

OF A HEART.

Dear heart—dear heart! the sweetest heart that ever Gave one quick throeb for me!

AN EPISODE OF BRISON.

"That isn't a bad reward!" "No. If a fellow could catch him he would make pretty good wages."

TAKE HIM IN!

Five hundred dollars reward will be paid for the arrest and delivery of Rube White to the Sheriff of Yavapai County.

By the time the reader had finished a crowd of a half dozen or more men surrounded him.

"Now, if that fellow is headed for the Tonto Basin country it wouldn't be much of a trick to take him in," said the first speaker, reflectively.

"Well, a fellow ought to know him as soon as he sees him from that description," hazarded the first speaker.

"Well, get your horse and gun and come," replied Bill, and in an instant the two men had left the room to arm and equip themselves for the chase.

"Well, then you want to be keeferful. If you don't lose your head you're all right. The only danger is that we may run on him before we know it."

"Well, he will probably commence shooting, and if he does and you aren't hit the first rattle out of the box, why, you want to get off your horse and get behind something and shoot back."

The apparent indifference with which Lansing spoke of the entire matter, much as if he were discussing the best method of hitting a wild animal, shocked the young man; but he had committed himself too far to withdraw.

"That's him. He's driving one horse and leading another, and he hasn't passed by very long, either. See, the snow hasn't had time to drift in."

With the discovery his whole demeanor had changed. A new look came into his eyes and his voice sounded strange. He even grasped his weapons in a manner different to that he had heretofore displayed.

"He's right ahead, and we want to look out," the older man continued as they began to follow the trail.

"I don't know how bad it is. It is here somewhere," the man said, placing his hand on his breast, as if not certain of the exact spot.

"What do you think of it?" the man repeated in a querulous voice, and as he did so he coughed until his mouth filled with blood, and he spat it out on the white snow.

"For God's sake, don't leave me. Now that you have killed me, stay with me, and don't let me die like a dog."

"The voice was one of entreaty, and Crandall reined and seated himself in the snow by the man's side. The sun had gone down and the twilight had come on, bringing with it the chill of night."

"Don't mind it. It's too late now." The twilight gave way to darkness, and still he sat there. He could not hear the dying man breathe without leaning over his face. He did this but once though, and the dying man had opened his eyes and looked up into his face inquiringly.

awake through the night within a few yards of the body to keep the wolves from it so that it would be unmarred in the morning, when they would lash it to a horse and take it into the settlements for identification.

He threw another cartridge into the chamber of his rifle and raised it to his shoulder, but before he could fire the man reeled from his saddle and fell, while his frightened horse galloped through the pines.

Sinking of the Delta.

The reported settling of the rate of six inches per century of the region of the Mississippi river delta is a matter which, if confirmed, may well enlist some interest. It is not at all unusual for the surface of the earth in places to thus yield to a slow and sometimes to a rapid subsidence.

"Are you badly wounded?" he asked. "I don't know how bad it is. It is here somewhere," the man said, placing his hand on his breast, as if not certain of the exact spot.

Once in Switzerland I stopped at the little village of Burglen, right on the very spot where William Tell lived, for I am one to believe his story with all my heart, and keep the spirit of it in the world, just as I would keep the spirit of Santa Claus for the children, in spite of all that is said against it.

Bells.

There it is," replied Crandall. He could not say more. The appealing tone in the man's voice for some hope—some encouragement—made him feel faint and sick.

"What do you think of it?" the man repeated in a querulous voice, and as he did so he coughed until his mouth filled with blood, and he spat it out on the white snow.

He had asked the wounded man did not do anything for him, but the man had only shaken his head in reply. Crandall felt like reviling himself for what he had done, and wondered why the wounded man did not reproach him. Even when he expressed his sorrow at having shot him the dying man said, gently:

Diseased Teeth.

The belief that unsound teeth belong only to a highly civilized state of life seems to be a prevalent one. But J. H. Mummery informs us in Nature that a very different conclusion was reached by his father, more than twenty years ago, after an inquiry extending over more than a decade.

Giant Sunfish.

A sunfish weighing one ton eight hundred weight is very likely to be one of the largest, if not actually the largest, in existence of that species. This is the weight of a sunfish which was caught by three boatmen in the service of the Melbourne Harbor Trust, and reported in advices to hand by the last mail.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Biter Bit—A Pertinent Question--A Good Reason Why--Too Easy--Etc., Etc.

Mrs. Kingsley--Wasn't your husband out very late last night? Mrs. Von Blumer (sweetly)--Yes. But I felt sure he would be. He told me he was going to meet your husband.--[Detroit Free Press.

He--I had a queer dream about you last night, Miss Louisa. I was about to give you a kiss, when suddenly we were separated by a river that gradually grew as big as the Rhine.

Clarence--Come, come, old chap! Don't give up like that, ye know. Other gentlemen have transgressed the laws unintentionally. You still have friends who will stand by you.

Would-be contributor (at editor's desk): Here's a joke, Mr. Editor, that I'll guarantee was never in print before.

Editor (after reading it): Don't doubt your word in the least, sir.--[Life.

Custom House official (pulling out a case of whisky from a large trunk): But I thought you said you had wearing apparel, only, in this trunk.

Herido--I don't ease to marry. Saidso--Why not? Herido--If I were to marry a brunette, in about a week I should wish I had married a blonde.

Was that you, sir, who stole a kiss from my daughter in that tunnel? "No. On the contrary, some one got one from me."--[Life.

Emily--You dear, sweet, good papa! shall I cut a pink for your button-hole? Her Papa--No. Your brother Bob has got more money than I have to-night. Better give it to him.--[Chicago Record.

Gosling--And do you mean to say that you have never lost any money in business? Old Grinder--Only by sleep; but that's a necessary evil!

"What are you going to call them?" "Well, I don't know. They are boys, and I want names that have a good deal of spirit in them."

He--Well, here is a Chinese poodle for you that I had to send around a world for. Now, is there anything else you need to make you happy? She (after thinking hard)--Yes, Harry, I think I would like a Dresden china kennel for him.--[Truth.

First Small Boy--I wish I had that five cents back that I spent for candy. Second Small Boy--What would you do with it? First Small Boy--Buy more candy.--[Truth.

Mr. Nevergo (looking at the canary)--You ought to cover up that bird at night. My Weerie--We do, Mr. Nevergo. But we uncover him in the morning, you know.

Mrs. De Fashion (to her new Chinese cook)--John, why do the Chinese bind the feet of their women? John--So they not trotter round kitchen and betherese cook.--[Life.

Young Artist--It's an outrage to have such an ignoramus as Puffers on a hanging committee. Friend--No judge of art, eh? Young Artist--He is a half-idiot. Why, sir, he thought my cows were horses.--[New York Weekly.

Talkum--Professor Garner says that monkeys do not actually converse, but confine themselves to single remarks on matters of importance. Thinkum--Dear me! How man has degenerated!--[New York Weekly.

METEOROLOGICAL.

Mathilde--Do you have reindeer in Canada? Underhill (quickly)--Yes, love; but it sometimes snows.

The summer girl is looking round To captivate the beau; And she will likely do it, for She wears that kind of claus.

She decided him her heart--at least That's what he thought she meant; But afterwards he found she had But let it out to rent.

She lost her taste for pretty hats, And then for pretty clothes; The only thing she cared for now Was the frock on her nose.

Customer (in restaurant)--Isn't it strange, waiter, that I should find so many flies in the soup? Waiter--Well, no, sir; not so very remarkable, considering the time of year. Now, if you should find 'em in the soup about Christmas time it would be different.--[King's Jester.

Merritt--How is it, Johnny, that you are such an inveterate young enemy of mine? I have never done anything to you. Little Johnny--Yes, you have. Whenever you come to see Cora she puts the clock back. That makes me late for school the next day, and then teacher licks me.--[Truth.

May--Why are you so blue today? Carrie--I quarrelled with Jack yesterday and our engagement is off. May--Can't you make up friends with him again? Carrie--I wish I could, but I can't remember what on earth it was we quarrelled about.--[New York World.

Chicago Girl--You have heard of our Mr. Goldbag, of course. Boston Girl--Goldbag--Goldbag, H'm! Will you name some of his works? Chicago Girl--Oh, there's the Consolidated Sausage Factory, the South Side Packing House and any number of others.--[Puck.

Enamored Youth--May I hope to find a place in your heart? Ladylove--If you hurry up. There are only a few choice locations left.--[Des Moines Capital.

Teacher--Johnnie, didn't I hear you talking a while ago with some other boys about Gee Wash? Johnnie--Yes'm. Teacher--Well, I wish you would tell me who Gee Wash is? Johnnie (surprised)--Don't you know who he is? Teacher--I think I never heard of him before.

Johnnie--Gosh! Why, G. Wash, is George Washington, the papa of his country, first in-- Teacher--Oh--ah--yes; I thought at first it was a Chinese laundryman.--[Detroit Free Press.

The stout man with a large package beneath his arm hurried through the crowded thoroughfare, closely pursued by a small man of haggard aspect.

On and on, relentless as the ticking of a clock, the forlorn man dogged the other, and those who passed him heard an occasional word drop from his lips, indicative of despair, of awful terror.

Finally, some of the crowd turned and kept after the pair, determined not to miss anything that should happen. The crowd behind grew larger, and, finally, a bold man went up to the person of haggard countenance.

"What's the matter?" he asked. The little man turned. "Matter" he echoed. "See that man with a bundle? He is my next door neighbor, and in that bundle he has a cornet which he has bought for his small son to play upon."

But the crowd waited no longer. It surged ahead with relentless fury, and when peace had been restored the remains of a battered cornet lay upon the pavement.--[Judge.

Restoration of British Forests.

The area of the woodland of the British Isles is now reduced to about 3,000,000 acres, which is only 39 acres to each 1,000 of the country's total area. This is a smaller proportion than that in almost every other European country.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Dainty Reward. Willie and Charlie one day fished well. They had made of happy-sweetberries, and cooked the crispest ever wafers baked. And a bowl full of loveliest berries.

Like poets, drum-majors are born, not made. One may become a drum-major in a week, while you can't make one of another in a life-time.

He presents a fine, imposing figure as he stands there, erect and tall, two paces in front of the band. Now comes the moment, so glorious to the small boy, when the commands "Play" and "Forward--March" are to be given.

As a rule he simply repeats again and again the thrust and recover, through which he gives the command to play. Expert drum-majors, however, introduce some fancy movement here.

It is important that the drum-major should mark the cadence correctly, as otherwise, not only his own, but all other regiments following, will march too slowly or too rapidly.

When the band is to execute an oblique movement, the drum-major holds his staff in a horizontal position at the height of his neck, and pointing the ferule in the direction of the oblique, extends his arm to its full length.

To signal for halt the tall man in the bearskin cap raises the staff with both hands in a horizontal position above his head, and with arms extended drops it in a horizontal position at the height of his hips.

Our great grandmothers prepared their own grave clothes before death.