

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS

If any little word of ours
Can make one life the brighter,
If any little song of ours
Can make one heart the lighter,
God help us speak that little word,
And take our bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale,
To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of ours
Can make one life the sweeter,
If any little care of ours
Can make one step the fleetier,
If any little help may ease
The burden of another,
God give us love and care and strength
To help along each other.

If any watchful thought of ours
Can make some work the stronger,
If any cheery smile of ours
Can make its brightness longer,
Then let us speak that thought to-day
With tender eyes a-glowing,
So God may grant some weary one
Shall reap from our glad sowing.

FOR LOVE OF HER.

BY HOWARD HAZELL.

It was a lovely summer evening in Zermatt. Dinner was just over at the huge Monte Rosa Hotel, and groups of visitors were settling themselves in the chairs outside, to enjoy the beauty of the sunset, and the more mundane pleasures of black coffee and cigars. On the little raised terrace on the opposite side of the road a merry party of five English people were seated round one of the little iron tables. Perched on an uncomfortable wooden seat and solemnly smoking a big cigar was Robert Barton, who was more noted for the first-class peaks he had climbed than for the briefs he had held in the law courts. Facing him sat his friend, George Pollard, a rising young journalist, who was trying to make a rough pencil sketch of Barton's sunburned face. The party was completed by Bert Jeffreys, who was studying for the ministry, and his two sisters.

They were evidently not newcomers in the valley, for their faces were burnt to a rich red color that proved that they had made many excursions above the snow-line. For three weeks they had climbed, scrambled and picknicked on the mountains; occasionally Barton had left them to make some big ascent, but this year he seemed to find greater pleasure in short excursions, in which the sisters were included, than in ascending any of the towering peaks that surrounded the valley. Pollard, though he assured them that he had come to Zermatt with the intention of doing nothing as gracefully as possible, was, however, sufficiently energetic to undertake any excursion which the elder Miss Jeffreys attempted. When Pollard entered the hotel three weeks previously and found that Barton had come the day before, they both said it was a strange coincidence, as each had made other plans. But the coincidence was easily explained by Miss Jeffreys' presence at the hotel, and though neither mentioned it, each knew the loadstone that had drawn them to that secluded valley.

The incurable laziness of Pollard had often been discussed, and the general opinion was being chafed again for refusing to climb even one peak before he left the valley. "Look here, Pollard," said Barton, suddenly bringing his eyes down from the smoke rings he was making, "we are not going to let you go back to London until you have done something in the way of a peak."

"Why should you trouble yourself about me, Barton? I came here to please myself and not to please you."

"But my dear fellow," said Jeffreys, "have you no ambition, no pride, no soul above a beaten, dusty mule track? Even my sisters have climbed more than you have."

"I've been to the top of Gornegrat," protested Pollard, "and that is over ten thousand feet."

"Yes, but you seem to have forgotten that you had a mule most of the way," laughed Barton.

"Then I have been on several glaciers, and up to some of the club huts," he persisted, striving to defend himself.

"But that was only because we made you do it, Mr. Pollard," said the elder Miss Jeffreys. "You cannot leave Zermatt until you have used your new ice-pick on some peak."

"I am not to blame for having bought it. Barton made me get it. That is the drawback of having an Alpine clubman for a chum; he always thinks you can enjoy yourself only when climbing up impossible mountains."

"But what have you really used it for?" protested Miss Jeffreys.

"Well, I have dug up a lot of flowers for you."

"That is merely a degradation to a self-respecting ice-pick. What else have you done with it?"

There was a moment's pause and then he replied: "I ran the sharp end into my hand the day I bought it, and last night I killed a cockroach in my room with the other end."

A roar of laughter greeted this answer, and Barton complained in an aggrieved voice: "No wonder I could not go to sleep when you were snoring at that creature over my head."

"I thought you might hear me. The beetle was very nimble, and I am not used to such work," answered Pollard. "Well, that absolutely settles the matter," Jeffreys urged. "You must conquer something bigger than a cockroach with your ice-axe."

"Why not go up the Unter-Gabelhorn with us to-morrow?" asked the younger Miss Jeffreys, who was more absorbed in watching the red glow die out on the mountains than in listening to the conversation.

"That's a good idea. Barton is going to try and do the Monte Rosa from here, to-morrow," added Jeffreys. "So if you come with us we shall be a party of four."

"The Law on Monte Rosa, and Journalism and the Church on the Unter-Gabelhorn!" interrupted Barton.

"But we are going with Bert, too," added Miss Jeffreys.

"Then beauty will be on the Unter-Gabelhorn," replied Barton, rising to make a profound bow; but he quickly sat down with more force than was agreeable, as Jeffreys tugged his coat.

"Well, for the first time I won't be lazy on a holiday. At what unearthly hour do we start?" asked Pollard.

"There's Kaufmann standing over there, isn't it? We'll ask him," said Jeffreys.

One of the shadowy figures standing a few paces off in the street came to them with a quiet "Good evening, gentlemen."

"Dat is goot. It iss a very nice climb. We must go by four o'clock," he answered in the slow speech of one not used to the language.

"Is it very steep and is there much snow?" asked Pollard.

"Der iss a long couloir, when I goes first and makes steps so," the guide answered, kicking at the little terrace on which they sat to explain his meaning. "Den the rocks iss not hard, und der view iss wunderschon. How one says that in English? Ah, beautiful. It iss very beautiful," repeated the guide, proud of his increased vocabulary.

"There will be four of us, Kaufmann. Had we better have another guide?" asked Jeffreys.

"Yes, dat iss better. My brother can come. We make two parties; one lady, one gentleman, and one guide. It iss very goot so."

"All right, Kaufmann, then we shall be ready to-morrow morning," Jeffreys answered, and with mutual salutations the guide went to his chalet, and all except Pollard entered the hotel. He shifted to a more comfortable chair, for the cool evening had driven most of the visitors into the hotel; and as he filled his pipe his thoughts went back to his arrival at Zermatt. He came hoping to ask Mary Jeffreys to be his wife, but somehow he had never dared to ask her. He saw now, only too plainly, that she loved Barton, and that she had looked upon him as a welcome addition to the party and not as a lover. There were still ten days before he was expected home, but he had determined to return at once and forget her as much as possible in the restless hurry of his life. He was in a very melancholy frame of mind when the church clock struck ten, and recalled him from his brown study. He found that his pipe was out and remembered that he would have to start in six hours for his first peak.

The morning was glorious. The sun was lighting the rocky peak of the Matterhorn, and was slowly creeping down the side of the valley. One or two guides were already outside of the hotel, and Kaufmann was busy putting sandwiches and wine, snow-gaiters and all the impedimenta of a climber's outfit into a couple of rucksacks. The air was frosty, and the party started at a brisk pace, that soon moderated when they left the village and turned up the steep mountain side. The two guides tramped on steadily ahead, and those behind, after a few vain attempts at conversation, relapsed into silence and saved their breath for the task before them. Slowly they climbed toward the sunlit heights, and when they felt the first warm rays of the sun there was a general sigh of relief. But the heat was soon found to be more trying than the frosty cold below, and all extra wraps were thrown off and heaped upon the pile on the guides' backs. Near the foot of the steep couloir that led straight into the heart of the mountain the rucksacks were taken off and a second breakfast was eaten while the ropes were being uncoiled. When the snow-gaiters had been buckled on and the ropes carefully fastened they started up the slope. Kaufmann tied the rope to his waist and led the way, the elder Miss Pollard came in the middle, and Pollard was fastened to the end of that rope. The younger Kaufmann, with Jeffreys and his sister roped in the same way, made up the second party. The couloir was steep and the snow covered with a hard skin of ice, and progress was necessarily slow, as Kaufmann kicked step after step in the shining snow. The sun had not entered this gully and the cold seemed intense by comparison with the sunshine they had just quitted.

The two guides chose slightly different routes up the couloir, to avoid showering the loose snow on those below, and it soon became a race as to which should reach the little snowy col which glistened above them between two rocky peaks. Slowly the elder Kaufmann drew ahead of his brother, so that Jeffreys and his sister had only struggled some two-thirds of the way up the gully when they heard a shout of victory and derision from above and saw the first three silhouetted against the sky.

For a few moments they stood looking at the magnificent view beneath them. To their right was a little rocky peak, and in front and beneath loomed the Trift glacier. The sky was cloudless, and where they stood at the top of the gully the sun shone brightly upon them. To their left was the smooth ridge that ended the snow slope they had just climbed, and on the far side rose a steep face of rock, up which lay the track to the summit.

"We must go, or when we climb we makes stones fall on my brother," Kaufmann said, as soon as they had regained their breath; and he carefully walked across the little col, probing each step with the long handle of his ice-axe before he advanced. "You must go in my steps always," he said, half turning toward Miss Jeffreys,

who was following him. "Dis iss a cornice here—all snow, so rock below," and he drove his axe deeply into the snow to his right, to show where the dangerous ledge of snow overhung the precipice beneath. "Rock here," he added, pointing in front of him, "hold de rope tight." And once more he went forward.

Pollard followed behind, treading in the guide's footsteps, and holding the rope tightly, so that it did not trail in the snow between him and Miss Jeffreys. He was about half-way across, and Kaufmann had already begun to climb the rocks in front of them, when he suddenly felt himself beginning to sink. He glanced down and saw a dark crack open in the snow on his left and stretch some distance toward his companions. In an instant he guessed he was on the fatal ledge of snow, and that it had given way beneath him. Instinctively he tried to step forward toward the firmer snow as he shrieked, "Kaufmann, I'm falling!"

He had a momentary glimpse of Miss Jeffreys' horror-stricken face, and then he felt himself falling, falling, as in a dream. He was suddenly stopped with a jerk that seemed to cut him in two, and he found himself dangling by the waist over the awful space beneath. For a moment he heard nothing but the soft hissing sound of snow sliding over snow, and felt gentle blows as lumps fell from the broken edge above. Dazed and shaken by the fall, he dreamily watched the pellets of snow flying through the air and his hat floating slowly downward to the glacier beneath him, and he wondered if it would be pleasant for him to float down in that easy way. He suddenly realized his position, when he heard Kaufmann cry out:

"Mein Gott! Er ist tot!"

Then the horror of the abyss beneath him seized his mind, and he struggled to lay hold of the rope by which he was hanging. Looking up he saw Miss Jeffreys lying on the edge of the broken cornice, helplessly fixed in that position by his weight, which was dragging her down with him to the certain death which awaited them on the ice beneath.

"Kaufmann," shrieked Pollard, "can't you pull us up? I am powerless."

"Ach, nein! Climb on de rope. I hold de rocks an' I shall slip soon. My brother iss far down." And he gave a loud cry for help, which echoed in the rocks and down the gully. Pollard seized the rope and slowly began to pull himself up a few inches. But the rope was small and wet and he could not grip it with his benumbed fingers.

"I can't climb up," he cried, despairingly to the guide. "Where are the others?"

"My brother come in four or five minutes, but I slip before; I no stand well." And once more he shouted to his brother, who was plunging furiously up the slope.

"Mary," suddenly called out Pollard, dropping all social formalities in his extreme peril, "can you pull me up?"

"No, I can't. I am held up in the snow and can't move," she answered in a terrified voice. "I can see Kaufmann slipping. It will be all over before the others come."

Pollard dared not look down. The space was so immense that it made him dizzy. Suddenly he felt the rope give and then stop.

"I slip soon now," gasped Kaufmann.

"Mary," Pollard called out with a ring of determination in his voice, "listen to me. When you go down tell them it was not Kaufmann's fault. It's an accident. I've long wanted to tell you how I love you, and to prove my love to you. I can show you now."

Even as he spoke he began to cut furiously at the rope above him with his ice-axe. Already the red strand, woven into the centre of the Alpine rope, was showing, and the thought flashed into his mind that it was not the rope he was cutting, but the thread of his own life, and that another blow would separate him from love and hope, and all that he held dear.

"I knew you loved me and I pitied you," cried the helpless woman. "It's too late now. Why give me any messages? We shall all die together. O Robert! Robert!" she sobbed in despair.

"Tell my mother how it happened," answered Pollard. "Tell Barton I never hated him, although I knew he would win you." Then raising his voice he called: "Are they coming Kaufmann?"

"No; two minutes—and I slip now," he called back.

"Hold on, then," he shouted back, bravely; and in a lower voice, "Good-bye, my love!"

Another tremor in the cord and suddenly the strain was taken off. Kaufmann gave a gasp of relief, while the woman half buried in the snow shrieked with terror. Cautiously the guide made his position firm and dragged her toward him. Then he saw that the rope from her waist was hanging loosely over the edge, and in a horror-stricken voice, he asked: "Where is de Herr?"

Hysterical sobs were his only answer, and as he drew the loose rope toward him and saw the frayed ends, he muttered in amazement, "Gott in Himmel! He cut de rope himself!" and he reverently raised his hat and crossed himself.

An Englishman and his wife always come to Zermatt each summer, sometimes only for a day, but they never leave without laying a wreath on that grave. In the early spring, when the first flowers have blossomed in some sheltered nook, a little bunch is always on this spot; and even late in autumn, when the snow is low upon the mountain side, the little Kaufmanns try to find a tender nosegay to place upon the grave of the "good gentleman who fell to save our father."—Nickell Magazine.

MILLIONS OF MICE.

A Clergyman's Unpleasant Encounter with an Army of Rodents.

"An incident which came under my own personal observation is not without interest," writes Ernest Ingersoll in the New York Evening Post. "While I was waiting for a train at a small station on a branch line of the Southwestern railway, a clergyman, with very long hair and beard, who was waiting up and down the platform, stopped for a moment and raised the end of a canvass which served as a cover for a large quantity of wheat which was waiting shipment. In an instant a mass of mice sprang at him, and his beard, hair and cloak were literally alive with them. To brush them off was a matter of some time, and when my fellow-traveler at length thought himself free, he was dismayed to find a mouse in each of his trousers pockets."

The cause of these pestiferous irruptions of mice seem substantially the same in all cases. The destruction of natural enemies, such as wildcats, hawks, owls, snakes, etc., allows the little rodents, naturally exceedingly prolific, to multiply unduly. Then comes a very favorable winter, as the unusual season of 1892-'3 in Russia, when all conditions are favorable for their life and increase, and a vast and sudden augmentation of their numbers follows. There is then not enough food in the woods, and they spread to neighboring clearings and cultivated lands. If, as happened in 1893 in Russia, they find everywhere an extraordinary amount of stacked and stored grain, new generations rapidly follow, thrive upon the ready food, and an enormous and apparently sudden increase occurs, which overflowing, spread in all directions.

Their disappearance after a season or two is no more mysterious, when studied. Mechanical means of repression are of little use, and one of the peculiarities of the Russian plague was that the dogs and cats would not help the farmers by eating the pests. All rodents, and mice in particular, are, however, infested with parasites, internal and external, and these increase and flourish most when the animals are most numerous and gregarious. The consequence is that, aided by epidemic diseases, the parasites soon conquer and destroy all but a few of the strongest, and the hordes literally die out. It is said that after the Nova Scotia episode related above, windows of their were to be seen on the sea and river beaches, where the mice had rushed in and drowned; and elsewhere the air was sometimes tainted with the mass of tiny corpses in the field. In Russia, however, a great deal was done to expediate this result by feeding them bacillus cultures producing a typhoid disease fatal to the mice. Immense numbers were no doubt killed by this means. At any rate the mice were not sufficiently numerous to be troublesome during 1894, and since then have disappeared.

A DYING TRADE.

Influences which Threaten to Revolutionize the Medical Profession.

Another thing that must hurt the doctors' trade here is the passing of the family physician. Specialists abound in New York, but family physicians are vanishing fast and promise presently to be as rare as hairy elephants. When you have a family physician, and like him, you call him in whenever there is anything the matter, and even if there is not much for him to do, you have the fun of advising with him and being assured. But when you go to one wise man for croup, to another for gout, to another for dyspepsia, to another for headache, and to half a dozen others for ailments too intimate to be set down, it's a different matter. You don't go to a specialist until you are sure there is something the matter. You have to wait until the symptoms get some development before you know which specialist to go to, and often enough, while you are waiting to find out, the whole disease peters out and mends itself.

In old times in New York when there were family physicians when you suspected you were going to be ill, but were not sure, the family physician got the benefit of the doubt, but the specialist does not. Every one who has had experience knows that this is true. To call in a familiar friend is one thing; to call in a distinguished, but unfamiliar gentleman is another. The things that cause us most anxiety are things that never happen. The illnesses that brought physicians a large part—perhaps the most—of their pecuniary reward were illnesses that didn't really materialize. The family physician got the benefit of the vis medicatrix nature. He got there in time to stand by and see it work. It was his friend and ally. The specialist benefits by it in less measure, for he is less promptly summoned, and it is liable to finish up the job before he gets there.

There seems to be some reason to anticipate when New York families will contract with a syndicate of physicians—comprising a complete set of the necessary specialists—for the supervision of the family health at a fixed annual price.—Harper's Weekly.

Maine's Biggest Tree.

On the banks of the Androscoggin, in Maine, is a tree which rivals some of California's redwoods in size. The circumference, four feet from the ground, is 23 feet, diameter 7 feet. About six feet from the ground there are seven branches radiating from its trunk, which are from 18 inches to 24 inches in diameter. The branches spread over a space of ground 270 feet in circumference, or 90 feet in diameter. Where the branches leave the trunks of the tree, about seven feet from the ground, there has been erected a band stand, which seats twenty-five persons.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Up-to-Date Jokes and Witticisms From the Comic Papers.

CONFIRMATION.

"How is your health now?"
"So so."
"I heard you were on the mend."

IN THE SAME BOAT.

Little Clarence.—Pa, is there really 'honor among thieves?'
Mr. Callipers.—No, my son; thieves are just as bad as other people.

NOT HIS SEEKING.

Warden—Look here, my man, you're not doing that right.
Convict (earnestly)—Say, Warden, I didn't apply for this job, an' if my work don't suit, why don't you discharge me?

A HARD NAME.

Zim—I hear that you have been going around calling me hard names. Is that true?
Zam—Well, I said you were a brick. Sweet reconciliation.

THE BEST OF REASONS.

Clerk—If you please, sir, I'd like to lay off next week.
Employer—Well, you can't, unless you have an excellent reason.
Clerk—Well, sir, you see, sir, I've drawn my salary for that week in advance.

READY INFORMATION.

Tommy, (looking up from his book)—Pa, what do they mean by "Darwin's missing link?"
Pa—Why—er—Mr. Darwin lost one of his cuff buttons, I suppose.

ROUGH ON "CHOLLY."

Cholly Litewater—You girls are all so practical, doncherknow. Now, for instance, I presume you usually go walking with an object, don't you, Miss Kostic?
Miss Kostic—Sometimes, but—er—really you will have to excuse me this morning.

LOOKING AT THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Husband (dejectedly)—It's no use, Martha. With all my efforts, I can no longer keep the wolf from the door.
Wife (encouragingly)—Well, don't be discouraged, darling. Maybe we can trap him and sell him to the menagerie, and so get bread for our starving little ones.

MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.

First Britisher—There goes the Duke of Muddy Water. He's an absolutely worthless fellow.
Second Ditto—Worthless? Oh, I don't know.
First Britisher—Yes, he is. He has been refused by three American heiresses.
Second Ditto—You don't say so. Well, he must be worthless.

MORE DIAMONDS.

"He's a dear boy," cried Flo; "look what a beautiful Christmas box he has given me! A hairbrush with my name on the back in diamonds."
"And what fine diamonds!" observed her best lady friend. "And what a great pity!"
"What's a pity?"
"That your name isn't Marguerite or Morwenna, or a mouthful like that."

PROSPECT OF A BOYCOTT.

They had been discussing her projected European trip.
"I see," said her dearest friend, "that in the farewells and greetings on the piers of New York all hugging and kissing is prohibited."
"I shall sail from Boston," she said without a moment's hesitation.

TOO SUGGESTIVE.

Miss De Pretty—"Let's form a secret society."
Miss De Fink—"Let's. Just like the Odd Fellows and Red Men. Call it the 'Ancient Order of—of King's Daughters.'"
Miss De Blonde—"Or the 'Ancient Order of Dianas.'"
Miss De Young—"Or the 'Ancient Order of American—'"
Miss Oldmaid—"Oh don't let's call it the Ancient Order of anything."

FATAL KNOWLEDGE.

After he had kissed her and pressed her rosy cheek against his and patted her soft round chin she drew back and asked:
"George, do you shave yourself?"
"Yes," he replied.
"I thought so," she said. "Your face is the roughest I ever—"
Then she stopped, but it was too late, and he went away with a cold, heavy lump in his breast.

A RAINBOW PRECEDENT.

"Shiftless as ever, Thomas," said the wealthy uncle. "Still making a failure of life, as you always have done?"
"I don't know that I'm such a terrible failure," sulkily answered the poor relation.
"Why, you have nobody but yourself to support, and you can't make both ends meet."
"Well, the rainbow has only itself to support, and it doesn't make both ends meet, either."

Sad Joke on a Eamous Judge.

Roy Bean, High Judge of the Courts of Langtry, where justice is dished out to the living and the dead alike in Judge Bean's own novel and distinctive way, was in San Antonio last week, on the occasion of which visit he was made the victim of a cruel practical joke. He met a drummer at the hotel, who said he had just come from Langtry.

"Did you see my bear? How is he getting along?" was the Justice's first question.

Judge Bean's bear throughout West Texas stands second in fame to the Judge himself. The animal was chained to a tree in the rear of the Judge's

beer saloon, and in its day drank many a bottle of beer at a cost of 25c. per bottle, to the edification of the wayfarer who was compelled to spend a few hours in Judge Bean's judicial district.

"Didn't you hear of it?" asked the drummer. "The bear died last night."
The drummer had an old score to wipe out at Roy Bean's expense, and he succeeded in convincing the judge that his bear was dead.

Roy Bean lost no time in making for the telegraph office, where he penned these instructions:
"Skin the bear and express the skin to me at once."

To this he attached his signature, which is law in Langtry. Bean's man at the saloon promptly killed the bear and expressed the skin, and in the letter that accompanied the fur was this note:

"We hated to kill the bear, and he hated to die. It took three shots before he gave up the ghost. We are now smoking the bacon."

When Roy Bean received the message he broke three chairs, and then set out in quest of the drummer. The offender is said to be conducting earnest diplomatic negotiations by mail with "The Law of West Texas."—San Antonio Express.

FEMALE POLICE.

They Guard the Private Apartments of Siam's King.

The king of Siam's private life is passed in utter seclusion within the Khank Nai, or Inside, as the harem is known among the Siamese. This Inner Palace is forbidden ground to any man European or native, except under very special circumstances, and then only when accompanied by a guard of trusted servants. It is safe to assert that no man has ever been personally acquainted, even in a remote degree, with the life or history of the inmates.

The king is the only representative of his sex who lives in this community of women—some amidst thousands!

There is a force of female police for preserving order and punishing any unruly members. Flogging with a rattan is resorted to for certain offenses, and only those wives who are of royal birth enjoy immunity from such treatment. A few favored European ladies have been admitted to parts of this Inner Palace, and on the authority of one of them it can be stated that the "first queen" understands a little English. This is less surprising from the fact that the king had for some years an English tutor for the princes—four of whom are now being privately educated in England and one at Harrow.

It is doubtful if any European could fully explain the position of the ladies of the harem. Even if the Siamese themselves know, they do not impart the information; in fact, among them it is contrary to etiquette to make any allusion to the subject. One of the wives is known as the "first queen," and takes official precedence of all the others. Another is often referred to as the second, and sometimes a third is mentioned. These are all near relatives of the king, and, with the other wives of royal blood, take precedence of those who may be regarded as commoners.

There is no limit to the number of women that the king may take to wife and although they may be dismissed at will, to have been admitted as a member of the Khank Nai, far from being in any way derogatory is regarded as an honor.

The king's sisters do not marry for fear of creating rivalry for the throne; neither do his daughters, who remain all their lives in the harem; but perchance some future king may offer them a position similar to that held by their mothers. So jealously are these ladies guarded from contact with the world, that in 1879 an elder sister of the first queen was allowed to drown in the presence of a number of spectators, not one of whom was permitted to put a hand on her, even to save her from certain death.—Washington Star.

Earrest Preaching.

Perhaps one great reason for the frequent weakness of preaching is that it is not in dead earnest. No other preaching is worth while. If you see not the eyes of your congregation eager on you, but the tops of their heads bowing politely toward you, then you must bestir yourself, for you are not preaching, only prosing. Archbishop Whately says that a good preacher preaches because he has something to say, a poor one because he has to say something. That is just the difference. There never can be too much of the dead-earnest preaching. There is no man so much in demand to-day as the preacher all on fire with his theme. Whenever he comes, his welcome goes before him. Even if men stone him, still he sits his throne and rules the hearts of men. There are no triumphs of the past so great as the triumphs of speech, from Demosthenes down to Gladstone, from John the Baptist to Whitfield. Men bow absolutely before the magic of speech. It is not in vain that the highest revelation of God is called the Word.—The Church Union.

Cat With Earrings.

Mrs. Anita Comfort, of St. Louis, is the proud possessor of a big, black pet cat, which she has decorated in a novel manner. She had its ears pierced and has placed small diamond screw earrings in its ears. The cat seems to be proud of its adornment and to understand the value of the gems, for it rarely ventures outside the house.

Fire-lighters are made in Germany by twisting wood into rope, cutting it into short lengths and dipping the ends of the pieces into melted resin.

Ostrich eggs are sometimes eaten in Africa and California. They weigh about three and a half pounds each.