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London has more than doubled its population in the past half century.

Collectors of autographs remark that, while the typewriter never will supplant the pen and ink, it will make them more scarce and more valuable.

The Boston Globe figures it out that 31,000 out of our population of 65,000,000 own \$36,250,000,000 of our Nation's total wealth of \$62,510,000,000, otherwise one man out of every 2000 owns more than all the rest of the 2000.

The announcement that California would shortly become the seat of an extensive perfume industry is now reported to be without adequate foundation, as the flowers are said to lack the strength of odor required to make the manufacture of extracts profitable.

Determined not to lose its reputation as the great obituary paper of the country, the Philadelphia Ledger, with what the New York Advertiser esteems commendable alacrity, has secured autograph obituaries of all the members of the Peary relief expedition. It could not have been a very cheerful occupation for the writers.

A woman of inventive mind, discovered by the New York Sun, is experimenting on a rubber coating for iron stone chimneys used in restaurants and domestic porcelains. She thinks these should be as feasible as the noiseless tire and the mounting of chair legs in libraries and reading rooms. Incidentally she expects to find in her invention a large fortune, but her aim is distinctly philanthropic.

The New York Independent believes that the cultivation of athletics at girls' schools and colleges is likely to receive some stimulus from an award made by the United States Treasury Department to Miss Bertie Burr, of Nebraska, for rescuing two young women from drowning. Miss Burr, who learned how to swim at Lowell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., will receive, not the silver medal awarded for heroism, but the gold medal only granted for cases of extraordinary daring and endurance.

A novelty in business enterprise is soon to be introduced in New York City, according to the News. It may be tersely described as a benevolent pawnshop. The mere suggestion of a pawnshop with an aspiration higher than three per cent. a month makes this subject highly interesting. It is said that certain wealthy persons, connected with the Charity Organization Society, have determined to establish pawnshops throughout the city, to be operated at cost. Benevolence and philanthropy usually fail in the conduct of business enterprises, however, and the project of a cut-rate pawnshop may disappoint its well-meaning projectors.

Flying machines for use in war have engaged no little attention of late on the part of inventors. Maxin, the designer of the famous gun, claims to have produced one which can be controlled. He declares that he can fill his aerial car with explosives and hover in it over the city of London, holding that great metropolis at ransom to the extent of as many millions of pounds as he chooses to mention. Thus situated he can announce his terms by dropping a small package containing a statement of them and his ultimatum of "Cash or Crash!" His contrivance is a cylinder of aluminum containing a three-fourths vacuum, its collapse being prevented by strong ribs inside. It is propelled and steered by electric gear, and is further sustained and balanced by the wings of a great aeroplane, with an automatic arrangement of a compensatory nature that brings the machine immediately back to the horizontal when it tends to vary therefrom.

When Bernard Schmitz, having been in this country twenty-six years, went back to Germany on a visit two years ago, he was seized and put into the German army to serve his term as a German citizen. Vainly his Kansas neighbors sent petitions for his release, as nobody paid any attention to them. Finally his little eleven year old girl, Maggie Schmitz, wrote a letter to the Empress of Germany, telling her in artless child fashion how her mother and the children all missed their father, and begging that he might be sent back to them. The letter was neither properly addressed nor stamped, but each official into whose hands it fell sent it on, and at last it reached the Empress. The little girl's plea touched her motherly heart, and through her intercession, as stated by the Berlin papers, Schmitz was released and given free passage back to his home. The neighbors have been celebrating his return, and in a triumphal procession little Maggie had the first place. Thus writes F. W. Howe, the author of "The Story of a Country Town," in which (Atchison) this incident has just occurred.

THE SONG OF PEACE

A song is afloat in the air, And I would drink it in With the scent of the roses rich and rare; With still the battle's din Rings in my ears and deafens me; I cannot hear the strain. The noise of the world, its misery, Thrills like a bitter pain.

HIS DAY AT HOME.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

O, I can't say I enjoy George's sick days at home," said Mrs. Parfitt. "He's sure to be poking into things and making himself generally disagreeable. Dear boy! He isn't that way any other time. I'll warrant you, Conny!" Mrs. Parfitt shot a humorous glance at her husband's extremely pretty young cousin, who stood, in street attire, waiting for her—"that he won't want to give me the money for my new jacket to-day at all. But there's the Carpenter's reception Thursday, and—Wait for me! I'll try it."

And Mrs. Parfitt ran down stairs, with a valiant smile. She found her husband in the library. He was young and comely, but a strip of red flannel on his throat, a shawl untidily worn, and a gloomy expression of countenance, did not improve him.

"I'd stay at home, dear," said Mrs. Parfitt, "if there was anything I could do for you."

"There isn't," said her husband, shortly. "This beastly cold has got to wear itself out."

"Conny and I are going out for a little shopping, then. And if you can let me have the money for my spring jacket now, George! I'm a little late about getting it as it is, you know. It's the tan one, with a striped satin lining—awfully pretty—at Bright's."

"I don't know anything about any jacket!" George snapped. "I'm harassed enough in mind and body, Kate, without your persecuting me."

"In mind?" said Mrs. Parfitt, patiently resigning herself. "This was one of George's days at home. 'Yes, in mind!' He threw off his shawl, and sat up and glowered at her."

"What do you think about Hugh Dudley and Constance, anyhow?" "Hugh Dudley and—Constance!" Mrs. Parfitt stared a little.

"That's what I said. He's coming here all the time, isn't he? What's he coming for?" Mrs. Parfitt looked into her lap. A smile dawned on her fresh lips.

"—I really, I—she murmured. "I feel responsible for Constance," said George, scowling impartially at everything. "I asked her here, and if she does anything to—disgrace the family, I shall feel to blame for it. Hugh Dudley! Would Uncle Joe or Aunt Agnes want her to marry Hugh Dudley? A mere—mere—no fit term presenting itself. 'I don't like him!' Mr. Parfitt proceeded, warmly. "In the coffee business! And I don't believe he knows who his grandfather was!"

Mrs. Parfitt looked oddly demure. "Isn't the coffee business creditable, George, dear?" she queried. "And the Dudleys are a very good family, George, really, and everybody likes Hugh."

"I don't!" George retorted. "Hugh Dudley—when, with the slightest encouragement, Thomas Danforth—"

"Oh!" Mrs. Parfitt murmured. "You needn't think that has set me against Hugh Dudley, though. It hasn't—it hasn't at all. It isn't merely that Tom's a friend of mine; it's the difference in the fellows. Tom's a brick—a brick, Tom Danforth is!" said Mrs. Parfitt, with an emphasis which amounted to fierceness. "And for Constance Bergen to deliberately take up with the worse man of the two, when she might have the better, it galls me! I'll never invite her here again, mind you—that's no body else!"

He flung back into his chair. "I think Conny will—perhaps—be living here before long, dear," his wife rejoined, mildly. She had retreated to the hall. "And you—won't give me the money for my jack—"

"No!" said her husband, emphatically. "He heard the front door close directly, and said to himself that he was more than glad to be alone."

He supposed that Constance was up stairs, but he was in no mood for talking to Constance—far from it. He was thoroughly and indignantly out of patience with her.

He went into the kitchen and asked the cook to make him some ginger tea immediately. Returning, he saw from the window a sight which caused him to utter an exasperated growl. Hugh Dudley was driving up briskly in his road-cart—the cart and his well-groomed horse and his own good-looking face all shining in the rays of the morning sun.

George met him at the door before the maid could answer the bell. "Is Miss Bergen—the caller begun, with a questioning smile, offering to shake hands."

Mr. Parfitt ignored his hand. "She is not at home," he said, de-

liberately, with no trace of his accusing conscience in his displeased face. To admit Hugh Dudley and hear him and Constance chattering and giggling for two hours in the parlor was too much. He wouldn't have it.

The young man's face felt perceptibly. "When will she be at home?" he faltered, embarrassed between his disappointment and his awe of Mr. Parfitt's stern looks.

"I have not the remotest idea," George responded. "Would the fellow keep him there uttering mendacities all day! Not but that the cause was good and sufficient, but he was not accustomed to lying."

"I'm sorry, Hugh Dudley declared. He lingered, looking touchingly unhappy, only Mr. Parfitt was not touched. He looked as though he was waiting to shut the door, and the visitor retreated down the steps and into his cart.

Ellen had the ginger tea ready. It was not strong enough, and too sweet. "And when Ellen, having been somewhat gruffly informed of it, had made some fresh Mr. Parfitt drank it, and resumed his shawl and his chair and his uncomfortable reflections.

The door-bell rang again. George thought he knew the ring. Sure enough, it was Tom Danforth!

"Laid up?" that young man demanded, coming in breezily, big and broad-shouldered and bright-eyed and cheerful. "Too bad! On your lungs! Have you tried a capsicum plaster? I can get you one in five minutes if you want me to."

"It's in my head," said George dismally. But he smiled his pleasure at Tom Danforth's appearance, and wrung the young man's hand and took his coat and hat. "I'm glad you came—glad to see you! Stay to lunch, won't you? Have this foot-rest, Constance is home—"

"—up stairs," he said, in a breath. "Just wait," he ended, eagerly. "I'll go get her."

But he came back sulkily. "She went out with Kate, it seems," he explained in an injured manner. "I didn't know it. They're always gadding about. Have some marsh-malino or something!"

"Cordial at this hour of the day?" Tom protested, looking the soul of reassuring good nature and betraying no excitement at the fact of Constance's absence.

He even took up a newspaper. "He doesn't care," George mused, gloomily. "May be he isn't in love with her after all."

And he sat and eyed his stalwart friend, and thought what a husband he would have made for Constance, and how blind and contrary and exasperating they all were and how helpless he himself was to arrange matters as they ought to be arranged.

He fell into unhappy silence. "Has the cashier of the Freeborough Bank really gone off with the funds?" said Tom, with his handsome nose in the paper. "There's a rumor to that effect. Stewart's his name. He's rich enough anyhow. He ought to be—"

The bell again. It was Mrs. Parfitt, looking pretty and pink checked after the fresh air, and as lithe as though going to the Carpenter's reception in her old beaded wrap were not going to be a horrid necessity.

"Oh, you, Tom!" she cried, cordially. "I am so glad! Poor George is so wretched with that cold, and you can cheer him up!"

"I don't need cheering up," said George, huddling his shawl closer. "Where is Constance?" "Conny!" said Mrs. Parfitt, brightly. "Oh, what Mr. Hugh Dudley in his cart, and he took Conny along with him. What a stylish turnout he has!"

Mrs. Parfitt unpinched her bonnet. "He did, did he?" Her husband twitched in his chair so violently that his elbow knocked the ginger-tea cup to the floor.

Tom picked it up. "I wonder if that scamp has taken the money, if it will burst the bank?" he said. "It's a shame!"

"What bank?" Mrs. Parfitt questioned. And an animated discussion ensued. Mrs. Parfitt knew the defaulting cashier's daughter; Tom Danforth had known his brother, George, who knew more about him than either of them, contributed nothing to the conversation.

He leaned back and shut his eyes, three distinct vertical lines showing between them. He confessed to himself that he was extremely out of temper; but he had—certainly he had—ample cause for being so. Tom's a brick—a brick, Tom Danforth is!" said Mrs. Parfitt, with an emphasis which amounted to fierceness. "And for Constance Bergen to deliberately take up with the worse man of the two, when she might have the better, it galls me! I'll never invite her here again, mind you—that's no body else!"

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or I him? Why, it's all about Grace Quinby. They were engaged, you know, and they had some ridiculous over-troble or other; and Grace and I have been so chummy ever since I've been here that Mr. Dudley came right to me with it. He's been here two or three times to tell me things to tell her, and I've told her all of them, for Grace was foolish and hasty, and it really wasn't Mr. Dudley's fault at all, and I've been anxious for them to make it up. And now they have. He came this morning to get me to go there with him, and he met me on the street and we went. And Grace began to cry when she saw him, and I came away, and—"

Constance was sympathetically tearful. "We'll never quarrel, will we, Tom?" she demanded, tenderly.

And Tom stroked her hand. "Kate!" cried Mr. Parfitt, sternly. But his wife, laughing till her pink cheeks were red, slipped her hand through his arm.

"You're a dear, good boy," he avowed, "and I was a mean, dreadful girl to do it! But, George, you were so cross about my jacket that I wanted so—you're always a little cross when you're at home sick, you know—and I thought you'd know it so soon anyhow, and it was a temptation, and—I'm awful sorry," said Mrs. Parfitt, pleadingly.

"Where's my pocket-book?" said George. "I want you to all right. I've enjoyed and rejuvenated and cured, and I'm going down to the office,"—Saturday Night.

Drawn by the Webfooted Cows. The webfooted cows who inhabit the marshes along the St. John's River in Florida—I know that they are webfooted, for Captain Lund says so, and Captain Lund never lies—are of some use after all, it seems, and this is the how and the why.

In the merry month of April the water in the St. John's gets very low, and the two big steamboats, Frederick De Bary and City of Jacksonville, which go up and down it during the winter season, are sometimes hard put to it to get over the numerous bars. If it were not for the webfooted cows, Captain Lund says—and Captain Lund never lies—they would never get up to Sandford and Comfort Cottage, and would have to come North a month or more before they could be of service.

The worst bar of all is Volusia Bar, and here four times a day, at the hour when the steamboats are due, a number of Floridians put in an appearance with from four to eight yoke of the gay and festive kind, almost too thin to cast a shadow, hitched up for business.

Then follows a scene such as few steamboat men have ever witnessed. The cows are hitched to the boat by three stout chains, the drivers raise a shout, and with all steam on and a mighty tug-of-war, the stout iron steamboat is dragged through the mud and sand and landed in deep water again.

Captain Lund says he has a set of iron tires which he puts on the paddle wheels the first of May, which enable him to take short cuts across the country, thus shortening the distance by about one-half, and as Captain Lund was never so, never—knows to draw the long low or to tell a story which was not strictly according to Hoyle, down go the tires across country and all.

And yet there are people who persist in going to Europe strange sights for no see. It is one of the wonders which no man, and not very many hundreds of women, can fathom.—New York Herald.

Frak of a Thunderbolt. The annals of a French Academy of Science tell of a tailor's adventure with a thunderbolt. He lived in a house provided with two chimneys, one for a fireplace and the other for a stove, the latter not in use. During a thunderstorm a tremendous report was heard, and everybody thought that the house had been struck by lightning. Instantly a blue flame fell from the chimney, and rolled out into the room, seemingly about six inches above the floor. The excited tailor ran around the room, the ball of fire playing about his feet. Suddenly it rose above his head and moved off toward the stovepipe hole in the ceiling, which had a piece of paper pasted over it. The ball moved straight through the paper and up the chimney. When near the top it exploded and tore the chimney into thousands of fragments. The sight of the debris left by the explosion showed the family what would have been the consequences had it exploded while on its gyrating passage through the room.—St. Louis Republic.

A Strange Disease. James Mullen, of Louisville, Ky., died to death the other day, as the result of a strange malady which has for months baffled the skill of the physicians. His blood lost all its coagulative properties and had taken on the appearance and consistency of fresh milk. The corpuscles of the blood had become perfectly white. From a small scratch or cut the blood flowed with such rapidity that on several occasions it was scarcely able to be stopped before causing death. One morning one of the smallest of the blood vessels under the tongue became broken. The point where the blood came from was so small that no danger was apprehended at all. All efforts, however, to stop the flow were futile. Every remedy was resorted to, but to no avail, and in little less than an hour Mr. Mullen bled to death.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Novel Fly Trap. A restaurant keeper in Washington has trained a large rat to catch the flies and cattle moths that infest his establishment. The rat, it is said, has developed an inordinate taste for this kind of food, and spends all his time in hunting flies, in catching which he has become very expert. He is very tame, and pays no attention to the people who may be in the building, or to anything else except his winged prey.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Sun Beater. The highest velocity ever given to a cannon ball is estimated at 1926 feet per second, being equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds. The velocity of the earth at the equator, due to its rotation on its axis, is 1000 miles per hour, or a mile in 3.6 seconds. Therefore, if a cannon ball were fired due west, and would maintain its initial velocity, it would beat the sun in his apparent journey around the earth.—St. Louis Republic.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOOD.

WHAT CAUSES THE GREAT RIVERS ANNUAL OVERFLOW.

Rivers and Bayous Have Built Up Ridges on Which They Flow—Inundating the Bottom Lands.

EVERY spring the Mississippi River, swollen by the melting of the snow in the Rocky Mountains and by the abundant spring rains, threatens with inundation the low lands of Mississippi and Louisiana. Not infrequently it breaks through the bonds which confine its course and spreads its muddy waters over thousands of square miles of that fertile region, destroying the fields, young cotton and cane, and burying the fertile soil beneath layers of river mud.

Those who read accounts of these inundations of their wide-spread destruction and of the immense areas covered by them, may be at a loss to understand how the mere fact of this river overflowing its banks can lead to such extensive floods.

These bottom lands are a peculiar region. Originally a shallow arm of the gulf, they have been filled by deposits from the river. Even at present nine-tenths of the region is a marsh covered with grass or cypress forest, through which flows the Mississippi with its branches, and which are intersected by countless bayous, forming an intricate network of water courses. All the streams, with scarcely an exception, flow upon the tops of ridges. These ridges are low, rising but ten to twenty feet above the intervening arms of marsh, and range in breadth from a few rods up to perhaps four miles. The stream bed is in a notch upon the summit.

These ridges have been built by the streams. In former times, before the levees were confined to their beds by levees, they overflowed their banks with every high "tide," as the flood is called. The river, always muddy, is in time of flood heavily charged with sediment, brought perhaps from the high plains and the Rocky Mountains. Where the stream is rapid it has no difficulty in bearing toward its load of sediment, but when its velocity is checked, as it is when the stream is suddenly broadened, it is forced to deposit some of it. When the stream overflows its banks it becomes thus broadened, its velocity is checked, and it consequently deposits some of its load, the coarsest material first, the finer material later. By this process of overflow have the rivers and bayous built up the ridges on which they flow.

The only habitable and tillable parts of this region are the gentle slopes of these river ridges, and upon these, which form but a trifling proportion of the entire area, the inhabitants are congregated. The roads commonly follow the river, running immediately at the foot of the levee, and it is along these roads that the houses are found. The plantations stretch in narrow strips back from the river.

The levees, which are built continuously along both sides of the river and principal bayous of this region, are sometimes ten or twelve feet in height, and in time of flood the river is frequently full up to the top of the levee. One may ride along the road under the levee with the water of the river five or six feet above his head.

When the river is in flood the levees are patrolled night and day by the inhabitants, watching for the slightest indication of weakness. A thin stream of water the size of one's finger breaking through the lower part of the levee may in an hour, if unchecked develop into a break or crevasse which can not be closed, and which may involve a loss of millions of dollars to the neighboring country. Such breaks are often caused by the burrowing of animals, or more frequently by rice flumes or openings through the levees for the purpose of letting water into the rice fields.

Scarcely a spring passes that such crevasses do not occur from such trifling origin. The levee, once broken, the waters pour through, rapidly widening the breach, and rush down the slope of the river ridge directly away from the river. On reaching the swamp, the current is broken and diverted and the waters, spreading up and down stream, gradually rise back toward the levees on either side. They pour also through the swamp, and extend to the ridges of neighboring streams, flooding the cultivated lands upon them. Thus it is easy to see that, since the whole country lies below the level of the river, if a way is once opened for the water into the country, it may spread indefinitely and involve widespread ruin and destruction.—Courier-Journal.

A High Mountain Railway. The most recently completed high mountain railway in Switzerland is that up the Rothhorn, 7250 feet high, from lake and town of Brienz, not far from Interlaken. The road was completed so that a locomotive reached the summit October 31, and will be opened the coming season. The Rothhorn will command a magnificent view of the Jungfrau and the other mountains south and southwest of Interlaken. The material through which the eleven tunnels of this line are excavated consisted of debris which had slipped down the mountain, and which seemed disposed to go on sliding when disturbed. Subterranean springs also made the work difficult, and in places new beds had to be made for mountain streams.—Scientific American.

Lighting the Stars. Mabel Greene is a Brooklyn five-year-old. She is full of odd conceits. The other evening she stood at a window of her home with her pretty face flattered against the pane intently watching a slowly gathering storm. Darker grew the low hanging clouds, but Mabel showed no signs of fear. Instead her features were animated and she appeared to be absorbed in the scene. Even when a violent clap of thunder seemed to rend the heavens and forked lightning flashed the child was unmoved. At last, tiring of the sight, Mabel turned to her mother, sitting near.

"Mamma," she said, "I think Dad is dettin' wedy to light His stars."

"Why, darling?" "Cause he's scratchin' matches on the sky."—New York Sun.

Yellow Dust Storm. Prof. Milne, of Tokio, records a dense storm of yellow dust which suddenly covered the decks of a vessel ninety-five miles from Nagasaki, Japan, which is upwards of 400 miles from the coast of China. This dust was so fine that, though composed of felpar, quartz, and a few shreds of plants, it did not affect the eyes, and had not the decks been covered with it, it might have been mistaken for a peculiarity yellow fog. Yet it seems to have extended for nearly 2000 miles, and to have come from the "loess" plains of China.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

By years of exposure to atmospheric temperature, hardened steel loses hardness.

A new application of electricity consists in determining by the conductivity of milk the presence of adulteration. Steel not only loses its magnetism, but becomes non-magnetic when heated to an orange color.

A remarkable strike has been made in the Eilat mine, Creede, Col. The ore runs high in silver. Specimens assay over \$800 a ton.

When a lamp is first lighted leave the flame low until the metal of the burner is heated; then turn as high as possible without smoking. This secures a steady flame.

A small cabinet containing an alarm clock, a three-candle power lamp, a medical oil and a gas-lighter, all operated by electricity from four cells of dry battery, is among the novelties recently devised.

Silvanus Thompson says that the sudden slamming on of the armature of a permanent magnet is liable to deteriorate the magnetism; and that the sudden detaching of the armature is of advantage to the magnet.

The Government authorities at Washington are experimenting with a vegetable railed the "jumping bean." If placed on a smooth table it keeps constantly on the move, jumping about, turning over, and performing all kinds of acrobatic tricks.

Dymond has recently succeeded in extracting from lettuce an alkaloid which closely resembles belladonna in appearance, taste and smell, but which in a dose of five grains, is without injurious effects. The alkaloid corresponds in formula closely to hyoscyamine.

Too quick a discharge buckles the plates and a very sudden discharge draws the paste out of them. When failed charged plates which have been removed from the electrolyte are to be replaced, the liquid put in should have the same specific gravity as it was before.

Coal is mined in Turkey, in Heraclea and Koslu, both on the Black Sea and about 100 miles from Constantinople. The mines at Heraclea are controlled by the Ottoman Government; the Koslu mines by a private firm, Kurtsehl & Co. The coal obtained is inferior in quality to the English mineral, especially to the Cardiff and Newcastle coal.

Few people have an idea how thin a sheet of veneer may be cut with the aid of improved machinery. There is a firm in Paris which makes a business of cutting veneers, and to such perfection have they brought it that from a single tusk thirty inches long they will cut a sheet of ivory 150 inches long and twenty inches wide. Some of the sheets of rosewood and mahogany are only about a fiftieth of an inch in thickness. Of course, they cannot cut all woods so thin as this, for the grain of many varieties is not sufficiently close to enable such fine work to be done, but the sheets of boxwood, maple and other woods of this character are often so thin as to be translucent.

Freaks of Human Vision. "I do not suppose this world looks alike to any two persons," said Thomas McHenry at the Southern. "A dozen of us were looking at the moon the other night. To one it appeared the size of a five cent piece, to another much larger than a cart wheel. To one it appeared a well-rounded globe, and to another a flat circular piece of brass. I noticed this diversity of human vision once in Galveston, Texas. I saw a man named O'Dell shoot a fellow gambler named Quinlan to death. He fired four shots from a large revolver. At the trial one man testified that Quinlan had a knife in his hand at the time of the shooting. Another thought it was a cane, while a third expressed the opinion that it was a billiard cue. I was standing facing him when he was shot, and would make oath that his hands were open and contained nothing. Those who testified were disinterested spectators, and told on the stand what they honestly thought they saw. The shooting began in a saloon, others thought three, yet all were looking right at the two men. You often hear people say that what they see they know; but they don't. They have no assurance that they saw right. A man who implicitly believes his eyes is liable to fall into grievous error."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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THE CUP OF LIFE.

"But is it sweet, or bitter, tell me true, This Cup of Life?" Then, lying down in dew, A youth, who wore a rose in his hair, I think, Made answer: "It is bitter. Wherefore drink?"

With that he tore his heart's first flower away: "Love is a rose that withers in a day. Love leaves a thorn that tears one's hands—and see, How red the blood that thorns were wrung from me!"

So hummed the boy and vanished through the trees, As if with dove-wings and in bloom with bees, But when dead leaves had whirled in frozen rain For many a year, I met that boy again.

His in his mask of years, I knew his face. His white hair blew about him with a grace. All winds of God had scalded about his head, "But is it sweet or bitter?" still I said.

Oh, but that youth laughed lightly! "In my day I called it bitter. Golden hairs turn gray, I longed when young to break it at my feet, But oh, its last drops are exceeding sweet!" —Sarah M. H. Platt, in Independent.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Hard words break no bones; there are no bones in the heart.—Puck. "Were you upset by the bank failure?" "Yes. I lost my balance."—Life.

Self-made men usually try to make themselves from gold dust.—Puck. The world comes to him who waits; but he is dead when it gets there.—Puck.

"Figures can't lie," you say? Hush! As long as a liar can figure.—Prison Mirror.

The tortoise once beat the hare; but the hare is not so sleepy nowadays. It hasn't happened since.—Puck. I occupied the pew alone. She sat right near to me. What could I do? I had no chance. And so I dropped that V.—Life.

We are all made out of dirt; the only difference is that some people have more sand in them than others.—Atchison Globe.

The heart is that part of you which leads you into scrapes from which your head has to extricate you.—Atchison Globe.

Men are a good deal like hammers. Their "blow" is much more effective when they have a handle to their name.—Puck.

It would not be so bad for a man to think constantly of himself if he were ever able to give an impartial criticism.—Washington Star.

Every man blushes as he gets older at the recollection that at one time his idea of bravery was to do something to make the girls scream.—Atchison Globe.

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