

COMES!

[The last Poem She Wrote.]

My sweetheart! my love! you darkened all the day, When from my silent dwelling your footsteps turned away; The morn was dark as midnight, the noonday sad as dawn. The milk-white daisies drooped their heads along the dewy lawn. My darling! my dearest! I sought the garden round, But never in a blossom your precious face I found. No rose was red beside your lips, no lily like you thro' throat, No sound or thrilling of your voice to any thrush's note. Ah! what is like your eyes, dear? gray sparkles of the sea, So clear as crystal shining their beryl glances be; And where is any flower of all that may compare With the softly dancing glitter of the sunshine in your hair. Alone through lingering daytime I listen for your feet, Those springing steps no longer along the pathway beat; I hear the dewdrops rattle in the branches overhead, But home and you together for many a day have fled. My life is sad and weary, too dark with want and pain, But your dear eyes would bring its light and gladness back again. My soul is tired of desert sands, bereft of cheer and balm, For you were like the diamond spring beneath its lonely palm. Come back, come back, my darling! Across the spaces hear! Come light this night of grief and gloom, my Hesper shining clear; Not long have I to linger, not long to call or cry; Come back, my treasure! come, my heart, and bless me o'er I die! —(Rose Y. Cooke in the Independent.)

A COSTLY EARTHQUAKE

It was at Havre, during the height of the season; the low tide signal was flying and the usual crowd of men that one always sees there at the bathing hour had ranged themselves along the edge of the little wooden walk from the cluster of bath houses to the water's edge to see the fair bathers trip in. I had seen it all a hundred times at least and knew the scene by heart. The fat woman satiated me, the thin ones repelled me, the sands of this pebbly beach were never intended to be sat on comfortably, and I was about to retreat to the shaded corridors of Frascati's well-known hostelry, when M. le Qual, a tall, robust, well-preserved compatriot, whom I had first met at the table d'hôte a week ago, approached and took a seat beside me. He was alone and naturally I remarked, scanning the crowd of heads bobbing about on the waves before us: "Madame, I presume, is in the bath, monsieur?" "Yes," replied he, pointing her out to me; "Behold her!" She was standing erect now; the waves leaving to view a charming head, a beautiful face, I should have said—rich black hair, soft dark eyes, red lips and transparent skin—in short, an ideal and piquant brunette, so pretty that I could not help telling the husband of my admiration. "But," said I, "she surely cannot be French, monsieur; she looks too much like a Spanish woman." "No," he answered, "she is neither the one nor the other," and then, without further preamble or hesitation, he began, and told me the following story: "It was a Summer evening in the year 187—," said he, "and I was sitting on the veranda of a charming dwelling in the outskirts of the city of Caracas. Before me stretched a perspective of beautifully kept lawn and shaded walks, while farther along, among the shady trees, shone the silvery gleam of a tiny lake, and far off in the distance the dazzling white of the Caracas houses against a background of sun and sombre mountains. "But it was not at Nature's painting that I was gazing at that moment. I did not need to search the landscape for beauties to charm the eye when at my side was seated what seemed to me then and still—for she is now my wife, sir—the loveliest woman that I had ever set eyes on. "To describe to you the ardor with which I regarded the lustre of the dark hair, the gentle curves of the black eyes, the sweet depths of the smiling lips and sylph-like figure is simply impossible. Suffice it that I appreciated them so thoroughly that I had just proposed to her—though it took the courage of a Napoleon to do it—and was waiting breathlessly to receive my answer. "She liked me, I knew, her father also, and I had been a great deal at their house; but living is not love, and whether Nina de Lore loved me or not, the cool friendliness of her manner, so tantalizing to a lover who fears his doom ahead, had hitherto prevented my finding out. "You know of course, sir," pursued M. le Qual, diverging a moment from the line of his story, "how frequent earthquakes are in that part of South Africa, especially in summer, when they occur almost daily. At the day I speak of, every since early morning, the ground had been shivering inwardly, while from time to time a low, deep rumble could be heard, like the mutter of distant thunder. "Like every one else, however, who lived in Caracas, I had grown accustomed to and in a measure indifferent to these constant seismic disturbances, but now, even in the absorbing interest of the subject that filled my thoughts, I could not help noticing how greatly of late these quaking tremors had increased. "In fact, I had hardly finished my lover's plea, when a huge porcelaine vase at the foot of the steps was jostled from its pedestal and shivered to atoms and at the same instant I was thrown violently to the floor of the balcony. With a haste that great peril only inspires, I was on

my feet again and hurrying to seek Nina to seize her in my arms and if possible to bear her to a place of safety. She was no longer beside me, and looking about me, dazed though I was, I could no longer see her. "It was useless as well as madness to wait longer, and with difficulty keeping my footing on the rocking floor I fled down the staggering steps and from the dangerous neighborhood of the groaning house. To go far, however, on the tossing ground was impossible; sick and dizzy, I was forced to my knees. The house behind me swayed and swung from side to side; the chimneys cracked and toppled down on the roof; whole planks, wrenched by the strain, burst from their fastenings, leaving great holes in the walls; the stairs writhed and fell apart; the beams slid from their supports and crashed to the earth in a debris of wrecked wood, glass, bricks and plaster. "In less than a moment it seems to me, the beautiful villa of an hour ago was reduced to a heap of dust and broken rubbish. All this happened in less time than it takes to tell it, but a still more terrible scene remained to be enacted, for all of a sudden, with a report like musketry, the earth cracked open and the ruins were swallowed up in its depths. "At the same instant there was a scream behind me in Nina's voice. I turned, but alas! only in time to see the earth open again where she lay and engulf my beloved as the ruins had been. "God have mercy upon us!" I cried, and sought on hands and knees to fight my way towards the crevice that I believed had swallowed her, but now on every side gurgles and rattle were coming and going, nearer and nearer each time to where I crouched, reckless and paralyzed with despair, and then, before I had time to realize the horror of it, and with only a momentary vision of dense blackness before my eyes, I too was engulfed in the earth!" M. le Qual paused to wipe his damp brow, beaded with sweat at the mere recollection of that hideous moment. "Monsieur," resumed he, presently, when he had somewhat conquered his emotion, "if ever you have dreamed that you were buried alive, then you have had a foretaste of the feeling with which I once recovered consciousness. No hell could have been blacker than the place where, on regaining my senses, I found myself, prone on my back. No crack or crevice permitted entrance to a single ray of God's blessed light, and to know the full torture of eternal darkness you have only once to experience it. The deadly silence, too, of the place was awful; my breathing sounded to me like the hissing of a furnace. I could plainly see my heart beat, and even, it seemed to me, the blood surge through my veins. "When I tried to move, sharp pains shot through my whole body, but I soon found, to my joy, that I was only bruised and no bones broken. God knows why I was not killed, for the floor of my prison was of solid rock. "How far had I fallen? With an effort, I dragged myself to my feet, and taking a trinket hung to my watch-chain, I hurried it with all my strength up into the darkness. It struck, but before my force was nearly spent. The last hope left me. I was buried alive in a pit—a pit more than a hundred feet deep! "Overcome by the anguish of my thoughts and the oppression of the pitchy darkness, I sank again to the ground and gave myself up to utter despair. "After a while, an eternity in length, I determined to explore the extent of the cavern into which fate had plunged me and which was destined to be my grave. Perhaps, too, a sound that for a little while past had been gradually becoming audible to me had something to do with rousing me to action. "This noise came from a distance, and to my heated fancy and sensitive ears, sounded like the wheezing of a subterranean bellows. I cautiously moved forward and found the ground seemed to slope towards the point whence the noise came. "Walking on slowly, with outstretched hand, groping, you may say, it was not very long before I struck against a wall of rock. Retracing my way, I came against another, equally solid. "I am swallowed in a cleft," thought I, shudderingly, "high, narrow, burrowing deeper and deeper with every inch and leading—God knows where!—to the bowels of the earth, perhaps!" "Crushed by this discovery, for awhile I was powerless to advance a step, but then, as I had nothing to lose, I determined to make an effort to press on and leave no stone unturned that might set me at liberty. Creeping little by little down the stony gorge, I was at last close to the point whence those panting puffs came. My heart beat like a hammer. "It is a precipice," I thought, "and the wheezing sound the wind in its depths. Better be killed outright than die a slow death of starvation!" "And I put out my foot expecting to encounter only space. Instead I stumbled over something soft and fell forward. Blindly I felt about me and my hand touched something warm—a human face! "I felt again, running my hand along the body as the blind explore, and made out a dress! Like a flash it dawned upon me. "Nina, Nina!" I cried aloud, my voice rolling and reverberating like the voice of a thousand. "She was not dead, either, for it was the sound of her breathing that I had taken for a wind in the subterranean depths or the smothered rushing of a volcanic stream. I caught her hands—I chafed them in mine—but it is useless, monsieur, to go over again those dragging moments of agony when I worked over the half-dead body of my love, or those moments of mingled joy and torture when her returning consciousness had to struggle with the fearful reality. "I told her as well as I could where we were and how we had come there. To her piteous pleas for comfort I could only respond with a sorrowful silence or an equally piteous entreaty to her to be hopeful. "At that moment, sir—how strangely does the aspect of things change as the wheel of life goes!—we would both of us have given ten years of our lives to have escaped from our living tomb. Now I, at least, would not have escaped that experience. I should then never have known those bitter-sweet hours when my love and I, buried together and with death staring us in the face, were drawn

together by the strongest tie humanity knows—the bond of a common adversity. "When at last, on my persuasion, Nina sought to move, she fell back helpless with a loud cry of pain; she had sprained her ankle and could not stir without agony. Nothing could be done but to lie there where she had fallen. "How long we remained thus I do not know. Hunger and thirst came in time, two new troubles added to the rest. Though we could not lose ourselves in sleep, still our minds were tortured with waking dreams, horrible to think of now. The strain, in truth, was so hideously cruel, that Nina, at times, grew delirious, tossed and writhed regardless of the pain she gave herself and filled the darkness with her heartrending cries. "Then again peace would return and she would cling to my hand for human companionship simply to feel that some one was near. As I say, how long this lasted, I do not know, but, suddenly, after an eternal torture, a shiver struck brusquely through walls and floor, followed by another and still another, accompanied at first by a faint rumble that died away in the echoing bowels of the earth. "But soon the rumble grew to a roar, the roar to a thunder. The noise was deafening. The rocky ground heaved like the ocean. It was my turn now to lose my reason. I knew not what I did, but Nina told me that I seized her in my arms, that in a frenzy of despairing love I covered her face, her hands with kisses, crying aloud wildly: "If die we must, Nina, we can at least die together! You are mine, mine forever now! Not even death itself can part us!" "Proportionately as I lost my senses Nina became calm, besought me to regain my composure and pleaded with me to think only of the next world—so near. "But heaven ordered otherwise. In the midst of the tumultuous tossing of the earth the roof of our cavern suddenly split in twain, letting in so blinding a glare of light that even with our eyes closed our eyeballs felt as if pierced with red-hot knives. Either this was the signal for quiet again or the dying throes of the giant chained in those rock-riddled vitals; the rumbling died away, the sickening quaking ceased. "When we at last dared to open our eyes and look at each other we found ourselves in a rift of comparatively shallow depth. The second earthquake had been our savior and forced up the bed of the subterranean gorge that imprisoned us perhaps eighty feet. "But how did you get out then?" cried I, shivering with interest, as if I myself had been the victim of this terrible catastrophe. "With no trouble at all, monsieur," Mme. le Qual responded, who had now advanced from the shelter of her bath-house, "the Caracas people drew us out, with ropes, you know. They had run, as usual, to the earthquake ground to give what help they could, and the rest was easy. "My poor little girl!" murmured her husband tenderly, as he drew her to his side, "you speak of it lightly, but that earthquake cost you dearly—home and father at a blow, with only a husband to balance the loss." "Exactly," she answered, laughing lightly and pulling him to his feet with the reckless abandon of a happy child, "a husband too infatuated to mind the fact that owing to that self-same earthquake his goddess—limps!"—[From the French.]

The Modern Tooth.

Fresh from his recent revelation as to the inevitable results of higher education on the woman of the future, Sir James Crichton Brown, who presided over a meeting of the British Association, has felt it his painful duty to call attention to the lamentable condition of the tooth of the present. The picture he draws is truly desolating, and it is all the more so in that it is founded on the reliable basis of actual investigation. Out of 1,861 children under twelve recently examined the proportion of those blessed with normal or perfect teeth in need of neither extraction nor filling was only one in eighteen. Even more alarming are the dental statistics of Leeds, where the teeth of 90 per cent of the population are bad. Furthermore Sir James stated that no fewer than 10,000,000 of artificial teeth are used in England annually. Of the three causes to which Sir James Crichton Brown attributed the present parlous condition of the human tooth—soft food, high pressure and vitiated atmosphere—the first, at least, is by no means an inevitable condition of latter-day life. On the other hand the nervous tension of modern existence and the growth of large towns are factors which cannot be eliminated from the great dental problem, and are bound to exert an increasingly destructive influence on the type of the coming man. We are rapidly tending toward an era of total baldness, and this, it seems, is to be further aggravated by toothlessness. There is an ancient Greek legend of the daughters of Phorcys, who had only one eye and one tooth among them. This, we take it, must have been a prophetic view of the results of culture and civilization on the woman of the future.—[London Globe.]

A Big Rudder.

It is stated that the rudder of the French ironclad Brennus, launched some time since at Lorient, was eighteen feet high, thirteen feet wide, and weighed seventeen tons. In transporting it from the shops where it was made to the shipyard it was necessary to suspend it between two flat cars, as it could not be placed upon a single car in any position, even by this latter arrangement the rudder just clearing the roadbed and the arches of the tunnels through which it was necessary to pass. This great rudder was built with an interior framework of wrought steel, iron angles, and plates, and covered with steel plates, extraordinary care being taken to have it perfectly watertight.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

Gushing Girl—Now, don't you put my name in your paper; don't you dare. Experienced reporter—Very well. How did you say you spell your name?—[Tribune.]

THE JOKER'S BUDGET

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Why He Couldn't Take It Out—Why She Licked Him—Not an Exquisite as She Thought—Astronomical, &c., &c. WHY HE COULDN'T TAKE IT OUT. Principal Smith is one of the wisest and kindest of teachers, but now and then his watchfulness makes him over-awful. In the geography class the other day his eye fell upon a boy who seemed to be eating something. "Jack," said the master, sternly, "take that piece of candy out of your mouth at once." To his astonishment a giggle went round the room, and the next instant poor Jack answered: "I can't, sir; it's a gumboil."—[Detroit Free Press.] WHY SHE LIKED HIM. He had brought her a chair, then a fan, then an ice, and as he went after her shawl her friend remarked: "You seem to think a great deal of Mr. Simmons." "Yes," was the reply, "I like him for his fetching ways."—[Washington Star.] NOT AN EXQUISITE AS SHE THOUGHT. Miss Thin—Don't you think my new dress is just exquisite? They all say so. "Oh—Oh, lovely! I think that dressmaker of yours could make a clothes pole look quite graceful."—[Chicago Evening Journal.] ASTRONOMICAL. She read of the planets, she read of the stars, Though the subject was none to clear; "Oh, what do you think of this visit of Mars?" she said to her husband dear. Then over her liege lord's merry face There scudded a look of pain, And he gasped, as he choked on his buttered roll, "Is your mother coming again?"—[New York Recorder.] A CONSIDERATE WOMAN. "I'm very glad to have been of any comfort to your poor husband, my good woman. But what made you send for me instead of your own minister?" "Well, sir, it's typhus my poor husband's got and we dinna think it is just right for our ain dear minister to run the risk."—[New York Press.] ENCOURAGEMENT. Mr. Dolly—Did any one ever attempt to steal a kiss from you? Miss Polly—Oh, yes, the attempt has been made, but in vain. Mr. Dolly (sighing)—Then it would be foolish for me to make the attempt. Miss Polly—I suppose so. I don't know. One cannot always be on the alert, you know.—[New York Press.] A SIDE ISSUE. Her tennis costume is so gay, And fits so very neatly, The question whether she can play Must be ignored completely.—[Washington Star.] UNCLE JERRY RUSK'S CONCERN. The President—What's the matter with Jerry this morning? I started to congratulate him on the excellent quality of weather he's furnishing, but he turned away and walked off with his head in the air. I think he's getting sort of conceited and vain. "Lije—Yes, he is a little weather vain!"—[Boston News.] WANTED A WIFE. Miss Antique—You ought to get married, Mr. Oldchapp. Mr. Oldchapp (earnestly)—I have wished many times lately that I had a wife. Miss Antique (delighted)—Have you, really? Mr. Oldchapp—Yes. If I had a wife, she'd probably have a sewing machine, and the sewing machine would have an oil-can, and I could take it and oil my office chair. It squeaks horribly.—[New York Weekly.] CRUELTY. Mr. De Fashion—I see an English woman has been fined for having her two dogs pull the baby carriage. Mrs. De Fashion—She ought to be the cruel thing. Why didn't she make the baby pull the dogs?—[New York Weekly.] CAUSED THE FIRE. Wool—It is said the firely strikes the spark by rubbing its wings together. Van Pelt—I presume that's right; I have often read of fires being caused by a defective flew. PART OF THE BIRD. The Young Housewife (to the butcher)—Have you a nice spring chicken this morning? "Yes, ma'am." "Well, please cut out the croquettes and send them to my address."—[Chicago News-Record.] HE THOUGHT IT WAS LEAF YEAR. She—I love all that is grand, majestic and beautiful. He—Thank you very much, Miss Wilkins, but—er—really, you embarrass me.—[Boston Globe.] WHERE SHE WOULD BE SAFE. Ben has been promoted to "pants." He has thoroughly imbued his little sister with the idea of her grandeur. So, when her mother told her not to go to the meadow with Ben lest the cow should hurt her, she exclaimed: "Why, 'course she can't hurt me. I'll just get behind Bennie's pants." THOSE GENERAL INVITATIONS. A sportsman who, on the strength of a general invitation, had gone to pass a week with a friend in the country, soon found by a gentle hint he would have done better to have waited for a special one. "I saw some beautiful scenery," was the visitor's first remark, "as I came today by the upper road." "You will see still finer," was the reply, "as you go back to-morrow by the lower one." THE MATTER OF BAIT. The pastor was calling at the house of Brother Billings, and the small boy was entertaining him until the parents came down. "Do you ever go fishin'?" inquired the youngster, who had inherited his father's fondness for the sport. "I am a fisher of men," he responded. "Do you carry your bait in a jug, like papa does," was the next question, and just at that moment Brother Billings appeared with a seraphic smile of innocence lighting up his genial countenance.—[Detroit Free Press.] NO GOOD. "Been abroad, I understand? Visited Switzerland? How did you like it?" Piggleton (from Illinois)—Tell you the truth, I was disappointed in Switzerland. Too hilly, you know; not a bit like Chicago.—[Boston Transcript.] ONE WAY OUT OF IT. Travers—Can you have this hat charged to me? Hatter—All our business is done on a cash basis, sir. Travers—Then lend me \$5.—[Clothier and Furnisher.] A FINE FINISH. Tramp—I see you are advertising for a pants finisher. Tailor—Yes, but you hardly look as if you had had any experience. Tramp—Experience! If this pair I've got on ain't finished, I'd like to see a pair what is.—[Brooklyn Life.] IT HAPPENED TO COME TO HER. Young Wife (at midnight)—Wake up! Wake up! Husband—What is it, dear? Robbers? Young Wife—Mercy, no! You asked me at supper what ailed that cake. It just happened to come to me this minute. I forgot to put any sugar in it.—[Truth.] INEXPERIENCED. Gladys—I don't believe Mr. Spoony knows anything about driving horses. Grace—Why, how did he act? Gladys—Why, he drove with both hands all the while blessed way.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.] A SAD FLIGHT. A tear stood in her bright blue eye. Her quivering lip told sorrow's tale, Her mingled with the zephyr's sigh, Her bosom heaved, her cheek grew pale. Harsh fate had done for her its worst, And at her anguish seemed to scoff; I found the gentle maid had burst Her left suspender button off.—[New York Press.] CONSOLING. He—"You do not love me; then fare well forever. I shall commit suicide to-night." She—"Don't, George. Even though papa will not let me marry you, perhaps he will lend you a little money." A REVELATION. Young Mr. Yeerwed had been gazing for a long time at the antics of his little three-year-old baby. The child was sans hair, sans teeth, has a red face and a frightful yell, but she was his child, and he loved her. At length the little one looked up, and laughed; and the overjoyed Yeerwed, turning to his wife, ejaculated, "By Jove! Maud, it actually seems as though baby was almost human."—[Harper's Bazar.] HARD LUCK. Many days he hesitated, Then his bitter fate he cursed; While for some good chance he waited Another man, less agitated, Proposed and was accepted first.—[New York Herald.] MATCHED HER DRESS. Lady—You said you had two cats. Little Girl—Yes'm, a white one an' a black one. Lady—You have only brought me the black one. Little Girl—Yes. They is both sheddin' their coats awful, an' I brought the black one 'cause your dress is black.—[Good News.] VERY WRONG. "You did wrong to call Dawson a flannel mouth duffer." "Well, isn't he?" "Of course he isn't. Flannel shrinks, and Dawson's mouth never does."—[Judge.] REASSURANCE. Timid Lady going up in Washington Monument elevator—Conductor, what if the rope breaks that holds us? Conductor—Oh, there are a number more attached as safety ropes. Timid Lady—But if they all break where shall we go? Conductor—Oh, well, mum, that all depends on what kind of life you have been living before. QUESTION AND ANSWER. Mildred—What are you looking at me for? Jack—I know what I'd like to look at you for. Mildred—What? Jack—Forever.—[Boston Courier.] Spanish Laziness. "One reason for the existence of the tremendous trees in California is the averseness of the Spaniards to felling trees or cutting live timber of any sort," said G. A. Saterlee of Los Angeles, Cal., at the Southern. "The Spaniards, you know, two centuries ago pushed their way through Mexico to California, and save the clearing of paths through the dense forests not a twig did their axes chop down. Nor do the Spaniards transplant to this continent ever destroy timber. With stubborn pertinaciousness strangely at variance with their lethargic dispositions they continue to build their houses of stone and mortar at great expense of money and physical exertion when timber in abundance surrounds them out of which they could construct log houses, as did other pioneers, at a minimum of cost and labor. Why, the Spaniard doesn't even fell trees for firewood, but picks up dead limbs as they fall to the ground, or pulls them from the trees with his lariat."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

FOR THE CHILDREN.

ELIZABETH, BETSEY AND BESS. Elizabeth, Betsey and Bess Went walking in sunshiny weather; Up on a tree, in a lane, Two apples were hanging together. Elizabeth, Betsey and Bess, They each picked an apple and ate it; But still there was one apple left; If you know the reason, just state it. —[Our Little Men and Women.] LETTY WAS MISTAKEN. Letty had a naughty habit of making pencil marks on the wall for which she was often reproved and at length her friends thought she was cured, as for some time no marks were discovered. One day, however, her father, in putting aside a curtain, found that a part of the window frame covered by it was badly defaced. "Letty," he said sternly, "what made you make these marks?" "Because," said the little sinner tearfully but promptly, "I thought you wouldn't look there."—[Detroit Free Press.] THE SCHOOL SPOUGE. Just think of becoming a millionaire because you just invented a new kind of lead pencil or a patent slate! Why, school children every day invent more curious things for their own use than any one would imagine; but a New York man has made a large fortune out of a very little thing. Two months after his invention was complete he made \$25,000. He had often noticed the trouble which school children have in cleaning their slates. He invented a little tin box, in the bottom of which is a small sponge saturated with water. In the center of the box he placed a piece of tin drilled with holes, and on the top of this another small sponge. A pressure moistens the upper sponge and the slate can be instantly cleaned. One firm of stationers purchased 10,000 gross of the little invention, and now almost every reader of this paper has one of those very boxes.—[New York Advertiser.] SMALL, BUT BRAVE FISHES. The sticklebacks are insignificant in size, but mighty in valor. They are always ready and anxious to fight; one provoking glance from the eye of a rival and straight-way the battle rages. In contradiction to the human race, the male stickleback monopolizes all the gay colors, Mrs. Stickleback being condemned to a sober, Quakerish dress. But she has one compensation for this selfishness on her part, and that is that stronger or more skilled foe his coat is thrashed likewise, losing all its bravery and becoming a dull gray; nor does it recover its splendor until its wearer, the worst pangs of defeat over, emerges from the corner where he has hidden himself, as pugnacious as ever. The stickleback is one of the very few fish that build nests for their young. In addition to its instinctive skill and intelligence, the stickleback may be trained and instructed by man. At an aquarium which I have often visited, by the aid of an ingenious but simple device, the sticklebacks had been taught to ring a bell when they wanted food. The bell was suspended above the tank where they were kept, and the connecting rope, a fine thread having been baited, was lowered into the water below. The nibbling of the bait rang the bell. Care having been taken to add fresh bait when the cord was pulled, the sticklebacks soon learned to summon their attendants by this means.—[Detroit Free Press.] TALE FROM THE MYTHS. When the Greeks began to despair of conquering the Trojans, the crafty Ulysses designed a wooden horse full of armed men, which was taken into Troy by her citizens, and which was finally the means of that city's capture by the Greeks. When the great unwieldy thing came inside the walls, there was one man who was not deceived by its innocent appearance. That was Laocoon, the Trojan priest of Neptune. He tried hard to dissuade the people from admitting it, declaring that it was a trick of the Greeks, and finally, in the heat of his plea, he threw his spear against the horse. The horse was consecrated to Minerva, who was helping the Greeks, and as a punishment for Laocoon's impious conduct two great serpents immediately glided up from the sea and attacked him and his two sons. They coiled around their victims' bodies and finally crushed them to death, but not at once, for the priest and his sons were very strong and muscular. One of the most celebrated groups of statuary in the world is that of Laocoon and his children in the embrace of these serpents. The figures are those of three men, physically perfect, with looks of agony on their faces, all muscles standing out like cords, as two immense serpents coil around their waists and limbs. Piny, the old Roman naturalist and author, says the group was carved out of a single block of marble by Agesander, Polydorus and Athenodorus, of Rhodes. The statue is in five pieces, but very skillfully joined, and is now in the Vatican at Rome. It was discovered in 1506 by workmen while digging in an old vineyard.—[New York Voice.]