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A SONG OF HER LOVE.

There's a song of a bird in a blossoming tree
And songs in wind trebles above;
But the song that is ever the sweetest to me
Is a dear little song of her love.
Like fairy bells ringing
Where roses are springing
Is the song of her love that my glad heart is singing!

O, the bird in the blossoms with melody charms,
And the winds sing the blue fields above;
But of rosy-red lips and two little white arms
Is the dear little song of my love.
Of red lips that kiss me
And tenderly bless me,
And arms like a necklace that clasp and caress me!

Then, sing, O ye birds, in the blossoming tree,
And, winds, pipe your music above!
Her brown curls are brighter than blossoms to me,
And I'm singing a song of her love,
Like fairy bells ringing
Where roses are springing
Is the song of her love that my glad heart is singing!

—F. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.

WON BY A DREAM.

"Papa, I have dreamed three times in succession that Frank rode Flash and won the gentleman's cup."

"It was one of the fairest and most bewitching of Kentucky's daughters that the chivalrous old general turned to as he answered: "You know the accepted tradition in regard to dreams, Jo, and of course there is not a Payton in this enlightened age who retains the faintest trace of superstition. I have forbidden that Yankee lover of yours the privilege of coming here, and the mere phantasies of a dream are not going to restore him to my good graces."

But Jo had sown the seed and the look of confidence in her great brown eyes told that she anticipated a satisfactory harvest. The general walked towards the stable thinking it passing strange that Jo's repeated vision coincided so exactly with his own, for he himself had trice been in dreamland to see that dashing young fellow from the north ride the magnificent black filly to victory. There was another surprise in store for him when he came upon Tom rubbing the satin coat of the clean-limbed mare and talking to her as though she comprehended every word and sentiment.

"You's gwinter get dat cup snah, Miss Flash, kase I done dream free times dat Mistah Frank kim down heah an' you took him roun' dat cowse so fas' dat he had no bref lef'. Dey hain't nothin' on foah hoofs kin keep in sight ob you, honey, de way I seed dat man ridin' you. Dat's hones', ole gal."

The handsome old general threw back his shoulders and knitted his brows as he turned away thinking that he had not been seen by the industrious rubber and failing to note the roll of the cunning eyes that followed him.

Superstition may have run out in the blood of the Paytons but here was one of the older generation in troubled doubt. It was more than his common sense could accept that everybody about the place seemed to be dreaming the same thing as a mere coincidence. He would not go back of the strange fact in search of its inspiration for that would confess a weakness he would not admit; but it was forced upon him as an irresistible conviction that unless Frank Fielder was astride of Flash the local race of the year and the coveted cup would go to Maj. Slickton. And the thought of this was not to be endured. To the general the major was an upstart, an unworthy rival, a man of questionable reputation on the turf and utterly unprincipled where his interests were at stake. Besides this animus of dislike the general was moved by the consideration that he had been shrewdly goaded into posting $10,000 on the outcome of the race and to lose it meant disaster to the prospects of Jo as an heiress. It was this thought that had most troubled the proud old Kentuckian, and before he slept that night he had written Frank to come at once.

The surprise of that young gentleman was not diminished by the hospitable welcome that he received, but almost became a panic when he was told by Jo that he must ride for the cup and win it as the one sure way of overcoming paternal objections to an event which was the crowning hope of his life.

Fielder was a thoroughbred American. He had nerve, pluck, quick perceptions and an iron will. "Jo," he answered, "I'll take the chance, and if I fail you know that I'll be far the heaviest loser of the day."

To the general he said: "I'm surprised at your choice of riders. I've made some fair records across the country but have never gone from flag to flag over the rough obstacles you people put in the way down here."

"That makes you eligible, for the private terms between the major and myself are that there are to be gentlemen up, and no one that ever rode a like race before. There are numerous entries, but beat the major's Witch and you will have won everything at stake. I have no fear for the result;" and the old general felt comfortable in the memory of those dreams.

"Who was that wiry little man that sat near the foot of the table?" asked Fielder of Jo as they walked out after dinner the first evening.

"A Mr. Wimple, from New Orleans, said to be very rich. He's the gentleman that the major has selected to ride the Witch in this race, although Mr. Wimple came here with letters of introduction to papa. The man positively declined at first because our guest, but papa just pooh-poohed such scruples, and it is certain the Witch will be ridden to win."

"Jo, I thought I knew that fellow. He's an English jockey and one of the best rough riders from the other side. He was a king among London turfmen, and I heard him toasted myself a dozen times in some of the public houses. The major's playing a foul game, Jo, and I leave it to your woman's wits to uncover it. We'll keep our own counsel, but you fathom the plot while I'm getting acquainted with Flash.

"What a beauty! She's fit to run for a kingdom," were the comments with which Fielder captivated all the stable boys, and when they saw the gallant mare taking hedges, fences and ditches like a greyhound, never breaking her pace or checking her terrific speed, they were dancing, singing and making quaint speeches in their ecstasies.

"I've solved it, Frank," whispered Jo, excitedly, on the morning of the race. "Wimple is an English jockey and is to have $2,000 if he wins for the major. But that is not the meanest part of the conspiracy. Sam Gunn, who owns and rides the big gray, has a small farm on which the major holds a mortgage. It is arranged for Sam to make sure of beating Flash by crossing her at the fifth fence, no thought being taken of your precious life in this arrangement. They met down at the creek late last night to make sure that each man understood his part, and I was a listener. All may not be fair in horse racing, Frank, but it is in love, you know. Wimple made the major pay $1,500 on the spot. Sam tried to beg off, but was threatened and cajoled into keeping his agreement. When they separated I followed Sam, and before I left him he was so ashamed he wanted to shoot the major. I pitied him so that I—well, I assumed that mortgage."

"Then the major's sole advantage is in his imported jockey?"

"I am sure of it."

The familiar scenes at the track need not be described. All the people of the county were here for a holiday and many guests from other sections enlivened the scene. Before the saddling bell had rung to call on the race for the cup, nearly everyone had risked something on the outcome, Flash and Witch carrying the money, for it was accepted that one of them must win. The general chanced some more on the strength of those dreams and the major plunged because of his "sure thing," for Sam Gunn had mentioned no change in the programme.

After the preliminary canter it was not the general's words: "You will win," or the exaggerated assurances of the stable boys, but the flaming eyes of Jo that caused Fielder to set his teeth like a man fighting for his life.

"They're off," went up the shout, and then followed the breathless silence of suspence. For three fields the horses ran bunched, Flash and Witch back, with their riders watching each other like hawks, but as they neared the fourth jump, an ugly ditch and hedge, Sam imperceptibly pulled his gray till hardly a length ahead of the favorites, the Witch coming to his left and Flash to his right. Over went the leaders, but Sam's horse apparently refused, and swerved to the left. There was no time for Wimple to stop. Following the crash, the crowd saw the two horses and a man in a confused mass, Sam having gone from his saddle to the other side of the hedge with the agility of a circus rider. All Fielder now had to do was to guide Flash over the course, winning the race, the cup and one of the loveliest of all the lovely women of Kentucky.

Ever since the general has been an implicit believer in dreams, though he scouts at everything else which has a flavor of the supernatural. He did dream of Flash and Fielder because they were the chief objects of his thought, but he never knew that Jo heard him confiding the vision to his old friend Col. Buckler, that the dreams she reported were all evolved from her imagination in broad daylight and that she had been instrumental in having Tom, the rubber, make the speech to Flash which was meant solely for the ears of her owner.—Detroit Free Press.

IS ONLY FIVE BLOCKS LONG.

Trolley Line in Chicago Which Operates But One Car.

To the average Chicagoan a trolley line unconsciously suggests great distances. His city is so big. It will surprise many, therefore, to learn that a line actually in operation in the business district, the rolling stock of which runs a trifle less than five blocks.

This line, says the Chronicle, operates on Clark street and simply runs from Washington to Illinois street. Its rolling stock consists of one car, and its operatives include one conductor and one motorman. It is run for the special benefit of South Water street merchants who live on the north side, but is safe to say not one of these men in a thousand know that such is the case. As for the general public not one person in the thousand, know of its existence. Incidentally, too, the line is operated to retain the franchise.

"We give transfers to the cable line going north," said the conductor when asked for information, "but we don't transfer to any other cars."

"Have you many passengers each day?"

"Yes; we're crowded," he said, with a laugh. "Sometimes I get one—then again another."

Only Lovesick.

It is not long since the emperor of Austria definitely settled the succession to the throne on his nephew, Archduke Otto, passing over the latter's elder brother, Francis Ferdinand, because he was on the point of death from consumption. Francis is apparently recovering his health, however, and it is hinted that he was not suffering so much from consumption as from blighted affection. He has long wished to marry Archduchess Stephanie, the widow of Crown Prince Rudolph, whose tragic death at Meverling a few years ago will be recalled, and he was constitutionally debarred from doing so while he remained in the direct line of succession to the throne.

Fine Work.

A lawn is a delightful thing, even if it is very small. A certain suburban gentleman, who takes great care of an almost microscopic grass plot, is good-naturedly ridiculed about it by his friends. One of them asserts that on a certain spring day the gentleman's wife was going about the house exclaiming: "Dear me! Where can my button-hole scissors be?" Presently she encountered the housemaid, who was able to solve the mystery. "I saw Mr. B—— clipping the lawn with them a little while ago, ma'am," she said.—Youth's Companion.

There Is No Fire in the Ranges.

"The higher the altitude attained," said the professor, "the colder the temperature becomes."

"I should think it would be warmer," replied one of the students.

"What would make it warmer?"

"The mountain ranges."—Bay City Chat.

WHERE NOAH GOT HIS PITCH.

Natural Spring Which Enabled Him to Make the Ark Water Tight.

An English explorer has recently reached Hit, in Syria, the locality in which Noah dwelt. Here he found a remarkable group of bitumen springs, says the New York Journal.

From these springs, he says, it is probable that Noah obtained his supply of material to "pitch it within and without." In a basin, undoubtedly of volcanic origin, a spring of warm water bubbles up, and with the water comes the bitumen or pitch, in a plastic form, of the consistency of rather moist putty; and the Arabs gather it by simply scraping it off the surface of the water with their bare hands and pressing it into panniers carried by patient little donkeys, who then struggle up the rocky sides of the basin and take the material off to the boat-building yards, where it is used for covering the boats and gouphas, after undergoing a certain refining process.

The bitumen is continually rising, but owing to the formation of the basin into which it rises with the stream very little of it can escape, and it remains floating on the surface of the water till taken off by the Arabs. The water itself tastes slightly of sulphur, is quite warm and apparently charged with some mineral which it deposits in its rocky bed as it flows away (through channels and crevices which the bitumen cannot pass) from the basin, coating it with a lovely lilac color, which further down the stream becomes a "peacock" blue.

MAGNANIMOUS WILLIAM.

He Did Not Take Revenge for an Insult.

Louis XII. was of the opinion that it was unworthy of the king of France to revenge himself for the insults he suffered as prince royal. Emperor William of Germany is of like opinion, says the New York Times.

Baron de Krosik, who has just been appointed a grand cross of the Red Eagle order, was formerly colonel of the hussar regiment in which the emperor as a youth first did military service. One night at mess, toward the close of a banquet at which the young prince, then a mere captain, had invited his friend, Archduke Rudolph, the conversation turned to the projected reforms in the cavalry.

William declared himself a partisan of these reforms and defended his opinion with so much impetuosity that Col. von Krosik, very much excited, suddenly interrupted him. "It is an absurdity," said he in a loud voice and contemptuous tone as he ridiculed the idea put forth by the prince.

"It is well," replied the prince. "Today you are my superior officer, and I must bow before you, but our positions may change."

When his former subordinate ascended the throne Baron von Krosik fully expected to see his name put on the retired list. But the emperor appointed him a general, gave him the important directorship of the School of Cavalry, of Hanover, and has ever treated him with the greatest respect.

DISTRIBUTING NATURAL GAS.

Sent Long Distances Through Pipes by Means of Air Pressure.

The transmission or conveyance of gas under pressure to long distances, which was an unsolved problem some 20 years ago, is now a fixed fact, represented by the present use of about 75,000,000 feet of pipe used in the distribution of natural gas. On the first discovery of this article, says the Philadelphia Bulletin, the pressure at the well was sufficient to drive it through the pipes almost as far as desired, but this pressure declining some additional methods were necessitated, the well-known air compressor being resorted to to pump the gas; and, as showing its efficiency, there are at Greenland, in Indiana, gas wells which have long carried supplies to Chicago. There are two eight-inch pipe lines used, the gas being pumped a distance of about 160 miles. There is at Redky, Ind., a pumping station of this character that supplies the towns of Springfield, Tiffin, Liman, Dayton, Piqua and other places in the western part of Ohio. Near Pittsburgh there is a gas plant which pumps 20,000,000 cubic feet every 24 hours for use in mills, the pumping of this being without the least difficulty; and the Philadelphia company pumps many millions of cubic feet a day. There are New England air compressors that are pumping every day, at various stations in the United States, the enormous quantity of nearly 100,000,000 cubic feet.

Openness of Mind.

Openness of mind is the merit of the philosopher, whose business lies all in his study. His work is not that of dealing with events, with combinations that move and have their critical moments, default in seizing which may lead to misfortunes beyond repair. The philosopher deals with abstractions. He can take his time. The present interests of other people do not depend upon his right decision. But in practical affairs openness of mind is often a demerit. If the sportsman attempts to work out the exact distance before he fires his bird will pass out of sight. If the general sits down on the battlefield to calculate every possible contingency before he gives the word of command he leaves his army in risk of being shattered. Something must always be taken for granted, some chances put out of calculation, if anything real is to be done.—N. Y. Ledger.

New Fall Suit. She—"I hear you have a new bicycle suit, George." He—"Yes. Fellow sued me for $500 because I ran over him.—Detroit Free Press.

Green Apple Pie

Is made from the fruit that drops from the early apple trees, which is boiled until it is tender and then peeled and cut up. A sirup is then made of sugar and some of the water the apples were cooked in. When this boils add the apples and cook them for a few moments. The filling is then ready for the pie, which should be baked in a shallow pie plate. This pie can be finished either with an upper crust or with crossbars of pastry. When the crust is a light golden brown it should be taken from the oven and fine sugar sifted over the top.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A CHANGED SKIN.

BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

She followed him all day long like a little dog. If he ran she ran; fell and rasped her knees, cried and was lifted up again. Thus it went from the week's beginning to its end. He grew tired of her and would like to have run away from her. But he did not dare, for she was his master's daughter, and he was—well, there was the rub—he did not know who he was. He woke up one day and found himself born. The sky was above him, and there would have been earth beneath his feet if he had not pointed them in the wrong direction. He was christened in a random way, Ola, and was put on the parish, as they say. Jens Oestmo took him as his share of the parish burdens. He was paid for it, at first, from the "poor fund," but when he was six years old the boy could be made useful enough to earn his food and shelter. Jens Oestmo then wanted to send him away, but his little daughter Birgit was so fond of him that he decided to keep him.

When Ola was 12 years old he could kick a cap from a nail high above his head, and he could spit as far as any man. Birgit practiced this accomplishment by the hour with indifferent success. She was so fond of Ola that everything he did seemed admirable. Once she swore, and Ola was whipped for it.

"It is now time to send the bad boy away," said the mother.

"Send him to the mountains," said his father, "he is big enough now to herd the cattle."

So Ola was sent to the mountains. Barefooted and bareheaded, with a pair of leather-patched knee breeches hanging upon one suspender, he roamed with his alpine horn over the wide mountain plains, ate berries, caught fish and was happy. He hardly thought once of the little girl down in the valley, though it pleased him when the saeter maids told him that she had cried for him.

One day late in the summer she came up to the saeter with her mother. She was carried up on horseback in a basket. When she saw him she flung herself down on the grass and screamed with delight.

"Get up, child," said her mother; "don't act like a fool!"

She got up, a little shamefaced, and hid herself behind her mother's skirt. But when her mother had entered the saeter hut she ran up to him and hugged him. While the cattle were being milked he went to look at his traps. She followed him, proud in the thought that he tolerated her.

"Look here," he cried, lifting up a brown hare, "isn't that a big fellow?"

"What is it?" she asked.

"It is a hare."

"No, it isn't a hare. A hare is white."

"It is brown in summer. It changes its skin."

That made a deep impression upon her.

"How does he do it?" she asked, after awhile.

"I don't know."

"Has he two skins, one inside of the other?"

Instead of answering, he took his knife and cut the hare's skin.

"No," he said, "he hasn't got more'n one."

The time came when he had to go to the parson to prepare for confirmation. It so happened that she went the same year. She was a tall, fine girl now, and all the lads in the parish tried to show off before her. Ola would have tried to do the same, if he had anything to show off. But, though he had a coat now, it was a cast-off one from Jens Oestmo's, which was much too big for him. His boots, too, and his trousers had seen better days, before they made his acquaintance. He walked aside from the rest, his ears burning when they looked at him. But if anyone dared to mock him, he used a pair of fists, which inspired respect. He was a handsome enough lad, and finely made; but his clothes and his frowsy hair made him look ugly. Heavy thoughts came to him, and a fierce, defiant spirit was kindled within him. The world seemed all out of gear. He longed to go back to the mountains, where he could be alone with the birds and beasts. The girls giggled when he went by; and when he heard their laughter growing louder as the distance increased, he yearned to kill somebody, just to give vent to the wrath within him.

It was at such a time that Birgit sought him and spoke kindly to him.

"You mustn't mind the girls," she said; "they laugh at everything. They don't mean anything by it. It's just a way they have."

"Somebody will hurt you if you ever do it," he answered, fiercely.

"That is foolish talk," she gently remonstrated. "I know you too well, Ola. You wouldn't hurt me."

"Ah, you don't understand me," he said, "it's no use talking."

"Oh, yes, I do understand you, Ola," she replied, with a smile; "and I wish you would let me say one thing to you before you go."

"Say it."

"I wish—I wish," she stammered, while a quick blush sprang to her cheek, "No, I think I won't say it, after all," she finished, and turned to go.

"Yes, say it," he entreated, seizing her hand.

"Well, it is this; it seemed so easy to say a moment ago, and now it seems so hard."

"I want to hear it."

"Well, I—I wish you could do like the hare—change your skin."

"Change my skin," he pondered. "Change my skin like the hare! How, oh, how can I do it?"

This thought followed him day and night. One day, in the spring, an emigrant ship bound for America appeared at the mouth of the river. Ola packed together his traps and went up to Oestmo's to say good-by. He met Birgit in the birch grove behind the barn. It was the time when the buds were bursting and the swallows had just returned.

"Well, Ola, where are you going?" she asked, as she saw him coming with bundle and staff in hand.

"To America."

"America!" she cried. "America!"

The answer seemed to frighten her. She turned pale and grasped hold of a birch tree for support. He watched her narrowly.

"What are you going to do in America, Ola?" she asked, softly.

"Change my skin," he replied, with a vigor that startled her.

"Oh, it is I who have put you up to this, Ola," she whispered, tremulously.

"Yes, thank God! it was you," he cried, drawing her close up to him; "and if I come back within five years, with a changed skin, will you promise to wait for me?"

"I promise," she whispered, weeping quietly upon his shoulder.

"Then may God bless you, Birgit," he cried, gazing into her face with radiant eyes, "for you have saved me from hell!"

Five years from that day a young man was seen hastening up the hillsides to Oestmo. He had a big slouch hat on his head, and he was well dressed. His face was strong, square and determined; his eyes danced with joy, for in his pocket he had a royal marriage license with which he meant to surprise somebody on the Oestmo farm. It was five years to-day since he left her, and it was five years she had promised to wait for him. For this hour he had toiled, saved and suffered for five long and weary years. He had been a silver-miner in Leadville when the place was yet new, and he had sold his claim for $50,000.

As he was hurrying along an old woman who was sitting by the roadside hailed him.

"Gentlefolks out walking to-day?" she said, holding out her hand for a penny.

"Gentlefolks!" he cried, with a happy laugh. "Gentlefolks did you say, Gurid?"

"Yes, I said gentlefolks," said the old woman, gazing with big eyes at the dollar he had flung into her hand.

"Why, Gurid, I am Ola, who used to herd cattle at the Oestmo saeter."

"You, Ola! who was on the parish? Then you must have changed your skin."

"That was what I went to America for," he answered, laughing.

The church stood half way up the hillside. There Ola sat down to rest, for he had walked far and was tired. Presently he heard music up under the edge of the forest; there were one clarionet and several fiddles. A bridal party! Yes, there was the bride, with the silver crown upon her head and shining brooches upon her bosom. Pistol shots were heard, and singing and laughter. The procession came nearer. The birds flew up frightened along the roadside, and the squirrels climbed chattering into the tops of the firtrees. Now the master of ceremonies opened the church doors wide, and went to meet the bride and groom. Ola sat still, like a rock; but a strange numbness came over him; the ground heaved under his feet. As the party drew near to the gate of the churchyard, he arose and stood, tall and grave, in the middle of the road. The fiddlers stared at him, and stepped aside. Then came Birgit Oestmo and Thorger Sletten. She looked pale and sad; he defiant.

"You didn't expect me at your wedding, Birgit Oestmo?" he said, and stared hard at her. She gave a scream; the crown fell from her head; she rushed forward and flung her arms around his neck. He held her long and close.

"Now, come," he cried, "whoever dares, and I'll make a merry bridal!"

Jens Oestmo stepped forward and spoke. His voice shook with wrath, and the veins swelled upon his brow.

"Here I am," he said; "if you want the girl, you shall fight for her."

"Not with you, old man," retorted Ola, "but with Thorger I'll fight. Let him come on."

The bridal guests made a ring on the green, and the bridegroom came slowly forward.

"Hard luck," he said, "to have to fight for your bride on your wedding day."

Fight? Birgit, who in her happiness had been blind and deaf, woke up with a start. She unwound her arms from Ola's neck and stepped between the two men.

"Oh, do not fight, do not fight!" she entreated, holding out her hands first to the one claimant and then to the other.

"Out of the way, girl, out of the way!" shouted her father, seizing her by the arm.

"No," she cried, "I shall stand where I stand. You know, father, for whom I have waited these five years. You know whom I have loved since I was a child. But you used force against me, and threats. Now he has come back. I am not afraid of you any longer!"

"Whoever will be my wedding guest, let him follow," shouted Ola, "for here I have in my hand a royal license to be married to Birgit, Jens Oestmo's daughter."

He pulled the paper from his pocket and swung it above his head.

"All that money can buy you shall have," he added. "I'll make a wedding the fame of which shall be heard in seven parishes round!"

He took the bride's arm and marched boldly into the church. The wedding guests looked at Jens Oestmo, who was venting his wrath upon the groom.

"You coward," he yelled, "you let the girl be snatched away before your very nose and do not strike a blow for her! I am glad to get rid of such a son-in-law. Come, folks! We'll have our wedding yet. A girl belongs to him who can catch her."

With a wrathful snort he stalked in through the open church door, and the wedding guests slowly followed.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Lake of Blood.

Every polar expedition and whaling vessel which visits the Baffin bay region puts in at Yaureke Bank, so as to allow explorers and seamen to visit the celebrated Lake of Blood. Of it the author of "My Summer in the North" says: "It is a lake of considerable extent, lying only a few feet above the level of the sea, and appears of a deep dark blood red. * * * Careful examination proved, however, that the water itself was as pure and clear as possible; the red effect being due to the fact that the bottom and sides of the lake, as well as the few stones which were scattered about in it, were coated most perfectly with the red snow plant. In some places, where the water had evaporated, the withered red plants on the soil and rocks looked exactly like dried spots of blood.

GREAT PHENOMENON.

Daily Journey of the Sun Puzzled the Ancients—Many Erroneous Theories.

Strange as it may seem in this day and age, the rising and setting of the sun was the greatest of natural phenomena to the ancient scholars. They were greatly puzzled to know how the same sun which plunged into the ocean at a fabulous distance in the west could reappear the next morning at an equally great distance in the east. And, as Sir Robert Ball points out, a number of remarkable theories were advanced, and every one of them wrong. "The old mythology asserted that after the sun had dipped in the western ocean at sunset (the Iberians and other ancient nations actually imagined that they could hear the hissing of the waters when the glowing globe was plunged therein) he was seized by Vulcan and placed in a golden goblet. This strange craft with its astonishing cargo navigated the ocean by a northerly course, so as to reach the east again in time for sunrise the following morning. Among the more sober physicists of old, as we are told by Aristotle, it was believed that in some manner the sun was conveyed by night across the northern regions, and that darkness was due to lofty mountains, which screened off the sunbeams during the voyage." Another theory was that the sun actually pursued his course below the solid earth during the darkness of night, and philosophers taught the same about the stars that rose and set. These are but samples of many a theory that might be named with regard to the phenomenon of sunrise and sunset.

TEACHERS IN CAMBODIA.

A Spiritual Bond Between Them and Their Pupils.

All children who present themselves at the veat for study are received. It is not ever required that their parents bring them or send them, says Popular Science Monthly. The newcomer chooses his professor, and, if accepted, begins at once to study under his direction, installs himself in his cell or in the school hall, and becomes his servant. If the professor has already too many pupils, he refuses the new pupil and advises him to choose another teacher; sometimes he guides his choice, directing him to a master who has few or no pupils, or takes him to the superior who will select a teacher for him. The choice of a professor is always a grave affair, because it is held in Cambodia, as in all Buddhist and Brahmatic countries, that professor and pupil are bound by strong ties of spiritual affinity, and that the pupil ought to respect his master as he does his father and mother. The law inflicts the same penalty upon an offense of the pupil against his master as an offense by a son against his father and mother; and it prescribes that in certain cases the pupil may be heir of his professor when he has cared for him or supported him or served him when studying under his direction; not only a family bond but a religious bond, too, is established between them, for the professor makes it his business to teach his pupil the course by which he may earn more advantageous reincarnation and reach the Nirvana, and becomes his spiritual guide.

HERE'S A COOL HOUSE.

A German Inventor Conceives a Scheme to Keep You Comfortable in Summer.

The house of the water tubes is the remarkable building freak of a German inventor, who claims that he has solved the problem of a constant temperature that may be regulated at will, and incidentally secured a structure that combines the elements of strength, comfort and beauty.

He first put up a skeleton of his house, the frame for walls and floors being of water tubing, connected with a pumping and boiler system in the basement. Around this skeleton, says the New York Journal, he put up his house in the ordinary way. The tubes were within the walls and between the floors and ceilings. In the summer time this tubing is connected with the regular water supply, and a steady stream flows through the pipes in the walls and under the floors, circulating under pressure, absorbing the heat of the walls and floors as it flows. During the long and severe winter the tubing is connected with the boiler, and water heated to 100 degrees forced through the circuit of pipes. The water at the outlet is found to have decreased to 40 degrees, the remaining 60 degrees having been distributed throughout the house. The speed of the circulation of water can be regulated so as to allow the fixing and maintenance of a certain temperature throughout the building.

MIXTURE OF STRANGE BLOOD.

Few Reigning Families of Same Nationality as the People Governed.

There is hardly a reigning monarch in Europe whose family is of the same nationality, absolutely, as the people governed. The house of Austria is really the house of Lorraine, and even in their origin the Hapsburgs were Swiss. And if Emperor Francis be not, strictly speaking, an Austrian, still less is he a Hungarian, although he is a king of Hungary, says London Tit-Bits.

The king of Belgium is a Saxe-Coburg, the king of Denmark a Holsteiner, the infant monarch of Spain is a Bourbon, the king of Italy a Savoyard, the king of Roumania and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria are both foreigners, the founder of the Bernadotte dynasty in Sweden was born at Pau less than a century and a quarter ago, the czar is a Holstein Gottorp, and the king of the Hellenes is likewise a Holsteiner.

Even in England's royal family there is very little English blood left. The Hohenzollerns were originally Suabians, and, therefore, partly Bavarians and partly Swiss. Neither was the historic house of Orange, in which patriotism has nearly always been the first instinct, Dutch to begin with.

Latest Thing in Cards.

Cards for both men and women are considerably smaller, and the script engraving is finer in consequence, following more closely the English style than the Parisian, which is large and with flourishes. The block or Roman letter is very English, and with those affecting London styles it finds great favor. The price more than doubles that of script engraving.—Chicago Tribune.

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