

ROSE AND THORN.

When weary seem the ways of life, High aims and fruitage all at strife, Breathe soft, what wind soever blows, "There is no thorn without its rose."

When sweetest hopes forever fade, In friendships chilled and trust betrayed, Smile bravely, as life's burden grows, "There is no thorn without its rose." —Stephen P. Otis, in the Housewife.

A RECORD-BREAKING RIDE.

Belverton-on-Sea, July, 189—. "Messrs. Gearup & Co.: "Gentlemen: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of yesterday's date asking me to ride one of your Special New Hellepont Bicycles in the South-Eastern Mile Championship Race to be held in this town on Saturday next. In declining to comply with your request, I cannot refrain from expressing my astonishment at the extraordinary offer by which it is accompanied. To endeavor to tempt an amateur rider with a monetary bribe is, as I should have thought you would have been aware, a very serious matter; and it will hereafter become my duty to consider the propriety of bringing the case under the notice of the National Cyclists' Union.

"Yours faithfully, "RICHARD DINGLE." I despatched the above on Tuesday night, and before noon on the following day I received a reply-paired telegram from Messrs. Gearup & Co. as follows: "Our letter sent under misapprehension; will fully explain in a few days. Meanwhile, obliged if you will defer communicating with N. C. U. Kindly wire."

My answer to this was "Very well; will wait one week," and, when I had handed the form to the messenger, I dismissed the matter from my mind with a little laugh, and spent the next half-hour in the examination of the high-grade Gravelotte machine which had just been delivered to my order, and on which I hoped to achieve the victory in Saturday's race.

I had only recently started as a medical practitioner in the rising watering place of Belverton, and so far had not found the duties of my profession interfere to any appreciable extent with the pursuit of my favorite amusement—cycle racing.

During the particular week of which I am writing my services were required for the first time on Friday morning, by a tall, bearded man of gentlemanly appearance, who informed me that his sister, who, with himself, had just arrived for a brief seaside holiday, had been taken suddenly ill.

If I could come at once he would be extremely obliged, and would escort me to the furnished cottage they temporarily occupied. To this I assented, and we left the house together.

"You have capital outbuildings here, doctor," remarked my visitor, who had given the name of Selhurst, as he glanced at the large wooden shed which ran along the side of the house. "Yes," I said, "and they are very useful. My space indoors is rather limited."

"Cycles do take up a lot of room," he replied. "You will excuse me for mentioning it, doctor, but I am a rider myself—somewhat of an enthusiast—and am glad to meet a man of whose doings on the track I have often read with admiration."

We walked on in silence for a few moments, then Selhurst inquired, suddenly: "Have you ever studied mental disorders, Dr. Dingle?"

"Oh, yes; not specially, though." "Ah! It is in that way my sister suffers."

"Indeed?" "Yes; she has never been herself since the death of her little girl, which occurred under exceptionally painful circumstances, about a month ago. The poor child was always a weakling, and, acting under medical advice, her mother let her accompany me on my last business voyage to Australia. Alas! she died on the way home, and we buried her at sea."

"Your sister is a widow, I presume, Mr. Selhurst?" "Yes; her husband has been dead two years. She is a Mrs. Gray."

"What form does her derangement take?" "A most curious one—she fancies that her child is still alive."

"I am afraid the case is serious. Has she been under treatment before?"

"No; I was always hoping she would get better, and, indeed, she seemed so before we left London. She has acted as my housekeeper since her husband died, you know; but this morning she is very wild—I fear the excitement of yesterday's journey down here must have upset her. Ah, here we are; you shall judge her condition for yourself."

We entered a two-story house on the outskirts of the town, and, leaving me in a small sitting-room on the ground floor, Selhurst went upstairs. I heard him unlocking a door rather noisily; then he descended and asked me to follow him.

He conducted me to a room immediately above that in which I had been seated, and murmuring, "She seems to have been asleep," left me to contemplate one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen.

She was lying on a couch near the window, fully dressed in deep mourning. The morning sunshine played on her rich, auburn hair, and accentuated the extreme pallor of her exquisitely chiselled features.

The next moment she opened her eyes; then, before I could utter a word, she sprang up, and running to the door, opened it, and having surveyed the landing, came back to where I stood and said at once:

"You are a doctor, I believe? I am not ill, but I want your help. That is

why I let him—Mr. Selhurst—summon you."

"What can I do for you?" I asked, soothingly.

"I like your look—I am going to trust you. But first, you can tell me this: Has he informed you of the death of my darling little girl?"

I nodded assent. "It is a lie," she cried fiercely. "My child is alive. She is always calling to me, but he won't let me go to her. He—he has tried to drive me into madness. Listen, my dear one: at this moment, here, in another room, at this moment, I heard her cry a few minutes since."

"Why, then, did you not—?" "I could do nothing; I was locked in."

"But if he wishes you to think your child dead, why does he bring her here?"

"Why? It is part of his plan. It is what for some weeks he has done in London. He wants me to hear her voice, to chafe at my inability to reach her, to rage impotently when he repeats the fiction of her death. I am naturally nervous, and perhaps, hysterical; if you do not help me, I shall not be able to bear the strain much longer. Selhurst will succeed in effecting his object."

"But why should he desire to do this thing?"

"I'll tell you in a word—for money! In the event of my insanity he would become my child's guardian, and would thus have the handling of our property, a sum of about £4,000."

"You are making terrible charges," I said, slowly; "terrible! If Mr. Selhurst—"

She interrupted me. "Mr. Selhurst—I can never again bear to speak of him as my brother—is thoroughly unscrupulous," she said. "He sticks at nothing. Even in sporting matters he has acted dishonorably. Three years ago, at a great bicycling handicap in the Midlands, he was warned off the track for giving a false name and false particulars in his entry form. He won the race, but some one found out the fraud. Since then—but why do you start?"

The movement had been involuntary. I recollected now that I had seen the man before, and how chance had enabled me to unmask him. I did not reply to Mrs. Gray's question, but asked instead:

"Well, how can I help you?"

"In this way. I believe that this evening I shall be able to make my escape—that is, if you will help me. Do you know a village called Nepton?"

"Yes, but it is six miles from here, and a long distance from a railway station."

"Never mind; I must get there; I will tell you why. My dear husband's father is the rector of the place; he is the only friend I have in the world now, and I want to tell him how I am situated, for I know he will help me."

"Yes, but—"

"You ride a cycle, don't you? Everyone does nowadays. I ride myself, though I haven't a machine. But Mr. Selhurst has one, and he has brought it here. If you will only come with me, I can go on that. I—I can wear his clothes. Do come with me, Dr. Dingle," she added in a pleading voice.

What was I to say, to do? Was she mad, or had she spoken truth? Distrust of Selhurst almost led me to believe her.

"At what time would you start?" I asked, at last.

"You will come, then? Thank you—thank you!"

"I cannot promise."

"Oh, you will come! Be here at nine—outside the house. You must go now, or my father will grow suspicious. Good-bye." She pressed my hand gratefully.

I went downstairs and confronted Selhurst.

"Well?" he said.

"Well," I answered, "the case is a difficult one. I must think it over. You shall hear from me later on."

"No immediate development is likely?"

"Oh, no."

I was about to step into the street when a piercing cry in a child's voice rang through the house. An evil look mounted to Selhurst's brow, but he said nothing. I went out. That cry decided me. Mrs. Gray was a victim of this villain's wicked plans. She should have my help.

Accordingly, at 8.45 that evening I went round to the outhouse which had excited Selhurst's comment and got out my old roadster. As I did so, I glanced at the new and glittering mount I was to bestride in to-morrow's race, and suppressed the thought that to-night's adventure was scarcely the best possible preparation for that encounter. Then I locked the door, put the key in my pocket and started for the rendezvous.

Mrs. Gray, dressed in knickerbockers and short jacket, awaited me, and rewarded my punctuality with a smile and a slight blush.

"I hate riding in these things," she said apologetically; "but you see, doctor, I have no option. Let us get away at once," she added.

machine, and was riding away at top-most speed.

I stood transfixed. I neither called to her to stop nor made any effort to go after her. Mechanically, I turned again to look for the puncture, and found that it consisted of a slit about a foot long. It had evidently been deliberately made with a knife. I had been tricked, fooled, duped!

But was the woman who had thus treated me mad or sane? That was the question I asked myself when I had grown somewhat calmer. In the former case my predicament would indeed be terrible; in the latter, I must have been victimized for some reason I was altogether unable to guess.

In this uncertainty I trudged beside the disabled bicycle wearily back to Belverton, and made my way to Selhurst's cottage. It was in complete darkness, and, though I knocked several times, I obtained no answer. At last, however, a lady from the next house came forward, and told me that the gentleman I was in search of had been unexpectedly summoned to town, and should not be back. I thanked my informant and proceeded homeward. Should I now unravel the mystery, I wondered? Reaching my house, I went first of all to the outhouse to deposit the bicycle. Then I gave a cry. The lock on the door had been forced; evidently I had been decoyed for purposes of theft. My racer, my splendid Gravelotte, had been stolen! Just where I had left it!

My housekeeper was unable to throw any light upon the circumstances of the forced lock, and I was eventually obliged to retire to rest more mystified than ever. Physically worn out, both physically and mentally, I fell at once into a deep, dreamless slumber, from which I did not awaken until after 8 o'clock next morning. I immediately determined not to perplex myself about the previous evening's adventure until the great race had been won or lost. This, I suppose, was a wise decision, for when the afternoon arrived, I felt fresh and fit, and not only came off victor, but actually succeeded in breaking the amateur record for the distance.

My performance caused tremendous enthusiasm, and on my way to the dressing-room at the conclusion of the race I had to receive the congratulations of quite a throng of friends. It was at this moment that a man in the crowd seized the head of my machine, from which, of course, I had dismounted, and, striking it with a heavy stick, promptly disappeared. The effect of the blow was to remove the name-plate containing the words "Gravelotte No. 1," and I stooped to pick it up from the ground. Then, to my astonishment, I saw that it had only been loosely fastened on, and that let into the enamel on the very spot on which it had hung was the inscription, "Special New Hellepont." Had I, after all—?

Yes, the two makes were almost precisely alike, but now I noticed several small points of difference between the one I had just ridden and the one I had examined the other day. The former, with its false name-plate, had evidently been substituted for the latter during my absence last night—and, I felt sure of it, by none other than the oppressor of the charming widow in whose company I had started for that brief but eventful ride to Nepton.

My surmise was correct. On reaching home I was handed a note which had been delivered by hand during the afternoon. It ran as follows:

"So, in spite of everything, Dr. Dingle has done excellent service on behalf of the machine he spurned, better than might reasonably have been expected. His double feat shall be duly chronicled in large type in every important newspaper in the country when, on Tuesday next, the prospectus of the 'Special New Hellepont Company, Limited,' is published for the benefit of the financial world. Would Dr. Dingle like some preference shares? He treated Messrs. Gearup & Co.'s head partner, the future managing director of the new company, very badly a few years since, and would like to have done so again. James Selhurst, however, forgives him in both these matters, and for the attempt he made last night to run away with his, J. S.'s, wife. But if this attempt were generally known it would hardly enhance Dr. Dingle's professional prospects, would it? Let Dr. D. think over this, and probably he will hesitate before making the communication he contemplated to the National Cyclists' Union. Otherwise—"

That was all; the document was typewritten and bore no signature. There could be no doubt, however, as to the identity of the sender. Selhurst's audacity simply staggered me, but not more so than the wonderful acting of his wife. Of course, I could say nothing about the affair; the ingenious couple were in a position to sweep away my character effectively, and who would believe the extraordinary story I should have to tell in my defence?—London Tit-Bits.

High Latitude Not Beneficial.

More people over 100 years old are found in mild climates than in the higher latitudes. According to the last census of the German empire, of a population of 55,000,000, only 78 have passed the 100th year. France, with a population of 40,000,000, has 213 centenarians. In England there are 146, Ireland 578, and in Scotland 46. Sweden has 10 and Norway 23, Belgium 5, Denmark 2, Switzerland none. Spain, with a population of 18,000,000, has 401 people over 100 years of age. Of the 2,250,000 inhabitants of Serbia 575 people have passed the century mark. It is said that the oldest person living whose age has been proved is Bruno Cotrim, born in Africa and now living in Rio Janeiro. He is 150 years old. A coachman in Moscow has lived 140 years.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

SQUIRREL TOWN.

Where the oak-trees tall and stately Stretch great branches to the sky, Where the green leaves toss and flutter, As the summer days go by, Dwell a crowd of little people Ever racing, up and down— Bright eyes glancing, gray tails whisking— This is known as Squirrel Town.

Bless me, what a rush and bustle, As the happy hours speed by! Chitter, chatter—chatter, chitter, Underneath the azure sky, Laughs the brook to hear the clamor; Chirps the sparrow gay and brown; "Welcome! Welcome, everybody!— Jolly place, this Squirrel Town."

Honey-bees the fields are roaming; Daisies nod, and lilies blow; Soon Jack Frost,—the sancy fellow,— Hurrying, will come, I know, Crimson leaves will light the woodland

And the nuts come pattering down; Winter store they all must gather— Busy place then, Squirrel Town.

Blowing, blustering, sweeps the north wind— See! The snow is flying fast, Hushed the brook, and hushed the sparrow.

For the summer-time is past, Yet these merry little fellows Do not fear old Winter's frown; Sung in hollow trees they're hiding— Quiet place is Squirrel Town.

—Alix Thorn.

FARMING FOR FROGS.

You have all heard of corn and pumpkin farms, but who ever heard of a frog farm? Yet just such a novelty exists in the Trout river basin of Ontario, Canada. It has been in operation for many years and has a large annual output of frog legs and live frogs. In the summer time it is probably the greatest place for hops in the world, and as for orchestras and vocal music few places can equal it. The farm is mostly a stretch of shallow water and swamps and the frogs are allowed to hop at large and breed until they are three or four years old. Then the "farmers" go out at night with torches and the frogs are caught in nets and placed in pens. When they are wanted the water is drained off and the frogs are sent away to market. The farm is stocked mostly with big bullfrogs, which provide the largest and best legs. In 1895 and 1896 the "farm" produced the immense amount of 5,000 pounds of dressed frog legs, besides 7,000 live frogs for various purposes.

AS BIRDS VIEW KITES.

Some most interesting stories are told about what real birds think of those usurpers of their kingdom, kites. While one scientist was flying a train of five kites a couple of years ago, a large silver-tipped eagle came suddenly out of the higher air and swooped round and round the first kite, looking against the sunset sky like a huge silver ball. As the train of kites was pulled in, the eagle followed, visiting first one kite and then another, seeming uncertain just what to do. In a few minutes, when he seemed to have just decided that they were not good to eat, and he knew nothing about them anyhow, he indignantly flew off and was lost to view.

Another experience was had with a stork that came from the New Jersey side of the Hudson and flew straight for the queer object in the air. He apparently had made up his mind to go right through it, but changed and dived underneath. He went around and above it, and through a glass it could be seen that he cocked his eye at it in a most comical manner. He started away for a few hundred feet, changed his mind and came swooping back. He finally reluctantly flew away, mystified over this queer addition to the inhabitants of the air.

AN OWL THAT PLAYS FORSSUM.

Just why this special owl should be called the morepork owl is unexplained. It lives in Australia and is remarkable from the fact that it is clever in a way not common among its cousins.

Mr. Saville-Kent, a naturalist who has just written an interesting book on Australia, pays special attention to the morepork, which was called to his notice one day as he saw drive by a van filled with screeching, tumultuous parrots, cockatoos and butcher birds. A pair of moreporks, mere fluff-balls, with gleaming golden eyes, were among this rabble, and Mr. Saville-Kent at once bought them and transferred them to his domestic circle. The owls turned out to be such marvelous "quick-change" artists that the amusement they afforded the family, which owned a camera, was boundless. The peculiar specialty of the morepork is that it can stiffen itself so that even close at hand it is impossible to distinguish it from the dead branch of a tree. Again, it assumes a dignified cast of countenance which is ludicrous, or is sentimental, sad or even gay, as it chooses.

The morepork has been grossly slandered and called the Australian gold-sucker, but its friend, Mr. Saville-Kent, has at last freed it from this stigma, and explains in this latest work that it only keeps the gold-sucker company—another instance of the evil results of choosing disreputable associates.

ANIMALS WITHOUT FEAR.

In contrast with the animals that show great fear of man and that distrust all unfamiliar sights and sounds we find others that seem not to know what it is to be afraid. You have probably noticed that some animals will make friends fearlessly the mo-

ment they meet you, just as some children are never shy, because they take it for granted that every one is their friend. There is a difference, however, between fearlessness and courage. Let us give you an example of what we mean.

If in walking across a field you flush a partridge and she pretends to be lame, fluttering at your feet, doing all she can to attract your attention, it is not because she feels no fear. On the contrary, she is in an agony of terror. Her nest is close by, her children cannot save themselves, and she is offering you her life for theirs. That is not fearlessness; it is courage, and the courage of the highest kind. The brave mother bird that is ready to die for her little ones fears more for them than you can understand.

True fearlessness, on the other hand, is perfectly ignorant, and touches our hearts in a different way. A naturalist whom we know tells a pretty story of meeting a little mouse one day in the middle of a mountain lake. The tiny creature was swimming vigorously for the shore, but when the man in the boat stretched out a friendly ear to meet him the little mouse ran up it at once and into the stranger's hand, where "he sat for some time and arranged his fur and warmed himself. He did not," the naturalist tells us, "show the slightest fear." It was probably the first time he had shaken hands with a human being and he liked it. "He was what we call a meadow mouse, but he had doubtless lived all his life in the woods, and was strangely unsophisticated. How his little round eyes did shine, and how he sniffed me to find out if I were more dangerous than I appeared to his sight."

HOW A DEAF AND BLIND BOY WAS TAUGHT.

William T. Ellis writes a paper for the St. Nicholas, on "Helen Keller and Tommy Stringer," telling how the well-known blind girl secured means for the education of a little boy similarly afflicted. By personal appeals to the public Helen raised a sufficient sum to send little Tommy Stringer to the Kindergarten for the Blind at Jamaica Plain, Mass. Mr. Ellis says of his education at this institution:

"Helen, on April 10, 1891, came 'Baby Tom,' as Helen called this five-year-old child. It was a pitiful spectacle that greeted his Boston friends when the boy was brought to the kindergarten. His life had been spent mostly in bed (it was the easiest place to care for him), and he could not walk at all, nor even stand with confidence. Of signs for indicating his wants he had none. He was as a little beast, tearing and destroying his own clothes and all else destructible that was within his reach. His temper and stubbornness were fearful.

To the appalling task of giving the first rays of light to this child, Helen and her teacher set themselves until a permanent instructor could be secured. With almost inconceivable patience and love, kind friends began the education of this untutored mind. The lessons of discipline, regular habits, and obedience had to precede and accompany the teaching of manual speech.

How could this child, who had not the remotest conception of any sort of language, be taught to talk? The method, simply stated, was this: Every time that "b-r-e-a-d" were formed in the manual alphabet on the boy's own fingers, and also in his hand, by the fingers of his teacher. Again and again this was repeated, thousands of times. It was slow work. The mind had lain too long without knowledge to receive easily the idea of speech. Even after the teachers were sure that Tom understood the definite connection between the word "bread" and those finger-motions, he refused to use his knowledge, because of his strange perversity. At last, after nine months of teaching and waiting, the little fingers voluntarily spelled "b-r-e-a-d," and the beginning had been made.

Other words soon followed, and ere long the mystery of speech was comprehended. Tom took his place in the kindergarten classes and learned all that was taught the other boys. Reading, writing, arithmetic, elocution, gymnastics, and other studies were undertaken; and to-day, in almost all respects save such as are entirely dependent upon eye and ear, he is as well educated as the average boy of his years.

Helen remained only a short time at the kindergarten, assisting in the teaching of her charge. Before very long she removed to another city, and while her interest in him continued unabated, she was unable to be with him or to meet him.

The Queen's Jaegers. Besides her Scotch, English and Indian male servants, the Queen has a couple of German attendants who go by the name of Jaeger, and who attend her Majesty wherever she goes. When in full dress they are garbed in the most magnificent plumed hats, green coats with gold embroideries, and a short sword, or rather hunting knife, the hilt of which is gold-mounted buckhorn.

These German Jaegers were introduced by the Prince Consort, for in Germany, not only every royal page, but, moreover, every good nobleman or ambassador has his special body Jaeger. The Prince of Wales' Jaeger, for instance, invariably attends his royal master at all the dinners at which the Prince may be present.

He stands behind the Prince's chair, arrayed in a scarlet coat, and the dishes with which the Prince is to be served are invariably handed to the Jaeger to place before His Royal Highness. None of the ordinary servants of the establishment are permitted to serve the Prince himself.

A MUNICIPAL ARMY.

GREATER NEW YORK'S VAST ARMY OF EMPLOYEES.

They Number 25,000, and Nearly Equal the Standing Army of the United States How They Are Divided, Many Under Civil Service Ruling.

In spending the \$400,000,000 of Greater New York's money an army of men and women—chiefly men—will be employed. It will be nearly as large as the standing army of the United States. It will have in its ranks a greater number of persons than there are in the majority of the cities of the country.

This great municipal army will contain not far from 25,000 persons. The most of them will draw salaries ranging from \$1,000 to \$4,000, while many of the salaries will be as high as \$75-90 and \$8,000. A few will go over the \$10,000 mark. The great rank and file will receive from \$1,500 to \$4,000 a year—a pretty comfortable stipend.

The persons employed by the city, if sequestered into a community by themselves, would make a respectable city, as far as size is concerned. Such a city would be as large as Poughkeepsie, and it would take as many fine homes to house them as are found in Newport, for the combined salaries of the 25,000 amount to more than is annually spent in America's most fashionable watering place.

Of the 25,000 about 8,000 are policemen, and as many more are employed in the various schools of the greater city. The employees of the Street-Cleaning Department of New York come next in number. There are more than 5,000 of them. Next in order are the employees of the Department of Public Works in New York and of the Department of City Works in Brooklyn. These number between 2,000 and 3,000. Under the new charter the work and the employees of these two departments will be divided among three or four departments, and at the head of each will be a full-fledged commissioner, who will receive a salary of \$7,500 a year.

Many of the places are so fortified by the rules and regulations of the Civil Service Board that the occupants could not be disturbed by the ordinary changes incident to a change of administration. This fact has stared the present reform administration in the face during all of the three years that it has been in power.

In Brooklyn the Civil Service Board has a much tighter grip on offices than that of New York. In fact, there are less than fifty sorts of positions in Brooklyn that are exempt from competitive examination.

Under the new charter practically all of the positions of the new city will be subject to the supervision of the Civil Service Board. Appointments by the Mayor will be exempt. An effort will be made by the Civil Service Board, however—if it is made up as it is at present—to include in their regulations all of the new positions below the rank of deputy commissioners.—New York Press.

Navajo Indian Weaving.

"In the art of weaving the Navajos excel all other Indians in the limits of the United States," said R. Johns of Santa Fe. "In fineness of finish, artistic design and variety of pattern the Navajo blanket is ahead of any of the handwork of the other tribes. They are clever enough to weave blankets with the different designs on the opposite sides, but of late years their work has deteriorated somewhat because of the substitution of inferior aniline dyes bought from traders for permanent native dyes formerly used, and also on account of the yarn got from the same source, instead of that laboriously twilled by the hands of the Indians. They are great at weaving belts, sashes, garters, and saddle-girths. The Navajo woman finds her greatest diversion in this occupation, and the acquisition of money is by no means the chief motive that actuates her in producing a blanket that is really a work of art, for after wearing it a little while, till the charm of newness is gone, she will sell it at a price that doesn't at all compensate for her time and labor. The wealthiest of the tribe will weave just as assiduously as their poorest neighbors, which goes to prove that they regard it as more in the light of pastime than toil."—New York Tribune.

Largest Steam Power Plant.

The largest steam-power plant in the world, it is stated, will be erected by the Metropolitan Traction Company at Ninety-sixth street and First avenue, New York City. The five north and south and the two cross-town street railways operated by the company are to be run by electric current furnished from this one central station, which is expected to have a total capacity of 70,000 horse-power. The location has been selected on account of its being on the water front, thus avoiding cartage of coal and ashes.

Maddened by a Bear's Bite.

Not long ago a man in Cincinnati killed his wife and himself. He had been a bear keeper at the Zoo. The afternoon before the tragedy occurred he had been bitten in the hand by one of his charges. It is believed by both the neighbors and the physicians that the bear bite produced insanity, which resulted in the murder and suicide.

A Swedish Woman Professor.

The appointment of Elsa Eschelsohn to the professorship of civil law at the University of Upsala recalls the fact that she is the second woman professor of university rank in Sweden. The late Conya Kovalevsky was appointed professor of mathematics in the University of Stockholm in 1881.