WHAT HAS COME OVER THE in'. She had a voice like a steam-SUNSHINE?

What has come over the sunshine? It is like a dream of bliss. What has come over the pine-woods? Was ever a day like this? O white-throat swallow, flicking The loch with long wing-tips, Hear you the low sweet laughter Comes rippling from itslips?

What has come over the waters? What has come over the trees? Never were rills and fountains So merrily voiced as these. O throstle, soitly piping High on the topmost bough, I hear a new song singing; Is it my heart, or thou?

UNCLE JERRY'S STORY.

BY G. P. GREBLE.

"Tell me about it, Uncle Jerry," I said, lying full length in the warm sand, let-ting my eyes alternately rest on the smil-ing water at my feet, or follow the mo-tion of the brush in Uncle Lerry's honor hand as it splashed a vigorous coat of by Miss Julie's voice. I most generally boat.

He was a character in his quiet waythe skipper par excellence of the little down from the city for the day, an' seaport of L___; an autocrat whose nothin' would do but I must take 'em word was law in his native town, and sailin'. I wouldn't have gone, but jest who had been, since the days of our at the last minute little Miss May come childhood, the epitome of all that was up an' tuk my old brown fist in her two worth knowing in sea-lore.

many a long summer day had I spent be- morrow, an' I want one more sail, an' side the bent old frame, watching his this is my last chance.' An' so i. was, rough fingers mend nets or sails wi'h the deftness grown from long practice, and Well, I couldn't say no. She made me listening to his tales with keen enjoy-ment; but there was one incident of his years ago, an' so-we started. life on which he had never touched, nor could any amount of coaxing induce him wind was due east, which made the whiteto approach it. It had happened while caps fly; but I put in a tack and started I was in Europe. The horror of it roused for the mouth of the bay. Jest about the neighborhood, and they said, those the time we got out from under the cliffs who knew, that Uncle Jerry was never the squall struck us, an' I saw my misthe same again. Whether that was so or not I found him greatly changed on "The Foam heeled over till her stormmy return after six years' absence. This deck was two feet under water. I threw afternoon, for the first time, he betrayed her head up into the wind, but as she a willingness to confide in me, and I set- came around a cross sea struck her bow, tled myself in the shade, by the bow of an' when I looked for Tom to take in the boat, and waited. Presently Uncle sail. Tom was gone." Jerry began: Uncle Jerry laid down his paint-brush

cove was crowded. It seemed like we great tragedy of his simple life. And I all had mor'n we could make comfortable. sat upright, and burying my hands deep and the boarders was crowded inter old in the white sand about me, tried to ab-Miss Holt's in a way that did seem won- sorb all my faculties in the act of listenderful when we heerd how they lived in | ing, following Uncle Jerry's knotty foretheir big city homes-reg'lar palaces, the finger as it pointed to the distant horizon gals thet come with 'em to take keer hill, and gave meaning to his words. the'r clo's said.

lated ter make a heap out o' pleasure parties an' sech-an' I did. In the mornin's I went lobsterin', 'cause Miss ''I looked at little Miss May, an' there yacht Foam

whistle. There warn't nothin' she couldn't do except keep still, an' bein' Mr. Hugh was always doin' himselt, they spent most of their time together. "Miss May used to watch 'em with that heart-breakin' look on her dear face, an' finally Miss Julie took to jokin' her, sayin': 'May don't you want to play tennis?' or 'I'll run you a race on the ponies this afernoon, May,' or 'Why don't you wake up, May? What are you dreaming about?' But Miss May never

even now, after all these years. "I've given you an idea pretty much how things went on till the afternoon they ended-for me, anyway-for I never sailed that boat again.

"It was the 10th of August. The month had been very hot, and we hadn't had any sailin' breeze for four days, but that mornin' a nice stiff breeze begun to come in from the sea. It was a squally breeze, an' I didn't jest like it, but after a time it settled down, an' I concluded it would stay clear till next

tion of the brush in Uncle Jerry's horny the crowd a-comin'. I always knew 'em green over the worn sides of his old could hear that by the time they left Miss Holt's door.

"They had a couple of city fellers little white paws, an' sez she: 'Oh,

We were great friends, he and I, and Uncle Jerry, do go! I'm going home to-

"It were nigh five years ago. The just here and gazed with dim eyes over year before the hotel was built. The the smiling bay, living over again the "Well, I didn't dare tell them young

"I hed jest bought a new sail-boat, a things what had happened. I saw they'd fifty-footer, an' a reg'lar goer; I calcu- need all their courage before they got

Jest then she raised her head. She was foam about it. She tried to shake the "I tuk the same crowd pretty reg'lar, white-but then she always was that- | water from her eyes in the old way. an' in time I got to know 'em well. but I can tell you a cold chill went down They was as nice a lot of young things my back when I heard her give a great her soft voice all hoarse and strained as ever came in my path; but they was laugh. I thought she'd gone clean out | with the agony she was in-then she careless-like, an' they didn't allays think. of her mind with fear, but it was nothin' looked at Mr. Hugh, an' that look has "The girls was healthy an' hearty, an' of the kind, for the next moment she haunted me ever since. It was so full my! but they did go it lively. There wasn't nothin' they didn't try. Tennis, an' ridin', an' rowin', an' shootin' at an' the boys git down the sail for the eyes. 'Good-bye, Hugh, my dear, dear targets made o' white paper. an' sailin', captain? Tom's below an' can't do any- Hugh,' she said, an' his name, as it left "Then I knew she knew, an' that she

Uncle Jerry drew out a gorgeous red SOMEWHAT STRANGE. The cedars growing there to-day send cotton handkerchief and mopped his brow, from which the perspiration was rolling in streams; then he continued :

"When I come to, there was Miss May and Mr. Hugh holdin' the tiller with all the'r might. The derned rope I had used to lash the handle had broke. They told me afterward that when it happened Mr. Hugh an' Miss May sprang to it, an' between 'em they managed to keep her head before the wind.

"My arm was painin' me jest awful, dreaming about? But mass may but I managed so put my went should I hey stopped even that, an' left her alto-they stopped even that, an' left her alto-"I'm getting to my story now. I got pushed about the painter of the hain't never told it before. It hurts dory, an' was trailin' in the water behind.

but Miss Julie. She couldn't seem to child, and to her horror saw a line of get over her fear, but sat there as white as a ghost with her teeth chatterin'. Miss May looked at her a minute, then she got up and went over to her. I never knew, but thinkin' of it afterward, it seemed to me she must have felt somethin' of what was comin'.

"Miss May stood there so sweet an' tender, an' sez she:

"Never mind, Julie dear, the worst come back to Mr. Hugh an' me.

"I think Mr. Hugh's eyes begun to be opened then, for he gave her the queerest look. She met his eyes, an' for a moment her bright new color went away; then she turned to me an' said, so pitiful: 'Poor Uncle Jerry! Hugh, help coiled close to her feet. But, aiming

me to lash the rudder again; Uncle Jerry can't stand much more." "I moved a little over, an' they both reached for the rope. The next moment Miss May gave a horrid, groaning cry. an' Mr. Hugh was in the water holding on by the rope. Miss May's face was deathly pale, an'she was all bent over in the queerest way-telling Mr. Hugh to be patient. She didn't seem able to run to her assistance. move, an' I remember I was sorter cross at the idea of her givin' out jest when she was most needed. I called one of the boys, an' between us we got Mr. Hugh on board, Miss May all the time leanin' more an' more over the side, till I feared she'd be over, too. I warned her, but she only said, 'No fear of that, Uncle

Jerry 'an' laid her head down on the side of the boat. I might have known -dear lass, dear lass !" Uncle Jerry paused to control the

quiver in his old voice. "As we pulled Mr. Hugh on board there was a sudden jerk, an' Miss May went over. I saw then what the trouble had been. The rope that held the dory was only partly out, an' the sudden pull Mr. Hugh had given it had hauled it tight an' drawn Miss May's arms tight across her chest.

"The pain must have been awful, for when we found her both arms were broken an' there was a great dent across her chest where the breath had been knocked out of her, almost.

"She knew if she said anything Mr. Hugh would let go, so after that first cry she never let a sound pass her lips.

"For a second or two the rope held her Holt's folks hed to hev sea things, an' she sat, her head on her knees, her two up, an' I thought I could save her, but every afternoon I 'red' up in my blue little hands over her face-somehow she knew better. As I started to pull coat with brass buttons an' sailed skipper she'd never looked so small before. her in her dear face came above the

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

THE wife of a lumberman named Willamson a few days ago had a novel and terrifying experience with a rattlesnake. The Williamsons live near Lake Charles, La., in a small cabin on Lake Calcasieu. Mrs. Williamson had left her six-monthsold baby asleep in its oradie, near the open door, and was going about her household business, when she happened "The girls had kinder waked up, all to approach the little bed to look at her mottled green and black nestied close to the form of the peacefully sleeping little one. The ugly head was raised and rest. ing on the child's arm with its eyes keeping drowsy watch over it. The mother sank, nearly fainting, on the floor, but with a parent's bravery realized that the snake must be dislodged at any cost to herself, as at the first or slightest movement of the babe the cruel fangs might be buried in its flesh. It was necessary also to act with speed, so arming herself with a pistol belonging to her husband, she bent over the cradle, and with one

rapid gesture laid hold of the snake by the end of its tail and as suddenly gave it a jerk which landed it on the floor. The creature made at her with uplifted head, sounding its dreadful rattle as it steadily, she part a ball through its body, and although it again tried to attack her, she fired again and again, and succeeded in killing it. As it died it flung itself upon her foot and struck the shoe with its fangs, but it was only the death agony, and the blow served only to entangle it in the tie of the shoe, to which

IKE FRAZIER and Luke Wilmurt were fishing in Indian River stillwater at Seaberry Settlement, N. Y., when they saw a hawk hovering over the foot of the stillwater, but they paid little attention to it till they heard it scream in anger. Looking down stream they saw the hawk with feathers ruffled and bill open, about to spring on a mink that crouched near a big birch root with its white teeth showing and black eyes glistening. Between the bird and beast was a trout of perhaps a pound weight. Which of the two caught it the men did not know, but when picked up twenty minutes later eight punctures in the back led them to believe the hawk had pounced upon it and carried it to the river bank with the intention of eating it; but the mink, happening along just then, had attempted to take it from the hawk. However this may be, the two were evidently about to have a fight; so the men stopped fishing to watch them. Suddenly the hawk, with wings flopping, ran along the sand and made a vicious dive at

their roots among their long-buried ancestors. The rings upon some of the exhumed trees show a growth of 1,500, or possibly 2,000 years, and the existence of at least two buried forests below the present growth is indisputable.

A PECULIAR phenomenon in Sweden has long excited wonder and interest, and in superstitious times was regarded as a miracle. At irregular intervals the Motalo River, an outlet of the Wetter Lake, ceases to flow and dries up, while the water is held in the lake. Herr Robert Sieger has recently collected records of the occurrence, and finds that it was repeated six times during the Sixteenth Century, twelve times during the Seventeenth Century, and eighteen times during the Eighteenth Century. The general level of the lake does not appear to be affected. It has been explained that the water is probably held back by a sudden sharp frost, which freezes the river to the bottom among the reeds in a shallow place near the lake, without allowing time for the formation of mere surface ice.

A CREDITOR seldom goes so far as to seize a coffin about to be carried to the grave. But this happened in the open street in Berlin a few days ago, and created considerable excitement and great indignation. A cabinetmaker's wagon had just stopped in front of a house near the Alexander platz in the German capital with a coffin for the wife of a locomotive engineer who had died. As the coffin was about to be borne into the house an official of the court appeared, placed his seal upon the oaken box, and ordered it transferred to the Berlin pawn office. The official had acted on behalf if a relentless creditor. "The engineer pleaded in vain for the coffin. The record failed to say whether he succeeded on getting another.

it was still clinging when her husband "UP to the present time," says the reached her, having heard the shots and Europe, of Frankfort, "no monument that we are aware of has ever been crect ed to the memory of a pig. The town of Luneburg, in Hanover, wished to fill up that blank, and at the Hotel de Ville in that town there is to be seen a kind of mausoleum to the memory of a member of the swinish race. In the interior of that commemorative structure is to be seen a glass case, inclosing a ham still in good preservation. A slab of black marble attracts the eye of visitors, who find thereon the following inscription in Latin, engraved in letters of gold: 'Passer-by, contemplate here the mortal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the sait springs of Luneburg.' "

PHENOMENALLY big men and women have occasionally appeared in various parts of the earth, and several nations possess traditions of gegantic people hav-ing at one time inhabited their lands. Even the Bible tells us something about giants. But skulls of unusual size as well as other bones were really dug up at Pitcairn Island by officers of the expedition under Captain Beechy, in the early the mink with its head, but missed it. Then the mink snapped at the hawk and caught its skin and made the hawk scream. A rough and tumble turns that scream. A rough-and-tumble tussle that much pleased at procuring some mumlasted for ten minutes followed, when the mies of the big Gaunches, a man and two hawk with one of its talons gave the women, preserved as the Egyptians used mink a rake in the side that sent it to a to preserve their dead. "The man was hole in the bank near by. The hawk of gigantic stature," he says, which is in perfect conformity with all tradition relating to the ancient Atlanteans. The mink was found the next day about a women had long black hair, plaited with mile below the stillwater with its side straps of leather painted red or green. torn open and one eye raked out. The Their dress was plaited in front; their breasts covered with a kind of short blow, but do not know how the beast zarape." The straps of their sandals happened to come out of its hole to die. | were painted red and ornamented with small pieces of obsidian beautifully wrought. The dress of the man consisted of a tunic and a mantle, tied up on the chest in a knot. M. Despriaux was delighted later on to find that in the high Andes of Peru the women were attired just as his mummics had been, and that their headgear and mode of dressing the hair were identical.

SNAKES AT DINNER.

How the Serpents in Philadelphia. "Zoo" Dine.

Did you ever see a boa constrictor at dinner?

The sight is not one calculated to lessen the breach between the sons and daughters of Eve and that subtle "beast of the field," the sepent. The menu for the reptile house at the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens consists mainly of sparrows. Many thousands of the litile English pests are caught at the Zoo each year and cut short in their pilfering career or brought up with a short turn on their way to become marketable reed birds at the hands of the sportsmen of "The Neck."

A few of the snakes persistently refuse dead food, and to such the little sparrows have to be offered up alive. Wherever it is possible the birds are killed before being placed in the cages. The boa is not one of the fastidious ex-amples of snakehood, and will take his food dead just as readily and a great deal more lazily than if it were living. His appetite is capricious, like that of all snakes, and sometimes he will neglect food for a long time. When he is roused to the point of hunger, however, he goes about satisfying his appetite in a way far more businesslike than elegant. The little bird goes into his wide, ugly mouth head downward, and by a succession of very ill-mannered gulps he proceeds to urge it down his long, sinuous throat into the somewhat larger region which does duty as a stomach.

The last view one has of the sparrow is of two fimp little yellow feet protrading one on each side of the serpent's grinning mouth just before he takes the final gulp which buries it forever from sight. Feathers, claws and bills seem to be aids rather than hindrances to digestion with the snake tribe. It looks like such very hard work for the boa to swallow his food that one wonders no longer that he cats as seldom as possible.

It is a singular fact that snakes have been kept in the Zoo for a year and a half at a time without taking any food whatever. For one variety, the cora snake of Florida, no food has ever been found which it will accept when in captivity. The majority of new comers will refuse food for the first few months of their captivity, but will generally condescend to accept rations at the hand of civilization thereafter.

It is very seldom that a snake which has refused food for a year or more will begin to eat, but such cases do occasionally occur. When it is remembered that a snake is a cold-blooded creature, and that therefore but little food is needed to sustain bodily heat, and but little more to repair the waste of tissues occasioned by his very slight exercise, the fact that a snake may live for eighteen months without food is not quite so incredible as might first appear.

In the left wing of the reptile house the cases marked "poisonous" are placed. There the "rattlers" coil together in an ugly mass and the water moccasins lift their hideous heads to see what is going on. The beauty of the establishment is the big "purplish black adder" from Australia, the venomous serpent said to travel always in pairs and to be such a fierce disciple of the vendetta that he who wittingly or unwittingly kills one of the creatures is doomed to death from the envenomed tooth of its uncaptured mate. The smooth, glossy black scales of this unforgiving avenger look as though cut from ebony, and the dull red glow which borders the under side of the body, deepens as any unusual noise rouses the snake to animation. Next door to this specimen of embodied animosity lives the snake which has the honor of being the greatest scientific curiosity in the whole zoological collection of Philadelphia. "Spilotes Corals Xanthurus" is written on what answers for the door plate of his snaky mansion, which is, being interpreted, "Yellow Tailed Rat Snake," The family of rat snakes has been known for some time to the zoologist, but the yellow tailed branch is something entirely new. -[New York Telegram.

The sailin' bothered me. They was all thing." over the boat at once, an' nothin' would do but I must larn em to sail. I hed to saw our danger as plain as I did. tell 'em I wouldn't take 'em if they warn't quieter, an' after that they kinder hadn't time to reef it, so they jest cut it away an' tried to reef the jib instead. "I grew powerful fond of 'em all, but

shine to. She wasn't very strong-I they took an hour to get it done. heerd tell she was jest gettin' over a fever. She had a sickly look, but you could see she'd been bonny.

"Her eyes was blue an' round, an' her teeth was little an' white-like Miss up to her knees in it, coaxin' those great Holt's Sunday china. They'd cut off her healthy boys an' girls, an' scoldin' when hair when she was sick, an' it was all she couldn't keep 'em quiet without it. over her head in little short ourls, like my 'Lize when she was a babe.

"I remember a trick she had of takin' off her cap an' lettin' the wind blow her hair, an' if the day was damp it would his footin' an' over he went after Tem. "It curl up tight, an' she'd run her fingers thro' it an' pull it out straight to see how it was growin.'

when they all got to larkin' it seemed like she couldn't stand it, for she'd leave buckets and said, kinder stern: 'Here, when they all got to larkin' it seemed the rest, an' with her little polite bow don't be cowards. If we must die, let's she'd come an' say, so gentle like: die bravely; but in the meantime-'Uncle Jerry, do you mind if I stay here work.' with you?' I was mighty glad to have her, an' she seemed to know it, for she'd signed myself to what was comin.' I had cabin, and meditated on what I had settle herself in a pile of cushions an' sit there quiet as a mouse.

got her, and by-an'-by she'd come right May as plain as if it was yisterday. away from the start, an' I got so used to havin' her there at my right hand that when she stayed home I felt real lone-that went down standin' on the bridge of

"She begged me to larn her bow to steer, an' when I saw she meant it I wanted, 'cause she was as coll as a cowshowed her one thing and another; an' cumber. As fast as the others got scared, Jerry, I believe I could sail a boat as beside me, rang like a bell as she told well as any one if I were only stronger.' 'em what to do. It seemed queer to see sooner'n any young feller in the party if girls that had laughed at her 'cause she she'd had a little more muscle in her couldn't keep up to 'em, an' they cryin' an' screamin'—an' the men warn't much

"When August come I begun to see better.

named Grey. He was a likely chap. about twenty, I reckon. He had lots of money, an' I heard from some of the an' then she'd take her cap off an' shake but he was a great sport, an' after she be-gun to go about, an' he found she couldn't do things he did, he jest naturally slipped away from her and tuk to goin' with Miss Julie Webb.

frowserly light hair, a mouth big enough to swaller a doughnut hull, an' rows of think we'd weather it. Jest then there When she warn't talkin' she was laugh- | end o' things, an' then I fainted."

"The boys sprang for'ard, but they Those boys meant well, but every minthere was one little girl I tuk a special ute was precious, an' it did seem to me

"The mast bent like a fish-pole, an' every minute I thought to hear it crack. All this time the water was comin' over the sides, an' little Miss May stood there

"There was no use makin' light of our danger now. It didn't need tellin'they all saw it. Then, as the boys "Mr. Hugh an' the other feller just their places -an' then they ran in to Miss 'As I said, she warn't very strong, an' May. She didn't give 'em time to git won't paint any more ter-day.'

> "I had given up then, an' kinder retime to look around, for the tiller was heard .- [Frank-Leslie's Weekly,

lashed fast-no man could hold it in a "Gradually the rest of 'em kinder for- sea like that-an' I can remember Miss

"They told me afterward that her that went down standin' on the bridge of his ship; an' I guess she tuk after him, Herr Thoroddsen, the Icelandic exan' it come to the top when it was somehow she never forgot what I told she grew quiet; an' her voice, that was ered by him. Thoroddsen employed her. An' one day she says to me: 'Uncle so soft an' gentle when she used to sit Bless her heart! I'd have trusted her her standin' there among them great

"There was a young feller in the party her.

about twenty, I reckon. He had lots of money, an' I heard from some of the ladies' gals that he used to be a great friend o' Miss May's before she was sick: a rew taller to mer hair. She seemed to friend o' Miss May's before she was sick: a rew taller to mer hair. She seemed to friend o' Miss May's before she was sick; grow taller, too, an' her voice, which the

wind at our backs an' the racin' cut of "Miss Julie was mighty pretty, with the Foam we could't help it. We were teeth 'like pearls,' I beard Mr. Grey say. They looked strong enough to bite nails, 'an she showed 'em all the time. of 118.

"'Good bye, Uncle Jerry,' she says her lips, was the last sound she made; then the water closed over her an' she never rose again."

Uncle Jerry didn't care to conceal the honest tears that rolled down his cheeks, and something in my own eyes blurred the sea from my vision. Neither spoke for a minute, then I said: "Did you say they found her?"

Unele Jerry replied, gruffly: "I found her myself, after the storm, lyin' on a bed of sea-weed, that same lovin' look on her face. I didn't tell no one, for I couldn't bear no one to tetch her. I got my wagon an' lined it with clover an' ferns that I cut on purpose, an' tuk her up to Miss Holt's, an' laid her on the little bed she'd slept in all summer. The next day her friends come and tuk her

"It closed the season at Miss Holt's, an' I sold the Foam for twenty dollars to looked at each other an' staggered to get her out o' the bay, an' I hain't never took a pleasure party since. Guess I

And gathering up his brushes, Uncle Jerry left me abruptly and started through the heavy sands for home, while figure till it vanished in the door of his

Exploring in Iceland.

Iceland is still a field for explorers. From a lecture delivered recently before the Berlin Geographical Society, by plorer, it appears that a hitherto unknown group of lakes to the west of the glaciers Vatua Jokull has been discovten summers in making himself acquainted with the interior of Iceland, and during these ten journeys he was about 500 days in the saddle. It was necessary to be provided with food for himself and food for his horses, as he had endless deserts to cross, and met "When August come I begun to and she warn't happy. She grew paler an' thinner, an' her eyes was so wistful-like wave that come aboard splashed over the ground being too soft with snow wave that come aboard splashed over the ground being too soft with snow with very few human dwellings. Before terrible storms, and the glacier rivers are difficult to pass. There are, by the way, great impulse to intellectual production is proved by the fact that the 12,000 Icelanders who emigrated to Manitoba have founded twelve newspapers in their new colony.-[Boston Commercial.

He-Are we alone?

She-Of course not, Only one person can be alone, and there are two

He-Er-um-but suppose we two were made one----.

rose in the air and flew down the river, leaving the trout where it lay. A dead fishermen think they saw it get its death-

A NEW HOPE (Pa.), correspondent in the Philadelphia Record, says: The discovery that a German carp drinks milk has averted what theatened to be wholesale suits for theft. Michael Tiernan for several months, or ever since the weather grew warm, has noticed that his blooded cows returned from their luxuriant pastures with full stomachs and empty udders. There was a suspicion that the

cows had been milked by families who reside in the neighborhood. This thing continued and Mr. Tiernan's dairy product reached zero. He watched his robbers. Tuesday he had a startling revelation. He was standing by the milirace, which runs through his farm; he saw his favorite cow enjoying herself in the water, which touched her body. After a prolonged bath the bovine emerged from the stream. Clinging to gone to the millrace to keep cool, and milk

A CURIOUS method was recently used in Illinois to take the foul air out of a well. The well was to be cleaned, but the man that took the job was afraid to go down until he had ascertained the quality of air at the bottom. He let down a lighted her labors deserves to be exhibited at the candle, and when it descended to about World's Fair under the head of sculpsix feet of the bottom it went out as tures. It says that this hen laid an egg suddenly as though extinguished by a whiff of air. That was all he wanted to know. He was then sure that the well thres. It says that this near that and which, in bas relief, was an arm and a hand. The creases in the coat sleeve were had poisonous gas in it, and took a natural, and the whole piece was well small umbrella, tied a string to the handle small unbrella, tied a string to the handle and lowered it open into the well. Hav-The day before, the hen produced an ing let it go nearly to the bottom, he drew it up, carried it a few feet from the well and upset it. He repeated this further developments, being not certain operation twenty or thirty times with all the bystanders laughing at him, then forth a few statues and monuments with again lowered the light, which burned clear and bright even at the bottom. He ing. then condescended to explain that the gas in the well was carbonic acid gas,

simple trick, yet perfectly effective. A CURIOUS piece of contemporary geology is being worked out in New Jer-sey. The whole coast has been long

sinking, and the process is still going on. A curious industry is carried on in the southern part of the state-the mining for cedar. Some of these noble trees exhumed from their swampy burial exceed | Iy hurt by the falling ceiling. three feet in diameter, with the timber perfectly sound. The "lay" of these uprooted trees, according to the American Naturalist, indicates the devastation, probably, of extraordinary cyclones, occurring at immense intervals of time,

SIGNOR Balsamello, the inventor of the Bal a Nautica, the sub-marine vessel with which several successful experiments were performed lately at Civita Vecchia, duct reached zero. He watched his cows, but could not discover the milk in the presence of a commission apclares that by the aid of his invention, he can float the unfortunate British warship Victoria at a cost of less than \$200,-000. He says that with the Balla Nautica he can make arrangements for raising about fifteen pounds. It had drunk ey-rry ounce of the cow's milk. Mr. Ther-nan says that the cowe have a set of the survey of the survey of the cowe have a set of the survey of the ship, which has already descended to the fish have as diligently extracted the and been manœuvred successfully at depths beyond that in which the Victoria lies. The bringing of the ship to the surface would take two days.

> THE Baltimore Sun says that a gentle-man of that city has a hen which does such artistic work that the product of man's face, and her owner is looking for further developments, being not certain that this intellectual bird will not bring a continuation of her studies in model-

AT the Fort Swamp, near Medina, which is heavier than air, and therefore N. Y., a double blast in the channel could be brought in an umbrella just as work threw a seventy-five pound rock though it were so much water. It was a simple trick, yet perfectly effective. A cuntous piece of contemporary mother to the nursery, where she was horrified to find a big rock suspended by the broken lath and ceiling directly over the cradie. She snatched the baby away just as the rock fell with a terriffic crash, converting the cradle into kin-dling wood. The child was only slight-

A BALTIMORE man fell overboard with a bag containing 107 silver dollars in his hand. He scrambled out, but left the bag behind. Then he gave fifty of the silver dollars to a professional diver, who recovered the bag after half an hour's thus levalling one forest upon another that had been thrown down long before. | search.

Orientals at the Fair.

Among the young people who are vis-iting the Columbian Exposition this summer are a Javanese baby, three Chinese boys of from two to six years, a pickaninny from Dahomey, a dancing Soudanese baby, a little Bedouin girl who dances in the Arab encampment, a pappoose or two in the Indian village, and a half-dozen Egyptian boys who belabor the tiny gray donkeys in the Cairo Street. As the readers of Young People have already guessed, these boys and girls did not visit the fair to see the curious things in the wonderful white buildings, but to be a part of the show. They are there to be looked at, not te look, and they are among the most in-teresting of all the exhibits. The black baby lives in the Dahomey

village, which is supposed to look as if it had been picked up in Africa and set down in Chicago. In some respects it certainly does resemble the hot country about which Mr. Glave has told us during the past year. The ground is sandy enough and the sunshine hot enough for Sahara, and the reed-thatched huts which line the high board fence surrounding the village are uncomfortable enough in appearance to satisfy the most enthusiastic explorer. In the middle of the village is a larger hut, open at the sides and covered with thatch, and in this hut the dwellers of the Dahomey village dance the wir-dance of their native country every hour or two for the entertainment of the white people who stroll in to see them. All of these men and women are hideous in their gay calico clothing, with strings of teeth and strange-looking bits of stone and metal hanging about their necks and dangling from their arms and cars. But the pick-aninny is as cunning as most other babies are. When I saw him he was sitting in a puddle of dirty water with no clothing on to get soiled, watching his mother and an older brother scouring two or three brass and silver rings with a bit of rag and a handful of sand. The little feilow wanted the rings to play with, and when he found that he could not have them, he set up a howl that sounded very much like a white boy of two years crying because he could not have a porcelain clock or a circus wagon to play with .- [Harper's Young People.