty are from 8 to 12. I shall smoke after breakfast, as I am permitted, and as all will be safe in the condemned corridor, will persuade them to join me. They will, for the odor of my undoctored cheroot will be an insumountable lever.

The drug anyl does not take action for sixty to ninety minutes, according to the dose. This will bring us to the hour of exercise. So far so good. Now, listen. The foreman of the works has a sick wife and a screaming brood. Approach him, offer him a handsome set-off to pay and pension on condition that when at work to-morrow the brickwork of the wall they are repairing may be loosened; this will be insufficient alone, but the ladder always used in working hours must be inadvertently left behind when leaving for the night. You can guess the rest. The foreman gets the sack for "gross neglect of duty." and check, and I, well, I-never mind. When the news of my flight reaches you, look upon me as dead and buried in Newton Churchyard. In fact, it won't help you to do otherwise.

Winthrop was in good spirits at the close of his brother's visit, and kept himself in the same mood for the next few days, in spite of the trying scenes of farewell with his friends and rela-

The Lyle family, wealthy and powerful, was bent on preventing by any means the disgrace of the scaffold. It was a great triumph for justice when influence, intrigue and the skill of the lawyers came to naught in court and elsewhere. Even public opinion, won to sympathy by the orilliant struggle which Lyle made for his life, by his talent, his spirit, his beauty of face and manner, his steady and solemn declarations of innocence, was resisted and overcome by the officers of jus-

The care taken to prevent a prisoner under sentence of death from escape or suicide is very thorough, but it reminds one of the care taken by railway companies to preyent accidents. No matter how perfect the system, it ventive, fond of mathematics, also of you an abundant barvest."

HE long and sensational | depends on men for success, and engine drivers will drink, signalmen fall asleep, telegraph clerks miss the right

word and guards fail to swing a warn.

ing lantern. Everything worked successfully. Wealth and the rank of the convict achieved wonders, and an escape which read more like a romance of Dumas than a chronicle of Newgate occupied public attention for the usual nine days. Every one remembers the stir created by Lyle's disappearance. The officials, mad with rage and shame, really exhausted the means at their command to find the criminal. Finally the case was put into the able hands of Detective J.ord, one of the smartest and most vigilant men in the secret service.

His efforts came to naught within a year. Lord beld on for six months onger, studying with infinite patience clews, actual and thecretic, that promised something. Lyle had vanished into thin air. Had he dissolved into elementary gases at the prison gates, he could not have left less trace of his path into the world. Not one clew ever led to any result, not even to a decent 'neory of his escape. Lord continued the pursuit out of pure fascination for a mystery which overtaxed his powers and took the edge off his

After resigning his post, and joining an orchestra as first violin—for faith in his abilities finally deserted him-this fascination accompanied him, and proved a great bore to his friends from the endless speculations, it led him to indulge.

On his mantelpiece he kept a photograph of Winthrop Lyle, and the slim, hard figure, the pale, thin high-bred at home again and behind a locked face, the severe expression and dark eyes had a prominent place in his sleeping and waking dreams. In the end no one took any interest in his cherished mystery, save the boy who played the 'cello in the orchestra.

It was always a great relief to Lord to turn from constant brooding on the tints of Lyle's picture to the society of the young musician; for Josef Ganz was a soft boned, easy young German, slow in speech and movement, given to song and laughter, fond of his wife and 'cello and baby; fonder of the Lyle problem than Lord himself.

When the boarding-house in which he lived, the day dreams and the world grew wearlsome, the detective went over to his friend's house and spent a Sunday evening with Ganz. He had cosey home, and its owners, its pictures, its very furniture, spoke of ease and comfort.

Josef was fair skinned, fat and jolly, and loved to sit with his baby or returned at once, and her owner his 'cello at his right hand. His wife and child were plump and rosy, and even the gray professor father, with his habits of study and solemn expression, had a fat and contented air about him.

Not having been long in the country. they spoke English with a gentle ac-German pictures hung on the wall, and German colors were everywhere. Frau Ganz could not abide English cooking, and at her table were ever dressed the seasoned dishes of the Fatherland. When they sang songs or indulged in old memories, the little village near Munich was the theme. The one promise to baby to induce him to be good was a visit to Munich when he had come to be a man. Among these simple people Lord might talk his hobby to death and be listened to with reverence.

"It's so nice to hear a clever detective speak by the hour of a great murderer and villain," Frau Ganz said to her neighbors. The old professor did not pay much attention, while his son Josef was a tireless listener, and had many speculations on the plan of escape used by Lyle.

"I have a theory," began Josef slow-

"What, another?" The detective laughed and the professor glanced irritably at his son.

"A new one," said Josef, placidly. Some time, when I have fitted the joints, I will tell you how that Lyle escaped. He was no ordinary man, and when he disappeared, it was forever. It is an art to disappear well, and he must bave been skilled in the falls back smiling on my comfortable, art. I know its rules, and the principles on which these rules are based. It is curious and interesting, this art."

Lord felt curious about this matter. knowing that Ganz would make a clear, forcible statement of his theories. For he had studied logic and rhetoric at Innsbruck, and could put a case in which he was interested very strongly.

"There is such an art." Josef began, and your man Lyle was skilled in it. It would be a treat to hear him discourse on it."

"Wouldn't it, now," said Lord, with scorn. "Especially if, while listening. one had the reward of capturing him in his inside pocket. But that will never be."

"Probably not," said Josef, "unless he gets tired of hiding. You know, I always took an interest in the poor fellow. I seem to know him as well as you, so often have you described his words and ways. He was a thorough Englishman by birth, training. appearance, cleverness. Old family, high spirit and all that; Cambridge graduate, well dressed good figure, athletic; brown hair, green eyes, pale, severe face; quick in movement,

pleasure, but cared nothing for music or wine or books. And he learned enough of drame to going his wife too cloverly."

"How could be have been so hard and cruel?" said Free Gans, with a

"I don't believe he did it," anid Josef, softly. "His lawyers, the great public, his relatives, and many good people believed his innocent. Loud again the case got an awful affing, and the more they sifted the less certain some were of his guilt, while others were more cettain.

"But the art, the art!" cried the im-

"Ab, yes, the art, to be sure. Well, first, have I described Lyle accurately? I might may he was just the opposit to myself in most things."

"Two young men," answered Lord 'couldn't be and look, less alike." Josef smiled.

"I arrived in this country about the time he escaped from jail. I could read English then, and, I remember. the newspapers were full of him. But until I met you the case did not interest me. Let me show you what the principle forces a man to do, when if is successfully carried out. You think it means running away to Brazil or Persia, in a wig and blue spectacles, as they do in a play. No. The man who disappears according to this principle. must escape, not only from his pursuers, but from his friends, and, above all, from himself. He must change his country, never meet old friends again, get a new language, a new trade, a new place in society, a new set of parents and relatives, a new past, a new habit of body, a new appearance. He must think, speak, walk, sleep, eat and drink differently from in past days; he must change the color of his hair, skin, eyes; in fact, he must become another man as really as if he had changed natures with a par-

ticular person.' "Der gondry is safe," said the professor, with a huge laugh, "und so is der brofession of detective. Who gould bragtise dose rules: und if dev gould, what use would be detectives?" "It makes fine talk," said Lord, "All very well if such things could be done. As they can't, your theory isn't worth a straw. It's impossible."-New York Tribune.

Mother Elephant and Her Baby.

A remarkably intelligent elephant working a few years ago on a new bridge in Ceylon, had a young one to whom she was devoted. It died, and she became inconsolable.

Formerly the gentlest of creatures, she grew irritable and even dangerous. One morning she broke the chain which confined her and escaped into the forest.

One night, about ten days after her escape, the officer who had been in charge of her went out to lie in wait for bears at a pond in a jungle at some distance.

As he and his native attendant were returning, early in the morning, the native silently nudged him, and they saw in the dim, gray light an elephant with her calf making their way toward the camp. They both sprang behind trees, and when the elephants had passed the native insisted that the older one was their old friend, the inconsolable mother.

When they reached the camp they found that the truant had returned, and had gone from one person to another, touching each with her trunk, as if exhibiting her adopted child, which she had evidently begged, borrowed or stolen in her absence.

Her good temper and usual docility sed the good fortune which had en. abled her to procure a baby elephant.

Wilhelmina a Farmer Queen.

The Queen of Holland is an enthusiastic farmer. A dairy has been established in connection with the Royal Castle at Loo, and it is run on quite buisinesslike lines by its owner, large quantities of butter and milk being sold regularly from the dairy, which is now self-supporting and profitable. Another hobby of the young Queen is photography, and, like Queen Alex andra and other distinguished amateurs, she is quite an expert with the camera. A pretty story is told of the Queen's fondness for the accomplishment. Noticing a peasant women on one of her drives in picturesque cos tume, holding a baby in her arms, she asked permission to take a picture, to the great delight of the woman, who received a present after the snapshot had been taken, while the baby got s kiss from the Queen.-Westminster Ga zette. 1

The Larger Life. I am quite clear that one of our worst failure: is at the point where, having resolved, like ange', we drop back into the old matter-of-fact life and do just what we did before, because we have always done it, and be cause everybody does it, and because is our fathers and mothers did it; all of which may be the very reason why we should not do it. . . There is no station of life, and no place of one's home, where, if he wants to enlarge his life in caring for people outside of himself, he may not start on a career of enlargement which shall extend definitely. And we shall find the answer to our question to be that the man who enters upon infinite purposes lives the infinite life. He enlarges his life by every experience of

Russia's Fur Trade Decreasing. The wealth of Russia in furs is being rapidly sapped. It is reported that in a certain district of the Yenisel government, where fifty years ago hunters annually shot 28,000 sable, 6000 bears, 24,000 foxes, 14,000 blue foxes, 300,000 squirrels, 5000 wolves and 200,000 hares, hardly a sable can be found today. The blame is laid to the wanton destruction of wild animals in the course of the hunting expeditions. No steps seem to have been taken to put

a stop to this.

A Mixed Metapher. The following, as a pulpit mixed metaphor, beats any that you quote writes a correspondent to the West minster Gazette. It was heard in a York church some years ago, and I can guarantee its genuineness: "An open door is presented to you, my brethren; speech and thought. Then he was in- if you will but embrace it it will afford

CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF THE "BEST MAN" 表所表示 E IS OF SCOTCH ORIGIN

Managaran M Bridegroom's Operous Duties in Olden Times--He Gave the Bride Away and Passed the

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Cake and Cups.

people to know, says the enter. London Globe, that the The phrase "best man"-the bridegre m's nearest attendant-is of Scottish origin. In the North, also, the principal bridesmaid used to be called the "best maid." Neither expression has much to recommend it. It is a great pity, indeed, that "best man," an inelegant and in itself meaningless phrase, should have so completely ousted from our common everyday speech the good old English name of "brideman" or "bridesman." Another old name is "groomsman." and in days gone, by the bridegroom. was attended, not by one friend, but by several, who were known as the bridemen or groomsmen.

The term "best man" came into use, presumably, to indicate the one of these who took the lead in performing their various duties and was in closest attendance upon the bridegroom. In recent years the custom of having groomsmen has been occasionally revived, but it has not become general. At a fashionable wedding, four or five years ago, the bride was content with five bridesmaids and two pages, whereas the bridegroom was supported by no fewer than nine groomsmen.

But at the present time such an array has by no means the same meaning. nor are those attendant friends of so much use, as in the days of old. The forerunner of the brideman was the brideleader, whose duty it was to bring the bride to the bridegroom. In most countries where the real or pretended capture of the bride was an essential part of the ceremony, and wherever traces of the very ancient custom of bride capture existed, the friend or friends of the bridegroom had the important office of capturing the lady and bringing her to her lord.

In one of Dryden's plays there is the line: "Between her guards she seemed by bridemen led," and Brand tells us that at many old English weddings the bridegroom was led to the church between two maids, and the bride by two young men, holding her by the arms as if unwilling. This was evidently a survival of the idea of capture.

But whichever idea lay at the back of the practice, it was clearly a survival connected with the custom of marriage by capture. Later the brideman had various functions to perform which have now become obselete. There was still a trace of the capture idea in the old duty at one time assigned to the brideman of giving the bride away. He led her to the church and then acted the part now filled by the lady's father or other near male relative.

In the old seventeenth century ballad of the "Golden Glove," which used to be a great favorite at rural gatherings in all parts of the country in the old, unsophisticated days, before the melancholy monstrosities of the modern music hall had driven the genuine old English ballads and songs out of use the lines which allude to the custom named:

"I thought you had been at the wedding," she cried,

"To wait on the squire and give him his bride."

And it has been pointed out that the same custom may be hinted at in the marriage service rubric- "The minister receiving the woman at her father's or friend's hands."

Among the Shropshire peasantry in quite recent years something of the old custom seems to have prevailed. Miss Burne, in her delightful book on "Shropshire Folklore," says that at weddings in humble life the bride's father is seldom and her mother never present. As a rule the only companions to church of the bride and groom are the best man and the brides. maid. In such circumstances it is obvious that the lady must be given away by her lover's friend, on whose arm she has walked to church.

A still more curious thing is that it is considered lucky, Miss Burke tells us, for either the best man or the bridesmaid to be already married. "I have really seen," she write, "a married woman acting as 'bridesmaid!' Less than twenty years ago a Newport newspaper, describing a village wedding, said that Mr. and Mrs. Soand-So, of -, "accompanied the happy couple and performed the offices of best man and bridesmald, respective-

Another old function of the bridemen, or bridesquires, as they were sometimes called, was to carry round the cake and the bridebowl. The bridebowl, or cup, was handed round at at a wedding, so that the friends might drink the health of the newly married pair-a kind of loving-cup ceremony.

But before the proceedings had reached this pleasant point, it had been the duty of the bridemen to lift the bride over the threshold. This is an ancient and widespread custom, the meaning of which has caused much shedding of ink. In the west of Scotland, of old, says Mr. Napier, in his book on the folklore of that region, "the threshold of the house was disenchanted by charms, and by anointing it with certain unctuous perfumes. but as it was considered unlucky for the wife to thread upon the threshold on first entering her house, she was lifted over it and seated upon a piece of wood, a symbol of domestic industry."

The custom is not confined to European peoples, for a somewhat analogous practice exists in China, where the bride is carried into the house by a matron, and at the door is lifted over pan of charcoal. Apart from marriage, even in this country, there are folk who are careful on entering a house to step over and not on the threshold. There is a world of lore, indeed, surrounding the subject of the

I may be a surprise to some | threshold into which we cannot here

被照照随

The modern best man may feel thank ful that his duties are not so onerous as those of his predecessors of long ago: nor need he trouble to be on his guard against unlucky omens, or on the watch to propitiate the uncertain goddess, Fate.

A HOME FOR THE HOMELESS.

Pathetic Instance Which Led to the Founding of a Worthy Institution.

Twenty-one years ago three little children were suddenly bereft of father and mother-they were friendless and homeless; but it was only one of the many similar instances happening every day-only three little children left friendless and bomeless; that was all. But it was a crucial moment in at least one life. The Rev. J. G. Lerien was at that time pastor of a large church in Council Blucs, Iowa. This man took these children into his own home. It was not long before he learned of other children left to the cold mercies of a selfish world. Moved with compassion, he took these, also, to his already overcrowded home. Then came the test; money was needed. He had a few thousand dollars which he had saved up for a rainy day. Larger quarters became necessary and they were secured with these savings. Other children were left homeless and found under his roof not only shelter from the storm, but a loving, tender father as all at the Home delight to call him, and, more than this in his wife, now deceased, who presided over the house hold affairs and was continually look ing after their welfare. From a small beginning, twenty

one years ago, the Christian Home has grown until now about 215 childrer are cared for there, and 2000 have been placed in good Christian families. The real estate consists of about twentyfive cottages and other buildings, al' owned by an organization which has been formed through the efforts of Mr Lemen with a view of making it a permanent organization. Mr. Lemen has four children-three sons and one daughter. All of them take great delight in the work of the Home.

The scrupulous neatness and order that pervades the entire institution the loving salutation of "Hello, papa" that rings out from every quarter as he passes about the grounds, and the remarkable executive ability he displays in all the management of the affairs of the Home, are sufficient to impress every visitor that it is no ordinary man who has been called to this great and noble work. Children are taken here from any part of the globe, and have the best possible care and training. You, my readers, wherever you may be, may have a part in this grand work. It is a labor of love in behalf of all homeless, suffering children everywhere. The children are frequently adopted by Christian people. but are never allowed to go from the Home excepting into Christian famand memory-in this ballad there are liles who are properly vouched for and amilies of children are never separ ated. The Christian Home is non-sectarian, but is beartily indorsed and supported by all denominations. It takes children from every State, and t is not a local affair, but belongs to the world.

We have given this brief description of the Christian Home at Council Bluffs, Iowa, with the hope that all who read it will become interested in its welfare. If you have money which the Master desires you to use for such purposes, send it to this Home. There is no institution that is more worthy of your gift than this.

To Tell the Age of Fishes.

There is a new theory extant that if is possible to determine the age of fishes, especially those of the cod famlly, by counting the periodic growth of the scales.

We know that the growth of the scales is annual to the carp. Why should it not be so in salt water fishes: Mr. J. S. Thompson, an English biologist of note, has been making some interesting experiments in this line to test the age of fishes.

The scales are first carefully exam ined, then the fishes are labelled and returned to the sea for future obser vation.

In some cases the study of the scales reveals changes, so that rings in the scales can be distinctly traced from year to year with a certain fixed regularity.-Boston Globe.

The first session of the Fifty-eighth Congress lasted 139 days; the shortest first session of many years. It talked 6155 pages of the Congressional Record. Its word output stands third. The Fifty-seventh Congress was proudly first, with 8414 pages; the Fiftysixth Congress second, with 7765. At the first session of the Fifty-eighth 294 public bills and 1896 private ones were passed. In the number of bills introduced it "beats" all other "records." More than 16,000 bills were brought in. Nearly 3000 reports were made. "Congress earns its money," con-

cludes Everybody's Magazine, dealing with these facts. "It talks enough; and this is a great and necessary part of its functions. Let off the steam!"

Cat Killed by Lightning. During a violent storm which passed over this section of Carolina County.

the residence of Nathaniel L. Tribbitt. near Denton depot, was struck by lightning. Both chimneys were struck and the lightning entered the sitting room and parlors. The house was not much damaged. Mrs. Tribbitt and her sister, who were seated in the sitting room, were but little shocked, though the pet cat, sitting by the open door, was killed instantly.-Denton, Md., Correspondence, Baltimore Heral 1.



A shaving of wood curls up owing to contraction on one side and expansion on the other. This expension is acrelerated by what is known as the 'back iren" or "cap irou," which is used in most planes.

The operating expenses of a bank with a capital of \$100, 00 is 2.34 per ent. of the loans and discounts, but he operating expenses are only 1.33 per cent, if the bank have a capital of \$1,000,000 or more.

Crane and Friedlander, who have experimented on its bacaericidal proper les find that roasted coffee is a desidedly active agent in the destruction of germs, including some of the more serious and important ones.

Lions and tigers have little endur ance, and their lung power is remark ably weak. They can outrun a man and equal a fast horse in speed for a short distance, but they lose their wind at the end of half a mile or so.

There is a tree just beyond the New England railway arch on the Midale oury road in Connecticut, which has grown through a solid rock many tous in weight, making a large fissure, which would require a dynamite exolosion to duplicate.

The house fly, with a total life of about ten days, develops in these perods: Egg from laying to batching one-third of a day; hatching of larva to first moult, one day; second moult to pupation, three days; pupation to issuing of the adult, five days.

The smallest inhabited island in the world is that on which the Eddystone lighthouse stands. At low water it is thirty feet in diameter, at high water the base of the lighthouse, the diameter of which is twenty-eight and three-quarter feet, is completely covered by the waves.

More than eight million of the 13. 500,000 people in Mexico do not work Counting out the chican and aged. there remain 3,774.148 possible pro ducers who produce absolutely nothing. Then-and there is an asto lishing figure -there are in domestic ser vice 1,488,024, as against 110,000 of dignified salary earne

HUNTING FOR TALISMANS.

How Professor Sommerville Made au Expedition to an Indian Temple.

When the late Prof. Somerville, of the University of Pennsylvania, the learned collector of gems, charms and mascots, had set his mind on some curio heard of in one of his meetings with Orientals, nothing could bar the way. Were it in the centre of the Desert of Sahara or on the topmost pinnacle of the Himalayan Mountains. he would go after it and keep up the search until the treasure was found. purchased and placed on exhibition at the university museum. American gold was Prof. Sommer-

ville's magnet, wherever he went. He thus describes its effects on one of his expeditions:

"On one occasion we desired to visit the famous Dilwarra tempies in India, and for that purpose engaged two jinrikishas and a number of natives to draw them, about twelve in all. The temples, as you know, are set in a magnificent grove of mango trees ou a mountain top and surrounded by great hills. With a fair measure of tact and money I hoped to secure from the people of the vicinity some of their odd talismans and rings. I said to the chief rikisha man: 'Now, Lala, what will you do for me if I double your pay? I want to make this journey in half time, and if you accomplish it you shall be doubly paid.

"He went to his helpers at once and informed them that I was a Prince. We started out under the contract. He ran ahead of the convoy, raising both hands in the air and crying to the astounded people: 'Here comes a Prince. Down with you. Here comes a Prince.

"And during the entire twelve miles ride I was treated to the un-American experience of seeing the people cover their faces and drop abjectly to the ground in obeisance and salutation, only daring to look at me through their parted fingers. But my amusement at teing thus treated was nothing to the gratification I experienced in securing from this people-who did not dare to refuse so august a personage as 1some of the most interesting inscribed talismans that I have in my collection."-Booklovers' Magazine.

Longest English Word.

A teacher in an uptown school told her class one afternoon that she expected each of them to bring in the longest word in the English language on the following morning. The next day thirty-eight out of forty pupils turned in words which ran from fourteen to twenty-one letters in length, continues the Philadelphia Press. Fifteen submitted the word "disappropor tionableness," containing twenty-one letters. Some gave in the names of Russian officers. After the teacher bad congratulated the fifteen who gave in the word "disapproportionableness." she told them that there was a still longer one which was supposed to have been coined by William Gladstone and contained twenty-four letters. It was 'disestablishmentarianism."

One More Fire Escape. A rather promising type of individ-

ual fire escape has made its appearance on the market. It consists of two lengths of weldless iron chain, carrying at twelve-inch intervals light malleable iron treads. The outfit is packed in a strong oak box or window sent, so that it does not form an objectionable feature in a bedroom or living room. The end of the chain is securely fastened in cast iron brackets in the box, which are secured to the floor. Suitable hand grips are attached at the sill level for convenience. Normally the chain ladder is concealed in the box seat, but when needed it is only necessary to drop the free end out of the window and descend.

WIT and HUMOR of THE DAY

Last Thought. She thought of her trousseau first.
Of her dress, her gloves, her veil;
Of the stately way she should tread the

aisle,
And how to manage ner trail.
Of bridesmaids, unhers and guests,
The minister—then she said:
"I've forgotten something, I guess.
Now let me see—O yes!"
"Twas the man sh

Twas the man she was going to wed.
-Philadelphia Bulletin. La cated.

Mother-"I hope you are not at the foot of your class this week?" Johnnie-"No'm. Just about the ankle."-New York Sun.

West to Walst.

Her Mother-"Did you turn out the gas when Tom left?" Kitty-"No'm. Tom turned it out when he came in."—St. Paul Dispatch

She Enjoyed It, Perhaps. Book-"Did you enjoy your trup

West?" Cook-"Er-somewhat. I had my wife with me."-Cheisea (Mas_.) (ia-

Reassuring.

zette.

Mr. Thinne-"Is there any dauger of that dog of yours biting me?" Hiram Clovertop-"No. siree. that dog don't bite bones; he just guaws 'em, that's all."-Brooklyn Life.

Nothing Dull About It. "It's funny the way poets speak of 'dull care.' isn't it?"

"Why, what's funny about that?" "Well, every care I ever had was most awfully sharp."-Philadelphia edger.

The Limit. He-"Frank isn't so bad; he's only a

She-"If that was all, I wouldn't

man of the world, you know."

mind; but Frank goes further; he thinks himself the man of the world." -Boston Transcript, Time Was Too Short. "So," sobbed Illma Vasellnovitch,

"Ivan Ninèspotski dled in battle. Do you say he uttered my name as he was dying?" "Part of it." replied the returned sol-

dier; "part of it."-Fort Worth Reserved

Same Thing. "He's employed by the railroad com pany now, I understand." "Yes, he has charge of the purzle de

partment." "The wh-t?" "He makes out the time tables."-

Exchauge. The Tramp's Taste. Tramp-"Can you give me something to eat, lady?"

Lady-"There's the wood pile." Tramp-"I can't eat wood, lady." Lady-"You can saw it, can't you?" Tramp-"I'd rather eat it, lady. Good morning."-Detroit Free Press.

A Faint Ray



Mamie-"No, Billy, I can't give ye no hope, fer I never expects ter marry -but if I ever does, I gives ye me woid dat ye'll be me foist husbind."-Woman's Home Companion.

Victim of Feminine Weakness. Dave-"What's the matter with your

"Billy-"Oh, I sat between two girls on the car. One girl's hat jabbed me in one eye with a bunch of straw, and the other girl's hat jabbed the other eye with a quill."-Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Realism Explained.

"That was a splendid back fall you made in your death scene last night,' remarked a young member of the company to the eminent tragedian. "Yes," he said, "and I'd like to lay

my hands on the blithering idiot who soaped the stage floor "-Cleveland The Reply Unhappy.

"Edwin, am I the first woman you

have ever loved?" she suddenly asked him when he was measuring her finger for the ring. "Yes, Mamle," he blurted out, being somewhat disconcerted: "the others

were only girls."-Woman's Home

Companion. A Sense of Propriety.

"It was careless of me to say I admired Bacon," remarked the young woman with glasses. "Did you offend some Shakespearean

student?" "No. It was a Chicago pork packer. He frigidly remarked that he didn't care to talk shop."-Washington Star.

Weary's Sensitive Side. Lady-"Now, you can cut down that little tree for me, and I'll find you a good dinner. Why, what are you cr--

ing for?" The Weary One-"Oh, lady, I was jest a-thinkin' of that bootiful song, 'Woodman, Spare That Bloomin' Tree, and I'm that sensitive I couldn't do it, lidy-I really couldn't."-New Yorker.

Sure to Do It. "And you say you saw the man knocked insensible by footpads and deliberately left him in that condition in a lonely place?"

"Sure, that's just what I did. ! knew he'd come around all right." "What reason had you to be so certain that he'd come 'round?"

"Reason! Why, the man was a bill collector."-New Orleans Times Demos erat.