HE WINDOW." he Well-Known Song

he persons who have er heard the Sunday. at in the Window." told upon the little ch might easily have n almost any seashore beats with yearning and keeps its fond

ight.
fisher folks on the and her son. He was le of her heart as well at dread, for the boy her before had loved im so much pleasure ming tide tumble its ie sands. No sooner to wield an oar and ned the men in their

her fears and the fate rs in her mind, yet therwise, for it would onor among the hardy the boy at home or k for some farmer. they must be faced pride. Had not the a captain when he e? Had not his fathwhen he went down hild was the last of his honor it by tame and e. So the boygrew up as a mast, nimble as est boat, blue-eyed, d, a real son of the ight him the tricks of w how to sail a boat, many little things know. Whenever a e was soon aboard,

I how work was perwas a great favorite folk and with the t his thirteenth year ained the consent of a he easily found a Then there was by the mother, while nto he great, wide us eagerness of a boy. essing the widowed very night a light ard window of her neward and to show awaiting his return. months passed and village and told how d all was well, and ne cottage and told e waiting mether, e candle, lit and make a bright path x months elapsed, d from far-off lands,

make port, bu -their heads and he widow, whose every night and of light out upon assed, but the sailught no news of the whispered apart and never any spoke of no one was cruel der threads which ope. And thus the out toward the sea burned steadily

to tell of the ship.

ppened and she was

. The children who ad had grown to be n head had been silrm was bowed, yet cables of her hope. er and tender hands er as she patiently ning of her fair-hairt the glow of her eaward and told the t waiting at home. she watch and wait? e day, at eventide patch of light across w remained dark, con failed the fisheridered and went to that the mother's k the son.

he Congo Railroad. re now engaged on ur hundred of them the others are moste: in coast. The carasons are native heir trades in Sier.a of the force are ending operations. A the coast near the oks, and about fifty

o miles of the roadstarting from the at Matadi, ninety e-fourths of all the in the first tenmiles level plateau back hed. The work is . five Europeans, inperintendents.

Clothing. niny old coat, vest, cloth, cashmere, or kes a strong, warm e line. When nears it up for an hour it. An old cotton until the wrinkles

bs the dirty places, rough the second gh several waters, of the coat, and

## YOUNG FOLKS.

Story of a Little Boy Who Was Turned Into a Bird.

there was a little boy, and, for no reason why, and, for no reason why, the day of his birth nothing else on earth and he do but whine and cry.

Feried so very, very much
That no one would go near him;
The people said, "It beats the Dutch!
The people said, in the Moon could hear him!" boy's home was upon the beach,

Where the sea-gull's scream is heard, all if there's a bird knows how to screech, The sea gull is that bird. They scream their best when the winds blow

high and the sky grows dark and hazy; wilet that boy begin to cry and he'd drive the sea-guils crazy.

Inil. at last they said, "Oh, joy!-This child is no use at all as a boy, But he'd make a splendid guli!"

soff they flew and told the king : They told him not to doubt it; That's all there was about it.

The king he saddled his best curlew; He flew down the wind like mad! Ithink it was a funny horse don't you?
Twas the only kind he had.)

and when he heard that little boy yell He thought his ears would split, and o he turned him into a guil, and nobody cared a bit.

-ROBERT H. FLETCHER IN St. NICHOLAS.

#### AN ADVENTURE WITH TRAMPS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"Be careful about the fires, Clarence, and lesure and lock the doors and windows beore you go to bed." "Yes, father."

"And don't leave the house alone any agth of time. We will be back by to-morow noon, if possible. There are so many tramps roaming about the country now, the house might be ransacked if you were to leave it alone," said his mother.

"I will see to everything, and forget nothing," answered Clarence.

He was a bright, manly boy of fifteenthe only child of his parents, who resided in the town of M-, in Ontario. They were well-to-do farmers, with a comfortable home, and the neighborhood was a peaceful, quiet one, where Clarence had spent his fifteen uneventful years.

During the summer of which I write, the whole Province had been full of homeless, idle men, known to us all as tramps. The hard times had thrown them out of work, and many of them had determined to beg others to steal, for a livelihood. All sorts of rumors of petty thefts and robberies, and assaults, and sometimes murder, were heard from neighboring places, but so far the town of M--- had only been annoyed by beggars and loungers. That very day a villainouslooking fellow had been to the kitchen and begged Mrs. Ward-Clarence's mother-for something to eat, and she had got him good lunch and allowed him to rest an hour in the kitchen before going farther in his

quest for employment. And now she and her husband were called to a neighboring village, some eight miles distant, by the sickness of her sister, who resided there, and Clarence was to be left alone in the house until the next day.

"I feel uneasy about you, Clarence," said his mother, as she took her seat in the carriage beside her husband. "I wish you would get some neighbor to stay with you to-night:"

Clarence laughed.

"You talk as if I were a baby, mother," he said. "It is not at all likely any of the tramps know you have been called away from home so suddenly, and they are no more likely to trouble the house to-night than last night. I am not at all afraid. Good-by. Give my love to auntie, and don't werry about me.

He waved his hat after the retreating carriage, and with a merry whistle turned towall the stables, where there were cows to

milk, and horses to feed and bed. He was hard at work when he heard a yoice speak his name, and looking, saw Mr. Sawyer, a neighbor who lived half a mile distant, approaching him.

"Where is your father?" asked Mr. Sawyer. "I want to see him about that trade we are trying to make."

"Gone," said Clarence, and then explained the situation. "And you are all alone," said Mr. Sawyer.

"Are you not afraid?" Clarence flushed with boyish pride. He was a fearless boy, and he did not like to be considered lacking in courage.

"Because if you are," continued Mr. Sawit. and come back and stay over night with

"I am not at all afraid; there is nothing to boy, who is still regarded as the young hero be afraid of.'

Mr. Sawyer remained chatting with him until he had finished his chores, and, with a

milk pail in either hand, returned to the They paused by the kitchen door. It was

now early dusk. "Be sure and lock up well," said Mr. Nawyer, "before you go to bed, Clarence." Clarence glanced at the kitchen door. He

had left the key upon the outside when he Went to the barn, and it was gone! "Look here, sir," he said, laughing, "you are trying to play a game on me. Give me

"What key?" cried Mr. Sawyer, in amazement

"Why, the key to this door that you took out a few moments ago to give me a scare. Come, hand it out. You thought you would see if I was as brave as I claimed, didn't you? Well, you see I am not at all shaky over the absence of the key; but all the same I would like it."

"Upon my honor, Clarence," cried Mr. Sawyer, "I have not touched the key. Let us look around in the grass by the door."

They looked vainly. "Ah, well, it is no matter," said Clarence, carelessly. "I am quite sure the front door key will lock this. And now I must go in and strain the milk before the cream rises. Mother told me to, so good-night."

"Good-night, Clarence," and Mr. Sawyer was gone. Clarence strained the milk, and lighted a lamp, and brought in the wood for the morning fire, and laid the pine to cut intokindlings, and the butcher knife beside it, on the stove-hearth. Then he went over the house, and locked windows and doors, all but the

kitchen door, which no key would fit.

"It is very curious about that key," he mused. "I know I left it in the thor when I went out. I believe Sawyer did take it to try my courage. Never mind-I'll fix it."

He took a stout piece of oak, several feet long, and braced it under the door-knob and against the floor. It fastened the door so securely that any attempt to open it from the outside would only serve to brace it tighter.

Then, weary with a day's labor-for he was a hard-working boy, and never idle—he made himself ready for bed.

But before he retired he took down his father's double-barreled shot-gun, and set it within reach of his bed. He knew it was loaded—his father had been shooting field gophers only the day before, and had left

both barrels loaded. Then he blew out the light and tumbled himself into the littlebed just off the kitchen, and was soon asleep.

He did not know how long he slept, but he awoke suddenly to hear a key fitted and turned, again and again, in the kitchen door. His first thought was that Sawyer and the sash of one of the kitchen windows knew it was not Sawyer, but a burglar.

He crept from his bed and drew on his to approach unto Thyself. clothes very quietly. Then he took the gun, and stealing along as silently as a cat, placed himself before the window where he heard the robber at work. It seemed hours before the sash was removed-hours measured by An Episode at a Country Post-office Winthe wild beating of his young heart, that throbbed so loudly he almost feared it would

betray his presence. Then he heard a hoarse voice whisper, "Give me a match," and heard the match struck against the wall, and he knew he had to contend with at least two assailantshow many more he could not tell.

The match made a momentary gleam in the darkness. Enough to show him the body of a man half way through the opening in the window; enough to enable him to raise his gun and place it against the breast of the man, and fire.

But the cap snapped, and the match went out, and the man dropped into the darkness

without. Desperate, and conscious only of peril Clarence thrust the gun through the aperture and fired into the darkness. His assailants now knew that he was in their power. Both barrels of his gun were emptied, and they were unharmed.

Quick as the spring of a furious cat, one of them leaped through the window and seized him in the darkness. He clung to his gun, and beat his enemy over the head and shoulders with it whenever he could make use of his arm.

But suddenly it was snatched from his grasp, and then a desperate thought flashed into his mind. He began to jerk himself and assailant back toward the stove. . If he could only reach the knife he had left on the hearth with the kindling, he might save his own life at the sacrifice of another.

The robber's hands were on his throat, and death seemed very near-horrible, murderous death, in the darkness, and alone-when he reached out and felt the stone-hearth, cold, under his hand.

Another jerk, another reach, and the knife was in his hand, its blade burried deep in his assailants heart. Then he felt the warm blood spurt over his hands, the clutch of the robber loosen, and sick and, horrified, he sprang up and kicked aside the oaken prop that fastened the door, and rushed out into the night. He had conquered one of his enemies alone and singlehanded, but he knew not how many more lurked outside.

His calls and cries brought Mr. Sawyer to the door, to listen to the boy's excited tale, and see his blood-stained hands.

"It is better not to go back to-night," said Mr. Sawyer. "We do not know how many of them there may be. Let us wait till morning.'

At daybreak they returned to the scene of the horrible struggle. The kitchen floor was covered with blood,

and the sheets from the adjoining bed were missing, evidently used to bandage the wounds of the assassin, of whom no trace could be found. He was never found, and no know. trace of the would-be robbers has ever been obtained.

A week later, in the loft of the barn, on the hay, the sheets were found, stiff with blood, and as perfectly red as if they had been in the dyer's hands. It seemed probable that the wounded man had died and been secretly conveyed from the barn, as had he been carried away living, the sheets would not have been left.

Nothing else from the house was taken. The robbers were evidently in haste to get away from the scene of their attempted plunder without a further loss of life.

I do not think Clarence could be hired to yer. "I will run home and tell my wife about stay alone in that house now, and the fear that the surviving tramp will yet wreak vengeance on his head for the life he took to any more: "Oh, no, thank you," returned Clarence; save his own, is ever present with the brave

## Expression in Woman's Dress.

Mrs. Edmund Russell, the exponent of the Delsarte system, in a lecture on dress, gives some valuable hints in regard to woman's costume: "For a woman of light physique, delicate coloring, vitality, energy and movement, any draping, clinging material-soft wool or lustrous silk-has a peculiar adaptation. Repose is an idea inseparable from size; let the stout woman's dress create that feeling-material that will fall in rich heavy folds, unbroken lines, deep, soft color-and sne is at her best. The tightfitting black silk or satin, her usual grand costume, is a great mistake. The lights reflected from a brilliant surface reveal the form revealed form is vulgar, suggested form is poetic. A tall, angular woman wants something light and floating-a material that will follow every movement, multiplying lines and obliterating angles. Proper radiation of lines has everything to do with the grace and expression of a gown. The shoulders and hips are natural points of support. Let the drapery fall from these, and the result is a series of long, curving radiations that give life and beauty. With every change of position there is a new series of lines, all free to follow the swing and sway of movement. Little catches and fastenings are stiff and meaningless; they break the long sweep that alone gives ease and

One of the saddest sights at a picnic is to see a young man, with three boils as large a merry party of girls on thelake.

. The Sabbath Chime. Come Hely Cheet, our souls inspire, And lighten with celestial fire.

Thou the anointing Spirit art, Why dost thy sevenfold gifts impart. Thy blessed unction from above In comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable, with perpetual light The dullness of our blinded sight. Anoint and cheer our soiled face With the abundance of thy grace. Keep far our foes, give peace at home: Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son, And thee of both to be but Onc. That, through the ages all along. This may be our unending song;

Praise to thy eternal merit, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Brief Collect for the Day.

O Thou who dwellest in the sanctuary not made with hands, eternal, in the heavwas playing a trick upon him, but when he ens. Unveil the glories of Thy face to our heard stealthy steps go around the house, waiting souls. May we have close and tender fellowship with Thee and with being slowly and cautiously sawed away, he | Thy Son in the holy mount. Make us to know the joy of those whom Thou causeth

May heaven come down our souls to greet And glory crown the mercy seat.

dow.

town. A long line of impatient applicants tions. The tax-payers voted for the scheme fit of a few pence on the ton in this branch thronging up to the single window, the line in the same year, and the necessary Parliaheaded by two well-dressed ladies. Time, mentary statute was enacted in July, 1875. 6:15 p. m.

evening?

First Lady - "Struthers - Mrs. Alice Struthers, Box 92."

Clerk (returning)—"Nothing, ma'am." First Lady-"Ah! Sorry to trouble you, but will you kindly go back and look in Mrs. Jackson's box-94?" (Clerk returns with of gas has been materially reduced to the two letters for Mrs. Jackson.) "Thank you." | corporation of the city and its citizens, and Hands them to lady number two with a the investment returns smile, while crowd surges up as closely as politeness will permit.) "Now, if you please, of more than \$150,000. The price of the I would like to get some stamps.'

ation, please?" First Lady-"Denomination!"

had a religious bearing? Let me see. What ment. The officials claim to have proaching on the track. He whistled an denomination do I want?" (Turning to lady shown by an exceptional illumination alarm, and she stepped lightly and gayly off number two.) "I want to send that lace fichu near the main public buildings that gas, the track his train was travelling on the to Nellie, you know, dear. How much post- used at its full strength, is capable other track. age should you think it would take?"

to put it in a box, wouldn't you?" cate material."

the proper stamp.

First Lady-"Ah, but I haven't it with qualities of the two systems of lighting. would be necessary for a lace fichu in a small ownership of the water supply of the city in some way attract her attention to her pasteboard box ?"

Clerk—" About ten cents, ma'am." ber two. Both turn with a glance of well- that of bred but withering indignation, and the

abashed crowd shrinks into itself. First Lady (producing coin)—"Ah! have just ten cents left. How fortunate! (Clerk tosses out a ten-cent stamp and the crowd once more surges expectantly forward). "Oh! that is the new ten-cent stamp, isn't it? What a beautiful green! turns again to clerk.) "What do they call that shade of green, please?"

Clerk (thoroughly exasperated)—"I don' bag and looking at stamp in the hands of

though, it is a trifle— Clerk (explosively)-"Madam, will you permit me to wait on the gentleman behind

Both ladies (with freezing politeness) "Certainly, sir!" (They move off and the by the compressed crowd like a bolt from a cross-bow.

First Lady-" What a shockingly impolit young man!" Second Lady (contemptuously)-" A per fect boor!" (And they fling out, vowing that they will never trade at that post-office

In the Hands of an Artist.

Obdurate Parent (wrathfully)-I know in a year's time. spend it with such exquisite taste.

A Religious Drink.

Bibulous-William, what is your latest in vention in the way of a mild drink? William (bridling with professional pride) calls de soul's so-lace.

Deceitful Sign-Board.

drink o' gin. I'm an agnostic.

Owner of fish pond (to man who is tres passing)-"Don't you see that sign, 'No Fishing Here !"

Angler (with an injured air)—"Yes, and dispute it. Why, there's good fishing here; look at this string."—Harper's Weekly.

## Making Little Progress.

yel what to name the baby ?" three hundred and sixty names which my | made. wife picked out has been reduced to one hundred and seventy."

another kind of a baby."

BIRMINGHAM

The Best Governed City in the World.

A City Run by Business Men on Business Principles.

was soon elected Mayor, and served three enough to pay its cost. terms in that office. Under his bold and able administration the water-works and ties separate the night-soil and ashes from gas-works were made public property, the sewage. the Health Department was more than modernized, and the Improvement Scheme which will be explained further on, was system-metal pans, capacious enough for instituted. But first as to the gas ex- a week's usage, being periodically carted periment. Birmingham is the home of the invention of gas-lighting, but the town did not adopt the system until The wagons are not offensive, and the de-1817, after London had done so. In time two companies came to supply the city. It was in 1874 that Mayor Chamber- Here the night-soil is dried and sold as pou-Scene-A post-office in a large country lain moved the purchase of those corpora- drette, or patent manure. There is a pro-In the same year the check of the then First Lady—"Is there anything for me this borough of Birmingham, drawn for £450,000 made into a coarse material, partly vitreous (\$2,250,000), was paid to the Birmingham Delivery Clerk -"I beg your pardon—the Company for its property and rights; and in lows, or, when mixed with Portland cement, January, 1876, the sum of £103,845 (\$519,-225) was paid to the Staffordshire Company Board in charge has borrowing powers and for its interests. The systemization of the rating (or taxing) powers for the payment new undertaking was more or less complicated and costly, but all that is necessary to be stated here is that, as a result, the price AN ANNUAL PROFIT

commodity in 1875 was three shillings to Clerk-"Yes, ma'am. What denomin- three and a half shillings per thousand feet, but in 1884 it had been reduced to two Perkiomen mail train which reaches Allenshillings and one penny and two shillings town. Pa., early in the morning, looked Clerk-"Yes-ones, twos, threes or what?" and fivepence per thousand feet. Five per out of his cab window on his morning trip First Lady-"Oh! I thought your remarks cent. discount is allowed for prompt pay- the other day he saw a beautiful woman ap-

of competing with the electric light. Second Laiv -"I suppose you would want Their demonstration would not satisfy a the noise of his train had drowned the roar resident of an electric-lighted Canadian of another train approaching from behind First Lady-"Oh, of course-such deli- city, however. It must be remembered her in the opposite direction, and that she that Birmingham has the natural pride of the | was unaware of her peril. He noted the Clerk (impatiently)—"Let me have the birthplace of gas-lighting, and that the cor- several puffs of white smoke that swiftly package, ma'am. I will weigh it and affix poration is the owner of its gas plant, so that arose from the locomotive bearing down it is not an unbiassed judge of the comparative upon her, but she evidently heard not the

me. How much postage should you think For more than thirty years the public saw her death was certain unless he could (First lady lays her shopping bag on the by agreement, or the compulsory purchase, meaning, for she slackened her pace, lookshelf of the delivery window, opens it and of the water-works, then in private hands. ing at him more earnestly. begins to search for her purse. The long Both town and council were convinced by He immediately reversed the lever and line of Her Majesty's patrons which has been his arguments, and voted accordingly. Dur- turned on the steam brakes with a sudwiggling about like a snake for five minutes, | ing the discussion Mr. Chamberlain urged | deness that alarmed the passengers. He now makes a convulsive forward movement that whereas there should be a profit on the sprang to the side door of the cab, and beand jostles lady number one with lady num- gas undertaking, there should be none on fore his locomotive had come to a stand-

THE WATER SUPPLY,

as all profit should go toward a reduction of the price. The water company fought hard | ed her. against having to sell out, for their property was of great and increasing value. Before the House of Commons, in the argument over the necessary bill, the fight was bitter, but it was won by the high-minded policy (Shows stamp to lady number two and then of Mr. Chamberlain in urging that the City's only profit should be in the health of its people. The bill received the royal assent on August 2, 1875. The dicker over the sale was a close one, but it was finally agreed to give First Lady (deliberately closing shopping the water company £54,491 annually. The Town Council at once assumed control of the second lady)-"I should think it was milori works, and has continually enlarged and green-shouldn't you, dear? Perhaps, improved the plant. The profits, which are handsome, are applied to the improvement of the supply and the reduction of the cost to the consumers. Up to 1884 the annual reduction in water rents had amounted to

man next in line is snot up against the shelf the city under Mr. Chamberlain and the Town Council of 1875 will long be pointed to as one of the most stupendous, courageous, and wise acts ever performed by a municipality. Taking advantage of an imperial statute called "the Artisans' Dwelling Act," giving large towns and cities the right to and it will carry a double line of rails. For improve unhealthy areas, the Council improved several highways, and finally bought | 1,000, and for the second half of the journey up a great tract of slums and narrow passages in the heart of the city, and there laid

THAT NOW BEAUTIFUL AVENUE

death-rate outrageous; vice, crime, poverty to the depth of 180 feet. and drunkenness flourished there and the It took ten weeks to pump out the water, saloon-keepers were the only persons who and in the western heading as much as 500 led endurable lives. A loan of £1,600,000 gallons a minute were constantly rushing was obtained at three and a half per cent. out of the west mouth. In order to overfor thirty years, the property was purchased, come this difficulty a side cutting had to be the great street, twenty-two yards wide, made. The magnitude of the work is testiwas laid out, and the area was rebuilt on fied to by the banks of shale and rock at -De very ladest is a relidgeous trink, vich I leases running seventy-five years. Super- the mouths of the tunnel and at the pitheads, vision was maintained over the character, which are said to be quite altering the land-Bibulous—Well, give me an old-fashiened cost, and designs of the new buildings, with scape in places. One curious discovery made the result that in the principal street at least during the progress of the work, as the all are stately, substantial, and even elegant. result of an investigation into the cause of Of course at the end of the leases they will be- certain mysterious explosions, was that it come the property of the city. "This," said was proved that "combustion had arisen in-Mr. Chamberlain, "will make this the rich- side a case of blasting gelatine." est borough in the kingdom sixty or seventy vears hence. It is the only occasion for which I wish to live beyond the ordinary term of human life, in order to see the result of this improvement, and hear the blessings which will then be showered upon the Council of 1875, which had the courage to inaugurate this scheme." But the stranger sees the result now, and if he will, he may George-" Have you and your wife decided | read it in the sanitary reports which show that the death-rate is to-day less than one-Jack-" N-no, not quite; but the list of half what it was before the renovation was

Again, under Mayor Chamberlain, in 1876, the drainage and sewage systems were over-George-" Well, that's making progress." hauled. A union was formed with the weather as this?" Jack-"Y-e-s-; but you see about half of towns close around Birmingham, under a as hens' eggs on the back of his neck rowing the three hundred and sixty names were for board in which the city elects twelve out of enough to pay the expenses of a week's rest twenty-two members: The united district in the country.

comprises 47,275 acres, and an aggregate population of 605,594 souls. Here had been a more or less compact population

SERVED BY NATURE

with only a little river, the Tame, and mainly putting up with old-fashioned methods and conditions. To-day what has been done From an article in Harper's Magazine for is pointed to as the best solution of the June we take the following:—Attention has sewage problem in England. The Drainage been called to the youth of Birmingham in Board now manages a so-called farm of 1200 its relation as the best-governed city. There | acres in the Tame Valley. The sewage is conare many warm admirers of Mr. Joseph | veyed thither through an eight-foot conduit, Chamberlain who associate his name and and is passed through the land by an extenenterprise with the city's new birth. It is sive system of filtration by gravity, after only measurably fair to do this, but certain- which the effluent reaches the Tame River ly he deserves great credit for many import- near by in the condition of perfectly pure ant reforms and accomplishments. His ap- water. The sludge remaining after the dispearance in public life in Birmingham, some posal of the fluid is dug into the land. The time before he was Mayor, was the occasion | cost of the farm and appurtenances was about for the awakening of the best men of the £400,000, and, roughly speaking, it costs town to an interest in the local government. £54,218 a year to operate it. But the meat, This was in 1871; Mr. Chamberlain, then milk, and vegetables grown on the farm and in business as a manufacturer of wood screws, sold from it realize nearly £25,000. It is inentered public life unostentatiously, but sisted that in time the system will yield

In dealing with this problem the authori-

THE NIGHT-SOIL

is controlled by what is called the pan away in closed wagons, which also remove the ashes collected in a tub in each yard. positing station presents a view of flowers and of shrubbery outside its enclosure. of the work. The ashes are sorted by a contractor, who takes out whatever is of value. The rest is melted in furnaces and and partly metal, which is used to fill holmakes a good paving slab. The Drainage of interest and the repayment of loans. For taxing, it serves precepts upon the authorities of the different localities in the union, according to the number of rate-payers or tenements.

### Saved by a Brave Engineer.

As Frank Repp, the engineer of the

But it was evident to the engineer that whistle's frequent warning of danger. Repp had been proposed and held in abeyance. In peril. He waved his hand to her warning-1874 Mayor Chamberlain moved the transfer ly, but she evidently misunderstood its

still he leaped to the opposite track just as his engine got abreast of the young woman land the other locomotive had almost reach-

With herculean strength and lightning swiftness he caught her up bodily and leaped with her beyond the tracks just as the other engine swept by. Then he sank to the ground, overcome by the effort and the narrowness of their escape. The passengers were loud in their praises of his heroic conduct, and the young woman was prostrated with shock, while overcome with gratitude at the noble conduct of her pre-

## In the Khojah Tunnel.

An article in the Allahabad Pioneer gives some interesting particulars concerning the tunnel that has just been completed through the Khojah, on the railroad from Quetta to Candahar. The Khojak Pass is 7,500 feet The Improvement Scheme undertaken by above the sea, and about 2,000 feet above the level of the surrounding country. The tunnel pierces the range at right angles, and its course is therefore due east and west, and it enters the hill about 1,000 feet below the crest of the pass. The length of the tunnel is 12,600 feet, or 2½ miles approximately, the first half the floor ascends about 1 in it descends at an incline of 1 in 40. There are two main shafts, one 318 feet and the other 290 feet deep, which were sunk in order to facilitate the construction of the tunnel. The what these painter fellows are. Why, that called Corporation Street, which is one of chief obstacle to progress arose from the young Palette would run through your money | the handsomest streets to be seen in any flooding of the tunnel at more than one city in any part of the globe. The squalor point. A large spring was cut and the His Daughter-Yes, papa; but he would and crowding had been fearful, and the waterflooded the shaft on the Candahar side

## A Nice Neighborhood.

Deacon Ebony-"I heah you hab moved, Brudder Black. Has you got inter a select neighborhood?"

Brudder Black-" I hab, fer a fac', deacon. Nebber saw sich a selection ob chickens in mah life."

# One of Many.

Thompson-"You look pale and thin, Johnson. Why will you persist in killing

yourself working night, and day such Johnson-"I am trying to earn money