

LULLABY.

Good-night! Good-night! An angel's wings are shading
Softly the weary world, and slumber creeps
Around us, and our little woes are fading;
But joy still nestles to the heart that sleeps.
Dreams, happy dreams, shall make us for the morrow
More glad, more brave, more strong to love and work;
Dreams, holy dreams, shall show how sweet is sorrow,
What love and wisdom in its bosom lurk.

Good-night! Good-night!
Sleep, darling, sleep! for thee no care is waiting;
Thy life not yet through tangled paths shall toll;
No weariness, no bitter woe of hating,
Shall the bright gladness of thy spirit soil.

Dreams, tender dreams, of mother's murmuring kisses,
Of rest, of love unspeakable, are thine;
Dreams, peaceful dreams, that man's worn spirit misses,
Till once again he rests in sleep divine.

Good-night! Good-night!
The day of toil is ended,
Heaven clasps its loved ones to its breast again;
The hand that through the light has helped and tended
Now shades, outspread, our aching eyes from pain.

Dreams, happy dreams, that hand of love shall bring us,
Pressed cool and tender on the smoothed brow;
Dreams, fairy dreams, in baby-legend sing us
Songs that shall echo still where then is now!

Good-night! Good-night!
EDWARD ROSE, in Home Queen.

BYER'S FOLLY.

"What did ye say yer name wa'?"
We stood outside the wire fence, George and I, and looked at the old man who leaned on his plow surveying us, while the two shaggy horses attached to it languidly hung their heads as if intending a furtive nap.

"I'm Charline Boyd; this is George, my little brother. We've come all the way from Kansas City. We're your own grandchildren. Mother's dead. Father sent us here; he's gone to Arizona to work in a mine."

He looked dazed.
"Clarissy dead, 'n' you her children? Wal, it do beat all! An' you sich a big gal, an' him her livin' pictur, an' I not knowin' she wa' gone. Come in, dears; the gate's beyant, but ye kin crawl under the wires. There! Nom lemme look at yer. Laws, child! don't try to kiss me; my face ain't none too clean."

He was a pleasant-faced, blue-eyed old man, with long, curling white hair. His teeth were gone, but otherwise he seemed unlike old men, for he was straight and tall, his arms brawny and strong. His clothing was neat, but neglected-looking, the buttons hanging, with little tears widening into large rents. I was only fourteen, but mother had taught me to do a grown woman's work; beside, George was five, and such a baby made me feel older.

"Where's grandma?" I asked.
"For answer he pointed his thumb at a mound away at the end of the level field, where a rude wooden cross was planted."

"She's thar. She went a year ago. I've lived alone sence, an' it's the blessin' of Providence you children is come. Oftentimes I've feared I might grow desprat outer sheer lonesomeness 'n' sorrow. Maybe you didn't know't, but Clarissy 'n' mother quarrelled in years gone, 'n' never got fren'ly, which was because yer ma married yer pa, wich seemed to me a good man 'nuff; but wimmen is queer, 'n' mother looked high for Clarissy."

"I so hungry!" cried poor little George, his lips quivering and his round eyes filling with tears.
"Bless his little heart!" said grandfather, recovering himself and patting my cheek softly. "Here you be, jest off a long journey, 'n' me a-keepin' yer in the cold, an' meanderin' on as if thar wa'n't no to-day, but all yesterdays. How did yer come?" he asked, unharassing the horses.

"By rail to D—; then a gentleman gave us a ride here in his fine carriage. We came in the train with his daughter, Miss Bessie Little. He owns a big ranch near here."

"A fine young lady," broke in grandfather. "She was like a darter to yer granma, an' though she lived miles away, she was over night an' day a-gallopin' 'cross the plains on a black horse as is a thoroughbred, an' a fine specimen of horseflesh as is seen in these parts. She kin ride, too, 'n' ain't a feared o' nothin'. Mother set a sight by her."

We were now at the house, a neat little one-story cottage, containing four rooms. A comfortable barn and yard for the cattle were near, and a well close by the door. There was a cosy kitchen, a sitting-room, and two bedrooms; one the "spare room," grandfather said, proud, it looked neat and precise, but was as cold and damp as the tomb. The lonely old man had faithfully swept and dusted, and kept everything as his wife had placed it, even her work basket, with a needle sticking in the half finished gingham sleeve.

George and I took the spare room, and I built a fire and aired the bedding. In a few days I grew competent to take charge of the house, put things where she had placed them, and cooked the simple meals—and these were very

simple, for grandfather was poor. Two old horses, two cows and a calf comprised the stock.

"I don't hev no luck w' poultry, Charley," he said. He called me Charley, for Charline was too "new fangled," and Charley was the name of his dead son. "Mother used to raise a sight, but arter she went they begun dyin', an' what didn't die was eat by coyotes."

The last day of my first week on the ranch Miss Bessie Little rode up to the cabin on her coal black horse. She was a sweet-faced girl, blue-eyed and yellow-haired and rode beautifully. She made herself at home, petted George, and I, shy as I was, found myself confiding to her all my troubles and hopes. She sympathized with me and helped me, cutting a frock for George and a basque for me, and when she rode off, she promised to come often.

The next day a wagon came from her home, and in it was a fine rooster and six hens, and a big bundle of clothing that she had outgrown and that fitted me.

How dreary the howls of the coyotes were at night, especially when one of their number was killed! They would seem to unite in a chorus of maledictions.

Miss Bessie rode up one day, and at her heels was an overgrown shepherd puppy, with big paws and jolly little black eyes.

"Here's a coyote exterminator, Grandfather Byers," she said, as she jumped from the saddle, and the black horse fell eagerly to eating the short, crisp buffalo grass, just as though he was not stuffed at home.

She imitated the coyote's cry; the dog bristled, his eyes shot fire, he looked in all points of the compass, and then, with a fierce howl, tore madly around the house.

Through Miss Bessie's kindness I found a ready market for my eggs and chickens, and for the butter I earned to make; and she showed me how to "lay butter down" for winter use.

"Though she never had to work she knew every task in a farmer's wife's existence; and perhaps it was best, for there was a young man living near her father's ranch, who himself owned a big ranch, and who took tea every Sunday afternoon with her father and went to church down in the village every Sunday evening with her."

About two miles from our ranch were three low hills, or mounds. Behind one, in a sort of valley, hedged in by the hills and facing the plains, was a well, ninety feet deep, called, I regret to say, "Byer's folly." Poor grandfather had had the well dug, hoping to obtain the water to irrigate his land. He could not see ahead to the time when a company of capitalists would intersect the region with irrigating ditches, and each man's land could be benefited by paying a small annual water tax.

Grandfather's money gave out before the well was finished, and the wide, deep black hole, carelessly crossed by rotten boards, and a big pile of earth, was all that was left of his labor and his fortune.

Not only was his money sunk in the hole, but also large sums borrowed from Mr. Little, who, I know, had forgiven him, and five hundred dollars borrowed from Mr. Davison, of D—, and to this man our ranch was mortgaged.

Grandfather grew gloomy and sad as spring came on. He brightened up a little when I showed him my account book—Miss Bessie showed me how to keep it—and I proved to him how much money I had made with the hens and the butter; but he sighed a moment after.

"Ef I hadn't 'n' done that, how comfortable we'd 'a' been. You're such a smart girl, a son more'n a gal, Charley, but Davison's a hard man; dunno as ter morrer-ll find us with a roof to cover us, an' 'tis a fine property too, now the irrigatin' ditch crosses it."

He seemed to take little interest in the farm work. He would harness the horse, plow a few furrows, and then stand in a helpless attitude, looking toward D—. He would wander down to the road to ask passers if they had a letter for him, and then would sit outside the kitchen door, his face hidden in his hands. George, playing near by, would try to comfort him in his loving baby way.

One day, however, a man came up on horseback. He tossed me a letter—I've hated yellow envelopes ever since—for grandfather, who was down the field with his team; it was such a sunny March day, it gave him new life for his work.

I could not bear to take it, so I put George's sash on him, and pinned the letter to his frock, and with a big cookie in his hand, sent him down to "danza."

They came back later, hand in hand, the same old horses following. Grandfather hurried past me into his chamber and shut the door. His face was ash-colored, his eyes bloodshot. I waited a long time; I feared he might be dead, so I rapped on the door. He opened it; he was dressed in his black broadcloth suit, with his old-fashioned high collar. I remembered then it was the first time I had ever seen him wear a white shirt. He held an old beaver hat in his hand, and was absently brushing the nap with his sleeve.

"It's come, dear. That! I'm goin' to D—. I'll try if he won't wait till fall. I'll work hard. Maybe the crops'll do summat. I'll sell the stock!—those old horses were so dear to him! 'No, don't kiss me, dear! it 'ud break me down. I've just found out I'm a weak old man. I never felt it afore."

He staggered out to the barn. I followed him.
"I mayn't be back for two days or so. Will you be afeared?"
"No," I said, but I was. I helped him into the wagon. He seemed dazed and half-blinded by his misfortune. Oh, if I could help him! I did the work faithfully when he was gone, driving the cows and milking them, and taking care of the house and George and the poultry.

The next day a band of Indians—ten

or twelve—rode up to the cabin. I was frightened, but met them as coolly as I had plenty to protect me. George, I had in mind, hid under the bed. The Indians seemed kind, and only wanted a drink of milk. There were four squaws among them, with kind, bright eyes; one gave me a necklace of beads as they rode off.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Little and Tom Gray rode up in haste, their horses white with foam.

"Bessie!" shouted Mr. Little, as he came up over the hill. "Is she here? Have you seen her?"
"Not for a week," I said. "Has anything happened?"

"She went to ride yesterday afternoon, and hasn't returned yet, nor has she been seen. We hoped she was here."

"She hasn't been."
They looked white and scared. Mr. Little seemed to have aged in a night. "There was a band of Indians here," said Gray; "they may have taken her."

I told them of the Indians' visit, and thought it improbable, as they seemed so kindly disposed; but they rode off following the trail.

That night was more dreadful than the first, and the dog seemed frenzied over the coyotes, who yelled till morning, and I cried myself into hysterics and frightened poor little George, who sat up in bed and screamed the "klyos" were eating his dirt! He always called Miss Bessie his "dirt."

The next morning a number of people came up; they were hunting for Bessie. The whole neighborhood was searched.

I could not leave home, but George and I walked over the ranch, looking in every hole, and wistfully across the plains. Our dog, Smarty, ran after us, and a silly old turkey-zobber, my pet and the pride of my poultry yard, joined in the procession. Smarty chased him, and Gobble flew over the wire fence and rushed down the hill, through a valley, across the road, and I saw the two, mere specks, tearing up the hill near the well.

"He'll kill Gobble," I shouted, seizing George's hand, and we rushed after them, George crying at the top of his lungs, and being winded at every step. At last I took him on my back, and finished the race with a heavy burden.

At the foot of the hill was the well, and there Gobble stood, scolding and shaking his red neck, while Smarty seemed to have forgotten his very existence, but was running around the well, uttering short, quick barks.

The planks around and over the well were gone, and the earth about it was plovered as if there had been a struggle. I dropped George's hand and rushed down. I pushed Smarty away, and looked down. It was dark, but I fancied I saw something white away down. Just then a faint voice from the depths of the earth shouted:

"Help! Help!"
"I'm Charley Boyd. Who's here? Shout again!"
"Bessie Little. My horse fell; he's dead, away down. I'm clinging to a plank in the side. I can't hold on much longer. My arms are breaking!"

"What could I do?"
"Bessie," I shouted, "hold on a little while; I'm going for help!"
"I've been unconscious. I'm faint. I shall die. Don't leave me. The dirt falling brought me to life."

"I'll leave George here. Here, George, your dirt is in that hole; sit there and talk to her. Don't you cry." George's lip trembled, but he minded bravely, pleading the dog should stay but I was afraid to trust him. "Gobble tay wif Dorgie," he said piteously; but that sagacious bird was already winging and hopping his way homeward. I left Bessie answering George's scared "Hailoo!"

If she could keep conscious till I got back! How I thanked granpa for his careful habits. I knew just where the new clothes line was, the crowbar and the hatchet. We were eight miles from any ranch, and I must act as if there was no one in the world to help her.

How I got back I never knew. I saw George from the top of the hill. He had crawled to the edge of the well, and was singing a little baby song I had taught him. His cheeks were red and feverish, and his voice hoarse.

"Bessie!" I shouted.
"All fight, George kept me from fainting. I made him sing."
"Dit dirt out! dit dirt out!" George screamed, clinging to my skirts. I pushed him away; there was no time to pet or comfort him.

"Run to the road, George, that way; now halloo for help. Yes, take the dog. Tell everybody your dirt is in Byers' well."

I knew his white, tear-wet face would bring the most unbelieving stranger, and I watched his chubby form, in the bright plaid dress, and the panting dog disappear over the hill. All the while I was digging a deep hole with the hatchet, and scooping the earth out with my hands, and shouting every few moments to Bessie. I buried the crowbar half-way, then I tried my weight; it did not move. I had seen men wind lines around a post to raise heavy objects.

"Put this noose around your waist!" I shouted.
"I dare not," she answered, faintly.
"You couldn't help me. Oh, go for help!"
"You must. The end's fast to a crowbar. I can't find anybody. They're all hunting for you."

"I can't?" she cried piteously.
"Then I'll leave you!" I shouted. "It's getting late; it's your last chance!"
There was a ghastly stillness for a few moments. I wound the line around the bar and around my waist.

"Look out!" she screamed. I heard the beam go rattling down, and a fearful strain tightened the cord. I thought it would cut me in two. For a moment I thought I was going over. Happily the ridge of earth was a protection. The rope loosened.

"Haul easy!" she cried. "I can catch

my feet in the sides; the earth is soft." I wound the rope around the bar and myself. I was in a perfect snarl.

Suddenly the rope grew loose; there was no weight. Was she lost? Everything grew black, and I knew nothing.

When I came to, there were two men bending over me, trying to force brandy in my mouth.

"Where's Bessie?" God be thanked she answered herself! She had climbed up the last few yards by the broken timbers. The earth was torn up around me, my hands were raw and bleeding, and bear the marks of the rope on my body to this day.

Just then we heard a shouting, and Mr. Little and Mr. Gray rode up, and the latter wasn't ashamed to kiss Bessie just as her father did, and before all the people.

George was up in the lap of Mr. Little, and Smarty lay down at my feet, worn out. A party of the searchers met the poor baby and dog, and caught at the fearful meaning in the baby's incoherent words, dashed up to the well, and found us both on the brink.

They could not believe it was I who had rescued her till they saw my hands and the rope and the crowbar still firm in the earth.

Grandpa was there, and kissed me, and cried over me, as if I too had been down the well.

Miss Bessie had lost her way in the dark after a long ride across the plains, and her horse had stumbled over the planks and fallen through and broken on his spine. Miss Bessie's habit had caught on a projecting beam, and she clung there two nights and nearly two days. Yet with all the horrors of her situation, she was only fifteen feet down.

When Mr. Little learned that our ranch was mortgaged, he went to Mr. Davison, paid the money, and gave the farm back to grandfather. He made me a present of a sum of money, and Mr. Gray gave George a like present.

It is expected that the experiment of towing naphtha and petroleum across the Atlantic in barges will be tried this summer. This scheme was talked of last season, but was abandoned. It is now said that a steamer will sail from this port some time in June with one of the large barge tanks of the Standard Oil Company in tow. The barge to be used is the celebrated No. 58, which made Bermuda last winter under her own sail, after having parted from the steamer Maverick, which was towing her between Philadelphia and Boston.

The barge, which is of steel and carries four masts, will not be loaded to her full capacity, and the success of the experiment will probably lead to a regular service of ocean towing of oil to Europe.—New York Tribune.

Some Altitudes.

Vesuvius, the famous Italian volcano, is 3,332 feet high.
The steeple of the Milan Cathedral is 255 feet in height.
The Sea of Galilee is 653 feet below the Mediterranean.

Alta is the highest town in Iowa, 1,519 feet above sea level.
The Dead Sea, in Palestine, is 1,316 feet below sea level.
Mount Emmons, 13,694 feet, is said to be the highest in Utah.

Pine Knot is the highest place in Kentucky—1428 feet.
Mount Whitney is the highest peak in California, 14,808 feet.
Warren is located on the highest land in Illinois, 1005 feet.

Mount Rich, 3569 feet high, is the tallest in South Carolina.
One of the highest peaks in the Andes is Sorato, 25,380 feet.
The tower of the Parliament House in London is 340 feet high.

The Statue of Liberty, in New York harbor, is 305 feet high.
A large part of Holland is from ten to thirty feet below sea level.
Altamont is the highest recorded point in Maryland, 2620 feet.

Mende Point, 10,541 feet above the sea, is the highest in Idaho.
There are three mountain peaks in Idaho exceeding 10,000 feet.
The greatest altitude in Arizona is San Francisco, 12,562 feet.

Mount Parnassus, the home of the muses, is only 3950 feet high.
Ben Nevis, 4,400 feet, is one of the highest elevations in Scotland.
Du Pont's is the highest place in Delaware, 282 feet above sea level.

The Age of Trees.

The age of trees, provided these reach exceptional dimensions, is a subject upon which fancy delights to exercise itself, and there is no traveler, says The Revue Scientifique, to whom innkeepers, guides and stage coach guards have not narrated extraordinary things about the age of trees that were a little out of common as regards size. From this point of view it is of interest to call attention to the conclusions of Mr. Gerlicke, a German forester, who asserts that the oldest trees in Germany, of which the age has been ascertained with certainty, are not more than 500 or 570 years old. It is the conifers that appear to reach the most advanced age. Among the group of trees with deciduous leaves, the oak appears to attain the greatest longevity.

Mr. Gerlicke mentions one at Aschaffenburg 410 years of age. We know to a certainty of beeches 245 years old, of birches of from 160 to 200 years, of poplars of 220 years, of ashes of 170 years, of elms of 130 years, and of alders of 145 years. We are here far from the 500, 1,000 and 1,500 years that legend often attributes to trees; but it must not be concluded that trees of 1,500 years cannot exist. What cannot exist is the authentic proof of their age as long as they remain standing and the estimation of their age by counting their annual rings after they are felled leaves the door open to serious errors.

MADE WITHOUT HANDS.

THE UNITED STATES NOW BEATS THE WORLD AT MAKING MATCHES.

Machine That Transforms Rough Wood Blocks Into Fire-Makers at the Rate of 7,000,000 an Hour.

In the Barberton (Ohio) factory of the Diamond Match Company, 340 American men, women, boys and girls turn out more matches a day than the 8000 work-people in the largest English match factory can produce in the same time. The Ohio matchmakers, however, are aided by thirteen of the wonderful "continuous matchmaking machines," which have added \$125 to every share of Diamond Match stock since the beginning of the year.

These marvelous pieces of mechanism, which take blocks of wood and transform them into perfect matches, packed in boxes ready for shipment, have reduced the cost of labor in making matches from 27 cents a gross of boxes to 4 cents. They are the invention of E. B. Beecher, a Connecticut Yankee, and a large stockholder of the company, and have been in successful operation only a few months.

Each machine is complete in itself. It first converts the wood into splints, tips the splints with the igniting chemical, dries the tips, delivers the matches and packs them in boxes, with never a hand touching a splint or a match from the time the feeder places the block of wood in the feeding trough which leads to the rapidly revolving series of knives. At all times while the machine is working there are 7,480,000 splints and matches passing through it, so that during working hours the thirteen machines always are loaded with 97,240,000 splints and finished matches.

The blocks of wood, which are about two inches square and just as long as a match, are fed to a series of revolving knives that rotate at high speed. The knives reduce the solid blocks to splints, either square or round, in cross sections. Then a most ingenious device sets the splints evenly and exactly in the holes of steel forms or dies, which are links in an endless chain of forms that is continually moving over large drums and wheels, up and down, back the sixty-five foot length of the machine, to return to the splint-making mechanism again.

The loaded steel forms move away from the loading device with the exposed ends of the splints hanging down and away from the face of the wheels. Soon after leaving the loading machine, the splints pass through the chemical mixture which tips them and makes matches of the splints. The adjustment is such that just the proper length of splint receives its proper amount of the mixture.

After leaving the igniting mixture, the matches begin slowly traveling, still confined in the steel forms, up and around large wheels, moving slowly, so that the tips will be hard, polished and dry when the travel is finished. As each splint is isolated, and the igniting mixture is maintained at the right consistency, there is small chance of the matches sticking together at the tips. The endless chain of steel forms travels so slowly that it takes an hour and a half for the matches to pass from the chemical bath to the front part of the machine, where the packing device is placed.

This packing machine is the joint invention of experts and of the superintendent of the company. It is a revolving table about eight feet in diameter attended by three girls. The match-boxes are carried by a conveyor to a girl who sits above the machine. She simply sees that the automatic box-feeding device attends strictly to business. The empty boxes, which are formed, sanded and printed by automatic machinery at the rate of 300, 500 and 800 a minute, depending on the size of the boxes, are fed to the packing-machine without the lids. The lids are heaped together in a circular bin in the middle of the round table. Each box fits into a recess in the table, so that its top is flush with the surface of the table. When the finished matches reach the right point in the travel of the endless chain they are stripped from the steel frames and delivered into boxes, the right number of matches going into each box.

Occasionally a match falls crosswise, and must be laid straight by the nimble fingers of one of the three girls who sit around the table. The girls do nothing but put the lids on the filled boxes as they come around, and a stripping device takes the boxes out of the table and carried them into gross lots for shipment.

Each machine turns out 500 gross boxes of matches every ten hours, and the human labor required calls for one boy to feed the blocks of wood to the machine, a girl to look after the automatic box-feeder, and three girls at the packing table. In addition to these there is one boy who replenishes the reservoirs holding the igniting mixtures for the thirteen machines. The entire working force at the Barberton factory comprises 340 people inside and outside of the factory.

In Akron, Ohio, the company has had in operation for several years a continuous machine, but this requires the handling of the splints and matches three times during the process. The continuous machines used in Barberton have already invaded Europe. In Liverpool is a match factory belonging to the American company one-third larger than the Barberton plant. Four continuous machines have been installed there and more are to follow.

In France all matches are made by the government, and the government engineer was sent to Barberton to inspect the match-making machines. His report was so favorable that the government decided to adopt the American

invention and thus do away with the horrors of the disease caused by the fumes of white phosphorus. Italians, Austrians, and Brazilians are after the machines, for hand labor, no matter how cheap, can not compete with a machine which makes matches at a cost for labor of 4 cents a gross of boxes.—Chicago Record.

A SINGULAR MEETING.

A Sharpshooter and the Man He Wounded Meet.

J. H. Wyman, of Chillicothe, went to Newport News, Va., recently, and while waiting for a ferryboat, a stranger, a man about Wyman's age, came up and shared his seat. They were waiting for the same boat.

"You were in the Union army," said the stranger, glancing at a button on Wyman's lapel. "Where did you serve?"
"I was in the First Wisconsin Heavy Artillery, and put in a good share of the time guarding the big bridge over the Green River, in Kentucky," answered the Northerner.

"You did! I twice helped to blow up that bridge, and was there when the third attempt, which you fellows stopped, was made. It was a black night in winter when we made up the third time. There was only a few of us, but enough to do the work if it were done quickly, and we could pass through the federal pickets. We reached a point 1,000 yards south of where we thought your picket line was, and I was sent forward to locate the line and find some place through which we could pass. I walked along freely until I thought I ought to take some care, and then I dropped to my hands and knees and went that way for a while. It was so dark I could see absolutely nothing. All at once I struck a dry brush and snapped a stick at the same time. Then a rifle shot came from a picket not twenty yards away and my right arm was broken by the ball. The fellow had fired at the noise and made a good shot. It alarmed the guard, and our third attempt to blow up the bridge was a failure. Were you there then?"

"Yes," said Wyman, "I am the man who shot you. I never saw you, but I heard the moving of the brush and the breaking of the twig. After I shot you, you walked straight to the right for about ten yards and then ran back for your command."

"That I did exactly," said the Southerner.
"We found your tracks in the sand the next day. I did not know I hit you, I am glad I did not kill you and I am mighty glad to see you."

Then they shook hands and took up the journey together.—Chicago Tribune.

An Alaskan Homeymoon.

Mrs. Clarence Berry is a young woman who is taking a bridal trip, the prospect of which will be enough to deter most women from matrimony. It is over the icefields and frozen lakes of Alaska. With such a tour in prospect Mrs. Berry's trousseau naturally differed considerably from that of the ordinary bride. Tea gowns and ball room frocks were not included in it, but fur caps, sleeping bags, fur shoes, woolen dresses and snowshoes were.

The sleeping bag is an interesting article of arctic attire. When the prospectors with whom Mr. and Mrs. Berry are traveling pitch their camp for the night, each one picks out a spot in which to sleep, gets into the sleeping bag, draws it up about his head, pulls the string and goes to sleep, pulling that his own breathing will keep him warm.

Mrs. Berry, who is making the perilous Alaskan journey as the only woman of the party, is only twenty-one years old. She is reported to have fairly revelled so far in the snow and sleet, and not to have displayed any fear of her ability to climb the summit of Chilcoot Pass on snowshoes, to sleep upon the snow and ice, to sleigh across Lake Linderman, Lake Bennett, Tagish Lake, or to the passing of the White Horse, the Five Fingers and the Pink Rapids before Circle City—the city of gold and cold—is reached. When she finally arrives at Circle City she will discover that it has only five hundred inhabitants.—New York Journal.

A Ghost in Uniform.

"Gentlemen," said the ex-judge, "mine is a veritable ghost—and it came to me in uniform. I had been out in Missouri attending an important case and was on my way home, stopping over for a night in Chicago. My family was kept informed of my different routes, so that they could easily communicate with me. That night I was awakened by someone coming into my room. I knew that I had locked the door, and was greatly startled to see a boy in uniform with a telegram at my bedside. It read:

"Alice passed away at 1 a. m."
"The date was that same day, and the hour as I looked at my watch, 1 a. m. I hurried to the office, much astonished to find my door locked, but without waiting to investigate I inquired for a telegram. There was none—had been none, and it was half an hour later when it came—the very words I had read."

"How did you account for it?"
"I have never accounted for it. It was a clear case of telepathy, but could anything have been more convincing of the principles of occultism? My sister had died at 1 a. m. precisely."

Paper Telegraph Poles.

Paper telegraph poles are the latest development of the art of making paper useful. These poles are made of paper pulp, in which borax, tallow, etc., are mixed in small quantities. The paper poles are said to be lighter and stronger than those of wood, and unaffected by sun, rain, dampness or any of the other causes which shorten the life of a wooden pole.