## The Two Mysteries.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so The folded hands, the awful calm, the check so pale and chill, The lold hands, the awful calm, the check so pale and chill, The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call,

The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this de-

solate heart-pain, The dread to take our daily way and walk in it again. We know not to what sphere the loved who

leave us go, Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know; our loved and lost, if But this we know; our loved and lost, if they should come this day. Should come and ask us, What is Life? not one of us could say. Life is a mystery, as deep as death can over

Yet, oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we

Then might they say, those vanished ones, and blessed is the thought, So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we

may tell you naught; We may not tell it to the quick, this mystary of death; Ye may not tell it if ye would, the mystery of breath. The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,

So those who enter death must go as little children sent; Nothing is known, but I believe that God

is overhead; And as life is to the living so death is to the dead.

## A CHOIR-SINGER.

There are two sides to every question. as the best of reason demonstrates; but Marie Pirot, try as she might, could find only one side to the question of her engagement to zydney Worth; and that, unfortunately for the lover, was the negative.

Sydney, on his part, being a man, was logical enough to take in all the bearings of the case, and yet heroic enough to await Marie's decision with a courage worthy of a cause more sub lime than the yea or nay of a brown-eyed girl. In this trembilng balance, however, was hung his hope of all earthly happiness, while he smoked his cigar and talked and walked about the world as usual.

"Take a week, only a week; for calm ensideration," he had begged her, and then proceeded to enhance her calmness by daily letters of urgent pleading. His eagerness harassed and worried Marie into a state almost of resentment, and took from her much of the responsibility of her final action. It gave herisomething to fight against, and armed her with necessary firmness, Whereas, 12 he had thrown himself completely and helplessly on her mercy, she would liave found it doubly hard to wring his heart by her decided refusal; but she would have wrung it, all the same

When her letter came at last, poor Sydney kissed the dagger before he received its stab-that is, he kissed her bandwriting, and then very likely a few moments later dropped a tear or two in the same spot. But the letter was folded and put away, as such letters and such poor and broken hopes are being folded and put away all over the world to-day and every day, and Sydney went about his business astonand miserable at the heavy Ished weight of his disappointment.

But the days and, years went ou; Sydney sat at his desk and made money, and Marie sang in her church and gave music lessons, losing her youthful

"Miss Pirot!" "Miss Pirot started visably, then walked over quickly to her place, with a heightened color. When had she ever before needed a summous to duty? No one appeared to notice her embar-rassment, for all eyes were now fixed on the open book, and Miss Crumm's strong furgers ware ware ware the kere." strong fingers were pressing the keys.

"Of course I shall be glad when dear old Brande, is well enough to come back again, but I shall awfully hate to lose What's-his-name?" Miss Crumm was observing, leaning on Miss Pirot's arm, as they came down the choirsteps one lovely Sunday morning, having sung themselves into heaven for a while on Haydn's exquisite strains. "Wayzel-Wetzel? how do you pronounce it? His first name is Gustave -isn't it pretty? and such a voice! Dear me, I grudge to let him go! Don't you?"

·· Yes. 17

"Do you know, I think he has rather a struggle to get along. Musicians usually have; but, then, being a single man, he ought to be able to manage." "Are you sure he is a single man?" Miss Pirot asked, in an airy tone. "Oh, yes. At least, of course, 1 did not ask him point blank, but I said to him, jokingly, that if he intended to advance in music, it was lucky he had no wife to hold him back; and he said, 'Yes, it was lucky.' Oh, he must be single; but then, he is very young. He is only 24."

Marie sighed, but said nothing. She was 28, with a heart that had just learned to throb like the heart of 18. The scale of fortune, we are told, is often turned by a feather, and this proposition was very forcibly demonstrated for Marie Pirot, one windy autumn evening, not long afterwards, as the little "choir-group came into the street together. She was walking with Lucy Crumm, as usual, and behind them, arm in-arm, came the bass and tenor Miss Roberts, the alto, had said goodnight and gone off in the opposite direction with her little brother); Miss Pirot was listening with her ears to the voice beside her, and with her soul to the voice behind her, when suddenly away on the wings of the wind went her long brown feather, wrenched from its fastenings on her jaunty hat; away away, careering and whiring out of

like a living creature that had found all at once the freedom of its wings. Marle uttered a little halflaughing cry, and started on the chase, but the tenor darted by her like a lash, and soon distanced her, as the feather distanced him. Marie did not slacken her pace, however, and as a result, when the feather was at last captured, they found themselves face to face, laughing breathless, under a street-lamp, and more than a block ahead of Mr. Alken and Miss Crumm. What more natural than that they should walk on together, slowly, or that Mr. Wetzel, seeing her out of breath from his late exercise, should offer her his arm? There seemed no valid reason why they should dissolve this pleasant companionship when the other two caught up with them; and from this time, instead of putting the adles in the street car at Twentythird street, Mr. Aiken walked with Miss Crumm to her home in Twenty-fifth street, and Mr. Wetzel walked all the way across town with Marie Pirot.

It was a wretched night; the rain fell in torrents, a chilly wind was blowing, the streets were wet and dismal, and Marie Pirot was walking under an beauty somewhat, but gaining always umbrella with Gustave Wetzel and in grace and attractiveness. She and clinging fondly to his arm. The rain Sydney met occasionally as friends, and was blinding her somewhat, but her his pycs still told the same old story tears were blinding her still more— that was now forbidden of all other furtive, bitter tears, such as women often weep, unknown to all the world, The crowded street cars passed them every minute or two, but Marie had refused to ride, 'I his was the last time they would over walk together-the last of many, many times. She could not afford to shorten these few sad moments of parting and farewell. He had come to the choir that evening only to tell them that he had been suddealy called back to Germany and must sail in the morning; but he had statd and sang over with Marie some of the old duets, and now they were walking home together, slowly, through all the storm, by the way they had learned to know so well. At first few words were spoken between them. Marie felt only the un-reasoning love, the delight of contact, the bliss of this dual solitude, encircled by rain and storm, and darkness. To her it mattered little what they said or where they went, so that they were together; and to-morrow was pushed as far from her horizon as if it were twenty years away. But all the truth came back on her like a shock when Gustave's voice said:

in this storm. Let me escort you where

"I have my own umbrella here." She raised it as she spoke. "Thank you, very, very much, but I prefer to go talone. And, you know," smiling strangely at him, "I shall have to do without your escort altogether after this. You have been more kind--" She broke off suddenly, and busied herself with the fastening of her cloak; then held out her hand. "Good-byel" she said, abruptly. "Good-byc, Miss Pirot, if it must be

"Oh, yes. Parting, I think, should

never be prolonged. I hope you will have a good voyage. I hope you will be always happy. Good-bye, Gus-tave."

But Marie had wrenched her hand from his and was gone, a dark, hurry-ing shape, down the lighted, rainswept street.

"Mariel?'

Sydney Worth had come out of the opera after the second act, and having buttoned his long rubber coat to the chin, was soudding up Fourteenth street in an element defying humor, when this word burst from his lips, in a tone of amazement. Marle Pirot had just passed him on the crossing at Fourth avenue; a sudden backward tilt of her umbrella had shown him her face plainly, pale and strange, with that absorbed, unseeing look that mental suffering gives. Her swift step faltered an instant at the sound of his voice, and at that instant he was by her

"I knew I could not be mistaken," he said, breathlessly; "but you of all people, and at this hour! What in the world brings you into this region?"

He is holding her hand in his warm, friendly clasp, and looking down searchingly at her half-averted face.

"Oh, I was 'walking away from the furies," she said, trying to speak lightly; "but they have come with me. I think I really did not know where I was going. I only wanted to walk. Did you ever have that feeling. Sydney, that you were too unhappy to be quiet?" "She asks me if I have ever had that

feeling. Ab, Marie, there are few feelings, born of unhappiness, that 'I have not had, You ought to know that, my dear."

"But - but they pass away some time, don't they?" she asked wistfully. 'People can't go on suffering-some change, some relief, must come.

"I don't know, he answered, with a ong sigh. "Perhaps. I have not long sigh. found it yet."

"Oh, Sydney," she said, passionately, with a wild burst of tears. "Sydney, Sydney!" She laid her cheek on his shoulder, sobbing like a child.

He had taken the umbrella from her hand, and held its shelter between them and passers-by. Sydney's know!edge of suffering had made him very tender toward the pain of others. He allowed his companion to weep unquestioned, patting gently from time to time the little quivering fingers that clutched his arm.

"How good you arel" ske stammered, whisperingly, at length. "Oh, Sydney, how could you forgive mehow could you ever look at me again f I have made you suffer-like this? I never knew it could be so terrible! I did not dream of what you felt when we parted; you were so noble and so good. You never made me understand how cruel- Oh, and you bore it all? can pity you now?"

"Yes. dear," he said, tenderly. am glad to hear you say that. I am glad you have, at last, some pity to give me."

"No," said Marie, vaguely, "Did you tell me?"

"Come to think of it, I didn' said Sydney, smiling. "That's so. I didn't. was afraid it might annoy you. Well, it's all fight now. They've got him— at least, not him, for he gave them the slip at the last moment; but the money's sale. He took away \$7,000 and we've recovered all but \$300; that he spent. I tell you we've been lucky, and so has he. It's a curious thing," pursued Sydney, thoughtfully; "but-I'm aw-fully glad the scamp escaped."

"Glad?" repeated Marie, solemnly. "Oh, why? He will be sure to victimize other poor people."

"Other rich people," said Sydney, correctingly. "Of course he will, for it turns out that he is a regular confldence man; but you have no idea how much I liked him. We all did. He came to us about six months ago, and said he had just arrived in the country, and was quite friendless. Well, the firm took him on trust actually. He had gotten himself up like a German student-long hair and broken English, and he had the loveliest tenor voice Wetzel there-

"Whatl" Marie grasped Sydney's arm with both her hands. "My dear girll" He reigned in the

horse, and looking down at her white face in amazement, "What is the matter?"

"Wetzel was his name?-and he went away?-when?-when?" she de-manded, hurriedly, "Wetzel was the name he gave. His

real name is Wallace. I believe, He went away last Wednesday morning-the day after I met you in the rain." "That-was-the-man," she said, in a low, breathless volce. She un-

clasped her hands from Sydney's arm, and pressed them over her face. "The man? What man?" Sydney

stared quite wildly as he asked the question.

"Oh, the hero of my romancel" said Marie-slowly and bitterly-"the sin-ger I fell in love with. You did not want to know of my secret; you must know it now! That was the man!"

"Who?-young Wetzel? Why, where on earth, how on earth, did you come to be acquainted with him?"

"He sang with me for nearly three months in the choir?"

"Oh, I seel And you fell in love with his voice-no wonder!" "I didn't!" she said, miserably;

"there might have been some excuse for that. I had uever heard his voice when—I fell in love—ah, not with him! with a dream, a fancy! Could I have borne to look on his face, even, much less love him, if I had known what I know now?"

"Well, then, the comfort is that you did not love him, after all," said Syd-ney, cheeringly. "He only thought you did."

"No, no, no!" she returned, vehe-tently. "He never thought-he never mently. lreamed-Oh, I could lie down here and die this minute-"

"Oh, not here!" said Sydney, depre-catingly. "No one could die comfort-ably in a buggy. "You'd wait until I took you home. I know."

But Marie did not smile.

"How contemptible I am!" she said slowly, with bitter emphasis. "How I have fallen forever in my own esteem! To turn away from a noble, generous nature like yours—a love that any woman might be honored in accepting. Sydney, I deserve your hate and scorn!"

"I'm being praised, it seems," said Sydney, calmly. "Quite right; all the same, I can't hear my wife abused. And look here, Marie, I'm glad you did make such an awfully foolish mistake, ecause if you had

## The Romance of Wedded Life.

"James, dear, will you bring me up hod of coal from the cellar?" said a busy wife. "That's just the way with you," said James, with a black frown, as he put down his book and rose up from.

the lounge. "Just the way with me?"

"Yes," he snapped. "As soon as you see me enjoying myself, you have some, chore or another for me to do. Didn't you see I was absorbed in my

reading?" "Well, dear, I will do it myself." "Yes, and tell everybody, your mother especially, that you have to carry your own coal up from the cellar. No, I'll do it. Let me mark my

place." So he marked the place in the book at which he had ceased reading and when he went down to the cellar, grumbling all the way, she picked up the volume and found it was a love story and that the passage he had been absorbed in was as follows: "My darling, when you are my wife I will shield and protect you from every care. the winds of heaven shall not visit your face too roughly, those pretty hands shall never be soiled by manial tasks, your wish shall be my law, your

1s life worth living?

The Story of William Tell.

The old story of William Tell, his on and the apple has a sequel in Boston that threatens to end tragically. The actors are Sumner Hollander, aged 13 years, of Somerville, the son of a prominent business man of, that city, and his cousin of 11 years, also named Hollander. The elder hoy had a pistol of small calibre and some cartridges. He extracted, or thought he did, the bullets from some of the cartridges. Recently the boys undertook to reproduce the ancient Swiss drama. Sumner took the part of Wi'liam Tell and the younger boy that of the son, with the apple. The pistol they thought would much better answer the purpose than a bow and arrow. When the smaller lad had taken position he was fortunately stricken with sudden misgivings. He turned his head to one side, with the exclamation, "Suppose there should be something in it," just as his cousin fired. The movement saved the little fellow instant death, for a bullet struck him on the right side of the neck. The wound was serious, and the boy's condition has become steadily worse, until now his life is despaired of.

## Dickens' Mother,

The, childhood of Dickens was so shadowed by poverty, and his sensitive and imaginative mind was so keenly alive to his position, that it was hardly possible that he could draw an absolutely impartial picture of his parents. His mother had a keen appreciation of the droll and or the pathetic, and likewise considerable dramatic talent. She was a comely little woman, with handsome, bright eyes, and a genial, agreeable person.

From her Dickens undoubtely inherited his - temperament and intellectual gifts. She possessed an extraordinary sense of the ludicrous, and her power of imitation was something astonishing. Her perception was quick, and she unconsciously noted everything that came under her ouservation. In describing ridiculous contempt of Court by flying in his face." Again, when Lord Care paid more atbe inimitable, while her manner was tention to his favorite Newfoundland of the quaintest.' Dickens declared that to her he owed his dirst desire for knowledge, and his earliest passion for reading was awakened by his mother, who taught him not only the rudiments of English, but also a little of Latin. Poverty saddened and darkened many years of her life, and her children were early compelled to leave her and earn their own living, but they all honored and loved her as she deserved.

IRISH WIT

Delightful, Wild, Fitful, Irresponsible and Audacious

Irish wit is a delightful, wild, fitful, irresponsible, audacious qualilty. It is gloriously spontaneous, and there is a lurking twinkle in its seemingly most obtuse "bull" that the thorough Saxon mind often fails to grasp when on his first visit to the Distressful Country, whither he may have been asked on some such good-natured invitation as that of the fine old Irish gentleman who told his English friend, 'If iver ye come within a mile or two av my house, I hope to goodness you'll stop there!" He will be amazed to and that possibly an extra doueur will be expected by the carman who is showing him Killarney or Connemara, on the ground that, "Sure, don't ye see that I druv yer honour for the last twinty miles without a lynchpin!" He may be startled at the graphic double answer once given by a Dublin "jarvey" to an inquiry as to what the three sculptured figures that surmount the general post-office in Sack-ville street meant. "Thim three figures are stuck up to show that it's the Post-office." "But why? and who are they?" Then, determined not to betray ignorance, the answer came, "Thim three's the Twelve Apostles," "Those three the—?" "Av coorse, sure, ye wouldn't have them all out together; the rest is inside soortin' the letters." Note, too, how prettily chiv-alry blends with their wit.

Did ever lover say sweeter words than those that Myles-na-Copaleen gives just at the tag of 'the "Collen Bawn:" "Sure 1 am a mother to her; for didn't I bring her into the world a second time? Take her, Master Hardress; and when ye die lave yer money to the poor an' yer widow to me, and we'll both be satisfied?". Or is there a softer or more delicate lilt in any Scotch or English song than the words of the Irish peasant watching the girl of his heart footing it in jig or planxty on the barn door: "Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love?" There is pathos, too, of a curious sort in the well-known dialogue between an English visitor and an old Irish butler who answers the door in rusty black and with tear-dimmed eyes. "Does the O'Regan live here?" "He does, sır; but he's dead, rest his sowl!" "Dear me! how long is he dead?" "Faith, if the poor man had lived to Wednesday next, he'd just been dead a fortnight." Then what historic good things are recorded of the famous divines and legal lights of Ireiand of the real order of rapid wit, as distinguished from the sayings of Sir Boyle Roche, of "bird" fame, who asked the House of Com-mons why they should do anything for posterity: "What has posterity done for us?" and in response to the burst of laughter explained, with profound gravity, "that by posterity he did not at all mean our ancestors, but those

who immediately come after us." Swift's words it would be superfluous to quote, for his works speak for themselves, but Lord Norbury, whose legal position was serious, flashed into the dullness of law many bright sayings. Nor let us forget the countless anecdotes of Curran. When he had angered. Lord Carleton by his eloquence, that Judge ordered the sheriffs to take into custody any one who would pre-sumptuously dare to fly, in the face of the Court. At this difficult moment a swallow circled round the Court, and Curran at once said, "Mr. Sheriff, take him into custody for showing his utter log at his feet counsellor's arguments, the latter abruptly stopped his harangue. "Go on. Mr, Curran," said the Judge. thousand pardons, my Lord. really took it for granted your lordship was engaged in consul-tation." Then, when he fought his duel with "Bully" Egan, and the latter called the attention of the seconds to the odds which, by the reason of his diminutive size, the master of the rolls had over him, saying, "I might as well be aiming at the edge of a knife as at his thin carcass," Curran said at once, "Well, let the gentleman chalk the size of my body on his own, and let every ball going outside of that line count for nothing." This was as courteous as the behavior of the lame gentleman fighting another duel, who asked his opponent with profound politeness if he would permit him to sit on the neighboring milestone at the cross-roads while they exchanged shots. "To be sure," was the reply; "and how in turn grant me a small, and some-what similiar favor." "Certainly; what do you require?" "Only leave to go and sit on the next milestone." That quarrel anded in a towl of punch.

expression. As for Miss Pirot, she met the usual experience that falls to the lot of talented and gracious women. She had hosts of male friends, quite an array of admirers, and always one or two ardent lovers who were much in the same case as Sydney himself-for it would seem even to the most interested observer that Miss Pirot's being, musical and harmonious as it was, had never yet responded to the masters chord of all-the chord of love!

But at last, when the keynote of Marie's destiny was struck, and its flood of melody came pouring into her life like an overwhelming tide, neither the alto on one side of her, nor the bass on the other, nor even the organist, Lucy Crumm, who was her bosom friend, guessed that anything unusual had happened.

It gcame about in this very commonplace way. Old Brande, the regular tenor, was absent, for the first time in seven years, for the Tuesday night rehearsal. The choir had assembled, and stood about, waiting and wondering, and conferring on Mr. Brande's position apart from all other tenors on record by the genuine surprise at his delinquency, when there came suddenly up the choir staircase a tall and slim young man, very fair, with plenty of flowing blonde hair that hung in student fashion on his broad white collar. He spoke with a foreign accent, in a high musical voice, addressing Miss Pirot, who happened to be nearest to him, as he approached the organ.

'Mr. Brandt has sent me to singhe is too much ill for this night, and aiso for Sunday, be thinks. But if it is pleasing, I sing his part for all."

Miss Firot only bowed and smiled. but did not speak. There was good reason for her silence. She had fallen in love with this young man, of whose existence she had been aware three seconds! It is not to be wondered at that, in the confusion of her senses. she had, for the moment, mislaid her voice.

"So very glad," said Lucy Crumm, all animation, and reassured on the score of the quartette; "but so very sorry to hear Mr. Brande is ill. Nothing serious, I hope? We were just wondering how we should manage. You read, I suppose? Mr. Aiken, will you, please hand-thanks. We intended to rehearse the quartette. All along here is Mr. Brande's part-the in a desperate effort. tenor's; the bass comes in next below; but, of course, you understand?" "Oh, yes-yes."

He was already humming through the bars of the music she had placed in his hand, like one sure of his ground.

"I must thank you, Miss Pirot, for the kindness you have given to me always-to me, a stranger; I shall often think of your lovely voice when I am far away."

"We have indeed had pleasant times," she answered, bravely and "But clearly, after a moment's pause. why need you go if you have beenhappy—here? Al, you—you have not many regrets. You are glad, I think?" "Indeed' I am glad," and glad his face looked—excited and eager. "It is a grand opportunity that now offers. You can understand, if one has been

planning long, and waiting, that one might be glad to see fulfillment near." "Yes," said Marie. That one word only, and in her voice was the huski-

ness that comes with tears. "Ah, well, I see my way now, clear," he continued, gayly and brightly. All unconscious of the mute tragedy that went on beside him, he poured out the story of his disappointments in the past-of his plans and visions for the future. Marie listened silently. It seemed each moment that the tide of her emotion must burst all bonds and carry with is the fine reserve of her nature, its womanly dignity and pride. She called up all her strength at last,

"I must leave you here," she said, stopping suddenly at a corner. "I-I have some business to do-I will say good night and good-bye. I hope you may have a pieasant journey." "But surely not! I cannot leave you

"Oh, but you do not need any more. Surely you cannot still care as you used to-"

"Oh, hush!" Sydney interrupted, very gently, "Hush, my dearl hush, Mariel You have never understood my love if you think it could change or pass away in a few months or vears,"

"And do you love me this minute, now-as you did then?"

"Always-always!"

"But if I should tell you that I had thrown my heart away, unasked, un-sought-oh, so hopelessly, so vainly, and if 1 should say to you, 'Will you take my promise to be your wife-ah. not soon, but some time, when I am a better and happier woman?' - if I should ask you to accept the poor ser vice of my life and let me try to love you-would that atone a little for the pain and trouble of the past?"

"Oh, Marle, you do not mean it?" His grasp tightened on her fingers. "Do you think what you are saying?"

,'Yes, yes, yes!-if you will take my poor half-broken heart-but not yet!" she checked herself, pitcously. could not love you yet-bye-and-bye it all may come right. And, meanwhile, if you wish it, we can be engaged. You must stay near me, Sydney, and be good to me. Oh, help me?-help me to live. You know how hard it ishow impossible it seems that joy or hope can ever come again!"

"You have given joy and hope to me, I know," he said, in a low, happy voice. 'I am willing to wait for love -as long as ever you like; darling, for it is sure to come!"

"But think-oh, Fate is strangelthink; if I had not met you!" Marie leaned more closely on his arm.

"Fate knows what she is about." Sydney answered; smiling down at the earnest, pale face. "Xou were obliged to meet me. Under the circumstances nothing else could have happened."

Fate did know what she was about as she usually does, if minds finite could but compass er infinite plans. A few days later brought to Sydney Worth the unexpected fulfillment of a hope that he had patiently placed a long way off in the future-the full bestowal of Marie Pirot's love.

They were driving through the park in a brilliant October sunset, and Sydney had been talking brightly of various matters of interest, when he threw his head back with a short laugh, and said, in a kind of triumphant tone:

"Well, I was pleased to-day, Marie. You remember that fellow I told you of that had defaulted from our office with a lot of money last week?"

have come to me."

"Oh, do you really think so, Syd-nev," she said, blushing beautifully. 'Then I am glad, too."

The Verry Essence of the World.

"Men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself." Politics, religion and social life, as they generally exist, are all animated with this same orincipal; everybody expects, as is expected, to do the best for himself. Children are educated to look after helr own interests; men go, into business to secure a fortune for themselves; people build a chur, ' or a mission to secure the interests of the denomination to which they belong; nations go to war in order to exalt themselves, or to attain territory, or commercial advantages for themselves. Again, men enter into an argument to prove themselves in the right; they play a game to show their skill; they furnish a house to secure their comfort; they pray to God to case their conscience; and, from first to last, self is the object of all, In a little country town, the squire cannot dine with the merchant, nor the merchant with the shopkeeper. nor the shopkeeper with the dressmaker nor the dressmaker with the servant, nor the servant with the scavenger, because self would be supposed to lose some of

One of the sensible customs that the Anglomaniac is to be credited with introducing is that of turning up the bottoms of the trousers in stormy and muddy weather, which is now becoming conspicuously general, whereas formerly only a few independent pedestrians slightly rolled up the rear side, and thereby spolled the set of the spring. The English style of rolling up the trousers all round, above the border seam does not in the least affect the spring set and keeps the edges clean.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is 'recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

"EDWARD, what do I hear, that you disobeyed your grandmother, who told you just now not to jump down these steps!"

"Grandma didn't tell me not to, papa she only came to the door and said. wouldn't jump down these steps, boys, and I shouldn't think she would-an old lady l.ke her."

On the Seventh Floor.

A well known Parisian portrait painter lived once, before his fame came, in a common lodging house at an altitude of seven stories. Fearing he could not induce the public to come so high, he put up a placard on the basement of the house: "Portraits taken here. Only ten francs. Studio on third floor." On reaching the third floor a placard, "Ten franc<sup>\*</sup> portraits; the studio has been removed to the fifth floor," would greet the eye, After much panting and puffing the picture seeker was greeted with "Ten franc portaits; the studio has, owing to rebuilding of the premises, been tempor arily removed to the seventh floor. The customer did not mind suffering more after he had reached that period of ascent, and the artist got his patron.

Peculiar Eye of a Marksman.

This man Swinney who wants to be a train robber, and 1sn't, has most remarkable eyes. He is a dead shot, if such a thing exists, and you would think so when you first look at him. His eyes, which are very dark and pieroing, affect one unpleasantly; main ly because he has in the iris, and immediately around the pupil a light gray ring that you will not find in the ordinary human eye. In fact I never saw but three men with that ring and they were all dead shots with the rifle or revolver. I have heard and believe that this kind of an eye is always found in good marksmen; but it does not follow by any means that a man without it isn't a good shot. You hear a great deal about men being ambidexterous in the use of the revolver. .1 have met hand, but these stories, you hear about such menas Rands and others being able to fire successfully at two marks one to the extreme right and the other to the extreme left-are in my opinion fairy tales.

If you live according to what nature requires, you will never be poor; if ac-cording to the notions of men, you never will be rich.

Fabled History of the Riddle.

The ancients believed that the monster Sphynx was the inventor of riddles. The one she proposed for solution is this: "What animal is that which goes upon four legs in the morning, upon two at noon and upon three at night?" Many persons strove to explain it, but falled and were torn to pieces by her. At length (Edipus solved it by saying that the animal was a man, who, in infancy, or in the morn-ing of his life, creeps upon his hands and feet and so goes upon all fours; in the noon of his life walks on two feet, and in the night of old age requires a stick and so totters upon three legs.

The Sphynx, enraged at the discov-ery of her riddle, threw herself upon a rock and died.

Such is the fabled history of the first riddle; the true is not known, as riddles are of remote antiquity. But we find from Plutarch that in his days the Greek girls often amused themselves with proposing them for their con:panions to unravel.

-Napoleon at twenty-five commanded the Army of Italy. At thirty he was not only one of the most illustrious generals of all time, but one of the great law-givers of the world. At forty-six he saw Waterloo.

Its contemptible superiority. A Sensible Custom.