

If trouble were a feather
A breath might blow away,
And only sunny weather
Came to us, day by day,
We'd laugh away the wrinkles
That tell of life's decay,
If trouble were a feather
A breath might blow away.

If maids would set the fashion
Never to answer "nay,"
When love, the tender passion,
Spoke in its pleading way;
Then through life's leafy byways
In lovers' mood we'd stray,
If maids would set the fashion
Never to answer "nay."

If fame were worth the striving
And all were in the race,
And each of us were driving
A horse well backed for place;
Then round life's race course speeding
We'd set a merry pace,
If fame were worth the striving,
And all were in the race.
—James King Duffy, in *The Puritan*.

THE TWO LOVERS,

"You have no right to talk to me like that," said Mabel Courthope, indignantly. "Just because we have known each other so long is not the least reason in the world why you should presume to dictate to me as to my friendship. It's mean of you."

"I'm sorry, Mabel," replied Jim Todd, humbly, "but I was only thinking of you, and I don't like Reginald Bulwer, and—"

"She cut him short with a scornful little laugh."

"I am sorry I cannot be guided by your likes and your dislikes, but if papa does not object to my knowing Mr. Bulwer, I don't see why you should take me to task."

"No," replied Jim wearily, "I don't know why I should; only not so very long ago you never used to snub me when I ventured an opinion upon any subject, even upon your acquaintances. It seems things have altered."

Mabel Courthope made no reply to the remark, and after glancing once into her face, Jim bade her good night, and refusing the half-hearted invitation to him to "come in for half an hour, as papa would be so glad to see you," made his way to his solitary lodging.

Things had changed considerably, he reflected, in the past six months—how much he had scarcely realized until this very evening. And it was all owing to an individual of whose existence he had been entirely unaware until some time after Christmas.

He had been happy in the love that had grown up within him from the day when he had first met Mabel Courthope. He could have sworn that it had been reciprocated until Reginald Bulwer appeared on the scene. Then things changed. Unfortunately, he admitted there was only too much reason for the change. Bulwer was everything he was not.

Bulwer was rich, handsome and an aristocrat. Jim was poor, plain and a plebeian, and when he reckoned up the advantages which lay in his rival, Jim Todd groaned in spirit, but it was not until the week before Henley that they were finally shattered.

He had called in the hope of persuading Mabel to go with him to Henley on the final day of the regatta, and had been met with the information that she had already accepted an invitation to spend a week there with a party of Bulwer's friends on a house boat. It was the bitterness of the disappointed hope which made him voice the dislike which he felt instinctively for Bulwer, and led to the quarrel—the first quarrel he had ever allowed himself to be drawn into with Mabel Courthope. It only added to his dejection to perceive in the last backward glance he cast toward the girl that she already seemed to have forgotten him. Another had occupied the post he had vacated; and Mabel, as she leaned over the fence, was too intent to give him another look.

Yet Mabel Courthope was not altogether at ease with herself. She liked Jim immensely, and until the advent of Reginald Bulwer, had fancied herself in love with him. But when Bulwer appeared, Jim was eclipsed completely. It flattered the girl's vanity to receive the attentions of the dark, handsome man. None of her girl friends could boast such a suitor, and half the pleasure she found in his society was due to the envious glances of her feminine acquaintances. Besides, at the most, Jim would be able to offer her a suburban home, while Reginald's life would have undreamed-of possibilities. She was so sick of the suburbs, she told herself, and the bolder, freer life of Mayfair seemed to be opening its doors to her. She accepted implicitly all Bulwer had told her of the society which seemed so far away from Brixton, and his position in the land of promise. She wondered and became tremulous with delight at his flatteries, when he told her that among its queens there was none to compare with her when he hinted at his hope that he soon might venture to ask her to accept her right position among them. Yet when she turned her thoughts for a while from the dazzling future of her dream something very like regret was apt to crop up in her mind. Jim was not brilliant, but he was very tender. He had no great circle of aristocratic friends, but he had rather die than give her a moment's pain. Like most girls of 20 with a pair of lovers, she was a veritable bundle of indecision. She had no sooner accepted an invitation to spend the week at Henley under the cherouge of a lady friend of Bulwer's than she began to regret that jolly day which she knew she would have had in Jim's company. However,

she had decided, and when she set out for Henley, on a cloudless July morning, her regrets were not sufficient to pucker her fair brow in the very slightest degree.

There was no doubt but she made a very attractive picture, and Reginald Bulwer could not help being proud of his companion. Many a keen inspection was made of the pair, and more than once an audible comment reached the girl's ears.

"Bulwer again. I wonder who that little girl is?" she distinctly heard one man say, as they embarked at the landing stage. But the remark conveyed nothing to her mind, for she was far too busily engaged in noting the life and bustle around her to spare a thought for anything else.

Mabel had been on the river often enough, but Henley was new to her, and when the full brilliance of the scene became clear to her dazzled eyes she could only gasp out her pleasure.

"Oh, it is lovely! I did not think anything could be so bright in this gray England of ours," she exclaimed. "All England is not Brixton," exclaimed Bulwer lightly. "I hope that we shall see many scenes as bright as this together," and as he spoke a light flashed into his eyes as he bent them upon her, and Mabel's heart trembled with pleasure. She thought that at last he was going to ask her to share his lot in future, and remained discreetly silent. But Bulwer made no further remark, and settling to work with the sculls, paddled the boat down the stream.

Presently he broke the silence again. "You will find the people we are staying with very different from the Brixtonians, Mabel," he said. "It will be quite a new experience of life for you." He seemed somewhat at a loss to explain his meaning in reply to the girl's question as to where the difference lay.

"Is Mrs. Walls a very clever woman?" asked Mabel, referring to the hostess she was about to meet.

"No; oh, no," replied Bulwer. "Clever, of course, but nothing exceptional, you know. She is just like the rest of them, and you must prepare to be shocked a little. You see, in Brixton people take such narrow views of life. Men and women of the world are accustomed to take a much broader outlook upon things."

"What things?" demanded the girl.

"Things generally, you know," replied Bulwer, vaguely.

Mabel began to wonder a little. She wondered still more during the next two or three days spent on board the houseboat Irene, and something very much like distrust began to take possession of her. In two days her experience of the manners and customs of the society to which Bulwer had introduced her led her to some very curious conclusions. She decided that the ladies consumed more champagne than was good for their health, and she found that a brandy and soda was invariably considered the thing to drink in the early morning. She learned that it was correct to address the most casual male acquaintance as "dear boy" and to refer to a lord otherwise than by his Christian name was to confess oneself outside the pale of civilization. She learned, too, that the only subjects upon which a society lady could converse with any degree of fluency was upon matters theatrical or sporting, and when deeply interested in either of these questions her language had an adjectival facility which was somewhat alarming to a mere Brixtonian.

Still Reginald was very attentive, and laughed away Mabel's scruples. She had very little time to think, either. Each day was full of incident, and in one continual whirl of light and life, seemed to end before it had well begun. Before breakfast was finished it was time to take the punt and make their way to a point of vantage on the course. Scarcely an hour seemed to pass and it was time to return to lunch. Then the punt again, tea at another houseboat, and finally a drift down the river and a reposeful half-hour in the backwater before Hambleton Lock before dinner.

After dinner, gossip and music, without and within, filled the evening, until eyes refused to remain open longer. That was the order of things until the last day of the regatta.

Meanwhile Jim Todd had been going disconsolately about his business in town. At first he had determined to remain away from Henley altogether; but, as each day passed, he repented of his intention, and at last, on the morning of the last day, he donned his flannels and followed the rest of the pleasure-seekers. At least he would be able to get a glimpse of the girl who had thrown him over. He did not bear her any ill-will; there was not a particle of malice in the whole of his body. If she seemed unhappy, well, he would bear it as best he might, and take up loyally the position of friend, if he were allowed to do so. In spite, however, of the fine day and the life and movement Jim Todd felt the reverse of happy. The general gaiety only increased his gloom. He was outside it all, and to crown everything, he did not catch a glimpse of Mabel. So at length wearying of the babble of laughter and music, he got out his sculls and left the course behind, determined to find some secluded spot where he might rest and brood over his lost happiness.

The quiet spot was more difficult to find than he had anticipated. Every sheltered corner had its boat and its pair of lovers. It was very tantalizing to Jim, in his particular mood. He went on, however, pulling doggedly until he reached at last a little backwater which promised retirement, and there he pushed his boat in under the shade of a tree and made it fast to one of its branches.

He was not undisturbed for long, however, for within half an hour a second boat pushed in within a few yards of him, and though the leafy screen prevented him from seeing who the occupants were, snatches of their conversation reached his ears. He was about to move, when suddenly he heard a woman's voice mention the name of Mabel Courthope coupled with that of Reginald Bulwer.

Jim lay still and listened, and as he lay his blood began to boil in anger. But not for long did he lie quiescent. Putting the scraps together convinced him that his suspicions were more than correct. He pushed his boat out into the river and once more settled himself to the sculls. A shout made him look over his shoulder. He had been working off his anger by strenuous exertion and driving his light outrigger fast against the current. He was going straight back to Henley and the Irene to confront Bulwer and to take Mabel home. In one glance he saw a punt narrowly escape being run down by a big launch only to be caught in the swirl of the water and ignominiously capized.

Half a dozen vigorous strokes took Jim to the spot. Brief though the time had been, he recognized the occupants. One of them, the man, intent only upon his own preservation, was striking out for the bank, the girl was not to be seen. Jim hesitated not a moment, but, balancing himself carefully in his light craft, dived into the river. It seemed an age, but was a very few seconds in reality, before he caught sight of the object of his search, and then the matter was easy. Another boat had arrived on the scene, and the launch, too, had slowed down; so that within a minute both Jim and the object of his rescue had been safely hauled out of the water, and were making for Henley as fast as the launch could take them, heedless of the dripping figure on the bank.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

He was not undisturbed for long, however, for within half an hour a second boat pushed in within a few yards of him, and though the leafy screen prevented him from seeing who the occupants were, snatches of their conversation reached his ears. He was about to move, when suddenly he heard a woman's voice mention the name of Mabel Courthope coupled with that of Reginald Bulwer.

Jim lay still and listened, and as he lay his blood began to boil in anger. But not for long did he lie quiescent. Putting the scraps together convinced him that his suspicions were more than correct. He pushed his boat out into the river and once more settled himself to the sculls. A shout made him look over his shoulder. He had been working off his anger by strenuous exertion and driving his light outrigger fast against the current. He was going straight back to Henley and the Irene to confront Bulwer and to take Mabel home. In one glance he saw a punt narrowly escape being run down by a big launch only to be caught in the swirl of the water and ignominiously capized.

Half a dozen vigorous strokes took Jim to the spot. Brief though the time had been, he recognized the occupants. One of them, the man, intent only upon his own preservation, was striking out for the bank, the girl was not to be seen. Jim hesitated not a moment, but, balancing himself carefully in his light craft, dived into the river. It seemed an age, but was a very few seconds in reality, before he caught sight of the object of his search, and then the matter was easy. Another boat had arrived on the scene, and the launch, too, had slowed down; so that within a minute both Jim and the object of his rescue had been safely hauled out of the water, and were making for Henley as fast as the launch could take them, heedless of the dripping figure on the bank.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton. —Chicago Times-Herald.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

It is now roughly estimated that in the college and university graduations for this year about one-half of the entire output are women. Fifty years ago only about a half of one per cent. of college graduates were women.

Queen Victoria has thirty great-grandchildren, all of whom are living, and nineteen of the number are boys. Matronly honors are gathering also on the Queen's oldest daughter, the Empress Frederick, who has seventeen grandchildren.

Kansas boasts that it had a hail-storm the other day in which the hailstones were as large as ostrich's eggs, and it is said that one enterprising farmer filled his cellar with the stones, covered them with sawdust, and will sell them to families that need ice.

The proudest man in the State of Washington at the latest mail advices was Mr. J. R. Know, of Latah, Spokane county, to whom four children have been born. One of them is a boy and him the happy father has named Rogers, after the Governor of the State.

A recent statement, based on good authority, affirms that between twenty-five and thirty million birds are annually imported into England alone for decorative purposes, and that the supply for Europe requires not less than one hundred and fifty million. Adding fifty million for America it makes a total of some two hundred million birds sacrificed annually on the altar of fashion.

The recent Danubian floods have apparently been as destructive as those of the Mississippi, and left as many people homeless. Twenty thousand inhabitants of Galatz, in Moldavia, have been drowned out by the deluge, the severest recorded in that region within the century. With its tale of earthquake and flood and various forms of calamity and ruin around the world, the current year has taken a prominent place, but has several months left in which to redeem its reputation. It is quite time it set about it.

Up to the year 1804 the Bible had only been translated into thirty languages. Most of these, besides the English, were dead languages. But now, by the latest statistics, the number of versions of the Scriptures in existence in 1895 is 381, so that the Bible within about ninety years has been translated into some 350 languages. These translations comprise those of all the great non-Christian nations, so that nine-tenths of the world now have the Scriptures in their own tongue.

Thanks to the encouragement which Emperor William has accorded to the practice of duelling, it is now being adopted by the medical profession in Germany. A couple of physicians summoned in consultation became involved at the bedside of the patient in so vehement a dispute with regard to the character of the malady and of its treatment that they concluded to fight the matter out. The conflict took place on the outskirts of Bonn, on the Rhine, one of the combatants, Dr. Fischer, receiving a bullet in the chest, which killed him instantly. This may be said to constitute an altogether new departure in what is known to laymen as "medical etiquette."

The French parricide, who slew his father and mother and was asked upon condemnation what he had to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, entreated the Court to have mercy upon a poor orphan. This tale is green with the moss of ages and may not be true, but something like it is true of a woman named Marie Celest, recently sentenced by a Paris tribunal to twenty years' imprisonment at hard labor for the murder of her sister. While in court she constantly wore a long crepe veil. "Why do you wear this veil?" asked one of the officials, to which she replied that she was in mourning for her sister. Showing an affectionate sensibility, the earlier exhibition of which, however, would have been more becoming to her even than the garment.

W. Bokasseff, of Russia, is thus quoted in *The Washington Post*: "I have come to America to study your methods of farming and dairy business, and especially to look into the cultivation of the sunflower plant in this country. I am a sunflower farmer at my home in Russia. One of my family was the first person in Russia to obtain oil from the seed of the sunflower. It is one of the leading agricultural industries in the Czar's dominions now, and the people can clear more money from it than any other crop. If the soil and climatic conditions are right in the United States, and I can find a suitable location, I may enter on the cultivation of the sunflower on a large scale, and also put up mills for the extraction of the oil."

Over 20,000,000 packages of vegetable, flower and field seed have been distributed by the Department of Agriculture during the past spring. This distribution has given to each member of Congress 40,000 packages of seed at a total cost of \$130,000. Over a million of these packages were flower seed and nearly 300,000 field seed, the balance being a great variety of vegetables. In the entire distribution nearly every variety of vegetable known to the agriculturists was distributed. There were 32 varieties of beans, 10 varieties of beets, 23 varieties of cabbage, 11 varieties of carrots, 19 varieties of sweet corn, 18 kinds of cucumbers, 30 kinds of lettuce, 19 varieties of muskmelons, 17 kinds of watermelons, and 15 varieties of onions. The entire amount of seeds distributed was sufficient to plant an area of 355 square miles, or about six

times the size of the District of Columbia. This is the largest distribution of seed ever attempted by the Department of Agriculture, and it is said that seedmen all over the country are complaining that they do not make sales to farmers and others because they are getting all the seed they want free from the Department of Agriculture.

Says the *New York Times*: "An incident in the career of the late Isham G. Harris that has been ignored in most of his obituaries is so illustrative of the Senator's character that it deserves recalling and remembrance. When the Confederacy fell there was in his possession as Governor of Tennessee \$100,000 in gold belonging to the State school fund. As an ardent Southern sympathizer, Governor Harris was desirous of preventing this money from falling into the hands of 'Parson' Brownlow and the other officials of the new State government. He took it with him, therefore, when he avoided capture by flight to Mexico, and after remaining in that country for eighteen months carried the treasure to England. Many another Confederate officer, State, municipal and military, did much the same thing with public funds, but not quite all of them, if rumore can be trusted, imitated the subsequent course of Governor Harris. After he had been in England a year, affairs had so settled down in the United States that he could safely return. So back he came, and with him he brought the \$100,000, still in gold, and turned every cent of it into the Tennessee Treasury. Of course, this was only simple honesty, but it must be remembered that Harris had lost every penny of his own large fortune, and that he might have used the argument which others in his position are said to have found valid, that Confederate money had no lawful owner after the Confederacy ceased to exist."

The United States Government is already preparing to take observations of the total eclipse of the sun, which is to take place on May 28, 1900, says the *Atlanta Constitution*. Observation stations will be established along the path of the total eclipse and experienced astronomers in the service of the government will be sent down to take the observations and make the astronomical calculations which it is expected will be so valuable to science and to astronomy. It may seem rather early for an event that will not occur within the next three years, but the government will begin to take observations on the next day of the month of June. These observations will be for the purpose of determining the best points at which to establish the permanent stations, where the final observations will be taken during the eclipse of 1900. The path of the total eclipse will extend in a direct line from New Orleans to Norfolk, Va., and will pass through Georgia in the locality of Macon. Blank report sheets have been sent to all the weather bureaus in the vicinity of the path of the eclipse with the instruction to the weather man to secure the services of capable and intelligent men to take the observations and register the results in the sheets made for the purpose. The exact condition of the sky, of the sun and of the whole heavens will be marked down in the sheets every morning of the month when the observations are being taken, and all of the sheets when filled out will be sent to Washington and carefully graded. The permanent observation stations will be established at the points where the first observations taken receive the highest percentage.

A Dog's Broken Heart.
W. L. Murfree, brother of the well-known novelist, Charles Egbert Craddock, recently related a remarkable instance of a dog's affection for his kind.

In was during the war, when the Murfree family lived near Murfreesboro, Tenn. The children owned two dogs, a great St. Bernard named Hugo, and a tiny white poodle, Fleece. The two were inseparable companions and wherever Hugo dignified self appeared there gambled beside him the absurd bundle of curls and wool. It was Landseer's picture of Dignity and Impudence in life. Hugo looked with anxious solicitude after Fleece if the little fellow ran away, which he frequently did, and never gave it up until he brought Fleece home again in safe condition.

Battles were raging all around them and one night the firing was so near and incessant that no one slept. The next morning Hugo and Fleece were missing, and while the children searched for them Hugo wearily walked through the gate, carrying poor little Fleece's dead body.

He walked to his mistress and laid his burden gently down at her feet, then with a look of unutterable grief laid himself down beside it, nor could they coax nor drive him away. Little Fleece's white coat was blood stained. A stray bullet had ended his happy little life and the children wept over the sorrows of war, realizing as never before what it meant.

They had a most elaborate funeral and buried Fleece with military honors, with his body wrapped in a flag, and they marched to the grave to the beat of a toy drum, with Hugo, who followed close, as the chief mourner. When the little mound, flower covered and draped with a flag, was finished, Hugo laid himself down across the tiny grave and refused to be comforted. He would neither eat nor drink, and the next morning they found the great fellow stiff and cold in death, still faithfully guarding the mound that covered his dear little friend. His great, loving heart was broken with grief.

How Potatoes May be Spoiled.
In a bulletin issued by Professor Snyder, of the Minnesota State Agricultural College, he makes a point of interest to the housewife. He shows that where potatoes are peeled and started boiling in cold water there is a loss of 80 per cent. of the total albumen, and where they are not peeled and are started in hot water this loss is reduced to two per cent. A bushel of potatoes, weighing 60 pounds, contains about two pounds of total nitrogenous compounds. When improperly cooked one-half of a pound is lost, containing three-tenths of a pound of the most valuable proteids. It requires all of the protein from nearly two pounds of round beefsteak to replace the loss of protein from improperly boiling a bushel of potatoes.

Grant's Like Napoleon's Tomb.
Was it a fortuitous or a designed circumstance that made Grant's tomb so appropriately face the south with its sculptured motto, "Let us have peace"? Oddly enough, Napoleon's tomb in the Hotel des Invalides also faces the southward. There is much similarity between the architecture of the New York tomb and the edifice wherein the remains of the great Corsican repose; and there is a similarity in the position toward the gazer of the casket of each warrior.

No pilgrim to Paris from a French province visits his capital without early visiting Napoleon's tomb; and none will ever come to New York from any portion of the Union without a pilgrimage to the Riverside tomb.—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Great Mountain Sheep.
The great mountain sheep of Northern Asia is one of the wildest of animals. Furnished with extraordinarily keen sense of sight and smell, and affecting the most open ground at high altitudes, it is very difficult to approach within rifle shot. The best time to get a shot is at noon on a bright day, when the animals seek a secluded spot on the hill slope to sleep away the hot hours. The wind is then blowing up from the lower grounds, and the sportsman endeavors to get above the sheep, that his presence may not be betrayed to the animal's nose. The great difficulty is to reach a spot whence a shot can be obtained without being detected by the game. Once in a good position—say within a hundred and fifty yards—the beast offers an easy mark to one accustomed to judge distances in the deceptive mountain atmosphere, as an adult ram stands fully four feet at the shoulder, and often remains listening for a few moments after being disturbed by the report of the rifle. It gazes intently downward, having learned by experience that danger from its natural foes may be expected from below.

Great Desert of Africa.
The desert area of Africa is estimated by Haverstein at over 2,250,000 square miles, all of which but a small fraction is contained in the tract of land popularly known as the Sahara, says McClure's. Except for some school children who know better, and schoolteachers who are instrumental for their doing so, the misconception of the Sahara, which is widespread, would be practically universal. The average man pictures the Sahara as a vast sea of sand, for the most part level sea level, across which the camel speeds before the poison blast of the simoon from oasis to oasis. Schemes for flooding the Sahara have come before the public occasionally, and we have read accounts of the vast inland sea which might be formed, rivaling the Mediterranean in size, giving a southern sea coast to Morocco and Algeria and admitting steamers directly to the wealthy states of the Soudan.

The Sahara, as known to the geographer, corresponds badly with this conception, for, in fact, there is no risk of the "ship of the desert" ever being supplanted by the ships of the sea. Few parts are below sea level and they are small and scattered. In the interior the desert is a plain, high above sea level, covered with vast dunes of red sand in many parts; in others it is an elevated plateau with lofty mountain ranges of bare rocks intersected by stony valleys. It is arid, save where a spring bubbles up and gives rise to a small oasis of grass and palm trees. The Sahara proper is unknown, except for a few trade routes regularly traversed by Arabs and occasionally by adventurous Europeans. They utilize the oases as resting-places, stepping-stones, as it were, and keep up communication between the wealthy Mohammedan states round Lake Chad in the south, and Tripoli, Tunis, Algier or Morocco on the Mediterranean. Between the trade routes all is a blank of sand or barren rock.

Exploration is only possible when water as well as food can be carried, and this condition has practically stopped all attempts at discovery for the present, on account of the great expense and the purely scientific nature of the possible return. A railway running from the French possessions on the Mediterranean across the desert to Timbuctoo, the scarcely known trade centre near the Niger, is talked of. Such a line may be constructed in the future, but the difficulties are enormous, much greater than those overcome by the Russians in the trans-Caspian line through the deserts of central Asia.

Worried the Landlady.
Balder Twins Made Her Think She Was in the Wrong Business.

The Balder twins have been getting into trouble again. This time it was with a new boarding-house keeper who had bought out the widow Clancy's business and didn't know there was a twin in it. The widow had always been generous to a fault—her own and everybody's else—but the new dispenser of provender had a taunt for measuring and sipping and keeping tally on every biscuit that was served. She saw Harold, the thinnest twin, eating his supper and the dimensions of his appetite fairly appalled her. She asked who he was and was told that he was a regular boarder and belonged to the Balder family, but not a word of his being a twin.

"Land sakes!" she said, "he must be hollow from his head to his heels. I can never make any money with such a cormorant as that to feed!" She saw pork and beans, fried hash, eggs on toast and bread without stint disappearing under the hungry administration of a boy's appetite, and she hurried into the china pantry and took out a small memorandum book and began figuring on profit and loss. She was at it some time and when she returned to the dining-room she expected to find it empty. What was her horror to find the boy with an appetite had just received an entirely new order which was being served. She stared for a moment like one distraught, then she tackled the boy.

"You must be hungry," she said, with withering sarcasm.

"You bet I am," said the other twin, Eugene, as he began to devour the nearest dish.

"Young man, you'll have a fit of apoplexy, and I won't be half sorry. Anybody who gorges himself with two suppers ought to die."

Eugene understood in a flash, but he only said demurely:

"Wait until I've eaten this one—maybe I won't need any more."

The new boarding-house keeper went through the apartments in a fury, looking for the Balders to inform them that their son was eating himself to death. The first one she saw was the boy himself playing checkers with his father. Her eyes grew round.

"How on earth did you get here before me?" she asked.

"Oh, that was dead easy," said Harold, who saw the usual complications, and was happy. "I came up as soon as I finished my supper."

"But you had just begun all over again," shrieked the tormented and perplexed woman, and then Father Balder came to the rescue and explained about the twins. But the awe-stricken head of the commissary department said that she should sell out, for she thought there was something uncanny about the business.—Chicago Times-Herald.

GREAT DESERT OF AFRICA.

It Occupies One-Fifth of the Entire Continent.

The desert area of Africa is estimated by Haverstein at over 2,250,000 square miles, all of which but a