

THE SAME OLD WAY.

A-dancing, a-glancing,
The sunbeams out of heaven lancing,
The tide beneath green shadow trans-
lating
With sweet delay,
Wild voices through the forest falling,
The wood-thrush to the wood-thrush
calling
The same old way.

A-flowing, a-blowing,
Its showers of dew each low bough
throwing
In storms of fragrance round your
going
With loss and sway.
Murru, of bees in blossom swinging,
And children's cries more sweet than
singing,
The same old way.

A-flushing, a-gushing,
The roses on their red stems blushing
Before they close, with soft airs hush-
ing
The dying day,
And all the woody ways discover
Down glimmering depths a lass and
lover
The same old way!

—HARPER'S BAZAR.

MRS. MABERLY'S NEIGHBOR.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"Paul! it is the loveliest little house I've seen yet. Let us take it." "I confess I like that long veranda," said Paul, "and those beeches and chestnuts on the roadside are simply superb."

"Yes, they are very beautiful, and—let me see—two cherry trees, one peach, one pear, and six apple trees, all in good condition, in the side and back yard," said the young wife, reading from the slip of paper she held in her well-gloved hand—pretty shaped hands she had.

"And the view is not half bad, either. I think more of that than of the fruit, which, like the peach of emerald hue, can do some harm. Remember, we have a two-year-old boy who is very ambitious when climbing is to be considered. I'm afraid these fruit trees will tempt him too sorely."

"How very ridiculous, when I am around!" was the laughing response. "Ernest is scarcely ever out of my sight, and he is very obedient. I like this bay window, it commands such a pretty view; the parlor just suits me, it is exactly what one needs in a country home. My lace curtains will fit the windows; there is just enough room for the furniture. I can see just where to put everything. The floors are oiled, and our rugs will go down nicely. The people who lived here have taken good care of the house."

"The people who lived here built the house," her husband said, "and evidently took great pains to make it comfortable, but something happened that caused them to break up."

"He did not admit that the something was a forgery, and that the man had fled, leaving his helpless little wife and children to go on as best they could. Why should she know it? It might lessen her pleasure in living in the place if she did."

They went upstairs, down cellar, and found all the appointments perfect. Mrs. Maberly was in raptures. If they had built it for themselves, she said, it could not have been more to her liking; indeed, she had planned a house exactly like it.

The veranda went round two sides of the building, and there were still hanging from the beams overhead, baskets of last year's plants, some of them yet thrifty. Vines had been carefully trained over the lattice-work and a thick mass of foliage rendered it almost impossible for wind or rain to get in.

The next house on the right was but a few rods away, a bright-looking stone cottage against which clung English ivy, the sun's level rays turning the leaves to crimson and gold.

"I wonder who lives there?" Mrs. Maberly asked.

"The name is Warren," said her husband. "I have seen him once or twice, but have never spoken to him."

"Warren; it is a good name, and it seems to me I have heard it in connection with some of my friends, but I forget. I hope they are nice; one has sometimes to depend upon neighborly offices. They certainly show good taste. I can see from here that the garden is beautiful, and the baby carriage in the yard is very pretty and costly. The nurse wears a cap, too. How trim she looks—and well dressed! That speaks volumes for the mistress of the house. Of course none but nice people would live in a cottage like that, or," she added, laughingly, "this."

"That goes without saying," said her husband, "but hadn't we better be going? The horse is getting impatient."

"O, yes, and the boy will be fretting for me, poor little fellow! I'm so glad there's a barn on the premises—don't you think we could afford a cow? I could make such delicious ice cream."

"We'll see about it," her husband said, smiling.

In less than a week the house was ready for occupancy, and Mrs. Maberly was as happy as the day is long, settling things. Of course it took weeks to get everything in place, and then a rearrangement was often decided upon, but at last the piano was satisfactorily disposed of, the furniture and the bric-a-brac set out to advantage, and the little woman felt very proud of her house, which really reflected great credit upon her taste and ingenuity. As for the boy, he lived out of doors. His quarters in the city had been rather limited, but here he

had, as his father expressed it, "all creation to roam in."

Often as Mrs. Maberly sat on the veranda, the white-capped nurse came by, drawing the exquisite baby carriage, in which sat a fairy princess, so white and sweet, so wrapped in fine fabrics, rich laces and lovely carriage blankets, that the little woman wondered more and more who her neighbor could be. One day she met the nurse and child on the road. She had been to the unperturbed cottage on her left where she occasionally bought eggs and cream of the good farmer's wife who lived there, and she stopped at the carriage came towards her.

"I must have a glance at that beautiful baby!" she said, placing her basket of eggs on the ground. "What a lovely child! how old is she?"

"Sixteen months," said the nurse, with a broad smile, that somehow looked familiar to Mrs. Maberly.

"I don't know as I ever saw quite as lovely a baby," said Mrs. Maberly, smiling down upon the child, whose great blue eyes were fixed upon her face. "How I wish I dared to kiss her! But babies are so capricious."

"She'll let you," said the girl. "Mabel, kiss the lady."

The cherubic little lips came together at once in a charming pout that made them look more than ever like two ripe cherries.

"You perfect darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Maberly, as she received and returned the coveted kiss. "I'm dead in love with you. Whose child is it?" she asked, as she resumed her basket and prepared to move away.

"Why, ma'am, is it possible that you don't remember me?" was the astounding form of the girl's answer.

"Remember you!" exclaimed Mrs. Maberly with unfeigned astonishment, and then it slowly dawned upon her that the face she was looking at was not unfamiliar.

"Yes, I'm changed, of course, 'cause it's years ago since you used to come to Miss Maberly's for to stop in your vacations. Don't you remember the old plantation down in Georgia and the old hands? I'm old Marthy's daughter—Marthy, that used to be ma's ma, and I'm married, you see."

"Old Marthy—Mabel!" the old plantation down in Georgia! Mrs. Maberly felt dizzy as she heard the well-remembered names.

"You see Miss Mabel married a Northern gentleman, after all, and came here to settle."

"And she—she is—our next-door neighbor!" said Mrs. Maberly in a faint voice. She felt dazed. "I think I understand how one might be knocked down with a feather," she said, in speaking of the matter to her husband afterwards.

"Mabel—Georgia," she kept repeating to herself, "and she is my next neighbor! If I had known it I would never have taken the house."

The brightness had all died out of her face. She wanted to ask some questions, but would not allow herself to do so. The nurse's chocolate-colored face was on a broad grin. How much did she know of the state of affairs between these two women who had once been the closest friends?

"No, I would never have taken that house," she said over and over, as she moved on, still in a dazed, startled mood, that even the sight of her beautiful boy, waiting outside the gate for "mamma," failed to change. A cloud seemed to have been suddenly thrown over the gray stone cottage. Vines and flowers and all the belongings were as if they had never been. Mrs. Maberly turned her face resolutely away and went into her own house.

"O, dear—I have found out at last who our next-door neighbor is!" she exclaimed, as her husband entered the hall, where she was awaiting him that evening.

"You don't seem to be very much delighted over the discovery," was his reply. "I met the gentleman to-day in a business affair. He is very genial. It seems his wife is something of an invalid, and seldom goes out."

"I'm so glad!" exclaimed Mrs. Maberly, with heartfelt emphasis.

"That don't speak much for your Christian charity," said Mr. Maberly, smiling.

"I don't mean that I'm glad she is sick, but that she seldom goes out," said his wife.

"That will make it incumbent on you to call on her, won't it?"

"I'll never call on her," was the reply, delivered with almost spiteful energy.

"Why, what on earth has happened?" her husband asked, now really puzzled. "Heretofore you have seemed to wish for her acquaintance. I'm sure I have heard you wonder why she did not call."

"Very true, but then I did not know who she was—now I do," and she narrated her interview with the nurse that morning.

"So you see I know her; she used to be one of my dearest friends. I think at one time I almost worshipped her."

"And you have spent days at her house?"

"Indeed I have; one of the loveliest plantations in the State of Georgia. In my vacations, when mamma and papa were abroad, I always went home with her. But now I dislike her quite as much as I loved her then. When we last parted I told her nothing would induce me ever to speak to her again or to treat her with respect. O, we said very bitter things, both of us; but it was she who was the first offender. And now I am sorry you bought the house."

"Don't you know you are nursing the spirit of revenge?" her husband asked gravely.

"I know that I never could respect myself, after what she said to me, if I as much as noticed her, and very likely she feels the same towards me. What a pity that we are neighbors!"

"I am sorry to hear all this, as I

like Mr. Warren remarkably well, and promised that you should call. However, it can't be helped. Here we are, and here we shall stay, so we must make the best of it."

"Yes, we must," his wife said, regretfully, "but I shall never feel again the interest I once did in our pretty home."

"To change the subject," said Mr. Maberly, "I bought a cow to-day."

"O, a real cow for our own!" cried Ernest, looking up from his toys.

"Yes, a real cow—and we shall have real cream," said his father. "She is coming here to-night."

Mrs. Maberly said nothing. She had been very anxious for the cow, but her thoughts were all taken up with the knowledge she had gathered that day.

"And I kissed her baby!" she said over and over, "and that girl will tell her! I would never have made such a confession if I had known."

The next day she carefully shut the blinds to all the windows that overlooked the pretty gray stone cottage, thus denying herself a view that had come to be almost a necessity of her beauty-loving nature.

"They never shall be opened again," she said bitterly. "I want nothing to do with her or hers."

The time went on and winter came with its deep snows and keen, biting winds. The blinds were still kept close on the south side of the house, and the next neighbor was seldom mentioned. One day Mr. Maberly spoke of him on his return from business.

"It is a bitter night," he said, "and I wouldn't like to be in Warren's place."

"Why, what is that?" his wife asked, with some show of interest.

"His wife's father is not expected to live, and Mrs. Warren is not able to go. There are some business matters to be attended to, and his presence is needed. It's a long, cold journey. It must be hard for the poor wife that she cannot see her dying father. I feel very badly for them both."

"It is—very hard," Mrs. Maberly forced herself to say, and once or twice in the night she thought of the lonely woman, as the snowflakes were whirled against the window in the heavy windblast of the storm. She could not help picturing her, wide-awake and tearless in her misery, and yet she never suggested to herself she ought to call or betray any interest in her neighbor's sorrows.

"I said I never would speak to her again," she said, "and I never will. She brought it all on herself."

"Don't expect me home till the last train to-night," Mr. Maberly said the next morning. "There's a meeting of business men that I must attend, so I shall be obliged to stay in. Send John down with the sleigh about eleven."

The day proved a pleasant one, and Mrs. Maberly felt unusually light-hearted as she sang and worked about the house. It was not till evening that she realized how very lonesome she was. Ernest had been kept up an hour beyond his time, and it was not until he pleaded to be sent to bed that she allowed herself to carry him upstairs. His prayers were of the briefest, although she tried to prolong the process of undressing, but he was too sleepy; and presently, as his head touched the pillow, he was in the land of dreams. Something prompted the woman as she went out in the hall to open the inside blinds and lift the curtains from one of the windows that commanded a view of her neighbor's house.

All between was one bed of snow—trees, shrubbery, fences, garden; and the moonbeams fell gently over the wide, white, uneven space, and bathed the opposite cottage in its silvery radiance. She looked toward the house. On the white surface of the window were shadows flitting and coming, seemingly going to and fro in great haste.

"I suppose they are putting the baby to bed," she said to herself, "or perhaps she has company; it looks like it."

Carefully closing the blinds again, she went downstairs. The parlor looked very cozy with its rich red drapery, made more intense in color by the blazing coal fire, and yet the woman had a vague feeling of uneasiness. Opening the door, she could distinguish voices in the kitchen. John was talking with the cook, and the sound reassured her somewhat; but, oh, how she missed the genial companionship of her husband! Suddenly there was a peal of the door bell, so sharp and sudden that it set all her nerves tingling.

"I'm so glad John is in!" was her inward comment, as she heard his heavy footsteps across the hall.

Presently the front door was open. The accents of a woman's voice, as if in despair, came faintly to her ears. The parlor door was opened, and John was saying, "The madam is in here," when there appeared, pale and drawn in its agony, the face of her neighbor of the gray stone house. The room seemed to whirl round her as she looked—what could it mean?

"O, Anne—O, Mrs. Maberly!" cried the woman in a choking voice, her tightly-clasped hands unconsciously extended as if in supplication, "something sent me here to you. My baby—my beautiful baby is dying!—dying before my eyes, and I am all alone. Come and help me, if ever you loved me—come and help me. You have studied medicine and will know what to do. I have sent for a doctor, but he is ten miles off with a patient—and that horrible croup!" Her voice failed her. There was a noise in her throat like the coming of hysteria. Mrs. Maberly had sprung forward and caught her or she would have fallen. Into her voice crept the old-time tenderness, into her hands the old caressing movements.

"Don't worry," she said, "wait till

I get a shawl—wait till I get my medicine box, and I believe I can help you. Don't give up heart. You were too ill yourself to come out; you should have sent for me." All this time she was going rapidly around the room, preparing herself to go.

"Yes, but I remembered—O, I thought if I came myself in all my misery, you would take pity on me! O, my baby! my baby! My poor old father is dying, too, and I can't be with him! It seems as if I cannot bear it—to lose my father and my baby, too," and she wept bitterly.

"Don't give up heart and hope," said Mrs. Maberly. "There, I am ready—I can help you, with God's blessing, I am sure I can. Hush, don't cry so—lean on my arm," and so she tried to comfort her until the two entered the gray cottage, Mrs. Maberly wondering all the time where her resentment had gone.

It was a piteous sight, the baby in the arms of her nurse, struggling for breath. Giving orders in a low voice, forcing herself to be calm, with the beautiful, agonized face looking up in her own, Mrs. Maberly worked quietly and efficiently with the remedies she had brought, and which for a long time seemed unavailing. But, even as the agonized mother hid her face from what to her were the death struggles of the child, her neighbor bade her take hope; and after nearly two hours of steady battling with the dread disease, and just as the doctor's carriage drove up to the door, the labored respiration gave way to easy breathing, the flush of anguish was gone, and the little sufferer slept on Mrs. Maberly's knee.

"It's mighty lucky you had such a neighbor," said the doctor, speaking to Mrs. Warren; "she knew just what to do. I couldn't have treated the case better, myself."

For answer, Mrs. Warren went on her knees and kissed the hand under the head of her baby—then, bowing her own head beside it, she sobbed and sobbed. Was it thankfulness for the service rendered, or a mute avowal that she had wronged her old friend?

Mrs. Maberly had news for her husband when he returned that night.

"So you really found that you had a neighbor," he said when she had finished.

"I think it is she who found the neighbor," she said, flushing. "And who would not help her worst enemy in such an emergency? Really, nothing could have happened better, since it had to happen, and she will always feel as if I saved the baby."

After that one might have seen frequent crossings over to the cottages, alternately. Sometimes the pretty baby carriage, with its beautiful occupant, stood for hours in the front yard of the Maberly's—and often the two mothers sat on the porch, talking of old times, and finding pleasure in the renewal of themes that had been so long forbidden to them.

Under Mrs. Maberly's directions, the invalid gathered health and strength, and the two families became, in deed and word, the best of good neighbors.—The Housewife.

How John Hay Got His Start.

Ex-Attorney-General Williams, of Kansas, lived at Quincy, Ill., in his boyhood. At Warsaw, in the next county on the north, lived John Hay, afterward President Lincoln's Private Secretary, and now Minister at the Court of St. James. Mr. Hay was a country poet in those days—the "Unlettered Bard," he subscribed himself. He wrote a quality of poetry that made Mr. Williams tired, and his rural airs and manners were simply killing to the practical Quincy boy.

"I'll drive that fellow off the river," Mr. Williams declared one day, and so he did. Mr. Williams got himself together one day and wrote the rottenest sort of alleged verses. These he signed "The Unlettered Bard," and caused them to be printed on coarse brown wrapping paper, such as grocers used in those days. Then he stole up to Warsaw, and in the dead of the night he posted the "Unlettered Bard's" verses all over town. This took the conceit out of Hay in an hour.

A stern resolve came into his face, and the next week he left the town, going to Springfield, where Lincoln took him into his law office and afterward installed him in the White House as his private secretary.

"Whatever John Hay is or will be," Mr. Williams once said, "I made him. If I had not caused him to see himself as others saw him, he would never have left Warsaw, and leaving Warsaw is what gave him his start."—Kansas City Star.

The Origin of Foolscap.

Everybody knows what foolscap paper is, but not everybody knows that that queer name commemorates one of the laws made in England under Cromwell, pouring ignominy upon the memory of Charles I.

When Charles was King of England he enriched his revenues by selling the right to make writing paper to certain firms, and no others were allowed to compete with them. All this paper bore the royal arms in water mark. Now, when Charles was beheaded, and Cromwell and his parliament came into power, they were so antagonistic to the memory of the late king that they ordered the water mark changed from the royal arms to a fool's cap and bells. The records of this parliament were kept on paper the size we now call foolscap. When it was proposed, this queer water mark was removed from all paper, but the kind that the "Rump Parliament" had used continued by a queer chance to commemorate the nickname intended to insult the memory of the king.

Baltimore, Md., is to make two public playgrounds for children this summer.

DIDN'T KNOW STRATTON?

But After the Colorado Millionaire Had Identified Himself He Got His Car.

Probably no town of its size has as many very rich men as Colorado Springs, Col. "They have millions to burn," said a gentleman who recently visited there.

Colorado Springs is the home of W. S. Stratton, who a few years ago was at work with a jack-plane, earning a scanty living, but who is now the possessor of anywhere from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000, said my friend.

"Stratton does not have the appearance of a man borne down with a weighty pocket book. Much of the time he goes about in clothes a tramp might object to. When he had, in a couple of years, cleaned up the paltry sum of \$4,000,000—or \$2,000,000 a year—himself and family thought they would like a vacation. They concluded to make a trip to California.

The next day Stratton went to Denver on business. His banker notified him that he had made a mistake of a quarter of a million in his bank account. He had that much more in the bank than he thought he had. Upon investigation he discovered that he had sent the bank a check for that amount, just taken for the sale of his mine, which he had not noted. The matter cleared up, Mr. Stratton thought he would see about getting the tickets for the California trip. As usual, he had on rather a shabby suit.

"Have you got a bargain in tickets to California?" asked Stratton.

The clerk looked him over carefully and concluded that a hobo had dropped in to get out of the sun.

"Not to-day; we may have one tomorrow."

"Well, you sell tickets to California, don't you?"

"Certainly; but we have no job lot at present."

"How much is a ticket to San Francisco?"

"The clerk told him."

"Let me see. I shall have to take along several people, servants you know. Guess you had better give me nine tickets."

"While the clerk was staring at him, Stratton was struck with a new idea."

"By the way, how much will a special car cost? I like to go as comfortably as possible when I travel. Yes—I guess I will have a special car—how much will it cost?"

"The man told him. It was a large sum."

"That's all right. Look here. I'm going to stay a month or six weeks, and I guess I'll sleep in the special. How much more will that cost? He was told. "All right, I'll take that car for six weeks. Got a blank check?"

The clerk got him one. It was filled out and handed to the clerk, who said:

"I know all about Mr. Stratton, but I don't know that you are Mr. Stratton."

"At that moment banker Moffett passed by—Stratton called out: 'Come in here Moffett.' He came in. 'Am I Stratton?' 'You are.' 'I thought so, but this clerk had his doubts. Thank you.—Chicago Times-Herald.'"

The Electric Bug.

"These swarms of bugs of which I see complaint is now being made in St. Louis are the product of our rapid development of the electric force," remarked E. W. Cashion, of Indianapolis, at the Linden. "They were unknown a few years ago, and now they are pests in all the towns and cities in this country where electricity is in considerable use. I talked with a college professor at Indianapolis about them recently, and he is convinced that they have sprung up as a sort of spontaneous outgrowth of the increased utilization of the electric force. Anatomically, the electric bug is sui generis, and appears to imbibe its sustenance from some property in the air currents that lie in immediate contact with the electric currents. The college professor to whom I spoke has been studying them closely, and says he is convinced that in the end they will prove a blessing instead of a curse. He thinks it probable that after a while the enlarged use of electricity will generate new germs and microbes in the atmosphere that will be additional sources of disease and bodily ills to the human race, and that medical science will be unable to cope with them for a long time. Meanwhile, nature is responding to the new demands on her storehouse by sending these swarms of bugs to purify the air of poisonous things put in it by the arc lights and the trolley. He declares that he has watched this strange new bug closely, and has thus far been unable to find out on what it subsists unless it be some unknown foreign substance brought into the atmosphere by the electric currents. For that reason, he says, they are very properly denominated electric bugs, and he believes they are destined to serve a good purpose as scavengers of the air in the years to come."—St. Louis Republic.

The "Plug-Ugly."

"The word 'plug-ugly' we see sometimes in print," says an old-timer, "was unknown to our grandfathers, and lexicographers may look in vain for the root of the word in the languages which form the foundation of the English. It is a modern word, but half a century old, and, we believe, in more general use in the middle states than elsewhere. The term is applied to any rough, rowdy or fighter in these days; but as originally used it was applied only to one who would fight for the possession of a fire plug. This was in the latter part of the forties, and early part of the fifties, when the cities, in their water supply systems, provided fire plugs. The volunteer fire companies had before relied on the streams, pumps and

reservoirs for the water to extinguish fires, and the aim of each company when an alarm sounded was to get the first water from a plug and thus secure an advantage over the rival companies. Often when the firemen reached the ground they would find a man holding possession of the plug for his favorite company, and if he refused to give it up a fight was the natural outcome. It is not surprising that the word plug-ugly should have been evolved as descriptive of the ugly fighters over the fire plugs. Happily wherever there are paid fire departments there are now no "plug-uglies," unless we apply the word to any one of ugly disposition, and the real genus is yearly becoming more rare in the towns and villages where the old hand apparatus is still used."

—Washington Star.

Use Color Judiciously.

There are colors that are refreshing and broadening, others that absorb light and give a boxed-up appearance to a room, others that make a room with a bleak northern exposure, or with no exposure at all, appear bright and cheerful; some that make a room appear warm, some that make it cold.

The thermometer seems to fix six degrees when you walk into a blue room. Yellow is an advancing color; therefore a room fitted up in yellow will appear smaller than it is.

On the other hand blue of a certain shade introduced generously into a room will give an idea of space. Red makes no difference in regard to size. Green makes very little.

If a bright, sunny room gets its light from a space obscured upon by russet colored or yellow painted stretchers, or else looks out upon a stretch of green grass, it should be decorated in a color very different from the shade chosen if the light comes from only an unbroken expanse of sky.

Red brings out in a room whatever hint of green lurks in the composition of the other colors employed.

Green needs sunlight to develop the yellow in it and make it seem cheerful.

If olive or red brown be used in conjunction with mahogany furniture, the effect is very different from what it would be if blue were used. Blue would develop the tawny orange lurking in the mahogany.

If a ceiling is to be made higher, leave it light, that it may appear to recede. Deepening the color used on the ceiling would make it lower—an effect desirable if the room is small and the ceiling very high. Various tones of yellow are substitutes for sunlight.—The Upholsterer.

A Soft Thing for Weather Prophets.

At only one place on the globe has it been possible as yet for the meteorologist to make long time forecasts meriting the title of predictions. This is in the middle Ganges Valley of northern India. In this country the climatic conditions are largely dependent upon the periodical winds or monsoons, which blow steadily landward from October to April. The summer monsoons bring the all-essential rains; if they are delayed or restricted in extent, there will be drought and consequent famine. And such restriction of the monsoon is likely to result when there has been an unusually deep or very late snowfall on the Himalayas, because of the lowering of spring temperature by the melting snow. Thus here it is possible, by observing the snowfall in the mountains, to predict with some measure of success the average rainfall of the following summer. The drought of 1896, with the consequent famine and plague that devastated India last winter, was thus predicted some months in advance.

This is the greatest present triumph of practical meteorology. Nothing like it is yet possible anywhere in temperate zones. But no one can say what may not be possible in times to come, when the data now being gathered all over the world shall at last be co-ordinated, classified, and made the basis of broad inductions. Meteorology is proper-ly a science of the future.—Harper's Magazine.

Thinking Not Confined to the Brain.

The opinion of Dr. William A. Hammond is quoted as favoring the idea that every human being does a good deal of thinking with his heart, his liver, his kidneys, and various other organs, and that the "ganglia," which are scattered all through the body, are nothing more nor less than minute brains—along the sympathetic nerves they are strung like beads, and without the aid of the thinking which they do, nobody could get along at all—and are largely made up of the sort of gray matter that composes the thinking part of the brain. This theory assumes that the system of sympathetic nerves extends throughout the body, and there are ganglia even in the fingers and toes, and an examination of the heart shows a great collection of them, there being in fact a lot of gray "mind stuff" in the heart, that organ being a secondary brain, an emotional centre. The greatest collection, however, of gray tissue outside of the brain proper is behind the stomach, there being located an elaborate interlacement of sympathetic nerves which is called the solar plexus, a properly delivered blow upon which will produce death as quickly as upon the skull.—New York Tribune.

Testing Steel Balls.

A new method of testing the hardness of steel has been devised in Germany. The balls are dropped from a fixed height on a glass plate set at an angle; if perfect they rebound into one receptacle, and if they are too soft they drop into another.