

THE POPPIES IN THE CORN.

When the mist in poorly columns
Rises o'er the hills gray,
And the dews of early dawning
In the grasses melt away,

Then the sun in softened splen
Sheds his first rays thro' the morn,
Lo, they kiss the sleepy faces
Of the poppies in the corn.

O'er the scene there falls a silence,
All the twittering song-birds still;
As the lark, his far flight taking,
Circles toward the distant hill,
Up and upward, flies triumphant,
Earth-tired warbler, heaven-born,
Till a song steals down from cloudland
O'er the poppies in the corn.

Slowly comes the hush of noontid
Not a leaf aways on the trees, a
Not a dew-drop on the grasses,
Not the whisper of a breeze,
Grows the sun in scorching fury,
One wee butterfly forlorn,
Panting falls in dying struggles
On the poppies in the corn.

—[Maud E. Kendrick, in Boston Globe.]

JEAN DE THOMMERAY.

It was in the country, near the forest
Not far from the Seine, in the modest
Villa where I hoped to spend my old
Age, that I saw Jean de Thommeray for
The first time. He was scarcely twenty-
two. Some pages signed with my name
had won his heart to me, and he pre-
sented himself with no other recom-
mendation than his good appearance and
his desire to know me. The sympathy
of the young was an irresistible attraction.
It is very sweet to be able to draw
them when one is approaching the
autumn of life. I was the more willing
to give him a welcome that I could do so
without any effort, for he was really
charming. I see him now as he stood at
my gate, a slender, noble-looking fellow,
his face shadowed with the down of
youth; straight nose, blue eyes, fair
forehead; his hair, fine and of an ashy
blonde, waved above the temples. His
ease of manner and language, the elegant
simplicity that showed in his dress,
everything, reflected credit on the fire-
side by which he had grown up.

It was a clear April day; we walked
together in the woods of Meudon.
Though many years divided us, we con-
versed like two friends. He had gener-
ous impulses, holy illusions, all the
happy and ardent feelings of his age. He
believed in the good, he admired the
beautiful, he dreamed of love and glory.
Where did he come from? What latitude
was he born? What star had shone
over his cradle? Who and what was this
Jean de Thommeray, who at the end of
an hour's talk had spoken neither of
women, nor horses, nor yet of his friends'
incomes?

Thanks to the confidences he gave me
without my asking, I soon found out
all about him. His father, who came of
a good old Breton family, had studied
in Paris in the days when patriotism and
liberty ranked as high as letters and arts
among the young men of modern France.
The Breton gentleman felt the influence
of this awakening in the flood of
thought, and, without giving up the
traditions of honor in his family, he set
sail with the current. He loved, with a
pure, delicate, romantic love, a poor,
young girl of good family, of Irish de-
scend, and married her. When his studies
ended, he went back to Brittany. The
hereditary domain that sheltered their
tenderness was in one of the wild and
quiet valleys of Old Anjou. It con-
sisted of a farm and manor, of a castle,
which was protected by an old grove
from the winds that swept across the
valley from the mountains. Here Mon-
sieur de Thommeray lived, like his fore-
fathers, the life of a country gentle-
man, hunting, riding horseback, visiting
neighbors, improving his land; while
his wife, "la belle Irlandaise," as they
called her, gave herself up to domestic
affairs and governed her household with
grace and authority. Though he had
taken root in this primitive life, he was
faithful to the tastes and inclinations of
his youthful days. He never went beyond
the circle of his remembrances, and for
him nothing beyond them seemed to
exist. Time, which never stops, seemed
to have forgotten him on his way. It
was a happy family—he, his wife, and
three sons. The eldest and the second
son showed no taste for study or litera-
ture, but Jean, the little one, more deli-
cate than his brothers, grew up under
his mother's gentle wing with a strong
sense of the beauties and harmonies of
creation and a love of books. While his
brothers walked and rode over the farm
and led a hardy and rustic life, Jean,
read, dreamed, or composed little Breton
poems that his mother proudly compared
to "Moore's Irish Melodies," and that
excited the admiration of his father. His
brothers, too, were proud of his gifts and
his charming ways, and even of his weak-
ness when a little fellow, for that seemed
to claim their protection. But one morn-
ing, not long before the time I first met
him, Jean embraced them all and set out
for Paris, filled with the same illusions
that his father had had before him.

Two or three years passed. I did not
know what had become of Jean. I sup-
posed that he must have left Paris, and
that he was living peacefully in his
father's home. He had evidently for-
gotten me. I was not surprised at that.
As for me, I thought of him from time to
time. A journey I made into Brittany
revived in my heart the memory of my
young friend, when I learned one day
that it was only a few leagues from the
manor of Thommeray. I arrived at
nightfall at the house I loved to think of
as the asylum of happiness. I found
the family assembled, and, not seeing
Jean, naturally I asked for him. M. de
Thommeray answered me briefly, "Mon-
sieur," he said, "we have only two sons
now—these whom you see. We never
speak of the one we have lost."

Was Jean dead? No; the attitude of
M. de Thommeray, his voice, his
language and his gesture were not those
of a father who has buried his son. Dur-
ing my visit his mother found an oppor-
tunity of speaking to me alone. She told
of her son and of the sorrow he had
brought upon them—how he had com-
promised himself, falling lower and
lower from day to day, in the wicked
world of Paris, and how his family no
longer looked upon him as their own.
She made me promise to go to see him,
to write to her and to let her know how
he lived, to hide nothing from her.
Could this be the same Jean de Thom-
meray whom I had known? How could
he have fallen so low from the heights
where I had left him?

I went back to Paris. I found him
living in richly furnished apartments,
and held out his hand to me with an
easy grace, as if he had not a pang in the
world—as if the luxury, in the midst of
which I had surprised him, had been
bought by the efforts of a glorious and
honest labor, instead of the fruits of the
gambling table. He began to excuse
himself for having so long neglected me.
"All that is excused," I said, "I have
come from Brittany where I saw your
parents, and as you have always spoken
of them with respect, I am only fulfilling
a duty when I come to tell you of the
sad state in which I found them."
"Thanks, Monsieur, you need not go
on." He interrupted me calmly and
with a tone of great urbanity. "It is
nothing new you tell me. My way of
living is a subject of scandal and trouble
to my family. My brothers disown me,
my mother weeps in secret, my father no
longer knows me. Well, sir, be my
judge. I am not a saint. Not being able
to reform the age as I once thought
of doing, you remember, I have ended
by adopting its ways and wearing its
livery. It seems to me that, in a society
where money is a god, not to be rich
would be an impiety. I have played, I
do not deny it, and I have always
won. By my skillful playing I keep
up the state of the house and belong-
ings I won by my luck. My parents live
according to the manners of their
time. I live according to the ways of
my own."

It was sad to hear this young man
exult in his fall and glory in his ruin.
All about him betrayed the habits of
the life he now led. His very smile,
once so sweet and clear, had a cold ex-
pression like the hard luster of steel. He
told me his story—how he had been
basely deceived and robbed of his last
centime by a woman whom he thought
deserving of his heart's devotion, in spite
of his mother's penetration, which had
sounded the depths of unworthiness in
the character hidden beneath the charms
of beauty and an artless manner; how,
when he came to his senses, his youth
was dead, and a new and a worse man
had come to live within him. He be-
lieved no more in anything good.
"Are there no longer any women?"
he said.
"You are mistaken," I replied. "We
have mothers, sisters, friends, wives,
who every day and every hour should
accomplish miracles of goodness, devo-
tion and charity. Society is not as bad
as you think it, but you, still, are
much worse than I feared. Still, why
not return to your family, who are
grieving for you? Your youth is not
dead, it is waiting for you there."
"It is too late! I must confess to you
that since my sojourn at Baden the
gambling fever has never left me. Let
us live and enjoy ourselves—after us
the deluge! It is now my hour for the
bourse, and to my regret I am obliged to
leave you."

The fortunes of France are on the verge
of ruin, and you have no other care than
to realize your future. To morrow the
enemy will be at our gates, and you strap
up your valise and fly like a coward! It
was not enough to have plunged your
family into mourning and despair. You
must inflict this shame, too, upon them!
A quick blush rose to his forehead. A
light shone in his eyes.
"Pardon, monsieur, pardon. These
are very grand words, it seems to me.
You are too young and I am too old for
us to understand each other. I am not
running away. I am going away. There
is nothing here to keep me. Paris does
not interest me. It is only just that she
should be punished. As for my family,
they are safe enough from the dangers
of war, and I do not see why I should
be forbidden to seek for myself, in Brus-
sels, or in London or Florence, the
peace and security they enjoy in Brit-
tany."

My heart was sick and disgusted. I
turned away, when suddenly Jean
started with surprise. "Listen," he
said. I listened, and heard a strange
music, the tones of which, vague at first
and indistinct, grew louder and seemed
to be coming toward us. I looked, too,
as I listened. I saw beyond the bridge
of Solferino an immense crowd, who
came on singing. It was a slow, grave
chant, almost religious, and had nothing
in common with the bursts of song to
which we were accustomed. Jean
leaned against the parapet. I saw that
he was very pale. In the mean-
time, the confused mass approached
nearer and nearer, and became less
and less confused. Now, I recog-
nized the *chœur de la Bretagne* and then
saw the *gardiens mobiles* of Finisterre
were entering Paris. The
tut or ermine in their military caps,
the gray cloth uniforms, the knapsack
strapped behind, tell all about them
as they advance with a correct and firm
step, marching by platoons and filling
the whole width of the *quai*. At their
head on horseback rides the chief of the
battalion; behind him, the chaplain and
two lieutenants. The head of the column
is now only a few steps from us. It
is my turn to be startled. I look at Jean.
His hand falls upon mine. "My father!
My two brothers!" he says in a low
voice. And he sees passing before him,
under their most striking forms, the eter-
nal truths that he has so long disowned
or forgotten—God, country, duty and
family! The long pageant of his honest
and noble days defiles before him as the
troops go by. I gave him the last
centime. On one of the balconies of the
*quai* I have just seen his mother.
"You unfortunate fellow!" I exclaim.
"You said there were no longer any
women. Look, there is one; do you recog-
nize her?"

Madame de Thommeray waves her
handkerchief, the Breton chant redoubles
in fervor, and the chief of the battalion,
with the courtesy of a knightly gentle-
man, bows in his saddle and salutes her
with his sword. Mute and motionless,
with sad eyes and dry eyelids, Jean seems
turned to stone. I leave him to the
mercy of God.
The next day, in the courtyard of
the Louvre, the Commandant de Thom-
meray called the roll of his battalion.
The call finished, he passed down the
ranks, when a soldier stepped out and
said:
"Commandant, one of your men was
forgotten."

"What is your name?"
"My name is Jean," answered the vol-
unteer, lowering his eyes.
"Who are you?"
"A man who has lived badly."
"Who do you wish?"
"To die well."
"Are you rich or poor?"
"Yesterday I possessed an ill-gotten
fortune. I have resigned it voluntarily.
I have now only my musket and my
knapsack."
"That is well." And with a gesture
he ordered the young man to return to
the ranks. There was a long silence. The
Commandant had again taken his place
in front of the battalion. "Jean de
Thommeray?" he called out. A manly
voice answered: "Presented." From the
French of Jules Sandeau.

Came Home in a Shipwreck.
Among the shipwrecked sailors who
were saved by the life-saving crews along
the New Jersey coast in the recent storm
was one grizzled old salt who was picked
up near South Amboy in an exhausted
condition, but still clinging to a broken
spar. When able to speak he said his
name was Jacob Wood, and that a quar-
ter of a century ago he was well known
in that section of the country. He had
sailed away as captain of the bark Emma
in the early part of 1871, leaving a fam-
ily at Morristown, N. J. For twenty-
two years he had been drifting about the
world, and what had become of his fam-
ily he did not know.
Captain Wood had become injured by
the floating wreckage, so he was cared
for in a house in the neighborhood. Mrs.
Frances Briggs, a resident of Brooklyn,
happened to be visiting some friends near
South Amboy, and when she learned
that the shipwrecked sailor's name was
Jacob Wood, she astonished her friends
by saying he must be her grandfather,
who was supposed to have been lost at
sea over twenty years ago. Then she
hurried to the house and found her hopes
realized. The captain's son has taken
him to his home. —[Chicago Herald.]

Scavengers of the Body.
Floating about the body with the blood
are numerous cells which seem to go
around on their own hook. In the lungs
they are found in great numbers. When
they come across any disease germ or
other foreign particle, they eat it up or
carry it away to some place where it can
do no harm. Thus they serve the
purpose of scavengers. Unfortunately,
so many wicked germs are float-
ing about in the dust that occasionally
they make their way into the system of a
healthy person and cause trouble. Most
dreadful of all such micro-organisms is
the bacillus of consumption, which breeds
in the human lungs and destroys them.
Cholera has been exciting much trifling
importance compared with consumption.
In Europe, 3,000 persons die every day of
consumption, while in the United States
the same disease kills 100,000 people
a year. —[Washington Star.]

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY
MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Double Reason—A Long Experi-
ence—No Use—Buying Things for
Mamma, Etc., Etc.

Miss Parade and Miss Beach
Go so much with each other,
Not for friendship, but each
Has an unmarried brother.

Reggy Smallfellow (bursting with in-
dignation at having been rudely-jostled
by a muscular pedestrian)—I say, will
you hit that man for a dollar?

Micky Tuffwon—Wot's de use? I
jus' struck him for 10 cents an' didn't
get a red. —[Troy Press.]

Jessie—I am going to buy my mother
some oranges.
Friend—She likes oranges, does she?
Jessie—No, ma'am, she gives them to
me. —[Yankee Blade.]

Head of Firm—Have you had much
experience as a traveling man?
Applicant—I should say I had. I
have just walked home from the World's
Fair. —[Detroit Free Press.]

Wife—Did you notice, dear, at the
party last evening, how grandly our
daughter, Clara, swooped into the room?
Husband (with a grunt)—Oh, yes!
Clara can sweep into the room grandly
enough, but when it comes to sweeping
out the room she isn't there. —[Texas
Sittings.]

"Did you have a good time on your
western trip," said one girl.
"Love," replied the other.
"I'm sure you saw everything there
was to see."
"Yess; I suppose so."
"You say that as if you might have
missed something."

She (from the hammock)—Have you
read "An Exquisite Fool"?
He (with a sigh of hopelessness)—I've
been one. —[Detroit Free Press.]

Tommy's Mother—Pshaw, Tommy.
You oughtn't to have been frightened
because the yacht rocked a little. Look
at little cousin Nellie, she wasn't scared
a bit.
Tommy—No wonder, she had me
there to look after her. —[Chicago Rec-
ord.]

Mrs. Snaggs (reading)—A man in
South Duxbury, Mass., has coughed up
a ten-cent piece he swallowed some time
ago.

Mr. Snaggs—Yes, I've noticed other
indications that the hoarding of money
is coming to an end. —[Pittsburg Chron-
icle.]

"My dear Sir," said the grateful father,
"how can I reward you for dragging my
only daughter from a watery grave?"
"Simply do not expect me to marry
her," replied the hero. —[Detroit Free
Press.]

He—How do you like Lord Fopping-
ton, Miss Barrow?
Miss Barrow—Not at all. He can't
pronounce his r's, and I do detest being
addressed as Miss Bow-wow. —[Tidbits.]

Customer—These collars don't suit me.
They don't sit well on my neck.
Clerk—How do you expect them to
sit when they are standing collars? —[Pittsburg Bulletin.]

"Why don't you get married, dear
boy?"
"I must refer you to Miss Jones, who
persists in hitting me for reasons of her
own." —[Chicago Record.]

"I say, Charley, been a fishing, eh?
Got any fish in your basket?"
Charley (ambiguously)—I have got a
good one. —[Boston Transcript.]

"How are you? Just thought I'd drop
in a while to kill time."
"Well, we don't want any of our time
killed." —[Boston Globe.]

"Been to lodge have you, Absalom?"
said Mrs. Rambo, in a metallic tone of
voice.
"Yes, m' dear," replied Absalom.
"Was time does the lodge usually let
out?"
"About—um—about 11 o'clock."

"And what time do you think it is
now?"
"Er—it's about 11, isn't it?"
"Is it 2.30. Does it take three hours
and a half to come home?"
"Yes, m' dear. Lodge bodies move
slowly."
And Mrs. Rambo went gaspingly up-
stairs to bed. —[Chicago Record.]

"Can you tell counterfeit money when
you see it?" asked a clerk in the war
department of a treasury employe.
"Yes."
"I wish you would look at this \$10
bill."
"Do you think there's anything wrong
with it?"
"I don't know; I just borrowed it
from Brickleton, and he let me have it
the first time I asked him." —[Washington
Star.]

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from Brickleton, and he let me have it
the first time I asked him." —[Washington
Star.]

A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

Little Ethel—It's awfully impolite to
ask for things.

Little Johnny—Course it is. What of
it?
Little Ethel—Nothing, only I'm get-
tin' hungry for some candy I've got in my
pocket, and there isn't enough for two. —[Good News.]

MODESTY.
"Here's a very modest young man, isn't
he?"
"Modest as a burglar; he doesn't even
want the credit of his own work." —[Phila-
delphia Record.]

AT THE YACHT RACE.
"I love the sea," the maiden said,
"And like to watch the flying foam."
But suddenly she hung her head
And gasped, "I wish that I were dead,
Or safe on land—oh, take me home!" —[New York Journal.]

AN IGNORANT CAPTAIN.
Old Lady—What's the matter now?
Steamboat Captain—We've run on a
sandbar.
Old Lady—Well, why don't you go
over it? What's your walking-beam
for, I'd like to know? —[New York
Weekly.]

AN OLD FAVORITE.
Friend—Well, Tommy, now that
you've started to school, what do you
like best?
Tommy—Recess. —[Chicago Inter-
Ocean.]

A COMPANION IN MISERY.
"It was too bad," she said to her hus-
band as they left the theatre, "that that
woman with a high hat should have
spoiled the performance for you."
"Yess, I had some satisfaction,
though."
"How?"
"Watching the man who sat behind
you, dear." —[Washington Star.]

Foreign Visitor—The Belgian Minis-
ter says your Columbian Exposition is
the grandest and most beautiful exposit-
ion ever given in this or any other
country.
Chicago Man—Thank Heaven! Now
we can bust happy. —[New York
Weekly.]

He—I wish you would give me one
of those photographs you had taken the
other day. They remind me of the only
woman I ever loved.
She—I'll never speak to you as long
as I live. Who was she?
He—You. —[Indianapolis Journal.]

Here's a man
Built upon a curious plan;
Lived two years in Georgia State,
Never was a candidate;
(Gospel truth; we ain't in fun;
Paralyzed, and couldn't run.) —[Atlanta Constitution.]

Even the sober conductor cannot get
along without his punch. —[Galveston
News.]
Jason says the greatest centerpiece
for the table is a slice of limburger. —[El-
mira Gazette.]
In all the reduction of pay now going
on the wages of sin still remain the same. —[Pittsburg Chronicle.]

In the matter of hairdressing why
shouldn't we take the queue from the
Chinese? —[Lowell Courier.]
Jones—Robbins gave me this cigar.
Brown—I don't blame him.
"Has she given you any encourage-
ment?" "Oh, yes. She says she will
get all of her father's money when he
dies." —[Life.]

"I've done so little work," said the
policeman, "that my biceps are getting
flabby. How I would like to meet a
flood, cubable fellow." —[Washington
Star.]

"This, I suppose," said the stranger in
the city, "is one of your clubhouses?"
"Well, you might call it one. It's a
police station." —[Washington Star.]

Father—And I'll give you a nice box
of candy if you'll have those teeth pulled.
Tommy (with a wail)—And then I can't
eat the candy! —[Chicago Record.]

"What is the difference between 'wages
and salary'?" "Well, generally, one
means a great deal of work and some
pay, and the other is a good deal of pay
and some work." —[Chicago Record.]

She—It can hardly be questioned that
every woman is more or less of a mind
reader. He—Do you think you could
read mine? She—I'd rather not. Mam-
ma is a little particular as to the charac-
ter of my reading. —[Boston Globe.]

Tropical Roofs.
The natives of the interior of Ceylon
finish walls and roofs with a paste of
slaked lime, gluten and alum, which
glazes and is so durable that specimens
three centuries old are now to be seen.
On the Malabar coast the flat bamboo
roofs are covered with a mixture of straw
and clay. This is a poor conductor of
heat, and not only withstands the heavy
rains to a remarkable degree, but keeps
the huts cool in hot weather. In Su-
matra the native women braid a coarse
cloth of palm leaves for the edge and top
of the roofs. Many of the old Buddhist
temples in India and Ceylon had roofs
made out of cut stone blocks, hewed
timber and split bamboo poles. Uneven
planks cut from old and dead palm trees
—seldom from living young trees—are
much used in the Celebes and Philip-
pines. Shark's skins form the roofs of
fishermen in the Andaman Islands. The
Malays of Malacca, Sumatra and Java
have a roofing of attaps, pieces of palm
leaf wicker-work, about three feet by
two in size and an inch thick, which are
laid like shingles and are practically
waterproof. The Arabs of the East In-
dies make a durable roof-paint of slaked
lime, blood and cement. Europeans
sometimes use old sails, made proof
against water, mold and insects by paraf-
fine and corrosive sublimate, for tem-
porary roofs. —[Scientific American.]

At the sawmill of M. T. Jones & Co.,
of Lake Charles, La., recently, 191,333
feet of lumber were cut in eleven hours.
This is said to be the largest amount of
lumber ever turned out of a single circular
sawmill in that number of hours.

DEATH IS RARELY PAINFUL.

But Sensations of Approaching Dis-
solution Are Little Known to
Physicians.

Descriptions of the sensations of those
who thought they were about to die,
but who passed into a more or less pro-
found state of unconsciousness and after-
ward recovered, though intense and
realistic, cannot be accepted as authentic
portrayals of the sensations of the dying,
since these persons did not die. The
temporary suspension of all the physical
signs of life, as in a trance or lethargy,
may so exactly simulate death that all
may agree that the person is dead,
while yet that indefinable something
which holds the soul to the body remains
and is capable of reinstating the common
phenomena of life. We have no reason
to assume that the sensations experi-
enced in passing into this state of uncon-
sciousness resemble the sensations of those
who have actually felt the earthly
house of this tabernacle dissolved. Un-
consciousness is not death. It only
objectively resembles it. Physicians at
the bedside of the dying, while holding
the flickering, weakening pulse beneath
the finger, eagerly watch for some
word or sign expressive of the sensa-
tions of approaching dissolution. Noth-
ing, however, of value ever comes to us.
Indeed many a life goes out, leaving be-
hind clear indications that there is no
appreciation whatever of the great over-
shadowing change that is upon it, even
though the mind remains clear and active
to the last.

A mother, hearing me whisper at her
bedside, "She is dying," opened her eyes
and replied, "I'll be better in a minute,"
though when the minute had elapsed she
had given her last sigh—her last heart-
throbs. A little girl clinging to her
father's hand one sunny morning, said:
"Papa, light the lamp; it is getting so
dark," and immediately expired. A
young man asked, "Why do you all cry?
I shall get well soon," and fell back on
his pillow, dead. These expressions show
clearly that the putting on of immor-
tality was unaccompanied by sensa-
tions indicative of the change.
In the great majority of cases death is
preceded by a period of unconsciousness,
more or less profound, and of greater or
less duration. In this state the vital
spark goes out painlessly and without
any evidence of the mind being illumined
for a single instant by returning con-
sciousness. Deathbeds are rarely pain-
ful. —[Kate Field's Washington.]

How to Make a Scrap Book.

A scrap book should not be composed
of miscellaneous materials, but confined
to some special purpose. Let the col-
lector decide rightly whether pictures or
printed texts are to be collected. In
pictures the collector should confine him-
self to a definite subject, whether por-
traits, historical landscapes, or some
branch of natural history. A book of
famous authors may be collected from pub-
lishers' catalogues alone. In almost
every city or country a volume of local
scenery may be collected. The collector
should especially seek to save what is
likely to be lost. For a book in which
to paste the cuttings almost any bound
volume will do, especially if its pages
show a wide margin, and the print can
be readily covered by two widths of ordi-
nary newspaper clippings. The margin
may be used for notes, including
dates, and a few explanatory memoranda.
The clippings should be kept for a week
or so before they are pasted down, be-
cause a second judgment may rule them
out. It is quite safe to advise collectors
that no cutting will do unless it bids fair
to be fresh and intelligible a year after it
has been honored with a place in the
scrap-book. If the pages become too
thick for the cover, cut out two or three
leaves after each page filled with the
clippings. When there is the slightest
possibility that the scrap-book may be
used for publishing purposes, or that any
of its entries may be cut out for other
uses, cover one page only. But on the
page used the clippings should be packed
closely together. If possible, each clip-
ping should retain the "rule" which marks
the end of a printed paragraph or poem.
In fact, it is best to cut newspapers al-
ways along these lines. Ragged edges,
of course, should be avoided, and the
mucilage with which the clippings are
pasted down should be used sparingly,
lest it ooze through the paper or exude
under the edge. Flour paste is better
than mucilage, and what is known as a
photographer's paste is excellent.

Cheap Disposition of Garbage.

The Chicago street cleaning depart-
ment seems to have successfully solved
the problem of economical disposition of
garbage, with their peripatetic garbage
crematory. A careful test of the ma-
chine was made the other day, and ac-
cording to the report of it in a Chicago
paper it was triumphantly successful.
The crematory looks at a little distance
like one of the tar-boilers seen upon the
streets, with a short smoke stack on top,
and a fire-box beneath. A door at the
rear allows the paper, wood and other
easily combustible material to be thrown
upon the fire and immediately burned.
On top near the rear is a funnel-shaped
receptacle into which the garbage proper
is thrown. This sits down upon a grate,
where it is dried. It is then pushed into
the fire. This machine kept six men
shoveling garbage into it as fast as they
could work. Two men went ahead of it
and tipped over the garbage boxes, then
sorted out the combustible material
proper. Four others ran the machine
and dumped the garbage into the fire.
So rapid was the combustion that the
horses attached to this perambulating
crematory seldom stopped. Superintendent
Welles watched it ten minutes, and
in that time it consumed the material
which had collected in fifteen boxes. It
is calculated the machine will, with per-
fect ease, consume all the garbage in a
single ward each day.

A Large Day's Sawing.

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