The Homestead.

Oh, wanderers from ancestral soil,
Leave noisesome mill and chaffering store,
Gird up your loins for sturdier toil
And build the home once more.

Come back to bayberry scented slopes
And fragrant fern and groundnut vine;
Breathe air blown over hill and copse,
Sweet with black birch and pine.

What matter if the gains are small
That life's essential wants supply?
Your homes each title gives you all
That idle wealth can buy.

All that the many dollared crave,
The brick walled slave of change and mart,
Lawns, trees, fresh air and flowers you have,
More dear for lack of art.

Your own sole masters, freedom willed,
With none to bid you go or stay;
Till the old fields your fathers tilled
As manly men as they.

With skill that spares your toiling hands,
And chemic aid that science brings,
Reclaim the waste and outworn lands,
And reign thereon as kings.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

Instinctively Ernest took off his hat, and as he did so some fragments of his curly hair fell to the ground. There was a neat hole through the felt and a neat groove along his thick hair. His cousin had meant to kill him; and he was a good shot, so good that he thought that he could put a ball through Ernest's head. But he forgot that a heavy American revolver, with forty grains of powder behind the ball, is apt to throw a trifle high.

And then they all stood silent and looked at the body; and the lark that had been frightened by the noise began to sing again.

"This will not do," said Mr. Alston presently. "We had better move the body in there," and he pointed to the deserted hut. "Captain Justice, what do you intend to do?"

"Give myself up to the authorities, I suppose," was the gallant captain's scared answer.

"Very well; then there is no need for you to be in a hurry about that. You must give us time to get clear first."

They lifted the corpse, reverently bore it into the deserted hut and laid it on the floor. Ernest remained standing looking at the red stain where it had been. Presently they came out again and Mr. Alston kicked some sand over the stain and hid it.

"Now," he said, "we had better make an addition to those documents, to say how this came about."

They all went back to the hut and the addition was made, standing there by the body. When it came Ernest's turn to sign he almost wished that his signature was the one missing from the foot of that ghastly postscriptum. Mr. Alston guessed his thoughts.

"The fortune of war," he said coolly.

"Now, Captain Justice, we are going to catch the early boat, and we hope that you will not give yourself up before midday, if you can help it. The inquiry into the affair will not then be held before to-morrow; and by eleven to-morrow morning I hope to have seen the last of England for some years to come."

The captain was a good fellow at bottom and had no wish to see others dragged into trouble.

"I shall certainly give myself up," he said, "but I don't see any reason to hurry myself about it. Poor Hugh, he can well afford to wait," he added with a sigh, glancing down at the figure that lay so still with a coat thrown over the face. "I suppose that they will lock me up for six months—pleasant prospect. But I say, Mr. Kershaw, you had better keep clear; it will be more awkward for you. You see, he was your cousin, and by his death you become, unless I am mistaken, next heir to the title."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Ernest vaguely.

"Come, we must be off," said Mr. Alston, "or we shall be late for the boat," and, bowing to Captain Justice, he left the hut.

Ernest followed his example, and, when he had gone a few yards, glanced round at the hateful spot. There stood Captain Justice in the doorway of the hut, looking much depressed, and there, a few yards to the left, was the impress in the sand that marked where his cousin had fallen. He never saw either the man or the place again.

"Kershaw," said Mr. Alston, "what do you propose doing?"

"I don't know."

"But you must think. Remember, you are in an awkward fix. You know by English law duelling is murder."

"I think I had better give myself up, like Captain Justice."

"Nonsense! You must hide away somewhere for a year or two till the row blows over."

"Where am I to hide?"

"Have you any money, or can you get any?"

"Yes, I have nearly two hundred and fifty pounds on me now,"

"My word, that is fortunate! Well, now, what I have to suggest is, that you should assume a false name and sail for South Africa with me. I am going up-country on a shooting expedition, outside British territory, so there will be little fear of your being caught. Then, in a year or so, when the affair is forgotten, you can come back to England. What do you say to that?"

"I suppose I may as well go there as anywhere else. I shall be a marked man all my life, anyhow. What does it matter where I go."

"Ah, you are down on your luck now; by-and-bye you will cheer up again."

Just then they met a fisherman, who gazed at them, wondering what the two foreign gentlemen were doing out walking at that hour, but, concluding that after the mad fashion of Englishmen they had been to bathe, he passed them with a civil "Bon jour." Ernest colored to the eyes under the scrutiny. He was beginning to feel the dreadful burden of his secret. Presently they reached the steamer and found Mr. Alston's little boy, Roger, who, though he was only nine years of age, was as quick and self-reliant as many English lads of fourteen, waiting for them by the bridge.

"Oh, here you are, father; you have been walking so long that I thought you would miss the boat. I have brought the luggage down all right and this gentleman's, too."

"That's right, my lad. Kershaw, do you go and get the tickets, I want to get rid of this," and he tapped the revolver case that was concealed beneath his coat.

Ernest did so and presently met Mr. Alston on the boat. A few minutes more, and, to his intense relief, she cast off and stood out to sea. There were not very many passengers on board, and those there were too much taken up in making preparations to be sea-sick to take any notice of Ernest. And yet he could not shake himself free from the idea that everybody knew that he had just killed a man. His own self-consciousness was so intense that he saw his guilt reflected on the faces of all he met. He gazed around him in awe, expecting every moment to be greeted as a murderer. Most people who have ever done anything they should not are acquainted with this sensation. Overcome with this idea he took refuge in his berth, nor did he emerge till the boat put in at New Haven. There both he and Mr. Alston bought some rough clothes, and to a great extent succeeded in disguising themselves; and then made their way across-country to Southampton in the same train, but in separate carriages. Reaching Southampton without let or hindrance, they agreed to take passages in the Union Company's R.M.S. "Moor," sailing on the following morning. Mr. Alston obtained a list of the passengers. Fortunately, there was nobody among them whom he knew. For greater security, however, they took steerage passages and booked themselves under assumed names. Ernest took his second Christian name and figured on the passenger list as E. Beyton, while Mr. Alston and his boy assumed the name of James. They took their passages at different times and feigned to be unknown to each other.

At last the vessel sailed and it was with a sigh of relief that Ernest saw his native shores fade from view. As they disappeared, a fellow passenger, valet to a gentleman going to the Cape for his health, politely offered him a paper to read. It was the *Standard* of that day's date. He took it and glanced at the foreign intelligence. The first thing that caught his eye was the following paragraph, headed "A fatal duel:"

"The town of Dieppe has been thrown into a state of consternation by the discovery of the body of an English gentleman, who was this morning shot dead in a duel. Captain Justice, of the —— Hussars, who was the unfortunate gentleman's second, has surrendered himself to the authorities. The other parties, who are at present unknown, have absconded. It is said they have been traced to New Haven, but there all trace of them has been lost. The cause of the duel is unknown, and, in the present state of excitement, it is difficult to obtain authentic information."

By the pilot who left the vessel, Ernest despatched two letters, one to Eva Ceswick and the other—which contained a copy of the memoranda drawn up before and after the duel and attested by Mr. Alston—to his uncle. To both he told the story of his misfortune, fully and fairly, imploring the former not to forget him and to wait for happier times, and asking the forgiveness of the latter for the trouble that he had brought upon himself and all belonging to him. Should they wish to write to him, he gave his address as Ernest Beyton, Post Office, Maritzburg.

The pilot boat hoisted her brown sail with a huge white P upon it and vanished into the night; and Ernest, feeling that he was a ruined man, and with the stain of blood upon his hands, crept to his bunk and wept like a child.

Yesterday he had been loved, prosperous, happy, with a bright career before him. To day he was a nameless outcast, departing into exile, and his young life shadowed by a cloud in which he could see no break.

Well might he weep; it was a hard lesson.

CHAPTER XVII.

MY POOR EVA.

Two days after the pilot boat, flitting away from the vessel's side like some silent-flighted bird, had vanished into the night, Florence Ceswick happened to be walking past the village post office on her way to pay a visit to Dorothy, when it struck her that the afternoon post must be in and that she might as well ask if there were any letters for Dum's Ness. There was no second delivery at Kesterwick and she knew that it was not always convenient to Mr. Cardus to send in. The civil old postmaster gave her a little bundle of letters, remarking at the same time that he thought that there was one for the Cottage.

"Is it for me, Mr. Browne?" asked Florence.

"No, miss; it is for Miss Eva."

"Oh, then, I will leave it. I am going up to Dum's Ness. No doubt Miss Eva will call."

She knew that Eva watched the arrival of the posts very carefully.

When she got outside the office she glanced at the bundle of letters in her hand and noticed, with a start, that one of them, addressed to Mr. Cardus, was in Ernest's handwriting. It bore a Southampton post-mark. What, she wondered, could he be doing at Southampton? He should have been at Dieppe.

She walked on briskly to Dum's Ness and on her arrival found Dorothy sitting working in the sitting-room. After she had greeted her she handed over the letters.

"There is one from Ernest," she said.

"Oh, I am so glad!" answered Dorothy. "Who is it for?"

"For Mr. Cardus. Oh, here he comes."

Mr. Cardus shook hands with her and thanked her for bringing the letters, which he turned over casually, after the fashion of a man accustomed to receive large quantities of correspondence of an uninteresting nature. Presently his manner quickened and he opened Ernest's letter. Florence fixed her keen eyes upon him. He read the letter, she read his face.

Mr. Cardus was accustomed to conceal his emotions, but on this occasion it was clear that they were too strong for him. Astonishment and grief pursued each other across his features as he proceeded. Finally he put the letter down and glanced at an enclosure.

"What is it, Reginald, what is it?" asked Dorothy.

"It is," answered Mr. Cardus solemnly, "that Ernest is a murderer and a fugitive."

Dorothy sank into a chair with a groan and covered her face with her hands. Florence turned ashy pale.

"What do you mean?" she said.

"Read the letter for yourself and see. Stop, read it aloud and the inclosure, too. I may have misunderstood."

Florence did so in a quiet voice. It was wonderful how her power came out in contrast to the intense disturbance of the other two. The old man of the world shook like a leaf, the young girl stood firm as a rock. Yet, in all probability, her interest in Ernest was more intense than his.

When she had finished, Mr. Cardus spoke again.

"You see," he said, "I was right. He is a murderer and an outcast. And I loved the boy. I loved him. Well, let him go."

"Oh, Ernest, Ernest!" sobbed Dorothy.

Florence glanced from one to the other with contempt.

"What are you talking about?" she said at last. "What is there to make all this fuss about? 'Murderer,' indeed! Then our grandfathers were often murderers. What would you have had him do? Would you have had him give up the woman's letter to save himself? Would you have had him put up with this other man's insults about his mother? If he had, I would never have spoken to him again. Stop that groaning, Dorothy. You should be proud of him. He behaved as a gentleman should. If I had the right, I should be proud of him," and her breast heaved and her proud lips curled as she said it.

Mr. Cardus listened attentively, and it was evident that her enthusiasm moved him.

"There is something in what Florence says," he broke in. "I should not have liked the boy to show the white feather. But it is an awful business to kill one's own first cousin, especially when one is next in the entail. Old Kershaw will be furious at losing his only son, and Ernest will never be able to come back to this country while he lives, or he will set the law on him."

"It is dreadful!" said Dorothy, "just as he was beginning life, and going into a profession, and now to have to go and wander in that far-off country under a false name!"

"Oh, yes, it is sad enough," said Mr. Cardus, "but what is done cannot be undone. He is young and will live it down, and if the worst comes to the worst, must make himself a home out there. But it is hard upon me, hard upon me," and he went off to his office muttering "hard upon me."

When Florence started upon her homeward way the afternoon had set in wet and chilly, and the sea was hidden in wreaths of gray mist. Altogether, the scene was depressing. On arrival at the cottage she found Eva standing the picture of melancholy by the window, and staring out at the misty sea.

"Oh, Florence, I am glad that you have come home. I really began to feel inclined to commit suicide"

"Indeed! And may I ask why?"

"I don't know; the rain is so depressing, I suppose."

"It does not depress me?"

"No, nothing ever does. You live in the land of perpetual calm."

"I take exercise and keep my liver in good order. Have you been out this afternoon?"

"No."

"Ah, I thought not. No wonder you feel depressed, staying in-doors all day. Why don't you go for a walk?'

"There is nowhere to go."

"Really, Eva, I don't know what has come to you lately. Why don't you go along the cliffs, or, stop—have you been to the post office? I called for the Dum's Ness letters, and Mr. Brown said that there was one for you."

Eva jumped up with remarkable animation, and passed out of the room with her peculiar light tread. The mention of the word "letter" had sufficed to change the aspect of things considerably.

Florence watched her go with a dark little smile.

"Ah," she said aloud as the door closed, "your feet will soon fall heavily enough."

Presently Eva went out and Florence, having thrown off her cloak, took her sister's place at the window and waited. It was seven minutes' walk to the post office. She would be back in about a quarter of an hour. Watch in hand, Florence waited patiently. Seventeen minutes had elapsed when the garden gate was opened and Eva re-entered, her face quite gray with pain and furtively applying a handkerchief to her eyes. Florence smiled again.

"I thought so," she said.

From all of which it will be seen that Florence was a very remarkable woman. She had scarcely exaggerated when she said that her heart was as deep as the sea. The love that she bore Ernest was the strongest thing in all her strong and vigorous life. When every other characteristic and influence crumbled away and was forgotten, it would still remain overmastering as ever. And when she discovered that her high love, the greatest and best part of her, had been made a plaything of by a thoughtless boy, who kissed the girls on the same principle that a duck takes to water, because it came natural to him, the love in its mortal agonies gave birth to a hate destined to grow great as itself. But, with all a woman's injustice, it was not directed toward the same object. On Ernest, indeed, she would wreak vengeance if she could, but she loved him as dearly as at first. The revenge would be a mere episode in the history of her passion. But to her sister, the innocent woman who she chose to think had robbed her, she gave all that bountiful hate. Herself the more powerful character of the two, she determined upon the utter destruction of the weaker. Strong as Fate and unrelenting as Time, she dedicated her life to that end. Everything, she said, comes to those who can wait. She forgot that the Providence above us can wait the longest of us all. In the end it is Providence that wins.

Eva came in, and Florence heard her make her way up the stairs to her room. Again she spoke to herself:

"The poor fool will weep over him and renounce him. If she had the courage she would follow him and comfort him in his trouble, and so tie him to her forever. Oh, that I had her chance! But the chances always come to fools."

Then she went upstairs and listened outside Eva's door. She was sobbing audibly. Turning the handle, she walked casually in.

"Well, Eva, did you— Why, my dear girl, what is the matter with you?"

Eva, who was lying sobbing on her bed, turned her head to the wall and went on sobbing.

"What is the matter, Eva? If you only knew how absurd you look!"

"No-no-thing."

"Nonsense! People do not make such scenes as this for nothing."

No answer.

"Come, my dear, as your affectionate sister, I really must ask what has happened to you."

The tone was commanding, and half unconsciously Eva obeyed it.

"Ernest!' she ejaculated.

"Well, what about Ernest? He is nothing to you, is he?"

"No—that is, yes. Oh, it is so dreadful! It was the letter!" and she touched a sheet of closely-written paper that lay on the bed beside her.

"Well, as you do not seem to be in a condition to explain yourself, perhaps you had better let me read the letter."

"Oh, no!"

"Nonsense, give it me! Perhaps I may be able to help you," and she took the paper from her unresisting grasp, and, turning her face from the light, read it deliberately through.

It was very passionate in its terms, and rather incoherent; such a letter, in short, as a lad almost wild with love and grief would write under the circumstances.

"So," said Florence as she coolly folded it up, "it appears that you are engaged to him."

No answer, unless sobs can be said to constitute one.

"And it seems that you are engaged to a man who has just committed a frightful murder and run away from the consequences."

Eva sat up on the bed.

"It was not a murder. It was a duel."

"Precisely, a duel about another woman; but the law calls it murder. If he is caught, he will be hanged."

"Oh, Florence, how can you say such dreadful things?"

"I only say what is true. Poor Eva, I do not wonder that you are distressed."

"It is all so dreadful!"

"You love him, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, dearly."

"Then you must get over it. You must never think of him any more."

"Never think of him! I shall think of him all my life."

"That is as it may be. You must never have anything more to do with him. He has blood upon his hands—blood shed for some bad woman."

"I cannot desert him, Florence, because he has got into trouble."

"Over another woman."

A peculiar expression of pain passed over Eva's face.

"How cruel you are, Florence! He is only a boy, and boys will go wrong sometimes. Anybody can make a fool of a boy."

"And it seems that boys can make fools of some people who should know better."

"Oh, Florence, what is to be done? You have such a clear head; tell me what I must do. I cannot give him up, I cannot, indeed."

Florence seated herself on the bed beside her sister and put an arm around her neck and kissed her. Eva was much touched at her kindness.

"My poor Eva," she said. "I am so sorry for you! But tell me, when did you get engaged to him—that evening you went out sailing together?"

"Yes."

"He kissed you, I suppose, and all that?'

"Yes. Oh, I was so happy."

"My poor Eva!"

"I tell you I cannot give him up."

"Well, perhaps there will be no need for you to do so. But you must not answer that letter."

"Why not?'

"Because it will not do. Look at it which way you will, Ernest has just killed his own cousin in a quarrel about another woman. It is necessary that you should mark your disapproval of that in some way or other. Do not answer his letter. If in time he can wash himself clear of the reproach and remains faithful to you, then it will be soon enough to show that you still care for him."

"But if I leave him like that, he will fall into the hands of other women, though he loves me all the time. I know him well. His is not a nature that can stand alone."

"Well, let him."

"But, Florence, you forget I love him, too. I cannot bear to think of it. Oh, I love him, I love him!" and she dropped her head upon her sister's shoulder and began to sob again.

"My dear, it is just because you do love him so that you should prove him; and besides, my dear, you have your own self-respect to think of. Be guided by me, Eva. Do not answer that letter. I am sure that you will regret it if you do. Let matters stand for a few months, then we can arrange a plan of action. Above all, do not let your engagement transpire to anybody There will be a dreadful scandal about this business and it will be unpleasant for you, and, indeed, for us all, to have our name mixed up in the matter. Hark! There is aunt coming in. I will go and talk to her. You can stop here and recover yourself a little. You will follow my advice, will you not, dearest?'

"I suppose so," answered Eva with a heavy sigh, as she buried her face in the pillow.

Then Florence left her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LOCUM TENENS.

And so it came to pass that Ernest's letter remained unanswered. But Mr. Cardus, Dorothy and Jeremy all wrote. Mr. Cardus' letter was very kind and considerate. It expressed his deep grief at what had happened, and told him of the excitement that the duel had caused and of the threatening letters which he had received from Sir Hugh Kershaw, who was half-wild with grief and fury at the loss of his son. Finally, it commended his wisdom in putting the seas between himself and the avengers of blood, and told him that he should not want for money, as his drafts would be honored to the extent of a thousand a year, should he require so much—Mr. Cardus was very open-handed where Ernest was concerned—also, if he required any particular sum of money for any purpose, such as to buy land or start a business, he was to let him know.

Dorothy's letter was like herself, sweet and gentle, and overflowing with womanly sympathy. She bade him not to be downhearted, but to hope for a time when all this dreadful business would be forgotten and he would be able to return in peace to England. She bade him also, shyly enough, to remember that there was only one Power that could really wash away the stain of blood upon his hands. Every month, she said, she would write him a letter, whether he answered it or not. This promise she faithfully kept.

Jeremy's letter was characteristic. It is worth transcribing.

MY DEAR OLD FELLOW.—Your news has knocked us all into the middle of next week. To think of your fighting a duel and my not being there to hold the sponge! And I will tell you what it is, old chap, some of these people round here, like old De Talor, call it murder but that is gammon, and don't you trouble your head about it. It was he who got up the row, not you, and he tried to shoot you into the bargain. I am awfully glad that you kept your nerve and plugged him; it would have been better if you could have nailed him through the right shoulder, which would not have killed him; but at the best of times you were never good enough with a pistol for that. Don't you remember when we used to shoot with the old pistols at the man I cut out on the cliff, you were always just as likely to hit him on the head or in the stomach as through the heart? It is a sad pity that you did not practice a little more, but it is no use crying over spilt milk—and, after all, the shot seems to have been a very creditable one. So you are going on a shooting expedition up in Secocoeni's country. That is what I call glorious. To think of a rhinoceros makes my mouth water; I would give one of my fingers to shoot one. Life here is simply wretched now that you have gone—Mr. Cardus as glum as Tithebury Abbey on a cloudy day and Doll always looking as though she had been crying, or were going to cry. Old Grandfather Atterleigh is quite lively compared to those two. As for the office, I hate it, everlastingly copying deeds, which I don't in the slightest understand, and adding up figures in which I make mistakes Your respected uncle told me the other day, in his politest way, that he considered I sailed as near being a complete fool as any man he ever knew. I answered that I quite agreed with him.

I met that young fellow Smithers the other day, the one who gave Eva Ceswick that little brute of a dog. He said something disagreeable about wondering if they would hang you. I told him that I didn't know if they would or not, but unless he dropped his infernal sneer I was very sure that I would break his neck. He concluded to move on. By-the-way, I met Eva Ceswick herself yesterday. She looked pale and asked if we had heard anything of you. She said that she had got a letter from you. Florence came up here and spoke up well for you. She said that she was proud of you, or would be if she had a right to. I never liked her before, but now I think that she is a brick. Good-bye, old chap; I never wrote such a long letter before. You don't know how I miss you. Life doesn't seem worth having. Yesterday was the first; I went out and killed twenty brace to my own gun—fired forty-six cartridges Not bad, eh? And yet, somehow, I didn't seem to care a twopenny curse about the whole thing, though if you had been there you would have duffed them awfully. I feel sure you would have set my teeth on edge with letting them off—the birds, I mean. Mind you write to me often. Good-bye, old fellow. God bless you! Your affectionate friend,

JEREMY JONES.

P.S.—In shooting big game, a fellow told me that the top of the flank raking forward is a deadly shot, as it either breaks the back or passes through the kidneys to the lungs or heart. I should have thought that the shot was very apt to waste itself in the flesh of the flank. Please try it and take notes of the results.

(To be Continued.)

Popular Science and Art.

Forty-two new chemical elements have been discovered during the past ten years.

Recent experiments have demonstrated that the greatest height ever reached by sea waves is from thirty-eight to forty feet. The average storm at sea raises waves to the height of thirty feet.

A car called the "spotter" now goes over the New York Central Road at given periods. It is provided with a tank of colored fluid, and when the wheels roll over a rough place in the track the fluid is spilled on the spot. It is so arranged that the Track Superintendent can, while seated on the inside of the car, view the track and thus detect any flaws that may exist.

Russian geographers report that numerous lakes in Siberia, chiefly in the Tobolsk and Tomsk Provinces, are rapidly drying up, and that villages now stand on spots covered by extensive sheets of water 100 years ago. Lake Tchebakly has shown the most remarkable change, its area being 250 square miles a century ago, while it now consists of three small ponds, the largest covering not more than five or six square miles.

Ivan Levinstein has exhibited to the London Society of Chemical Industry a sweetening agent he calls "saccharine." It is a fine white powder to the naked eye, but the crystals from an aqueous solution were short, thick prisms. It is 230 times sweeter than the best cane sugar, nullifying even the bitterness of quinine. Mr. Levinstein said it was extracted from gas tar. The laboratory price was about $12 10 a pound, and bids fair to be very useful in *materia medica*.

At the mechanical exhibition at the Palace de l'Industrie in Paris there is shown a machine for registering votes, which will, it is said, be shortly installed in the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. Its object is to obviate mistakes, the loss of time and the necessity of members leaving their desks to record their votes. The machine is worked by electricity, and the vote of the whole house can by it be made known in less than five minutes. It is the invention of M. Debayeux. The machinery is somewhat complicated, but is said to work with great facility.

Talks of the Times.

Miss Mabel—Mamma, everybody is laughing at me because I am 16 and still wearing short dresses. It mortifies me terribly.

Mamma—My dear, you must wait till your sister Belle is married. I can't allow her chances to be spoiled.

Mabel—Well, Charley Doolittle is so attentive to her that you might at least let me have an extra flounce around my skirts.

When 3 years old Willie used to prefer playing with a lead pencil to any other toy. When the end would become blunt, he would come to his father and say:

"Please, papa, 'peel de bark' for Willie."

Where His Jaw Was.

A judge and barrister, being upon indifferent terms, a client of the barrister making his appearance at the bar with his face and jaw terribly swelled, the judge remarked: Mr. ——, this client of yours would make an excellent barrister—he's all jaw," which, of course, set the court in a roar of laughter. On silence being obtained, the barrister remarked:

"My Lord, I think he would make a better judge, for his jaw is all on one side."

What the Poor Cow Lost

A gentleman was traveling along a road with his little five-year-old boy, when he saw a cow bellowing over her dead calf.

"Poor thing!" said the gentleman, "she has lost her offspring."

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" exclaimed the little boy on his return home, "me and pa seed a cow that had lost her mainspring, didn't we, pa!"—*Newman Independent.*

Natural gas accumulating in the stove in a Pittsburg public school exploded the other day without hurting any one, but the children all gained a half holiday.