

### LIFE'S MYSTERY.

We live, and love, and die;  
And if we question why  
The weal, the woe,  
And to what end, a sigh  
Bears Nature's sole reply:  
We live, and love, and die  
Ere we may know.  
—Mary E. Stickney in Lippincott,

### JACKIE'S BURGLAR.

The garret was squalid to a degree. It was dark, dirty and wretched, and the streaks of light which filtered in through the tiny, dust-choked skylight only seemed to heighten the darkness and increase the misery of the place. It was a small, square room, with no furniture, except a couple of broken chairs, a grimy table, and a broken packing case, and it seemed a place scarcely fit for habitation. Yet on the floor were three coarse straw mattresses, and on one of them, with his weary face turned up to the dismal skylight above, lay a boy. He was only a small boy, but his face was like an old man's, and his limbs were shrunken and dwarfed and thin. He lay looking up into the face of a man who bent over him.

"I shall be all right by and by, dad," he said, in a weak voice. "I shall be all right as soon as the sun creeps up a bit and I can get out. Don't worry, dad. Pr'aps I shall be able to do something soon. Pr'aps I could make some boxes or something if I could sit up a bit."

Two big tears coursed down the man's cheek and fell on the boy's hand. He turned away hurriedly and began walking to and fro across the garret.

"I must get the doctor to you somehow," he said, more to himself than to the boy on the bed; "if I fetch him by force he must come. It's no good putting it off any longer."

"No, no," said the boy, with the thoughtfulness of an old man; "wait a bit. I may be all right to-morrow."

The man plunged his hand into his pocket and sighed. With twopenny between them and starvation, what was the use of fetching a doctor who would order eggs and milk for this boy? What was the use of anything except to sit and stare at the skylight and starve?

John Endleton was a man who had once been in a good position. Only a year ago he had believed himself to be out of the reach of want; but misfortune had overtaken him, his bank had lost money in a hundred different ways, ill-luck had followed him, and he had fallen from bad to worse, until he at last found himself, with his 10-year-old son, in an East End slum, penniless, heart sick, hopeless, with sickness overtaking them, with no prospect of anything better than a hand-to-mouth existence, and with a criminal—a jail bird—a common convict for a companion.

John Endleton was a proud man. It was his pride, perhaps, that had led him to refuse good berths that he would have been thankful for now, and he hated the man who shared their garret. If he could have afforded it—if he could only have made sure of the necessary pence—he would have rented the entire room in order to keep his boy from contact with the man; but he had reached such a hopeless state of his existence that he was thankful if he found himself able to provide for one decent meal a day, and he was obliged to tolerate him, although his very presence seemed poison. He hated his coarse ways, his bad face, his evil breath, and the thought that he was within almost a yard of his son made him shudder.

Jem Brooker was the leader of a gang. There was no better known criminal in the whole of London than he, and he was proud of his reputation, proud of his wickedness, and proud even of the time he had "done" in Portland Prison. He was foul mouthed, bad tempered and had been convicted of numberless crimes; but for some strange reason little Jackie Endleton interested him.

In the early morning, when he staggered up to the garret half drunk, the sight of the thin, white face on the dirty mattress sobered him. The touch of the boy's hand dragged back his memory through a thousand dirty byways to the fresh country, where, when he was a small lad, he had played with his sister in green fields under blue skies. Something in the boy's eyes recalled his mother, something, too, in the droop of the little lips reminded him of hers as he had seen them last, when she had been dying with shame for her son. And the big, gaunt man, whose heart was black with crime, who had resisted the overtures of missionaries and sneered at prison chaplains, found himself suddenly overcome by a 10-year-old boy who was dying of starvation in a miserable garret. He scoffed and swore at himself as he did it, but it became a regular thing for him to bring oranges and sometimes grapes on his return to the garret at night.

And John Endleton hated it. He resented it fiercely, and shrank back when Jem Brooker approached the bed and looked down at Jackie's face. As the winter passed into the spring Jackie seemed to grow weaker instead of stronger, and at last, with a solitary shilling in his pocket, John Endleton set off in desperation for a doctor. If anything happened to the boy he would have nothing to live for, and the thought seemed to choke him. But he knocked at the doctor's door without success. The doctor was busy—too busy to attend to him until night, and when night came he had forgotten all about it, and Jackie lay in a half-fever, moaning and tossing restlessly from side to side, while Endleton sat over him with rage at his heart.

When, toward morning, Jem mounted the creaking stairs in his usual

half-drunken fashion and staggered into the garret, he found Endleton sitting by the side of the mattress with his face in his hands. A pale moon sent a shaft of light on the sleeping boy's face, and it looked white and drawn and cold, as if already the shadow of death lay upon it.

Jem stopped in drunken surprise. A stupid grin crossed his face. He stared and waved his hand wildly in the air. He tried to speak, but his voice was hoarse with brandy, and the figures of the boy and his father danced before his eyes by the dozen.

He muttered some words—indistinguishable and meaningless; and, collapsing suddenly, he tumbled down on his mattress and huddled himself together in a drunken sleep.

When he awoke a gray dawn was peeping slowly in through the small square of glass in the roof, and everything in the dingy garret appeared unreal and lifeless. The boy on the bed seemed scarcely to breathe.

Jem raised himself on his elbow and looked round, and some remembrance of the last night's scene began to pass through his mind. He looked, and it seemed to him John Endleton had never moved. The moonlight had gone from the boy's face, and the dawn had come instead; but John Endleton was still sitting there, huddled up on the floor with his face buried in his hands.

Jem lifted himself slowly from his mattress, and stretched himself with a big yawn. Then he looked again at the two in the corner, and after a minute got up and went toward them. "Ain't the little 'un well?" he asked, clumsily. "Wot's up with 'un?"

John Endleton stirred impatiently. The sound of the ex-convict's voice seemed to rouse all his hatred and disgust. He looked round with repulsion upon his face, and Jem, seeing it, shrugged his shoulders and sneered.

"Oh, well, if ye're so mighty independent and 'anghty, why don't yer tak' lodgin's in th' 'Grand? A course if yer don't want no 'elp I don't care. Only I thought, he added brutally, "as th' chap's a-dyin' like, as yer might want somethin' for 'im."

John Endleton started and looked down at the boy, with his wan face, his thin hands and faltering breath. For a moment it seemed to his excited imagination that the boy had ceased to breathe, and he leant forward hurriedly and with trembling fingers pulled back the sheet.

"He's all right. He's not dying," he exclaimed, eagerly. But, at the same time, it was borne in upon him that unless he had nourishing things to eat, and those quickly, there would be no hope of ever pulling him round again, and the thought stabbed his heart with sudden bitterness.

He turned to the burglar. It was possible that Jem could help him. Jem might know where to get help or work, or even charity; but Endleton's pride still stood up in arms, and with a determination to have nothing to do with him, he turned away.

Jem, with a fierce sneer on his lips and a burning hatred in his heart against Endleton, turned away, too. Not a finger would he lift—not an inch would he stir—not if the boy was dying fifty times over!

As he turned, he caught sight of Jackie's pallid face lying on the dirty pillow.

"Oh, lor! wot a little bloke it is," he thought; and then he went out, mumbling down the stairs, swearing to himself—a man apparently without the faintest hope of a better life, without knowledge of anything except things evil, and yet with one clean spot in his black heart.

Detective Hartly, prowling through the East End in search of such thieves and transgressors as he might with dignity escort to the lock-up, was turning a corner, when he suddenly became aware that on the opposite side of the street a familiar and not exactly pleasing figure was ambling along at a rapid rate with something peculiar in the bulgy appearance of his coat.

"There's that Crooked Jem again," said the detective to himself. He cast a suspicious eye at Jem's pockets, pulled at his eyebrow—which was a way he had—and then beckoned to a policeman to follow him.

When he was within an inch or two of the said pockets he suddenly clapped the unsuspecting Jem on the shoulder—so suddenly that Jem's jaw fell, and he made an abrupt, half-undecided movement as if to flee from the wrath of the law.

"Now, then," said Hartly, severely, "none of that. On with the handcuffs. And Snaith, you come here and take his arm."

Jem looked from one to the other in something like dismay. "I ain't done nothing," he expostulated.

"Well, we'll see," said the detective; "and you'll remember, if anything is found on you, there are three years off that last job that you've got to finish."

Jem's face grew dark. His hands fidgeted strangely under his handcuffs, and if it hadn't been that he was a hardened, hopeless criminal, one might almost have fancied that his under lip trembled.

"Well, I'm blowed if I ever tries ter cheat th' galloxy agen," was his vague and ungrammatical remark, and then they marched on to the police station.

There, inside the bare room, with its wooden benches and square desks, with the dingy green ledgers and musty papers, Detective Hartly proceeded to turn out the unhappy Jem's pockets. As he did so his eyes first opened in astonishment, then screwed up in bewilderment, and, finally, he looked as if he had suddenly been confronted with the riddle of the Sphinx.

Out of the depths of Jem's capacious pockets he turned on to the table a

chicken, a tin of soup, some eggs, a packet of sweets, a sticky piece of candied peel, and last, but not least, a bottle of port.

"What's the meaning of this?" said the detective, sharply, feeling vaguely that some trick was being played upon him. "What is it? A picnic, a card party, or what? Apparently you're in a new line."

"Oh, yes," said Jem sullenly, "I've stole 'em all."

And after that he made no remark. He sat staring at the stone floor, with his coarse hands clasped together by the handcuffs, and with a strange, almost baffled, expression on his face.

"I'll tell yer wot," he said, raising his head suddenly, "if yer'll cum w' me I'll show yer the bloke that put me up ter this job. It's str'ight—no kiddin', an' I swear I will. Yer can bring Snaith with yer an' some more coppers if yer like—I don't care."

The detective looked at Jem in silence for a moment. Something about the case struck him as peculiar. It was not like Jem Brooker to steal eatables when better things were to be got with the same risk, and he felt a desire to know what it meant.

So with a fine disregard of the rules and regulations of her Majesty's prison he bundled Jem and Snaith into a cab, and with another policeman on the box, they were driven to a small and filthy court a short distance away.

There they all three mounted the dreary stairs to the dingy garret where John Endleton sat with shaking shoulders watching his dying son.

At the sound of footsteps he raised his head and looked round. With sudden astonishment he saw that Jem was handcuffed. He saw the policeman and the detective, and then Hartly stepped into the middle of the room.

He looked round expectantly. "Well," he said, "what now?" He had expected to find perhaps half a dozen roughs. He had hoped that Jem might have given him some valuable information—some clue that he had been unable to pick up himself; and now all that was to be seen was a man and a sick boy.

"What do you mean by this?" he demanded, turning to Jem, and the thief pointed with his manacled hand to the bed.

"There's the little cove as started me on this," he said; and Hartly snorted impatiently.

"Look here, Jem Brooker," he said, "you won't make things any better for yourself with trickyery. Now, wot's the reason for this fool's errand?"

Jem stood up. "That's th' meain' of it," he repeated, still pointing to the bed. "It's the little bloke there as set me on it—'im as is dyin' for things to eat. There 'e is. S'elp me, that's wot I done it for."

Hartly turned round sharply and looked at the boy. Then he stepped across the room and peered down at the wan face that was blue with cold and pitiful with hunger, and all at once he became aware that there was a strange silence in the room, and when he looked again he saw the father staring breathlessly into the boy's face.

He saw it only dimly before him, and then it faded away to a picture of his own son. Some vague astonishment at Brooker's behavior passed through his mind—he had never expected to find a heart under the man's rough exterior—and then he strode suddenly across the room to the top of the stairs.

"I say, Harris—Harris," he shouted. "Go back to the station at once and get those things that are on the table there. Hurry up, now. Bring the port and the soup, and you'll find a cup and saucer in the cupboard. Be quick. You'd better take the cab; and, oh, I say, bring a corkscrew!"

Then he went back and calmly unlocked the handcuffs on Jem's wrists.

To-day Detective Hartly is not quite such a hard man as he was. He has a great belief in the human nature, and even the tender-heartedness, of the greatest of criminals, and sometimes he will cite the instance of a man whose heart, cankered with evil and hedged in by vice, was reached only by the small fingers of a child.—Tit-Bits.

**A Pointed Reply.**  
Some little time ago Kaiser Wilhelm was present at the enrolment of recruits for one of his famous regiments of the Guards. He walked along the lines, speaking a word here, asking a question there. One recruit was asked: "What would you do if you are on sentry duty and many people crowd near you?" "I should ask them to go away at once, your Majesty."

"That's all very well," said the Kaiser, "but suppose one man stays behind and makes himself a nuisance to you, what would you say then?" "I should say, 'Don't make yourself a nuisance, your Majesty.' The Emperor roared and said: "Well, I don't mean to make myself a nuisance," and so passed on to another visitor.—London Figaro.

**The Longest Railroad Bridge.**  
The longest railroad bridge in the world is that recently completed at Czernovoda, Roumania. It crosses the Danube and thus shortens the railroad journey from London to Constantinople about sixteen hours. The length of this structure is 13,325 feet, or a good two miles and a half. There is one span, in the middle of the river, 620 feet long, and four more each having a length of 445 feet. The other spans are still shorter. The chief rivals of this structure are the Tay bridge, in Scotland and the Mississippi bridge, at Cairo. The length of the former is 10,735 feet and that of the latter is 10,700 feet.

### CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT.

#### THE HISTORIC BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN.

Chief Gall's Account of How the Brave Fellows of the Seventh Cavalry Were Overcome by an Indian Horde—Gallant Defense.

Twenty-one years ago occurred the famous battle of the Little Big Horn, in which General George A. Custer and his brave men of the 7th Cavalry were massacred by the Cheyennes and Sioux. The campaign against the hostile Sioux, under Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, Gall and others, was directed by General Terry, General Crook, with 1,000 men, starting from Fort Fetterman, Dakota; General Gibbon, with 450 men from Fort Ellis, Montana, and General Terry, with 600 cavalry and 400 infantry, from Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota. General Terry established a supply camp at the mouth of Powder river June 9, and there came in communication with Gibbon, whose command was at the mouth of the Big Horn. General Crook encountered a large force of Sioux June 17 on the Rosebud. Terry decided to join Gibbon's force, but sent his cavalry by a circuit to the Upper Rosebud, where the whole command was to meet. General Custer started June 22, and soon found signs of a large body of Indians. On the Little Big Horn he came up to their village. Major Reno, with three companies, was sent to the valley of the stream, where the trail crossed it. Reno crossed, but was driven back, where Captains Benteen and McDonald, with four companies, joined him. From 2:30 o'clock, the 25th, till 5 o'clock the following day Reno's force was surrounded by upward of 3,000 Indians. With their cups they dug breastworks that probably saved their lives. At night on the 25th some of the men crawled to the river and got water. The next day they fought in the blazing sun all day without water. The Indians sometimes rode up within 200 yards. Finally a soldier ran out and scalped an Indian in full sight of his band, and after that the charging ceased. The next morning General Terry and his command came up. Terry and his officers were all crying. They had found the bodies of Custer and his men two miles away. Not a soul of the band with Custer escaped to tell what took place. The loss was twelve officers, 247 men, five civilians and three Indian scouts killed, and two officers and fifty-one men wounded. While Terry and Crook waited for reinforcements the Indians escaped. In October about 2,000 of them surrendered to General Miles. Sitting Bull and his followers got into British territory and did not come in until the hard winter of 1881 forced them to surrender to Colonel Guido Ilges.

Many accounts have been told of the massacre, but nearly all of them are distorted by a pecculations as to what happened. Custer's mistake in pursuing an overwhelming force, in a face of which he divided his own, together with the folly of letting the Cheyennes kill the men holding his horses and stampede the animals, thus carrying away nearly all his ammunition, cost him his life and sealed the doom of the men with him.

The most reliable story of Custer's last fight was told by Chief Gall to Dr. Porter, one of the three surgeons under Custer. Dr. Lord, the senior surgeon, insisted on going with Reno, thus losing his own life and saving Porter's. On the tenth anniversary of the battle, in 1886, Dr. Porter and a number of officers who were with Reno, together with Gall, were at the battlefield, and they went over the ground together. This is Gall's story: "We saw the soldiers in the morning crossing the divide. When Reno and Custer separated we watched them until they came down into the valley. A cry was raised that the white men soldiers were coming and orders were given for the village to move immediately. Reno swept down so rapidly on the upper end that the Indians were forced to fight. Sitting Bull and I were at the point where Reno attacked. Sitting Bull was Big Medicine. The women and children were hastily moved down stream, where the Cheyennes were encamped. The Sioux attacked Reno and the Cheyennes Custer, and then all became mixed up. The women and children caught the horses for the bucks to mount them; the bucks mounted and charged back on Reno and checked him and drove him into the timber. The soldiers tied their horses to trees and came out and fought on foot. As soon as Reno was beaten and driven back across the river the whole force turned upon Custer and fought him until they destroyed him. Custer did not reach the river, but was held about half a mile up the ravine, now called Reno creek. They fought the soldiers and beat them back step by step until all were killed."

From his story it is evident that the Indians were in the coulees behind and in front of Custer as he moved up the ridge to take position. The first two companies (Keogh and Calhoun) dismounted and fought on foot. They never broke, but retired step by step until forced back to the ridge, where all finally perished. They were shot down in line where they stood. (This statement seems borne out by the facts, as thirty-eight bodies of Keogh's company were found together). The warriors directed a special fire against the soldiers who held the horses while the others fought. As soon as one of these soldiers was killed, by moving blankets and yelling the horses were stampeded, which made it impossible for the soldiers to escape. "Afterward the soldiers fought desperately

and hard, and never surrendered. As fast as the men fell the horses were herded and driven toward the squaws and old men, who gathered them in. When Reno attempted to find Custer by throwing out a skirmish line, Custer and all with him were dead. When the skirmishers reached a high point overlooking Custer's field, the Indians were galloping around and over the wounded, dying and dead, popping bullets and arrows into them. When Reno made his attack at the upper end he killed my two squaws and children, which made my heart bad. I then fought with my tomahawk (which means, of course, mutilation). Custer's soldiers ran out of ammunition. Their supply of cartridges was in the saddle pockets of their stampeded horses. The Indians then ran up to the soldiers and butchered them with tomahawks. A lot of horses ran away and jumped into the river, but were caught by the squaws. Eleven Indians were killed on Reno's creek, and several Indians fell over and died. Only forty-three Indians were killed altogether, but a great many wounded ones came across the river and died in the rushes. Some soldiers got away and ran down a ravine, crossed the river, came back again and were killed. We had Ogalallas, Minneconjours, Brules, Uncapps, all Sioux tribes, and the Cheyennes, Araphoes and Gros Ventres. When the big dust came in the air down the river (meaning Terry and Gibbon), we struck our lodges and went up a creek toward the White Rain mountains (Big Horn range, covered with snow). We waited there four days and then went over to the Wej mountains."

**PREVENTION OF HAILSTORMS.**  
Success of Aerial Explosions in Swiss Vineyards.

The American rainmaking experiments are sufficiently fresh in the memory to lend a peculiar interest to a report recently submitted to the state department by the consul at Zurich regarding a curious practice that has grown up among the grape growers of certain sections of Austria which is, in effect, the exact reverse of the rainmaking theory. It is none other than the prevention of storms by aerial explosions. The owner of extensive vineyards found that his profits were disappearing with the frequent destruction of his vines by hailstones. These storms are common and severe in Austria, especially on the southern slopes of the Bacher Mountains, and as the soil is peculiarly adapted to the growth of the grape the question arose whether some means of preventing the fall of hail could not be devised. The explosion experiment was tried, and to the date of the report it had met with unbroken success. The method is simple. On each of six of the most prominent summits surrounding the vineyards the owner erected a station, built of wood, for the shelter of a battery of heavy mortars, ten at each station. The neighboring peasantry, themselves small vineyard owners, have been trained to the duties of manning the batteries, and at the slightest sign of the approach of a storm the men assemble and at a given signal fire all the mortars simultaneously. Each mortar is loaded with about four and a half ounces of powder; the report makes no mention of a projectile. The bombardment of the clouds is continued until the moisture is scattered and the storm is prevented. At the first trial of the system last summer after a few moments' firing the cloud wall opened up in the form of a funnel, the mouth rising in consecutive rings, gradually expanding until the clouds scattered and disappeared. This process was accompanied by no hail or even rain. During the summer the firing was undertaken six times, and always with the same result. Thus it appears that while man may not be able to force nature to work at his bidding he may at least compel her to remain idle for a time.

**Wheels That Ground the Powder.**  
Near the pretty little history building, at the Nashville Ten. exposition, resting upon a large flat stone, is quite an interesting object, namely, a pair of massive iron wheels about six or seven feet in diameter and eighteen inches wide upon their rims. They are coupled together by a heavy iron bar, which passes through the center of each wheel, and probably weigh as much as five tons each.

These ponderous iron wheels have a unique history. They are of English manufacture, and were brought to this country early in the Civil War, running the blockade, if not in the celebrated cruiser Alabama, certainly under her protection. They were then taken to Augusta, Ga., where it was supposed they would be entirely out of the way of any yankee invaders, and formed part of the plant of the famous confederate powder mill at that place, and ground the powder that was used to send many bullets into the hearts of Union soldiers. It is good evidence of the passing away of animosities engendered by the war that now those who loved and honored the blue and those who loved and honored the gray are both interested in these ponderous relics of the lost cause.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

**Power of Modern Rifles.**  
The modern army rifle has a smaller bore than the older one, but uses smokeless powder and has a higher carrying power. The possibilities of the French guns were recently illustrated in the vicinity of a large town. A large bull escaped from its herd, and their caretaker, being unable to capture it, besought some soldiers to kill the animal. The first shot missed altogether, but the second bullet went clear through the bull's body from forehead to tail, killing him almost instantly. The weapon employed is known as a Lebel rifle.

### THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

Jests and Yarns Made and Told by Funny Men of the Press.

**USUALLY SO.**  
"Wadleigh says he never makes mistakes."  
"Him—m! That's one of 'em."

**CULTIVATING THE WIDOW.**  
"Somebody must be cultivating the widow."  
"Yes?"  
"Anyways, her weeds have disappeared."

**IN THE SPILL.**  
"I hear that Miss Walty finally sat down on that fresh young Updyke."  
"That's the trouble with this tandem business."

**TRAMP VERSUS DUDE.**  
"Tramp: Remember, boss, I was once just like you."  
"Aly (giving him a dollar): How did you get so different?"  
"Tramp: Oh, I was too proud to live on my father."

**DECLINED.**  
Higginson—Come up and see us some time.  
"Stepperby—Awfully sorry; but I shall be engaged on that occasion."

**TWO VIEWS.**  
"I never met a shrewder man than Johnsterg. I wish I had him for a partner."  
"You do? Well, he is so shrewd that I am glad he is not my partner."

**A MOVING APPEAL.**  
A Wabash College boy, having been admitted to the same Greek society to which his father belonged, introduced his next request for a remittance with "Dear Father and Brother."

**UP AGAINST IT.**  
Bondley—How did Wall Street get its name? There is no wall there.  
Stocks—Yes, there is. I went to it about a month after I began to speculate.

**ESCAPED WITH HIS LIFE.**  
"I have just taken a life to save my own."  
"What do you mean?"  
"If I hadn't taken that 'Life of Grant' the woman book agent would have talked me to death."

**NOT SO VERY BIG AFTER ALL.**  
Watts—Did you read about those Kansas hailstones that weighed a pound apiece?  
Potts—Yes. But everybody knows what a little thing a pound of ice is.

**UNPRODUCTIVE.**  
Summer Boarder—Is this farm of yours very fertile?  
Kansas Farmer—Not very. I tried to raise a mortgage on it last year and made a failure.

**OBJECT OF HIS GENEROSITY.**  
"You say that you want money to buy food for a hungry man whose face you never saw up to this time?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Where is he?"  
"He's standin' right here," was the hesitating reply. "I'm him."

**UNFORTUNATE.**  
Lady of the House—Your company is no good.  
Insurance Agent—Why do you say that?  
Lady of the House—Well, my husband has been paying it premiums for three years and isn't dead yet.

**HIS CAPACITY.**  
"Have you had all you can eat, Johnny?" asked the good lady who was waiting on one of the tables at the church festival.  
"Do you mean sittin' down or standin' up, ma'am?" returned little Johnny Stauffer.  
"Why, what difference does that make?"  
"A good deal, ma'am. I've eaten all I can hold sittin' down, but I guess if I stand up I can hold a couple more pieces o' pie."

**Darwinian Theory in China.**  
As in everything else the Chinese have their own and original Darwinian theory. Explaining the movements of winds, rains, clouds and of the earth itself in a unique way, they go on to trace the descent of the human kind. When the earth became fitted to sustain life small herbs were the first to put in an appearance. Then came strong shrubs and trees. As the body of man unwashed for years, breeds vermin, so the mountains un-laved by the seas, worms and insects, greater evils always developing from the earth. In the course of untold ages beetles became turtles, earthworms became serpents and high-flying insects became birds. Mice developed into wildcats, and the wildcats into tigers. The mantis was by some method transformed into an ape, and some of the apes were finally born hairless. A hairless ape playing with two flints accidentally kindled a fire by striking them together. With the fire thus obtained he cooked food, and the eating of food thus prepared made him more strong and intellectual than his fellow ape.

**Increasing Use for Steel.**  
Since the disruption of the steel rail pool orders for steel rails have reached astounding figures. The largest single order given was that received by the Carnegie Steel Works from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, amounting to 65,000 tons. The aggregate of all orders, as stated by the Railroad Gazette, is no less than 829,355 tons.

Some years ago, when the price of steel rails fell to \$30 a ton, it was stated as a remarkable fact that a ton of new steel rails could be purchased in exchange for four tons of old iron rails. But the ratio of value between old iron rails and new steel rails is very much closer. In fact, this is one of the most remarkable circumstances connected with the development of the steel rail industry. Old iron rails are now quoted at about \$15 a ton, and new steel rails have been sold at less than \$20 a ton.