

### The Paths of Destiny.

Go your own way; let me go mine:  
For us the differing day-stars shine  
Across the shifting water-way  
That links to-day with yesterday  
And kisses with regretful lips  
The sands and the departing ships.  
Where top-masts, sinking in the sea,  
Return no more to you and me.

Go your own way; each has his own  
For us the differing day-stars shine  
Above the hills that hurry down  
The valley from the inland town.  
Where boyhood's changeful vows were  
traced  
In drifting sand, thus here effaced.

Go your way; let each man's soul  
Maintain its purpose and its goal.  
The times are dead that called us  
friends:

Our lives have different aims and ends,  
Careers which satisfy like thine  
Were never made for hearts like mine  
That ache, that break, yet still afar  
Pursue fame's fair, elusive star,  
Until, beyond the realms of night,  
Toll rises, star-like, avatar,  
A god incarnate from each line  
Where pain makes human thought di-  
vine.

Across the hollow-sounding lakes  
Whose low, recurrent thunder shakes  
The sand whereon our pathways part—  
Mine to the height, yours to her heart—  
For us the differing day-stars shine:  
Go your own way; let me go mine.  
—John Bennett, in the Criticon.

### A BRIDE BY TELEGRAM.

By Mrs. Whitney.

"Send me down bride in full dress  
for Friday evening. H. Smith, Walk-  
ley Station."

That was the tenor of the telegram.  
Miss Betsy Blythe knew, because she  
read it over four times, if she read it  
once. She picked it up on the step of  
the telegraph office, where the lucky  
recipient thereof must have dropped it  
—and, unluckily, the address was torn  
off the northeast corner of the folded  
paper.

But Miss Betsy Blythe had not been  
engaged in looking after her neighbors'  
business all her life to be fooled now.  
She wiped the street mud off the tele-  
gram with her pocket-handkerchief,  
put it safely into her reticule and car-  
ried it home to her sisters, Miss Ar-  
ethusa and Miss Pamela Blythe.

"There," she said, "didn't I tell you  
Harold Smith was going to be married  
on the sly?"

"Goodness me!" said Arethusa.  
"It can't be possible," piped Pamela.  
"But who can the bride be?"

"That's the question," declared Miss  
Betsy, staring back at the poll-parrot's  
cage in the window. "And Fri-  
day is to be the wedding day."

"Which Friday, I wonder?" said  
Miss Arethusa.

"Why, this Friday, of course!" pro-  
nounced Miss Pamela. "The day after  
to-morrow, of course; or it would have  
been a deal easier and cheaper to write  
instead of telegraphing. Don't you  
see?"

"Friday's an unlucky day for a wed-  
ding," groaned Miss Betsy.

"Just like Harold Smith to get mar-  
ried on a Friday," said Miss Pamela.  
"He's always making fun of what he  
calls 'superstitious observances.'"

"Well, I never!" said Miss Arethusa.  
"Who is the bride, anyhow?"

"If she's a girl of any spirit what-  
ever," tartly observed Miss Betsy,  
"she won't allow herself to be tele-  
graphed around the country like a  
package of dry goods."

"Some girls will do anything to get  
married," said Arethusa, with vicious  
emphasis.

"It's Jessie Mordaunt, of course," de-  
clared Pamela. "She's been flirting on  
and off with Harold Smith for these  
three years, but I didn't suppose he  
was foolish enough to fall into her  
trap."

"Or perhaps it's Marian Shelton,"  
added Miss Betsy. "I know they've  
been making up a new white silk dress  
with tablier fronts and a trained skirt  
at Shelton's. Miss Needlepoint told  
me so herself. And I can believe any  
amount of folly of the Shelton family  
once they changed that girl's name  
from Mary Ann to Marian."

"There's the three Misses MacKenzie,  
every one of 'em crazy," suggested  
Miss Arethusa.

"No," said Miss Pamela, decidedly.  
"You may be quite certain it's Jessie!  
Jessie's flighty enough for anything! I  
think she'd rather enjoy an escapade  
like that!"

"But I dare say," vindictively added  
Miss Arethusa, who was the eldest sister  
of the three, and the least addicted  
to favorable views of human nature,  
"they think it's an unfathomable  
secret!"

"Walkley Station is only three-quar-  
ters of an hour from New York," said  
Betsy. "Let's go to the wedding!"

"And," added Miss Pamela, in a  
chuckle, "let's notify all our friends to  
go!"

For the three Misses Blythe were not  
pleased that Harold Smith should pre-  
sume to take so important a step as  
that of matrimony without their con-  
sent and advice. Hadn't they known  
him as a curly-headed lad before he  
ever went into college? Hadn't he  
played many a practical joke upon  
them, in his wild, rollicking way—and  
didn't they know perfectly well that  
he regarded them as three sour, ridicu-  
lous, disappointed old spinsters?

And now that they had come into  
possession of one of his choicest, dearest  
secrets, it was scarcely in human  
nature not to be revenged, fully and  
entirely.

"Do you suppose she'll go out in the  
cars?" asked Arethusa.

"In full dress! What nonsense," re-  
ported Pamela. "She'll drive, of course,  
in a carriage!"

"She'll get her death of cold," said  
Miss Betsy, with a shiver. "Driving  
fifteen miles in 'full dress'!"

"The idea of Harold Smith ordering  
her around in that majestic fashion!"  
cried Arethusa. "But, girls, I'll tell  
you what we will do; we'll go and call  
on the Mordaunts."

Mrs. Mordaunt, a pretty, full-blown  
rose style of matron, was doing crewel-  
work. Jessie, her daughter, who cor-  
responded with the rosebud in the fam-  
ily, was painting a vase of purple pansies  
in watercolors. They did not ap-  
pear in the least like custodians of an  
important secret; looked surprised when  
Miss Betsy alluded to the subject of  
impending marriages, and said they  
had heard of no wedding in the  
neighborhood; and they stared when  
Miss Arethusa asked if they hadn't had  
a dressmaker in the house lately.

"We always do our own sewing,"  
said Mrs. Mordaunt. "Jessie can fit a  
dress as well as Madam Mondini her-  
self."

"But for such a very, very important  
occasion as this," smirked Miss Ar-  
ethusa.

"We never have any important occa-  
sions," laughed Jessie. "Look, Miss  
Blythe; do you think my pansy is as  
deep a purple as the original?"

And when the three old maids had at  
last taken their departure, Jessie  
looked at her mother in amazement,  
mingled with mirth.

"Mamma," said she, "what do those  
old women mean?"

"I think, dear," said Mrs. Mordaunt,  
"that they are the least bit unsettled  
in their minds—just a little crazy, you  
know."

And the Misses Blythe went away,  
exchanging mysterious glances and  
whispering to each other.

"They cannot deceive us!"  
The Misses Blythe told everybody  
they could think of—always in strict  
confidence, of course. Everybody re-  
peated it to everybody else, and by Fri-  
day evening the train to Walkley Sta-  
tion was full.

To Miss Betsy Blythe's infinite dis-  
appointment, the Smith house, a pre-  
tentious, old-fashioned mansion with a pillared  
front, a garden full of clipped box  
monstrosities, was not lighted up after  
any extraordinary fashion. Mrs. Smith,  
Harold's mother, a dimpled old lady in  
a white lace cap and gleaming gold  
spectacle-glasses, was knitting, half  
asleep, when the three Misses Blythe  
were ushered in, followed by a crowd  
of other acquaintances.

"Oh," said she, rubbing her eyes to  
make sure that it was not a dream,  
"this is a surprise party, is it? I'm  
sure I'm delighted to see you! Only  
it's a pity Harry isn't at home!"

"My good soul," said Miss Arethusa  
Blythe, shaking her finger, "it's no use  
trying to deceive us. We know all  
about it!"

"All about what?" said Mrs. Smith.  
"About the wedding!" cried out the  
company in chorus.

"Whose wedding?" demanded Mrs.  
Smith.

"Why, Harold's, to be sure!" they re-  
sponded.

"But Harold isn't going to be mar-  
ried," said Mrs. Smith. "He isn't even  
engaged! Good gracious! What can  
have put such a thing into people's  
heads?"

"It's the telegram," said Miss Pame-  
la.

"I don't know what you are talking  
about," said Mrs. Smith, in despair.

"Well, if you won't believe me, you  
will, perhaps, believe your own eyes,"  
said Miss Betsy Blythe with dignity  
as she drew the telegram from her  
pocket, and carefully straightening out  
its creases, held it up before Mrs.  
Smith's spectacle-glasses.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Smith, at last  
comprehending a little of this curious  
network of cross-purposes. "It's Bella  
Smith's big doll!"

"What?" cried Miss Arethusa, Miss  
Pamela, and Miss Betsy, in chorus.

"What?" more wildly echoed the rest  
of the assemblage, crowding eagerly  
around.

"Mrs. Helena Smith's little daughter,  
across the street," explained Mrs.  
Smith. "It's her birth-night party, and  
an immense doll dressed as a bride was  
forwarded by express this afternoon.  
I saw it myself—a perfect beauty, with  
veil and wreath, white satin boots, but-  
toned by knobs of pearl and long-wrist-  
ed white kid gloves, entirely complete!  
And you thought—you really imagined  
that my Harold was going to be mar-  
ried secretly, and had telegraphed to  
New York for his bride!"

The old lady broke out into a fit of  
soft, sweet-sounding laughter, which  
shook her as if she had been a mound  
of jelly. Everybody else laughed, ex-  
cept the three Misses Blythe. They  
only looked blank.

"But, now that you're here," added  
hospitable Mrs. Smith, "you'll stay to  
tea, all of you? But you must! The  
down train don't leave until ten, and  
you'll be half starved now that there is  
no wedding feast for you. Oh, I insist  
upon your staying to tea."

The biggest teakettle in the house  
was put over to boil, at once; seven  
pounds of coffee were put into the pot,  
and the maids ran, one to the muffin-  
and-crummet store and cake bakery,  
the other to the oyster stand, which,  
luckily, was not yet shut up for the  
night. And kind Mrs. Smith entertain-  
ed her guests with gracious politeness.

But there was no wedding and no  
bride, except little Nelly Smith's wax  
bride across the street; and the three  
Misses Blythe went back to New York,  
sadder and wiser women.

And that was, perhaps, the most de-  
sirable result; they resolved to adhere  
thenceforth, to the eleventh command-  
ment.

**Precent and Practice.**  
"I have been very much pained," said  
the man who always has a regretful  
look in his eye, "to observe the Ameri-  
can eagerness to make money."

"I understand that you have written  
a book on the subject."

"Yes. But I am not going to publish  
it—not until I can see some method of  
making it pay."—Washington Star.

### A GENUINE BAD MAN.

HOW A LEADVILLE DESPERADO  
PLAYED HOSS WITH TWO  
TENDERFEET.

Thurston Lillibridge was a True  
Type of the Western Man-Killer—  
He was a Blusterer and a Braggart,  
But Had Sand, Nevertheless.

"You often hear and read yarns to  
the general effect that bad men are al-  
most invariably cool, silent chaps, and  
that there is no such a thing as a bad  
man who blusters, the blusterers, ac-  
cording to these stories, being all cow-  
ards," said Jared McAlbert, a well-  
known Montana mining man who vis-  
ited Washington recently.

"These yarns make me smile. The  
regular bad man is almost extinct  
now, but I've met several hundred of  
'em in my day, and every man of them  
was not only wickedly bad in fact, but  
also on his own confession. The worst  
men of the lot were the fellows who  
publicly gloated over their infamous  
deeds, the braggarts who not only an-  
nounced with whoops that they ate  
wolves, but who were always ready to  
stand for anything they said, drunk or  
sober. It was a part of a professional  
bad man's badness to let everybody  
know that he was bad, to yell it out  
between the cracking of his guns; to  
roar it out in the middle of the road  
whenever the fancy struck him. More-  
over, these self-announced bad men  
were never 'called' with the frequency  
that some of these yarns would have  
you believe. I've generally discovered,  
on investigation, that the 'quiet, cool'  
bad men were fellows who shot or  
stabbed their victims in the back.

"I am always entertained when I  
read fairy tales of the way the bad  
men used to get themselves done up oc-  
casionally by flat-chested, one-lunged  
tenderfeet from the East. A few years  
ago I read a story in a St. Louis paper  
about the way a pretty, blue-eyed ten-  
derfoot lad had made the famous (or  
rather infamous) Thurston Lillibridge  
dance, and it like to have tickled me  
to death. As a matter of fact, the man  
never lived that got the drop on Lilli-  
bridge. He committed suicide by  
jumping from a second story window  
in Denver while in a spasm of the d.  
t. Lillibridge was about as bad a  
man as ever struck Leadville when  
Leadville was bad, which is saying  
enough. He was the worst braggart,  
the most tremendous blowhard, that  
ever loved the sound of his own voice,  
and yet he was bad and dangerous  
"way down to the ground and under-  
neath it. When he was drunk he  
would relate the history of his life in  
nine languages, and then whistle it, as  
the saying goes, solely for the purpose  
of enticing some new arrival to 'call'  
him, and he always looked grieved and  
disappointed when there was no one  
around to make such a bad break. He  
loved tenderfeet for the fun he had  
with them, and this is the reason the  
fairy tale about his having been cor-  
ralled by one of them was such good  
reading for me.

"Two young fellows from Camden,  
N. J., struck Leadville in the fall of  
1878. Each of them carried two big  
silver mounted pistols in his new belt,  
and their knives were new and shiny.  
They were pretty strapping young  
men, as a matter of fact, but they  
talked too much—and a new man in  
Leadville had to cheap pretty low in  
those days until the layout had time to  
size him up and properly label him, so  
to speak. These two young men, who  
seemed to have plenty of money in ad-  
dition to their fine outfits, didn't ap-  
pear to understand Leadville ethics,  
however, and they toured around  
among the gin mills, talking a heap.  
They were both fairly well loaded up  
by the time they got around to Nat  
Brinkerhoff's 'Red Light' saloon, and  
this made them more garrulous than  
ever. Lillibridge, quiet for once, stood  
at the bar when they walked in. He  
looked at their fine toggery and shiny  
weapons with astonishment on his  
face, but without saying a word. One  
of the young men, the more bolsheroic  
of the two, finally noticed Lillibridge.

"You're pretty husky looking, pard,"  
said he, with a disingenuous attempt at  
the manner of the frontier swashbuckler.  
"Name your poison."

"Thurston didn't bat an eye or say  
a word for a full minute. Then he  
seemed to emerge from his trance,  
shook himself together and strolled up  
to the two young men from Camden.

"Can you two kids run at a lope?  
He inquired with mock deference.

"Run?" said the one who had ad-  
dressed him. "Certainly we can run,  
but we don't make a business of it.  
Why?"

"Because," said Lillibridge, hitching  
up his trousers, "us three are a-going  
to play hoss."

"Huh?" said the talkative youth, in-  
quiringly.

"Hoss, I said," shouted Lillibridge.  
"We're a-going to play hoss. I want to  
find out if you can lope in harness as  
fast as you can talk."

"As he spoke he suddenly threw a  
rope over the two young men's shoul-  
ders, hanging on to the two loose ends  
himself, holding them in his left hand.  
With his right he reached for one of  
his guns, and planted a ball about an  
inch from each of the young men's  
heels.

"GR ap!" he howled, and the two  
Camden boys were out of the door in a  
second, Lillibridge right behind them  
with the reins in his left hand, and  
still kicking up the dust at their heels  
with the gun in his right.

"Go a-humpin'! Shake it up! Jest  
hit the high places!" Lillibridge bawled  
after them between the cracks of his  
gun, until they fairly dragged him  
along, swift runner as he himself was,  
so fast was the pace the gun per-  
suaded them to take up. Up and down

Main street he drove them, the town  
taking it in with howls of joy.

"Whoa, there!" yelled Lillibridge,  
when he had brought his team back to  
their starting place. Lillibridge un-  
wound the rope from them, and then  
fanned himself with his hat and wait-  
ed for the return of his wind.

"You Shetlands are not so bad on  
the go," he said finally, "but you can't  
run like you can talk. And you want  
to learn how and when and where to  
unship your guns from your purty new  
belts before you undertake to pack 'em  
around with you. Why didn't you  
shoot me up some?"

"The young fellows looked sheepish,  
but said nothing. Lillibridge took  
them under his protection from that  
night, and in time they learned how  
to make a bluff good.

"This same Thurston Lillibridge was  
the only man who ever had the drop  
on that quick trigger man, Bat Mas-  
terson, for a minute. He crept up be-  
hind Masterson one day, and with a  
quick movement grabbed both of the  
Marshal's guns out of his belt. Mas-  
terson wheeled around and found him-  
self covered by Lillibridge with his  
own guns. He stood stock still, ex-  
pecting to get two balls in his head,  
for he had had several growls with  
Lillibridge. Lillibridge lowered the  
guns and handed them back to Mas-  
terson, butts foremost.

"That's one I've got on you, Bat,"  
said Lillibridge, "and it's up to you  
never to come a-gunnin' for me, mar-  
shal or no marshal, no matter what I  
do. Just pass that up to some one  
else."

"That goes," said Masterson, briefly,  
and it did, notwithstanding the fact  
that there was many a time afterward  
when it was up to Masterson to gather  
Lillibridge in or make a finish of it  
with him.

"The real bad man has always been  
boisterously bad, and the 'quiet, cool'  
bad man has never been anything else  
but a slinker and a counterfeiter."

### HOW FUNSTON LEADS.

No Truth in the Pictures Which  
Show Him Waving a Sword.

"There is one thing," writes Ser-  
geant Ozias, "that should be spoken of  
to correct misapprehension of facts.  
General Funston is spoken of and pic-  
tured as rushing at the insurgents with  
uplifted sword and scabbard swinging  
high. He did nothing of the kind, nor  
did any other officer worthy of being  
called one. At Maricao I stood (up) on  
the east bank of the river with the first  
platoon of Company H, firing over the  
river at the rebels, to protect Funston  
and the men crossing the river. None  
of us were more than ten feet from  
the river bank, in full view of the enemy  
and without even a blade of grass to  
protect us, but they were hid from us.  
We yelled to Funston that Pensylvania  
was attempting to cross to claim  
our victory. He started on a run as  
fast as his legs would carry him, shout-  
ing to the squad with him, 'Come on,  
boys; deploy,' and to us, 'Give 'em fits,  
boys.' Seeing him there without so  
much as a stick in his hand, speeding  
his way like a shadow through the  
trees and banana stalks, over fences  
and bushes, ten yards ahead of his  
party, still yelling, 'Come on, boys,'  
stampeding chickens, hogs and dogs  
from among the hopes, would have  
made a dead man laugh, serious as the  
affair was. Our platoon was firing at  
will, yet we guarded it so carefully  
that none but Filipinos felt it. At  
Calumpit, when Funston and the eight  
sets of fours crossed and ran in a few  
minutes a battle that had been fiercely  
fought for two days. Funston was  
again barehanded, as were all officers  
except a few who carried native canes  
they had picked up, more as an aid in  
walking than anything else. I speak  
of these things to show that the sword  
should be left out of all pictures of  
this war; it is ornamental, not useful,  
and as I was there and saw these  
events as they happened, I am (mod-  
estly) glad to tell of bravery not often  
paralleled in commanders."—Kansas  
City Journal.

### How Jewelers Identify Gems.

In these days of frequent robberies  
it is well to adopt some method of  
identification more sure than that of  
a simple recognition of one's own  
jewels. It is next to impossible to pick  
out one's ring from a collection of  
twenty. An expert might do it, but  
few women can.

The best method is the jeweler's  
method. Every piece of jewelry they  
own is marked with an identification  
number. It is scratched by the jeweler  
as soon as it is bought, and entered  
on his registry books, with a full de-  
scription of the setting and each stone.  
Examine your rings with a microscope  
and the numbers will be found.

Whenever an article of jewelry is re-  
paired this number, with its repair re-  
gistry number, is entered on the repair  
book wherever it is left. This is true  
of all articles of jewelry, but is particu-  
larly noticeable in the repair of  
watches. Every time a watch is  
cleaned its new number is scratched  
somewhere on the inside of the case.  
One can never deceive a jeweler as to  
the length of time since the watch was  
last cleaned, as he has it registered in  
his books.

If you cannot make out a jewelry de-  
scriptive list yourself, your jeweller  
will fill out the registry for you. Your  
chances of recovery in case of robbery  
are greatly increased.

### How to Give Children Castor Oil.

Children who refuse to take castor  
oil make no fuss if it is given in this  
way: Take one cup of milk, one of  
treacle, half a cup of sugar, half a cup  
of castor oil, a teaspoonful of carbon-  
ate of soda, two of ginger, a little and  
enough flour to make a stiff paste.  
Roll out, cut into shapes and bake in a  
quick oven. One or two are as good  
as a dose of oil.—Woman's Life.

### CALIFORNIA RAISIN-MAKING.

One of the Most Interesting Pomolo-  
gical Sight in the State.

The gang moves in a bunch, clipping  
off the translucent clusters of musca-  
tels, arranging them upon the trays to  
shrink and shrivel under the rays of  
the sun into the concentrated delicacy  
we know. Behind them the lines of  
trays lie, a basking array of shimmer-  
ing fruit, and some one interested is  
showing the clusters together, that the  
tray shall be honestly filled, for the  
workers are paid by the tray.

After two weeks' exposure to the  
dry heat the filled trays are ready to be  
turned so they will be cured evenly.  
This is accomplished by placing  
an empty tray over the full one, dex-  
terously reversing it, then, carrying the  
upper one with them, repeating the  
process on down the row. It is at this  
stage in the curing that the grape is  
most delectable.

The amber is changing through ruddy  
stages to amethyst, and the sun-  
warmed balls are drops of honey—  
double distilled, so sweet they make  
you long with great thirst for the red  
water tank shimmering in the sunlight  
forty acres away, but you must eat,  
and go on eating even while your pal-  
ate is cloying with the sweetness.

In another week the dried grapes are  
ready for the sweet boxes. These  
wide, open boxes contain from 150 to  
160 pounds, and as the raisins become  
sufficiently cured they are sorted from  
the others and placed therein, broken  
pieces in separate boxes. These are  
usually carried to a sweating house, a  
closed structure, in which they soften  
and moisten evenly, the drying having  
made the stems exceedingly brittle, or  
simply stacked in one corner of the  
packing house to await the grading and  
packing.

### Cured Him.

"There used to be the greatest hypo-  
condriac in Detroit," remarked an old  
merchant of the city as he pointed out  
a retired lumberman.

"Why, he looks the picture of  
health."

"So he is. Tough as a pine knot,  
ought to live to be 100. But when we  
were younger he was always grunting.  
He thought he had everything from  
gout to galloping consumption, and  
never expected to live the year out.  
He averaged a quart of medicine a  
day, to say nothing of external appli-  
cations."

"What cured him?"

"I did. He growled so much that it  
always gave me the blue devils to meet  
him. One day he was telling me the  
old story of how his days were num-  
bered and how he had complications  
enough to kill an aligator in twenty-  
four hours. 'Jim,' said I, 'you make  
me tired. You're just about as pleas-  
ant company as a skull and cross  
bones. There's nothing on earth the  
matter with you. Give me \$1,000 a  
year while you live and I'll insure you  
for \$20,000 and secure payment.'"

"Did he take you?"

"Jumped at it. Insisted on paying  
\$7,000 down so as to make it more  
binding. From that minute he began  
to get strong and take on flesh. He  
was worrying about the money I was  
getting instead of about himself, don't  
you see? I caught him five years run-  
ning, and since that he dodges. Never  
speaks and never sees me. Hates me,  
I suppose. I'd refund, but he'd be sure  
to have a relapse," and the old mer-  
chant not only chuckled but winked.—  
Detroit Free Press.

### Civilization and the Brick.

It is wonderful how important is the  
place in the history of civilization filled  
by the common brick. Man, while yet  
in the savage or "primitive" state, no  
doubt managed to build himself houses  
of wood and leaves—as, for that mat-  
ter, do some of the lower animals. But  
it was not until he became part of a  
regularly organized community, with  
its subdivision of labor and its com-  
mon life, that he was able to construct  
for himself temples and palaces out of  
uniformly shaped pieces of burnt clay.  
Hence a collection of Chaldean bricks  
just exhibited by M. Heuzey, of the  
Louvre, to the French Academie des  
Inscriptions, excited greatest interest.  
The earliest were rudely shaped, evi-  
dently made without a mould, and had  
their upper faces arched, each brick  
being marked by way of stamp by the  
impress of the maker's thumb.

These, which were found in some  
quantity in the very lowest strata ex-  
cavated at Telloh and Nippur, are con-  
siderably over eight thousand years  
old. Next to these came the bricks  
made for the city of Sipurra, bearing  
the ancient cognizance of that city, an  
eagle with a lion's head. And so we  
go through the stamped and dated  
bricks of kings like Eannadi, who  
reigned in Babylonian some four thou-  
sand years before our era, to the beau-  
tifully painted and glazed ones found  
by Layard on the site of ancient Baby-  
lon.—Pall Mall Gazette.

### A Sleep-Walking Recruit's Dangerous Prank.

When somnambulists take to the use  
of firearms, people with their wits  
about them must needs be wide awake.  
About 11 o'clock on Tuesday night a  
recruit belonging to the Second Bat-  
talion, King's Shropshire Light In-  
fantry, stationed at Victoria Barracks,  
Portsmouth, England, got out of bed  
and fired off a round of ball-cartridge  
in a crowded barrack-room, which was  
in darkness. When the lights were  
turned up the recruit was standing  
with the smoking rifle in his hand and  
apparently in a dazed condition. When  
arrested he stoutly maintained that he  
was asleep when he fired the rifle, and  
did not know what he was doing. For-  
tunately the rifle was directed up-  
wards, and only the ceiling was dam-  
aged. The recruit will be tried for  
murder when the lawful possession of ball-  
cartridge. The remains of ammunition

were found lying near another block of  
buildings. They had evidently been  
thrown away by men who feared in-  
vestigation in consequence of this af-  
fair. It is thought that the ammuni-  
tion was brought back from Brown-  
down by the men who had been exer-  
cising in musketry there.

### Mad King's Room.

Half way between Munich and Salz-  
burg is the third castle, Herrenchiem-  
see, built by Ludwig II. This great  
structure is incomplete, fortunately  
for already overtaken Bavaria, for no  
one could surmise what its cost would  
have been. One room alone, the re-  
nowned bed-chamber, could not be  
duplicated for less than \$1,000,000. The  
vaulted ceiling is one great allegorical  
painting, the rounded cornice is cov-  
ered with a score of richly framed  
mural paintings, the walls are panels  
of hammered gold of intricate designs,  
and even the floor is of marvelous pat-  
tern.

The only suggestion of the purpose of  
this wonderful room is the \$50,000 bed,  
with its canopy more magnificent than  
any that covers a regal throne. In the  
gorgeous dining room he had erected  
a disappearing table, which dropped  
through the floor when a course was  
finished, and in its place came up an-  
other, set and served. He desired this  
so that servants would be unnecessary  
in the room, and the most secret state  
matters could be discussed in safety.—  
Ladies' Home Journal.

### Mouse Catches Flies on the Fly.

"Jimmy," the messenger boy, was  
looking for some excuse to loiter and  
he found it by watching a mouse catch  
flies in a show window on Lawrence  
street, near Seventeenth. As soon as  
"Jimmy" stopped he became deeply  
interested, and his absorbed attention  
attracted others and in a few minutes  
a crowd had gathered. The mouse is  
a past grand master of the art of fly  
catching. He was better than all the  
sticky paper in town. A paper now  
and then permits a fly to escape, but  
the mouse never. The mouse would