If men cared less for wealth and fame, And less for battlefield and glory; If writ in human hearts, a name Seemed better than a song and story; If men, instead of nursing Pride, Would learn to hate and to abhor it; If more relied on love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dcalt less in stocks and lands, And more in bonds and deeds fraternal; If love's work had more willing hands To link the world to the supernal; If men saved up Love's oil and wine, And on bruised human souls would pour

If "yours" and "mine would once com

The world would be better for it. If more would act the play of life, And fewer spoil it in rehearsal; If Bigotry would sheathe its knife Till good became more universal; If Custom, gray with ages grown, Had fewer blind men to adore it, If Talent shone for Truth alone, The world would be better for it.

If men were wise in little things, Affecting less in all their dealings, if hearts had fewer rusted strings To isolate their kindly feelings: If men, when Wrong beats down the Right, Would strike together and restore it; If Right made Might in every fight, The world would be the better for it.

TO BE LEFT TILL CALLED FOR.

It was a large wooden box, strongly nailed. A card, pasted on the top, had "Alfred Jolybois" written on it. Nofreight left to be called for, and remained there six days.

Then the freight agent noticed a peculiar odor. He called to one of his

"Is there any game here?"

"No." Strange! The agent went all over the freight room, smelling the packages one after the other, and at last found that the scent came from the wooden was decomposing. The distrustful calmly. You acknowledge that case to at such an upper state of the such as upper state. at such an unusual way of sending it. A hamper is generally used to transport longs to me." venison. He was surprised that a case containing putrescible matter should have been sent like a simple package, with no indication of its contents, and | victim?" still more amazed that it should have remained a week uncalled for.

This was the starting point of a series of conjectures. Probably M. Jolybois, whose name was on it, did not wish to have his residence known, as the case was "to be left till called for." On the other hand the sender seemed equally anxious to be unknown. It was M. tery. Possibly the case contained proto state me. I make the first state of the s

one still remembered the case containing the body of a woman cut in pieces. The emanations, the mystery, the insufficient clews, the case itself, long, straight, with its scarcely planed boards, recalled that horrible discovery.

He hinted his suspicions to his supe- they were dealing with a mad man. rior. The police were sent for. The opening of the box was ordered. A workman pried the lid off with an iron bar. They saw something horrible,

Packed in saw-dust, without hands. without feet, a form appeared, which only vaguely resembled a human body on accout of its mutilation. No head -it had been cut off. The body had off. heen flayed. There was a yawning hole in the breast, where a torrent of blood had coagulated and kept the shape of the knife, which had been plunged there. The huge cadaver, emanating pestileuce, was an abominable sight.

The crime appeared to have been committed eight or ten days ago. Telegrams sent to Grenoble, found no one who knew either Jolybo's or Louis. There could be no doubt before such evidence, or rather before such obscurity, for nothing reveals so much as the night which envelops great crimes. And here, by the murderer's infernal wickedness, the shadow had the thickness of a wall around that blood-shed and lugubrious homicide. One was in the presence of a monstrous crime, accomplished amid the most mysterious circumstances. The procureur was sent for. The rumor of murder spread. Crowds collected around the office of the commissary of police, and had to be dispelled by force. Some thought they recognized in the body one of the principal merchants of Grenoble: others talked of a grandfather a sassi. nated by his grandson, and one thing seemed clear: The cadaver was that of an old person, naturally enfeebled and very fleshy. In spite of precantionary measures, taken by the police, the agitation increased. The groups grew noisy, and several arrests were made.

A small man in spectacles, with a very tall and thin man, went into the commissary's office. Their names flew from mouth to mouth. Every one knew in an instant that it was the procureur and his clerk who disappeared behind the mysterious door,

All were so absorbel in this that a gentleman who left the train and desired some information, had to repeat his question three times to an impattent

"Will you answer me?"

"What is it?" "I ask you if you have not received a case to be left till called for?"

"What case?" "A case sent from Grenoble six days ago" The official started. Ah! Grenoble! the assassin himself, who, by one of of consumption of timber products, in those mad follies to which criminals bridges, cars, warehouses, depots and yield, had come to throw himself into fuel, which the veracious and insatiable the jaws of danger. He begged the un-known to follow him, threaded the growd before the commissary's door, courts have declared the rights of the offowd before the commissary's door, and suddenly rushing him into the office he cried breathlessly: "It is the man who comes to claim No. 2,775."

The personage thus introduced was a place any trees? Not as yet. But the courts have declared the rights of the States to regulate railroads in many ways, and why not as to their utilization for tree-planting along their lines on their 100 feet of right of way.

tail man', with long beard, dark slan and resolute air. He wore a cloak, and had the air of a man of the world. A certain hesitation seized him at sight of all the people in the office fixing their eyes on him. But he took a few

steps in the attentive silence, and repeated; the question he had asked, but this time in a voice less assured. It was the procurer who answered: "Is it not a wooden box?"

"It is." "And you come to claim it?" "Yes."

"Then you are Mr. Alfred --- " "Jolybois-I have that honor."

Although an imperceptible shade of impertinence accompanied the last words, as if in opposition to the solemnity of this questioning, he was visibly embarrassed. His glance was no longer directed at the procurer, but wandered, aneasy and furtive, as if he dreaded a surprise. Perhaps he felt menaced; perhaps he sought some way of escape.

The commissary made a sign; the doors were immediately filled by the police. This maneuvre did not escape moment; lost all boldness of front. His upper lip twitched nervously in spite of him, and his hands shook.

"You turn pale," said the magistrate. "Not at all sir, but that odor-"That odor, sir, comes from your

"From my case? Has it been opened?"

This exclamation, which surprise, torror, remorse and shame seemed to force from his lips, was received by his hearthing else. It was stored with other ers as an avowal of crime. How could anyone doubt again. His knitted brows, his discomposed features, his startled glances around him, all betrayed the murderer. The unknown made a movement to

escape, but a policeman caught him under the arms. Then he struggled, his eyes kindling with rage. "I protest!" but the magistrate in-

terposed "Violence will only make your situa-

be yours?"
"I have already told you that it be-

"Allow me. You are in the presence of Justice. Let us proceed logically, if you please. Do you also recognize the

"I am proud to say I do. It was my hand that struck the blow." "State precisely under what circumstances.

account to settle together, I had been all full grown. on the look-out for him a great while. One day I met him at a turn of the road in the mountains. He came at me. or Peter or Paul. That revealed noth- the second shot my ball only grazed a tragedy overwhelmed him. Every city when the case did, but I was de-

And here we are!" His self-possession had returned. He rarely seen such audacity. Possibly

"So then, you own it," said the magistrate. "But it must have been blind rage that made you, after mortally wounding him, mutilate the yet warm body so horribly as in the sad sight under your eyes,'

Rage? But, sir, the head made it

"That butchery was not enough to had still the courage to flay him." "Bless me!"

Every face looked shocked at this interjection, given with the dark joy of a low crueity satisfied. "Justice will estimate this properly. will ask you one last question. His

name?"

"His name! This is not serious, sir." "Behave in a more seemly manner, What is his name?" "I give you my word, I never trou-

bled myself to ask him "Then you struck a being you scarcely knew?" You would have done as I did."

"At least he had injured you in some "Not at all, personally." "Nevertheless, one does not kill his fellow-creature without reason."

"My fellow-creature!" The gentleman gave a nerveus laugh that froze the marrow of his listeners. "This conduct is most unbecoming. (To the Commissary.) Take the man

into custody.' "Hands off! I shall not go!" exclaimed the gentleman of the box. "There is a misunderstanding." "Misunderstanding?"

"What you take to be my fellowreature. He he-he! Ha ha-hal" "Well, well?" "No, really, it is too much. 1 shall burst! Ho-ho-ho! ho-no-ho!" "Go on-

"It is a bear!" Railroad Companies Plant Trees.

One hundred and twenty-six thousand miles of railway are now resonant with commerce in the United States. Each mile contains 3000 wooden ties (the a defensive spot. average life of the tie is ten years; each year ten per cent, of the ties is renewed.) At 60 cents spiece the annual cost is more than \$20,000,000, and ten years into the cliff into which a man on horse-Grenoble six days ago "

The official started. Ah! Grenoble! been renewed. Think of the forests Six days! Who knew? This might be thus destroyed, and of the other means

Between Hunter, Indians and Grizzly Bears--The Hunter Remains in Possession of the Field.

You will see by the map that the Salmon River of Idaho has its rise in the Salmon Riser Mountains. Two small creeks, meeting at the north end of the mountains, form the Salmon, but it is not much of a stream until it receives Wild Cat, Bitter Sweet, and other creeks down toward the Bitter

Root Mountains. and trappers, and, while they had spent I had developed the fact that coal, mica, slate, marble, copper, and other minerals were to be had for the asking in the mountains. Owing to the depth of snow and severity of the weather, I had not finished my work of prospecting when spring came, while the trappers were ready to abandon the exhaustthe man of the cloak, who, from that | ed field and move east into the foot-hills of the Bitter Root.

On the first day of May I was left alone. I had a horse, two pack mules, a rifle, two revolvers and plenty of food and ammunition. As soon as the men around to the east side of the mounmore sunshine. Between the foothills winding valley, varying in width from ten to fifty feet. The snow was just leaving this valley, and the grass of last one warning was enough. They knew season had been preserved in palatable of a safer way to get at me.

shape for the horses. Nothing of special interest occurred until the 3d of June. On that morning after that a heap of burning brush was while cooking breakfast, a monster grizzly, the first one seen during the winter, suddenly appeared within 200 feet of my camp fire, coming up the winding valley from the south. I was between him and the horses, but the atter were so terrified that had they not been stoutly staked out they would have made their escape.

The bear halted, as I said, and as he lisplayed no intention to come nearer, I did not wish to provoke him by any act of hostility. He was in lean condition, with his shaggy coat in any thing but presentable shape. He stared at me with curious eyes, sniffed the air, grew uneasy after a few minutes, and finally lumbered off down the valley out of sight. I was thoroughly glad to be rid of Bruin, but before I had finished my breakfast he returned and "I was at Briancon. We had an old brought two other grizzlies with him

Well armed as I was, I realized that I stood no show against the three. The Louis, but everybody was named Louis I failed to hit him the first time. At mules were so overcome that they lay horse was wild with terror, and the down with weakness. I piled on the ing, yet the Christian name, used with- him. He was already upon me. He brush, and as the fire blazed and cracklout the surname, added a touch of mys- grasped me in his arms. He was about ed the bears took alarm and galloped to stifle me. I luckily succeeded in off, looking back as if to see if they

needed no such precautions. To con-beal himself so well the sender must there, sir. I am the man who did that. covered three Indians prowling about. there, sir. I am the man who did that a growls and yells, and as I kept my eyes on the opening I caught a grizzly bear is the above.

A crime would explain all. The man was dead. (With a sneering laugh.) The dead to force his thoughts from this in the sender must be a state of the sender must be a state o tried to force his thoughts from this I had that box made. He was put in fear. His strength is something asdirection. It was vain. Suspicions of it and I left. I expected to reach the tounding. He will fight twenty men as soon as one. Fire all the oullets tained in various ways on the road. from the chamber of a Winchester into him and not one may strike a vital spot. The sight of flame and smoke wore the braggadocio air of a virtuoso had kept them from attacking me, but assassin in relating his crime. They had I was by no means satisfied that they

would abandon the field. The only plan to save the horses was to build another fire above them. In one spot the valley narrowed until it was not more than eight feet wide, and here I built a solid fire of heavy limbs -one which would last for a whole day. A quarter of a mile below the camp I found another good spot, and too long for the case. It had to be cut built another fire, and then felt comparatively safe. The only fear was that I would keep the bears away to assuage your thirst for vengeauce. You bring Indians down upon me. The heavy smoke could be seen for twenty miles, and if seen by red men they would certainly investigate.

I did not leave camp that day, being busy with specimens and in making repairs to my clothing, and the day and night passed without an alarm of any sort. This put me in good spirits, and great bed of coals, which would retain drearms. their heat all day, and soon after breakfast shouldered my rifle and started off down the valley to prospect and investigate. You may believe that I kept my eyes open for sight a of grizzlies, but they seemed to have left the neighborhood for good.

At the end of about five miles the valley suddenly broadened or debouched into another. This larger valley opened in from the broad plains, and was a mile long. I had no sooner rounded a mass of rock and earth and brought the larger valley into view than my ears were greeted with a terrible yell. Right before me and not a quarter of a surrounding a camp fire, with their

ponies grazing near by.
At such a time as that men think and act quickly. If I ran back up the valley such action would uncover my camp and lose my animals. There was no place at hand to make a successful defence, with the odds so much against me. As the Indians s,rang to their feet I turned to the right and dashed into a ravine opening into the mountain itself. The e was a stream running down it from the melting snow, but presently I found a fairly beaten path running along up the ravine and winding torough the trees and around Knowing that my life was at rocks. stake, I put forth every effort to reach

When I had gene up the ravine 300 feet I found further progress impossible. Right before me was an opening back could have entered, while the width was all of twenty feet. I dashed into the place to find myself in a large chamber. The light was very dim, but

the entrance to a coal mine slanting caused the smoke. into the darkness from the start, can form an idea of the drift I had plunged hunters from Bosse City, headed by

was not over three feet wide, and only two full suits of buckskin, three scaips one Indian could come in at a time. They did not exactly understand the knives, charms and feathers to start a situation, and were eager to overhaul museum. me. As I turned at bay the foremost Indian was entering the drift. While he was looking into the darkness I was looking toward the light and the first I had journeyed to the forks of the shot from my revolver pierced his Upper Salmon with a band of hunters brain and killed him as dead as a stone.

As he fell I fired again and wounded the winter in trapping for furs and pelts the warrior behind me. I knew this from the way the fellow yelled out. It was wonderful how quick their enthusiasm cooled down. They had holed me up, but had at the same time discovered that I was not defenseless. Their safety obliged them to get out of range, and in doing this they could not shoot into the drift and hit me with a chance bullet.

All now became as silent as death. and not a move was made for a quarter of an hour. I had made a temporary escape, but by no means congratulated myself that they would abandon their left me I pulled up stakes and moved efforts. How far back the drift ex- dentally let fall the window near my tended I had no means of knowing, and tain, where there was less wind and instead of seeking to ascertain, I crept to within ten feet of the mouth. I had and the mountains was a long, narrow, a Winchester and two revolvers, and

> By and by I heard the crackling of flames and smelled smoke, and directly pushed into the entrance of the drift with a long pole. They were going to smoke me out! I confess to making up my mind that my hours were number- dition. Before apeaking of this pered, but I had given away to despair too haps, it will be well to enumerate some tered, she asks that the action be soon. The draught of the drift was of the manifestations which give them revived in order that she may appeal outward into the chamber, as might have been expected, and not a whiff of One or two instances will be sufficient. smoke could be driven in at me. This Recently one of them, a French-Canagame was soon abandoned for another. A rock large enough to furnish cover for an Indian was rolled to the mouth of the drift, and a redskin got behind it and began firing into my cover. By retreating a few feet and lying flat down I was safe from his bullets. He fired sixty-eight times before he hauled off. They couldn't say that I had been killed, and the proper way to prove that I hadn't been was to send a warrior in with a lighted torch to ask me. He had scarcely entered the drift when I banged into him, and dropped him. He fell so near the mouth that his companions sought to draw him out, and I work, and was standing near the large

wounded one of them in the arm. I had killed two and wounded two, and knew that not overfour sound ones remained. I was wondering if it at them with my revolvers, when a pattern of each hand on the nearly red-series of yells, shouts, screams and hot pipe, thus rendering him unfit for growls filled the chamber beyond me. pattern of each hand on the nearly red-hot pipe, thus rendering him unfit for his work in the woods for some time. In five minutes from the first sound the rocky floor.

What had happened? I had run into the den of bears seen in the morning. and the Indians had followed. bears had come home from their morning walk and the result must have been disastrous to the Indians. Although fully realizing the ferocious nature of the animal, I was not as fearful of him as I had been of the Indians. A full grown grizzly could hardly squeeze his way down the drift, and I was certain to kill him if he tried to.

After a bit I crept carefully forward until I could see the chamber. It was a sight to make one sick. Two bears lay dead on the floor, and a third was lying on his belly and licking the blood which flowed from several wounds. But others had suffered more. I had two dead Indians in the drift and five others lay in the chamber-bitten, clawed, and torn until the spectacle was a hideous one to gaze upon. There was blood everywhere and upon everything, and pieces of bloody flesh were mingled and I permitted the fires to die down to a mixed with patches of Indian dress and

While I stood looking at the horrors the wounded bear rose up with a fierce growl and attacked the corpses. His huits drove him mad, and he wanted revenge on the dead. I saw him put a paw on the breast of an Indian, seize the throat in his teeth, and at one single wrench he tore the head from the body. He seized another by the leg, just above the knee, and I heard the bones crush like glass as his teath shut. He jerked and twisted two or three times and the leg was torn off.

It was the frenzy of de th. As the bear bit and tore at one of the corpses he suddenly tottered, braced his legs mile away, were seven or eight Indians and then sunk down and rolled over, and soon breathed his last. I was so spellbound that it was two or three minutes before I could move. spectacle was even more horr ble when I st poed out and secured a stronger light, and directly my herves were so unstrung at the recollection of what had occurred th t I rushed out of the cave into the open air. As I gained the outside it struck me that the Indians had doubtless left one of their number to watch the horses. As I try, so that, with the aid of a "thauma went down the ravine I determined, if this was the case, to attack him, with the hope of wiping out the whole party.

When I creit out of the ravine another bloody spectacle awaited me. Indian ponies had been hoobled to prevent them from wandering away, and none of the party had been left in charge. The grizzlies had come upon the borses first, and every one of them was dead on the grass and herribly mutilated. They had not been killed to satisfy hunger, but to graticy a ferocious whim.

After a few hours, during which time I saw two drifts leading off from this further into the mountains I was after a secure hiding place, and dashed unto the right-hand drift without a more deskins. The stuff at the camp fire than in summer. Give the non meal

like flends. The reader who has seen from some march to discover what had

Four weeks later, when a party of into. The grade was very steep, and Capt. Hall, stumbled on me, I turned the bottom so rough that I fell down over to them, as relies of the singular twice in going twenty-five feet, three-cornered fight, the firearms, bows. That was as far as I went. The drift and arrows, the claws of the grizzlies. of white men, and enough pipes, beads,

The "Jumpers."

A correspondent gives some curious facts concerning the "Jumpers" among the French Canadians. He says: They attracted my attention as presenting some points of interest bearing upon the nervous system, showing to what a hyper-sensitive condition it may be brought by certain influences early begun and long continued.

I had from time to time heard lum-

bermen and others whose avocations led them to spend much time among the French camps speak of these 'jumpers,' but had given no credence to the, as I thought, absurd stories they related in regard to them, until one day, while attending to my duties in the waiting room of my fumigating station, I meidesk, by turning the button suddenly, thus letting the frame fall a short distance, making a quick, sharp noise, when three out of seven French-Canadians who were sitting near, awaiting their certificates of inspection, leaped into the air as if they had been shot, at the same time uttering a yell which would have done credit to a North American Indian. From that time I 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the same was on the watch for those strange day. Mr. Derickson left an estate characters, and, when possible, made inquiries of them through my interpreter in regard to the cause of their conthe characteristic name of "jumper." dian of small stature, came out from an adjacent camp to the postoffice. Just as he was about to ask the postmaster for his mail, he being a total stranger to the official, a man of 65 years of age, some one, knowing the fellow to be a removed, the irate postmaster pouring forth torrents of invectives on the fellow.

who really was perfectly guiltless. Another unfortunate woodchopper had just come into camp from two days' camp-heater, in which was a very hot fire, when some one cried, "Grab the furnace!" No sooner were the words said than the poor fellow obeyed the wouldn't be the best plan to flash out order, and as a result left a scorched

time and under any circumstances, with low growling and the click of claws on stantaneously on being spoken to, one calculus. of these fellows will obey any command. imitate any action, without regard to its nature, trivial or serious. He will leap on to a table, or over a stove, or into a river or pond, throw any article or weapon he may have in hand in any direction indicated; will repeat any sen- | two. tence or exclamation. So serious a matter is this that many of the lumbermen absolutely refuse to admit a man known as a "jumper" into their camps. I find they are not wholly confined to French. Canadians, as occasionally a Canadian of Irish parentage will exhibit the same

symptons As stated above, I have endeavored, when possible, to investigate as to the cause of this peculiar and distressing condition, and while I find, without doubt, that primarily it is due to an inherited nervousness, the immediate cause is in taking such children, when small, and while firmly held tickling them until convulsive symptoms appear. This seems to be the story of such ones as I have made inquiries of. Whatever the cause, the condition is one much more easily acquired than lost, as it firmly clings to its victim far into adult

Reproducing a Slugging Match.

A novel use to which instantaneous photography may be put has been recently suggested. Every one is familiar with the interesting experiments of Mr. Muybridge, whose photographic discoveries regarding the various positions assumed by a horse in motion so astonished the artists. Mr. Muybridge's instantaneous views will, if properly arranged and made to pass rapidly be-fore the eye, be blended into the semblance of a single figure which has the appearance of the most life-like motion. Mr. Muybride has recently been taking pictures of a boxing match and it is suggested that he shall execute a series of views of the next prize fight in which the Boston slugger, John L. Sullivan, is engaged.

If this can be successfully accomplished the views may be reproduced by wholesale and sold all over the countrope" such as can be bought in any toy store, one can sit in his own parlor and view the fight from the first round to the final knockout. In this manner, too, records may be kept of all great battles fought by the champions of the ring. It would thus be possible years hence, when Mr. Sullivan is dead, to see him knock out Mr. Mitchel or Mr. Pete McCoy, and from the opportunity thus afforded the student of the maniy art to study the methods of fighters living and dead pugilistic science would derive the greatest benefit.

ments's hesitation.

The Indians were so close on my heels as I entered the dark drift that the foremost one opened fire with his cothing to prove that they were out on revolver, and the whole pack yelled a hunt. They had, perhaps, deflected inights.

The stat at the camp here than in summer. Give the non meat of cracked corn, whole wheat and oats. The evening allowance may be whole corn and a full feed, which will last them advantageously through the long nights.

Divorced After Beath

The N. Y. World says: An unusual question is presented to the Superior Sourt, bearing upon the legality of a divorce which was not granted until several hours after the party died. Wm. W. Derickson, who was married Aug. 23, 1873, sued his wife in the Superior Court for an absolute divorce. A judg-ment was entered on February 3, 1884, against Mrs. Derickson, which she asks to have annulled upon the ground that it was entered four or five hours after her husband's death, and for the further reason that it was improperly granted.

Mrs. Derickson makes Samuel and Susau T. Derickson, the parents of her late husband, and her three children parties defendant. She says that in 1883 her husband accused her of infidelity and by threats forced her to sign an agreement of separation by which he was given the custody of their three children. The agreement contains a provision that if the charge could not be sustained the instrument should become void. Mrs. Derickson says that the charges were not true. Her husband, however, sued her tor an absolute divorce, and she avers he employed three detectives who falsely swore, when the case was brought before the referee, that one of them had been inti-

mate with her. After all the testimony was taken the referee made a report in favor of Mr. Derickson, which was confirmed by the Court. This was on February 3, 1884. At 9.30 o'clock on the morning of that day Mr. Derickson died, and the judgment in his favor was not entered until valued at about \$4,000. Mrs. Derickson wants the judgment of divorce vacated, or in the event of the Court deciding that the judgment was properly enfrom the judgment and obtain a reversal, so that she may take out letters of administration upon her husband's es-

This complaint was demurzed to upon the ground that it did not state facts sufficient to constitute alcause of action, and further that as Derickson was dead and his executors or administrators "jumper," mischievously cried out: were not mentioned there was a defect "Grab him by the throat!" The fellow in the parties to the action. Judge sprang like a cat and grasped the old Freedman, before whom the demurrer man by the throat, and held on until was argued, recently gave a decision directing a judgment in favor of the defendants, with leave to Mrs. Derickson to amend her complaint upon payment of costs.

I Won't.

"What made you think I'd want to purchase that book?" asked a reporter on the West Shore road of a train boy who had just deposited in his lap a volume giving a complete history of all the notable encounters in the prize-ring within the last hundred years. The Then followed five or six shots, more I could, were it not for taking up reporter in question, be it observed, there was no other noise than that of the slightest provocation and almost in- rules as of the differential and integral

"I thought you was a sport," replied the train boy, taking a rapidly inventory of the interlocutor. He was a shrewd-looking lad with piercing eyes and a nose which is generally supposed to indicate that its owner knows a thing or

"Then do you always try to select books to suit the character of each pas-

senger?' "Of course I does. I hits it right generally, too, though I sometimes get left. But 'tain't half as bad to mistake a religious man for a sport as to mistake a sport for a religious man. The sport'll get madder'n a wet hen every time and sling all the cuss words he knows at you-that is if he's in the smokin' car.'

"Do you find much variety of taste among the ladies on the trains?" "Cert. When I see a woman who wants to be thought a fine lady but ain't, I drops her some novel about jukes and bloated aristocrats, where all the men has plenty of stamps and the women folks lots of jewelry. When I strikes a lady what's a genooine thing I flops her down a book that am't got no darned nonsense in it-some book that's been runnin' ever since I've been in the

business and no tellin' how long afore,"

"How about the men?" "You've got to study them just as hard. Them dudish fellers is the worst customers. They never buys no books. They'll just set and suck their canes all day, thinkin' about mashin' or some such rot, I suppose. A man wot's full of business and looks worrited don't often buy books. He can't keep his thoughts on 'em. Young men that sin't dudes and ain's got no more money'n they know what to do with make the best of customers. And old men wot's takin' life easy an' contented like and ain't everlastingly bothering themselves about money, buy a good many books on the trains, A railroad train is a mighty good place to study human natur' in.

"What's your favorite reading?"
"I like to read how poor boys got on in the world till they got to be real big bugs like that feller Edison what used to sell books on a train same as I do."

"Let me have that book of Farrar's sermons, and don't take me for a sport

'You can bet I won't."

A series of experiments has been made by Messrs. Vigier, Laborde and Rondeau upon the effects of compounds of boracic acid when used for preserv-ing food. The results prove that pure boracic acid is not injurious, even in large doses; but it must be quite free from salts of alumina and lead, and from carbonate of soda, the impurities generally present in commercial borax. Boracic acid is so long retained in the system, that it is believed to be well adapted to combat infectious diseases.

A Swedish engineer has produced a new explosive, which he calls "rostrength, cheapness and imposs explosion except when ignited.