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Dewey is a man of business, as well as a hard fighter. He has done well to make a contract for raising three of the Spanish warships sunk in Manila bay and putting them in repair, all for only \$500,000.

He did not forget. A Chicago man, died and left \$50,000 to the newsboys of that city, the interest on the amount to be expended for their benefit for ninety-nine years. He had once been a newsboy himself.

The metric system is being considered by the Danish Diet, with a view of substituting it for the confusing Danish system of weights and measures. The general opinion is that the metric system will be adopted and the law establishing it will at once go into effect.

A new controversy is added to the internal agitations of the vast domains of the Czar. A ukase has been issued by the Russian Minister of Education, M. Bogolow, forbidding the wearing of corsets in any educational institution. This terrible order is obeyed obediently enough by the more venal girls, but the maidens who, while still pursuing higher studies, consider themselves young ladies, are raising a chatter of protest. If they wish to cramp their waists, they claim the feminine right to do as they please. Instead of packing these rebellious young women off to Siberia, the "Little Father" has caused an eminent scientist to write a learned brochure upon the evils of tight lacing. But it would seem the part of wisdom to have another essay written upon how conducive to beauty are unbound waists. Once convinced upon that point and the pouting misses of Russian seminaries would give the paternal Government no more trouble.

Commercial life appears to be proving more and more attractive to college-men, if statistics recently gathered by a Yale professor are to be taken as fairly representative, says Bradstreet's. The statistics are derived from the records of the academic department at Yale, but they refer to the vocations of about 7500 graduates, and perhaps it is only fair to regard them in a general way as typical. The figures show but little change in the proportion of graduates following the law during the century, that profession in each scholastic generation enlisting about a third of the graduates. At the beginning of the century the ministry, which in the earliest days of the Yale attracted a larger proportion of the graduates, followed the law as a close second. The proportion attracted by the law has in the interval suffered little change, but the ministry is not chosen by nearly so many graduates as formerly, and its former place seems now to be taken by the mercantile vocation, which enlists about one-third of the graduates at present. This vocation, indeed, seems to be growing more attractive to university-bred men under modern conditions, and it may be that in the near future it will attract even a larger proportion than at present.

For many years English manufacturers of cotton fabrics and other textiles have achieved an unenviable reputation from their practice of weighting their goods by means of chemicals and other adulterants, observes the Dry Goods Economist. It is largely owing to the prevalence of such methods that the honest-made American cottons have in China, East Africa and certain other markets, where their merits are known, withstood the assaults of British manufacturers and merchants. The fraudulent character of many of the British goods having been brought to the attention of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce has been the subject of a special report by one of the committees of that body, which contains some rather astonishing revelations. Not only sheetings, but shirtings, flannellets, blankets, linings, ticks, etc., having been shown on analysis to be heavily adulterated with the chlorates of zinc and magnesium, Epsom salts and other chemicals. In one case a blanket weighing seven pounds was shown to owe one pound of its weight to such treatment. And in many instances woollens were found to be as much adulterated as cottons. Such fabrics, says the committee's report, are dangerous to health, and this statement is endorsed by physicians. Just what is to be done in the matter is not yet known, but it cannot be doubted that the ventilation of such methods will result in either the enforcement of existing laws or the enactment of new legislation to cover the case. In the meantime, the American consumer may rejoice that at least the great majority of the cotton goods he buys are free from similar adulteration.

### WHEN I WAKE UP IN THE MORNIN'.

When I wake up in the mornin', in the laughin', sniffin' mornin',  
With my soul keyed like a fiddle an' my heart keyed like a lute,  
An' my memory-roads come trippin' an' a-giddin' an' a-silppin'  
An' 'floodin' all my heart-house with the faint notes of my flute,  
Then my lips jus' long to utter little songs, that kind o' futter  
Round the earthly cage that coops them an' would fly up in the light,  
An' to my soul all yearnin', little dretly thoughts come burnin'  
An' a bringin' spirit lanterns that would lead it out of night—  
When I wake up in the mornin'!

When I wake up in the mornin', in that solemn, silent mornin',  
After long, long years of slumber an' long, long years of sleep,  
When my spirit's bird has rested in the heavenly air it brooded,  
An' its golden pinions tested for their flight across the Deep—  
Lord, I know my soul will flutter up to heaven, an' will utter  
In a clearer note the songs it only tried to sing below,  
An' these dretly, dretly flashes from the pale hope of my ashes,  
Will be altars of star-increase in the glory of Thy glow—  
When I wake up in the mornin'!

—John Trotwood Moore.

## AN UNPREMEDITATED THEFT.

BY FRANCES A. SCHNEIDER.



Under her front garden under the big willow sat Mrs. Spreadbrow. Behind her stood the trim cottage, and in the grass, almost at her feet, gambled Eddy, her youngest born, and the new black and white puppy. From the gyrations of the two young creatures on the grass, Mrs. Spreadbrow let her eyes wander dreamily across the bay to the irregular sky line of the big city, where she knew that Mr. Spreadbrow was busily engaged in converting bales of cotton into crisp bank notes.

Ab, thought she, happily, she had much to be thankful for, the best husband in the world, a promising family, a charming home on Staten Island and—but at this juncture her reverie was broken in upon by a sound of footsteps on the gravel walk leading from the front gate to the house, and looking up, she beheld the comfortable figure of her dear friend, Mrs. Townley.

There followed a scene, such as any lady who has been surprised by the sudden and unexpected arrival of a valued friend can readily imagine. In the course of it Mrs. Townley was conveyed to the parlor of the trim cottage, to sit and "cool off" before going upstairs.

"Take off your bonnet, dear," said her cheery hostess. "I will put your satchel and parcel and things on this chair. O, I have so much to tell you about and so much to do for you; why haven't you come down before?"

In the midst of Mrs. Townley's explanations as to why she had absented herself, she burst through the open French window, like the advent of a whirlwind, the puppy, Sport, in full cry, followed by Eddy.

Round and round the room they circled for some moments, and then, obedient to the oft-repeated commands of his mother, the little youth tripped and embraced his visitor with much heartiness. The peace that followed these demonstrations was rudely put to flight by the click of the front gate, and the cry from Eddy, who was stationed at the window, announcing "a lady coming."

"Somebody to call. How provoking!" said Mrs. Spreadbrow, with a pucker of her placid brow. "Come, Maria, let's go upstairs before Delia gets to the door. There goes the bell! Never mind your things."

In an instant the room was cleared of all save the black and white puppy, who slumbered about for a moment, then trotted laboriously out into the garden by the same route he had come in.

"It's a young lady, Mrs. Spreadbrow, and she says she wants to see you on business," announced Delia, a moment later, thrusting her head through the door of the room to which Mrs. Spreadbrow and her friend had retreated.

"Dear me! what can she want?" The lady's voice expressed as much irritation as that kindly organ could embody.

find a policeman at St. George, and intercept her as she stepped on the boat.

She reached the station just in time to see the book agent's skirt whisk through the door of a forward car; she herself was hauled onto the last car by an obliging brakeman just as the train moved off.

Arrived at St. George, Mrs. Spreadbrow hurriedly accosted a policeman, explained that the young woman in the gray linen dress, carrying the black satchel, had committed a theft, and urged him excitedly to detain her. The officer hesitated a moment, and then interposing his portly form between the young girl and the gang-plank, touched her lightly on the arm and said, pointing to Mrs. Spreadbrow:

"Do you know this lady?" "Yes—that is, I went to her house and she was—"

"Will you come out of this crowd?" said Mrs. Spreadbrow, her firmness suddenly forsaking her. "I—I want to speak to you."

"But I will miss my boy," expostulated the girl nervously. My mother will be waiting for me and—what can you mean by calling a policeman to stop me?" she concluded with frightened eyes, as if a full realization of the situation had but just flashed upon her.

"The fact is," explained the policeman, "this lady wants me to arrest you for theft, but maybe you can explain certain suspicious circumstances."

The girl was white to the lips now, and the look of despairing fright in her eyes was pitiful to see.

"For theft—me—for theft?" she said with stiff lips.

"O, do come where it is quiet," urged the accuser, looking as distressed as the accused, and then the three went into the ferry house.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Spreadbrow, weakly, when they had reached a quiet corner of the big room.

"Thank you, I prefer to stand," replied the girl, proudly. "And may I ask what you accuse me of stealing?"

"I—I," said Mrs. Spreadbrow, trembling before the pale "little thief," "we think you took Mrs. Townley's purse out of my parlor this morning; you were the only person in the room beside myself between the time she left it there and the time we found it gone, and—"

"My God!" murmured the book agent, dropping into a seat and covering her face with her hands. Presently she recovered herself, and, turning to the policeman, said: "Search my satchel, please. And you," to Mrs. Spreadbrow, "you may search my person; and may God forgive you."

"O, my dear, I can't—I can't; when I look at you I can't be—be— But everything's against you," Mrs. Spreadbrow's eyes were full of tears, and her voice trembled.

"There ain't no purse here but this one," remarked the policeman, who had been rummaging through the contents of the black satchel, holding up a silver pocket book.

"That's mine. Look through it; you will find just twenty cents." The book agent spoke very calmly.

### PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The solutions to these puzzles will appear in a succeeding issue.

9

33.—A Corrugated Column.

1. A fast runner. 2. Amusement. 3. Social distinction. 4. An exclamation denoting triumph. 5. Our club word. 6. A house of entertainment. 7. A military musical instrument.

Centrals Down—A naval hero of the Civil War.

34.—A Square.

1. An evergreen oak. 2. The olive tree. 3. An ancient kingdom of Spain. 4. The language spoken by a race of islanders in the Irish Sea.

35.—Six Pied Cities of Pennsylvania.

1. Canaustic. 2. Hanckonchum. 3. Twoomillipit. 4. Dananow. 5. Yuxwutspunna. 6. Bbrgmshesua.

36.—Five Beheadments.

1. Behold one of the "lungs of a city," and have an old-time vessel. 2. A celestial body, and have one of the "men behind the guns." 3. To send off, and have a part of the body. 4. A foot-covering, and have a garden implement. 5. A plant, and have an apartment.

SOLUTIONS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES.

29.—A Crossword Enigma—Mother.

30.—A Pied Verse—

The lovely town was white with apple-blossoms,  
And the great elms o'erhead  
Dark shadows wore on their aerial looms;  
Shot through with golden thread.  
—Longfellow.

31.—Additions—1, covenant; 2, Clio; 3, mops; 4, violet; 5, million; 6, candid; 7, civics; 8, Balfour; 9, New Mexico; 10, Doddridge; 11, six; 12, lixivate.

32.—Hidden Housefurnishings—1, stove; 2, stand; 3, sofa; 4, bed; 5, carpet; 6, chair; 7, stool; 8, table; 9, ottoman; 10, piano.

The Spartan and the Sybarite.

Should one, then, train himself to lift heavy weights, to bear heavy burdens, to eat coarse food, to go without sleep, in the every-day walks of life? In short, should one be a Spartan, daily depriving himself of the luxuries of life, or should one be a Sybarite, indulging in all luxury and pleasure, and offering heavy premiums to those who will invent any new form of enjoyment for the body and its five senses? It is well to feel that one can be a Spartan if the occasion warrants it, and if one lives as a Sybarite it is not possible all at once to rise to the situation that demands the endurance of a Spartan. Nevertheless, it should not be forgotten that it requires a great deal of a certain kind of endurance, perhaps greater after its kind, to be a Sybarite than to be a Spartan. Think of the prince of Sybarites—that is, the man among them all who was most noted for his luxury—who, when he went a-wooing into a distant country, took with him on his journey a thousand cooks! Think of the heights of endurance in the performance of the gastronomic feats which would show a just appreciation of the results of their labors! To meet the exactions of society to-day, in all its phases, requires unlimited powers of endurance. The burden and heat of the day may be borne by the Spartan laborer and mechanic, but the burden and heat of the day and night are borne by the upper classes of the great cities. More than the African explorer, more than the soldier in active service, do they need staying powers and the height of endurance, for it has been rightly said they go "the pace that kills."—Harper's Bazar.

Cardinal Wolsey's Hat.

An interesting relic has just been presented to Christ Church in the shape of the Cardinal's hat, which once belonged to its founder, Cardinal Wolsey. Unlike many relics, the hat boasts an authentic and fairly complete pedigree. It appears to have been stolen by Bishop Burnett, who was clerk to the royal wardrobe and Bishop of Salisbury in William III's time. It then passed into the hands of Horace Walpole. One of the latest owners of the hat was Charles Keay, who wore it while playing the part of Cardinal Wolsey in Shakespeare's "Henry VIII." The hat is in good condition, but the tassels, which are so prominently represented on the Christ Church coat-of-arms, have been torn off.—Westminster Gazette.

Did Good For Once.

He knocked at the back door of a suburban house and the cook opened it. He was a sinister-looking fellow, and the cook held on to the door.

"Lady of the house?" he inquired, gruffly.

"No," trembled the cook.

"Master of the house here?"

"No."

"None of the people in?"

"None but me," and she tried to shut the door.

"Aw, come off," he growled, setting his foot against it. "I'll come in and have a good feed. Let go that door."

### TO TELL HARMLESS SNAKES.

How the Poisonous Reptiles Inject Their Venom Into the Flesh.

Harmless snakes generally have two rows of teeth in the upper jaw and one in the lower, these teeth being slender, sharp, comparatively short, and not set in sockets, as these animals do not tear or mutilate their food. The teeth are simply used as books by the snake's food is drawn into the snake's throat. The bones of the jaw being movably joined together, the teeth are advanced on one side, securing a hold on the prey, and then on the other side, in which way the swallowing is accomplished. Poisonous snakes have two long, sharp fangs which appear to be flattened out like a knife blade and then bent up, forming a groove, in some cases forming a closed tube, open, however, at both ends, the upper end of which is fastened to a bone in the cheek, which moves with ease, so that the fangs when not in use can be folded or packed away. The saliva of all animals, even man, contains poison; though in man it is greatly diluted and of use in assisting digestion. In the poisonous snakes it is collected into sacs or glands placed on each side of the upper jaw, says the New York Sun.

A delicate canal extends from the poison gland forward under the eye to the edge of the jaw and there opens into the fang, and to use the poison the snake has but to strike the prey; as the fangs enter the flesh the muscles of the jaw press upon the poison glands, squeeze the poison through the little canal down through the hollow of the poison fang in the wound. There is a most ingenious arrangement in the fang. The opening is not at the very tip, where it would be liable to get plugged up with skin and flesh, but it is a little way up in front of the groove, so that the sharp point goes in first and makes a little hole into which the poison flows.

Light Fare.

Parents of growing boys have been heard to say that there was practically no limit to the amount of food their sons could devour. It is doubtful, however, whether one of these parents could read with any feeling of pleasure the account of the boyish experience of Leigh Hunt, the English author. He was sent to school at Christ's Hospital in 1792. In his autobiography he tells of the schoolboy fare of that time:

Our breakfast was bread and water. The bread consisted of the half of a three-penny loaf, according to the prices then current. This was not much for growing boys, who had had nothing to eat from six or seven o'clock the preceding evening.

For dinner we had the same quantity of bread, with meat only every other day, and that consisting of a small slice, such as would be given to a child three or four years old. Yet even that, with all our hunger, we were very often left half eaten—the meat was so tough.

On the other days we had a milk porridge, ludicrously thin; or rice-milk, which is better. There was no vegetables or puddings. Once a month we had roast beef; and twice a year (I blush to think of the eagerness with which it was looked for) a dinner of pork. One was roast, and the other was boiled; and on the latter occasion we had our only pudding, which was of peas.

For supper we had a like piece of bread, with butter or cheese; and then to bed, "with what appetite we might."—Youth's Companion.

Invitation on an Umbrella.

During the afternoon of the recent snowstorm a young woman of Philadelphia dressed in the height of fashion, started to walk down Chestnut street under the protection of an umbrella. At the time the snow was coming down in soft clinging flakes, and the umbrella's surface was soon covered with a white coat. The young lady stopped in the course of her promenade to admire a beautiful window display of art ware, and while standing there attracted the attention of a group of young men, among whom was the practical joker. He reached over and with the tip of his finger lightly traced on the snow-covered umbrella the words "Kiss Me."

The owner of the umbrella, all unconscious of the fact that she was the object of much attention, walked slowly on down the street. Several rude young men, who saw the inscription on the umbrella, peered rather boldly at the pretty face beneath it as they pushed by. This annoyed her so much that she suddenly closed her umbrella and took refuge in a store, still unable to even guess what people were smiling at.—Philadelphia Record.

Do It Again, Please?

The story is familiar of the little girl who, while in charge of an infant brother, saw a cyclist "cropper" heavily from his high bicycle, and approached him as he sat on the ground, wondering if he were still in this world, and said: "Please, sir, will you do that again? Billy didn't see yer."

A parallel to this yarn comes from the Irish Cyclist, which says that an old farmer quietly watched a wheelman lose control of his mount and go over a wall, machine and all, and then remarked: "Well, well; and so they can make them leap now."—London Telegraph.

A Dragon in the Rock.

Among the most wonderful monsters of the Age of Reptiles was the Ichthyosaurus, or "fish lizard." Last summer a very perfect specimen was uncovered in a quarry at Stockton in Warwickshire, England. The creature is twenty feet in length, its head alone being almost four feet long. The Ichthyosaurus possessed gigantic eyes, whose lenses could be focused at will for different distances. It hunted its prey in the sea.

### THE POOR CITY BOY.

Oh the city boy is bundled  
In his heavy overcoat,  
With his costly leather leggings,  
With a silk thing round his throat,  
And he slides upon the sidewalk  
Where the ashes have been spread,  
And imagines he is happy  
On his bright new sled.

There's a hill that's high and sloping,  
In the country, far away;  
Where a boy who wants to be bundled  
Fit to smother under a straw;  
With the swiftness of the lightning  
Down the gleaming hill he sped,  
And no ashes ever grated  
Neath his home made sled.

Oh I pity the poor city  
Boy who never treads beyond  
The narrow, ashy sidewalk  
Or some hampered little pond;  
Ah, the hill was high and sloping,  
And the way was clear ahead,  
Where a country boy went coasting  
On a home made sled.

—Cleveland Leader.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

He—"When we are married I will lie at your feet." She (interrupting)—"Yes, and to my face, I suppose." —Punch.

Little Harry—"Pa, what's an anachronism?" Pa—"A brown wig on a seventy-year-old man." —Chicago Daily News.

With all the flowers of manhood  
That are blooming o'er the mead,  
'Tis strange that little Wilhelmine  
Should take such a wild ride.  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"By the way, Smith, you never use perfumes, do you?" "No," drawled Smith, lazily, "I don't have to. I take a bath every morning." —Paper Mill.

Fashionable Young Lady—"If I give you some money will you promise me to go and take a bath?" Beggar—"A bath! And is it a mermaid you take me for?"

Irate Patron—"I thought this railway was for the benefit of the public." Railway Official—"You're in error. The public is for the benefit of the railway." —Tid-Bits.

Police Justice—"If you were there for no dishonest purpose, why were you in your stockinged feet?" Burglar—"I heard there was sickness in the family." —Standard.

Adoring One (in lavender kids and a blue scarf)—"Oh, how I wish I were that book you clasped so lovingly." She—"How I wish you were, so that I could shut you up." —Ally Sloper.

There are laurels for the hero  
And hopes for his breast;  
But the man who hasn't done a thing—  
Gets a chance to rest.  
—Chicago News.

"Hopkins ought to go into the army." "Why?" "He's so brave. He borrowed my wheel and rode it all summer, and now he has brought me a bill for repairs." —Brooklyn Standard Union.

Graham—"Going to move? What for?" White—"They've got a baby next door to my house, and it makes so much noise my dog can hardly get a wink of sleep all night." —Boston Transcript.

Burgling Bill—"No, no! I won't go in again! She's talking in her sleep." The Monse—"Well, dain't nuthin'." Burgling Bill (hoarsely)—"But she's a lovely elocutionist." —San Francisco Examiner.

"Were you out in all that rain?" asked the Clifton girl. "No," said the young woman from Boston. "I was merely in the portion of the rain that descended in my immediate vicinity." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Frances—"Harry says he just wants to fall down and worship me all the time." Her Mother—"Oh, well; don't mind that dear. After you're married he won't let it interfere with his business." —Chicago News.

"Now," said the attorney for the defense, "here is a skull. Can you tell us to what species it belongs?" "It's the skull of a lawyer," replied the expert witness. "How can you tell?" "By the cheek-bones." —Rural Home.

Office Boy's Brother—"Johnny's sick a-bed, sir, and won't be able to come to work for a week." Employer—"Indeed! The Brother—"Yes, sir; but he wants me to get what's due him, so he can have it to spend while he's out." —Roxbury Gazette.

Lady (in railway train on windy day)—"Dear me! I can't get this window up." Gentleman (behind)—"I would assist you, madam, but I presume the railroad company has gined the windows down to prevent the loss of patrons by pneumonia." —New York Weekly.

"When that man came to this town," said Rivers, "he hadn't a rag to his back. Look at him now." Brooks walked to the window, looked in the direction indicated, and saw a swarthy son of Italy walking down the street bending beneath the weight of a sack of rags three or four times his size, strapped to his back. This led to an other quarrel between two old friends. —Chicago Tribune.

A Beneficial Snake.  
Perhaps one of the most beautiful snakes of the United States is the harlequin. This snake has permanently erect poison fangs, is venomous, but not fatal, and is of an extremely mild disposition. Its coloring is exceedingly rich and beautiful, being red, with seventeen broad black bands bordered with yellow. The harlequin is found from Virginia to Arkansas, while four other species inhabit Florida and Texas. They spend most of their time under ground, often being turned up by field workers, and seem to have a fondness for sweet potatoes patches.