

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 23, 1898.

IN ARCADY.

Not a movement, not a murmur in the wind; Not a bird-note, not a whisper in the air; Not a fancy, not a feeling in the mind

And the perfume, what a perfume of the pine! And the azure, what an azure, there below, Where the waters in a long and creamy line Come in wavelets! Ah, the ocean has its snow

But the one thought, "It is very, very fair."

Oh, the beauty of the downward-drooping rills, As they fell, or seem to fall, without a sound! The enchantment, old enchantment of the hills With the mystery of silence all around!

Asif Spirits of the mountain and the deep, Fancy's loveliest creations, still were there, Who might wake up any moment from their sleep Nymph and Naiad, beauty's semblance, ye

Something dearer than the stillness of the wood Something livelier than the radiance of the

green; Who might teach us in a voice we understood, That a heart is there in Nature, though unseen That a mother's heart is beating in her grace:

She hath wisdom, she is wonderfully wise: There is purpose in each wrinkle of her cheek; Love is lurking in the glances of her eyes. And the wildness has departed from her life;

Peace is shining on her battlefields of old; Here the mountain tells of earthquake and o strife:

There the valley has its cornfield and its gold. So we lingered, till the landscape seemed to blen With the golden haze of sunset far away;

And we knew not the beginning from the end: All was passing with the passing of the day, All was passing, yet it cometh oft again In the evening, like a well-beloved guest. That remembrance of a beauty without stain,

Of a world just for a moment at its hest Not a movement, not a murmur in the wind! Not a bird-note, not a whisper in the air! But engraven as a picture on the mind Still I see it. It was very, very fair.

## -London Spectato A PASSAGE AT ARMS.

The man from Africa did not think much of the professor. From his place at little Mrs. Arran's right hand he some times included the scientist in a casual glance, in which supreme self satisfaction was slightly tinged with contempt, but that was all. With the professor it was otherwise. He looked at the stranger more than once with curious if rather absent eyes, and at last made a remark:

"I seem to know the face." "Do you?" asked his friend Barrington, who overheard. "Where have you

seen it before?" Professor Herne could not remember. The man from Africa owned a loud and somewhat penetrating voice. He had been successful at Johannesburg and possessed a good at recitation."

large and seasonable selection of stories. Anecdotes of Rand life had far less interest for the professor than the pebble inscriptions of prehistoric man, but he could not help observing that the newcomer was

Somehow the knowledge depressed him. "I almost wish," he said softly, "that I had not gone away."

cried Dr. Barrington. "Why? You were not disappointed, were you?"
"Oh, no," was the reply. "As a geological expedition ours was entirely successful. I was thinking of something else

ment later, "our new friend has some good stories, but he does not tell all. If some our hostess seems to believe him."

"Indeed?" was the low remark. "No. Herries of the rifle police has heard something of him. He is home on leave, and I met him in town last week. of 12. According to his account, our friend here got into trouble more than once through nis queer method of managing certain obstinate blacks. He did not stop short of"-

Only the professor heard the final words, and when he heard them his eyes seemed to harden peculiarly, and he gave another glance toward the head of the table.

"Ah," he said, "is that so? By the bye, what is his name? I have forgotten." 'Rugman," replied the doctor. lieve he intends to settle down at Hexminster. We shall be little the better for

"Very little," was the professor's unusually decisive answer, and when it was spoken he fell into a train of thought from which his companion's remarks could not easily rouse him.

The man from Africa had arrived at the old cathedral city on a visit to a friend, and had created something of a ripple upon those quiet waters. He had gained an entrance into that select circle which made Mrs. Arran's table its favored place of meeting and had even won his way to the seat of honor. Alas for the professor! He had been supplanted, and the allegi-

ance of the gentle, sweet faced little woman at the head of the table had been given to another. So he pondered, sitting almost in si-

lence until the gentlemen moved to the drawing room. There he found a nook where he was farthest from the sound of the strong and overwhelming voice of his supplanter and sat down. Presently he was aroused by a touch up-

on the sleeve. A rather delicate looking boy of 12 had approached him unnoticed. "Why, Jack," said the professor, "I did not see you! How are you?"

"I'm glad you are back, sir," he said "Indeed! Thank you," was the profes-

sor's reply. "Did you get any fossils, sir? You know you promised me some.' The geologist smiled. "Perhaps," he

said. "You shall come to my rooms tomorrow and see." 'You're awfully kind," said Jack grate-

fully. "Not like that man over there. He's quite a cad, I think." 'Hem!" said the professor warningly. "Whom do you mean?"

'That Mr. Rugman. He's from Africa, and he's never even shot a rhinoceros. He can only talk about Boers and banks and stocks and shares, and he'll hardly talk to

me at all." The listener smiled. Jack continued. still in a slightly indignant tone: "You know, sir, you advised mamm not to send me away to school till I am 14. Well, Mr. Rugman has been talking so much to her about it that I believe she

has almost changed her mind." The professor took off his eye-glasses and rubbed them with his handkerchief, an infallible sign that he was troubled. "I wish you'd speak to her again, sir.

She will do anything you say."

Artful Jack! The professor flushed and

been so easily shaken in her resolves, and a long dormant battle spirit was beginning

to move within.

"He's been talking about schools," pursued Master Jack. "He says that I ought to go to his old school, Castleridge." Eh? Where?" exclaimed the pro

And his start was so sudden that Jack almost tumbled from his perch. "Castlebridge," replied the boy.
"He says he was captain there once,

and no end of other things. Oh, there's Dr. Barrington calling me! I'll be back directly, sir." The professor sat back in his chair. He rubbed his eye-glasses once more, and then,

glancing across the room, took a long, stern It was a gaze of sudden remembrance.

"She does not know," he murmured.
"If she only knew! Yet all is fair in war
"If she only knew! Yet all is fair in war posed to the air. The surface of a living posed to the air. The surface of a living posed to the air. look at the face of the man from Africa.

widow was framing certain faint objec-

"He is so very delicate." she said "He is so very deficate, "The thing, then," and are classified, enteny, according to the "School would be just the thing, then," and are classified, enteny, according to the school would be just the thing, then," and are classified, enteny, according to the school would be just the thing, then, "Athletic structure of the skeleton. The Mediterrawas the confident assurance. exercises, regular life, plain, good food-

just the thing." "But boys are so very rough, are they not?" was the next suggestion. "Some," admitted Mr. Rugman.

stories are greatly exaggerated. Elder boys in our great schools feel their responsibilities. When I was captain of the clubs at Castlebridge, I was very careful"—
"Ah," sighed Mrs. Arran, "I should
feel so safe if Jack could only find a friend such as you must have been to the little for them. When a sponging vessel arrives

ones at your school !" "H'm," he said, with modesty. "There ready for work. The sponge-fisher's outare many boys quite as kind to the youngsters as I was'

He paused, for a sudden hush had fallen upon a large group sitting near them. And attached to the end of a very long pole; at that moment another voice began clearly, decisively: 'When I was junior master at a public glass.

school"-His words had been spoken to be heard by all. Mrs. Arran looked up to listen, and Mr. Rugman turned to see who had interrupted him.

It was the professor. "When I was junior master at a public school," he repeated, "an incident occurred which seems to bear upon this question. dingey along very slowly, the hooker, in a kneeling position, keeps his head in the It was a decidedly unpleasant case professor had been known to tell a story

well. "There was a boy in the school whom we may call Smith," resumed the professor, apparently unconscious to the general interest. "He was in the sixth form, tall, strong and athletic, a leader in all sports er boy whom I will call Brown. He was

During the last few words the story tell er had glanced casually at Master Jack, who was now standing beside his mother's

"This Smith," continued the professor, consisted in tormenting his young schoolfellow, Brown, and some of his methods were as unique as effectual. He did not stop short of"—the professor paused to give another glance around; then he concluded the sentence-" red-hot iron!" Some one gave a little exclamation.

"Smith." the story went on, "would heat a poker in the clas sroom fire. Then -a private matter." he would follow Brown around the play"By the way," said Barrington a moground, penning him up at last in the corner between two walls. There, holding the poker well advanced, he would compe reports be true, he is not exactly the hero | the boy to recite, with suitable gestures long passages from Shakespeare. If he proved obstinate, the poker was moved forward, and he always gave in. As I have said, he was a shy and delicate boy

> The professor paused again. "It went on for a long time," he then said soberly. "Little Brown never said a word at home, though he spent all his holidays, all his leisure time, in getting his Shakespeare by heart. His condition of mind may be easily imagined. There was no humor in it for him. One day it came to an end. It appears that he had recited all that he knew and was still ordered to go on. It may be that he pressed forward. it may be that the poker was advanced a little too far; it is probable that he was desperate; it is probable that the brute who tortured him was reckless. The iron. fresh from the fire had touched his cheek!' "A nasty incident," said one after a long pause. "Of course the brute was ex

> "He left at the end of the term," replied

the professor. "You called him Smith," cried Barrington. "Have you forgotten his name-the unspeakable bully?" 'No," said the professor slowly, "I have

not forgotten his name." He looked up once more. His eyes passed around the circle, resting for a moment upon Mrs. Arran's face, clouded and angry still, and then moving to another face be hind her chair.

That was a critical moment, the last of the passage at arms. The bold eyes of the man from Africa did not fall at first, though the florid face had paled and the strong hands gripped the chair rail con-vulsively. But the professor's look was

cold, unflinching, threatening.

The man from Africa bent to whisper a word in the widow's ear. She was surprised, but had no opportunity to say so. There was a movement of the door curtains, a heavy but hasty step in the corridor. Mr. Rugman had deserted the company without even saying "good night." have not forgotten the name," repeated the professor calmly. "But it

would serve no purpose to mention it now. And he surveyed the circle with that benign smile which his friends knew so well. Some time later our geologist, drawing on his gloves in the hall, was joined by a

small boy, jubilant and eager. "Oh," he cried, "I'm glad you told that story, sir! Mamma heard every word of "Jack," said Professor Herne, "you

ought to be asleep."
"I'm going," replied Jack. "But have you any more tales like that? Because if Mr. Rugman comes and talks again to-

morrow"-The professor smiled and gently pinched the boy's ear. "Don't worry," he said. "It is not likely that he will come to-

morrow. Mrs. Arran, descending the stairs behind, saw the action and the smile. Perhaps she heard the words, too, or it may be that she had already guessed the truth. It is my suspicion that she had never real-

promised that he would think about it. It man as a means of bringing her too forgetwas a blow to him that Mrs. Arran had ful scientist more certainly to her side. -Chambers' Journal.

Fishing for Sponges.

How They are Sighted and Brought up From the

The sponges of commerce and the dried specimens of other species are not the ctual animals, but merely their skeletons, or framework. That which constitutes their vital parts is removed in preparing them for market.

Sponges do not have the power of motion ossessed by most animals; they are nearly always attached to submerged objects. Since it is impossible for them to go in search of food, they can grow only in

were still speaking of Master Jack. The through which water is imbibed, carrying with it both the air and the organic particles necessary for the support of life. Sponges are distributed through all seas,

and are classified, chiefly, according to the nean and the Red Sea are the sponginggrounds of the old world; the grounds of the new world are the Bahamas, Southern and Western Florida, and parts of the West Indies.

The best sponge of commerce is found in the Mediterranean, and is known as Turkey or Smyrna, sponge. It is obtained by divers, who go clad in armory when div-

Sponges are usually obtained by fishing at the fishing-ground in the Bahamas, it is Rugman smiled contentedly. anchored, and the crew immediately get fit consists of a small boat called a "dingey," a long hook and a water-glass. The sponge-hook is a three pronged iron fork the water-glass is simply a wooden waterbucket with a bottom of common window-

To use it, the glass bottom is thrust into the water, the fisherman puts the bail around his neck, and then buries his head deep in the bucket to exclude the light. There are always two men to each dingey ; one to act as "sculler" and the other as "hooker." While the sculler propels the It was a decidedly unpleasant case"—
Everybody was listening now, for the professor had been known to tell a story

Together the sculler and hooker thrust the sponge-hook down through the water and run it under the sponge; the roots are thus pulled loose from the rocks, and soon the game is in the dingey. Thus the work goes on until a boat-load is obtained, and and over 18 years of age. There was anoth- then they are taken ashore and placed in crawls to be cured. The crawls are built by sticking pieces of brush or stakes into the sand just out of the water, or where it is very shallow.

They remain in the crawls while undergoing maceration, and the refuse is carried away in the ebb and flow of the tide. Usually they are left in the crawls for a week then the fisherman remove them and give monopolizing the attention, not only of the other visitors, but of the hostess herthem a beating for the purpose of removing they are thorougly cleansed, and are ready

> Skillful and Artificial Carving Done by the Native Artisians in India.

work in bison horn is an industry carried resided until his death, which took place on in the Ratnagiri district as a side line in July, 1752. He bequeathed his beautiby many who are also carpenters and metal ful home to his only child, a daughter, workers, and who have acquired the art Jane, with a proviso that in the event of from their forefathers. Bison horns are her death it should become the property of used because the ornaments usually made his half brother, George. She survived are small stands for offerings in the tem- her father but a short time; and thus ples, and the restrictions of the Brahman touch them if they were made of cow horn. always styled the house a "villa," and it

The horn is prepared by being kept retained its moist with cocoanut oil, and is then heated Revolution. before a fire, when it becomes as soft as the design. The oil upon being heated translucence which produces a very pleasing effect. The horn after being carved is and serves as a natural sandpaper. Additional ornamentation, which is generally of a simple and graceful kind, done with steel graving tools. Like most other native artisans, the Ratnagiri horn carvers use very few tools. The entire equipment usually consists merely of a small lathe, a fine saw, a pair of calipers and perhaps a

The commonest ornament is a sacred bull supporting a flat tray, with a cobra rising out of the middle and rearing above it with expanded hood. The conventional figures are those commonly used in the brass work and embroidery and even in the rustic mural decorations of the country, and consist of circles with regular or undulating circumferences, radiating lines, loops and

rings arranged in graceful patterns.

In Bengal ornaments of buffalo horn ar made at Monghyr and consist chiefly of necklaces and similar objects of personal adornment. Combs are made in Dacca, where about 100 Mohammedans are employed in the industry. A special caste in Balasot, on the coast below Calcutta, is engaged in the production of walking sticks made of horn. In Madras black horn is worked by the Vishnu Brahmans of Vizagapatain, who turn out bezique boxes, picture frames and similar articles of very beautiful design .- Manufacturer.

Humor at the Altar.

Some funny stories are told about the marriage service. One of them relates how an old man brought rather unwilling to the altar could not be induced to repeat the responses. "My good man," at length marry you unless you do as you are told."
The man still remained silent. At this unexpected hitch the bride lost all patience with her future spouse and bursted out with: "Go on, you old toot! Say it after him, just the same as if you were mocking him." The same difficulty occurred in another case. The clergyman after explaining what was necessary and going over the responses several times without the smallest effect, stopped in dismay, whereupon the bridegroom encouraged him with: "Go ahead, pass'n, go ahead! thou'rt doin' bravely." Upon another occasion it was, strangely enough, the woman who could not be prevailed upon to speak. When ly wavered in her loyalty to the professor, me twice before and he wasn't axin' r but had wisely used the visit to Mr. Rug- any of them imperent questions at all." me twice before and he wasn't axin' me any of them imperent questions at all."

other parts of their year.—Harper's Round Table.

Origin of Mt. Vernon.

In the war between England and Spain in 1739 history records "how we, as colonsympathy and support." During that conflict a friendship was formed between Lawrence Washington and Admiral Vernon which gave the name to one of the most beautiful historical homes-one dear to

every American heart. Edward Vernon, commander-in-chief of England's forces in the West Indies, was born in Westminister, England, on No- at breakfast Turgueneff began to give his vember 12th, 1864. He obtained a commission in the navy in 1702, and was en- English governess, who, among other novel Admiral Hopson which destroyed the French and Spanish fleets on October 12th. He also engaged in the capture of Gibraltar on July 27th, 1704, and the naval battle of Malage on Angust 13th same year. He Malage, on August 13th, same year. He was made Rear Admiral in 1708 at the age asked Tolstoi. of twenty-four, and continued in active service until 1727, when he was elected to person closer to the poor," replied Tur-

Parliament for Penryn. In 1739, as the Spaniards had made many depredations upon British commerce, it dressed girl who takes dirty rags in her was determined to chastise them. Vernon declared, in the debate that followed, "that Puerto Bello, on the Spanish main, could be taken with six ships." The Ministry took him at his word, gave him the command of six men-of-war, with the rank room in a passion; and the host ordered of vice Admiral of the Blue. With his separate carriages for the irate authors. small fleet he captured Puerto Bello on Tolstoi wrote to Turgueneff demanding an November 22nd, 1739, after an assault of one day, with the loss of only seven men. Spain prepared to strike an avenging blow. France offered her assistance. England and her colonies were aroused, and four regiments were recruited in the American

colonies for service in the West Indies. Lawrence Washington, at that time a spirited young man of twenty-two, having inherited the military fervor of his family, caught the infection and obtained a cap-tain's commission. He embarked for the West Indies in 1741, with between 3,000 and 4,000 men, under Gen. Wentworth.

That officer, with Admiral Vernon, com-

manded a joint expedition against Carthagena, in South America, with disastrous results. A fatal illness prevailed among the troops, especially those under command of Gen. Wentworth. History records that not less than 20,000 British soldiers and seamen perished during the pestilence. Lawrence Washington returned home in the autumn of 1742, the provincial army being disbanded, and Admiral Vernon and Gen. Wentworth were recalled to England. During his service he acquired the friendship and confidence of both these officers, and for many years maintained a correspondence with Admiral Vernon. He re-ceived many gifts from him. The one most prized was a copy of a medal struck in commemoration of Puerto Bello, which was preserved at Mount Vernon until Washington's death. Lawrence desired to join the English army and seek preferment

therein, but love changed his resolution.

'All the world must be a grain of sand in comparison with love.' Beautiful Anna, the eldest daughter of William Fairfax, of Fairfax county, Va., became the object of his affection, and they were betrothed. Their nuptials were to pin. be celebrated in the spring of 1743, but the sudden illness and death of his father, Augustine Washington, postponed the marriage until the following July. All thoughts of a military life as a profession passed from his mind. He took possession of his Hunting Creek estate, bequeathed to him by his father—a noble domain of many hundred acres, stretching for miles along the Potomac. On its highest eminence he erected a plain, substantial mansion. It was about one-third the size of the present An official report issued in India under building, of the old gable-roofed style, George Washington became the owner of would not allow the worshipers to that beautiful home on the Potomac. He

retained its original form until after the In the spring of 1784 the construction of wax and can be pressed into the required form, tools and a small lathe completing upon. The "villa," as it was termed, was made to occupy the main or central pordoes not discolor the horn, but gives it a tion, the two wings being built at the same time. In these improvements Washington was his own architect, and drew every polished with the rough leaves of a tree of plan and specification for the workmen the ficus tribe which grows in the district, with his own hand. Thus the home, bearing the name of one of England's bravest sons became the loved refuge of the "Father of Our Country" after the cares and tur-moils of public life, the Mecca of every American tourist.

Do Fishes Sleen !

"Do fishes sleep-and how?"

This question was addressed to Eugene G. Blackford, formerly Fish Commissioner of New York State. His acquaintance with fish began when he was very young, and at the present time he a recognized au-

thority all over the world. "Certainly they sleep," was Mr. Black-ford's response. "They sleep suspended in the water, with their eyes wide open. I have seen them do it often. I have many fish in tanks with glass fronts and watch them. Sometimes I see a fish suspended in the water keeping perfectly still for half an hour at a time, and then I conclude that he is asleep. He does not even move a fin at such times, and the motion

of the gills is barely preceptible. "Fishes don't close their eyes, because there is no necessity for their doing it. They have no eyelids, because their eyes are not exposed to dust as ours are. They don't close their eyes in sleep because the light is so modified by the water that it is not hard for them to find a twilight spot.
"But they can close their eyes if they want to do it, and they do on very pecu-

liar occasions. I will show you.-bring me a trout." The man went to a tank, and soon returned, bearing in his hand a fine trout about eight inches in length. This Mr. exclaimed the clegyman, "I really cannot Blackford held, while he took a lead pencil and touched one of its eyes with the point. The trout wriggled about vigorously, and at the same time drew an inside

"You see, he can close his eyes if he chooses," said the former Fish Commissioner. "The habits of fish are little known in many respects. We have only begun to study their migrations in a way that promises to lead to anything. have captured some thousands of cod and mackeral and put metal tags on their fins. Some of these will be caught in nets far north and south, and as they have the address of the United States Fisheries Commission on them, that will give us an idea the clergymen remonstrated with her she indignantly replied: "You father married along our shores at certain periods spend

Tolstoi and Slumming.

Tolstoi had for neighbor in the country Turgueneff until the latter's imprisonment ists of the mother country, tendered our and exile. It was Turgueneff who first made Tolstoi's writings known in the West, but the younger man was offended by some over-frank criticism of one of Turgueneff's books, and they became estranged. A mutual friend, Shenshin, undertook to bring about a reconciliation, and with some trouble induced the two authors to meet at his house. All went well until hostess a glowing account of his daughter's "And you consider that to be good?"

"Of course! It brings the charitable

gueneff. "I think," said Tolstoi, "that a welllap acts an insincere and theatrical part.' Turgueneff requested a retraction, which Tolstoi refused to make. Thereupon Turgueneff arose with a threat, which, howapology, and as his letter was not at once answered, followed it up with a challenge. But before that could have been received by Turgueneff the apology came to hand, the challenge was withdrawn, and after a time the old friendship was resumed.

Once When Joe Jefferson Indulged in More Than a Stage Sleep.

While he was playing "Rip Van Winkle" at Chicago, Jefferson once went into the theatre very much exhausted by a long day's fishing on the lake. As the curtain rose on the third act it disclosed the white haired Rip still deep in his twenty years' nap. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed and he did not waken. The audience began to get impatient, and the prompter un-

The great actor doubtless knew what he was about, but this was carrying the realistic business too far. The fact was that all this time Jefferson was really sleeping the sleep of the just, or of the fisherman who had sat eight hours in the sun. Finally the gallery became uproarious, and one of the "gods" wanted to know if there was going to be "nineteen years more of part of a grain of arsenic in sixteen square

this snooze business!" At this point Jefferson began to snore. This decided the prompter, who opened a small trap beneath the stage and began to prod Rip from below. The fagged comedian fumbled in his pocket for an imaginary railway ticket, and muttered drowsily, "Going right through 'ductor."

At this entirely new reading the audience was transfixed with amazement when all at once Jefferson sat up with a loud shriek, evidently in agony. The exasperated prompter had "jabbed" him with a Consciousness of the situation came to him, and the play went on after that with a rush.

Gladstone as a Precentor. A writer in the New York Evangelist tells a story of Mr. Gladstone when he was prime minister. He was one of a large house party at Inverary Castle, the seat of the duke of Argyle, in Scotland. The famous Dr. Guthrie led the morning and dians. They believe in a God, whom they evening worship every day, and Lady call Brah, and in another life and in ghosts. evening worship every day, and Lady Mary Campbell, one of the Duke's daughthe name of the Agricultural Ledger, con-cerning artistic work in bison and buffalo it the name of Mount Vernon, in honor of was absent, and Dr. Guthrie expressed rehorn in that country. The ornamental his friend, the gallant Admiral. There he gret that there was no precentor present to lead the singing. "Permit me, Doctor,"

said one of those present. Dr. Guthrie looked up and there the great tall form of Gladstone, who had taken the Psalm book in his hand, and all the congregation rose while, to the grand old tune of "Martyrdom." Gladstone led

the morning psalm: Be merciful to me, O God:
Thy mercy unto me
Do thou extend, because my soul
Doth put her trust in Thee.

"There was a pathos about his singing that made him to his astonishment, find that he was singing almost a solo to the weeping accompaniment of many. The Premier of England in ringing tones sang that penitential cry to God. Holding the helm of the Great Empire, everyone felt that it was true that he put his trust in

The Nearer World.

When in the year 321 B. C., Alexander the Great staid his eastward march in India and turned his course down the Indus to seek a sea, a boundary line was set which proved to mean for the history of the human race more than any ever created by the act of man, says Benjamin Ide Wheeler in the Atlantic. The eastern boundary of Alexander's empire, running from the Jaxartes river southward along the Pamir ranges, "the roof of the world, to the Indus, and then on the Indian ocean, divided the world and its history

into two utterly distinct parts. The part which lay to the East, with its two great centres, India and China, and which to-day includes a little over half the population of the globe, had not part nor share in the life and history of the western part, which we call, our nearer world. All the elements within this nearer world, stretching from Afghanistan and Persia to the shores of western Europe, have in the long process of mixture and fermentation which history has suffered since Alexander's time yielded their contribution, small or great, to the civilization upon which our modern life is based. The nistory which we study, whether of events, institutions, ideas or religion, has been all a history of the nearer world

Charms and Luck.

the true graveyard variety, marbles, small stones, vials, a poker chip, a rubber band, anything found by chance or presented by fails to bring good luck to the wearer, he seeks occasion to give it to some dear acquaintance, who after trying its potency for awhile and failing to make it work, passes it in turn to some one he wants to "get even" with. There is a leading citizen of this city who has carried two glass marbles in his pocket these seven or eight years, and he has rubbed them together so much between his fingers that the harder has worn a hole in the softer. He would not part with them for gold and precious

-It is not the place that maketh the person, but the person that maketh the

stones. - New York Press.

Facts for the Curious

About 20,000 English ships entered the 19 free harbors of China in 1896. They carried only English goods.

The present population of Bordeaux, France, is 297,000 of whom 18,864 are in receipt of assistance from charitable societies.

London and Liverpool are both at the level of the sea. Glasgow is 30 feet above it, Manchester is 50 feet, and Birmingham

Among the many mysteries of bird migration is the fact that over sea journeys are generally conducted in the darkness and invariably against a head wind. More than 50 years ago a coal mine at

Dailly, Scotland, caught fire. All the attempts made to put it out have failed, but it is out now, apparently from lack of fuel. There are in France 15,227 charitable organizations. It is proposed to collect statistics relating to them and print them in a

volume in time for the exhibition of 1900. Household servant girls throughout Montana receive in the humblest of families about \$6 a week, besides board, and the 'washing," including that of the servant herself, must always be sent out to the laundries. A Persian never takes a dose of physic

until he has previously obtained a favorable answer from heaven in the shape of an omen. Should he happen to sneeze when he has the the potion at his lips he throws the medicine away. A new society of "Bird Restorers" has been organized in Boston for the purpose of

replacing native song birds in their former haunts, protecting and encouraging them in the breeding season and planting colonies wherever practicable. The small town of Werda, in the kingdom of Dahomey, is celebrated for its tem-

ple of serpents, a long building in which the priests keep upward of 1,000 serpents of all sizes, which they feed with birds and frogs brought to them as offerings by the natives. The magnitude of the Escurial, the great Spanish palace, may be inferred from the fact that it would take four days to go through all the rooms and apartments, the

length of the way being reckoned at 23 Spanish leagues, which is about 120 English miles. In Sweden yarn is not allowed to be sold if it contains 0.0009 per cent of arsenic. A part of a grain of arsenic in sixteen square

inches, that is, one grain in a piece of carpet ten feet square. The largest bog in Ireland is the bog of Allan, which stretches across the center of the island, east of the Shannon, and covers nearly 25,000 acres. Altogether there are nearly 3,000,000 acres of bog in Ireland that is to say, about one-seventh of the to-

tal area of the country is bog., A curious mode of catching turtle is practiced in the West Indies. It consists in attaching a ring and a line to the tail of a species of sucker fish, which is then thrown overboard, and immediately make for the first turtle he can spy, to which he attaches himself very firmly by means of a sucking apparatus arranged on the top of his head. The fisherman then hauls both turtle and

sucking fish in. According to M. Adhemar Leclerc, French resident in Kratia, Cambodia, the Phongs, a wild people of that country, have the type of the North American In-They eat almost every kind of flesh, and pipes. Their sense of smell is so keen that they profess to know individual animals by it. They have neither music nor dance.

He Hired the Whole Circus.

How the Candidate Won Voters From his Rival.

"Times," said Senator Sorgum, reflectively, "ain't like they used to be. There's too much formality. We're getting to where the first thing that's done when a good old fashioned impulse asserts itself is to tie some red tape around it and choke it

off." "You think we are getting slightly effete?" inquired the young man who is learning the politic business.

"Undoubtedly. And the worst of it is that we are getting effete-er and effete-er. The people ain't governed as they ought to be. A whole lot of folks have noticed it. I'll never forget the first time I ran for office," he went on in a dreamily reminiscent tone. "There was one township that was dead against us. And we needed it. And we got it. But we didn't send around a lot of clumsy and commonplace agents with check books. Nor did we have to resort to any of the elaborate methods of surreptitious persuasion that I hear about so

often and with so much pain."

"How did you manage it?" "Delicately, but thoroughly. We were a little bit annoyed at first by the fact that a circus had arranged to show at the village on the day election occurred. It was only a small circus, but big enough to make trouble unless we headed off its deadly influence. Its arrival was a temptation for everybody to come to town and cast a vote, and the more votes there were the more trouble our ticket had to overcome; for that was the most prejudiced township it was ever my experience to do business in. But I didn't despair. I had a long interview with the circus manager, who combined with a love of his art a very acute business sense. The circus was showing in a vacant lot adjacent to the polls. When the crowd began to gather, it found canvas walls stretching from the main entrance to the polls. People who went to make purchases at the ticket wagon were informed that Socrates Sorgum, Esq., was giving a theatre party that day, and there wasn't room in the tent for anybody except his guests. When they began to assemble at the polls I announced that I ap-More than half of the men I know wear preciated the expressions of loyalty and esin their pocket some sort of talisman—a teem which had proceeded from Elderberry coin of odd date or old or foreign or of strange metal, the inevitable rabbit foot of to show the citizens a good time. I informed them that each of our ballots had a coupon which would be stamped by a man that stood just outside, where he could see Whenever a charm of any kind that the holder had not been deceived into voting a wrong piece of paper, and which would admit the bearer and his family to the circus. Those who were not entitled to my hospitality could follow the show to some other town and see it the next day."

"Did it work ?" "Work! Several of the men on the rival ticket voted for us rather than miss the circus. But you couldn't do anything like that now," he added, with a sigh, "Circuses have got so big that no one could afford to hire one for a whole day. And, anyhow everything is getting sort of complex and undemocratic." — Washington

-You ought to take the WATCHMAN.