o geniae soars far to the fountain hat feeds the snow-cap in the sky; But though our wings break in the flying And though our souls faint in the trying, it flight cannot follow so high; d the eagle swoops not from the mountain o answor the ground-bird's low cry;

he world has a gay guerdon ready To hail the fleet foot in the race; But on the dull highway of duty, Aloof from the pomp and the beau He stir and the chance of the chase, re toilers, with step true and steady. Pursuing their wearisome pace.

False prowess and noisy insistence May capture the garrulous throug But the "average" father and brother The home-keeping sister and mother. Grown gentle and patient and strong, Shall learn in the fast-nearing distance Wherein life's awards have been wrong,

At the bottom of the main street of Penge village there is a police station, at a corner where Croyden Road crosses at right angles. Matthew Bulbous stepped quickly off the pavement in front of the station, stooping his head against the driving and blinding sleet in order to cross to the other side. He had gone but three paces when a shout from the door of the police station paralysed him, and heavy feet leaped down the stone steps and followed him. As the policeman's grasp was on his shoulder he turned his white face to his captor—was struck in the head and chest with tremendous force, and flung back senseless on the pavement.

For weeks after this occurrence, Mat-

less on the pavement.

For weeks after this occurrence, Mathews Bulbous was knocked out of the world more completely than he had been gloomily anticipating just before it happened, and by a much more summary process. The world he was shot into proved to be a strange and bewildering one, and held masterful grip of his raving fancies. It was a kind of world manifest enough, from his hallucinations, to those about him; but much of it was wholly incomprehensible, and almost all of it very dreadful.

How many times he was pilloried in the

hallucinations, to those about him; but much of it was wholly incomprehensible, and almost all of it very dreadful.

How many times he was pilloried in the dock for that crime of folly, it would be impossible to say. The wretched man was being forever put on his trial, with not a word of defence to utter. Mr. Clove sat by, silent and powerless; the locathsome Griffon, smelling of gin, with vile moisture glistening on the bristles round her mouth, supported him on one side; the doctor on the other; and now and again he caught sight of the distressful, pitying faces of his wife and daughter, and tried to avoid them. But when he beheld Lord Polonius on the bench beside the judge, his rage was fearful; they had to hold him down on the bed; until, behind the justice-seat, appeared the face against which he had no power to hold pu his head—and then he always collapsed, moaning and burying himself in the pillows. How vivilly he remembered her warning on Christmas eve: "According as you are kind and just to it, I will be merciful to you!" He had murdered it, he and those two vile confederates on each side of him; and seeing the dead mother-behind the judge, with her white face and and kneyes fixed upon him, he knew that he had no mercy to hope for.

When the dreadful trial was over, and sentence passed, the worst punishment came because, instead of the merciful seclusion of the pirson, he was condemned to undergohis degradation before all the world. His destated fellow-malefactors the Griffon and the doctor; all the clerks from his office came daily during luncheon hour to stare at him; business friends stood afar off, contemplating his condition with pity; ragged women jeered and hooted him; inked to his detected fellow-malefactors the Griffon and the doctor; all the clerks from his office came daily during luncheon hour to stare at him; business friends stood afar off, contemplating his condition with pity; ragged women jeered and hooted him; and Lord Polonius drove round daily in a slashing tandem in order to turn h

wintry afternoon, that he came back to the wintry afternoon, that he came back to the world once more. The amazed effort to realize where he was, or what had happened to him, was of course a failure. It was some dim but wondering reassurance to him presently to see nis wife by the bedside, signing to him to be still, and gazing in his face with the unselfish devotion of a loving heart. Then a doctor came, examined his pulse and temperature, and silently disappeared again; and as, opening his eyes after a few minutes, he found himself alone and the room was darkening, there was nothing for it but to go to sleep, with some vague hope that when he awoke again he might be able to understand something.

And the state of the chase. Are tother, with the pure oad all states and the company of the comp

to me."
The interview would have to come so The interview would have to come sooner or later, and he might as well get it over. Matthew Boulbous was not now his old self—of rock-like strength and inflexibility of character, but a broken down man—broken down first by misfortune and next by sickness. His son might be as stern as he liked with him; he was at his mercy now.

James Bulbous, however, did not look stern when he came to the bedside and took his father's hand. "I am glad to see you better. father."

"Well Jem?"
The son regarded him a moment attentively, still holding the weak hand.
"Jem!" said Matthew Bulbous, gathering all his strength, "if you will listen to me—patiently and forgivingly—while I confess how I have wronged and injured you"

"Poor father?" said James Bulbous, "you have been under a terrible delusion. Before I tell you what has happened, will you promise to nurse no ill-feeling against others on account of it?—to let bygones be bygones?"

Matthew reflected. This was a serious proposition. But he was in a weak state of mind and body propitious to virtuous impulses, and after a while he answered: "Very well, Jom; I promise—always excepting Lord Polonius!"
"We will leave out his lordship, then," said the young man, smiling. "And now, father, I will tell you how it was.

for you."

"He is half-away to New Zealand now.—
I know, father," the young man added, penitently, "I ought not to have been so stiff-necked. I ought to have written to you and explained. But my pride prompted me to work and be independent. I am sorrier now than I can tell you."

There was no deception here; his son's face was too honest. The Griffon and all the rest of that horror passed away like a night-mare—hideous, and as yet hardly comprehensible—and the relief was indeed deep beyond fathoming. Whata terribly realistic actor Joseph had been through all the horrible business! And what a terribly realistic fool Matthew had been himself!
But Joseph knew him to the bone, and the conviction of this fact covered Matthew with humiliation, which it is to be hoped did him good.

n the thing thing thing took thave there as as as now; and what remained? The wife and fasty! These dread images were still in his mind, and he had been doing his best for the last few minutes to think of them with grateful resignation. But for all he could do, while thanking Heaven with one half of his heart that they were alive, the other half sank with the thought of them living and his wife and daughter in the same house with them. It was more than melancholy, the would cling to her for life—and he recoiled from the thought of her coming in con-act with his own wife and daughter, whose value to nim now was beyond all riches. And then the baby!—such things, as though in mockery of human vanity and pride, were And then the baby!—such things, as though in mockery of human vanity and pride, were terribly tenacious of life, and, as Mrs. Griffon had pointed out, endowed with marvellous powers of endurance and survival.

Theson did not understand the grief which hesaw deepening in his father's face. Presently he fancied he discovered its cause, and aughed quietly.

"Don't laugh at me, Jem; I'll bear it as best I can; but for the Lord's sake don't laugh at me!"

There was a soft rustle at the door, and James Bulbous made a sign to some person there.

there.
"Father, my wife and baby," he said gently.

Matthew shivered, and turned his pale face round to see. "What is this?" he cried,

starting up. "My wife and child, father. Gertrude has been nursing you, as well as mother and Agnes."

Agnes."

As he spoke, he quietly slipped from the room and left them together.

That pretty blushing face – how well Matthew Bulbous knew it!—the face that had been with him on Christmas eve, and had been haunting him since! Richly indeed did the pleasant look of Jem's wife this morning—and of her bright-eyed baby—repay him for what he had suffered. He drew them both to his breast and held them there, tenderly, thanking God for a mercy he had done so little to deserve.

not having the least knowledge of the fraud that had been played on Mr. Bulbous—and replied: "For a little sister of mine, who died at Christmas."

"Ah—of course, my dear," he said with a slight state. "Now I remember. That illness has played the mischief with my memory."

[THE END.]

A Hatching Chest for Girls

Very well, Jem; i promise—always excepting Lord Zolonius!"

"We will leave out his lordship, then," said the young man, smiling, "And now, father, I will tell you how it was.

James Bulbous related the story of his wife and child. Matthew was simply stupe-fied. The whole thing had been a malicious scheme of Joseph Bulbous, intended to punish his masterful brother, and humble his pride by administering to, him the biggest fright it was possible to give him. Joseph knew his man to the bone, as no other living person knew him, and the autocratic and self-sufficieng brother had played in the his hads with stupendous blindness. It was difficult to realize it.

"Joseph deceived you, father." Ead to cived me also. Why father," said did—all this could not have happened.
"Then, your wife—your child"—Matthew commenced, fearfully.

"They were both alive and well. Joseph, after leaving England—provided with the money intended for James Bulbous's contining the whole plot. At the same time he despatched the telegram to his brother as a parting shot. The unfortunate child belonged to some one else—for it was a plot between Joseph and the woman Griffon, which paid the latter sufficiently well. The course of nature—or business.

"So Joe is gone, then?" said Matthew regretfully, "I gave him four hundred pounds for you."

"He is half-away to New Zealand now.—I know, father," "the young man added, penitently, "I ought not to have been so stiff-necked. I ought to have written to you and explained. But my pride prompted me to work and be independent. I am sorrier now than I can tell you."

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Small Sweet Courtesies.

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Life is so complex, its machinery so intricate, that it is impossible that the wheels should always move smoothly and without friction. There is a continual straining of every nerve to gain and keep a place in this overcrowded, busy world. What wonder if in the hurry and pushing the rights of others were trampled or completely ignored when every individual is in such haste that time fails for the "small, sweet courtesies of life!"

But it is the little offices of friendship—the encouraging smile, the appreciative

But it is the little offices of friendship— the encouraging smile, the appreciative word, the thought for our preferences, the avoidance of our prejudices—which make life easier, and which lessen in a marvelous degree all its worries and perplexities. For nothing prevents friction so perfectly as the exercise of what we sometimes disdainfully call the minor virtues. As though one should be endowed with truth, and yet lack-ing predence and delicate unight and ciring prudence and delicate insight and cir-cumspection, wound with sharp needle pricks the sensitive hearer. We do not care to be constantly reminded of our fail-

ings.
A gentlewoman never fails in the small, A gentlewoman never fails in the small, sweet courtesies. Instinctively she respects the feelings of others, and, having the golden rule by heart, it is from her heart that all lovely, love-compelling graces flow. "In her tongue is the law of kindness," and she has the ready tact which takes advantage of every opportunity to render the lives of others happier.

"And every morning, with 'good-day,' Makes each day good."

Her wining smiles and gentle, ministra.

Makes each day good."
Her winning smiles and gentle ministra-tions, her soft voice and unfailing sympa-thy, insure her always a ready welcome, and, like the sun, she "finds the world bright, be cause she makes it so."

Oultivation of Turkeys.

"A farmer's daughter" says: The first turkey hens which show a desire to sit should be allowed to do so, as the fresher the eggs the better the hatch. Let them have only 10 to 12 eggs at the start, the remainder being given to some trustworthy old Plymouth Rock matrons, which can easily cover eight to ten turkey eggs apiece. A sufficient number of turkey hens should be set to go with the young turkeys, as they are so much finer and more thrifty when reared by their natural mothers. Some persons put as many as 25 or 30 in one brood, but my experience teaches that a larger per cent. are raised when the broods are smaller. It is also a good plan to have several turkey hens come off at once; they and their broods are no more trouble to care for than one would be; in fact, they are much more tractable, it being the nature of turkeys to go in companies. One alone is always restless and ill at seas and one selden see selden see selden see selden see selden see selden see still made him turn cold to imagine what might have been.

He has abandoned the idea of entering Parliament, and is taking steps to sell Kirby St. George. To the general world he is still the same man he always has been; but his eyes have been opened to one or two important facts. He knows the value of his domestic ties now, and the pleasure of coming home in the evening. After dinner, instead of shutting himself up in his study, as he used to do, he now sits by the drawing-room fire with pretty Mrs. Jem (and the baby) always near to him. Agnes is to be married to the curate very soon. Jem, who has been called to the bar, works as hard as though his living depended on it; and his father has privately assured the young man's mother that one day Jem will be Lord Chancellor of England.

"Gertrude," said Matthew one night to his pretty daughter-in-law as the fact struck him for the first time, for whom are you in mourning?"

She looked up with innocent surprisePRINCESS LOUISE.

ow Her Royal Highness Ironed a Colored Man's Shirt. A lady who was living in Bermuda at the time heard H. R. H. Princess Louise herself tell the following story at the tea-table a few hours after the incident that it relates

to occurred:

The princess had been out sketching and had a tin cup in which she wished to get some water to wet her brushes. Seeing an old colored woman standing near a window ironing she went into the house, and asked for some water. There was none in the house, and in order to get it she would have to go quite a distance to the spring, so she said:

said:
"Lor' sake, chile, I ain't got no time to
go for de water. I've got ter git dis yere
shirt ironed so as my ole man kin go to see
the 'cession to-morrer."
There was to be a procession in honor

of the princess.

"If you will get me the water I will iron the shirt," said the princess.

"All right, honey, I'll fetch it in a min-

ute."
While she went for the water the princess ironed the shirt and when she was about to go she said:
"Aunty, are you not going to see the procession? Don't you want to see the princess.

"Lor', chile, jest look at dat heap of close

dat is got ter be washed. 'Sides, dey say she ain't only ordinary lookin', jes' like our

she ain't only ordinary lookin', jes' like ourselves."

The princess then told her who she was.

"Bress de Lord, honey, an' you is ironed my ole man's shirt. He shant neber wear dat shirt agin."

The princess, in telling the story at the supper table, said that her mother had all of her daughters taught how to cook and how to iron, and she remembered her saying once when she (the princess) demurred about ironing: "You don't know but you may have to iron your husband's shirts sometime, and you must know how to do it;" then she added, "I am sure I ironed the shirt well."

After supper the princess was sitting on the veranda with other ladies when she saw some very fine roses that one of the ladies was gathering. She spoke to a little 5-year-old girl who was near her:

"Teresa, won't you please ask your mother if she will give me one of those roses?"

The little girl looked at her a moment.

The little girl looked at her a moment, and then said: "You mean my mamms, don't you?"

"Well, yes, if that is what you call her; but I always call my mother mother."

"That's 'cause you are a big lady and not a little girl."

"I always called her mother when I was a little girl. Do you know who my mother is?"

"She is the Queen of England."
"What a fib," said the child, which aused a laugh in which the princess heartily oined.

T heFirst Umbrella in England.

The First Umbrella in England.

Jonas Hanway was the son of a store-keeper in the dockyard at Portsmouth, and on the death of his parents was bound apprentice to a merchant in Lisboth. When the term of his indentures had expired, he went to St. Petersburgh, where he became partner in a good house of business, and being desirous of opening up a trade with Persia, and also of penetrating into that land of mystery, journeyed thither, meeting with strange and wild adventures and enduring many hardships. But he picked up much information, which, on his return to England, he published; and he brought back with him rich experiences, a fair competence, and—an umbrella! Picture Jonas Hanway, with his plain honest face and his suit of broadcloth, walking through the streets of London, the first man who ever used an umbrella! People stood and stared, boys jeered and hooted, and some thought him mad, while others only laughed at him as being eccentric. But Jonas had a purpose; he found the umbrella useful in wet weather to shield him from the rain, and in summer to keep off the sun, and at other times to serve him as a stick, and wherever he went he persistently carried this curiosity, until people got accustomed to see it. After a time, on wet days, Jonas was not the only man to use it; one after another took to the "ridiculous" umbrella until at last a new trade was originated, and to-day it is the source of a livelihood to thousands.

now mad left them together.

That pretty blushing face - how well Matta a beliance in the control of the contro

A heart where anger never burns; A gift that looks for no returns. Wrong's overthrow; pain's swift release; Dark footsteps guided into peace. The light of love in lover's eyes; ge that is young as well as wise, A mother's kiss. a baby's mirth— These are the sweetest things of earth.

Paper-Covered Bullets.

Paper Overed Bullets.

In consequence of the enormous initial velocity of the bullet in the new Mannlisher rifle and the resulting friction and wear on the barrel, it has become necessary to devise some method preventing both of these evils. The manager of the Government laboratory at Thun, Switzerlaud, has consequently devised a method of enclosing the leaden bullet in a thin metallic covering, while over this he places a wrapper of specially prepared cleaginous paper, which reduces the wear of the rifle barrel to a minimum, without interfering with the course of the bullet.

Wear violet, and in Ethiopia brown is the wear violet, and in Ethiopia brown is the work velocity of the Surging color in some European countries, but black is generally accepted now. Different colors have frequently been adopted by opposing parties, and the colors of various nations are incorporated in their flags, for the United States.

The silk petticoat for full dress shell d be cut with the bias seam in the back, fixe the dress and trimmed with one deep fluence, with narrow Russian lace on either each of the rife and the result of the velocity of the same of the velocity of the surging color in some European countries, but black is generally accepted now. Different colors have frequently been adopted by opposing parties, and the colors of various nations are incorporated in their flags, for the United States.

The silk petticoat for full dress shell do the velocity of the velocity o

AUROSS THIBET.

omething About the Latest Excedition Into the Land of the Lame.

Capt. Bower of the Seventeenth Bengal Cavalry, and Dr. Thorold reached Shanghai on April 1, having journeyed from Cashmere through Thibet to the Chinese province of Szechuen, an exploit without a parallel by Europeans. The greater part of the journey was made at an elevation of 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, and for a fortinght the road was 17,000 feet above the level. The party, which consisted of Capt. Bower, Dr. Thorold, and nine East Indians, spent just a year on the journey, eight months of which were passed in the elevated country that is seldow visited by Europeans. A part of their route was traversed by the explorer Rockell and by Prince Henri of Orleans and M. Bonvalot, but no previous explorers had the same opportunities for observation or penetrated so far among the high plateaus that are exceeded in elevation only by the Pamirs, so aptly called the roof of the world.

The party started from the northwest corner of Cashmese in April, 1891. They were well supplied with horses and luggage. They made a diagonal course straight across Thibet and entered China near Tu-chien-tu, in the southwest extremity of the province of Szechuen. Ten months were consumed in this journey, which was made in the face of many hardships and considerable danger.

The cold was intense on the high plateaus 15,000 feet above the sea level over which they travelled for five months. Much suffering from cold was experienced at the outside because, to avoid the guards placed by the Dalai Lama on the frontier of Thibet, they were forced to go far to the north and cross the uninhabited table lands. For days and weeks they travelled over these elevated plains. The only vegetation was a low-lying heather. There was nothing to make a fire of except the dung of wild horses. The plains were alive with game, however—wild horses, antelope, gazelle, and yuks—and the leaders of the party and good sport. The cold told severely upon the Indians and the horses, the party lad good sport. The cold told severely upon the Indians and the ho

necessary permission.

The Captain and his companion have brought back 200 specimens of butterflies and flowers gathered on the elevated plains, and many specimens of animal life. When the story of their expedition is written it will add materially to the world's knowledge of the interior of Thibet.

Torture of a Chinese Kebel.

Torture of a Chinese Rebel.

A despatch from Shanghai describes the execution of one of the chiefs of the recent rebellion in Mongolia. Theman was brought in chains to Tientsin, and after being examined for several hours by the Viceroy, Li Hung-Jhang, was executed by the 'felow process,' ling chi-slicing to death (literally, cutting into ten thousand pieces). The wretch was fastened to a wooden cross, and the executioner proceeded to cut slices from him here and there, beginning with the end of the nose, then cutting off pieces of the arms and breast and legs, but carefully avoiding a vital part.

It is usual in the case of this punishment for the friends of the condemned to bribe the executioner to give the victim a fatal stab at an early stage in the proceedings, but it happened that the rebel had no money and no friends in that vicinity, and, besides, the executioner was carefully watched by the officials, who saw to it that he should show no mercy, even if he was so inclined. So the torture went slowly on for an hour and a half, until the wretched victim presented a most hideous spectacle, being denuded of the greater part of the outer flesh, and yet still alive.

At last the officer in charge ordered the executioner to strike off the criminal's head. The latter was evidently conscious, for he heard the order and bent his head to receive the blow. Throughout the whole scen the victim never uttered a groan or an appeal for mercy, though his compressed lips showed that it was not without effort that he maintained his apparant stolidity. Several foreigners who were present at the scene say that it was the most cruel Chinese execution they ever witnessed.

Queer Facts About Colors.

Queer Facts About Colors.

A dog belonging to Hercules Tyrius was one day walking along the sea shore, when he found and ate a murex, a species of shell-fish. Returning to his master, the latter noticed that the dog's lips were tinged with color, and in this manner Tyrian purple was discovered. The color was used in the robes of emperors and nobles, and the expression "born of the purple" meant that the person was of high birth. It is strange to think that the favorite color of royalty can be traced to the curiosity or hunger of the dog of Tyre.

In the seventh century the favorite color of the Scotch Convenanters was blue, and thue and orange or yellow became the Whig colors after the revolution of 1688. Green is the color of the Irish Roman Catholics, while opposed to it is the orange of the Orangemen or Protestants of the north of Ireland.

Ecclesiastical colors include all the primary colors and black and white, which are used

Ecclesiastical colors include all the primary colors and black and white, which are used at various church offices. The Cardinals of the Roman Church have adopted scarlet as their color, which was originally red. In ancient Rome the occupation and rank of many people were made known by the colors of the garments which they wore. Black is in common use among us for mourning, but the Chinese wear white, the Turks wear violet, and in Ethiopia brown is the proper hue. White was originally the mourning color in some European countries, but black is generally accepted now. Different colors have frequently been adopted by opposing parties, and the colors of various nations are incorporated in their flags, for instance, the "red, white and blue" of the United States. Ecclesiastical colors include all the primary