

### THIS HEART OF MINE.

BY ANIDA.

This heart of mine is sadly human,  
And passion sweeps it often times;  
Shall earthly pleasures never fill it?  
Or do I long for things sublime?  
It flutters restless in my bosom,  
As if it pined sad and alone.  
Is that the poet's soul within me,  
That makes my spirit weep and moan?  
My heart is empty of all pleasure—  
Such pleasure as the world can give;  
My path is shrouded in darkness;  
How long can patience bear her burdens?  
When shall these lips in rapture sing?  
BELINE, Ark.

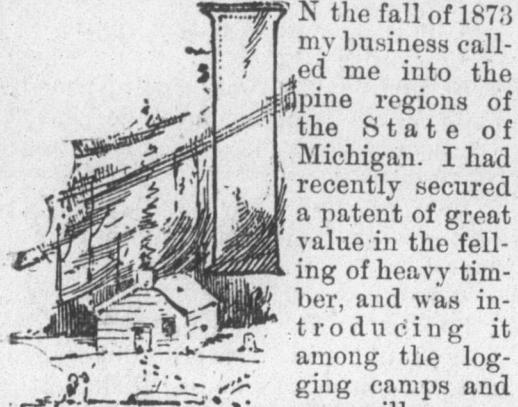
### WHAT WORD?

BY KIL COURTLAND.

What was the word you said to me  
In the gleam of the sunset glow?  
When the moss-rose pressed her scarlet lips  
On the lily's cheek of snow.  
Ah! poets and sages their lives will spend  
And the tides will ebb and flow,  
But only the roses can tell, good friend,  
And only the lilies know.  
But what was the word I said to you,  
In the heart of the ruby glare?  
The passion flower swung high the cross,  
The panes were all at prayer.  
Ah! poets and sages their lives will spend  
And the tides will ebb and flow,  
But only the roses can tell, good friend,  
And only the lilies know.  
PENDLETON, S. C.

### LITTLE ROBBIE'S NERVE

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.



In the fall of 1873 my business called me into the pine regions of the State of Michigan. I had recently secured a patent of great value in the fellings of heavy timber, and was introducing it among the logging camps and saw mills.

In this I was meeting with decided success, and was making money at a rate I had not, in my wildest dreams, anticipated.

I was a widower, and, as will readily be believed, was devotedly attached to my only child, an active and unusually bright boy of eight years. A father—particularly a doting one, as I admit myself to have been—is apt to exaggerate the abilities and attainments of his children, and I well know that the first branch of my statement will be given greater credence than the last.

I will not stop to argue the matter with the incredulous reader, but proceed to relate the story upon which I have already made a beginning, confident that it will convince the most skeptical of the quick wit and nerve of my little Robbie.

I had brought him with me to Michigan, and left him at school in East Saginaw while I conducted my profitable canvass among the pines. Late in November the friend with whom I had left him wrote me that he had become exceedingly lonesome, and could not apply himself to his studies.

It required no great evidence to convince me of the truth of the report, for a month's separation from my boy had brought me to a similar state of mind. The letter decided me upon a course that for some days I had been considering—a foolish course any man in full possession of his faculties would have said. I directed that Robbie be sent forward to me in the vast pine woods.

Three days later he joined me, having been placed in charge of a kind-hearted lumberman, who delivered him safe enough, though with but little appetite for the sweetmeats I had provided in honor of his advent.

But the ripened harvest of dollars awaited my sickle, and not even the pleasure of playing with my boy could detain me from business.

I had worked all the camps in that section, and decided to start the next morning for a point on the river, some twenty miles away, where I was confident of disposing of a number of machines.

I was to make the journey on horseback, Robbie riding behind me. We had mounted, said good-by to our new but none the less warm friends, when an old skidder came running toward us.

"Don't start to-day!" cried he, when within speaking distance.

"Why not?" I asked.

"'Cause we're goin' to have a storm, an' it's a long an' lonely stretch you've got before you."

"I see no indications of it."

"You would, if you'd been waitin', as I have, a fortnight for snow to start the sleds, so that you could earn the grub you was a-eatin'. We'll have a storm, and a big one at that, afore dark."

"But I've lots of time. It's only a few hours' ride."

"I hope so, for I sees you're bound to go. Well, hustle along, an' don't waste time a-talkin' to me."

The old man had judged me rightly: I did design to go, seeing nothing portentous of evil. Accordingly, I acted upon his suggestion, and rode away from the log buildings that constituted the camp.

For some miles there was a fair bridle-path through a wilderness of stumps and underbrush, and we made good progress. At length we reached a point where we were obliged to make a turn, and strike into the heavy timber, through which the remainder of our journey lay.

A railroad line had been projected

here some years before, and abandoned, after the timber on the course had been felled, a telegraph line constructed and some little grading done.

I well knew that it was but a poor apology for a road, and had only adopted it because it shortened the distance by more than one half, from that of the regular wagon road.

We were, as nearly as I could estimate, within five or six miles of our destination when, to my consternation, I saw that the prognostication of the old skidder was about to be verified. The sky had become overcast with clouds, the tall pines were rocking in the rising wind, and flakes of snow were beginning to flutter to the ground.

I tried to increase the speed of the horse, but found it impossible by reason of the numerous obstructions in the form of trunks of trees.

"Don't be afraid, Robbie," said I, in as cheerful tones as I could command.

"Not a bit of it. I think it just jolly. I'll make the eyes of the boys at home open—"

A snapping sound cut short the lad's remark and caused his own eyes to open pretty wide, I fear.

An upward glance showed me the green top of a huge pine, describing in our direction an awful circle in the air.

I dug my heels into the flanks of the horse and shouted at the top of my voice.

This seemed to increase the terror of the animal, which stopped stock still.

Another instant and the tree was upon us.

I felt a sharp twinge of pain and lost consciousness.

My first thought was of Robbie, and the groan I uttered was caused not so much by pain as by the dreadful fear that I had lost him forever.

Judge of my joy when I saw him not only alive but actively engaged in clearing away the branches which covered me.

The horse had been killed outright, and my right leg broken above the knee.

With the assistance of the cool-headed boy I changed my position so as to lean against the body of the dead horse, which somewhat relieved my pain.

Our situation was desperate in the extreme, and Robbie realized it as soon as myself.

"Brace up, father," said he, "I'll run on, and be back before long with lots of help!"

But I at once interdicted this plan. The storm had become furious by this time, and I well knew that the boy could never face it and live.

Toward evening, however, it abated and finally ceased altogether. But the wind, howling through the only avenue afforded it, had piled the snow into enormous drifts, which precluded all thought of the child's working his way through them.

No words can describe my anguish. My pain was forgotten in the awful consciousness that my foolish fondness for my boy had brought him to a terrible death in the wilderness.

"Where do the telegraph lines run, father?" asked Robbie suddenly.

"To some point on the lake," I replied.

"And are they used?"

"O, yes; I understand they are a great convenience to the inland camps."

"Can't we use them, somehow?"

"No, my boy; we have no instru-



"ANOTHER INSTANT AND THE TREE WAS UPON US."

ment, and would not know how to use one if we had it."

Then I spoke of other matters, not wishing him to entertain hopes which I saw had no foundation.

Suddenly I awoke from an uneasy sleep and missed him from my side.

In terror I called his name, and with a sinking heart listened for the response that did not come.

An awful fear took possession of me. Knowing that he could never secure my consent, the daring little fellow had started off to meet his death while trying to bring relief to me.

This terrible conclusion, coupled with the pain of my broken limb, caused me to lose consciousness.

When I revived, it was to find Robbie rubbing my hands and face.

"Where have you been?" I asked, in a tremor of joy at seeing him in the starlight.

"Looking into that telegraph matter," he replied. "I'm hoping—"

"Hope no more for that Robbie, but sit down beside me. Help may come in the morning," I added, not wishing to discourage him.

Help did come in the morning. About nine o'clock Robbie set up a joyous shout, and a moment later I saw strong men approaching.

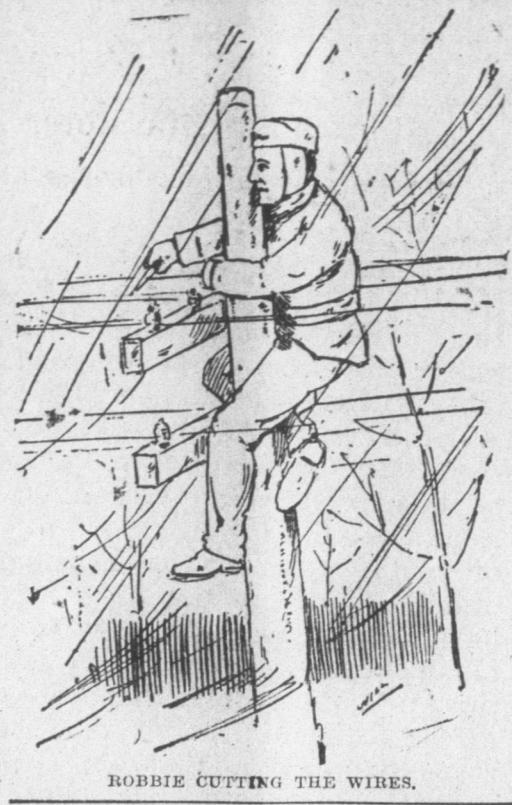
"How came you here?" I inquired,

as soon as my feelings permitted me to speak.

"I telegraphed for them," cried Robbie, as he turned a cart-wheel in the snow.

"That's about the size of it," said one of the men. "The lines wouldn't work this morning, and we were sent out to locate and repair the breaks."

"That's just what I figured on," said the delighted boy, "when I climbed a pole last night and sawed the whole



ROBBIE CUTTING THE WIRES.

six wires in two with my knife. I had an instrument and knew how to use it!"

Who will say that increasing years has added foolishness to my fondness, and that the handsome young man who sits beside me and makes disparaging remarks as I write, was not a bright and nervy boy?

### Surgical Operation Upon a Lioness.

Yesterday morning Keeper Havens, of the Gress Zoo, performed a very delicate operation.

The silver lioness, "Mollie," chewed up a piece of raw beef which the butcher had chopped up with a cleaver, leaving some fragments of bone in the flesh. It is not the custom of the keeper to give the animals flesh that contains any bone at all. In this instance a sharp sliver of bone pierced the lioness' gum on the outside of the jaw, next to the cheek, just below the left eye.

The place swelled up and festered, and the animal suffered a great deal of pain. Her head was swollen and she was unable to eat.

Yesterday morning Keeper Havens went to the cage, and by coaxing the lioness he got her to lie down, and then he slipped ropes over her fore feet, stretching them to either side of the cage and tying them securely.

"Mollie" kicked and struggled until the keeper fondled her awhile. After she was secured he entered the cage all alone, and, taking her head between his knees, he cut a small incision in the cheek, took his lance and drew out the sliver, an inch in length.

He did the work all alone, and no one else was present during the performance of the operation.

Yesterday afternoon, after she had been released several hours, he visited the cage, and she met him with a gratified look, holding the wound up to the bars of the cage as if she was glad that he had performed the operation that relieved her, and she appeared as docile and kindly as a kitten, although she had been fierce and resentful before.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

### Cornfield Philosophy.

The burnt child fears the fire, and so he will try to find some method of playing with it without getting burned.

A drunkard can preach a good sermon on the evils of intemperance. He knows whereof he speaks.

Kindness is the grease that makes the world run smoothly.

The faster a man runs the farther he will go in a certain time and the sooner he will be tired.

The poison you put out for your neighbor's dog will kill your own canine if he eats it.

A sheep cannot climb a fence as readily as a goat can, and he is not so self-conceited, but he produces more wool.

A big head is no more a sign that its possessor has lots of brains than a large smokehouse indicates that its owner has plenty of meat. Both may be empty.

SMALL quantities of nickel are obtained from various localities in the United States and other countries, but the world's chief supply is stated to have come thus far from the mines of a French company in New Caledonia, whose output has been about 1,000 tons yearly. At the copper mines near Sudbury, Ont., however, nickel has been found in such quantity that Dr. Peters has offered to produce 2,000 tons of the metal annually. Late discoveries of nickel ore have also been made in the Ural. The increase in the supply of this metal is expected to bring into extensive use the valuable alloys of nickel with steel and with copper.

WE then all went out-doors, and the big boys played ball very much as boys do now. The girls and smaller boys played 'blind man's buff,' 'drop the handkerchief' and 'black man' just as children do now. It was almost dark before we reached home that night. The teacher went with us to stay a week at our house, as he did with all the other pupils. That was the first day I ever spent at school.—*Youth's Companion.*

—*Youth's Companion.*

A Question of Method.

"This talk about us fellows wanting to marry for money is all foolishness," remarked young De Troy excitedly.

"Love, and love alone, should prompt a young man in choosing a life partner. Do you suppose that before I would propose to a girl I'd hem and haw around and try by hook and crook to get her to tell me how much she was worth?"

"No," remarked young Inswim, "a thousand times no. You'd find out some other way."—*Drake's Magazine.*

PHYSIOLOGISTS say that the older a man grows the smaller his brain becomes. This explains why the old man knows nothing and the young one everything.

IN round numbers 10,000 missionaries are sent out by the various Christian nations to preach the gospel to 1,000,000,000 heathen—one missionary to every 100,000 of the heathen.

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