ANTHRACITE IDYL

Having passed judgment in the few cutting words recorded above upon the scant claims to personal beauty possessed by the heads of the Burke family, she went on to discourse more at length upon certain do-mestic and social traits of theirs which

cause thim ye can pound oop fer roa-ads' but et's a bahd sor-rt o' futtin' or whaylin ye'd git over sich a wobblin' boddy as Frank Bour-rke. An' as fer Ja-ane, ye cud la-ay her cross-wa-ays on a hill fer to ketch the wagin' whayles an' rist the bastes awhoile; she'd niver wear oot in a huntherd year. She ain't no more fet to breng oop cheldern than a siven-month ba-aby. God knows, she's hed enoof of 'em, but soom pessons niver lear-rns. Why, last wenter was a year, whin Ann an' lettle Mikey was seek wid dipthary, an grea-at ulsters doon their tron-ats the was seart what do we thenk tron-ats the wuss sor-rt, what do ye thenk thaht levin' cratur' of a wumman ded? She ded this: she wint to the sare-cus, an' lift thim youngsthers ahl be thimsilves, only their lettle brathers an' sesthers, an' soom o'the neighborin' cheldren what ketched the ulsters from 'em' an' they ahl wrapped oop in kerosene rags, an'a-playin'aroun the foire an' no wan but the Howly Vare-gin a-kapin 'em' from exsh-plodin'; an' their malthe awa-ay enj'yin' hersilf en the medst o' howl in' wild bastes an haythens, what's got more hayer on their hids than dacency annywheer ilse; an' a lukkin'atmin in nahthin' but their own skens, lavin' oot a bet o' penk or grane selk, what 'ud be as good awa-ay. An' thim a-wokkin' on the saylin', an' a-shtandin' on their hids widoot hur-rtin' 'em, 'cause there' nahthin' en 'em to be hur-rted. An' Frank he goes alahng wid 'er shtid o' kapin' to 'is wor-rk, an' whin they coom bahk I'm blist ef he ain't tepsy, an' thim poor cheldren seck an' scoferin' an' gettin' ento meschief; an'it's me an' Mis' Har-rt as lukked afther 'cm, a runnin' en to gev 'em a dawse o' kerosene noo an' thin. An' I says to um, says I, 'Et's a murtherin' sha-ame as ye can't kape sthra-a-aight whin your own enfants ez-a-ailin.' An' says he, 'Do ye thenk I'm dhrunk!' An'I says, 'Sure, an' I don't thenk ye're bastely sawber.' Nor he wasn't, nayther; an' thin whin lettle Mikey died—wid chokin' to death wid the ulsters en his troa at an' the pay-nuts an' the pop-corn what his mahther gev um, thin they must have sech a wa-ake as ye niver seen; an' the enn-ocent enfant a-layin' oot wid candles, an' a white coffin ahl dicora-ated wid flowers, an' a white hear-rse an' white hor-rses to dhraw et, an' a loine o' levery wagins what ud maake the sare-cus mor-rtified to show etsilf, an' Frank au' Ja-ane-a-wapin' an' a-pakin' oot behind their handkerchiefs to show their grafe-ow-ch!" And granny dumped the ashes out of her pipe as if it was one of the

even vials of wrath.

"Noo theer's Rosy," she went on, and her tone softened with her theme. "Ye wudn't thenk she'd a bet o'their shtoof en'er—wud ye? She's a na-ate lettle pesson as iver was; she ain't wan o'the shlatterin sor-rt. Why, whin she was a wee ba-aby I us'n'to b'lave they got her roightly, though I was at the in mesilf, an' gev her the fesst shpankin' she iver got, to ma-ake sure she was aloive; but she growed oop thaht defferent from thim what's about her that I says oftentoimes to Ja-ane, says I, 'Sure 'n' Rosy's not your own enfant; soombody's wint an' cha-anged her.' An' Ja-ane she got tearin' mahd ivery toime I told her thaht; an' says she, 'It's yoursilf as cha-anged her, thin.' Howly Sa-aints! an' me a-countin' on that blissed basaby iver sence before she that blissed ba-aby iver sence before she come ento the wor-rld fer me gran'dahter: supposin' she dedn't tur-rn oot to be a by, what wud I be a-cha-angin' her fer?

"But she was ahlways defferent. I niver seen the exthryardinary wa-ay she tuk to boo-ks; an' to luk at her at foive year astandin' oop, wid her rag ba-aby en her arrums an' her hayer en lettle reng-cur-rls, a-resoitin' verses loike a praste! What's thim verses, noo?

'The by shtud on the bur-rnin' dick' beg foot sa-ay 'em—ow! et was pur-rty.
"Ye'd jist know she'd tur-rn oot a school-

taycher, an' a foine theng 't ez to be ensthroottin' cheldern. I wis' ye wudn't taake on aboot et so. Rosy's jist as fond o' ye's she iver was, an' it's the troot I'm aye's she iver was, an' it's the troot I'm asa-ayin'. I seen her last Sunday was a fortni't, a-pakin' oot the windy as shloy's a calt to ketch a soight o' ye ahl dhressed oop en your new claws, an' whin ye putt your haht on the bakk o' your hid, to wan soide, I jist heerd her sa-ay, 'Ain't he a da-aisy 'Hello!' said Tim again, when he saw 'Hello!' said Tim again, when he saw

fallow?"
"Noo, Tem, ye mustn't be so poor-hear-rted; gyurls ez quare thengs soomtoimes. They're jist thaht coontra airy ye can ahlways ta-ake 'em to mane what they dedn't sa-ay, an' whin they'll not loo-k at ye, et's themsilves as'll be a-lahngin' for ye to en-

quoire the rason."
This shameless "giving away" on granny's part of her own sex was not without its effect upon Tim, whose dull ear had been just awakened by the flattering remark alleged to be Rosy's, but which in truth was only a flower of fancy from the fertile soil of granny's own mind, and then roused into eager attention by an expose of feminine in-consistency finely calculated to act as an alterative upon his relaxed masculinity. For some occult reason—one of those things un-discoverable by any fellow—Rosy was trying to make a fool of him, and he had been tamely consenting to the process. To think of his weakening after all those resolves taken on and since Monday night! But now let Miss Burke appear! Let her be rigid with starch and stateliness! Let her-

**At this moment was heard a brisk, clattering sound, suggestive of a gentle wind in sails, or the flapping of a sheet stretched out on line to dry and sweeten in the sun and on line to dry and sweeten in the sun and breeze. It was caused by the little boots of Miss Burke tap-tapping against her petticoat as she tripped along the hard coal-ash walk; but for all its gentleness it came with the force of command to "fire!" and forthwith Tim shot like a ball from a cannon's matth threath the can be seen to be seen as the same than the same mouth through the door, right over the head of his grandmother, who calmly adjusted her cap frill, remarking to Rosy that "she'd betther not go aboot tirrifyin' young min thaht wa-ay or she'd have soomthin' t' ans-wer fer."

On Saturday morning Tim made an' early

escape to work, and at three oclock "shnaked bahk," as grannysaid, like a runaway slave, felicitating himself upon his successful avoidance of that fair-haired Gorgon who dwelt temparorily at No. 18.

But between three o'clock and bedtime many years' propinquity had brought to her | there are a dangerous number of hours and I minutes, and while making his toilet Tim "Thim Bour-rkes, lavin' oot Rosy, ez the resolved to go down to town, a way of foolishest folks iver, anny-wa-ay," said she. spending Saturday afternoon not unusual "I don't see how the Lor-rd A'moighty cud with him, although of late he had pre-'a' ma-ade oop hes moind to ma-ake 'em. ferred hanging about home, in the hope He must 'a' been grea-atly sthrook at the toime wid the desoire to crea-ate, widoot havin' jist the roight shtoof fer the porpose at hand. Why, they're wuss nor clenkers, '—well, and trust the saints for his future cause thim ye can pound oop fer ron-ads'

Passing a drug store he was reminded of the healing property there is in soda-water for a wounded spirit, and straight way walked in upon Mrs Hugh Wilson and Miss Burke regaling themselves at that fountain of froth and "fizz"; so he betook his wounded spirit to the street again, hoping he had not been seen. Walking aimlessly about, he stum-bled no less than thrice upon these two seemingly ubquitous ladies, who smiled graciously at him, but not with the smile that says, "Won't you join us?" So the disheartened youth strolled homeward, concluding that this world offered no asylum for poor hunted wretches like himself.

Miss Burke attended early mass on Sun-

day, being not less pious then pretty. Tim was enjoying "forty morning winks" as she went clanking by; but that petticoat music mingled with his dreams in a way that made waking seem & cruel transition from paradise topurgatory. Still he ate a fairly good break fast, and time somehow wore along. The day of rest performed well what would appear to be its chief function, namely, to enforce the blessedness of that portion of the primal curse, which promises no other sauce for bread than the sweat of the brow. "Blue Monday" approached! clad in the rose colored robe of all to-morrows that hold out the hope of change from present misery.

In April when the sun shines warmly four o'clock in the afternoon is not a bad time for a walk. Tim found it much pleasanter in the marshy meadows than remaining a prisoner in his own house, a butt for his grandmother's choicest ridicule. He climbed a grassy hill and sat down upon the ridge, with his back to the big town lying hazy by its winding river, while before him rose a dark mountain wall stretching from east to farthest south. Throughout the whole length of the narrow valley at his feet was an almost continuous chain of breakers with their attendant culm heaps, jetty in the near foreground, but taking from distance the rich hue and bloom of a purple

A strange spectacle with a charm of its own! But Tim had not climbed that hill for a spectacle; he went there for peace and quiet, and a chance to make his mind up once for all. His mind, however, preferred remaining "in the raw," and utterly refused to submit to the process of manufacture. His attention would not be drawn inward and concentrated; it flitted like a butterfly; alighting at length upon a smiling spot of pink at the foot of the verdant slope. This was a wild crab-tree jubilant with budding promise. No bee ever flew straighter to its favorite honey pot lured by the color signal, than did Tim fly toward this vast posy. The tree stood in a corner of the meadow,

nearly surrounded by a natural hedge of thorn-bushes and sumach. Its few leaves were of the newest green, but their brightness only served as an unobtrusive setting for a million buds, whose form, texture, and ineffable hue have but one counterpart n nature—the little dainty cushions under neath a baby's toes.

Tim gazed at the sight which one might think even a cow could not pass unmoved. He was wondering if he had enough daring left to take home a bunch of these beauties to a certain person, when a singular shaking movement among the branches made him step nearer and look more closely up into the thick blooming mass. Somebody was there, sure. A girl, too, for he saw a glimmer of white.

"Hello!" said Tim, in telephonic greeting; but no responsive hello came from the

"What you doin' up there?" he asked.

A faint voice came down to him. "I'm caught! I can't get loose.

Tim parted the branches. Seated upon a stout limb, with her feet in a crotch, was Miss Burke. At first sight there appeared to be no reason why she should not descend at her will, but he soon discovered that a strong linen lace on her petticoat's hem had

who it was. A sudden change had come over him. This was no longer Miss Burke, assistant teacher of Ironbrook school; it was Rosy, and he was Tim the tease, once

He felt not in the least hurry to help her down. She could not possibly look prettier anywhere than she did up there, with her sunny brown head against a bewildering background of blossoms, between whose shell-pink clusters tiny odd shapes of tender blue showed themselves. She was safe, too. He had her, so to speak, and he meant to keep her as long as he could. So he leaned against the trunk, comfortably crossing his arms upon a convenient lower branch, and proceeded to make himself agreeable.

"How long have you been here, Rosy "said he. "Aint you gettin' some tired? Better come down."

Rosy gave a tug at her skirt. "I can't get loose."
"Oh that's what's ailin', is it? Well, you see the tree ain't content wid bein' as purty as 'twas made, it wants all the more purty it can git," replied Tim, whose pro-

genitors had kissed the Blarney Stone, and transmitted its effects. "Oh you!" said Rosy, in a tone that might mean a dozen things, but which Tim construed as meaning one thing, so he

"I thought 'twas lookin' mighty smilin' when I seen it up on the hill, so I come down to find out what 'twas smilin' about. Don't blame it, neither. Guess I'd smile too if I was the tree." Here he received a shower of buds full in his upturned face. "I say, don't ye be peltin' me that way with them hard things, 'nough to break a fellow's '"Rosy, Rosy, don't you cry, Rosy! I sit up head. Look here! I seen a swarm o' bees when I come down, all flyin' this way. The head one he says, "Smelt a new kind Rosy darlin.'" But it was already there, the

o' flower down yonder, sweeter'n honey; le's go have a sting at it."

Just now, in terrible corroboration of Tim's words, a huge bumblebee, with rich pre monitory s-summ-m, swung heavily in among

the flowers right over Rosy's head.
"Oh, Tim, take me down-take me down! Oh! Oh! I'll be stung all over. Oh, Tim, please take me down!" shrieked Rosy dodging this way and that, and holding out two entreating arms that would have weakened Tim's heart at once if he had not been so tickled with the thought of having her at his

mercy.
"You be easy, now. Bumblebees don't sting." He looked over his shoulder. swarm must 'a' got on the wrong track. Don't Rosy, you do look awful purty there. Guess I'll climb up and take a kiss."

"No, you sha'n't," said Rosy, filling her hands anew with blossoms.

"Now you know that can't do me no harm," said the heroic Tim, lookin up with unflinching countenance at this would-be engine of destruction preparing to discharge its dainty projectiles. "You jest throw me its dainty projectiles. "You jest throw me a kiss instead o' them things, and then may be I'll let you down." The red lips pouted. "There, I see the kiss a-comin'; it's most out. Jest help it along a leetle, won't

you?"
"Oh, Tim!"—in an exasperated tone-

"Hold your tongue, and go away."

"I won't hold my tongue, nor I won't go away, nor you don't want me to, neither.

How'd you git down if I went away?"

"Well, help me down, then."

"I will if you'll give me a kiss first."

"You don't dare to kiss me."

"Don't I?" And Tim began to climb the

Rosy fore off the less obstinate thorns and presented arms. Tim paused, seated him-self astride of the limb where his elbows had rested, took out his pocket knife, and cut off the largest thorn he could find then held it out menacingly in imitation of his fair

Rosy smiled; naturally Tim smiled too. Then Rosy burst into a peal of laughter, and for a while the tree shook with their combined cachinations. When this timely mirth had subsided, Tim started a fresh subject. When this timely mirth "I say, Rosy, you didn't treat me so very

well when I went over to Ironbrook that time. Never seen anything stiffer'n you

was."
"I wasn't stiff," said Rosy.
"Wasn't you, though? Then a corpse is limber. Well, you made me feel stiff, anyway; kind o' thought I was laid out in my coffin—cold chills all runnin' up and down me. What made you act so, Rosy?"
Tim was realizing to the full the advantages of his present position, and waxed bold be-yond imagination. "'Tain't a nice way to treat a fellow you've always knowed. What makes you do it?"

Rosy appeared to be tracing out cabalistic figures upon her palm with the whilom threatening thorn; she looked grave, not to say cross. Presently, in her starchiest tone, "How did I treat you?"

"Now look here! I don't want none your nonsense. I won't stand it, nor I ain't a-goin' to tell you how you treated me nei-ther, 'cause you know's well's I can tell you, an' you meant to do it, an' you're meanin' it now." Tim spoke with great severity, for he wanted Rosy to think he was angry, but twinkles twitched at the corners of his mouth and under his yelids. The latter he managed to conceal by keeping his eyes upper lip left the former cruelly exposed. He had been angry, but who could be so now, with little bird in bush and hand at once? He felt perfectly sure of her but her would not let her know it—not just yet. It isn't every day in the year that you can catch your sweetheart up in a tree like this: the pleasure must be lengthened out. So he was sternness itself as he went on: "I tell was sternness itself as he went on: "I tell you what, Rosy, a girl can play one too many tricks of this sort. A fellow gits kind o' disgusted after a while. He says to himself, 'That girl ain't no good; she's all slaty; she won't light a fire worth a cent.' So he goes off prospectin' fer a vein what'll pay fer the workin'. Now, if you think I'm a-goin' to many you."

to marry you..."
"Who's talking of marrying?" snapped

out Miss Burke.
"I'm talkin' o' marryin'," replied Mr.
Grant, calmly. "That's what I come here

fer."
"Well, I didn't."

What did you come ter, any "I came to pick flowers, and have a good time all by myself."

"You don't seem to be havin' such a very good time.

good time."

"I was having it till you came."

"Oh-h!" said Tim. "I guess I'll quit."

And he made as if he were getting down.

"Don't go and leave me. Help me down

first," implored Rosy.

Tim relented slightly. "All right; but ou've got to promise me something before

"What's that ?"

"Promise me you'll marry me."
"I won't do no such thing," said Rosy, forgetting her school English in the heat of

"Then I won't let you down." And Tim the tease reseated himseif, leaning back, and twirling what he had hopes would one day be a mustache.

The sun was sinking now behind the green hills, but the upper half of the crabtree yet glowed with its parting beams. Rosy's head was in this more favored portion, and her light frizzled hair formed a misty golden gloria around her brows. Tim sat in the shadow with upturned eyes, like an adoring worshipper before a shrine.

Soon the sun disappeared, the glow vanishing with it, and a little shivering breeze

went through the tree.
"It's getting cold," said Rosy. "Please help me down."
"Any time you like," replied the amiable

Tim, not stirring an inch, nor moving his eyes away from her face. An almost overpowering odor from the myriad buds filled the cool air. "Smells nice here. Guess I'll stay all night." And he folded his arms the cool air. "Smells flice here. Guess I is stay all night." And he folded his arms serenely, closed his eyes, and pretended to snore. The next moment Rosy began to cry; the trunk against which Tim leaned rembled with her sobs, and all the pink

buds quivered in sympathy.

Tim was suddenly revealed to himself as an inhuman monster. In an instant his feet were upon the limb where he had been sitting, and his arms were where they had been aching to be for a longer time than he could

dear little head, with its soft curly hair close against his cheek and neck, the tears falling

upon his Sunday suit—happy Sunday suit!
That strong shoulder under its cloth coat
was quite the most agreeable place for a
good cry that Rosy had ever found, and she did not try very hard to quiet herself, but kept on uttering gentle, hysterical sobs and sniffs, because it was so pleasant to have Tim patting her as if she was a baby, and saying, "Sh-sh!" and, "There, there, don't cry!" But at length she managed to speak.

"Let's get down," she managed to speak.

"Let's get down," she said.

"All right; but I must stick to my word, you know," responded her high-minded lover. "I said I wouldn't let you down till you'd kissed me and promised to marry me, an' I won't."

A very wet face was lifted to his, the kiss bestowed being perchance a trifle salt for a critical taste, though Tim seemed wholly satisked with it.

"Now say you'll marry me—quick," said he, for love's wine was warm in his veins, and the branch had become a rather un steady footing. Her answer came with all the promptness he could desire:

"Of course I will, Tim dear. Who else

would I marry if not you?"

Tim raised himself up to the next notch reached out a trembling arm, and disengaged the lace from the thorn that held it so obstinately. In a few moments more they had both descended out of their roseate cloud

land, and stood upon common earth again. Rosy had given her promise, but she made Tim wait a year for its fulfilment. He must be getting better wages, she said, before they could marry, and she herself must teach some more to lay up money toward a trousseau and house-furnishing. Such thrift and moderation delighted granny, who made daily public rejoicing that her grandson was "kapin' coomp'ny wid a gyurl what had her wets aboot her, an' dedn't mane to go floppin' ento widlock loike a hin wid its hid off."

[THE END.]

Presbyterian Revision.

Including those in the mission fields there are 212 presbyteries in the Presbyterian church of the United States. Of these 122 have already voted on the question whether revision is desirable, and four either fail or decline to vote at all. Of these 126 presby-teries thus accounted for, 82 are in favor of revision, a majority of about two to one. These presbyteries represent 3,742 ministers and 515,491 communicants. There are altogether 5,936 ministers and 753,749 communicants in the church as 41,444 cants in the church, so that the presbyteries which have thus far voted represent a large majority of the ministers and communicants of the church.

The vote as it now stands makes it practi cally certain that there will be majority of about two to one of all the presbyteries in favor of revision; for it is not likely that the presbyteries yet to vote will materially change the ratio. This means that the task of revising the standards of the church will be imposed on the general assembly which meets in Saratoga next month. And the only questions now before the church, theretore, are the extent and character of the revision to be made. That revision of any kind is distasteful to a large and influential minority in the Presoyterian church cannot be denied. But they will doubtless submit gracefully to the inevitable, and will now concentrate all their energies to the task of confining the revision within as narrow

bounds as possible.

The outcome of this great movement has been a surprise even to the revisionists themselves. Yet in the hour of their victory they may be trusted to act for the best inter ests, not only of the majority, but of the minority. If they do so, the issue may be settled without any unseemly schism, and indeed without seriously disturbing the harmony of the church. It is not at all likely that such changes in the standards as will be made by the general assembly will please the extremists on either side. But they will probably embody a compromise which will meet the approval of moderate conservatives and moderate revisionists; and under the circumstances that is all that can be expected by anybody.

The Echo.

Did you ever figure the exact distance that one may be removed from a reflecting surface and yet hear the echo of his own voice? ti is said that one can not pronounce distinctly or hear distinctly more than five ing one. These rules apply more particusyllables in a second. This gives one-fifth of a second for each syllable. Taking 1,120 as the velocity of sound per second, we have 224 feet as the distance sound will travel in one-fifth of a second. Hence, if a reflecting surface is 112 feet distant the initial sound of an uttered syllable will be returned to the ear at a distance of 112 feet just as another syllable starts on its journey. In this case the first fifth of the second is consumed in the utterance of a syllable and the nex fifth of the second in hearing its echo. Two syllables would be echoed from a reflecting surface 224 feet distant, three syllables from 336 feet, and so on within the limit of audible ness. It is evident that a sharp quiet sound the duration of which is only one-tenth of a second, would give an echo from half the distance, or 60 feet. The above estimates are for a temperature of 61 degrees Fahren heit, at which the velocity of sound is a little over 1,118 feet in a second. The velocity of sound when the mercury stands at freezing is 1,086 feet per second.

Only Said in Fun.

"Are you looking for anyone in particu-ar?" as the rat said when he saw the cat watching for him.

"Tubbs:—"I flatter myself that honesty is printed on my face." Grubbs:—"Well—er—yes, perhaps—with some allowance for typographical errors."

A woman entered a provision shop and asked for a pound of butter, "an' look ye here, guidman," she exclaimed, "see an' gie me it guid, for the last pound was that bad I bad to gie't awa' to the wifie next

A doctor, trying to ascertain the nature of his patient's illness, asked him:—" Well. William, are you ever troubled with cold feet?" "Ay am I," returned William. "That's an auld complaint o' mine, sir; but they are the wife's."

She :- "Before we were married you be strewn with roses; and now I have to sit up nights and darn stockings." He:-

HOW TO USE THE RIFLE.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

In training to shoot with the rifle what is called offhand firing should always be practised. In doing this you stand firmly on both feet and fire from the shoulder—that is, you hold the gun with the breech resting in the hollow of the right shoulder and with the weight of the barrel sustained by the left hand. To fire with ease and grace, and In training to shoot with the rifle what is left hand. To fire with ease and grace, and at the same time with perfect accuracy, demands a great deal of careful training and the utmost coolness and steadiness of nerve, for the slightest movement of the gun will send the ball wide of the mark.

Formerly rifles were made with hair triggers—that is, with triggers that fired the gun at the slightest touch, and they are sometimes so made now; but I do not recommend them to boys. Still, a gun moderately easy to fire is best. In other words, the trigger should be easily controlled by a gentle pressure of the forefinger.

Now, to fire a rifle, grasp the gun by the stock, just below the guard, with the right hand, while with the left you support the barrel. Lift the weapon steadily to the level of the eye, the end of the breech resting against the hollow of the right shoulder, the right forefinger almost touching the trigger, the hammer cocked and the barrel

Take aim by seeing the fore-sight, which is near the fore-end of the barrel, resting low in the notch of the rear sight, while at the same time it covers the exact centre of the object used as a target. It will take some practice to be able to make the sights correspond as I have directed, and when this has been accomplished, the pulling of the trigger will, if you are not very careful, destroy the aim by causing the gun to wab-ble. Perseverance is the only road to suc-cess, in this as in everything else.

In long-range firing the shooter is permitted to rest his gun upon some object to steady it, though the best usage requires him to take some part of his own person for the support. Thus he may kneel with one leg while resting his elbow on the knee of the other, or he may lie on his back and rest his gun upon his foot or between his knees or across his leg. But in shooting game it is always best to rely on offhand

From the beginning of his practice it is necessary for the shooter to study quickness and accuracy of movement, so that in time

and accuracy of movement, so that in time he may be able to aim and fire all at once without the slightest hesitation or appreciable pause. When he can do this he may begin shooting at moving objects.

Habit is everything in shooting; if you form a correct firing habit at the outset of your practice you will soon be able to shoot without knowing how or when you take your aim. The best marksmen in the field never see the sights of their gun. At least hever see the sights of their gun. At least they are not aware that they see them while firing. The act of shooting should be as involuntary as the act of lifting the hand to ward off a blow. Many expert riflemen close the left eye while aiming, but I do not approve of this. Keep both eyes wide open, but aim always with the right eye. This is a cardinal rule with me. Lifting the gun, aiming and firing should be but one motion performed by a direct movement and with out pause. To some persons, however, this mode of firing is so difficult to master that

it must be given up and the old deliberate sighting method be followed.

The best way to learn to aim at running or flying game is provided. or flying game is practice at a pendulum target, which is simply a target of any sort swung by a string so that it oscillates to and fro like a pendulum. A round wheel of wood rolled on the ground is also a good running target. At first it will be best to fire at short range, say, twenty or thirty yards, and you will need an assistant to swing the pendulum and roll the wheel for you. There should always be a bank of earth or some other obstacle behind the target to prevent the ball from ricocheting and perhaps hurting some one far away. It is fine practice to shoot at a potato or other small

object tossed into the air by an assistant. In shooting at game a few good rules must be ever kept in mind. The first is, never poke" after the object of your aim. By poking" is meant following the flying or running game with your aim, which is the worst of all faults that a shooter is apt to acquire. Always aim a little ahead of an object moving across the line of your sight. larly to long-range shooting; at very short range aim directly at your game.

At all times in using a long-range rifle in a thickly populated country it is absolutely necessary to remember that your weapon may kill or injure some person or some do-mestic animal in the distance. To prevent the possibility of such a thing you cannot be too careful. Next to the safety of others comes your own, which is to be preserved chiefly by keeping the muzzle of the gun

always pointing away from you.

No gun is worth having if it is not worth keeping clean and in good order. The in-terior of the lock and the inside of the barrel are the principal parts that need to be especially watched for the least appearance of rust or dirt, which must be removed at once. As a rule, the lock will not need cleaning oftener than once a year, when it is best to take it to a professional gun-repairer. The barrel, however, should be cleaned thoroughly at the end of each day's shooting. Wipe it out first with a wet mop of cotton cloth, then with a dry one, after which swab it well with a woollen mop slightly saturated with pure oil.

I scarcely need say that a rifle must be

kept always dry and that the ammunition should be invariably the best. A filthy gun and poor loading will make a duffer of the most expert rifleman. Cleanliness is said to be next to godliness, and the saying holds good with the marksman

Juvenile Murderers Guillotined.

Some little sensation was caused the other day in Paris, France, by the execution in front of the gate of Le Roquette of two juvenile murderers, aged respectively seventeen and twenty-one. They had strangled an elderly concierge in broad daylight in the Rue Bonaparte, with a view to robbing her. President Carnot was dissuaded from sparing their lives, with a view to dispel a current but deep-rooted impression among the youth of the dangerous classes that it is unlawful to guillotine "infants." The one promised that my path through life should hardship in their case was that fifty-nine days were allowed to elapse between their sentence and execution, and the delay en-"You don't want to walk on roses bare-couraged them to hope for a commutation of footed, do you? You'd get thorns in your their punishment. They met their fate with