

KING WHAT.

You may tell of your armored cruisers,
And your great ships of the line;
And swift or slow may steamers go
Across the billowy brine.
Like thunder may the cannon boom
To greet their flags unfurled,
And for an hour they may have power
To rule the frightened world.

From ocean shore to ocean shore
Lie lines of gleaming steel,
And night or day, we hear aloud
The ring of rushing wheel;
Though buffalo have left the plain,
And Indian tents are furled,
Nor steam nor hand at wealth's com-
mand
Can rule the busy world.

But where the hillside rises fair
In terraces of green,
And on the plain, where wind and rain
Sweep fields of golden sheen,
Where sturdy yellow stalks arise,
With banners heads unfurled,
Here you may greet the great King
Wheat,
The ruler of the world.

Oh, hills may shake and vales resound
Beneath the flying car,
And driven by steam and winds
A-beam
Our ships ride fast and far;
Cities may crumble 'neath the guns
Which guard our flag unfurled,
Yet all shall greet—at last—King
Wheat,
For hunger rules the world.

—Ninette M. Lowater, in Youth's Com-
panion.

MY SIN.

When I was a young man I fell in
love, as young men generally do, with
the girl who came handiest. This par-
ticular girl happened to be Belle Bur-
ton, and I devoted myself to her, rode
with her, boated with her (it was a
country place where we met), walked
with her, talked with her, begged her
for the roses she wore in her hair and
tried (in vain), for I was no poet, to
make sonnets not only to her "eye-
brows," but to her hair, her cheeks
and her lily white hands. In fact, I
went through the pretty dream of first
love as most young people do, and it
ended, as it generally does, in an un-
pleasant awakening.

One day a stage arrived at the hotel
with a dozen dashing New Yorkers for
passengers. The next, one of them ob-
tained an introduction to Belle Burton.
There was no doubt whatever that he
was handsomer than men usually are,
or that his grace and accomplishments
were equal to his personal charms.
Handsome Arnold was generally
called, and girls went into raptures
over his large, long-lashed eyes and
blonde moustache, and men feared his
broad shoulders, deep chest and splen-
did proportions. For my part, I hated
him from the first, for no sooner had
he appeared upon the carpet than
Belle seemed utterly to forget my very
existence.

I suppose she had never cared any-
thing about me, but she had flirted
with me while there was no better fun
to be had, and I was old enough to
know that the man she loves is the
one no woman ever flirts with. With
Arnold she was rather graver than
with most men, but her eyes sparkled
as he approached her. She blushed
when his name was mentioned, and
cared for nothing in which he had not
some share. In fact, it was as plain
that she was in love with him as that
he was devoted to her; and there was
no doubt in any one's mind that all
this would end in a wedding. It was
a good thing, said the old people, for
poor Belle Burton "had nothing." For
my part, it seemed to me that all the
luck was Arnold's.

I had never thought myself very ill-
looking before, but now I was wretchedly
conscious of all sorts of deficiencies.
I looked in the glass many times
a day. I spent half my time criticis-
ing my countenance, and longing vainly
for the charms of handsome Arnold.
I could not hope to possess them, even
should I use all the hair oil and cos-
metics of the daily paper, and bribe to my
aid the tailor who best understood the art
of padding shoulders; but next to hav-
ing a fairy transformation effected for
my benefit, I should have been pleased
to see Arnold lose his beauty. I
hope I've been forgiven for it. I
scarcely can forgive myself, but I
could have prayed that some ban
might fall upon him—that he might
break his limbs, or catch the small-pox
or somehow spoil his complexion or
figure.

I was not a wicked young fiend by
nature, but love, which, when it pro-
spers, is the most humanizing emotion
of the soul, is most likely to develop
all the evil emotions of one's nature
when it comes to grief.

I should have taken my departure
and put myself out of the way of
hourly torture, but I did not do so
wisely. I lingered about the place
and did small things to spite the hap-
py pair—intruded on their tete-a-tetes,
managed to force the society of some
excellent and loquacious matron or
some troublesome child upon them,
looked daggers of contempt at him and
forgot to pass the butter to her. At
last a grand chance for annoying him
occurred. He was a good rider and
proud of his accomplishment, and he
had a restive, nervous animal which
he boasted no one could ride but him-
self. I had heard him declare himself
perfect master of the creature, who
had never given him serious trouble
save once, when suddenly brought into
the presence of an artist, who was
sketching under a white umbrella.

"That," said handsome Arnold, "was
something Prince could not understand
and it made him forget who held the
bridle."

As he came prancing up to the gate,
or rode away with an air, I used to
wish for an artist with a white um-
brella. I desired to see that fellow un-
seated and ingloriously turned into
the mud. That would have made me
happy; and once when he had offended
me more than ever by his gallant style
of riding, I sauntered out into the
fields—cursing him in my inmost soul
—when what should I spy in the mid-
dle of the grass, intent upon a bunch
of clover, but a fat pre-Raphaelite ar-
tist, in a white suit, a flapping hat and
a white sketching umbrella that would
have frightened the clergyman's gray
mare, who was nearly as old as him-
self, into being a runaway.

I rushed toward this artist with en-
thusiasm. I took off my hat to him. I
said:

"Sir, I rejoice that one of your glori-
ous profession has at last visited us.
You love the minute, I see. Have you
noticed the spiderwebs on the black-
berry bushes at the turn of the lane,
the dew sparkling on the silvery film,
the delicious fruit glowing beneath—
have you seen that, sir?"

The pre-Raphaelite artist scratched
his head with his brush, and said:
"Well, no, I ain't."

"Will you come and see it, sir?" I
said. "Will you make it immortal on
your canvas?"

The pre-Raphaelite artist replied:

"Well, I wouldn't mind." I
did not care what he said, so that
he came. My object was not art, it
was the white umbrella. I desired to
have him seated where the eyes of
handsome Arnold's restive Prince
would fall upon him as he turned the
corner of the garden walk, and to that
very spot I beguiled my artist and
there stationed him, and when he had
settled with Chinese precision his
spiderwebs and blackberries, hid my-
self behind a tree to enjoy the
comic scene I fully expected would fol-
low.

I heard handsome Arnold bid adieu
to the ladies. I heard the patter of
his horse's feet upon the road, and in
a moment more I saw him come gayly
on, a smile upon his handsome face,
a rich color on his cheek—youth,
health, strength and happiness ex-
pressed in every curve and outline of
his statuesque form. The next instant
Prince had seen the white artist and
the white umbrella. And then—then,
heaven forgive me, not the amusing
spectacle of handsome Arnold's dis-
comfiture that I had hoped to see.
He kept his seat, while Prince, rearing
and plunging, dashed wildly away
with him toward a precipitous path
along the cliff side, and vanished like
a mad thing, with his rider still upon
his back, going straight toward a cer-
tain awful precipice which overhung
the rocky river shore below.

I cannot go on. They picked him up
just alive, no more, at the foot of the
precipice; and they carried him, a
mere mass of broken bones and bleed-
ing flesh, back to the great hotel. Late
at night I crept softly upstairs on my
way to bed, and passing Belle Bur-
ton's door, heard those slow, heavy
sobs that tell of a breaking heart issu-
ing thence.

"He cannot live," the messenger
had said, and I was, perhaps, doubly
a murderer. I thought seriously of
adding to my crime by committing suicide
that awful night.

But poor Arnold did live. He had a
wonderful constitution, unbroken, as
all the men who knew him knew, by
dissipation of any kind, and it is hard
to kill such a man. He lived, and
strength returned to him at last; but
no one would ever call him handsome
Arnold any more. He had fallen on
his face on the horrible jagged rocks,
and during his illness all his bonny
brown hair had turned gray. No one
would know him, they told me; and
so powerfully had his beauty and his
sweetness affected even men of coarse
natures that they uttered these words
for the most part with tears in their
eyes. As for myself, I would far rather
have seen a ghost.

Yet the sight was forced on me. One
day I received a note from him, asking
me to come to the hotel, and it was
signed—Henry Arnold.

I had no choice. I could not refuse.
I went to him.

As I saw him seated in a great arm-
chair in the room to which the waiter
showed me—as he rose and advanced
toward me, and I saw that he limped
heavily—I wonder that I did not die.
I felt the blood leaving my face, and I
saw the hot flush rise to his, as he
noticed the shock he gave me.

But he only said:
"Sit down. It is kind of you to
come."

I staggered to a chair and I saw
nothing for a while; yet through it all,
I wondered what he thought of my
strange conduct, and hated myself for
my weakness.

At last he spoke:
"I see how I—how my appearance
affects you," he said, very sadly. "It
is a horrible thing that I am trying to
grow used to. I wish I had broken my
neck. Of course, any man would, un-
der the circumstances. But I did not
ask you to come that I might say that
to you. I want you to take a note
from me to a lady at your aunt's
house, if you will be so kind. I choose
you because you are, as it were, one
of the family, and you will be very
careful and—kind, I know. It is Miss
Belle Burton. I hoped to marry her
one day. Of course all that is over
now. No one would—no woman could
—overlook my hideous appearance."

His voice broke a little, but he went
on bravely:

"So I have written to her. I do not
want her to see me, and I shall go

abroad in a week or so, and—you'll tell
her you've seen me, you know. I have
loved her very much. I always
shall; and this is terribly hard."

He broke down entirely there and
took a letter from his bosom and put it
into my hand.

"Give it to her," he said and turned
away.

I took it from his hand and left him.
I went straight to Belle Burton. I
found her in the garden, and I told her
from whom I came and gave her the
missive. She read it through gravely,
but without tears. Then she looked at
me with eyes that had such a solemn,
holy look in them as one would hope
to see in an angel's.

"Edward," she said, "he says he is
frantically altered; is it so?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Do you know what he has writ-
ten?" she said, softly.

"I guess what it is."

"My poor boy!" said she. "As if any
thing would change me but a change
in his heart. Will you take me to him,
Edward? I must go at once."

"Command me," I said.

She caught up the wide straw hat on
the bench beside her and drew on her
gloves, and took my arm. I never
loved her so well as I did then, but,
for once, it was with a perfectly un-
selfish love. I knew what she was
about to do and I blessed her for it.

And so I took her to him; my hand
opened the door of his room for her;
my eyes saw—yes and gladly—that
however that changed face might af-
fect others, it only made her love for
him more tender. I saw her rush into
his arms and hide her head on his
shoulders; and then I went softly
away and hid myself where no one
could see me, and cried like a baby.

Ah! well, that is a good while ago,
and they have been very happy. The
big fellow is almost as graceful as
ever, and as for his face—I do not
think it would matter much to me
what my face was if any one loved it
as well as Belle does his.

I go to see them sometimes, and my
mad fancy of kneeling down and con-
fessing my share in the horrible affair
of the past is quite abandoned. Beside,
Belle's daughter is sixteen now,
and if an old fellow of thirty-six—ah!
well, who knows what may happen in
the future. Only that that would be an-
other story quite, and I need not tell it
here. It is written, it is written.

HORN-DEVOURING LARVAE.

Soft-Bodied Insects Which Eat Holes in Liv-
ing Animals' Horns.

A curious fact which for many years
has provoked a bone of contention
among scientific men has just been de-
cided. Sportsmen and naturalists
when hunting in India and Africa
have from time to time had brought
under their notice the horns of various
species of deer and buffalo which have
been more or less perforated by in-
sects. On careful examination it was
found that the little creatures which
tunneled and made their home in the
hard fibre of the horn were the cater-
pillars, or larvae of a moth, belonging
to the same family as the common and
all too familiar clothes moth.

From their diminutive size, the
moths belonging to this family have
received the name of tineidae, and it
has been observed that they are all
more or less given to making their
homes in strange places during the
larval stage of their existence. The
little larvae of our old enemy the
clothes moth, for instance, make for
themselves protective cylinders out of
the cloth they so greedily devour.

Sometimes these tubes present a
very curious appearance, owing to
their having enlarged as the insect
has grown and different colored mat-
terials used for the new portions of
the old case. The larvae of another
branch of this family deck themselves
with floral garments, the calyx of the
flower of the common marjoram being
a very popular dress, while others are
of a mining disposition and love to
excavate elaborate tunnels in the leaves
of the honeysuckle.

Strange as these habits appear, it is
yet more wonderful that a species of
these soft-bodied insects should be
capable of boring so hard a substance
as the antlers of a deer. During the
forty-five or fifty years that these
horn-devouring larvae have been un-
der observation the various stages of
their existence have been successfully
noted, from the laying of the egg up-
on the horn by the mother moth to the
final appearance of her offspring as
perfect male and female insects.

The larvae, on emerging from the
egg, bore down into the horn, and
when they have eaten their fill and
are ready for their chrysalis sleep they
tunnel up to the surface, so that they
may have a convenient exit by which
to make their escape when the pupal
sleep is over and they have become
perfect moths.

But, although so much of their his-
tory was known, there still remained
one problem unsolved. This knotty
question was that no one knew for
certain whether these larvae attacked
the horns and antlers of the buffalo
and deer while the animals were alive
or only after death. After many years
of speculation and conflicting opinions
it has at last been conclusively proven
that these insects do infest the horns
of living quadrupeds, for the news has
just come to hand that both the larvae
and chrysalis have been taken from
the horns within an hour of the death
of the animals to which they belong-
ed.

A Geneva, Italy, watchmaker has
figured out that the wheels of a
watch, if kept in motion for a year,
cover a distance of 5,000 miles.

NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMI-
NINE TOPICS.

Styles in Hats—Shoots, Fishes and Paddles—
The Spanish Duchess—The High Bust Re-
turning—Etc., Etc.

STYLES IN HATS.

Some of the shops are showing felt
hats. There appear to be more colored
felt hats than black so far this sea-
son. The alpine and banded hats are
exhibited in great quantities. Their
shapes are not much changed from
those of last season, except that they
have assumed a more finished and
masculine appearance. Tight little
brims and soft, broad bindings give
the hat a rich appearance.—New York
Tribune.

SHOOTS, FISHES AND PADDLES.

The second woman to be made a
registered guide in Maine is Mrs.
Mabel A. Harlow, of Dead River. Al-
though she had never attempted to act
as a professional guide, she had often
accompanied her husband, who is one,
on his trips into the woods. Recently
a letter came from a party of men
and women asking that she accompany
them with her husband, and then she
determined what her calling should be,
and applied for a license, which was
granted to her. Mrs. Harlow is con-
sidered competent to fill her place, as
she can shoot, fish and paddle a canoe
as well as most men. Besides these
accomplishments she is a good cook,
and that is what hunting parties are
glad to find.

THE SPANISH DUCHESS.

A Duchess enters a shop. Do you
imagine she will be more courteously
received than a little milliner? Not at
all. For both are instantly made at
home, and treated to the Hidalgo's
finest manner. But she will never
be the less a Duchess because she and
the shopkeeper are on the best of
terms. Her unconsciousness of her
rank in everyday relations, which
would stupefy an English Duchess,
comes from the fact that she belongs
to a prouder race. Had she a mind
to sport her coronet in a shop the owner
and his attendants would speedily
make short work of her decorative
dignity. To them it would simply
mean an underbred and foolish exhibi-
tion, for impertinence and vulgar
haughtiness are not defects the Span-
iards will tolerate. This explains
their inherent and incorrigible dislike
of the Anglo-Saxon.—Blackwood's
Magazine.

THE HIGH BUST RETURNING.

If you have recently bought a cor-
set it is a pity, for to be in style you
must have a new one, and it will be
of an entirely different pattern from
the one you now have.

First of all, your new corset will be
tightly laced over the hips, pressing
them down as low as possible, and
then it will be high bustled, giving a
round appearance to the chest. Stiff
bones will be put in the front and
back, while flexible bones will be
placed in the sides and over the hips,
so that, while the hips and abdomen
are increased, the soft, pliable bones
will allow a flexible and easy move-
ment that is very graceful.

The round garters are said to be out
of style, and with the new corset has
come a new garter, which consists of
two silk elastic bands, beginning at
the inner side of the hip attached to
the corset and fastened to the stock-
ing.

They can be fastened as loosely or
as tightly as convenient, and are a
great aid to those who are apt to be
careless in their walk by allowing
themselves to drop in at the waist,
thereby throwing out the abdomen.

WINNIE DAVIS' TACT.

Here are two of the many instances
showing the kind heart and wonderful
tact possessed by Miss Winnie Davis.
On one of her last visits to Rich-
mond she visited the Soldiers' Home,
and, while surrounded by distinguish-
ed men and women, all anxious to do
her homage, the superintendent of the
home said: "Miss Winnie, the old sol-
diers ask to come and pay their re-
spects to you." "Come to me?" she
said. "No, indeed, I will go to them,"
and, out on the lawn she went, run-
ning from one old veteran to another,
with a clasp of their hands, and a
tactful word to each one, her very soul
shining in her beautiful eyes. It was
an occasion never to be forgotten.

A few years ago a prize was offered
in the public schools of Richmond to
the child who would write the best
sketch of Jefferson Davis. Hundreds
were written and the prize was
awarded to a little girl. A large re-
ception was given by General and
Mrs. Joseph Anderson in honor of
Mrs. Davis and Winnie and the little
girl, the successful competitor, was
among the guests. With that rare
tact and grace so characteristic of
her, Winnie devoted herself to the
child, thanked her for the beautiful
sketch of her father, and, as the little
girl said, "Made me so happy."—Phila-
delphia Times.

AN ENTERTAINING PORTFOLIO.

Unmounted pictures, those pretty
and interesting ones that sometimes
come as supplements with the really
good papers, the photographs that you
do not care to frame and which are
too large to put in an album, the en-
gravings that have been picked up
here and there, and especially the pic-
tures cut out of old but good guide
books, may be arranged in a port-
folio so simple that it can be handled
everybody without its showing the
ge given it. Buy an ordinary

portfolio, a good-sized one, with a
strong back to it. Cover it with
coarse gray linen, and paint on this in
a floral or architectural design the
word "Pictures."

Let your pictures be loose, but
mount those which are small or which
have suffered in the least, and trim
the edges of those that are ragged. It
is necessary in time, because they are
handled a great deal, to throw some
of the pictures away, but there are
always fresh contributions. Two
portfolios filled with these pictures
will entertain a party of young peo-
ple an entire evening, giving them sub-
jects for conversation and opportuni-
ties for tete-a-tete, so that they will
go home pleased with themselves and
with each other.—London Mail.

HINTS FOR FRESHENING GOWNS.

It is not always possible to buy new
laces and ribbons, not to speak of
chiffon, but if they are taken off the
gowns and given a bath in naphtha,
the lace washed in water with a little
borax, they will look quite fresh again
—fresh enough, in most instances, to
be put back where they were. A
dark blue gown that had a white front
of chiffon was done over the other day
by putting in a front of white taffeta
silk that had been treated to a bath
in naphtha. Over the silk was put
some chiffon that had been cleaned
in the same way, and it looked quite
like new; but it is better not to put
cleaned chiffon or mousseline de sole
on cleaned silk. Lace will look very
much better, and best of all will look
black lace over the white. The big
bows that are worn at the throat,
made of pleated black mousseline de
sole, are of great advantage in fresh-
ening up a gown. They should be
made into a bow before being put on,
and can be attached to a band of rib-
bon that will form the collar. If the
black is not becoming against the face,
it can be easily softened by turning
down a piece of white lace, or one of
the very fine embroidered linen col-
lars edged with lace that are so much
worn at present. A belt and sash-
ends of satin ribbon of medium width
often hide a lot of wear and tear on
the back of a gown, and quite re-
model the skirt.—Harper's Bazar.

STRANGE FREAKS OF WOMEN.

The story is told of a lady of re-
spectable position who ordered her ap-
pearance in such a way that it never could
be said of her that she wore a pair of
anything. She wore stockings of dif-
ferent colors and gloves of opposite
hues, and in the same way introduced
strong contrasts into other portions of
her daily attire. When asked to give
a reason for her eccentricity, she
could only say that it made her un-
comfortable to do otherwise.

Many other freaks of feminine ec-
centricity in connection with dress
might be cited, but it would be diffi-
cult to instance anything more absurd
than the craze in France some quarter
of a century ago for using snakes and
insects as toilet adornments.

The Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne
used to keep a little live snake in her
pocket, and in spite of the entreaties
of her husband and her friends would
insist upon having it for a companion
at public functions.

Mme. Musard wore a small viper on
her neck amid her splendid diamonds,
and when she appeared in the box at
the opera every glass in the house was
levelled at her as she sat scintillating
with diamonds and with the dark coil
of the reptile's body setting off the
whiteness of her neck.

Later on the Comtesse de Villeneuve
for several months wore on her neck a
beautiful scarabae beetle. It was
tethered to a ring by a very slender
gold chain, which allowed the insect
to run about on the lady's shoulder.

A young lady living in California
some little while ago took it into her
head that she would like to make a
horseshoe. It had been a favorite pas-
time of hers to watch a neighboring
blacksmith at work, and she at last
asked to be allowed to try her hand
upon a shoe. Permission was granted,
and she did so well that she continued
the employment, and came to be large-
ly patronized. Specimens of her
handiwork were subsequently exhib-
ited at San Francisco, and the black-
smith who taught her sent one of the
horseshoes as a present to Queen Vic-
toria.

NEW FASHION FANCIES.

Cherry velvet is used for collars and
sashes on black gowns.

A novelty in costume linings is black
hairlined striped cherry and currant-
red taffeta silk.

Taffeta yokes are made in cross or
lengthwise tucks or shirred on fine
cords.

Black taffeta gowns trimmed with
bottle-green velvet are new this sea-
son.

Fancy black silk and mohair braid
in open embroidery patterns, in nar-
row widths, are seen in the new trim-
mings.

A pretty use of lace is as a trim-
ming, or rather, covering for sleeves
and yokes, and for the projecting
epaulets which still remain with us.

The present style of narrow trim-
mings, in inserted effects, necessitates
a great deal of hand-work. This mode
will be one of the principal features
in costumes and millinery this season.

Some chic forms in hats have the
brims moulded with a high roll in the
back and point down, with no roll at
all over the face. They are rather
rakish and will probably be popular
with cyclists, as they protect the eyes.

Braids of all sorts, in both plain and
fancy weave, will be used in the great-
est profusion and will be applied in all
sorts of designs, as well as in straight-
up-and-down and all-around effects.

Lace is lavishly used. Among the

novelties in this line are coats of
blouses, which are now over plain
bodies, being quite full and drawn in
around the waist with belt of black
velvet, or satin embroidered with gold
threads and beads.

Among the handsomest hats are
those with a rather narrow brim, the
front brought closely up to the brows
and firmly attached there. The in-
dentation made by this fastening is
filled with flowers, foliage, fruit and
frillings.

WEST POINT DISCIPLINE.

A Cadet Captain Reduced to the Ranks for a
Peculiar Reason.

A Cadet Captain at West Point has
just been reduced to the ranks for a
peculiar and unprecedented reason.
Recently, while he was drilling his
company, a runaway horse dashed
across the field on the flank of the
command.

Some of the cadets, not yet perfected
in the art of immobility under strain,
began to turn their heads to watch the
course of the animal. At that unpropi-
tious moment one of the "tactical
officers," assigned from the regular
army to drill the cadets in military ma-
noeuvers and discipline, naturally
sought to preserve his company from
reprimand and commanded, "Keep your
eyes to the front!" This had the
desired effect upon all the cadets but
one, for whom the runaway horse still
had a resistless attraction. Losing all
self-possession, the Captain turned
sharply and said, "Turn your eyes if
you want to see things, but remain
quiet and face the front." It happen-
ed that the tactical officer heard the
two commands, and in consequence he
at once reported the Captain for giv-
ing an unmilitary order. The regula-
tions require men in the ranks to ab-
stain from gazing about, and the Cap-
tain had in fact permitted this while
requiring the men to keep their heads
still. The order, too, was not in for-
mula. The commandant of cadets,
with full and final jurisdiction over
the case, immediately upon investigat-
ing the matter, reduced the Captain to
the ranks, a punishment regarded by
cadets as next to death or dismissal.
The episode illustrates the rigidity
with which the youthful soldiers are
trained at the Government's military
school. The work of the regular army
during the late campaign well exem-
plifies the beneficial results of this
strict discipline and the insistence of
the requirement that the military life
be exact in the smallest particulars.

Vegetable Giants.

Imagine a flower nine feet around
and with petals strong enough to sup-
port a man. This mammoth grows in
Africa and has five large, thick petals,
surrounding a brilliant center, which
is encircled by a wide, high brim, and
which would make a bathtub large
enough for a child.

There are giants among the grasses
more wonderful still. If we walk
knee deep in grass we say it is a fine
crop, and the times we see it should-
er high are rare. In India there is a
species called Dab grass which reaches
above the heads of the tallest men,
for it is fourteen feet high. And
there is grass four times as high in
the Indian forests. If trees are near
the boughs furnish it support. There
is, besides, a grass which grows 100
feet high—it is the giant bamboo, and
the tallest in the world.

The Jericho weed in our own coun-
try is a unique giant. It is a globu-
lar mass of tangled vegetation six
feet in diameter. Until fall it be-
haves like other plants, but when the
winds of autumn dry its sap it goes
on a vegetable cowboy spree. Its dry-
ing up does not make it shrink in
size—only makes it lighter. It loosens
from the soil, and when a cyclone or
tornado comes tearing about these
huge balls fly before the wind, bound-
ing and leaping across the plains. If
it any wonder that the cattle and
sheep are frightened out of their
wits when they see these strange
things coming and fee for their lives,
more scared of the Jericho balls than
of the approaching storm?—Boston
Transcript.

A Widow's Queer Letter.

A certain life insurance company re-
cently received the following letter:
"Dear Sir—It is with deep sorrow
that I take the pen to inform you that
my dear wife, Anne Marie, nee Lind-
ner, insured with you—you will find
the number in your index—for the sum
of \$3,000, has died suddenly, leaving
me in this world in the bitterest de-
spair. This painful blow befell me
this very day at 7 o'clock in the morn-
ing. Will you try to get for me the
amount insured as quickly as possi-
ble? The policy bears No. 21,762. I
can say very seriously and very sin-
cerely that she was a faithful wife
and an accomplished mother. So
that matters may proceed more rap-
idly I send you herewith an official
certificate of her death. Her illness
has been very short, nevertheless she
suffered very much, which rendered
my sorrow more intense. I trust that
you will help me in consoling myself
by sending me very promptly the
aforesaid amount, especially after
having received my formal promise—
and I make it to you this very mo-
ment—that when the time comes I
shall insure my second wife for
\$6,000, double the amount of the de-