THE SHEPHERD OF THE SALT LAKE.

A Story in Three Chapters.

CHAPTER II.

The mulga ridges round the Salt Lake—before so silent—resounded with the ring of the axe, the thud of the mawl, the metallic clink of hammered wedges, and the dull grating of the crosscut saw. Fallen trees marked the line of fencing; then the square post-holes, dug out at regular intervals, showed a further stage of progress; and then the short posts themselves sprang into existence in a long, straight line, which every day was added to and lengthened.

During two months of hot summer weather the work was carried on bravely, and Scotty's solitude was shared by the fencers and the mother and child. The long summer days, odorous with the breath of the hops and wattle blossom, fled by; the mulga ridges lost their green, and assumed a sober brown hue more in harmony with a dark red soil; the dark-hued mulga trees dropped listlessly before the remorseless heat; the giant box tree exuded a dark crimson gum that hung in semi-transparent drops like clots of thickened blood; and still the white tent of the fencers and the hut of the shepherd stood near together by the edge of the Salt Lake.

And the long days had not fled by without bringing other changes in their train. To the lonely life of poor old Scotty they brought a fresh interest—a new experience. He learned to love the little being who had come and awakened him by her childish presence and her young grief from his long lethargy. He came to love the sound of her voice, the sight of her thin figure, the touch of her hand. And, strange to say, the little girl returned his liking. She was never tired of wandering with him behind the straggling rock, talking in a quaint way to the quiet sheep, who grew to know her. Oftentimes she would pass the day with her father and Larry at their work; but she did not like the noise of the chopping and hammering. It made her head ache, and she was always glad to get away from it. She liked watching her father dig the square post holes, and passed many an hour counting the mulga posts and taking long glances over their tops to see if they were quite in a straight line. She liked being with her mother, too, when she did not make her do lessons, and when she was not ill. But it was always one thing or the other

When her mother was well enough she would invariably set her to spelling and reading; and then, when she was ill and lying in bed, it was so dull in the tent little Lizzie was always glad to get out into the fresh odorous air. Yes, she liked best of all to accompany old Scotty in his slow wanderings with his flock, resting with him in the shade, talking to the sheep, listening to his rambling stories, which she would hardly understand, but which exercised a strange fascination over her, for they were all of the old convict days. That was what she liked best, for they were days full of novel experiences for her. At first, aroused by the new element that had entered into his life, the old shepherd had thrown off in some measure the apathy and supineness that characterized him. In his companionship with the little girl he became more animated than he had been for years. He tried to amuse her to the best of his powers. He puzzled his failing memory for recollections of past experiences to tell her; he got her bush flowers and pretty heaths; dug up edible roots for her; took her to where quandong and chucky-chuckles grew, and helped her to fill her apron with the priceless fruits. He had acquired, during former years of his lonely life, something more than an ordinary skill in carving with his clasp knife, and this he returned to, after many years of disuse, cutting out for her all manner of curious toys and knick-knacks. He even deftly carved the quandongs ones and made a necklace of them for her—a task of the utmost delicacy, that took him almost a month to accomplish. It was no wonder little Lizzie liked being with Scotty and his sheep. Nobody was so kind to her as the old shepherd; nobody knew how to amuse her so well.

And so the days fled, and the golden wattle and the hop blossoms began to fall, breaking out a sweeter fragrance in dying; and the peppermint trees, and the resinous pines, and the bleaching gum leaves, loaded the summer air with a pungent redolence. The spicy air of the mulga ridges had brought something like a flush of health to little Lizzie's pale cheeks dnring those two months; the evening breezes, sweeping across the Salt Lake, and laden with its saline emanations, had not carried a blight with them, but had strengthened the weakly child and benefited her.

"I'm not frightened of the Salt Lake now," she said one day to old Scotty, when both were reposing under a clump of emu-bush near its edge, idly watching the camping sheep. "I don't think there's a blight on it now. Perhaps it's gone away."

"No, no," he answered, shaking his head. "It's here, sure enough."

"But mother says it's making me strong."

"Aye; it did me good at first, too. But it got hold of me and broke me down afterward."

The child looked curiously at him.

"Mother said I wasn't to believe it all," she said, after a pause. "She says its wicked to talk like that."

"May be," he answered, shaking his head a second time. "I don't know. But there's a curse on it for all that."

He gave way to the child in everything, but on that one point nothing could make him speak differently.

"I'm not frightened of it then, see," exclaimed little Lizzie. And, rising from her shady seat under the emu-bush, she ran down toward the lake.

"No, no, don't go there," he cried.

But the child shook her head merrily, and, followed by the old shepherd's dog barking joyously, walked out on to the flat expanse. A little cloud of acrid dust rose at every footstep, and she sank up to her ankles in the light, pervious soil. As she walked out further she went still deeper, and even the dog, bounding ahead of her, light weight as he was, sank up to its knees in the yielding mould.

"There, you see," she said, returning breathless with the exertion, "I'm not frightened of it a bit."

"You shouldn't have done it," answered Scotty, shaking his head in a troubled way. "It won't lead to any good. You shouldn't have done it."

Toward sundown the two companions made their way back to the camp at the tail of the slowly-moving flock. The sun going down at the far end of the Salt Lake cast a blinding glare over the treeless waste. The salty incrustations the spread in dirty white patches over its surface flashed crimson, as though the earth were stained with blood; the glaucous pigweed and the darker ti-tree bushes took a strange unnatural brilliancy; even the discolored limestone rocks at the edge became sublimated by the crimson glamor. Slowly the bleating flock made its way homeward over the mulga ridges, the man and the child following with the dog at their heels. The glowing sunshine transfused the long avenues of the bush with a soft radiance; the birds and insects, rousing themselves after the heat of the day, filled the air with sound; the spicy odors distilled by the heat from tree and flower made the air languorous and heavy; from the dried herbage, crushed by the feet of the moving sheep, arose a fainter perfume.

"Oh!" sighed the child, half unconsciously, as the white gleam of the tent was seen in the distance, "what a long, long, beautiful day! The sun's nearly down How beautiful it all is! Oh, I wish it could go on like this for ever and ever!"

That same evening, as old Scotty sat alone at his solitary hearth, the two fencers entered the hut.

"We've just been putting little Liz to bed," said Duke. "She was that tired, happy-like, she could hardly hold her head up."

"She do enjoy herself all day long," said his mate. "It's wonderful what she finds to amuse her. She was singin' away like a young chirrup, almost until she went off."

"Yes?" said Scotty, eagerly. "She's asleep, is she?"

"Sound as a bell."

"Ah, that's it, that's it," he murmured. "She'll be awake and bright to-morrow."

"See here, Scotty," said Duke, thoughtfully, "Larry and me have come because we've something to tell you. We're goin' away."

"What? Going away?" he cried, letting his pipe fall to the ground in his sudden dismay. "No, no; you're not going to take the child. You won't take her from me."

"We must go. Leastways I must, and it's no good Larry stopping alone. My missus has been ailin' a good bit since we came here, and she's close on her confinement. I won't risk it without a doctor this time. If she'd been all right she'd have got through it well enough, but she ain't. I'm going to take her in the dray to Gidanga, where she can be attended to. It wouldn't be any good Larry stopping alone—he couldn't do much, so he's coming along."

"But the child!"

"Well, it's this way," said Duke thoughtfully. "It'll be a rough journey to the township, It must be nigh on 80 miles, and there ain't a track till we get in the river road, you know. She's a delikite little thing is Liz, and I don't much like the idea of her havin' to rough it. We mean coming back, of course, and finishing the contract; so seein' as you've grown so fond of her, and she having a liking for you, I thought, if you wanted her, as you might take care of her till we come back. But the misses don't like to part with her, and so we're in a bit of a taking about it."

"Leave her with me," exclaimed Scotty, eagerly. "I'll take-care of her. She shan't want for nothing."

"That's what I said," interjected Larry. "These mulga ridges is very healthy, and they're doing Liz a tremenjis lot of good. There's no use draggin' her to the township. It's a bad place for children, and the journey'd knock her up. We'd be back in a month or six weeks most like, and so, if Liz is willing to stop, I ses 'Let her.'"

"Don't take her away. For heaven's sake don't take her away," cried Scotty.

"Well, I'm for leaving her," answered Duke, "though the missus isn't. We've been talking over it, and we made up our minds—if you were willing to take charge of the child—to leave it to little Liz herself. If she wants to stop she can. If she wants to come with us, well, then, we'll take her along."

"No, no; she must not go. I'll take care of her. No harm shall come to her. I'll look after her morning and night. See here, I'll give you this if you leave her with me," he cried, fumbling amid the blankets on the bunk. "It's all I have. But here; you shall have it all if you'll leave her."

"Put up your cheque, man," returned Duke, with good nature. "I dont want it. If the child likes, she shall stop with you. I'll leave you plenty of rations for her, and you can look after our camp for us, for we'll leave the tent standing and the tools."

"Yes, yes. Only leave the child with me, and I will do anything you want."

The old shepherd passed a sleepless night. The fear of losing the child worked upon his feeble mind to such an extent that during the whole of that warm summer night he walked restlessly to and fro in the hut in a fever of hope and fear. With the earliest streak of dawn he was out, waiting impatiently outside the tent of the fencers. An hour later Duke emerged from it.

"You're early," he said.

"The child!" exclaimed Scotty feverishly.

"Well, I've been talking it over agen with the missus, and she agrees to leavin' Liz here if she wants to stop. So we'll just ask her."

The girl, bright and rosy from her long sleep, emerged from the tent at that moment.

"Come here, little Liz," said the father gravely, "I want to ask you something. Mother and me's going away for a time—going a long way all through the bush. Mother's ill, you know; and I'm going to take her to the doctor's. But we're coming back again soon. Would you like to go with us, or stay here along with Scotty and the sheep?"

Lizzie's glance wandered from her father's face to the old shepherd. He stood feverishly, tremblingly expectant of the coming answer, with such a look of entreaty in his eyes that her gaze was for the moment arrested. He seemed about to speak, but no sound came from him, only his lips moved convulsively. The child's glance wandered from the shepherd's face to the golden wattle gleaming in the early sunlight, and the hops on their pendent branches waving a mute greeting. The sheep camped in one corner of the bush yards attracted her attention for a moment, but her gaze wandered away to the park-like avenues of graceful mulga trees, to the bright green clumps of emu and apple bush, to the dark green of the pines and tall peppermint trees, and to the red mulga ridges. At last her wandering glance rested on the Salt Lake—silent, lifeless, gleaming white and burnished. She gazed at it for a moment in silence, and then she said with strange quietness:

"I'd sooner stay by the Salt Lake, father."

The next day the fencers took their departure, leaving little Lizzie under Scotty's care. Early in the morning the two horses were harnessed to the dray, one in the lead, one between the shafts. Mother and father embraced their daughter for the last time; then Larry cracked his long whip lustily, the harness strained, the heavy wheels creaked slowly round, and Scotty and his little charge were left to the solitude of the Salt Lake.

"Oh, mother! mother!" sobbed Lizzie, as the dray moved off, burying her face in her hands. "I wish I'd gone too."

"No, no," said Scotty, holding her hand tight in his, "you will stop with me and the sheep. We shall be so happy together. And they'll be back soon—very soon." But under his beard he muttered to himself: "She couldn't go. No, no; the Salt Lake has got her the same as me. She can't get away from it."

(To be continued.)

Bits About Names.

Anglo-Saxons appear to have first given surnames indicating some moral or mental attributes, as, for instance, Wise, Good, Swift, Jolly, Merry, Meek, Gay, Goodman, Makepeace, etc. Then we have names indicating real or fancied resemblance to some animal, such as Bear, Lion, Wolf, Hogg, Hart and Hare. From physical characteristics or peculiarities must have originated such names as Long, Short, Black, Brown, White, Whitehead, Cruikshank, Strong, Armstrong, Longfellow and Greathead. A nickname kept in a family for a generation or two becomes a patronymic. Hence such names as Hopper, Jumper, Springer, Daddysman, Poor, and Rich.

The Mc and O of the Irish and the Mac of the Scotch indicate descent. There is another way in which the same thing is shown: Adam's son becomes Adamson, David's son Davidson; Thompson, Wilson, Williamson, Donaldson, Anderson, and many other names are similarly derived. Localities or places of residence usually gave rise to such names as Hill, Dale, Wood, Green, Greenwood, Heath, Rivers, Waters and Parks. Such names as Welsh, French, Irish, Ireland, English and Scott may perhaps be traced back to the nationality of some remote ancestor.

Some of the Pennsylvania Dutch names which have been partly transformed into English are queer enough. In Armstrong county, Pennsylvania, there are several families by the name of Schreckengeist, which signifies in German a ghost or spectre of terrible appearance. One would think the name could be made no worse, but some of the people have succeeded in transforming it into Shriekingghost. Milliron, Morningstar, Redheffer and Barndollar are other German names which have been partly translated.

The inns of old England are probably responsible for many names. For instance: John of the Rose became John Rose; Thomas of the Bell, Tom Bell; Richard of the Hawk, Richard Hawk; Henry of the "Greathouse" became Henry Greathouse, and so on, until there is scarcely a bird, animal or other device that ever figured on a signboard that is not perpetuated as a family name.

There are, perhaps, as many queer names among the English as among any people on earth. Dickens' stories abound in them, yet very few of his names were manufactured. Such names as Slaughter, Startup, Gotobed, Deadman, Churchyard, Dogberry and Fudge are found in English dictionaries.

The Romans had double, triple, or even quadruple names, as, for example, Caius Julius Cæsar, Tarquinius Superbus, and Quintus Fabius Maximus. Frequently an honorary name was added to commemorate some warlike achievement; Fabius was called Cunctator, and Scipio Africanus.

Sometimes the very queerest of names get coupled together as the title of a firm. Here are a few specemens: Hook & Ketch, Cobb & Hay, Peacock & Sparrow, Fox & Crane, Singer & Hooter, Drake & Gander, Fisher & Fowler, Goslin & Pond, Wild & Free.

Dunseith Turns Up.

A man named S. J. Dunseith, who was lately said to have been drowned off a ferry boat at Detroit, and whose beneficiaries sued the A.O.U.W. and the Ontario Mutual Life for insurance money, has been found alive and in a good state of preservation not far from that city. It is needless to say that the authorities will take measures for his further preservation so that he cannot repeat the experiment.

A bald-headed Italian and a red-headed negro were among the curiosities in an Albany police court a few days ago.

The Indianapolis grand jury has returned indictments against thirteen politicians and election officers for irregularities in connection with the counting of the vote last fall. Eleven of the parties indicted are Democrats and two are Republicans.

Capt. L. W. Cole yesterday took a party of friends for a sail on Traverse Bay, Mich. The yacht was struck by a squall and capsized. D. G. Stark, Geo. Wise, Capt. Cole, Fred. Cole and Marion Trip, of Harbor Springs, were drowned. Three others were saved.

In Chesterfield county, Virginia, recently a colored candidate for office was defeated because he wore a white shirt. It was the only immaculate rag of that kind in the district, but it was too much for his fellow-citizens, and they "scratched" him.

James Manning, a middle-aged man, was killed by the accommodation train on the Grand Trunk Railway, five miles west of Chatham yesterday forenoon. He was walking on the track and failed to hear the whistle. Papers found on the body show that he belonged to Detroit.

The Queen of Denmark is visiting her daughter, the Duchess of Cumberland, at the asylum at Dobling. The Duchess pregnancy delays her restoration to sanity.

A VISIT TO GLENBEIGH.

Touching Scenes of Poverty in the Kerry County Evictions.

Edward Heritage writes to the London *Daily News*: The concert given at Victoria Hall, Waterloo road, on March 7th last, proved a success. We cleared £25 6d. therefrom, together with £10 collected, making a total of £35, which, by the authority of the committee, I took over to Glenbeigh. I visited the four villages and the schools, Glenbeigh, Coomasherni, Runalagane, Keelnabrack and others whose names I do not mention. In those four places the people were in a far worse condition than I was prepared to expect. In Glenbeigh I found some of those houses which were burned were still in the same condition; but the house from which that poor woman who was in a dying condition was brought has been repaired, as well as some others which were only leveled, but they were in hourly expectation of a visit from the bailiff. They have till latterly adopted the plan of blowing a horn, and warn the people to come out of their houses before the authorities arrive; the practical result has been no trespass. But the landlord has altered his tactics. He comes at night when he can't be seen approaching. They then retake possession, turn the family out and march the tenant off to jail, and he is in due course sentenced to six months' hard labor. The tenants tell me that owing to rack rent and the poorness of the soil they are at present unable to do anything. There is but one horse in Glenbeigh, no plough, nor could they use one, as the stones are as thick in some parts of the land as cabbages. I walked a distance of ten miles, from Killorglin to Rossbeigh, and I saw thousands of acres of land were covered with stones varying from fifty pounds to several tons. Now, as to the houses. It is a shame to use such a term about one in thirty that has no more than one compartment. They are about twelve feet by ten feet. Earth unlevel floor, no windows; for the most part a hole in the wall, about fifteen inches square, to be stopped up with a square piece of wood at night. In one of these I saw twenty people, who had to pig in; besides that there were two donkeys. In another place the ground would L-shape about 32 to 36 feet superficial. No light except by the door. That had to suffice for a window, a baby a few months old, another 2½ years, and an old man, the grandfather, about 80 years. The woman was almost naked, and looked bewildered. I ordered two petticoats and a shawl to be given her, out of about one hundred-weight which I took over out of my own pocket. Next I went along the road, and went to examine what I thought was an evicted house, when a voice came from a hut like some you see on the railway with earth roof. There was a sick man there; no window, no fireplace; smoke had to come out at door. The poor fellow had been there four years. At Runalagane there are a few cockles, and when they are fortunate they may get as many as will bring 6d. in a day, and they have to boil, prepare and take them to Killorglin, ten miles, or Killarney, twenty-one miles. Father Quilter addressed two young girls who stood away from us. They could not approach us as they had not enough to entirely cover their nakedness. Many instances in the case of grown men, as well as women, in fact, I could give them by the score, but I fear I shall trespass too far. Kerry is, unfortunately, not the only county where dire distress exists, but at present that is all I have to deal with.

There were 29 cases of smallpox reported in New York city last week.

A PARADOX.

The bachelor's lot is lonely and sad,
Poor man!
He hasn't a wife to make his heart glad,
He doesn't know how he'd be blest if he had;
Nor can
He conceive what it is he has lost;
He thinks he has only escaped "being bossed"—
Poor man!

Oh, the bachelor's heart is sorry and sore,
Indeed!
He knows he can never know joy any more,
And he looks upon life as a terrible bore,
Agreed
With the croaker that life doesn't pay,
And to all thoughtless lovers impatient to say—
"Take heed!"

Yes, the bachelor's lot is a desolate one,
And yet
There are girls who think it would really be fun
To share it with him, after all's said and done;
Forget
All his miseries many, and pleasures so few;
I know lots of girls who would do it—don't you?
You bet!

Yesterday afternoon a party of eight people started out from Port Richmond in a row boat for a ride on the Delaware river. On the return trip, when near Market street wharf, the boat capsized. The names of those drowned are: Kate Murphy, aged 21, the wife of Timothy Murphy; Jerry Murphy, aged 19, and Thomas Murphy, aged 16; Dennis Clemens, aged 25, and Maggie Haney. The other three, including Timothy Murphy, were saved by a tug. All were said to have been somewhat under the influence of liquor.

While standing on the platform of a crowded Chicago street car, Daniel Mackey, a teamster, was fatally shot yesterday afternoon by the conductor of the car, James English, a cripple. Mackey's brother was recently discharged by the Street Car Company for calling English a scab. Yesterday afternoon, in retaliation, English was assaulted by Mackey and knocked off the car. English pulled a revolver and fired at Mackey, who was in the midst of a group of passengers on the moving car. A wild scamper to vacate the conveyance ensued in which Mackey, though having received a bullet in the abdomen, endeavored to join. As he ran English again snapped the trigger, and Mackey dropped dead, shot through the back. English surrendered himself.

A peculiar storm occurred at Bedford, Pa., one day last week. For fifteen minutes, hail, rain and grasshoppers fell together, and in such quantities that the earth was covered for nearly a mile square.

Mary Stewart, a negro woman of Taliaferro county, Ga., has invented a car coupler that is said to be simple and about perfect. She says that the idea came to her like a dream and she made a model, according to her vision, out of old "oyster cups." Mrs. Stewart was the first slave born to Alexander H. Stevens.

A violin said to be 236 years old is owned by Louis Dutrow, of Franklin county, Pennsylvania.

Latest Fashion Notes.

The newest summer gloves are in dark shades of bronze green stitched with pale green, and old pink stitched with white.

Courent cloth has a crape-like weave, and can be used by ladies in and out of mourning; while armure effects are seen in the silk warp feather-cloth, which is very light, but not quite so delicate as the gypsy cloth.

Basques are cut very much longer upon the hips than formerly, and Parisian bodies have an extremely long, sharp point in front, and the edges are finished with a double cord. When they are made in this way they hook, instead of buttoning up the front, as the point is too sharp to admit of button-holes.

Caps are little used by old ladies who have abundant hair, but for morning there are little round crown-caps of mull, with Oriental lace in two scantily-gathered bows lying flat on the head. For dress caps, point d'Alencon is made up with fine net and narrow moire ribbon loops of white, pale blue, mauve or Pompelian red.

Striped and colored lingeries are fashionable again; some of the waistcoats of the basques are cut in a U like the waistcoats of men, and show pleated linen bosoms in which are set tiny pearl studs. Cuffs are worn with all street dresses, and fastened by a single button, as the sleeves are too narrow to admit of buttoning the cuffs with linked studs.

Pretty and inexpensive wedding dresses are of white crepe de chine. These are ivory white and made up over satin, trimmed with fringes of orange blossoms and many bows and loops of wide ivory satin ribbon. These lend themselves readily to the multitudinous draperies so fashionable and have a soft, clinging effect. The scintillating white of the crepe with the dull white of the satin is very much admired.

A useful waist of velvet, to wear with different skirts. A pretty one was shown by a French modiste of dull olive-green velvet, with puffed sleeves and fichu of pale-blue crape. The waist was open at the throat and the fichu crossed over the bust. Below the left breast was set on a pale blue moire ribbon five inches wide, that crossed over diagonally and fastened on the waist at the right, giving a picturesque short-waisted effect.

Gray hair is usually dressed with a good deal of elaborateness. The three puffs on the side are still much liked for slender faces, and for women who have pretty heads and the hair still abundant it is parted, waved from the forehead and wound in a braided coil on the back of the head, not too far down on the nape of the neck. The French twist and four loops on top of the head, held in place by small shell tucking combs, is extremely becoming to some.

A Woman's Sweet Will.

She is prematurely deprived of her charms of face and form, and made unattractive by the wasting effects of ailments and irregularities peculiar to her sex. To check this drain upon, not only her strength and health, but upon her aimable qualities as well, is her first duty. This is safely and speedily accomplished by a course of self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a nervine and tonic of wonderful efficacy, and prepared especially for the alleviation of those suffering from "dragging-down" pains, sensations of nausea, and weakness incident to women—a boon to her sex. Druggists.

Love's Labor Lost.

He had taken her to hear Patti at $7 a seat, and afterwards to Delmonico's, where the two together ate up $9.75 worth. As he reached for his hat later that same night she said:

"I am sorry, Mr. Sampson, if my refusal will cause you pain. I esteem you highly as an escort, and in that capacity I will always be a sister to you, but your wife I cannot be. You are too extravagant."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Popular Science.

Susie—Oh! Mamma, I'll never disobey you again.

Mamma—Why, Susie, what have you done?

Susie—Well, I drank my milk at lunch and then I ate—a pickle; and the milk said to the pickle, "Get out;" and the pickle said, "I won't;" and they are having an awful time!

Always Rewarded.

When any one is missing in Chicago the authorities go fishing in the river. They don't always find the man they are after, but they are sure to recover a body of some kind.—*Peoria (Ill.) Transcript.*

THE STEPMOTHER.

First she came into our house,
Tommy run and hid,
An' Emily an' Bob an' me
We cried jus' like we did
When Mother died—an' WE all said
'At we all wish't at we was dead!

An' Nurse she couldn't stop us,
An' Pa he tried an' tried;
We sobbed an' shook, and wouldn't look,
But only cried an' cried!
An' nen Someone—we couldn't jus'
Guess who—was cryin' same as us!

Our Stepmother! Yes, it was her,
Her arms around us all—
For Tom slid down the banisters
An' peeked in from the hall!
An' we all love her, too, because
She's purt nigh good as Mother was!

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

—Winnipeg City Council is seeking legislation to enable it to elect the Mayor, instead of by the popular vote.

—Magistrate to a witness—"What is your profession?" "A lawyer." "Well, try to forget it while you are giving your testimony."

The heaviest locomotive in the world weighs 160,000 pounds, and is on the Canadian Pacific. The next heaviest is the Southern Pacific's, 154,000 pounds; the third weighs 145,000 pounds, and is on the Northern Pacific; and Brazil owns the fourth, weighing 144,000 pounds.

An 8-year-old boy, while flying a kite near Maidstone, England, a few days ago, stepped backward into a quarry forty feet deep, and the passers-by expected to see him dashed to death. But the string of the kite was around his waist at the time, and the kite, acting as a parachute, so broke the violence of his descent that he was only slightly bruised.