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More than 700 lives of Columbus have been written in various languages.

A daily paper can be sent from any part of the United States to Stanley Falls, in Africa, 1000 miles beyond Stanley Pool, for four cents.

The report by cable that defects in the new Russian made rifles will defer for three years the rearming of the infantry, seems, to the New York Sun, if true, to be out of sight of the most significant item of news received from Europe in many months.

Within six years Idaho has come to be a great fruit raising country, and is competing sharply with California in the Eastern markets. Last year the Oregon Short Line handled carload lots of apples, peaches, pears, prunes and grapes for Denver and Omaha.

The American Farmer states that the American wool grower has a home market for every pound of wool he produces. About sixty-nine per cent. of the wool manufactured in the United States is home grown, and the remaining forty-one per cent. is foreign wool.

In some parts of the West Democrats who become Populists are called "Demopops" and "Popocrats," while Republicans who desert to the Populists go by the name of "Popicans." When they want a new word in the West, observes the Chicago Herald, they don't hesitate at anything.

After an existence of twenty-four years "Lorna Doone" has been republished in London in the original three-volume form. This event is said to be entirely unprecedented in the history of novels in England, and illustrates the great popularity of the book, the success of which, to quote Mr. Blackmore's own words, "is a paradox."

New York is the only State that allows an uncle to marry his niece, declares the Chicago Herald. In Florida and Georgia marriage is prohibited within the "Levitical degree"; these are set forth in Leviticus xviii., and forbid marriages of nephews and aunts, but seemingly not of uncles and nieces. No European country considers such a marriage lawful.

The Canadian Architect sensibly suggests that in building brick houses in positions where they are not protected by surrounding property, not to forget that hollow walls will add greatly to the convenience of the occupants. They will render the house cooler in summer and warmer in the winter, and will assist in materially keeping the house dry. The cost of hollow walls is only very little higher than that of walls built solid.

The Eastern Shore of Maryland has been besought to give India the sweet potato for a food for the often famished millions of many East India Provinces. E. B. Francis, Director of Lands in the Punjab, has written to Mr. Bennett, of Annapolis County, asking for "roots well packed," as it is desired to introduce that vegetable into India, in the hope that soil and climate there will be found peculiarly favorable to it.

W. R. Burt, of Saginaw, Mich., has suddenly become wealthy on an unearned increment. Some years ago he bought a tract of timberland in St. Louis County, Minnesota, and recently discovered that forty acres of the tract is covered with an immense and very rich deposit of iron ore. There are said to be 10,000,000 tons in sight, and it is so accessible that it can be taken out with a steam shovel. He has leased the mining rights at rates that will fetch him \$300,000 year.

The Chicago Tribune says that there were recorded in this country in 1892 no less than 3800 suicides in the United States as compared with 3331 in 1891, 2640 in 1890 and 2224 in 1889. "To suggest haphazard a reason for so serious an increase would be folly," comments the New York Observer. "The figures are alarming and call for an investigation. A fifty per cent. increase in the number of suicides within three years seems incredible. If the figures are supported by facts, we cannot too soon seek for the cause."

Science is pressing relentlessly on the heels of the microbe, notes the Chicago News Record: "The latest method of coping with this minute but potent source of disease is to literally cast it out of the abiding place in which it has installed itself. Micro-organisms contain substances for the most part heavier than water, and this fact has led to the introduction of a method of separating them from water, milk and other liquids by centrifugal force. A speed of about 4000 revolutions a minute serves to clear a large number of microbes from the liquid and render it limpid."

OUR ANGLIS.

We love to think they linger with us still, That when our souls are full of longing deep. They come about us at their own sweet will, And steal into our being, soft as sleep. Shall they not come whose sympathies were ours, The friends we loved most tenderly and true— Whose graves are fresh with spring's first offered flowers And benedictions of the summer dew? We long have kept the chambers of our hearts Garnished and swept with sacred care for them, And memory hoards, as year by year departs, Their love and friendship as a precious gem. We may not see them with our mortal vision, Nor hear the music they have just begun; Still they may come to speak of fields Elysian, Or guide us to them when our work is done. Spirits intangible—we know they come! When our life tumults for a moment cease; They speak to us, although their lips are dumb, And the great silence has a cry of peace. O tender are the words of Christ, that float Full argosies of love on time's wide sea— More musical than Isidore's note, More loving than a mother's lullaby— More beautiful than any face or form, Dearer than fame or love's divine breath— Sweeter than sunshine after days of storm Are their still voices from a land of rest. These are our angels—flesh and blood no more, As ere we laid them in our kindred earth; And yet their souls may reach their home before, And gather strength from beings no birth. These are our angels, for love cannot die, Nor yet in heaven its tender lips be dumb— Our heralds, who will watch, and fondly cry, In the great presence, "Lo, our friends, they come!" —Boston Journal.

TWO HIGHWAYMEN.

BY GEORGE E. WALSH.

HELD hard down the rough mountain trail the stage-coach rattled heavily, jolting against rocks and stones in fierce defiance of all consequences, and swaying from side to side until the springs cracked and groaned. Tall, gaunt Ben Tillotson, the driver, kept his insecure seat as if he was a part of the vehicle itself, and with every motion of the coach his body moved with sinuous gracefulness. "Steady now, boys, steady," he shouted to the double team of plunging horses. "We want to make good time, but 'twould be to smash the company's coach to pieces. Whoa, now! We ain't got no load this time, but that ain't no reason for bein' reckless. Look out for the Devil's Cut, it's rough there. Ye'll stumble yourself. Git up there. I told ye so." He jerked one of the stumbling horses to his feet so suddenly that the animal was scarcely aware of his fall; but the speed of the wild, galloping team was checked by the slight mishap. "That'll bring ye to your senses if anything. Now take it easier. Don't be smashin' things to pieces so. Ye'll get enough of it when ye reach the level. Ye're the most determined critters that I ever drew line behind, an' ef ye don't break your necks some day on these slopes I'm missin' my guess. Ef we had some passengers inside they'd be scared half out of their wits. But we ain't. No, nothin' but gold, and lots of it." The driver jerked his head around and looked at the big, square box, which contained the precious treasure of the company. It was a common looking box, but strongly riveted and bound. It was close up to the driver so that he could touch it with his feet. "A mighty big sum," he muttered aloud, "an' a putty responsible load for one man to guard. Thousands of dollars, I s'pose. If some feller only knew it they'd be holdin' me up 'round here. It would be worth the risk. But then Ben Tillotson has never yet been caught nappin', an' there ain't many who would care to try him. It would be dangerous. Yes, sir, it would."

plurge that would astonish some of 'em. 'Twouldn't be bad, either. I've worked for the company nigh onto ten years, an' they ain't lost a cent by me. It ain't a losin' bargain for 'em. They've made me. But then think of the blame! No, sir, git up there, boys, we must hurry." He snapped his long whip in their air and urged the horses on into break-neck pace. The rambling of the heavy wheels soon brought the man back to his reflective mood. "But how easily I could work the game," he mused again. "An' nobody would be the better for it. Right ahead in the canyon I could chuck the box in the hollow, an' all would be done. They'd send out scoutin' parties, but nobody would find it. Then months later I'd come for it." Once more the horses slowed down to a gentle trot, and the starchy driver fidgeted the box with his foot. The spell of temptation nearly conquered. The hiding place was near at hand. The horses stopped as if by instinct; but this very fact startled the man. "No, no. What ails me! Git up, ye brutes, what are ye stoppin' for! I wasn't goin' to do anything. I was only thinkin' how it might be done. Git up!" He was nervous and excited, glancing around him many times. "Pshaw! I'm superstitious," he exclaimed with a laugh. "Who do I think will see me here. There ain't nothin' to be afraid of. I'll just stop to quiet my nerves. Whoa, there!" The stage-coach came to a dead halt. Ben Tillotson jumped down from his high seat and walked up to the heads of the animals. "A mighty lonely place. Nobody in twenty miles of me—and five, six or seven thousand dollars in gold. Maybe there's more. Let me see how heavy the box is. Ay, but that is heavy! Shouldn't wonder if there was more—probably ten thousand dollars—all gold. I wonder if I could lift it. Yes, an' throw it in the bushes. Easy as can be. Held up by highwaymen, nice story, two bullets in the clothes, and one through the hat. Ha! ha! ha! I'll try it, yes—no. Hey—what!" A stone rolled down the side of the canyon wall, and the man looked up nervously. It was only a grey squirrel, but the bead-like eyes were watching him intently. "What am I doin'," the man muttered, with the cold perspiration running down his face. "Robbin', stealin'—an' ordinary highwayman. Heavens! Git up here! Hurry, boys, or I'll go crazy."

The coach seemed to rush along at lightning speed. The heavy box fell back to its original position, but the driver's hands trembled so that he could hardly hold the reins. Down the canyon horses and driver rolled in a cloud of dust. The man saw nothing around him, and the whisperings of his own conscience shut out every external sound. The horses followed the road by instinct, and that alone saved the coach from entire destruction. Faster and faster he urged the plunging animals forward until the limit of their speed was reached. They rushed a sudden curve with their flanks reeking with white foam, and then they came to a standstill so suddenly that Ben Tillotson barely retained his seat. "Hands up! Hands up, quick!" Was he dreaming, or was his brain turning? Was his mind still dwelling upon the old idea, or was he held up in earnest? Mechanically, however, he raised his hands, and when his befogged brain was clear enough to understand his position he realized that a heavy Winchester was staring him in the face. "Don't move, old man, or ye'll die," the masked highwayman said, calmly. "Ye've caught this time. Hand over the box quick. Hands up!" The rifle moved threateningly nearer, and Ben had nothing to do but obey. He had never been caught before, and the thought of delivering his treasure to a highwayman roused all of his latent cunning and courage. "Here ye are. Get hold of it. I must hold the horses." "Never mind the horses. Shove the box toward me." Ben obeyed. He pushed the box slowly along with his feet. He could see that the man was green at the business, and he waited for his opportunity. When the box was close to the highwayman the rifle was lowered for an instant. Ben was within three feet of it, and with a sudden spring he caught the barrel of it in his left hand. "Hold up, stranger; I have the drop this time," he calmly said, producing a revolver and holding it within a foot of the man's head. "Curses on ye," came from behind the mask. "Drop that rifle, and hold up your hands. Drop it, I say, or you'll go into eternity without warnin'." The man reluctantly obeyed. He could do nothing else under the circumstances. "Now off with that mask. No; I'll take it off myself." The highwayman sought to catch the mask, but Ben tore it off with one sweep of his hand, holding the revolver tight in his right. "Harry Somers!" he gasped. The two men gazed at each other for several moments. The uncovered highwayman was pale, and Ben Tillotson trembled at the crime revelation. The penalty of such a crime was death, and the driver would be justified in shooting his rival without a word of warning. On the other hand, if he showed a magnanimous spirit, and forced him, at the point of his revolver, to accompany him to the nearest point of civilization, he would be strung up at the first tree. The choice of deaths was not encouraging.

"Well, what are you goin' to do with me?" the captured man asked in a voice that was intended to be brave. "You have me in your power an' my life is yours, I s'pose. I could have shot you before, but I couldn't commit murder. You can shoot me, an' nobody will call it a murder. It will be justice. Or you can take me to the town an' have my body grace a tree. Mandy Duyval will be there, an' she'll rejoice with you at the sight." At the mention of his sweetheart's name Ben started. The man's harsh laugh grated horribly on his nerves. Would Mandy think more of him if he brought his rival to justice? Justified had he not just attempted the same crime, and been prevented only by the sudden awakening of his fear and conscience? Was not he as guilty as Harry Somers of highway robbery? The thought of his undetected crime made his hand tremble, and the beads of perspiration started out upon his forehead. "Come, what are you waitin' for! Don't keep me uncertain like this. Shoot I'll go peacefully. All's up with me, any way." Ben still kept him covered with his revolver, but his mind was so agitated that his man could easily have escaped. The words of Harry brought him to his senses, and he murmured aloud: "Do with you—what am I goin' to do? Well, let me see. You ain't bad at heart, Harry, an' this is your first offence. You didn't mean to be bad—ye jes' yielded to temptation, same's I did—an' then—well, you got caught, an' I didn't. You ain't no worse than I am. Do! What am I goin' to do with you? Well, nothin'—not a thing. Come, get up alongside of me an' ride to the town. I ain't got nothin' ag'in you, an' the Lord knows I wouldn't hurt any one unjustly. Come, are you goin' with me?" Ben had withdrawn his revolver and placed it in his belt. The highwayman was uncovered and at liberty to do as he pleased. "Pick up your rifle," Ben continued. "I kin trust you. You don't want to hold me up any more, an' I don't want to hold up myself ag'in. We're not fit for highwaymen—got too much conscience—eh, Harry?" He laughed so strangely that Harry Somers began to doubt his sanity. Mechanically the highwayman picked up his rifle and took a seat alongside of the driver. "No, it's no trap that I'm leadin' you into. I'm honest with you. No, I ain't mad, nor insane either. I'm just fair an' square. You needn't be afraid. 'Tain't Ben Tillotson that goes back on his word, nor justice either. You tried to hold me up an' rob the stage-coach. Well, that's no more'n I did, too. You got caught, but the good Lord saved me, an' I'd be a brute if I didn't have as much feelin' for you. It was simple enough. I jes' felt a terrible feelin' come over me back in the canyon that I'd like to be rich all of a sudden. An' I had thousands of dollars aboard, an' nobody round. I could pitch the box in the bushes, an' then come back for it later. Tell 'em that highwayman hold me up. Nice story, eh? Nobody be the wiser. But when I cum to my senses ag'in I was frightened at the thought. I nacked up the horses as of Satan was after me. 'Twas a narrow escape. Then, sure enough I was hold up by you. I b'lieve the Lord jes' sent ye to try me. He wanted to see if I'd be as successful as he was. That's the whole of the story. 'Fain't much, Harry Somers, but it means that we're both highwaymen. It's our first, an' it will never happen ag'in."

Ben was still dilating upon his fears in the canyon when the stage-coach rolled into the town; but the two highwaymen kept their story to themselves, and divulged it to no one. —Yaukee Blade.

A WATERSPOUT AT SEA.

THE GREATEST OF MARINE PHENOMENA SEEN AT ITS BEST.

How the Captains of Vessels Prepare for a Waterspout and How They Encounter It.

WE were steaming through the Indian Ocean, enduring as best we could the unfeeling heat that prevailed through the day and long into the night. One afternoon I was standing by the binnacle watching the compass when I observed that the vessel's course changed about four points in as many minutes. My curiosity was aroused to know the cause of the change, and as the Captain was then descending from the bridge, I asked the reason for the sudden divergence. "Don't say anything about it to the rest of the passengers," he answered, "but just come to the bridge with me." He accompanied him, and when we reached that point of observation he directed my attention to a series of dark clouds in the direction whence we had turned. The nearest of them was not more than four or five miles away; it was a tall pillar of cloud extending from the sea to the sky, and as I looked at it with a glass it was easy to observe that the sea at the base of the pillar was violently agitated. All around was a calm; there was hardly a breath of air stirring, so that the appearance of the sea at the base of the pillar of cloud was rendered more noticeable than if a storm had been raging or even a strong wind blowing. "A waterspout!" I exclaimed, as my eye took in the scene; "there's no mistaking that." "No," answered the Captain, "and there's more of them to keep that big fellow company. We want to steer clear of 'em, and that's why I've changed our course."

Then I asked the Captain as to his theory of waterspouts and their origin. "I've had a good many theories," he replied, "but some of 'em have been knocked in the head and I'm not altogether sure about the rest. One thing I'm pretty certain of, though, and that is that the waterspout at sea is just the same as the whirlwind on land; there is a whirling wind or perhaps there are two winds blowing in opposite or nearly opposite directions coming together, and these make up the whirling eddies that raise clouds of dust on land and sometimes do a vast deal of damage. A waterspout is caused by a whirlwind and that's why the sea at the base of that pillar of cloud is agitated, as you see it. "There is a popular belief," he continued, "that the sea is sucked up by the cloud and great masses of it go hundreds of feet into the air. I used to believe so and my belief was confirmed by the stories of sailors who declared that large fishes had dropped from the clouds where they had been carried by the waterspouts. They had seen them with their own eyes, and one sailor that I knew told me of being on a whale ship which was close to a waterspout when a whale dropped from the clouds into the ocean. The creature was so stunned as to be motionless for a moment after the water after he struck; they got out the boats and scoured him, and he yielded eighty-nine barrels of oil." "What led you to doubt the truth of the story that the sea is sucked up by the waterspout?" I asked. "My own observations," he answered, "added to what I learned from scientific works on the subject. The water that falls from the sky, or from the cloud at the top of the waterspout, is always fresh, which would not be the case if the sea was drawn upon in the way the sailors describe. "The whole that was taken up, according to the story of my old friend, could not live in fresh water; neither could the other fishes that they tell about. A little of the spray from the broken waves may be taken up, and that is all. I haven't much fear of a waterspout as long as I'm in a steamer, but in a sailing ship the case is different. I've been becalmed with waterspouts all around us, and sometimes you'll see them coming directly towards you, and there's no chance of getting out of the way such as you have in a steamer. The old idea of getting rid of a dangerous waterspout was to fire a cannon at it and break it; but this isn't much thought of at present, though I suppose that it is done now and then. It takes a skillful gunner to send a shot through the centre of a waterspout, and it's just possible that the thing breaks up of its own motion without any regard to the shooting at it. The idea is that if anything touches the spout it breaks up and a deluge of water comes down; for that reason a ship that is touched by one is in danger of being swamped by the downpour of water, which is the same as a cloudburst on land. "Several times in my life I have been dangerously near to fellows like those we're looking at, and once I was swamped by one of them. Perhaps you don't know," he added, "that cyclones, typhoons and hurricanes are practically the same sort of thing and that they blow in circles. When a Captain finds himself in one of them and has plenty of sea room he tries to get as far as possible from the centre, where the wind is greatest, and to do this he turns and runs at right angles to the wind. In the southern hemisphere the course of rotation is like that of the hands of a watch, from left to right, but in the northern hemisphere it is in the other direction." —St. Louis Star-Buzz.

Utilizing Old Barrels.

The Standard Oil Company has over 500,000 second-hand barrels at its Point View Oil Works, in Philadelphia, where they are refilled by a large number of coopers. The barrels are gathered up in all parts of the Old World and brought across the Atlantic to be used for further shipment. At the shops in this country they are reworked with hoops and broken staves, and then glued and filled with refined oil for the home market. Formerly second-hand barrels were used the second time for export shipments, but in the last few years all those that are brought back empty are afterward used in the domestic trade. There are now several large vessels on the way across, loaded with empty oil barrels. Besides these there are thousands of second-hand barrels gathered up in all parts of this country. Some are brought here and others are sent to the refinery in Cleveland, but the bulk is taken to the Eastern oil works. The export as well as the import transportation of refined oil is mostly all in tank cars and in tank vessels over the ocean. The transportation of the refined oil from here is getting less every day. The average is not more than 200 barrels a day, and this is nearly all taken away in bulk. All the new oil barrels that are made around here are turned out at the Workhouse and they are all taken to the Beaver Creek Refinery. —New York Telegram.

Came Back and Paid Up.

Sixteen years ago T. R. Schock disappeared from Mexico, Mo., between two days. It soon transpired that he was overwhelmingly in debt. The Schock family was and still is a prominent one in the country, and his brothers indignantly at his ascending determined to bring him back, but no trace of him could be found. Recently a travelling stranger, bronzed by a southern sun, came to Mexico. It was Theodor R. Schock. He employed a lawyer, called on Circuit Clerk Ben C. Johnson and proposed to pay off the judgments, aggregating several thousand dollars. As fast as these papers, all of them yellow with age, were passed upon by the attorney, Schock would pay them off. All of his pockets seemed to be filled with money. He asked no questions and would answer none. When the last judgment was satisfied he departed as quietly as he came and no one knew that he was here till he had gone. Schock's home is believed to be in South America. —New Orleans Picayune.

A Captain's Recipe For Plum Duff.

Put your flour in the pan. You want some sour dough. Let it rise. Stir in some baking powder, according to how much you make, so much for a quart, and so much for a pint. You want a bag to put it in, an old stocking is best. Put the plums on the bottom of the bag. Cook it till done. Have the steward put the bag with plums next the captain, and the end with a plums next the mate. —Boston Transcript.

Scientific and Industrial.

Southern factories are making paper from palmetto. Liebig, the chemist, says the human body is composed of air condensed and uncondensed. It is said that men faint less frequently than women because their imagination is slower of action than it is with the fair sex. The extent of the oscillation of tall chimneys may be exactly taken by a close observation of the shadows they cast on the ground. The incandescent light is a yellow light just as gas is, and colors cannot be obtained by it any better than they can by ordinary gas or lamp light. A slit in a piece of paper, even though it be not more than one forty-thousandth of an inch in width, is sufficient to transmit light to the human eye. On many of the railways in Germany the practice of starting locomotive fires with gas instead of wood has been adopted and proves economical. White or "Irish" potatoes are now used extensively in the manufacture of buttons. By means of certain acids potatoes can be hardened to almost the resistance of stone. It is asserted that waterproof sheets of paper, gummed and hydraulically compressed, make a material as durable as leather for the soles of shoes. It also makes serviceable horsehoes. A special commission at Toulon, France, has decided against the use of petroleum as fuel on torpedo boats. Out of ten tons of petroleum experimented upon eight became ignited, from percussion after twelve shot had been fired upon armor plate protecting them. The lungs will contain about one gallon of air at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe on an average 1200 times per hour, inhale 630 gallons of air, or 24,000 per day. The aggregate surface of the alveoli of the lungs exceeds 20,000 square inches, an area very nearly equal the floor of a room twelve feet square. A law has been enacted in Ontario, Canada, forbidding the spraying or sprinkling of fruit trees while they are in bloom with any mixture containing Paris green or other substances poisonous or injurious to bees. The object of the legislation is to protect the bees from harm, the honey from possible taint of poisoning, and to avoid possible obstacles to complete fertilization of the fruit. A remarkable discovery in the domain of medical science is reported from Vienna. Doctor K. L. Seelich claims that the results obtained by the use of chloroform and cocaine may be secured by subcutaneous injections of a solution of sugar or salt, or even of simple cold distilled water, while the ill effects that sometimes follow applications of the former are avoided. This claim, it is asserted, is based upon a series of experiments, and some medical authorities are said to be satisfied of the genuineness of the claim.

The Making of Scissors.

Though no complexities are involved in the making of scissors, or much skill required, yet the process of manufacture is very interesting. They are forged from good bar steel heated to redness, each blade being cut off with sufficient metal to form the blank, or that destined to become the cutting part and bow, or that which later on is fashioned into the holding portion. For the low a small hole is punched, and this is afterward expanded to the required size by hammering it on a conical anvil, after which both shaft and bow are filed into a more perfect shape and the hole bored in the middle for the rivet. The blades are next ground and the handles made smooth and burnished with oil and emery, after which the pairs are fitted together and tested as to their easy working. They are not yet finished, however. They have to undergo hardening and tempering and be again adjusted, after which they are finally put together again and polished for the third time. In comparing the edges of knives and scissors it will be noticed, of course, that the latter are not in any way so sharply ground as the former, and that, in cutting, scissors crush and bruise more than knives. —Inventive Age.

The Bergamot Tree.

There is but one spot in the world where the bergamot tree can be cultivated with profit—a fact of some importance, since its essence is indispensable in the manufacture of numerous perfumes and medical preparations. The spot referred to is Reggio, in Calabria, that extremity of the Italian peninsula which is familiarly known as the "toe of the boot." Mr. Kerrieh suggests that there is a good chance here for enterprising capitalists of getting a highly profitable monopoly of the bergamot tree by buying up from the producers all that they export. At present the Reggio bergamot suffers both in quality and reputation through the frauds of small traders, who, it is said, mix it with ten parts of adulterating matter. —Chicago Tribune.

Stiles in Canoe Mourning.

Traveling up Fifth avenue a few days ago was a woman dressed in deep mourning with long streamers of black ribbon attached to his collar. If the woman was in mourning for her husband he must have had hard work to conceal a smile as he gazed down on a ludicrous picture of this canine, decked out in yards of black ribbon. I suppose when the stage of semi-mourning comes the dog will be arrayed in purple. —New York Herald.

WHERE ARE THE SPRINGS OF LONG ADO?

Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow, And be the winter's captives free; Where are the springs of long ago? Drive under ground the lingering snow, And up the greenward ledges lead; Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow! Are these the skies we used to know? The budding wool, the fresh-blown mead? Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow! The breathing furrow will we sow, And patting wait the patient seed; Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow! The grain of vanished years will grow! But not the vanished years, indeed! Where are the springs of long ago? With sudden leafage, lying low, They for remembrance faintly plead! Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow! Where are the springs of long ago? —Edith M. Thomas.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

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