

WHEN THE TIDE IS COMING IN.

Somehow, love, our boat sails lighter,
Smother, faster on the bay—
Somehow, love, the sun shines brighter,
Softer, warmer thro' the spray—
Somehow, love, the sky is clearer,
God and man seem nearer kin—
Somehow, even you are dearer,
When the tide is coming in!

"Tis the spring of life, unending
At the source of motion, dear!"
"Tis the stream of hope ascending
From the depths of ocean, dear!"
"Tis the heart of nature beating,
When the throbs of life begin!"
"Earth and heaven gladly meeting,
When the tide is coming in!"

Somehow, love, your eyes are brighter,
Softer, warmer thro' the spray,
And your laughter ripples lighter
O'er the whitecaps on the bay,
In our path no tinge of sadness,
In our wake no shade of sin,
For our hearts are filled with gladness
When the tide is coming in!

—Minneapolis Journal

THE BLIND WITNESS.

"Yes; I have been in many remarkable criminal trials. Probably the most remarkable was the Gorton murder case. The murder itself was, so far as motive and the mode in which it was perpetrated are concerned, of a character common enough, unhappily, in our criminal courts—a young girl shot by her rejected lover, mad with jealousy. But what gave to this particular case its exceptional character was the agency by which the murderer was brought to justice in a very curious and most unexpected manner."

We were in the chambers of my friend Mr. Grimshaw, Q. C.—the eminent criminal lawyer—in the Temple; and over a cigar, after luncheon, my host was giving me some reminiscences of his long and brilliant career at the bar.

"Gorton is a small village, about twenty miles from Barchester, the well-known manufacturing town in the Midlands," continued Mr. Grimshaw. "One September evening, some fifteen years ago, the normal peace and quietude of the place was disturbed by the news that the dead body of a young lady had been found in Burton Grove, a short distance outside the village, under circumstances which left no doubt that she had been murdered. The police of the village had received information of the crime from a blind man—one of those wandering musicians who perambulate the country from village to village, led by a dog."

"His story was that he had walked from St. Olaves—a village about seven miles from Gorton—that afternoon, and as the evening was sultry, he decided to save the 6d. he would be charged for a night's lodging in Gorton by sleeping in Burton Grove. The grove is a thick plantation of trees and shrubs, midway between the mile of road which connects the railway station with the village, and as it lay at an angle of the road, a footpath through it afforded a short cut from one point to the other."

"The blind man further stated that, as he lay under the shelter of a bush, a few yards from the footpath, with his dog close beside him, tired after his tramp, and composing himself to sleep, he heard footsteps coming along the pathway, apparently going toward the village, and the voices of a man and woman, as if they were having an angry altercation. A few minutes after the parties passed where he lay concealed from view, he heard a shot, then a woman's shrill, agonizing scream, followed by another shot. He scrambled to his feet, terror-stricken, his dog barking, and shouted, 'What is that?' No answer was given to his outcry, but he heard the trampling of the undergrowth, as if someone was rushing wildly from the spot. The blind man immediately proceeded to Gorton, and gave information of what he had heard to the police, who, when they arrived at the grove, found the body of a young lady named Emily Dacey, with two bullet wounds in her head and close at hand a discharged revolver."

"Miss Dacey was the only child of a shopkeeper of considerable business at Barchester. It appeared that a very ardent attachment existed between her and a young man named Griffiths Turner, a clerk in her father's employment; that her parents were opposed to a marriage, that they had done everything to try to break off the match, but were unsuccessful, and that finally they dispensed with the services of Turner and sent their daughter to her aunt at Gorton."

"On the body of the unfortunate young lady was found a brief note from Turner, written in Barchester, which stated that on the evening of the 6th of September (the evening of the murder) he would run down to Gorton to see her. 'Perhaps,' he added, mysteriously, 'it will be the last time we shall see each other.'"

"He paid his promised visit to Gorton that evening, and, indeed, had been seen by two or three of the villagers with Miss Dacey in the Grove. A warrant was issued for Turner's arrest, but when the police went to his lodgings at Barchester next morning to take him into custody it was found that he had left for Liverpool en route for Canada. This, of course, increased the suspicion. A telegram to the authorities at Liverpool secured his apprehension that evening on board one of the outward-bound transatlantic steamships. He was brought back to Barchester, and after the usual magisterial investigation was held for trial at the ensuing winter assizes."

"I was retained for the defense."

The evidence against him, though altogether circumstantial, was very strong.

"The ticket collector at Gorton railway station swore that Turner returned to Barchester by the 9.30 train from Gorton—half an hour after the time of the murder; while the girl's father stated that his daughter had promised that, although she was unalterably attached to Turner, she would not marry him without her parent's blessing."

"In this latter development of the case was to be found, in the view of the Crown, the motive of the murder. Turner had convinced himself that the parents would never consent to a union between him—a penniless young man and with no prospect of bettering his worldly condition—and their daughter; and that conclusion prompted him to commit the crime."

"The defense was that Turner, finding the parents of Miss Dacey were utterly opposed to the marriage, and that the young lady would not marry him without the consent of her parents, had decided to go out to some relatives in Canada, determined to make his fortune in a few years, then return to England, and win the consent of the girl's parents to their union."

"On the eve of his departure for the new world he went down to Gorton to bid Miss Dacey goodbye, and, after two hours in her company he returned from Gorton by the 8.30 train to Barchester, and at 6 o'clock the next morning left the latter town for Liverpool en route to Canada."

"You will notice that on the most important point, as to the train by which he returned from Gorton, there was an absolute contradiction of his statement that he traveled by the 8.30 train in the evidence of the ticket collector, who was positive that the 9.30 was the train. It happened that both trains ran from Gorton to Barchester without stopping at any of the intermediate stations, and that the tickets were consequently collected at Gorton. The prisoner stated he had taken a third-class return ticket from Barchester to Gorton. I therefore, inquired whether the return half of the ticket had been collected on the 8.30 train or the 9.30 train; but here, again, was a discrepancy for the halves of several return tickets issued that day between Barchester and Gorton had been collected on both trains, and Turner's could not be identified."

"The revolver from which the shots were fired did not help the prisoner in any way. It had been bought some months previously at an establishment in Barchester, but the shopman could not identify the purchaser. Was it possible that Miss Dacey had any other suitors for her hand, and did her parents urge any particular person on her acceptance? Of this I could learn nothing."

"These inquiries were made by me while I was making myself acquainted with the facts of the case before the assizes. The entire case against the prisoner had been laid by the Crown before the magistrates at the preliminary investigation. The same witnesses were examined at the trial before Baron Graham; and they repeated substantially the depositions they made in the court below. My cross-examination of the witnesses failed to make any material point in favor of the prisoner. All I could do was to keep well before the jury the defense of the prisoner, weak as it appeared to be."

"The last witness for the Crown, and, therefore, the last witness in the case, was the blind man. His evidence was followed with intense interest by the crowded court. He was asked by the counsel for the prosecution whether he had caught any of the words of the man and woman who passed along the footpath in the Grove close to where he lay just before the shots were fired, and when he said 'Yes,' every ear in court was strained to catch his evidence of the conversation."

"What was said between the parties?" asked my learned friend.
"As they passed me," replied the blind witness, "I heard the man say: 'But your father objects to the marriage,' and the lady said: 'Yes, and I do not mean to marry without his consent.'"

"They continued to walk on, and a few moments after I heard the man, in a loud, angry voice, say: 'No one else will have you.' Then there was a shot, and the lady screamed; then another shot. My dog began to bark, and I cried out in terror: 'What is that?' The man then rushed away; I could hear the crunching of the brambles and undergrowth as he fled."

"I rose to cross-examine the old man with some trepidation," continued Mr. Grimshaw. "Before doing so I asked my solicitor, in a whisper, what was the quality or timber of the prisoner's voice; and he replied that it was rather sharp or acute in tone. I had but one question of importance to put to the witness. I trembled to put it for the answer might not, on the one hand, do the prisoner any service, while, on the other hand, it might seal his fate."

"Having asked a few questions on rather unimportant points, I put to him the fateful question of which I spoke, determined, of course, should the answer prove unsatisfactory, to drop that line of cross-examination at once."

"What sort of voice was the voice of the man in the grove that evening?" I asked with all the unconcern which I could assume.
"But the Judge and my learned brother on the other side, and the jury—and more especially the foreman of the jury—grasped at once the importance of the question. I saw that fact visible; the strained look of attention on all their faces as they breathlessly awaited the answer."

The die was cast. However the answer might be favorable or unfavorable to the prisoner at the bar—I saw I was bound, and would be obliged to pursue the matter to the end. I had the occupants of the jury box particularly under my gaze. I watched, as every counsel does, the effect of each statement on the jury, so far as that effect manifests itself on their faces. I noticed that the foreman of the jury—a rather young man, with a self-absorbed manner—listened for the answer of the blind witness to my question with the most intense and painful anxiety. The reply of the witness followed quickly on my question."

"It was a deep voice," said the blind witness.
"How my heart jumped at the answer! Here was the first important point for the defense!"

"Would you recognize that voice again?" I asked. The witness said "Yes," and every eye believed him, for the extraordinary keenness of hearing in the blind is a well-known fact. I began to entertain some hope for the prisoner."

"My lord," I said, turning to the Judge, "I should like the prisoner to speak a few words. I am sure you recognize how essential it is for the purpose of my cross-examination."
"Certainly," said the Judge. "Prisoner at the bar, be pleased to address a few words to me."

"My lord," exclaimed the prisoner, in tones of the deepest feeling, "before God I protest that I am innocent of this crime."

"The voice of the prisoner was, in its intense earnestness, shrill and piercing. It certainly was not a deep voice."
"Well," said I, resuming my cross-examination of the blind witness, "is that like the man's voice you heard in the grove before the shots were fired?"

"No," said the witness, "not a bit like it."
"You are sure of that?" I asked.
"I could not be surer of anything," he again replied.

"I scrutinized the foreman of the jury again. He seemed to be laboring under the greatest agitation. When the Judge had reviewed the evidence the jury retired; and after an hour's absence returned into court. At last the foreman handed the issue paper to the Clerk of the Crown."

"Gentlemen of the jury, you agree to your verdict?" asked the Clerk of the Crown.
"Yes," responded the foreman in a deep voice.
"The blind witness, who sat in the well of the court, just below me, now started up, laboring under the most intense excitement, and fixing his sightless eyes on the jury box, listened intently for the declaration of the verdict."

"You say the prisoner is guilty?" continued the Clerk of the Crown.
"Yes, my lord," replied the foreman, in his deepest and most solemn tones, and with a remarkable emphasis on the word 'guilty.'"

"But it was not for the verdict that the blind witness had been listening. It was the voice of the foreman of the jury, which stirred him to the soul, and when it fell a second time on his ears, he loudly exclaimed:
"My lord, that's the voice I heard in Burton Grove just before the murder. That's the man," and, extending his right hand, he pointed in the direction of the foreman of the jury."

"You can imagine the profound excitement which this sudden and most unexpected scene created among the crowded and overwrought occupants of the court. It was the most thrilling moment of my experience as an advocate."
"All eyes were turned on the foreman of the jury. His face was livid; he nervously clutched the desk in front of him, and, as if physically unable to remain standing, dropped heavily into his seat."

"The prisoner, in reply to the Clerk of the Crown, protested that he was innocent, while the Judge, in another moment, put on the black cap and sentenced him to death."

"Turner was immediately removed from the dock. Baron Graham, with characteristic imperturbability, declared the court adjourned. The foreman of the jury—pallid and broken—groped his way rather than walked out of the building, avoided by everyone with instinctive apprehension."

"But what was the end of the drama?" I asked Grimshaw. "Was Turner hanged?"
"No; he was not hanged," replied Grimshaw. "The attention of the entire country was aroused in the case, and immediately a demand arose for a fresh investigation. It turned out that the foreman of the jury was James Clarke, another Barchester shopkeeper, and one of the rejected suitors of Miss Dacey. The Crown's theory with regard to Turner was actually true of Clarke. The continued attachment of the lady to Turner convinced Clarke that Miss Dacey would not be his, and, filled with mad jealousy, he decided to kill her. On the day of the murder he went on a fishing expedition to Gorleston, which is reached by a different railway line. He then walked from Gorleston to Gorton by an unfrequented road, and concealed himself in Burton Grove in the hope of meeting Miss Dacey. Unhappily, he did succeed in meeting her, as she was returning to Gorton through the grove, after having parted with Turner. Then he waited beside the railway line, at some distance from the station, until the train—the 8.30—conveying her lover sped past her and vanished in the distance. What occurred in the grove you already know. After the murder Clarke made his way back to Gorleston, and thence returned to Barchester the same evening. I may tell you that this is his own confession."

"But what has become of poor Turner?" I asked.

"Turner," said Grimshaw, "received her Majesty's gracious pardon—for a crime he never committed. He went out to Canada, and I believe succeeded in making a considerable fortune. He acted very generously toward the blind witness, and I am told that he frequently sends money to relieve the necessities of the old man, whose evidence was the means of saving his life."

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GREW CRIMSON POTATOES.

Ghastly Crop Raised on the Site of a Haunted House.

In a tangled growth of underbrush, dark and uncanny, a dirt place for evil genii, half a mile from Petersburg, Ky., stood until a year ago an old frame house, deserted for half a century, known as the "Davis House." It was built and furnished for a bride by Capt. Sam Davis, reputed to have been a relative of Jefferson Davis.

Capt. Davis lived in Aurora, Ind., where he wooed and won the most beautiful girl in all that section. During the engagement he built this house on the Kentucky side of the river, bringing the furniture down by boat from Cincinnati. The couple were married and removed to the new home. The next day a caller found their bodies covered with stabs and bruises, the husband lying on the floor in the hall down stairs, his bride in the nuptial chamber. By whose hand they were slain has never been known.

Since that day no one had dared to live in the house, for when night fell the screams of a woman were heard, then the falling down stairs of a body, upon which were plainly seen gaping knife wounds from which the life blood spurted. An assassin, with countenance livid with rage, held a gleaming blade as he sought in flight safety from detection.

A man named Lumsford, noted for his courage, once moved into the house, but left it the next day. Several years ago a party of young men from North Bend, Ind., came down the river upon a pleasure trip, and being overtaken by a storm at night they tied their skulls to the willows and took shelter in the haunted house knowing nothing of its reputation. At midnight the tragic scene was enacted before their eyes and they fled in terror, one of their number being driven insane, dying a few years later in a raving mania.

The place is now owned by Joe McWethy, and a few years ago, Hop to derive some profit from it, he tore down the house and planted potatoes where it had stood. The plants came up, crimson in color, and instead of relieving the place of its awful reputation increased the horror with which it is regarded by those who know its story.

The Human Hand.

If one examines the hands of a large number of persons with nervous endowment he will find curious defects in the length and relative proportions of the fingers. The length of the fingers is determined by that of the middle one. If the index and medius are closed upon the palm, the ring and little finger being left extended, the middle finger will reach close to the place, where the so-called life line runs down, between the ball of the thumb and that of the little finger. It will touch the palm just below the highest part of the ball of the thumb. The middle finger is taken as the standard of length by which to gauge that of the others. In a normal hand the forefinger reaches just to the root of the nail of the middle finger; the ring finger is longer, and should reach nearly to the middle of the medius, while the little finger should reach to the last joint of the third finger. Now, in inebrates, epileptics, neurotics, and the degenerate generally, these proportions are often not observed. The most defect is shortness, especially of the third and little fingers, though sometimes these fingers are unnaturally slender, or the little finger is slightly bent. The most common abnormality of the thumb is excessive shortness, with a defective mobility. These peculiarities, well accentuated, form what we may call the "decadent hand." Such hands may be well formed to the ordinary eye, and may be attached to slender and graceful limbs. But this kind of beautiful hand and arm is quite as often among the children of alcoholics and among those highly cultivated families which have become degenerate by vices and vicious crossing."

The business men of Boston have been giving attention of late to the conditions which surround the foreign and domestic commerce of that port. There has been some talk in the newspapers of Boston's "decaying commerce," and it was perhaps the sting of this unwelcome phrase which led the Chamber of Commerce to consult concerning possible means of improving the harbor, and induced the Boston Advertiser to make a careful comparison of the city's foreign shipping with the marine traffic carried on from other principal ports. The Advertiser claims that Boston's commerce is not decreasing, but is, on the other hand, showing an annual rate of increase more creditable than can be claimed by New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New Orleans, or San Francisco. Reviewing the facts collected and giving comparative results, the Advertiser says: "Boston, which had an annual commerce of \$80,000,000 in 1875, shows \$110,000,000 for the first ten months of the last fiscal year, and \$113,000,000 for the corresponding period for the present fiscal year, or 50 per cent. more than the annual total of twenty years ago. Even New York, the only other port to show any increase of commerce since 1894, can show

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

There are at present 850 electric railways in the United States, operating over 9,000 miles of track, and 25,000 cars, representing a capital investment of over \$400,000,000.

SHANGHAI, China, papers report a ghastly incident at a recent execution. Just at the moment of the execution the victim's hands nervously grasped the garment of the executioner and held on after decapitation. Before the grip could be loosened the executioner died of fright.

THREE-WHEELED vehicles are the rage. The latest carriage invention is a three-wheel affair. The newest cycle has the same number of wheels. Each seats two persons and threatens to unsettle the reason of a lot of people who already have too many wheels.

If a man is a pessimist he is sure to grumble continually at the weather. The optimist, on the other hand, always sees the bright side of the subject. If it rains with him it is "good weather for ducks," and if it's so sultry he can't sleep nights, he consoles himself with the thought that at any rate it's "good corn weather."

The war department has just granted a medal of honor to Alonzo H. Pickle, sergeant of Company B, First Battalion, Minnesota Infantry, for saving the life of an officer who fell desperately wounded between the lines in a battle of the late war. Mr. Pickle ought to be thankful that he lived long enough to give the government sufficient time to find out that he had done a heroic deed.

The Belgians are careful of their historic souvenirs. In the front of a house situated in the Faubourg de Schaerbeek, in Brussels, there is to be seen, half buried in the plaster, a cannon ball which was fired from a Dutch cannon at the period of the revolution of 1830, and has ever since been permitted to remain. Recently it was determined to restore and refire the house, and it was decided to make the repairs without disturbing the cannon ball.

At the recent Sloane-Burden wedding, two of the richest families in America were united—the Vanderbilts and the Burdens. The guests represented \$800,000,000. Quite \$1,000,000 was spent in wedding arrangements. The bride's trousseau cost \$40,000, the wedding presents were valued at \$700,000, 180 carriages were placed at the service of the guests, and the largest hotel in Lenox, Mass., was chartered for their use.

In 1894 the railways killed 7,823 of their employees, or 904 less than in 1895, and injured 23,423, or 8,307 less than in 1895. The passengers killed numbered 324, an increase of 25, and the injured numbered 3,044, a decrease of 195. This commendable saving in lives and limbs of railway employees is ascribed by the Interstate Commission in part to the decreased number employed and in part to the increased use of automatic appliances that have rendered railway employment much less dangerous.

AMONG 178 babies exhibited at the recent New York baby show, 14 bore the name of Dorothy. Next in favor came Marjorie, Helen, Katherine and Marie. It would appear, then, that Dorothy is the fashionable name just now, at least in Gotham. This matter of baby-naming should be carefully considered. Sappho Miss Trilby Trotter in the year 1930 is sensitive about her age. She will have hard work convincing the wise ones that she was not born during the Trilby craze of 1895.

The current number of Harper's Weekly contains a particularly interesting article by Mr. Edward Atkinson on "The Cost of Our Government," in which he analyzes the figures of revenue and expenses for the last fifteen years, and shows the average cost of different branches of the public service and the expense for pensions and clearing off war debt. In 1880 the revenue per head was \$8,825 and the expense \$5,285. In 1883 the revenue was \$7,587 and the expense \$4,916. In 1890 the same items were respectively \$6,577 and \$4,749, and in 1894 \$4,455 and \$5,346.

If you want to know the character of your friends, just study their thumbs. The conditions are simplicity itself. The weak man's thumb is weak and pendent; the strong man's thumb is strong and erect. The parallelism is so marked that you can tell from a glance at a man's thumbs whether he is an aimless thinker or a man who carries his ideas or somebody else's into action. Men should mark well the thumbs of the women of their choice. If a girl's thumb, be it ever so prettily rosy, has a tendency to stand at right angles to the hand—well, the gray mare will need a bit, that all while, if it lies flat or droops a little you can count on marital submission to the master mind, and that's the sort of domestic paradise all you sons of Adam are looking for, isn't it? With the waning of the powers of frame and brain comes the depression of the thumb, and whether in senility or idiocy the thumb is always turned in. And then, when you turn your face to the wall and know no more summer's heat nor winter's cold, those that stand about you and say: "Well, poor old chap, he's gone at last," will find that you have tucked your thumbs away in the shelter of your hands, just as you had them when you were a little baby.

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but 10 per cent. increase over its 1875 totals. On the other hand, Baltimore can show but 35 per cent., Philadelphia 30 per cent., New Orleans a decrease of 12 per cent., and San Francisco an increase of about 6 per cent., as compared with the annual totals for 1875, and if an earlier date were taken, the showing would be still more creditable to Boston."

There does not seem to be a scientist living to-day who can tell why the hair precedes the beard and mustache in grayness or whiteness, or vice versa. In the case of persons of blonde or demiblonde complexion, who have hair and beard of light brown or sandy hue, the process of growing gray seems to proceed pari passu, but with the brunettes it is an even chance whether the hair or the beard and mustache first show the signs of advancing years. There must be some scientific reason for three or four things which we cannot have failed to notice. What causes baldness? Why does the hair turn gray or white sooner in one place than another? Why does one man's head turn silver white, while another's remains only grizzled? Why are there so many more bald-headed men than women? Why, of two brothers, should one be equipped with a full, strong, permanent head of hair, and the other become bald almost before reaching years of manhood? These questions may not be vital to the human family, but they are certainly of interest, and they should be capable of scientific answer and solution. A head of hair is a crown of glory, whether to man or woman, and there ought to be formulated definite scientific rules under which the hair may be preserved in its natural state. To make hair grow on a bald head is deemed practically impossible, but to preserve the hair in a healthy scalp or on healthy cheeks or chin and to make it retain the most of its natural color should not be impossible. We have specialists in every other department, why not encourage the education and development of specialists in the department of crinology? There should at least be money in the business of hair preservation.

A Clever Swindling Scheme.

It's not an entirely new buncoing artifice among the thieving gentry, but the manner in which a wealthy woman customer of a New York dry goods store was swindled, is entirely new to the dry goods trade. The customer mentioned went to the store and purchased a bill of goods.

"Send it to my address," she ordered, "and my servant will pay the bill. I have left money with her."

No one at the time observed a gentled looking young man standing close by who had purchased a pair of thirty-seven cent vases and had them under his arm. He, however, had listened to the woman customer's order.

An hour later he rang the bell of the wealthy woman's residence and gave the vases to the servant with an order to collect \$7.37. The servant paid, and the man went away.

Soon after the mistress returned and found the thirty-seven cent vases and the receipt for \$7.37. Now the customer is mad, the dry goods firm is studying up the new scheme in fraud, and the police are looking for the slick young man who made \$7 from a thirty-seven cent investment.

Herbert Wycherley, of Parkville, N. Y., a manufacturer of fireworks, said to a reporter: "Fireworks generally are about one-half this year that they were last year. Even the firecrackers, the cheapest, most obnoxious and least profitable of all forms of pyrotechnics, only bring fifty cents a box this year against \$1 a box last year. You asked about novelties, strictly speaking, there are very few novelties, though well known in effect, two of them are old enough in form. We have a pinwheel in stock that is made up to look precisely like an old-fashioned Catherine-wheel, as they call it in England; but it is made with magnesium, so that it is almost too brilliant to look at while it is burning. Then we have small torches made up in a similar way, that give out a light so fierce as to dazzle the eye. Aside from these, I don't believe there is anything new."

Fireworks of all kinds are so cheap this year that, if the small boy's money holds out, there will be nearly twice as much disturbance around town on the glorious Fourth as there was last year.

Heroes of To-Day.

The Stanhope gold medal, annually awarded by the Royal Humane society of Great Britain to the bravest deed in saving life, was this year given to William Magford, of Torquay, who saved two comrades from drowning for several hours by holding them up seven hours, when all were overtaken in a sewer by a sudden flood from rain outside.

Louie Alter, 10 years old, of Frankfort, Ind., went the other day to the help of her younger sister against a big vicious dog, and, after a hard fight, beat the brute off with a piece of board.

A small boy in Lowell, Mass., whose fingers were blown off by some dynamite he was playing with—queer plaything!—mourned because the ball club in which he was shortstop was to play a match game next day, and he "felt rotten to be out of it."

John Fox is totally blind, but he goes about a number of Michigan towns repairing sewing machines for a living, and has no notion of becoming a public charge.

Population of Great Britain.

The population of Great Britain in 1894, according to the returns of the registrar general, was 38,776,154, England and Wales having 30,060,763, Scotland, 4,124,691, and Ireland, 4,590,700. The birth rate for the year, in England and Wales, was 29.6 per 1,000, 2 per 1,000 less than the mean for the previous ten years, and declared to be the smallest on record. The death rate, 16.6 per 1,000, was also the lowest on record, being 1.5 per 1,000 less than the previous lowest rate, that for 1888, and 2.6 lower than the ten year average.

Monkey Roosting Places.

Copper wires are used for Mexican telegraph lines so that they will hold the weight of the birds and monkeys which crowd them at night.