MORNING AND NIGHT.

ining it closely.

gold and silver.'

again buoyant.

gloom of the old house.

old.

to retain his curiosity.

county, and I'll buy them."

bowed head around the plantation.

father's old friends. The presence

of any person in the house seemed al-

most an apparition. The visit was

prompted by a kindly feeling of in-

terest, and their visitor protested

mildly but earnestly against their

folly, refill the houses with tenants and

Not many days after the visit just

recorded Harold, while prospecting on

indications of a mineral deposit. All

time. Yes, he was sure, the rod dipped

to the earth. He marked the place and

crept stealthily away. Seeking his sis-

ter he told her that the treasure was

found. At nightfall they would go

stole warily out through the darkness.

casting furtive glances about them to

make sure they were not watched. At

last they stood above the preciuos spot.

Harold pushed aside the dead leaves

and grass, and began to dig away the

mellow earth. Deeper and wider grew

Armed with pick and shovel, they

forth and bring it home.

listened respectfully, thanked his visi-

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

A little song and story In sunlight and in rain; A little gleam of glory And then-the dark again!

And so it goes: The darkness, And then the gleam of light; And so, life is good morning, With sad thoughts of good night! -Atlanta Constitution.

# 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 exhib-Yed any great show of affection, and pushed their way through the tangled whom he seemed to look upon as so much property to be made the most of ground at their feet. Spectre-like they -stole cautiously to the room occa- traversed the summit of the mound sionally and peered in.

Miser Furgis, as he was known throughout the country, had lived in the old rambling house, in which he sad sight to see the twain at nightfall. was dying, for thirty years. During the time he had cultivated the fertile acres that lay about it. He had work--ed like a slave and forced his children to work, lived like the poorest laborer. that he might hoard his hard-earned gold. Now he was dying, and he alone knew where it was buried.

One morning, after having lain unconscious for days, he opened his eyes and turned them searchingly about the room until they rested on his wife. As they lingered finally on her there was a tender light in them that told of love.

"Lucy," he began in a faint, hollow again cultivate their farms. Herold voice. "I feel that I can't live much longer. I am dying, and before I go tor for the show of good will, but as-I want to tell you a secret-ask you serted positively his intention of keepyou and the children to forgive me ing up the search. for the cold, hard life I have caused you to live. You will forgive mewhen you know all. Call the children the top of a hill, was sure his rod gave -I-am going fast."

The family gathered hurriedly about a-tremble he tried the spot a second the bed. The miser asked to be lifted to a sitting position, and continued:

"Children, when you know the secret that I am about to disclose you will forgive my seeming unnatural-" he stopped and writhed in agony as some great pain took hold of him. Trembling violently, he sank back among the pillows. Then with a mighty effort he gasped: "You'll find it all-on-on-"

After another spell he tried again to speak.

"Don't-sell-the-farm." His features relaxed; there was

"What is it for?" asked Harold, along the hall to the old rotting stoop. Here they sat down in the crimsora taking the rod in his hand and examglow of sunrise and Harold opened 'To find minerals; hidden treasurothe paper an read:

"DEAR WIFE-In trying to atone "How is it used?" he asked, striving for one sin I have been guilty of another-perhaps a greater. But when The peddler carefully explained the you know all, I am sare you will formanner of operating it, and again em- give me. I will be brief. When a phasized its occult power of divination. child I was left an orphan. A wealthy "Have you sold many?" asked Har- and childless couple adopted me. I was reared in luxury, and when I was

"Not near here," returned the traold enough I was sent off to college. der: "have just reached this section." While there made the acquaintance of "Name your lowest figure for the ensome dissipated young men, and soon tire lot," said Harold impatiently, "and learned to drink and gamble. It was promise not to sell any more in this not long until I was deeply involved in debt-debts of honor, as they were A bargain was struck. The ped- called. I was ashamed to ask my fosdler walked off, laughing in his sleeve ter-father for the large sums I needed but being threatened with exposure I over the fine sale, and Harold hurried with his purchase to his sister. Their promised to satisfy my creditors on my flagging hopes and energies became return from my vacation, if they would wait

"Banks were not as common then as At all hours they could be seen, rods now, and I had learned that my father in hand, walking with careful step and kept his money in an iron box in the | er to furnish the money. It was a strange, weird picture to see study. His keys he always carried with him. The night before I was to the lithe, slender woman and the tall, return to school I stole to his room gaunt form of her brother as they and secured them. I had intended to take only a sufficient sum to pay my bracken, their eyes rivited on the debts, but when the chest with its treasure lay open before my eyes a wicked impulse overmatched me, and and hill, stalking through field and I decided that it all should be mine. pasture, and crept in the silence and I packed the money in my portmanshadows of the woodland. It was a teau, locked the box, fas'ened the study door, returned the Leys to my exhausted with their ceaseless tramp, father's pocket, and, returning to my sit down sullen, dejected and disaproom, waited impatiently the coming pointed to their niggerly meal in the of day. It chanced the following morning, it being a busy season, that a ser-Intercourse with their neighbors had vant could not be spared to drive me almost ceased, and they were startled one evening when they found themover to the railroad. I was to go over alone and the team sent for later. selves face to face with one of their

"There was a swollen stream on my route, and as I drove in sight a scheme occurred to me that I had not thought of. I stopped the buggy at the water's edge, and, lifting my grips to the roadside, cast the reins over the dashboard, course. He urged them to stop their and then gave the horse a cutting lash. muddy water. I watched them until they reached the further shore, and then concealed myself in the woods. | charged wich pigment. They would think me drowned and mourn me as dead.

"That night I walked to a distant station and took a train for the West. After years of wandering, ever stung with remorse, I came to this place and opened my farm. I resolved to make what restitution was possible, the larger part of my ill-gotten wealth by this time having been souandered. So scant was the living that I took from my farm I soon became known as Miser Furgis. I was glad, for it made me more secure in my purpose and my concealment. I sent the proceeds of each year's crop to the widow of my foster-father, for he had died soon after my flight. I have, at last, returned every dollar of the stolen money, and the farm, free from incumthe evcavation; fainter and fainter brance, is yours. This is my story. I NOTES AND COMMENTS.

At last Mr. Henry M. Stanley has emerged from the matrimonial cbscur- reach its zenith under the limit of ity 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.

Lake City, Florida, has set out to In 1884 began the partition of Africa among the various European powers. make the dancer pay the fiddler in a with the result that the French Congo novel way. The town has appointed now has a population of 9,000,000; Gera single night watchman and decreed that he shall be paid at the rate of man East Africa, 7,000,000, and British Africa, 10,000,000. In addition to \$2.50 for each arrest made, the prison-

"Until recently," remarks the Boston Transcript, "we believed that oxygen rendered the protoplasm of the organ phosphorescent with disengagement of the phosphoretted hydrogen." It is indeed a sweetly solemn thought, brother, that at last you have been set right upon that all-important matter

The gold production of 1897 is likely the future of this favored region is to exceed that of 1896, which was the bright with promise. largest in the history of the world. Advices from Eucador show that mines being developed there are reported richer and more extensive than those of South America, where such enorbeen produced.

eyes of seamen who have to work wrong. about the light, and dark blue spectacies are supplied to them for protecbeing that the former are more heavily

A Philadelphia policeman the other day arrested a little boy in knee breeches, to the great indignation of some bystanders, who went to the station house to make a complaint against the policeman. At the station they learned that the little boy was "Dublin Joe," a notorious pickpocket, forty years old, and that his pockets were filled with other people's money. No complaint was entered.

logical seminary recently persuaded a said reproachfully, "I would think of fellow-student to listen to him while It." he rehearsed a sermon. His subject was "Light." With a violent gesture lessly. with the right arm he said,"Blot out

movement of the left arm he roared, "Perhaps, she suggested tantalizing-"Blot out the moon!" Then, with a ly, "you wouldn't mind telling me just combined gesture made up of both what course your thoughts would take

"No," she replied

# HENRY GEORGE IS DEAD.

Candidate for Mayor of Greater New York Expires Suddenly.

DIED OF APOPLEXY WHILE ASLEEP.

The Philosopher and Statesman Succumbs to the Strain Incident to His Exciting Campaign-His End Was Peacetul 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 apopiexy. 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 mosning 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 bastily 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.



He was found dead with a smile on his

Henry George was not an old man in the matter of years, but was nevera 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 imbs was so slight that one's first impla sion is that he was delicate. But the man was hard and well seasoned physically Take another look at the girth of his chest and you would not think of him as a weak-When he ran for Mayor of New York ling. City eleven years ago on the labor ticket he was a triffe 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 pale, slender, 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 yment 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 oc-casional reporting, About this time he married Miss Annie 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 experi finding a publisher for the enced in book. It is said that he set up the book in type with his own hands and managed to secure a publisher only after had put into circulation a number 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. Aza 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 Demo ratic Alliance and other associations of Democratic and free silver clubs. He wa naking a vigorous campaign when suddenly stricken down.

he should be in doubt, but, of course, mous quantities of gold have recently that has nothing to do with the case. Up to a certain point in the courtship In the French navy it has been found it is the privilege of every lover to be that the electric search-light employed in doubt, and if he were not he would on men-of-war injuriously affects the be tempted to believe something was On this particular evening he made up his mind that he would reach the They plunged with a bound into the tion. Brown eyes are less affe ted than point where doubt ends or know the Thus it happened that he got a little closer to her than usual, when he found that they were sitting side by

gray or blue ones, the reason suggested reason why.

side on the sofa. "Did you ever think about mar-

riage?" he asked. he knew that it was a lie, and she knew that he knew it. Consequently she wished that she hadn't answered so hastily; but that is so customary to a woman that it should attract no

attention. A young student in a certain theo-

"Yes, I would," he answered agresthe sun." With a similarly frantic sively.

tremor, and the miser was dead. The miser was scarcely beneath the

sod before his children began the search for his hoarded gold. Now that he was gone, and had sought in his last hour to make reparation, they thought of him kindly. They forgot his asperities as they thought of the treasure he had left them. Now it was all theirs. It never occurred to them that the prize might elude their most careful and persistent search.

So confident were they of success, and so pleasant was the contemplation of their fortune, that Albert, the youngest, sat down with pencil and paper to figure out the amount their father had accumulated in the last thirty years.

this: The farm averaged an income of at least \$5,000 a year for the last five years. The next five the average the last ten years had been \$3,000. his startled sister he asked: Fifty thousand dollars would be a fair estimate.

second story of the building was carefully gone over; then the attics, but nothing but cobwebs and accumulated dust and rubbish was found. Then the the grounds were gone over again, each time more slowly and carefully. special search being made on every eminence. But it was always with the same disappointing results.

Years passed, and the miser's gold lay secure in its hiding place. They who sought it continued hopeful, and with the exception of short intervals, of rest, they had kept dilligently at work.

The farm during this time had been left to take care of itself and produce whatever crop it saw fit; consequently the fertile acres were covered with a dense growth of weeds and briars. The stock had been sold off, a few at a time, until only a small number of broken-spirited horses remained with which to cultivate the patches neces- ing, and the dilapidated timeplece sity forced them to till.

As the years continued to slip away, Mrs. Furgis died. Soon Albert followed her, and the two remaining children were left alone in the large, de- bty hall for a moment, panting with caving house. Harold and his sister fright and peering furtively into the continued to work the patches about dark; then hastened to their apartthe house, and year after year mort- ments. gage a few acres of land for money to pay taxes, not daring to sell or rent. for fear their treasure would fall in when Harold stole down the stairway other hands than their own. Through the long years of foolish and profitless old clock. He searched amid the desearch it never occurred to them, or, if. bris, and brought to light a bit of yelit did, was not acted on, that in the low, time-stained paper. He brushed farm they had a fruitful and unfailing the dust from it and read, in a cramped source of revenue.

One day early in June as Harold sat on the moss-grown stoop, gazing Harold was perfectly calm as he dreamily out on the luxuriant and pushed the paper in his pocket and tangled undergrowth, a peddler crossed the stile and labored slowly beneath ter. She came down presently, her a pack along the paved walk.

Would you like to purchase a divining rod?" he asked, placing his asked, huskily. pack on the ground. He held out a ly in the sun.

throbbed their hopes; lower and lower waned the moon, until the delvers stood pale and faint in the gray of felt all the sad years. Forgive me, morn.

That evening Harold and his sister sat moodily in the room in which their father had died. They had always avoided the room, and now they wondered at their presence in it. Some strange fascination was upon them. They were growing morbidly superstitious of late. A candle sputtered on a table between them, illuminating feebly the darkness. The white covering of the bed on which the miser died loomed faintly in the shadows and looked not unlike a crouching ghost about to spring from the gloom. Har-

old gazed intently at the blurred drap-His calculation was something like ery until the whole scene flashed on him again; he could see his father's face distorted in death agony and hear the whispered words drop from his would be \$1,000. The next ten \$1,500. lips. He sprang to his feet, exclaiming and to his own knowledge the profits harshly. "On, on!" Then turning to

"Hettie, can't you think what father would have said after 'on '? See if "O"-that was the only clew. The you can't; put your head to work. This is the point at which we should have started long ago."

> After thinking, with knit brow, in silence for a spell, he began: "On, on top-On, on, on-On, upon the- On top of the- On, on what, sister? . On the top of the what? We ought to guess what would come next. On, on"he looked searchingly about the room

> -" on the-the clock," he cried, springing to his feet as his eyes stared into the face of an old, silent cuckoo clock in the corner. "It's there, Hettie; don't you remember how father stared at the clock when he was dying? Yes. we'll find some clew on the clock. I have a presentiment that our disappointing quest is at an end." he continued, nervously mounting a chair. His sister stood at his side, holding aloft the flickering candle. Harold was feeling in the dust and cobwebs when the old clock gave a groan, the cuckoo came to the door and repeated its hollow note: there was a harsh screechtumbled in a heap. There was a shrick; the candle fell sputtering to the floor, and the two ran like guilty things from the room. They stood in the em-

owy through the quiet old building to where lay scattered the wreck of the handwriting, the words, "To my wife."

At last. There was no hurry now. stepped to the stairway to call his sisheart all a-flutter with agitation.

"Harold, have you found it?" she

He bowed his head, and the glow of was pitiful. He led his sister gently block paving. It is cheaper, too.

need not speak of the remorse, the fear, the suppressed love that I have and think of me as your loving hus-J. H. Furgis." band.

The paper fell fluttering to the steps. A breath of air caught and whirled it out over the tangled weeds. Harold gazed for a moment toward the sunrise that flared red above the treetops, then his head sank to his knees and a groan burst from his lips. His sister was weeping silently, her head on his arm. Motionless, silent they sat for miuntes, then Hettie, looking up through her tears, said softly. "Brother. I never dreamed that it would be like this."

There was no answer. He rose and staggered into the shadow of the door-WRV.

For weeks there was not a sign of life about the old ruins. But one bright morning Harold came forth a new man. and went energetically to work. Now the tenant houses are occupied, the farm "blossoms as the rose," and a the animals, which is now used on the handsome modern structure crowns firm's contracts for grading. The monthe eminence.

Harold and Hettie found where their treasure lay hid .- New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Science Utilizes All the Or.

In an article on the "Wonders of the World's ware, whilish bearke Jordan, in the Ladies' Home Journal, details how science at the present day utilizes the ox. "Not many years ago," he says, "when an ox wasslaughtered, forty per cent of the animal was wasted; at the present time 'nothing is lost but it's dying breath.' As but onethird of the weight of the animal consists of products that can be eaten, the question of utilizing the waste is a serious one. The blood is used in reaning sugar and in sizing paper, or manufactured into door knobs and buttons. The hide goes to the tanner; horns and hoofs are transformed into combs and buttons; thigh bones, worth eighty dollars per ton for collar buttons, parasol handles and jewelry; the water in which bones are boiled is reduced to glue; the dust from sawing the bones is food for cattle and poultry; the smallest bones are made into boneblack. Each foot yields a quarter of a pint of neat's foot oil; the tail goes to the soup, while the brush of hair at the end of the tail is sold to Morning was stealing gray and shad- the mattress maker. The choicer parts of the fat make the basis of butterine; the intestines are used for sausage casings or are bought by gold beaters. The undigested food in the stomach which formerly cost the packers of Chicago thirty thousand dollars a year to remove or destroy, is now made into paper. These are but a few of the products of abattoirs. All scraps unfit for any other use find welcome in the glue pot or they do missionary work for larmers by acting as fertilizers."

Chicago experts, after a few years' experience with vitrified brick pavement, say it is equal to granite ana polished metal rod that flashed bright- triumphant satisfaction on his face much better than asphalt or cedar

arms, he bellowed, "Blot out the stars!" But it was enough. The auditor arose to leave with a hoarse, cruel whisper, "Turn off the gas."

In the single State of Massachusetts there are more than 1,200 miles of electric railway, while in England, Scotland and Ireland combined there are only 200 miles. Moreover, nearly all the electric roads in the British Islands have been built and equipped by American contractors. This country has led all others in the use of electric power for traction purposes, and the construction of similar roadways in other nations is conducted almost exclusively in accordance with American models and methods.

A Cincinnati firm of contractors is making considerable trouble among business men of its class in that city by its unusual methods. One of the firm is an old circus man, and being well acquainted with the capacity of elephants for work, he secured one of ster is hitched to an immense plow, or six men, and the firm for which he works is thus enabled to underbid all competitors because of the saving made.

In commenting on the automatic hot-water supply now furnished in certain parts of London by dropping a penny in a slot machine attached to a lamppost, "The London Telegraph' suggested that food may soon be furnished in the same way. Whereupon a correspondent writes: "It may interest some of your readers to know that the problem is already solved, and that in the exhibition grounds at Brussels there is a cafe which provides hot and cold luncheons entirely by the automatic method, and I can say from experience that they are very good. By placing a franc in the slot a chop or steak, with potatoes, can be procured, hot and well cooked; another franc will produce a half-bottle of wine; half a franc will supply a plate of cold meat, with salad and roll, and a nickel of ten centimes will extract a piece of bread and butter and cheese. or a 'brioche.' Besides all this a nickel will draw an excellent glass of hock from one of the two large vessels in the centre of the cafe."

Again the important question, "How Long are Women Beautiful?" is discussed in an English journal, one writer maintaining that "the fullness under the age of thirty-five or forty." This claim is disputed by another writer, who cites the opinion of women themselves, as shown by the undoubted fact that "any woman who craved admiration on the score of her personal appearance would be vastly more pleased were her age to be guessed as being thirty rather than forty." Well, It all depends, as Pitti \*ing would observe. The race a:" the woman must be considered. In some tropic lands women are either wrinkled and shriveled or fat and snapeless grand-

-if you were a woman like me

"I don't know that I can give the exact course of reasoning," he answered, fearful that he might be getting

mentioned. In England and in this

country it often happens that the "full-

ness of beauty" in women "does not

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

In the Atlantic Monthly the cele-

brated African explorer announces his

return to the literary workshop by dis-

cussing 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.

the evidences of progress which these

figures represent the tide of civiliza-

tion 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, in-

cluding 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

How it All Happened.

There was no particular reason why

Of course, that was a lie. Of course,

"If I were a woman like you," he

"Would you?" she inquired care-

He was in doubt.

possession.

beyond his depth, "but if I were a woman like you I feel pretty reasonably sure that I would marry a man like er-like me."

"You do?" she said, coloring a little. but still speaking in the same tantalizing tone.

"Yes, I do," he returned doggedly. "Well, if I were a man like you," she asserted. "I wouldn't expect a woman like me to do anything of the sort until a man like you had asked her to."

It is no trick at all to hold the course or true love after the mariner once gets his bearings so long as the signal lights continue to burn, and thus it happened that their bark sped merrily on its way .-- Chicago Post.

### Cyclists Unconsciously Follow the Rules, You can tell a bicycle rider by his

walk. Not because of a peculiarity of gait, but for the reason that he unconsciously follows the rules of the saving the work of ten horses and five road that he has learned while riding a bicycle.

On the sidewalks of the crowded streets of New York and Brooklyn, a gentleman whose acquaintance among

bicycle riders is quite extensive, has, as a matter of curiosity, watched his cycling friends walking to and from business. Almost without exception they pass to the right when meeting other pedestrians, and to the left when passing them from behind. When turning a corner the pedestrian who has learned to cycle hugs the wall closely, if going to the right, and is almost sure to make a long turn if bound to the left.

If all pedestrians would observe the rules of the road on the sidewalks as well as the experienced cyclists observe them on the highways there would be fewer toes trampled upon and fewer persons nudged in the ribs by protruding and sharp elbows.

There is nothing more annoying to participants and nothing more laughable to the spectator than to see two persons dancing up and down and taking a series of side steps because both started to pass each other in the wrong direction.

The bicycle is unconsciously teach-ing people how best to keep out of each other's way. Any one who does not think the result is sure to be beneof beauty does not reach itshrdludlu ficial ought to attempt to stem a crowd coming from a theatre or crossing the bridge at rush hours. There will be no polish left on the rash individual's shoes, there will be mud stains on his garments, and a feeling of deep, bitter resentment against all mankind in his bosom .- New York Journal.

> In 1896 300,000 visitors, representing forty dicerent nationalities, paid admission to the house in which Shakespeare lived 300 years ago.

Golf was invented by a lonely Scotch shepherd, who had nothing better to amuse him than knocking mothers before they reach the age stones into holes with his crook.

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-serpents, lizards and certain batrachians-live and thrive in places entirely devold of water, and sloths are also said never to drink. An arid district in France 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.