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The average duration of marriages is said to be thirty years in Russia and twenty-seven in England.

"Let's all get a move on us and meet the good times we are wishing for half way," exclaims the Silver Knight.

Robinson Crusoe's island and cave and inscription, instead of being at the bottom of the Pacific, are all right. And there is another good story spoiled by the hard antagonism of facts.

In a speech at Aberdeen, Scotland, General Booth said he was thinking of a scheme of universal emigration by which men could be passed from one part of the world to another and surplus labor brought to places where it was wanted.

The Chicago Board of Health has been called upon to investigate a peculiar case. A resident of that city complained that he had not eaten a loaf of bread, bought from a baker, and had found curled up inside a live mouse, apparently none the worse for its experience.

The Baltimore News says that John Hendell, of that city, now seventy-seven years of age, is the oldest practicing photographer in the United States. During the gold fever in California he traveled through the West in a prairie schooner, fitted up as a photograph gallery, and made as much as \$85 a day.

Says the Boston Journal: The curious statement is made that many of the Italian prisoners in Abyssinia have been so kindly treated, and are doing so much better there than they can hope to in their own country, that they are petitioning the Italian Government to allow them to remain. This does not agree with the earlier tales of Abyssinian cruelty.

The total cost of maintaining the Federal, State and Municipal Governments of the United States for the year 1893 was \$915,945,055. Among the disbursements were the following: For charities, \$146,905,671; for education, \$145,933,115; for roads, bridges and sewers, \$73,282,000; for postal service, \$66,000,000; for army and militia, \$35,500,000; for police, \$24,000,000; for judiciary, \$23,000,000; for prisons and reformatories, \$12,000,000.

Observes the New York Press: "When we reflect that there are more farmers than there are laborers in all the manufacturing and mechanical industries, that there are 8,000,000 people earning a livelihood by work in the fields, more than one-third of all the men and women working in the United States, we understand that the prosperity of such a class means much for the prosperity of the whole country. This idea is emphasized when we think that the two-thirds not at work on the land are nevertheless quite as dependent upon land products for the food necessary to sustain life as though they themselves were tillers of the soil."

President Hobbs, of the Indiana Horticultural Society, believes that the day of extravagant prices for fruit has passed, never to return. Unusually low prices ruled last year, he says, because spring opened simultaneously over a wide range of country, and because all kinds of fruit bore liberally. But he looks for a long period during which the happy conditions will prevail of plenty of fruit at reasonable prices for the consumer and at remunerative prices for the producer. The reasonable price to the consumer, he says, is brought about by the cheapened methods of growing and handling and cheaper transportation, while the grower is to profit through wider markets.

Speaking of the Postoffice Department regulation that the letters "N. Y." must be put after the name of New York City in addresses, the Boston Transcript says: "Of course everybody but the postoffice people knows that the State of New York has its name from the city of New York, and that a reference to the State in something addressed to the city is superfluous and without reason. No doubt there is a postoffice named New York in Kansas, but that impertinent fact does not put on the real New York the duty of identifying itself in any such superfluous way. Boston, Mass., is not quite so absurd as 'New York, N. Y.', but it is, nevertheless, absurd. Even in old England a letter addressed simply to 'Boston' generally comes to Massachusetts, though there is an ancient and respectable town of the name in England; and a book which bears the name of Boston on its title page is never supposed in England to have been published in the town of St. Botolph."

WHAT SHOULD WE SEE?

What should we see, dear? What should we see. If the mists were to clear from the mountain gray? Would the curlews be swooping with mournful cry, From the dark rugged rocks scattered over the bays? What should we see, dear? What should we see. If the mist were to rise from the ocean deep? Would it still be the blue it was painted of yore, And would the white horses of foam ever leap? As they did when we played on the smooth sandy shore? What shall we see, dear? What shall we see. When the gray mist lifts from our dying eyes? Will the angels be waiting, with great white wings, To carry our souls to God's throne in the skies, There to rest in the peace of the Ruler of Kings? -Perovith Hamany, in Pall Mall Magazine.

A DAUGHTER'S QUICK WIT.

TRUE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.



NE summer evening in August, 1781, two men were seated at a table in the public room of a tavern in a settlement about twenty-five miles north of Albany. They had been engaged in an earnest conversation for an hour or more, and evidently one of the men had been trying to persuade the other to enter into some project he was proposing. He had been speaking earnestly but in such low tones that none of the few stragglers that entered the room could hear what he was saying; but his companion was plainly interested, and while he said little, he was listening attentively to the words of his friend. And well he might, for the talker was none other than Joe Betts, whose name was known and feared throughout that region. At the breaking out of the Revolution he had been an ardent Whig; but he was captured by the British in Arnold's struggle on Lake Champlain, and from that day he was a changed man; for while he was a captive in Canada he had listened to the words of his captors, and accepted the position of ensign under the royal standard. Hatred and malice seemed to rule him after that, and he was ever active in plots against his former friends. He became notorious as a spy, and not long before this very time had been captured and sentenced to be hanged. Indeed he already had been led upon the gallows, and was about to have the noose placed about his neck when Washington overcame by the tears and pleadings of his mother, had released and pardoned the traitor on the one condition that he would reform. Joe Betts had promised readily enough, but had gone directly from Washington's camp to that of the enemy, and instead of any feeling of gratitude, had redoubled his energy and evil deeds. Murders, plundering and burning the homes of the Whigs had followed; and of late he had been unusually active in kidnapping isolated colonials, and sending them to Canada for exchange. He had no forebodings of his fate then; but when, a year later, he again was captured and executed at Albany, all the region breathed a sigh of relief.

His companion at this time was John Watermeyer, as bold a Tory and bitter a man as he; but as he was lacking in some of the bolder qualities of Betts, he was better in executing the plans of others, than in devising them himself. And Betts had met him by appointment, and had been explaining to him the details of his proposal.

The spy was disguised, but none the less he was watchful and nervous, and his suspicions had been aroused by the entrance of a stranger who, while he gave no signs of his being aware of the presence of others in the room, nevertheless had impressed Betts that his quick glance and keen eyes were not unmindful of passing events.

"I know him," said Watermeyer. "He's one of the strongest loyalists in Albany. You need have no fears of him."

"I don't just like his looks though," replied Betts. "Come out into the yard," and the two men arose and left the house.

"Now mind," continued Betts, when he again was alone, "I was once outside. 'I'll see that you have a gang of just the right sort. Some of the Tories will be glad to go in, and I'll have some Canadians and Indians along too. It won't do to trust too much to the locals, for they may be weak kneed at the last."

"All right," replied Watermeyer, who had decided to do as the spy directed. "You have them at the meeting of the roads, about five miles out of the town to-morrow evening, and I'll be there."

"I'll not fail," replied Betts. "Good luck to you and good-by," he added, as he stood for a moment, and watched his friend as he mounted his horse, and soon disappeared in the darkness. Then the spy himself started northward, just as the stranger he had suspected appeared in the doorway of the tavern.

than the kidnapping of General Schuyler. For some time he had not been in active service; but although he was staying in his large and beautiful home near Albany, he was by no means idle. Washington had given him special instructions to intercept all communications between Clinton, who then was in New York, and General Halimand, in Canada. Few men had won the confidence and respect of the American commander as had Philip Schuyler, and few men were more feared by the British. His service had been great, and he always had shown the spirit of a true man as well as of a brave soldier; and, although he had given up his position in the Continental Army, there was no one the British would have been more delighted to capture.

On the evening following the interview we have described, John Watermeyer was at the crossroads, awaiting the coming of the band which the spy had promised. He had not been there long before he heard the sounds of approaching men. He stepped behind one of the large trees that grew by the roadside, and waited for them to approach. They were talking in low tones; but as soon as he heard them he was satisfied that they were the men he wanted and, giving the watchword agreed upon, he approached and joined them.

They were a motley crowd of a dozen men. He recognized some as former acquaintances; but the Indians and Tories were all strangers. Relying upon the word of Joe Betts, that they would be depended upon, he immediately entered into conversation and arranged his plans. In a brief time they all had approached the home of General Schuyler, and were peering from behind the pine trees and shrubbery that grew about the place.

All the lights had disappeared, and it was evident that all within had retired. Disappointed, Watermeyer withdrew his band, and prepared for the night.

The next day a careful watch was kept, but the opportunity they desired did not present itself. Frequently the General came out upon the lawn, but he was always attended, and the cowardly men wanted to catch him alone. Sometimes he was seated on the broad piazza, playing with his youngest child, and sometimes he was with one of his daughters and her children; but servants in each case were not far away, and the attempt could not be made.

Several days passed in this manner, and Watermeyer found his men becoming restless. Something must be done. Starting out alone, he soon returned to the camp they had made in the woods, attended by a Dutchman whom he had met and compelled to accompany him.

"Now, Hans," said Watermeyer, when he had called his band about him, "we want to know just how many men are at Schuyler's house."

"Yah," replied Hans, turning his round, expressionless face from one man to another. "Yah; dere vas moon, also vinnis dere."

"Yes, but how many?" asked Watermeyer, impatiently.

"I should tink dere vas," replied Hans.

"But how many?" repeated the Tory.

"Sixteen about enough," answered the laconic Dutchman.

"But doesn't Schuyler ever leave home? Doesn't he go alone? When does he go to Albany?" The leader, almost hopeless, was changing the line of his questions.

"Yah, he goes to Albany. Sometimes mit de soldiers—but always mit de guns. General Schuyler he know how to shoot."

At length, by dint of many questions, Watermeyer contrived to get some of the information he was seeking, and, with many threats of what would befall him if he revealed the presence of his men, or repeated the questions he had asked, he dismissed the Dutchman and watched him as he departed down the road.

His heart would not have been comforted if he could have followed him, for Hans proceeded directly to General Schuyler's home, and was with him a long time in his private room. When at last he arose to go, he met on the piazza the man of whom Joe Betts had been suspicious during his interview with John Watermeyer.

He, too, remained in the general's private room for half an hour; and when his host accompanied him to the door he said: "I thank you, my friend. We are on opposite sides in this fearful struggle; but you have placed friendship above country, and I should be less than a man did I not heed two such energetic warnings as I have just had."

in a garden. The children were playing about their elders, and all were rejoicing that the cause for alarm had passed, as they supposed.

"General, there's a man who wants to speak with you at the back gate," said one of the servants, approaching the house.

"I know what that means," said General Schuyler, immediately arising, "I want every one of you," he added, turning to his family, "to go to the room upstairs. Don't wait, but go immediately."

The frightened women and children quickly obeyed, and the general, calling the servants, barred the doors and looked the spy over. As soon as he saw this had been done, he ran to his bedroom for his gun.

He stepped to the window in his room for a moment and looked out. What was that he saw? The sun had set, but there was light enough to enable him to see that the house was surrounded by men. It was a dangerous moment, but the guard must be aroused, and perhaps the town must be alarmed, also; so out of the open window he fired his gun, and then quickly drew the heavy shutters and fastened them. He was just in time, for a volley was fired by the ruffians, and he could hear the thud of the bullets as they struck against the house.

All was confusion now. With a shout the band started for the door of the hall. They had brought rails and heavy pieces of timber with them, and an excited yell soon showed that they had succeeded in breaking down the door. A crowd of men rushed into the hall and began to shout for the general to give himself up and save all further trouble. His family were all in the room with him now; but the darkness concealed the pallor on their cheeks, and not a word had been uttered.

Just as the Tories burst into the hall, Mrs. Schuyler thought of the baby she had left in the nursery below. In the confusion each had thought another had brought the little one, and the mother had just discovered her loss.

"My baby! my baby!" she cried. "I shall go for it. They will murder it. I know they will!"

"Nay," said the general, as he firmly grasped his frantic wife. "It will be for the forfeit of your life, and the ruffians may not touch it."

"Then I shall go," said Margaret, his third daughter; and before she could be restrained she had rushed from the room, ran down the two flights of stairs and gained the nursery. The babe was sleeping in the cradle, all unconscious of danger, and in a moment Margaret had snatched the little one, still asleep, and started to return. She had just gained the stairs, when she was stopped by one of the men, who roughly grasped her by the arm. It was John Watermeyer himself, but she did not know it, nor was she aware of who he was before him. Plainly she was a young woman, and, as she held a babe in her arms, he at once concluded that she must be one of the servants.

"Wench, wench," he shouted, "where is your master?"

Margaret Schuyler was greatly frightened, but she did not lose her presence of mind. Almost like an inspiration a quick thought came, and raising her voice so that she could be heard in the room above she replied: "He's gone to alarm the town."

John Watermeyer hesitated. If that was true not a moment ought to be lost in making their escape. His men were in the dining-room now, and he could hear them as they gathered the silver quarreling among themselves. Evidently the general's silver was as desirable as the general's person, and the ruffians had decided to secure what was nearest first. While the leader was hesitating, he heard a voice calling out of the window above: "Come on, my brave fellows, surround the house and secure the villians. They are now in the dining-room plundering."

"That was enough. The leader did not know that not a soldier was about the place, nor that the call was made by the general, who had followed up the words of his quick-witted daughter. Not a brave fellow was near, and even the guard in the cellar, awakened by the confusion, could not find their guns. They did not know till afterward that General Schuyler's daughter, Mrs. Church, had removed them all, confident that all danger had passed, and fearful that her little boy, who delighted in playing with them, might be injured."

"Run, boys—run!" shouted the frightened Watermeyer. "The Continentals are all around us!"

His companions needed no second warning, and delaying but long enough to secure their booty and capture the three guards on the lawn, began to run; and the early records tell us that they never stopped until they arrived on the borders of Canada. The guards, although they had no guns, used their brawny fists to good advantage, and if there had been a little more light might have escaped after all. Afterward they had no cause to regret their capture, however, for the records inform us of farms in Saratoga County presented by General Schuyler to John Tubbs, John Corlies and John Ward. John must have been a popular name in those days.

But General Schuyler was saved; and the heroism of his quick-witted daughter, who afterward became the wife of General Van Kesselar, deserves a place among the stories of the days that tried the souls of men. -New York Independent.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Stars—Sufficient Excuse—City Comforts—Generally Gets It—Why He Would Hesitate, Etc.

The stars, as you ken, they favor some men. In a way that with justice conflicts; And astronomers state (I hear pretty straight) That these stars—story are some of them fixed.

SUFFICIENT EXCUSE. "How do you like living in a flat?" "First rate, old boy. Every time my wife has company I have to go out to make room."—London Modern Society.

CITY COMFORTS. "Do those country people like their flat next door?" "Yes; they say it is so convenient—they keep their potatoes in the bath tub."—Chicago Journal.

MORE INFORMATION. Tommy—"Paw, what sort of a thief is a second story worker?" Mr. Flagg—"It must be one of those fellows that steals a story and sells it the second time."—Indianapolis Journal.

DISQUALIFIED. "I heard that O'Rourke has left the police force." "Yes. A very queer case, too." "Why? What was the matter?" "He got insomnia."—Cleveland Leader.

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING. "Tell me, how do you keep your husband at home so well? What can you find to say to him to entertain him?" "I don't talk to him at all."—Indianapolis Journal.

GENERALLY GETS IT. Ingham—"Every time I get on a street car it reminds me of my school-boy days." Biagam—"How is that?" Ingham—"Why, I generally get the strap."—New York Journal.

FEMINE MALICE. Tom Barry—"I don't see any sense in girls kissing each other. Now, you hate the girl you just kissed." Prudence—"You let it go; but just see how the freckles show where I kissed the powder off."—Life.

WHY HE WOULD HESITATE. "I don't think Jerklike would hesitate in telling a lie," said Rad-bowen. "Yes, he would," said Chesney. "What makes you think so?" "He has to; he stutters."—Boston Traveler.

SHE KNEW. "What did Noah live on when the flood subsided and his provisions in the ark were exhausted?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her class. "I know!" squeaked a little girl after the others had given up. "Dry land?" inquired the teacher. "Well, land."—Chattanooga Times.

VANTAS VANTATUM. Frances (who is thirteen and tall for her age)—"Oh, dear, I wish I were a dwarf."

Henrietta—"Why, the idea! What makes you say such a thing?" Frances—"Then, perhaps, mamma wouldn't object to taking me out with her once in a while, without making me call her 'Sister Jane.'"—Cleveland Leader.

INFORMATION. New Salesman—"Which are the four-year old sizes in boys' trousers?" Old Salesman—"You mean the sizes for four-year old boys, don't you?" New Salesman—"Yes. Is there any difference?" Old Salesman—"Of course. In this business, four-year old boys wear six-year-old sizes. It pleases their mothers."—Puck.

HE FORGOT HIS FORMULA. The New Cadaver—"This soap, madam, contains ninety-five per cent. alkali." Mrs. Jones—"Ninety-five per cent. alkali? But alkali is n't a good thing in soap."

The Cadaver—"Um—er—true, madam, true! I should have said that the fraudulent imitations of this soap contain ninety-five per cent. alkali." Puck.

IMPROVED TOO FAST. Mrs. Smith (thoughtfully)—"I'm afraid I shall have to stop giving Bobby that tonic the doctor left for him." Mr. Smith (anxiously)—"Why, isn't he any better?" "Oh, yes! But he has slid down the banisters six times this morning, broken the hall lamp, two vases, a pitcher and a looking-glass, and I don't feel as if I could stand much more."—Harper's Bazar.

TIMELY ARRIVAL. They had mourned him as dead, but like Enoch Arden—or that cat—he had come back. His little wife sat on his knee, the joy shining in her eyes.

"And are you really glad I came back?" he asked. "Glad? I had just made up my mind to do a widow's outfit, but there was the loveliest picture hat, with bright ribbon all over it in spots, that I have been longing for, and now I can get it. Glad!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The house fly makes 310 strokes a second with its wings; the bee 190. Within a few years 200 artesian wells have been sunk in Queensland, yielding 125,000,000 gallons of water a day.

Haller has noted 1000 cases of centenarians, 62 of from 110 to 120 years, 29 of from 120 to 130 and 15 who had attained from 130 to 140 years.

In his new book on bacteriology Professor Crookshank points out that in hydrophobia, variola (smallpox), vaccinia (cowpox), scarlet fever, measles, and many other diseases, the nature of contagium is still unknown. The rare and splendid collection of fossils which was brought together by the late Sir Joseph Prestwich has been presented by his widow, Lady Prestwich, to the British Museum, and it will be placed in the natural history department.

A new liquid measuring device consists of a scale on which the bottle or can is placed under the faucet, the scale being set at the amount required. When that quantity has entered the bottle the scale begins to tilt and closes the faucet automatically.

The new dock recently finished at Danforth, on the north coast of France, is said to be the largest in the world. It is 600 feet long by eighty feet wide, and will be able to receive the largest vessels at any state of the tide. The dock has been seven years in construction.

It is said that singers, actors and public speakers find that since the introduction of the electric light they have less trouble with their voices and they are less likely to catch cold, their throats are not so parched and they feel better. This is due to the air being less vitiated and the temperature more even.

The finest wire in the United States is said to be made at Taunton, Mass. This metal is exactly 1/500th part of an inch in thickness, much finer than human hair. Ordinary wire, even though of small diameter, is drawn through holes in steel plates, but, on account of the wear, such plates cannot be used in making the hair wire. The Taunton factory uses drilled diamonds for that purpose.

How Chewing Gum is Made. "Four million pounds of gum chicle, the product of the Mexican sapota tree, entered the United States during 1895," says the Confectioners' Journal.

This entire product, valued at nearly \$1,500,000, became the basis of chewing gum. A walk through a leading chewing gum factory is interesting. Here over 1,000,000,000 pieces of gum are annually produced and shipped to every portion of the world. Three hundred employes are engaged in the manufacture of the gum, the first step of which is the importation of the raw chicle, which is gathered by the peons in Mexico and exported in bales, containing about 150 pounds each. The gum is taken from the bales and chopped into small pieces. These are freed of tree bark and chips by steaming and picking; then ground in mills making 3400 revolutions a minute. The ground gum is subjected to a continuous heat of 140 degrees F. in drying rooms. From here the gum is sent to the 'white-aproned cook,' who adds the purest of sugar and the freshest of cream, granulated pepsin, powdered gura or kola, or other desired ingredient to it, and cooks it in a steam-jacketed cauldron, where it is turned and mixed by an ingenious double-acting heater, or rotating paddle, until it has assumed the consistency of bread dough. Now the 'dough boys' take hold of it and knead it in fine powered sugar, passing it to the 'rollers,' where it is rolled between steel rollers until it is of the proper thickness, when it is whisked away to the 'markers.' The markers are steel-haired rollers, which leave their impress on the long sheets of appetizing gum before it goes to the 'seasoning room,' after which it is broken on the lines left by the markers. Now the gum finds its way to the 'wrapping room.' The nimble fingers of 150 dainty maidens are here at play. Under their deft touch waxed paper, tinfoil and pretty wrappers envelop the gum quick as a wink, and in another moment the 'packers' have the gum to place in jars or boxes, wherein it is shipped for sale to the general public."

A Strong Potato. Charles W. Simmons, who lives on a farm near Pleasant Home, brought in from his farm a curiosity. It consisted of a late rose potato grown in the root of a tree. The potato vine seems to have crept into the root, and the new potato then started down in the depths. It flourished in its strange surroundings and developed into a large and well formed potato. The root was too small for its expansion, and so the spud exerted not less than a ton pressure on the root until the side was split open. The root is about three inches in diameter, and six inches in length. About an inch of the spud protrudes from one end. It is quite a curiosity, and all who have seen it say they never saw anything like it before. -Portland Oregonian.

Dr. Nansen's Strength. Fridtjof Nansen, the Arctic explorer, is a man of extraordinary physical strength. At Tromsoe the other day when at the least of welcome he was proposing the health of Captain Sverdrup he suddenly lifted his shipmate up and held him aloft with one arm, so that every lady in the crowded hall could get a sight of his comrade. He will not wear his great cross of the Order of St. Olaf because his crew received only a paltry silver medal gold. "It might at least have been silver," he says.

WHAT TIME IS IT?

Time to do well. Time to live better. To give up that grudge. To answer that letter. To speak the kind word. That may sweeten some sorrow. To do now the good. You would leave till to-morrow. -Philadelphia Inquirer.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

She—"You seem to forget yourself, sir." He—"How could I do otherwise in your presence?"—Judy.

Friend—"I suppose everything you write now goes?" Author—"Yes, but most of it comes back."—Harlem Life.

"I know now," remarked the young man who was snell for breach of promise, "why they call it 'court-ing'?"—Tit-Bits.

Editor—"Your story is flat." Author—"Yes?" Editor—"I wish to compliment you. Most stories we get are rolled up."—Puck.

Clark (excitedly)—"I tell you sir, this town isn't big enough to hold us both!" Fuller (calmly)—"Why don't you start a suburb?"—Puck.

She—"I think I might love you more if you were not so extravagant." He—"It's my extravagant nature that makes me love you so."—Life.

She boasts a pretty, gold-trimmed purse. The shop of the host. But shoving leads from bad to worse. It is an empty boast. -Washington Star.

"Uncle Simon, what is a phenomenon?" "A phenomenon is a man who gets so rich that he won't accept a pass on a railroad."—Chicago Record.

Tagleigh—"Balloon sleeves were bound to go up in the end." Wagleigh—"Sure. That is why they were named 'balloon sleeves.'"—Boston Traveler.

Arthur—"I would marry that girl but for one thing." Chester—"Afraid to pop the question?" Arthur—"No. Afraid to question the pop."—Brooklyn Life.

"I'll wager that woman submarine diver doesn't stay under the water more than ten minutes at a time." "Why?" "Nobody down there to talk to."—Chicago Record.

Mrs. Newlywed (in tears)—"You used to say that you would be glad to die for me." Mr. Newlywed—"Well, I would now." Mrs. Newlywed—"Well, you may now."—Judge.

Reporter—"Three men fell on live trolley wires to-day." City Editor—"Run 'em in the current events column." Chorus of groans from the force. -Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"Why do people take so much interest in what they call Darkest Africa anyhow?" "I presume they have kind of idea it would be a good thing to go there and grope with the country."—Chicago Tribune.

Jagson—"I tried to pay the new woman a compliment last night in my speech, but it didn't seem to be appreciated." Bagson—"What did you say?" Jagson—"I said that the new woman would leave large footprints on the sands of time."—Tit-Bits.

The Horse in History. As late as the ninth century European horses were shod only in the winter time. The first horses in New England were introduced in Massachusetts in 1629 or 1630.

The horse in the art of the Roman Catacombs is an emblem of the swiftness of life. Queen Elizabeth had the reputation of being the most accomplished equestrienne of her time.

It is said by competent persons that over 100,000 horses are every year killed for food in Paris. The first King of England to establish a royal stable for breeding purposes was Henry VIII.

Students of the equine race declare that the male has all the faults of both his ancestral lines. It is a tradition among the Hebrews that Solomon had 40,000 chariot horses and 12,000 cavalry.

The Arabian horses have, from the earliest times, been noted for their fleetness and endurance. World's Greatest Fortification.

The most extensive fortification in the world, as every one knows, is the Chinese wall. According to recent surveys, this wall is 1728 miles in length, reaching from the gulf of Pecheloo to the confines of Turkestan.

This remarkable structure passes up steep mountains, down into gorges and ravines, crosses rivers, valleys and plains, seemingly regardless of obstacles. It is 25 feet thick at the bottom, and 15 at the top, and from 25 to 30 feet in height, with flanking towers or towers 35 to 40 feet high, every 200 or 300 yards during its entire length. The exterior walls are of well-cut granite blocks; the interior is filled with earth and stone, and the passageway is paved with bricks one foot square. Its erection was begun in 211 B. C., and it was assigned to protect the northern frontier of China against the savage tribes of Siberia.

Avoid Extremes. Subjecting children to extremes of temperature is a common cause of their taking cold. It does not seem to be generally understood that colds can be caught by going suddenly from a very cold temperature that has chilled the body, into a very warm room; but this is the case. A child who has been out in very severe weather, and who is chilled through, should not be taken directly to the fire, but be kept away from it until he has been in the room for awhile, and the extreme chilliness has disappeared. -Home Queen.