

YOUNG FOLKS.

Old Elsa's Crow Soup.

Illustrating a Swedish proverb. Old Elsa, the crow, in her search for food...

How a Toad Undressed Itself.

A peal of laughter from the back yard. Mrs. Lee from her afternoon nap...

Early in September, '83, the blue smoke curling up over the tall tree-tops, announced to us that we were approaching a native settlement...

George—"Have you and wife decided yet what to name baby?" Jack—"N-o, not quite; but the list of 360 names which my wife picked out, has been reduced to 179."

George—"Well, that's making progress anyhow." Jack—"Y-e-s; but you see about half of the 360 names were for another kind of a baby."

Mr. Forundred (proudly)—"Note this magnificent business block. I own every foot of the ground on which it stands, and it is from this that I derive my income."

On the Congo With Stanley. In the evenings when we put in shore for the night to cut wood, my chief, Stanley, would often narrate some of the stirring events which occurred during his memorable expedition to relieve Dr. Livingstone...

Dark Continent.

occasion—when the rising moon threw long, silver ripples across the purple waters of the Congo, and the soft evening air fanned the smoldering patches of grass on the surrounding hills into flame...

Stanley, dressed in his campaigning costume of brown jacket and knickerbockers, with his broad-crowned peak cap pushed off his forehead, seated on a log, smoking his briar pipe by the camp-fire, whose ruddy glow fell on his sunburnt features and lighted up the characteristic lines of that manly face...

We passed on creeping slowly upstream, landing here and there to cut dry wood for fuel or obtain provisions from the native villages which we sighted on the river-banks...

Our little flotilla again started upstream. We were, however, delayed a little on the way, in order that our engineer might repair the damage caused to the A. I. A. by an old hippopotamus who had imagined this little steamer to be an enemy of his...

Early in September, '83, the blue smoke curling up over the tall tree-tops, announced to us that we were approaching a native settlement. This was Lukolela, and in the neighborhood of our landing-place the new station was to be built.

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Voices in the Air.

There are voices in the air Everywhere. Some speaking of despair, Some predicting fortunes fair, Some whispering truth, some prayer, There are voices in the air Everywhere.

There are voices in the air Everywhere. They come to me in the night, And my timid soul affright, Or they greet me when I rise, And dispel my tears and sighs, There are voices in the air Everywhere.

There are voices in the air Everywhere. They soothe my soul to rest, And they tear my tortured breast. Of faith and hope they sing, And they kill the rays that spring. There are voices in the air Everywhere.

There are voices in the air Everywhere. But one voice my soul doth thrill— When it speaks the rest are still. It comes to me at even, Clear and distinct from Heaven— It is the voice of one Who cries, "Hope on, my son!"

Oh, blessed spirit-mother, Could I hear thee and no other, There would be for me no tears, Nor doubts, nor haunting fears, And my soul would stronger grow, And my heart with joy overflow, But of this boon I despair, For there are voices in the air Everywhere.

Oh, the reason's 'cause it's gittin' spring. The madd'ar lark is pipin' rth, swas ter note to me, And I hear the peewees over yander in the cedar tree; The popple leaves is quiv'rin' 'cause the wind is in the west, And the robin's 'round-a-hookin' straws to build hisself a nest; The black bird he's a-fashin up the crimson on his wing, What's the reason? The old man's got the rheumatiz, an' stiff as he can be; Why it don't git settled weather's more'n he can see; But when it clears off splendifer, then he's 'feared the crops is lost, An he reckons jest a little wind, 'ud keep away the frost, The kitchen door is open; I can hear Elmiry sing, What's the reason? Oh, the reason's 'cause it's gittin' spring.

Oh, the reason's 'cause it's gittin' spring. The air is kind o' soft 'n' and you think it's goin' to storm; Sometimes it's kind o' chilly, and then agin it comes off warm; An' jest when it's the stillest you can hear the bullfrog's note, An' it 'pears as if he wonder'd how the frost got in his throat, The ducks an' geese are riotous an' strain-in' hard to sing, What's the reason? Oh, the reason's 'cause it's gittin' spring.

That Front-Door Bell. "There!" exclaimed the housemaid, as she slammed the front door in the face of the twentieth person asking to see "the lady of the house," "I wish there was a rule that nobody had any business to ring a door-bell unless—"

Bill Later. Mrs. Cumso (when her new bonnet came home)—"Why, actually, the bird on the bonnet hasn't any bill. Cumso—The bill was too large to go on the bonnet. It will come separately in a wheelbarrow about the first of the month."

The Usual Description. "Is the fellow what you would call a fast man?" "He certainly is fast in every respect but one."

The Nationality of Priests.

The John Bull (London) says: "An American Roman Catholic has a remarkable article in an American magazine, in which he tells the story of a gray-headed priest who was present at a dinner of Roman Catholic clergymen, presided over by Cardinal Gibbons."

Two only were genuine Americans. Of these two the priest in question was one, and he, being rallied by his fellow-American on the fact that younger men were promoted over his head, remarked: "I am not Irish enough."

The narrator of this story goes on to say that in the United States of America there are thirteen archbishops and sixty bishops, only three of the former and ten of the latter being genuine Americans.

The Secret of a Long Life. You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. She seems condensed sweetness and grace. You wonder how this has come about; you wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things. She understood the art of enjoyment. She kept her nerves well in hand, and inflicted them on no one. She believed in the goodness of her own daughters and in that of her neighbors. She cultivated a good digestion. She mastered the art of saying pleasant words.

A Quaint Old Parson's Prank. A very eccentric old bachelor was Father Fletcher, one of the old Methodist preachers, and his shyness of womankind amounted to antipathy. One day as he was riding along a country road, one of his lady parishioners, who was walking the same way, politely asked for a ride.

A Collect for the Day. Almighty God! who shovest unto all That walk in error Thy truth's constant light With merciful intent, before they fall, To bring them back into Thy way of right, Grant unto those admitted to the fold Of Christ's religion evermore to shun Things adverse to their faith and take fast hold Of such things as were taught us by Thy Son Jesus, through whom we pray Thy will be done.

Too Public Spirited. "He was a good fellow, was Smithers," said the old miner as he stood with bared head where Smithers had last been seen, but no man can go foolin' along in a camp like this kickin' off every tin can he sees lyin on the sidewalk. It may be public-spirited, but it ain't good policy for the individual.

A Near-Sighted Citizen. Citizen—"Why don't you clean out that gang of loafers in front of that saloon?" Policeman (pitying)—"Guss you mas' be near-sighted, them's city officials."

A Preacher's Picture of Satan. Says an Indianapolis clergyman: "Was I to make a picture of Satan, I would make the face and form of an imperiously gracious, magnetic, fascinating, winning gentleman; of commanding intellect, of courtly presence, of rare attractions. I should have nothing repulsive save the indescribable zeal which hatred of God and good and truth leaves always on the face, not always seen and recognized, and that generally escapes the unwary and inexperienced."

SWALLOWED BY AN ALLIGATOR.

A Human Skull and a Watch Found in a Sawfish's Stomach.

Tim Smith, a colored laborer, working on W. F. Fuller's orange grove at Edgewater, Florida, goes to Palatka nearly every day in a rowboat. To do this he is compelled to pass Buzzard Island, a dark and lonely place, grown up with brush and inhabited by all sorts of wild birds, and may well be termed the home of the alligator, owing to its quietness and dark waters, which are seldom disturbed beyond the ripple of an oar manipulated by the huntsman.

For several weeks Tim Smith noticed a particularly large alligator, whose back was filled with barnacles and long green moss. The alligator was never known to demonstrate any fear, and would not get out of Smith's way under any consideration, allowing him to row rather close toward him.

Last Thursday, when Smith started for town, he put a Winchester rifle in his boat for the express purpose of giving his opponent a load of cold lead. When opposite Buzzard Island the alligator appeared, and, rowing to within easy range, Smith fired five shots at the saurian, all of which seemed to take effect, for the alligator made a terrible flutter in the water, and turned over on its back.

Three days later, Smith found the dead alligator floating near by, and, tying a rope about its head, towed it to the Edgewater grove, when the alligator was found to measure 16 feet 3 1/2 inches in length, two balls having entered the skin just back of the head.

Smith then set to work and skinned the saurian for market, when to his great surprise the darkey came across a human skull, perfectly formed and unbroken, but owing to the superstitiousness of the negro he stopped skinning the alligator, which operation was finished by a white employe on the grove. Further dissection brought to light a gold watch bearing the initials "G. L. T." The skull and watch are now on exhibition at Fry's taxidermy store.

Who the unfortunate man was no one seems to know, as the initials are not familiar about here, but it is supposed that he was some sportsman who, alone, was attacked and devoured by the alligator, as it is quite often the case with Northern tourists who go to Florida and navigate its streams without a guide to keep them from the dark and dangerous tributaries that empty into the St. Johns.

The Height of Mountains. It is not surprising that scientific men in Mexico hesitate to accept Prof. Heilprin's revision of the height of Mount Popocatepetl. Mountain heights obtained by barometric observations are sometimes far wide of the mark, but it is not at all likely that the figure of 17,734 feet, which has for some time been accepted as the height of Mexico's greatest mountain, is 3,000 feet too much, as Prof. Heilprin asserts. The professor made his observations with an aneroid, which may, to be sure, give quite accurate results, but is extremely liable to get a little out of order, and then the story it tells is anything but exact.

Popocatepetl is supposed to be the third highest summit in North America, being surpassed only by Mount St. Elias, and Wrangell in Alaska. Prof. Heilprin is climbing again to the great crater to satisfy himself whether he has done the old volcano any injustice by his figures, which would reduce the famous mountain to quite an ordinary summit. Nearly all famous mountains have their ups and downs at the hands of explorers. A few years ago Mount St. Elias was called the highest mountain on this continent, then for a time Mount Wrangell had the honor, which has now been shifted again to St. Elias. Chimborazo for some years was regarded as the highest elevation in the world, but we now know that several Himalayan summits surpass it.

Over 2,000 feet have just been shaved off the summit of Mount Oree, in New Guinea, by the latest observations. It is not surprising that these variable estimates occur in savage lands, where observations have been rarely taken, and then with imperfect instruments. But Popocatepetl is easily accessible, and its height has been computed several times. All the accepted measurements since 1827 do not vary more than 400 feet, and it is hardly conceivable that Prof. Heilprin is correct in calculating the mountain's height at three-fifths of a mile less than all other observers.

A Duel to the Death on Running Horses. Andrew Foster and Will Jarnagin, two young farmers, who resided at Gum, Texas, had an encounter the other day. The former is fatally wounded and the latter is dead. Several months ago Foster assisted the lover of Jarnagin's sister to elope with her. The young men have been enemies since. The other night, in returning from a meeting, they met in the highway. Jarnagin drew his pistol, and almost at the same time Foster was ready. They fired simultaneously. Each shot took effect, a ball entering Foster's right cheek and lodging on the inside of the skin on the left temple, while one pierced Jarnagin through just above the heart. They were both on horseback, and their horses ran with them in the same direction. They continued firing until Jarnagin emptied his pistol, and Foster had shot three times. Jarnagin dropped from his horse at the end of 100 yards, and died in a few minutes. Foster was taken to a neighbor's house. Foster is 19 years of age and Jarnagin 26.

Decadence of Rome. The last official statistics of Rome show that the city must have lost a large percentage of its population since the last census. Although only 20 houses have been built there in the last three years 4,000 houses with living rooms for 20,000 persons are now vacant. The transient population is thought to have fallen off also. Hardly six thousand strangers went there to see the big carnival this year, while in former years the number was little short of one hundred thousand.

Avoid Depression. A man who acquires a habit of giving way to depression is on the road to ruin. When trouble comes upon him, instead of rousing his energies to combat it, he weakens; his faculties grow dull, his judgment becomes obscured, and he sinks into the slough of despair. How different it is with the man who takes a cheery view of life even at its worst, and faces every ill with unyielding pluck. A cheerful, hopeful, courageous disposition is invaluable, and should be assiduously cultivated.