THE EGGS THAT NEVER HATCH.

There's a young man on the corner,
Filled with life and strength and hope,
Looking far beyond the present,
With the whole world in his scope.
He is grasping at to-morrow,
That phantom none can catch;
To-day is lost. He's waiting
For the eggs that never hatch.

There's an old man over yonder,
With a worn and weary face,
With searching, anxious features,
And weak, uncertain pace.
He is living in the future,
With no desire to catch
The golden now. He's waiting
For the eggs that never hatch.

There's a world of men and women,
With their life's work yet undone,
Who are sitting, standing, moving,
Beneath the same great sun;
Ever eager for the future,
But not content to snatch
The present. They are waiting
For the eggs that never hatch.

—Leisure Hours.

AT NINETEEN AND TWENTY-SEVEN.

BY EMMA M. WISE.

Esther Lindsay was nineteen when her first story was published. It was not the first one she had written by any means. Ever since she had been able to form the alphabetical characters and join them legibly her fertile brain had been weaving all sorts of possible and impossible romances, many of which she had forwarded to publishers in various parts of the country, believing with all the fervor of her youthful egotism that her crude sentiments still more crudely wrought would inspire in some editor's soul the same faith in her greatness which she herself already possessed.

But somehow her contributions always fell short of the mark of excellence necessary to insure them a favorable consideration, and manuscript after manuscript was returned to her and was securely locked away in the old drawer of her old fashioned bureau, which had been dedicated, with a good many tears of disappointment, as a repository for all rejected offerings at the shrine of literature. By the time she was nineteen there were probably a hundred or more of those hapless productions laid away either to be ignominiously forgotten or to be resurrected and revised when her mind should become sufficiently mature to sift out whatever meritorious material there might be in them and use it to good advantage.

She worked steadily for more than three months on her "Story of the Steamer Kendrick." One night she finished rewriting it for the twenty-first time, and the next day she sent it to Jesse Arnold, editor of Ironton Inland Weekly, with a five line note, asking him to read it carefully, and even if he could not use it to let her know what he thought of it.

Of all the editors in the land she seemed to have chosen him as her most favored target, why she could not have told, for she had no personal acquaintance with him and his letters accompanying returned manuscript had been even more curt and forbidding than those of his brother publishers. But for all that each unhappily ending venture only added fresh fuel to her zeal to secure a foothold among the ranks of the Inland Weekly's contributors and compel its chief by sheer force of her importunity to acknowledge her developed or potential ability.

Her "Story of the Steamer Kendrick" was not a work of genius, but there were phases of the plot that were strong and passages that were unusually well conceived and executed, and after reading it three times Jesse Arnold, who was a conscientious editor, decided to keep it. He accepted it with that feeling of uncertainty with which an insurance man issues a policy on an extra hazardous risk, and congratulated himself on his shrewdness with equal delight when it turned out to be preferred. The public liked the story, and several critics who condescended to review the Inland Weekly praised it. Perhaps Editor Arnold himself was more fully aware of the glaring absurdities in the piece he had brought out than were any of its readers, and each favorable comment that came to his notice only made them all the more apparent. At last he concluded to write to his unknown literary protege and warn her against certain errors which might be pardoned in a young author's first story, but which, if often repeated, would be serious drawbacks to her advancement in her art. Before he did so, however, she sent him another hastily written story, and a letter which was a strange jumble of gratitude to him for bringing her before the public, thankfulness that she had been so well received, and unstinted expressions of a steadfast belief that she was fairly launched on a sea of success, where wrecks and disasters were an impossibility. In conclusion she hinted that he ought to be eternally grateful to her for allowing him to print a story which would, in all probability, shed lustre round his own reputation as well as her own.

That evening he wrote the contemplated letter.

"You are in danger of being spoiled," he said in part. "You need advice and I feel that I have the right to address you in the capacity of censor. Remember that you are in an up-to-date world and the literature that will live will be the very essence, the embodiment of that world. Visionary, idealistic sketches such as yours may make very good reading, but they are not the true stuff. You have unquestioned ability, but if you wish to succeed you must turn it to the portrayal of living men and women, not the imaginary puppets that you have manipulated for the most part in your 'Story of the Steamer Kendrick.' Take your hero, for instance. It may be quite comforting for a time to come in contact, through the medium of printer's ink and paper, with an Apollo, a mental Hercules, a spiritual god and a financial Croesus, all combined in one American man, and a New Yorker at that, but I doubt if any of us would relish a closer acquaintance with him; he would be apt to prove unpalatable. Besides, he would be an excrescence on the human race, and after your second or third story the public would have none of him. So take warning. Make your hero a real man—full of imperfections if need be—and let the gods take care of themselves."

Esther Lindsay read and reread the editor's letter. He had not intended to make it unnecessarily pointed or critical, but of all the characters she had ever conjured up her last hero had been the object of her most sincere admiration and the admonition to shun him and his ilk touched her in the most vulnerable spot.

"I want that man to understand me," she said to her mother, after having dreamed over the contents of the letter for a couple of nights, "and in order to bring that about I am going down to Ironton to see him, for it would be utterly useless for me to attempt to explain in writing just what stand I have taken on this subject."

Her family knew her too well to remonstrate against the proposed visit and the next morning she took the early train for Ironton. It was late in the afternoon when she reached the office of the Ironton Inland Weekly. Jesse Arnold was closing his office and she met him just outside the door. She inquired for him and he stepped back into his paper bestrewn den and motioned her to follow.

"I am Jesse Arnold," he said, in that stiff way which he habitually adopted when addressing strangers. "What is it you wish to see me about?"

At his best the editor was not a good looking man, and that day, when he stood between her and the window, where the full beams of the evening sun poured in and seemed to exaggerate every defect of his person from the most upright end of his short, straight black hair to his disproportionately large feet, he was painfully conscious that his loosely knit body and swarthy complexion never appeared to worse advantage.

She took in the details of the room and the general make-up of its occupant with one comprehensive sweep of her clear, blue eyes, and then said, simply:

"I am Esther Lindsay. If it does not inconvenience you I should like to talk to you a little while about this last letter you wrote me."

There was but a trace of his former reserve left and he took her hand impulsively.

"I am glad to see you," he said, with a smile—the best part of Jesse Arnold was his smile—"are you willing to let me be your doctor and to take my prescriptions faithfully?"

"No," she said, flushing slightly under his close scrutiny, "I don't think I am. I don't think I can. You don't understand," she went on earnestly, encouraged by his look of friendly interest. "I don't suppose there are any men that are absolutely perfect, but I have my ideal of what a man should be and I put him body and soul into my 'Story of the Steamer Kendrick.' I don't think that I am over optimistic when I say that I believe with all my heart that such men live and that you and I have met them and can point them out."

He shook his head in quiet controversion of her theory. She waited a moment for him to speak, then exclaimed impatiently:—

"Well, why don't you say something?"

"Because," he answered, leaning far back in his creaking chair and clasping his hands behind his head, "I see quite plainly that whatever argument I may present it will only antagonize you. You may know such men as you depict; I do not, and my experience has been infinitely more varied than yours. I know you will not heed me, but I repeat that it will not pay to live in a world peopled only by ideals. You must associate with the real. Take some man of your acquaintance; study him; take human nature for your model, and you will be on the right track."

"You have only one view, and, though it may be right, I feel as though I should be giving up the best part of myself to sacrifice my opinion to yours," she said, with that touch of wisdom she had lately assumed. "Cut I suppose," she continued, "that if my stories are up to the standard you will not decline them on account of that one technicality."

He smiled again. "No," he said, "not on that account."

To have one article printed, even though it be in the Ironton Inland Weekly, does not give unquestioned entree into the columns of every other periodical in the country, and for many months after the appearance of her first story Esther Lindsay plodded wearily over her literary way, which was an up-hill, sinuous path. A score of unfortunate tales were added to the unpublished library in the bureau drawer before she found an outlet for her ideas a second time. Then followed five years of ups and downs. No literary aspirant ever had a more jealous guardian than she had in Jesse Arnold. He exulted in every victory she achieved and deplored every defeat she met as keenly as though it had been his own, and then one day when some unexpected ill-luck made her despair of trying to push on further in the course she had mapped out for herself he capped the climax of his sympathy and interest by asking her to marry him.

It was a surprise to her and she promptly refused him.

"I never expected this from you," she said, trying to temper his dismissal with a kind an apology, "you know me so well. You may call me a dreamer, an idiot, if you like, but I have my ideal still, and unless I find him in real life I shall never marry."

"I'm afraid you will always stay single then," he rejoined, sharply. "I thought, judging by your latter writing, that you had commenced to hold common sense views on some things, but I suppose I am mistaken. You may change your mind yet."

"You shall never know it if I do," she flared out, angrily, and that ended the first chapter of their own romance.

The outcome of his pre-matrimonial venture had been a bitter disappointment to Jesse Arnold. He went back to the office of the Ironton Inland Weekly and tried to deaden his grief in the duties and responsibilities devolving upon the editor in chief of a great publication, and she, realizing something of how deeply she had wounded him, tried to forget her pity for him and to work out her salvation, and him as well, by writing with renewed energy. Gradually her stories took on a tone of reality and broad sympathy with humanity, and gradually her merit began to receive general recognition. She never sent any of her work to the Inland Weekly for publication after that one unhappy incident which left the friendship that had existed between her and its editor partially wrecked, and he only knew her progress through the magazines, to which she had at last become a frequent contributor.

He watched with particular interest the evolution of the character of her heroes. The June issue of a well known monthly contained a story that made his pulses throb and quiver with hope and joy. He left the Inland Weekly in charge of a subordinate for a few days, and went down to see Esther Lindsay.

"When you wrote your 'Story of the Steamer Kendrick' your hero was the ideal of mankind, was he not?" he asked as soon as he could speak to her alone.

"Yes," she said, softly.

"And you were determined that if you failed to find such a creation in real life you would never marry?"

"Yes," again.

"When you wrote this last story you had evidently experienced a change of heart and mind."

Again the monosyllabic reply.

"Would you mind telling me where you got your idea of the man therein described?"

"No," she said, defiantly, "not in the least. I painted my imaginary character as I remembered you that day when I first saw you in your office at Ironton. You ought to recognize him; there's the same crooked nose, the same unruly hair, the same smile, the same sunlit window at your back. You told me then to make a friend—some one full of imperfections, it might be—and study him and make him a model for my hero. I have done so."

He leaned forward and looked into her pretty blue eyes.

"And is he your ideal?" he asked.

"Yes," she said once more.

A FLOATING THEATER.

Russia Has One, and the United States May Follow Suit.

The Washington Post is authority for the statement that a number of theatrical ladies and gentlemen in this country contemplate chartering a steamboat and establishing a floating theater, which shall be at the same time the hotel and the means of transportation of the actors, on the co-operative principle.

The idea is not original. A St. Petersburg syndicate has already had a great steamboat of the character built, some 400 feet in length and 40 feet in width. The steamer is just about to start out on a tour of the Volga, and as many of the Volga cities and the towns of its navigable tributaries are without theaters, it is believed the venture will prove a gold mine to its projectors.

The Russian floating playhouse is so constructed that an audience of 1,000 can be comfortably seated. A large mass of scenery is carried for the production of an extensive repertoire of Russian comedies and dramas and French operettas.

The quarters of the actors, actresses, supernumeraries, stage hands, orchestra and all the crew are in the extreme bow of the vessel. The extreme stern is taken up with the machinery, which is of the lightest possible kind, so that its weight will not throw the bow in the air. All the fuel is carried under the body of the theater, which occupies four-fifths of the entire length of the boat and all of its width.

From the lowest point of the orchestra to the roof is fifty feet. The stage is a trifle less than thirty feet in width, and all the scenery is let down from the flies. The wings are just wide enough to admit of the entrance and exit of the players. Of course the scenic effects are limited by the lack of room, but a much smoother performance can be given than in the meagerly equipped theater of the small town. The players are not fagged out by a tiresome journey or made unfit for first-class work by the fare of indifferently conducted hotels.

If such a boat were built by a syndicate in this country its construction would necessarily be based upon the requirements of the large canals. Using the stern paddle wheel it would be possible to construct a boat of great beam and length, yet one which would draw comparatively little water.

It is suggested that, starting from New York, such a vessel could make a trip up along the north shore of Long Island Sound, stopping at the towns on the Connecticut and Rhode Island coast; thence back to New York, and after doing New Jersey towns, up the Hudson, stopping at the various places up to Albany and Troy. From Albany to Buffalo the Erie Canal can be used, and once in the lakes a cracking business would lie open to the adventurous thespians.

Homer and Carrier Pigeons.

The homer and the carrier are both brilliant fliers, but the homer is the speedier bird and better fitted for long distances. The homer has the widest spread wings of all pigeons, and can sail for an enormous distance through midair. It is also considerably lighter than the carrier and is possessed of more phenomenal powers of endurance, having been known to fly 800 miles without alighting. On a clear day, with a good sky and favorable wind, 400 miles is an admirable record, although 500 miles a day is the goal of every pigeon-flier's ambition. A bird that can perform this remarkable feat is worth at least $100, and may be valued at $500 if it is capable of a better record. The bird's gameness, stamina, and speed reach their highest point of excellence at three and four years of age, which is the natural prime of life for a flier. After they have passed their prime they deteriorate in a scarcely noticeable degree, and at ten or twelve years of age are still good for the shorter distances.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Irate Father—I can't understand you giving your mother so much impudence. I never dared talk back to my mother.

Henpeck's Son (with a sneer)—No, you wouldn't dare talk back to my mother, neither!—Puck.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CROWN.

Many Gems Make It the Heaviest Diadem in Europe.

Queen Victoria's crown is constructed from jewels taken from old crowns, and other stones provided by her majesty. It consists of emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and diamonds. The stones which are set in gold and silver incase a crimson velvet cap, with a border of ermine, the whole of the interior being lined with the finest white silk. Above the crimson border, on the lower edge of the band, is a row of one hundred and twenty nine pearls. Round the upper part of the band is a border of one hundred and twelve pearls. In the front, stationed between the two borders of pearls, is a huge sapphire, purchased by George IV, set in the center of valuable pearls. At the back, in the same position is another but smaller sapphire.

The sides are adorned with three sapphires, and between these are eight emeralds. Above and below the sapphires, extending all around the crown, are placed at intervals fourteen large diamonds, the eight emeralds being encircled by a cluster of diamonds, 128 in number. Between the emeralds and sapphires are sixteen ornaments, each consisting of eight diamonds. Above a circular bend are eight sapphires, set separately, encircled by eight diamonds. Betweeen each of the eight sapphires are eight festoons of eighteen diamonds each. In front of the crown is a diamond Maltese cross, in the center of which glistens the famous ruby given to Edward I by Don Pedro the Cruel. This is the stone which adorned the helmet of Henry V at the battle of Agincourt. The center of the ruby is hollowed out, and the space filled, in accordance with the Eastern custom, with a smaller ruby. The Maltese cross is formed of seventy-five splendid diamonds. At each of the sides and at the back is a Maltese cross with emerald centers, containing respectively 132, 124 and 130 sparkling diamonds.

Level with the four Maltese crosses, and stationed between them are four ornaments shaped like the fleur-de-lis, with four rubies in the center, and surrounded by diamonds, containing eighty-five, eighty-six and eighty-seven diamonds. From the Maltese crosses spring four imperial arches, composed of oak leaves and diamonds. The leaves are formed of 728 diamonds; thirty-two pearls represent the acorns and fifty-four diamonds the cups. From the upper part of the imperial arches hang suspended four large pendant shaped pearls set in diamond cups, each cup being formed of twelve diamonds, the stems from each of the twenty-four hanging pearls being incrusted with twenty-four diamonds. Above the arch is the mount, which is made of 438 diamonds. The zone and arc are represented by thirty-three diamonds. On the summit of the throne is a cross, which has for its center a rose-cut sapphire set in the center of fourteen large diamonds. Altogether the crown comprises one large ruby, one large sapphire, twenty-six smaller sapphires, eleven emeralds, four rubies, 1,633 brilliants, 1,273 rose diamonds, four pendant shaped pearls and 273 smaller pearls. It is the heaviest and most uncomfortable diadem of any crowned head in Europe.

Marriage Ceremony in Sweden.

Although Cupid runs riot in all climes, his ways and means differ. And to those foreign to the country some of the marriage ceremonies would hardly seem in keeping with so sacred and solemn a service.

In Sweden and Norway the bride is dressed in her wedding garments and placed in the middle of the room, surrounded by a circle of bright lights. Then the villagers enter and, walking around the bride, audibly comment upon her appearance, character, and prospects. Occasionally some young fellow will say:

"Well, she's to be married at last. About time, I think. It's the first offer she's had since I jilted her."

"Yes," another one will interject, "I pity the man who will marry her."

"But doesn't she look old though?" a third will add; and this running fire is kept up for an hour or so. But all is patiently borne by the bride. Finally everyone is ordered out of the room, and then the wedding ceremony is performed. When it is finished a tin dish is placed before the bride, and what is known as the "cradle tax" is collected. Her father places a banknote and two silver spoons in the dish, and the guests all contribute money or silver gifts. Then a procession forms, which escorts the bride and groom to their home, each person carrying a lighted candle. Then it's all over, and, like the good old fairy tales, they live happily ever afterwards, at least let us hope so.

Curious Wall in Michigan.

Alfred Pagett, a Michigan archaeologist, has been making explorations of an ancient wall which he discovered in that State, which seems to be a sort of aboriginal counterpart of the great wall of China, though some incredulous people declare that it is nothing more nor less than a moraive left by some prehistoric glacier. Mr. Pagett has traced its course from the county line between Tuscola and Sanilac counties, near Cass City, to a point near Lake Huron. The wall, he thinks, makes a complete semicircle from Saginaw Bay to Lake Huron. In its course the wall touches land covered with bowlders, scattered over areas from one to five acres, at intervals of from five to six miles. At Tyre it is a complete mass of stones, many being of gigantic size. Mr. Pagett believes there is not a break in the wall anywhere. It is remarkably even, running usually on the edge of a swamp. There are some who still think the wall a mere natural freak, but the greater number believe it the remains of some ancient fortification, which perhaps cut off the "Thumb" from the main peninsula of Michigan.

The Sight of Birds.

Birds are commonly credited with an extraordinary range of vision. Circumstances lend aid to the development of the mental factors in their case. The usual distance at which terrestrial species use their eyes is limited by the ground horizon. But in the case of the soaring birds, such as vultures and eagles, the horizon, the natural limit of sight, is enormously extended. Macgillivray early noted that though birds of prey have orbits of great size—the eyeballs of the common buzzard being 1 1-8 inches in diameter—they do not, as a rule, soar when seeking their prey.

The eagle, when hunting, flies low, just as do the sparrow hawk and the hen harrier. Yet the vultures and condors, birds which admittedly do soar when seeking food, have been proved to find carrion by sight. A carcass was covered with canvass and some offal placed upon it. The vultures saw this, descended and ate it, and then sat on the covered portion within a few inches of a putrid carcass. When a hole was made in the covering they saw and attacked the food below. But the rapid congregation of vultures from a distance to a carcass is probably due to their watching their neighbors, each of which is surveying a limited area. Charles Darwin pointed out, that in a level country the height of the sky commonly noticed by a mounted man is not more than fifteen degrees above the horizon, and a vulture on the wing at the height of between 3,000 feet and 4,000 feet would probably be two miles distant and invisible. Those which descend rapidly and appear to have come from beyond the range of human sight, were perhaps hovering vertically over the hunter when he killed his game.

Egyptian Colors.

In antiquity, says Cosmos, besides indigo and purple, few colors were employed, and these were obtained for the most part from the vegetable kingdom, but their purity was so great that they have kept well to our own times, after having undergone for centuries the action of the air and the sun. The fact is particularly remarkable in the Egyptian tombs; the stone has been disintegrated by weathering, while the colors have been preserved. The color that we meet most frequently is a mixture of reddish brown oxide of iron (red hematite) and clay, known under the name of Pompeiian red. This color, which has resisted for 4,000 years the sun of Egypt and the action of the air, is equally proof against acids. The Egyptians reduced it by rubbing between stones under water to a degree of fineness that we cannot obtain nowadays by chemical precipitation. An equally precious yellow pigment, also much used, was formed of a natural oxide of iron mixed with much clay, chalk and water, and browned by the action of heat; the mixture of the two colors gives orange. For this yellow color, gold bronze or gold leaf was also employed. For blue they used a glass covered with copper minerals; this pigment was not less permanent than the preceding, even acids having very little effect upon it. Gypsum or plaster of paris furnished white and also formed the basis of pale colors when organic pigments were added to it, probably madder for red. The colors were always thinned and rendered adhesive by means of gums. It is interesting to know, as is proved by inscriptions, that the artists regarded their colors as imperishable.

Died For Her Young.

Burton H. and Edward R. Alling, of Hamden, and three New Haven boys recently saw a snake of the copperhead species emerge from a hole near the upper end of Wintergreen lake. The reptile was a male and was soon followed by the female, with a host of little progeny by her side. When the boys rushed to attack the snake family the male reptile fled. But the female stood stock still, opened her mouth, and her fifty three offspring raced down her throat for safety. The boys battered and pelted the female snake to death with sticks and stones, and then took their capture to the Alling Homestead, in Hampden. They told the story of their experience to a man well versed in the knowledge of the habits of reptiles, and he dissected the dead female snake.

The result was very interesting. Out fell fifty-three little snakes, none of which was more than two inches long. Some were dead because of the beating that had killed their mother, but most of them were alive. They, however, were quickly dispatched, and the complete score of the killed, including the maternal female, made just fifty-four snakes.

The copperhead female, like all other snakes, lays a numerous nests of eggs, which she hatches and then protects as best she can until her little ones are able to care for themselves. The fact that the offspring of the female snake killed did not exceed two inches in length is proof that the little ones could not have been over a few days old.

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

City man (mistaking the saw-miller for the farmer)—What kind of boarding can I get at your place?

Saw Miller (innocently)—Mostly weather boardin', but there's a little floorin' left over, you kin hev.

A Funny "Wrinkle" in Baseball.

A new and probably the funniest wrinkle in base ball yet heard of, presented itself at the Minneapolis-Milwaukee game, played in the latter city recently, says the Chicago Tribune. The wrinkle, or trick, the latter undoubtedly being the better term, consisted of a small convex looking glass, just large enough to fill the palm of a man's hand, and operated as a flashlight. The eye blinding device was held by a friend of the home team, so it is said, sitting on the bleachers. Whenever a Minneapolis man came up to bat, and just as the Milwaukee twirler was in the act of tossing in the ball, the man on the bleachers would throw the sharp rays of the sun from the glass into the eyes of the batsman. The suddenness of the flash would momentarily blind the batsman, and before he could recover from its effect the ball would be in the hands of the catcher and a strike scored against him. The trick worked to a charm for seven innings, when a man in the grandstand caught a flash of the looking glass and the object it was directed at, and called the umpire's and some of the players attention to it. The umpire, however, paid no attention to the man, but the players did, and hustled the trickster off the grounds. The visiting team lit on the Milwaukeean's curves after the man with the glass was ejected, batted out five runs in the last inning and won the game.

A Miniature Earth.

It would certainly be interesting to look upon the wonderful model of the earth which four leading French scientists, Villard, Cotard, Seyrig and Tissandier, have succeeded in making. It is described by a contemporary as follows:

It is a huge sphere, forty-two feet in diameter, and has painted upon its outside all details of the earth's geography. At Paris, where this pigmy world is being exhibited, an iron and glass dome has been erected over the globe. The building is eight-sided and is well provided with elevators and stairways, which make it an easy task for the visitor to examine "all parts of the world." The globe weighs 13 tons, but is so nicely balanced that it can easily be rotated by a small hand wheel. The entire surface area is 525 feet, which is sufficient to exhibit all the mountains, rivers, islands and cities even to the principal thoroughfares of the latter.

Train Derailed by a Buzzard.

As the mail train on the Pensacola and Atlantic Division of the Louisville and Nashville Railway was bowling along between Bonifay and Caryville, Fla., some heavy object struck the headlight, smashing the glass and knocking the burner off the lamp. The oil caught fire and in an instant the front of the engine was in flames. The engineer was alarmed and reversed the lever so suddenly that the cars bumped together with great force, injuring several passengers and derailing the engine. By hard work the flames were extiguished and then the engine was examined. It was found that a buzzard had struck the headlight and caused the trouble. The bird was found wedged in the headlight, with its feathers burned off and thoroughly cooked. The accident cost the railroad several hundred dollars and traffic was delayed for five hours.

A Plant That's An Antidote for Poison

George Lewis, the snake catcher, who captured six 5½ foot rattlers near Port Jarvis, two weeks ago, was bitten in the left hand by a rattler while removing an old stump in a lot. He bound a handkerchief tightly around the wrist, and, going home, steeped the leaves of a plant called "pilot master" in water and applied poultices to the wound every hour. The arm swelled to an enormous size as far as the shoulder, but the weed proved a sure cure. Lewis was able to be about the next morning in Port Jarvis and exhibited the curative weed. It is like a house plant, spotted, and grows from three to four inches high.

Turkish Funerals.

It helps American women to realize the down-troddenness of their sisters in Turkey when they are told that Turkish widows are sometimes denied even the moderate satisfaction of following their husband's remains to their last resting place. When Ismail Pasha died, 800 of his sorrowing relicts, after sitting up for a week at his wake, expressed their purpose of walking barefoot in procession at his funeral at Cairo. The authorities at the place heard of it, and the widows were locked up. But what an impressive spectacle a married man's funeral at Cairo must be when the palace does not interfere!

Odd Advertising Scheme.

A Broadway shoe dealer has hit upon what seems a new advertising scheme. Every day he places a fine pair of shoes, narrow fives or sixes, in his show window, and offers to sell them at a price ranging from one to twenty-five cents to any man whom they will fit perfectly. It is a proof that many New Yorkers have small feet that the shoes rarely remain unsold for more than a day. Though seemingly new, this is but a variation of an old and successful scheme of a well-known Brooklyn firm of hatters of exhibiting a very large-sized hat and offering to give it to any man whose head it will fit.