YOUNG FOLKS.

Baby's First Prayer.

Little fat fingers crossed meekly,
Mimicking patient mamma;
Gessie looks up to her Father;
Charmingly lisping "Tah, tah."

This is the whole of her worship;
Yet He who promised to bear
Wee little lambs on his bosom
Listens to baby's first prayer.

Sweet little picture of heaven!
Well did the Good Master say,
"They must be like little children
Who would my Father obey."

Baby knows nothing of doubting,
Dark unbelief and despair;
All these she leaves to grown people,
Baby knows only her prayer.

So let it be, gracious Father,
All through her life's blessed day;
When clouds and darkness oppress her,
Teach her, great Teacher, to pray.

Tenderly lead and protect her
Draw her with Fatherly love,
Make her both perfect and holy,
Fit for the mansions above.

THE MOON FAIRY.

BY PAYSIE.

One beautiful afternoon in May the two children of the old sexton wandered out into the forest in search of roses and violets which were blooming in such profusion. The children walked hand in hand among the flowers and grasses, and not until the sun had sunk behind the hill did they think of returning home. Lorle, who was two years older than her brother, Walter, now urged that they seek the path, and hasten to their father, who would be watching for them; but the darkness came so rapidly that the children soon found themselves overtaken by night and had no light to guide them to the path.

For several hours Lorle, holding fast to her brother's hand, ran hither and thither in the dark forest, always hoping to see the lights in the village. But, although they called continually, they received no answer, except the hooting of the owls. Finally, Walter declared that he was too tired to take another step, and begged his sister to rest for a few moments. The children sat down under an old pine tree, and almost immediately were fast asleep. When Lorle awoke the full moon was shining in her face, and, springing up, she cried: "Come, Walter, the moon is so bright that we can easily find our way home."

The sleepy boy slowly opened his eyes, and then said: "O, sister, look, there are steps coming down from the moon."

Thinking that her brother was not fully awake, Lorle paid little heed to his words; but the boy continued: "Look, Lorle, quick, there comes a fairy, I am sure."

Lorle looked in the direction her brother pointed, and there, leading up to the moon, was a stairway made of moonbeams, and down the steps came the figure of a beautiful fairy, dressed in a silvery white dress, and wearing upon her head a tiny crown set with jewels. The fairy glided down the airy stairway, walked several steps into the forest, gathered a few flowers, and then returned as she had come.

"Let us follow her," whispered Walter, and already he had his foot on the first step; but at that moment the sexton's voice was heard calling, "Lorle! Walter!" and in a short time the children were safe at home. The next evening, when the moon shone down upon the little cottage where the old sexton lived, Walter whispered to his sister: "Lorle, I am going into the forest to find the fairy."

"Oh, Walter, do not do that," said his sister; "father would not allow it, and the Fairy may be wicked and cruel, and might not let you return to us."

The boy made no reply to these words; but silently determined that he would seek the silver stairway, leading to the moon. That night Lorle did not fall asleep as readily as usual. She felt anxious about her brother, and several times crept to his bedside to see if he were sleeping. But the boy lay so still that the kind sister soon forgot her fears, and slept quietly until morning. When she awakened the first sound she heard was her father calling for Walter, and when no answer was made to the call Lorle felt sure that her brother had gone in search of the Fairy, who lived in the moon. And this indeed was the case. Little Walter was nowhere to be found; and those, who at first laughed about Lorle's story of the stairs leading to the moon, were now forced to think that the sexton's son had sought the home of the Fairy, and either forgotten his friends, or was unable to return to them.

The sexton and his daughter were sorely grieved over the loss of little Walter, and for days continued their search for him; but finally thinking that he was lost, they gave up all hope of seeing him again.

One night, when the sexton went as usual to the church to ring the bell, Lorle, being afraid to stay alone in the house, stole after her father, intending to wait for him in the churchyard. As the little girl sat in the shadow of the great building she saw a small, white figure glide before her and hasten toward the forest.

"That is the moon Fairy," thought Lorle; "I must overtake her and learn where Walter is."

The little girl quickly followed the white figure, and just as the Fairy was entering the forest Lorle seized her dress and cried: "Please, good Fairy, tell me where my brother is?"

The Fairy turned around but there was no kindly smile on her beautiful face, and her fair brow was drawn by an angry frown.

"How do I know where your brother is?" she asked.

"He went in search of your silver stairway," replied Lorle, "and he never came back. I am sure that you know where he is."

"Is your brother that great awkward boy who ran up my steps and broke them nearly all?" asked the Fairy. "Then he deserves to be where he is; but if you want to take him home you have my permission to do so. First, you must help me gather some flowers."

"Have you no flowers in the moon?" asked Lorle.

"No," was the reply; "nor trees, nor grass, and it is cold, very cold there."

When a large bunch of flowers had been gathered the fairy said: "Since your brother broke my steps, I have to ride home." Then she cried: "Come, Condo, I am waiting for you."

And immediately a large bird with red feathers and green eyes came flying through the air.

"Now, Condo," said the fairy, "after you have taken me home, I want you to return for this little girl."

The bird grumbled, and declared that was too much work for one night; but did not dare to disobey the Fairy, and in a short time Lorle, holding fast to Condo's red feathers, was speeding through the air. Up above the forest she went, and before she had reached the end of her journey she had seen many wonderful sights. At the head of the stairway, along which Lorle had seen the many steps broken by Walter's swift tread, the Fairy was waiting to conduct the little girl to her brother. Everywhere was snow and ice, and Lorle in her thin summer dress shivered with cold. But the many fairies who were dancing about in the snow seemed to delight in the icy winds, and their merry laugh rang out sweet and clear. On one of the white marble steps, leading to the fairy palace, sat Walter, wrapped in a heavy fur coat. At the sight of his sister, he sprang up, crying: "Lorle, Lorle, how glad I am that you have come. I wanted to go home; but did not know the way. It is so cold here, and all the fairies laugh at and mock me, because I broke the moonbeam steps."

"Never mind, little brother" said Lorle, "I have come for you, and you shall go at once to father, who will be greatly rejoiced to see you again."

"But," interrupted the Fairy, "how are you to get away from here? That rude boy broke the steps, and my bird does not answer to everyone's call."

And now Lorle was indeed distressed; for she knew how her father would miss both his children. Day after day passed, and still the brother and sister found no way to leave the fairy palace, which, with all its beauty, was not so dear to them as that little home in the shadow of the great church.

One evening as Lorle and Walter were walking in front of the palace, and talking sadly of their home, a fairy came to them, and said: "I am sorry that you are so unhappy here. If you will send me a bunch of flowers every night by Condo, I shall tell you how you may get home."

The children gladly promised to send the flowers, and then the fairy said: "Here is a tiny silver bell. If you ring this, Condo will come and take you down the broken stairway into the forest."

Lorle took the bell and rang it. Immediately the large bird appeared, and first it carried Walter down to the forest and then returned for Lorle. The children quickly ran home, where the father received them with tears of joy, and all his grief was forgotten.

The children remembered their promise to the little fairy, who had been so kind to them. And every day they gathered large bunches of the sweetest flowers, and in the evening carried them to the forest, where they rang the silver bell, and Condo, who answered the call, flew away laden with lilies, roses and violets, and carried them to the cold, cold moon where only ice and snow are to be found.

A GHASTLY CEREMONY.

Notifying a Dead King of France That His Dinner is Ready.

The service performed at Paris in the Chapelle Espiatorie in memory of the death on the scaffold of King Louis XVI. and Queen Mary Antoinette—a service attended by all the leaders of the royalist party in France—recalls to mind the queer ceremonies which used to be customary at the death of a French King. It certainly has something ghastly about it, strongly savoring of the Middle Ages and their grewsome ways. The embalmed corpse of the deceased sovereign remained lying in state at the church of the Abbey of St. Dennis for 40 days, and it was only on the 41st day that it was carried to the vault. During that entire time the court ceremonies were carried on within the abbey as though the monarch were still alive. The royal table was set night and morning in the refectory, and the grand master of the ceremonies, when dinner was brought up, would proceed, dressed in full uniform, to the hall where the corpse lay rigid and cold on the parade bed, and with a low obeisance would say:

"Sire, the dinner is served according to your majesty's orders."

A chamberlain standing beside the corpse would then answer with great dignity:

"His Majesty has been graciously pleased to dine already and desires to remain undisturbed."

Whereupon the grand master would back out and order dinner to be removed from the refectory.

Why an Elephant's Neck is Short.

The reason of the shortness of the elephant's neck is, that the head of the animal is so heavy that were it placed at the end of a neck of a length proportionate to the dimensions of that organ in other animals, an almost incalculable amount of muscular force would be necessary to elevate and sustain it. The almost total absence of a neck obviates the difficulty, and the trunk serves as a substitute. The uses and advantages of a long neck, peculiarly exemplified in the giraffe, which contains only the same number of vertebral articulations as in the elephant, are in the latter supplied by the trunk or proboscis, by which he is enabled to carry food to his mouth and to drink by suction. This curious organ contains a vast number of small muscles variously interlaced, is extremely flexible, endowed with the most exquisite sensibility, and the utmost diversity of motion, and compensates amply for the absence of a long neck.

A Royal Commission of which Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M. P., is chairman, has been appointed to enquire into the effect of coal-dust in colliery explosions.

The emigration returns for January show a total of 11,014, as against 10,383 in the same month of the previous year. Of these 5846 were English, 917 Scots, and 1059 Irish.

A curious white frog was exhibited in London recently. It was a full-grown specimen of the ordinary kind, but unique as to color, while its brilliant ruby eyes were rimmed with gold.

A remarkable fatality was reported to the Blackburn coroner on Saturday. The infant son of Mr. John Nicholson, of Haslingden, was lying in its cradle, when his little brother, aged two and a half years, heated a piece of wire in the fire and burned the baby on the left arm with it. The scar was not particularly noticed for some time afterwards, but erysipelas set in and the baby died.

HOW HENRY WAS CAPTURED.

Details of the Arrest of the Defaulting Chathamite.

One of the Cleverest Pieces of Detective Work Known in Many Years—$30,000 Saved for the Bank—How Superintendent Kellert Tracked the Canadian Fugitive

Perhaps one of the cleverest pieces of modern detective work is that which Superintendant Kellert of the Pinkerton Detective Agency has just placed to his credit in connection with the recently celebrated James N. Henry defalcation from Chatham, Ont. Mr. Kellert has just arrived in Montreal from the City of Mexico, where he effected the arrest of Henry. In December last the whole of Canada was startled by the news that James N. Henry, for many years one of the leading and most highly respected produce merchants of Chatham, Ont., had skipped from the country after securing about $30,000 from the Chatham branch of the Bank of Montreal. The Bank communicated with the Matt Pinkerton Detective Agency of Chicago. Detective Kellert at once left for Chatham. Upon arriving he succeeded in getting a hold of some envelopes which bore the post mark of the City of Mexico, and which he recognised to be in the handwriting of Henry. They visited the Hotel Jardin, the most luxurious hotel in Mexico, and there found that Henry had been stopping at this place some two weeks previous, but here the clue ended. Their next turn was in the direction of the Bank of London. Here they obtained a clue which cleverly worked, made known Henry's hiding place and his ultimate arrest. The man left his name as W. H. Orr and gave his address. It was then arranged to notify Orr that his money was ready for him. Orr came, presented himself at the bank, with a face beaming with smiles, but little did he know that behind the counter with the paying teller stood Detective Kellert, who was so soon to have him and his confederates in the clutches of the law. The bank authorities told Orr that Henry's receipt would be necessary before they could hand over the money. Orr replied that this would be impossible as Henry had left the city for parts unknown. But the bank insisted on getting the receipt and Orr left very much chagrined. His movements were shadowed and he was followed to a quaint old building, run as a soap manufactory, where he was joined by two other men who afterwards turned out to be his brothers. They engaged in an animated discussion for a few minutes, when Orr hastened back to the bank and said he could not find Henry and that it was impossible to get a clue to his whereabouts. From his manner the officers knew he was lying and at once placed him under arrest. He was taken to the balem or prison, and thrown into a cell, where he was told he would have to remain till he divulged the whereabouts of Henry. Orr then sat down and wrote the following note to his two brothers:

Dear Brother—Show the officers where Henry is, as I am in the balem and can't get out till he is produced. (Signed) WILLIAM.

The note was entrusted to an officer who conveyed it to the brothers, who treated it with silent contempt. They were then arrested and treated as their brother was, but still they refused to give Henry away. Baffled here, Detective Kellert resolved to go to the factory, and accompanied by the officers he visited the place. The janitor was in attendance and threatening him with the same fate that had met his employers, if he persisted in refusing to tell what he knew as to Henry's whereabouts, he fell on his knees and imploring mercy pointed to a door leading to a little room or closet in an unoccupied portion of the building. The officers went to the door and knocked, getting no answer they forced it open, when lo! before their very eyes crouched under a little cot in the room, on his face written the terrible agonies which he suffered, and his whole frame trembling like a leaf, was the once respected and princely merchant now a felon hunted to his lair. He broke completely down and sobbed like a child. "Don't kill me, gentlemen," he exclaimed, when he found words to speak, "I surrender. Take me and cart me into prison, I deserve to suffer for what I have done. Don't handcuff me, I will go peaceably." He was taken from the room and thus within 24 hours of his arrival in the City of Mexico Detective Kellert had Henry in the prison cells. But the hardest and cleverest piece of work was yet to be done. No money was found on Henry's person when he was arrested and there was $30,000 to account for. In the room was a large cake of soap about two feet square. Mr. Kellert peeled off his coat, for the temperature was very high, and set to work with a wire to cut up the cake of soap.

Kellert took from the inside of the cake an envelope containing $1000 in greenbacks, sent to J. N. Henry by his son in Detroit, to defray preliminary expenses. There remained but one thing more and that was the waste paper basket and to this Detective Kellert turned his attention, and after three hours he succeeded from the torn mites of which he gathered, in piecing up letters from Mrs. Henry, his wife in Detroit, and a telegram which was dated Jan. 9, upon which was the full explanation of where the money could be obtained. The telegram stated that on that date, Jan. 9, $5000 of the money had been sent by the Wells Fargo Express Company from Detroit to the City of Mexico. The parcel arrived the day following this discovery and was obtained by Superintendant Kellert. The letter showed that $10,000 more was in the Banco des National of the city in certificates left there for collection. Kellert had his man in prison and every dollar of the bank's money recovered. The next move was to go before the Governor and have Henry committed for extradition, and as nothing more could be done until the arrival of the extradition papers from Ottawa and being made sure of Henry's safe-keeping until his return to the city of Mexico, Mr. Kellert left for Chicago and is now on his way to Ottawa for the necessary papers.

The Botanical Gardens at Ballarat have been attacked by the locust plague which has ravished the wheat crops of Victoria, causing a loss of 18,000,000 bushels, ten millions of which were for exportation.

Lord Aberdeen, giving evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on colonization, said he found the Killarney settlement of Highland crofters in Manitoba was a success and might be safely repeated to a larger extent.

THE IRISH WIDOW.

Mrs. Magoogin is Visited by a Newspaper Reporter, Who Sets Her Thinking.

"Is that yerself, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Faix'n' its no wan else, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Thin id's glad Oi am to see ye, me frind."

"Me, too, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Do ye know fwhat Oi've been doin' fur the lasht three days, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Throth 'n' id take a bether man nor me to make that guess, Mrs. Magoogin. Make no saicret av id. Tell iz now fwhat have ye been doin', Mrs. Magoogin?"

"O've been thinkin'" said the widow, assuming a cogitative attitude, "an', be hivins, Oi'm thinkin' still, and God knows but mebbe Oi'll keep an thinkin' fur a long toime to come, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fwhishper, agrah, an' Oi'll tell ye how id is. Lasht Winsday noight, jisht after Oi'd sint my b'y Tammy out fur a pint av beer, fwhat happins but a knock comes to the dure an' in walks a shlick lukin' young man wid a cane undher his oxther an' a hoigh carolina hat loike my Dinny—rist his sowl!—ushed to wear uvry St. Pathrick's Day in th' year—an' oh, my! but a foine lukin' shtrip av a man he was in the same hoigh hat an' his long-tailed Sunda' coat hangin' down to the calves av his legs. Well, comin' back to our buttons, as they sez in the shtory bukes, in pranced this young jood, Oi tuk him to be at fusht glance, an' takin' aff his hoigh hat, bowed as low an' byootiful to mesel' as aff Oi war the woife av Paddy Divver ur Tim Campbell. "Mrs. Magoogin, Oi shuypose?' sez he. "Ye've guessed id the fusht toime, me bucko,' sez Oi. 'Oi'm glad that ye're glad, for Oi'm soort av glad meself, me shprig av arishtocrsy' sez Oi. 'Well,' sez, 'Oi kum to ax a kushtion,' sez he. 'Fire away wid id,' sez Oi. 'Thank ye, sez' he. 'Oh don't mention id, avourneen, sez Oi' 'Well Mrs. Magoogin,' sez he, saitin' himsel' on thi' ind av the supper table, 'Oi reprisint th' Hard Times noospaper, an' id sint me,' sez he, 'to ax ye quoitely an' aisily an' widout hurtin' yer feelin's,' sez he, 'how ye'd shpind tin thousan' dollars a year aff ye'd had id?' sez he. 'But Oi haven't id, me frind,' sez Oi. 'But aff ye did have id?' sez he. 'Oi'd not shpind id at all," sez Oi; 'not at all sor,' sez Oi. 'Thank ye, an gud day ma'am,' sez he. "An' is that all?' sez Oi. "That's all, ma'am," sez he, an' wid that he up an' wint out th' dure. Divil a wan av me knows fwhat the repoorter mint, be fwat he sed, an' upon me wurrud, belave me fwhether ur no, Mrs. McGlaggerty, id's kept me thinkin' uver since. How do Oi know but fwhat some wan has gone an' left me a forchin to shpind, an' Oi was that ballywauney that Oi didn't have th' gumption to ax th' noice young man somethin' more about the kushtion. Oi wish to gudniss Oi knew th' gintleman's name an' Oi'd sind me daughther Toozy to talk wid him an' foind out all about id. But, as Oi sed, me frind Oi've been thinkin' an' th' only thing Oi kin think about is this: Let thim gimme th' tin thousand a year an' aff Oi don't paryloize th' Ashtors an' give th' Vandherbilks th' jimjams, ur else Oi'll ait hay an' go out an lie down wid th' goats fur th' resht av me nacheril loife, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

A Nurse's Experience.

I had rather a painful experience this morning, which haunted me all day. I went to call on a poor consumptive patient and found she had died suddenly in the night. The scene might have come out of one of Dickens's novels. I heard eager voices from the open door as I climbed the steep stairs, and, stepping in, found the family and some three or four female neighbors assembled, and in the midst the poor woman laid out on the bed, dead and stiff and motionless. She was so emaciated that you could hardly discern the body beneath the sheet; there seemed to be only a head, with the face all altered from the day before, thin and stern and placid. An elderly female, a sort of Mrs. Gamp, volunteered a garrulous account of the death.

"She's a beautiful corpse," she remarked, gloatingly pulling down the sheet for me to see. 'See how nicely she's laid out, nurse. I've had practice at laying out."

Then she consulted me in a professional sort of way. Should the corpse remain where it was, or did I think the ironing board would be a better place? "The board is rather short, you see," she added, "and it wouldn't do for her head or her legs to hang over the end, would it now, nurse?"

I said, "No, it wouldn't," and tried to make appropriate responses, but the stuffy room, the complacent neighbors, and the silent, rigid corpse lying before me, together with the utter absence of any sense of the solemnity of death, filled me with a sickening feeling of disgust. It was simply horrible. All I could do was to impress on them to have the funeral soon (they are certain to keep the corpse a week) and beg the Mrs. Gamp to use her influence with the daughter (who was out) on that point.

"Certainly, nurse, I am quite of your mind," answered the Gamp, drawing herself up and putting herself on a pleasing equality of manner with me, whom she mistook for a professional nurse. A sense of the grim humor of it all burst over me, and I hurried away, feeling that I should begin to laugh nervously if I remained. But, as I have said, the scene has haunted me all day. —*Temple Bar.*

Talmage says: "We cannot go to heaven by steam." Husbands who are constantly "in hot water" will please take the hint.

Tom—"Come what may, I shall never marry a woman who isn't my superior intellectually." Jack—"I wish I could get a wife as easy as you can."

G. Labadie-Lagrave writes in the Paris *Figaro* of recent date as follows: "Mr. Edison has arrived at that solid degree of glory where a man's least utterances are gathered up appreciatively by stenographers. The illustrious inventor would have had no need to create the phonograph in order to secure for his words a prolonged reverberation in history. There is much to be gleaned from the conversations of which a contributor to Harper's Magazine has made note. Mr. Edison's table-talk is much more interesting than the table-talk of Monsieur Von Bismarck. Reading the dull farrago of gossip compiled by Mr. Moritz Busch, one would be tempted to doubt the genius of the Chancellor, whereas Mr. George Parsons Lathrop's article justifies the universal admiration which the most fertile inventor of the century excites among his fellow-citizens."

GIVING REASON TO AN IDIOT.

Trepining a Child's Skull to Let the Brain Have Room to Expand.

Two weeks ago there came to the Cincinnati hospital a poor woman, who told a story pitiful indeed.

She was the mother of two children, both girls. One of these, she said, was 16 years old and the other a little child of 4 years. The elder daughter had been a hopeless idiot since childhood, and now the terrified mother was convinced her baby, too, had fallen under a curse. The little one had never acted like other children, had never played or prattled in her infancy, and now, though 4 years old, she could not speak a word. The mother came to beg the help and interest of the hospital authorities and her pathetic appeal was not made in vain.

Though it is not the custom of the hospital to receive cases of idiocy, yet the peculiar circumstances of this poor woman's sorrow, and the suspicion that the case might furnish a remarkable disclosure in brain affections induced the officers to promise admittance for the child. Next day the mother returned with a hopeful heart. By her side was her little girl, just toddling out of infancy. Her features were regular, almost pretty, and her little figure strong and well formed. But the sad story of her life was written plainly in her face. No intelligence was there; no light in the eyes; none of the bright joy of loving, learning childhood. The little patient was taken to the surgical ward, and for the next ten days she was the subject of the most careful study by the resident and visiting physicians. It was discovered that the cause of her mental impairment was the premature ossification of the several bones of the skull, thus confining the brain in too small a space and preventing its development. Then the operation hinted at was determined upon, the, the purpose being simply to remove a strip of bone from the skull, thus allowing expansion, just as one would slit a tight shoe with his knife to relieve a tender foot.

Yesterday was the day set for the operation; at 10 o'clock the room was filled with watching physicians. The child knew not the agony of fear. She was as unconscious of the meaning of the strange faces about her and the sharp insturments of the surgeon as the young lamb led to the slaughter. Even idiocy has its compensations.

A long, narrow table was placed in a convenient light and the child carefully laid upon it. After the mother had given her parting kiss chloroform was administered, and it was not long until all consciousness of pain had vanished. Then the curious doctors gathered 'round to view the bold procedure. The scalp was carefully shaven and thoroughly cleansed with alcohol and bichloride of mercury solution. The newly sharpened scalpel was then applied, and an incision was made clear down to the bone, extending from near the root of the nose directly backward over the top of the head for a distance of five inches. The edges of the wound were gently held back by retractors so as to expose a large area of the skull. Now the trephine, an instrument resembling a gimlet, was put to work in one end of this incision and a circular piece of bone the size of a dime was removed, exposing the transparent covering of the pulsating brain. Now a pair of cutting pliers were inserted in this opening and the bone chipped off piece by piece until an area five inches long and half an inch wide had been removed. This part of the operation was done with the utmost care, for the delicate and important structures in so close proximity might have been wounded by the slightest slip of the instrument. After the wound had been thoroughly bethed in a a stream of clear, warm water the dges were brought neatly together by fine silk stitches and the whole well covered and protected by cotton and bandage. The child was then carried back to the ward and in the course of an hour rallied from the effects of the chloroform and displayed no untoward symptoms.

It will be several days before anything definite can be ascertained as to the success or failure of this case. At present everything points to a favorable issue.

On a Buffalo's Back.

Lester V. Gridley, a North Platte, Neb., stockman, related recently the story of a ride he once took on the back of a buffalo, near Fort Wallace, Neb. Returning from a hunt alone with the hindquarters of a couple of young bulls he had killed over his shoulder he accidently ran into the herd again and was surrounded before he realized his situation.

"My dodging in and out almost caused a stampede," he continued. "I knew if a panic took place among the beasts I would be trampled to death. I suddenly determined on a bold stroke, and edging up close to a shaggy young bull, grabbed hold of the long hair on his foreshoulders and swung myself on to his back. The bellow that came from the fellow made me wish I had not decided on such a risky push for liberty. The bellowing was taken up by the rest of the herd, and soon we were flying along at a terrific rate over gulches and uphill and down. I was blinded by the sand thrown by the hoofs of the beasts, but with my eyes closed hung on like grim death. For half an hour the herd kept up a terrific pace, and during that time my legs were almost crushed out of my boots by the crowding animals.

"I began to think my time had come. I was so weak I could scarcely keep my seat, and was about to let myself fall from the back of my buffalo when I succeeded in scraping some of the sand out of my eyes. I discovered then that we were running parallel with the railroad track, and as the bank was high and steep the animals had not ventured to climb the incline. The beast I was riding was the closest to the track, and I knew if I reached the top of the embankment I would be safe. I dragged myself together the best I could and prepared for a spring. I got my feet on his back and jumped for the embankment. I leaped at the right time, for the movement of the young bull's body sent me flying half way up the bank, and there I was safe in the sand. For five weeks afterwards I was confined to my bed."

Mrs. Brown—"I don't half like that friend of yours—that fellow Smith." Mr. Brown—"Do you think you are a very good judge of men, my dear?" Mrs. Brown (with expression)—"I do not think I was."

Many such.

Ah, maiden coy and debonair,
With visage like the sainted,
I fear you're not one-half so fair
As I have seen you painted.