

MORNING AND NIGHT.

A little space of pleasure—
A little space of pain,
And then the solemn darkness,
And then—the light again!

The Miser's Secret.

Old Miser Furgis was dying. In a large, bare, desolate room he lay, staring wildly at the dull walls and dingy ceiling. No one entered his room unless requested, save his wife, who clung faithfully to his side. His children—for whom he had never exhibited any great show of affection, and whom he seemed to look upon as so much property to be made the most of—stole cautiously to the room occasionally and peered in.

"What is it for?" asked Harold, taking the rod in his hand and examining it closely.
"Name your lowest figure for the entire lot," said Harold impatiently, "and promise not to sell any more in this county, and I'll buy them."
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along the hall to the old rotting stoop. Here they sat down in the crimson glow of sunrise and Harold opened the paper an read:
"DEAR WIFE—In trying to atone for one sin I have been guilty of another—perhaps a greater. But when you know all, I am sure you will forgive me. I will be brief. When a child I was left an orphan. A wealthy and childless couple adopted me. I was reared in luxury, and when I was old enough I was sent off to college. While there made the acquaintance of some dissipated young men, and soon learned to drink and gamble. It was not long until I was deeply involved in debt—debts of honor, as they were called. I was ashamed to ask my foster-father for the large sums I needed, but being threatened with exposure I promised to satisfy my creditors on my return from my vacation, if they would wait."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.
At last Mr. Henry M. Stanley has emerged from the matrimonial obscurity into which he plunged some five years ago.
A farmer in Madison County, Indiana, announces that he has discovered a new corn. Well, he'd better look after it a little before it becomes too troublesome.
There are now twenty-seven societies in the United States membership in which depends on descent from ancestors who distinguished themselves by coming over to America at an early date, or by being participants in American wars prior to 1861.

mentioned. In England and in this country it often happens that the "fullness of beauty" in women "does not reach its zenith under the limit of thirty-five or forty." The age limit is very elastic, depending on many things that help to make or mar the beauty which is woman's most coveted possession.
In the Atlantic Monthly the celebrated African explorer announces his return to the literary workshop by discussing at some length the progress of civilization on the dark continent. "Twenty-five years ago," says Mr. Stanley, "the whole of central Africa was nothing more than a continental slave park. To-day it is largely the abode of intelligence and civilization. In 1884 began the partition of Africa among the various European powers, with the result that the French Congo now has a population of 9,000,000; German East Africa, 7,000,000, and British Africa, 10,000,000. In addition to the evidences of progress which these figures represent the tide of civilization has poured into Africa from all parts of the globe. According to Mr. Stanley the area of central Africa is equal to that of the United States, including Alaska, with half of Mexico added. Its population at the present time numbers 48,000,000, of which 3,000,000,000 are whites. On account of the vast fertility of central Africa the future of this favored region is bright with promise."

HENRY GEORGE IS DEAD.
Candidate for Mayor of Greater New York Expires Suddenly.
DIED OF APOPLEXY WHILE ASLEEP.
The Philosopher and Statesman Succumbed to the Strain Incident to His Exciting Campaign—His End Was Peaceful and He Passed Away With a Smile on His Lips—Sketch of His Varied Career.
NEW YORK CITY (Special).—Henry George, one of the four leading candidates for Mayor of Greater New York, died on Friday morning at 5 o'clock in the Union Square Hotel. Death was due to apoplexy. Mr. George retired late Thursday night after addressing several large meetings. Mrs. George was with him.
About 3 o'clock Friday morning Mrs. George was awakened by the convulsive movements of her husband. He was moaning faintly.
Jumping up, she found him in a dying condition. She immediately rang the bell, and Night Clerk Warner responded. He sent for a doctor to West Fifty-ninth street. It was over twenty minutes before the doctor arrived.
Henry George, Jr., who occupied a room on the second floor, was hastily called, and he hurried to the bedside of his dying father. He, Mrs. George and the doctor did all they could to save Mr. George, but despite their efforts he passed away at 5 o'clock.



HENRY GEORGE.

He was found dead with a smile on his face. Henry George was not an old man in the matter of years, but was never a vigorous man; he was an extremely sensitive man in his mental and physical structure, and those who knew him best feared for the results of an exciting canvass, such as that which was then in its last hours was sure to be.

Sketch of His Career. Henry George was not more than five feet five inches in height. The head on that small body was so big and the hands and limbs were so slight that one's first impression is that he was delicate. But the man was hard and well reasoned physically. Take another look at the girth of his chest and you would not think of him as a weakling. When he ran for Mayor of New York City eleven years ago on the labor ticket he was a trifle stout. He weighed about 145 pounds.

Henry George's history is that of a typical American. He was born in Philadelphia about fifty-five years ago. His father was born in England, but was brought to this country as a child and lived to fight for the United States in the war of 1812. His mother's father was John Vallance, born in Glasgow, who was a noted engraver in Revolutionary times. Henry George was a clerk in a mercantile house for a short time after he left school. When he was sixteen years old he shipped on a schooner for San Francisco. The captain laughed at the girth of his chest and red-headed youngster when he said that he could hand, reef and steer; but when the vessel reached San Francisco young George was paid in full as an able seaman. He tried prospecting for gold, and went as far as British Columbia in his search for the precious metal, but without success. He was back in San Francisco in 1858 trying to get work, but was unable to find any employment he liked.

He was on the point of looking for a ship when he obtained employment as a printer. After a few years he got a chance to do occasional reporting. About this time he married Miss Ann C. Fox. Mr. George, with two partners, founded the San Francisco Post in 1871, and became the editor of it. He retired from the paper in 1875. Then he began work on his first book, "Progress and Poverty," which was not published until 1879. There are many stories about the difficulty he experienced in finding a publisher for the book. It is said that he set up the book in type with his own hands and managed to secure a publisher only after he had put into circulation a number of copies of his own printing. This book has been translated into almost every civilized language, and has had a tremendous sale. It was followed by other books on economic and social questions. As a social reformer Mr. George attained a world wide fame.

In 1886 Mr. George ran for Mayor of New York as the labor candidate, and polled 68,000 votes, coming in second in the race. Last year he was an ardent supporter of William J. Bryan. He was nominated for Mayor of Greater New York by the Democratic Alliance and other associations of Democratic and free silver clubs. He was making a vigorous campaign when suddenly stricken down.

Animals that Do Not Grow Thirst. How long would you be contented without a drop of water to drink? There are many different kinds of animals in the world that never in all their lives sip so much as a drop of water. Among these are the llamas of Patagonia and the gazelles of the far east. A parrot lived for fifty-two years in the "Zoo" at London, England, without drinking a drop of water, and many naturalists believe the only moisture imbibed by wild rabbits is derived from green herbage, laden with dew. Many reptiles—snakes, lizards and certain batrachians—live and thrive in places entirely devoid of water, and sloths are also said never to drink. An arid district in Nevada has produced a race of non-drinking cows and sheep, and from the milk of the former Roquefort cheese is made. There is a species of mouse which has established itself on the waterless plains of western America, and which flourishes, notwithstanding the absence of moisture.