The HUGHS LATE.

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WOLF-UOD ASING IN RUSSIA.

The wolf was carried out in his cage, which, on pulling a string, fell to pieces like a pigeon trap, and he set off at a long gallop. The dogs, in hot pursuit, soon came up and Khvatai made first rush, but missed, rolling over with the wolf, who, however, picked himself up and went on.

Both dogs in turn now came up, but did not get an opening for a minute or so, when Molodetz tackled and "pinned." Khvatai at once joining in—a very good piece of work.

A Moonlight Fantasy.

The violet sky of the night swung low its starlit arch over the sleeping earth.

The lambent moon dashed with gold the white road leading away under the great

white road leading away under the great trees.

There were strips of light and shade lying along the vista of the overhanging branches. and in and out among these walked a couple, A man and woman.

He was tall and straight. She was by his side, of fair proportions.

They spoke no word as they walked, and the sweet Summer air moved no faster than they, and was still.

There was a twitter among the leaves of a bird in its nest, and a low hum, as if the voices of the night were whispering to the stars and the leaves.

A cloud came from the western sky and laid its mantle over the face of the moon and the strips of light across the couple's path shadowed away into darkness.

Then it was the woman spoke.

"George" she said almost harshly, it seemed, where erstwhile all had been so sweet and still.

"Yes, Martha," he replied in deep abstraction.

"We've got to get a new hired girl" she

Omitted One Important Caution.

The mother's suspicions were aroused and that night when the young man left the house and that night when the young man left the house and the daughter came upstairs she interviewed her.

"Elizabeth," she said sternly, "didn't I hear Mr. Smipley kissing you in the parlor as I came along the hall?"

"No, mamma, you didn't, "responded the daughter emphatically.

"Well, didn't he try to kiss you?" persisted the mother.

"Yes, mamma," demurely.

"I knew it," she said. "Did you permit him to do so?"

"No, ma'am, I did not. I told him you had always taught me that I should not permit any young man to kiss me."

"That was right, that was right, my dear," said the mother encouragingly.

"And what did he say to that?"

The girl blushed but was undaunted.

"He asked me if you had ever told me I was not to kiss a young man."

The mother began to feel that possibly she had omitted a vital link in the chain of her instructions.

"What did you tell him?" she asked

her instructions.
"What did you tell him?" she asked

nervously.

"I said I didn't remember it if you had."
The girl stopped and the mother broke out urgently:

"Well, go on, go on."

"I guess that's what you heard, mother," and the daughter waited for the storm to burst.

Barbed wire is not popular in Kentucky nless it is in the form of a corkscrew.

The whole percent and control the second complete the second compl

and a Muszle for That Boy.

"Papa," suddenly piped up the youngest, bracing his sturdy little legs for the assault, "don't it hurt the walls to have all the old skin scraped off o'em when you puts paper on? I bunked the skin off my knee an' it bluggled like forty. Why don't the wall bluggy?"

There was no reply.

"Papa, is the holes in the bakers' bread good for little boys to live on? An' where does the baker-man get 'em?"

Papa said nothing, but dived into the foreign news column.

"Papa," came that still, small voice, with a feeling ring in it, "how does little boys know when deir toes hurts' em? They don't fink wis deir feet, does they?"

Papa fied to the baseball column with an audible gasp.

"Papa, where doss God live?"

"In heaven, son."

"Did old Mrs. Brown go to heaven when she died?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did old MIRS. Bloom as the died?"

"Yes, dear."

"Ain't it norful lonesome up there wifonly old Mrs. Brown an' God?"

Papa prayed steadily through the brief lull.

"Papa," once more came the question from the puzzled little brain, "where did "Adam and Eve buy a cradle to put Cain in?"

How to Assist Drowning Persons.

Every body may be called upon to afford assistance to drowning persons while the doctor is being sent for, and Professor Laborde's simple method for restoring breath when all other means have failed deserves to be universally known. A Paris correspondent tells us that the other day at a watering place in Normandy two bathers, a young man and a boy, who were unable to swim, went out of their depth and disappeared. They were brought on shore inanimate, and were taken to the village. Two doctors were sent for, but the young man gave no sign of lite, and they declared he was dead. M. Laborde, who was fishing at half-anhour's distance, came up as soon as he heard of the accident. He examined the body, and found that the extremities were cold and the heart had stopped. Then, taking hold of the root of the tongue, he drew it violently forward, giving it a succession of jerks in order to excite the reflex action of the breathing apparatus, which is always extremely sensitive. At the end of a few minutes a slight hiccough showed that the patient was saved. In addition to the usual restorative means, Professor Laborde, in extreme cases, rubs the chest with towels soaked in hot and nearly boiling water, although the skin is blistered by this. How to Assist Drowning Persons

Retired from the Stock Board! Given up your business! What's notice. ald fel-less?" Dead broke; could it he bysker."