to not well. Storm my big donly gave a ball Of common had to make-A know would never onese at all a de the cakel Don't ten-I took the powder box From marrow's dress'ng case-You know there's one that never lockt

1000

INTO THIS FLOUR I PUT COLOGNE." into this flour I put cologne For flavoring-don't tell!
Then took a buttonhook-my own-And mixed it very well. I slipped it in the kitchen range,

And cook, she never saw: But what to me seemed very strange, The dough, when baked, was raw! My dolly seemed to think it fine And so I gave her some With an egg cup full of lovely wine— My papa's best bay rum.

The supper table, after all,
I think, looked very well;
And now I've told you 'bout the ball— But don't you ever tell!

BILLY AND TIM.

BY SARA MOORLAND.

July and Tim were two very funnylooking, ragged little boys of about six years old. who for several weeks during one very cold winter used to be seen running about the streets of a large town. Many people noticed them, but nobody knew where they came from, or how they lived. They were always together, and very much alike: exactly the same height, with very thick, black, curly hair. Every morning they might be seen sitting with their backs against an iron grating, through which the hot steam from some kitchens belonging to a large hotel was constantly rising; this kept them tolerably warm. As soon as the trams and omnibuses began to run they jumped up and tumbled head over heels in the oddest way imaginable. People used to be very much amused at their funny antics, and tossed them balfpence, so they were very seldom a whole day with out being able to buy either a bun or a hot potato. After dark they left the busy streets and went into quieter and more out-of-the-way places to find somewhere to sleep. They neither of them remembered ever having been in a bed at all. They managed somehow to look after themselves very successfully, and nobody ever caught them stealing; but they were terribly afraid of policemen. They thought it not unlikely that if one got hold of them they might be taken to the workhouse;

Very quickly did the children obey her, though they thought it improvident to spend two pennies at once. and, little as they were, they had a lady; "here are two pennies for to-mor-

One bis erly cold night they had been row. Good-night; run home now." most unfortunate in finding a suitable sleeping-place. They had been watched told them to get home, and they were home to go to. They wandered along until they reached a part of the town they kne - nothing about; they stopped | shelter for the night. in front of a large church in which a service was being held.

"Let's peep inside, Billy," said Tim; so in they both went.

There were not many people there,

entered, but his head was nodding from ground. side to side, and he was evidently doz-He took no notice of the ragged little fellows, so they walked courageously past into a large old-fashioned pew, on broned with crimson cloth, and pulled the door after them. Then lying down flat under the seat, they waited quite still; and as they had expected, the people soon went away. The heard the sleepy old man walk along the aisles and put out the lights; then he locked the doors, and Billy they had ever been so comfortable, echoed strangely through the big empty

"Let's puil them cushions on the ground; they'll be real soft," said Tim. the way, John," said one man to an-Soon they had settled themselves on other. the warm cushions and were fast asleep; and never woke until daylight.

"Somebody Il soon be coming to open the doors, Tim; let's hide nearer the front so as to be ready." But nobody come to let them out. Hour after hour passed; they were hungry and getting very anxious. Breakfast had to be earned before it could be eaten; was there no wav out? They walked round and round, but, it was true enough, they were safely locked in.

"We've got into prison, 'Tim."
"Something like it, Billy." "S'pose we never gets out to-day

"Then we shall have to stay in till another day, Billy."

They amused themselves as best they could, but it was a very long, long day; nobody came near, until late in the afternoon they suddenly heard a noise, then a key turned in a lock. Instantly they crouched in a big pew; but Tim peeped over the top to see if there were any chance of escape. It was nearly dark; the organist was going to practise. There was no service that evening; so he lighted the gas close by the organ and in the passage behind, but the rest of the church was in darkness. "We'll try now, Billy."

So they ran along the aisle and out

into the passage to the door, but they found it fastened, and the key still in the lock. Not to be easily beaten, they attempted to turn it, but their hands were too small and very cold. There were a great many passages and a great many doors leading into vestries, but clearly there was no other way out. The man who was playing would have to go some time,

and they must be on the look-out. Two long hours passed. O, how tired and hungry they both were! Just as they were losing heart altogether the organist stopped playing. "Now we must manage it somehow, Billy."

They hid behind one of the many dcors and listened to his footsteps, their hearts beating fast. He unlocked the door and opened it very wide, standing straight before it. He put on his heavy top-coat, and drew on his live back of Senegambia, occupying a warm fur-lined gloves.

"Now, Billy!" "Now, Tim!"

ragamuffins, and scampered out and speaking, reading and writing Arabic. around the corner before the astonished | They are black, with woolly hair, man could quite make out what had but have thin, prominent noses happened. behind until they were right in the has ever been in their country since busy crowded street they knew so well. | 1780, and what I know of them I have How glad they were to see it again! When once they felt safe and free they | met on the coast. They make their looked into each other's faces, and own guns and gunpowder and as fine laughed long and merrily in spite of their hunger.

Now what was to be done? A penny must be got somehow; but it was too late to attract anybody's attention by tumbling head over heels, and the crowd was too great.

"I'm afraid we shan't get any supper Billy. "Seems not, Tim."

"Well, let's go and smell at the buns in the shops." So off they ran, stopping at the windows of the bakers' and confectioners' shops.

standing looking wistfully at the newlybaked buns, and she overheard this conversation: "If we had twenty pennies to spend all at once, what would you have,

A lady passed out of one as they were

Billy?" "I'd have two of them four of them, and one of everything else, perhaps that would buy the lot."

"They do smell good, Billy. I wish we had twenty pennies, or even one would do for now. "Haven't you got a penny, little boy?"

asked the lady. "No, ma'am," said Tim, promptly turning head over heels. "Poor little object!" said the lady to

herself. "If I give you each a penny, what will you buy?"
"One of them big buns! and I shall

have half and Billy half, and we'll keep the other penny for to-morrow to buy another bun with, and I shall have half and Billy half."

"Here is a penny for you, and here is one for Billy; now both go in and buy your buns, and come back and show me."

Very quickly did the children obey

Then the lady quickly left them, for it was getting late, but she heard their by two policemen, who had gruffly merry laugh, and she felt very glad she had brought gladness for a time, not a little disturbed, for they had no at least, to the two wretched-looking little lads.

The next business was to find a "We won't try the church again, Tim."

"Not if we knows it, Billy!" along, and were even happier than and it was a very large place; but the usual, athough their feet and legs singing sounded very beautiful to these | were nearly bare, and they had no caps two little strays, and it was very warm on their heads. They were some time before they could decide on a place, A havey thought struck them both and after a rather long walk they at once; the people would soon all go came to a good-sized house they had home; they could easily creep in and never before seen. On one side a yardhide under one of the seats and stay gate stood just a little way open. This there all night; they could easily find looked promising; there was no one a way out in the morning. An old about the place. They pushed the gate man was sitting at the back of the a little way and peeped. Just inside church not far from where they had was a large empty barrel lying on the

> "This'll do prime!" said Tim. "Let's get in," said Billy. So in they got, and hugged each

other close, with their pennies for tomorrow in their hands, and were soon fast asleep, in spite of the intense cold.

In the middle of the night the snow began to fall in thick flakes, and the wind blew terribly. All night long it continued, and when people looked out in the morning everything was comand I'm were alone. In all their lives pletely covered, and in some places the they had ever been so comfortable, snow drifted many feet high. The and as soon as they were quite sure no- barrel was quite hidden; a huge block body could hear them they burst into of snow right in front closed the little a fit of merry laughter, which rang and sleepers quite in. The yard had to be cleared, so workmen came with spades and shovels, and worked away busily.

"Yes; pity it was left out all night."
"Come here, John; look at this," said

the first speaker. There were the two homeless ones

"Better tell the missis, John," John's missis, was the very lady who had given them the pennies the night before. There they were clasped in the stiff, cold little fingers. They did'nt need to-morrow's pennies now.

And Algernon Gave In. "My dear, I can't afford to give it to you. We must save our money," said

"I don't see why," said Penelope. "A much wiser man than you once said: 'Do not lose the present in vain perplexities about the future.""

Four different mountain peaks in Idaho are from 13 to 23 feet lower, by actual measurement, than they were 15 years ago, and it is believed that this settling is going on with many others. The idea is that quicksands have under-

THE AFRICAN IN AFRICA.

He is Not Always a Barbarian, but Is Often Semi-Civilized.

"Many people," says Dr. T. H. Eddy, "think the African in Africa is a barbarian, but while some of them are, the majority of them are far from being so. Stanley in his travels visited the very worst classes on the Con-Mohammedan negroes, but quite the They are no criterions of the contrary. Africa contains 130 million negro inhabitants outside of the Moors and people of Arabic descent. When I say negroes I mean natives with woolly hair. Woolly hair is characteristic of the negro, but the flat nose and thick lips are only peculiar to them. One of the finest nations of Africa is the Foulah, which number about 30 million souls and country 1,000 miles north to south and 1,500 east to west. These people are all Mohammedans and write their own Right past him bolted the two little language in Arabic characters, also They never once looked and very thin lips. No traveler learned from Foulahs whom I have leather work as I ever saw. I have known English officers to pay as high as \$90 for a pair of boots made by them, and they were very beautiful, being buttoned up above the knee with silver buttons. In their cities they build houses two and three stories high of adobe and frame. They are governed by a sultan and each man is entitled to four wives. Their costumes are similar to the Turks. Within their nation they have large cities, but as they will not allow strangers within the borders all that can be learned of them is from such members of the country as make visits to the coast and elsewhere. On one occasion a French army of 700 French and 2,500 mixed soldiers with officers attempted to invade the Foulah country and got 147 miles. Only seventeen succeeded in getting back.

"These people make pilgrimages to Mecca, a distance of 6,800 miles, to pay their respects to the groat shrine of the Mohammedans.

"The most beautiful race of negroes

are the Jaloff, from which the beautiful negroes of Louisiana were brought. "In Africa polygamy is the rule, and the proportion of females born is two and one-half to one of males. I knew one African-Ben Manna, king of the Eastern Veys-who had 238 wives, 584 children and 1,860 slaves, and everyone of his children resembled him to such an extent that you could not fail to recognize them after once seeing the father.

"The white man cannot exist in Africa. He will not multiply, and degenerates under the climate. Again, the country is so densely populated that there is no room for immigration. yet the soil is so fertile that it can acful to be conquered, and even were "They seem very nice buns," said the this done the result would not be

worth the effort. 'The Congo country is not comparatively a new country, nor is there much trade there. The Niger Valley, however, which is the best in Africa, is 2,600 miles long, very rich, and has a trade amounting to 40 million dol-

lars a year. "Liberia is a terrible country. Sierra Leone is known as the White Man's Grave, and Cape Palmas as the country where white women weep. No beasts of burden can live there. It was fearfully cold, but they trotted not even a mule. All die of malaria. The English army lost 1,600 men there in three months. And while natives thrive and multiply, while everything produces two crops a year, and hens lay two eggs a day foreigners die and children are never born to them.

Beauty as a Means of Health.

Before one of the New York working girls's clubs, Dr. Louise Fiske Bryson recently gave an address upon this subject, reversing in more ways than one the usual order of copybook aphorism. While acknowledging the impossibility of any protracted happiness without virtue, and the maintainance of beauty's fine edge with our goodness, the doctor affirmed that systematic efforts to be beautiful will insure a fair degree of health, and that happiness is the best safeguard against vice. The difference in appearance between one woman and another, it was stated, is more than anything else an affair of style—that beauty of beauties so hard to define and so easy to recognize, which makes the girl of no-colored hair, features of indifferent turn, and lines none too perfect, infinitely more attractive than other maids of faultless curves and innumerable strong points not cemented by magic quality. Style may be defined, for want of something better to express it, as an attractive manner of holding the body, a firm, graceful way of doing things and of moving about. It is the visible sign of inherent power and reserve force. It is the outcome of long, deep breaths and the use of many muscles. The prayer of the New York child, "Lord, make us very stylish," when viewed aright, is recognized as an aspiration based upon sound scientific principles and worthy of univer-

Proper breathing is the first art to cultivate in the pursuit of beauty. The lungs have their own muscular power, and this should be exercised. The chest must be enlarged by full, deep breathing, and not by muscular action from without. Inflate the lungs upward and outward, as if the inflation were about to lift the body off the ground. Hold the shouders on a line with the hips, and stand so that the lips, chin, chest, and toes come upon one line, the feet being turned out at an angle of about sixty degrees. It is wrong to make the bony structure do

the feet are pinched. When correct posture and breathing are interfered with, the circulation is impeded, and de'eterious substances in the blood tend to make the complexion bad. This is one of the many evils of tight shoes. To be well shod has marked influence on style. The feet symbolize the body in their way as much as the hands. A clever shoemaker says that in a wellfitting shoe the human foot feels like a duck's foot in the mud. It is beld firmly in place, but nowhere compressed. Nothing can exceed the vulgarity and hygienic wickedness of a shoe that is manifestly too tight. For miseryproducing power, hygienically as well as spiritually speaking, perhaps tight boots are without a rival. Next to the search for style pure and simple as a means of health, the care of the comolexion and the cultivation of the right kind of expression are of great importance. The first is largely a matter of bathing and the general hygiene of the skin, while the second-a good expression-is best secured by the constant

preference of higher thoughts over

ower ones. This is the essence of intellectual living, and is fortunately within reach of us all. Beauty that is lasting and really worth while is more or less dependent upon a good circulation; while a good circulation is made possible by correct pose, proper breathing, and the judiclous care of the skin; something else is also necessary to insure the normal quality and activity of the blood. And this something consists in a combination of sunshine and exercise in the open air. Town dwellers have too little of these blessings, partly from circumstances and partly from lack of wit. Exercise is the most important tonic of the body. Without it there can be no large, compact, muscular frame. It is as essential to physical development as air is to life, and an imperative necessity in the maintenance of beauty. To keep the complexion and pirits good, to preserve grace, strength and ability of motion, there is no gymnasium so valuable as the daily round of housework, no exercises more beneficial in the r results than sweeping, dusting, making beds, washing dishes, and polishing of brass and silver. One vear of such muscular effort within doors, together with regular exercise in the open air, will do more for a woman's complexion than all the lotions and pomades that ever were invented. Perhaps the reason why housework does so much more for women than games is the fact that exercise which is immediately productive cheers the spirit. It gives women the courage to go on with living, and makes

things seem really worth while. In a general way the great secrets of beauty, and therefore of health, may

be summed up as follows: Moderation in eating and drinking; short hours of labor and study; regularity in exercise, relaxation and rest; cleanliness; equanimity of temper, and equality of temperature. To be as good looking as possible, and to be physically well, one must in general be happy. And to be happy, it is necescommodate far more people than to carry out ideas of personal taste and America. The natives are too power-preference, as many of them as can be put into definite form without infring ing upon the rights of others. Happiness has a distinct sesthet c and hygienic value. In itself it will secure perfect poise and respiration. To happy is a duty just as style is a duty, and both are in great measure an affair of intellect and management. The old order put the cart before the horse; it said: "Be virtuous and you will be happy," a rule with many exceptions. But the old order changeth. And the modern gospel postulates happiness and material prosperity as the basis of morality. Other times other manners. The ardent pursuit o: good looks sums up the best there is in hygiene, and becomes a legitimate and praiseworthy means of health. The world has yet room for two or three truths, of which not the least is the fact that the definite desire for personal beauty -which was in the beginning, and ever shall beconstitutes in itself a perfectly proper and meritorious inspiration to effort, especially in a country where the shades of Puritanism linger as a sad inheritance, and where disinterred Buddhism claims too often the frail neurasthenic for its own,-Medical Record.

the Foreigner. A marriage ceremony in Algeria is The bridegroom goes to the bride, and

the summit of some neighboring hill, the bridegroom's house. The pipers always come first in the procession, then the bride, muffled up in a veil, riding a mule led by her lover. Then comes a bevy of gorgeously dressed damsels, sparkling with silver orna-ments, after which the friends of the bride follow. The procession stops in front of the bridegroom's house, and the girl's friends line both sides of the pathway. The pipers march off on one side, while the bridegroom lifts the girl from the mule and holds her in his arms. The girl's friends thereupon throw earth at the bridegroom, when he hurries forward and carries her over the threshhold of his house. Those about the door beat him with olive branches amid much laughter. In the evenings on such occasions the pipers and drummers are called in, and the women dance, two at a time, facing dance has great energy of movement, though the steps are small and changes slight, the dancers only circling around the gale, so do they vibrate before the music; they shake, they shiver and tremble; they extend quivering arms, wave veils and their minds seem lost in the most of the work in keeping the body upright. The muscles should hold it in position. In walking keep face and chest well over the advanced foot, and cultivate a free, firm, easy gait, without hard or jarring movements. It is impossible to stand or breathe aright if ABOUT PHANTASMS.

POST-MORTEM APPARITONS FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF A SCIENTIST.

"Do I believe in ghosts?" said Dr. Elliott Cones, the emineut expert in physical science, to a writer for the believe in ghosts in the popular sense of the term, for the reason that the popular sense has the least foundation, in fact, and is as far as possible from any scientific conception of what is apparition. Besides, like Coleridge, I lar type to take any stock in them what-

ever. "I have reason to know from my own experience and observation that certain post-mortem apparations of persons whose bodies have died do occasionally make themselves perceptible to our senses, apparently by an act of Ecclesiastical history is full of instances of appearance by the dead to the living. allegations of such occurrences.

purely scientific point of view. We are not, in fact, single and simple per- He spread out his carpet on the ground. does not appear to be subject to the and, at a certain height, disappeared. consciousn as volition and memory, it ever does or not becomes simply a question of evidence.

"Such evidence is abundant, concluary laws of human testimony should suffice to establish the fact in any court of law. A very large number of alleged post-mortem apparations have lately been subjected to every possible test sustaining and conveying his consciousonly to be discerned by the spiritual sense of a living person. Inasmuch as this spiritual sense is rarely operative in a living person, actual apparations factory?" are rare. Hence also the nearly unias I have said, it is but seldom during

"As I conceive it, the spiritual body, soul or ghost-by whichever name you choose to call it-has no material existence whatever in the drdinary sense of the word. That statement raises the whole question of the constitution of matter as distinct from mind. For my ALGERIAN WEDDINGS.

none of the ordinary properties matter appear. A bar of iron, you know, twinkle of delight in the whistler's seems to us perfectly solid and homoge eyes he watched the goat skinning the neous, and yet there is reason to be an interesting relic of ancient customs. it are as far apart in proportion to their chester, and, laying his heavy hand size as are the planets and other heavthe bridegroom goes to the bride, and the guests assembled outside the house will wait for his coming. Soon the take cognizance of no forms of matter sound of pipes is heard coming from except those which are in a certain humor and whistling. Are you ever degree of condensation. But we reasonand the marriage procession approaches ably infer the existence of more rari-the bridegroom's house. The pipers fied and tenuous states of matter. Of happiness. some such tenuous state the spiritual body may reasonably be inferred to consist. Then its apparition to us would become a question not of the ex-istence of such bodies, but of the acuteness of our own perceptive faculties. These faculties, in their normal exercise, are too coarse and blunt; but, under of matter, so that apparitions, other-wise called ghosts, are seen.

By."-Louisville Times.

"The conditions which govern the existence of the ghost or spiritual body are only open to speculative discussion. As I have said, one of these conditions appears to be that the spiritual body the women dance, two at a time, facing each other; nor does a couple desist until panting and exhausted they step aside to make room for another. The dance has great energy of movement, space. Likewise to such a being the notion of time is quite different from occasionally. But they swing their our own. This gives it a duration of suppleness. As leaves flutter before with our portion of endless existence and so represent eternity. It may very well be that the spiritual body is by no means confined to this planet upon which we live. As I take it, the spiritnal body is the soul of ordinary language. The soul consists of body as dense for the conditions of its own environment as our physical bodies are for the conditions surrounding them."

Related to the same interesting sub-

ject we find in the Louisville Courier-Journal, an article by Julian Haw-thorne. He says:—"Once admit the possibility of seeing anything outside of the physical plane, and there is no ogical halting-placefor you thenceforth. For the physical senses are all one; Washington Star. 'No, 1 do not they are modifications or refluements of the sense of touch. If, then, you can see a spirit, what is to prevent you from also touching it, hearing it, tasttog and smelling it? Nor does it help much to say that it is your spiritual properly designated as a post-mortem eye that is opened. The impression of sight on the mind is the same; and if have seen too many chosts of the popu- of sight, then of the other senses also. The point is, you perceive something; whether with the physical or the metaphysical class of perceptive faculties may be interesting to philosophers, but the results to you are practically the same.

Three young American artists found themselves together in India the other conscious volition on their part and for day, and went to see the performance certain definite purposes of their own. of an Indian juggler. There is no limit to what these men seemable to do. This juggler's tools were simple. He Ordinary history includes numberless | was all but maked, and he had a strip of carpet. He stood in an open, level "I do believe in ghosts from the place out of doors, surrounded by a crowd of some two hundred people sonalities. There is in each of us an | made incantations over it, it began to inner individuality of which we are move and act as if something were unseldom, if ever, intellectually aware. derneath, and presently out crawled a I find, as a matter of fact, that this in- boy. The juggler now appeared to ner individuality, which for conveni- have a piece of rope in his hard; he ence, I will call the 'soul,' is very little, | coiled and swung it upwards, it caught if at all affected by the physical condi- in empty space and hung dangling tion of its environment on the material | down to within a couple of feet of the plane of existence. For example, it ground. The boy climbed up the rope, law of gravitation, which we know to The juggler called up to him, and a be universal in the physical world. It dialogue ensued between him and the is not capable of being mechanically invisible boy. The invisible boy beaffected to its injury or benefit. It came saucy, the juggler angry. At does not depend for its being upon length the juggler climbed the rope the organization of the body which it with a knife between his teeth and inhabits. Unlike our normal conscious- | vanished like the boy, leaving nothing ness, it is not a product or result of but the rope dangling down from the the organization of the body. It exists infinite But, in a moment, down out in its own nature, independent of those of the air fell one of the boy's legs, cut chemical combinations which form our off close to the body, then the other bodily structure. Nothing forbids the leg, the arms, the body, and finally the assumption that the soul may have an- head. Next re-appeared the murdertedated the body which it now inhabits ous juggler, descending hand under and there is not a priori reason why it hand. He laid the body and the sevmay not survive the dissolution of the eral limbs in position, made more inlatter. Should it so continue to exist | cantations, covered the body with the for even an hour after death, retaining carpet, the carpet gradually flattened out, and at the same moment the boy, nothing forbids the assumption that it alive and well, appeared pushing his might manifest itself to us. Whether way through the crowd from the outside. Many have seen, more have heard of

this marvel; it is impossible, of course, and yet all the audiences see it. The sive and of a kind which by the ordin- three American artists went a step further. Two of them made rapid sketches of the performance, at successive stages; the other kept his Kodak camera diligently at work, and took a dozen or more instantaneous negatives. and scrutiny, with cross-examination They retired to compare results. Two of witnesses, and psychical researches sketches bad substantially the same rehave, in my judgment, authoritatively sults. Then the photograph r de-and finally decided some of these cases veloped his negatives. They showed to be genuine. Now, as to the nature of the audience, craning their heads forthe ghost of fact as opposed to the ward in attitudes of curiosity, awe and ghost of fancy. Aside from any ques- horror, according to the locality of the tion of mere subjective hallucinations, action. They showed the juggler geswhich constitute the vast majority ticulating, haranguing, pointing here of popular ghosts I understand the and there; but they showed no boy, no genuine post-mortem apparation to be rope, no kuife, no humping up of the the spiritual body of a deceased person, carpet, no climbing, no vanishing, no butchered limbs-nothing, in a word, ness in the same manner that the phys- but the naked juggler and a bit of ical body sustains and exhibits our carpet. That was the account the mental qualities. For, just as with the camera gave of the transaction. What, physical eye we only see one another's then, are we to say of all the things hysical bodies, so is the spiritual body the audience saw and the two artists sketched? The obvious explanation would be, everybody was hypnotized. But is that explanation final and satis-

Mr. Hawthorne does not answer his versal denial of their occurrence. For, own question, and is not alone in refraining to do so. If any body knows our life in the body that the senses of the answer, it is certainly the Hindoo the soul come into conscious opera- jugglers and as certain that they will never tell.

SERVE GOD AND WHISTLE.

The Secret of Uncle Wallace Always Being Happy.

Old Uncle Winchester Wallace was standing opposite the new custom own part I think that no absolute dis- house one day, whistling an old-time tinction is possible. The experiments lively melody and watching a goat of such men as Clerk Maxwell, William lick off a freshly pasted illustrated Crooks and Prof. Tyndall have dem- theater poster off the bill board. Col. onstrated the existance of states of mat- Colin Alfriend happened along just er designated as 'radiant,' in which then, and he paused to listen to the poster off the fence with his tongue. lieve that the particles which compose | Presently Colin approached old Winupon his shoulder, said to him:

"Old man, I've known you for many years, and I always wondered why it was that you was always in a good worried or bothered about anything? happiness. "Nuffin' don't nebber bodder me,

Marse Collin, an' dey ain't no secret 'bout me bein' in er good humor all de time. I jes go on doin' two things."

"Well, what are they?" "Serve God an' whistle. And I al'ays feels sorry fo' de man dat won't do de one an' can't do de tudder," and that exaltation of their function, which the gallant colonel shook hands with accompanies that shifting of the thresh- him and came on down the street, old of consciousness of which I have leaving old Winchester watching the spoken, they do become adequate to goat and whistling that good old tune, the perception of such tenuous states "I'm er Gwan ter Gitter Hebben Bime

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CALIFORNIA WILL make a great exhibit at the World's Fair. One of the giant trees of Calaveras grove will be cut down in sections and shipped to Chicago. The tree selected is 320 feet in circumference, ten feet from the ground. A section of a tree from Tulare County is being cut down for ex-hibition. This tree is 106 feet in circumference and a section will be used for a dancing pavilion. From the first tin produced at San Jacinto Mines, California, a tin pail thirty feet high will be constructed to hang in one of the Exposition buildings. smelting works were started on the 3rd of April, and a considerable quanticy of ore is treated every day.

THE telephone between Paris and London having been so successful it