TO MY WATCH.

Little watch, fast ticking out
All the hours of pain and doubt,
All the tumult, toil, and strife
Making up our span of life;
All the heart-wrung sighs and tears
Falling faster with the years,
As the petals drop and fade
From the bloom life's summer made,
Ah! what thoughts each other chase
As I look upon your face.

Every tick your motions give,
One tick less have I to live.
Did I realize this thought,
With such solemn meaning fraught,
When some new born joy drew nigh
In the happy days gone by,
And your slight hands all too slow
Round about your face did go?
Ah! those tardy hours have passed,
Would they were not now so fast!

Never stopping in your flight,
Never pausing day or night;
Not a moment's rest you crave
From the cradle to the grave,
With a never-ceasing motion,
Steadfast as the tides of ocean;
Seeming evermore to hurry,
Yet without a moment's flurry;
Till our worn hearts almost pray
That you would a moment stay.

All things rest—the clouds at noon,
And the leaves in nights of June;
And the grief-bewildered brain
When sleep falls like softest rain;
And the stars when day awake,
And the day when Hesper shakes
Gleams of gold from out the skies
Into wandering lover's eyes.
You alone speed on your way,
Never resting night or day.

Yet what joy those hands have brought!
Golden days with rapture fraught;
Golden days by sunlit fountain;
Golden days on breezy mountain;
Days made more divine by love
Than by radiance from above.
Ah! those hands that to the sense
Bring such joys and bear them hence;
Could we know what time conceals
'Neath those little ticking wheels!

Yet when those slight hands shall mark
That last hour when all grows dark,
And shall still keep ticking on
When earth's light from me is gone,
Little watch, your face shall be
Still a memory sweet to me,
Though diviner light may shine
On these opened eyes of mine,
For your hands that never cease
Bring at last the perfect peace.

—Temple Bar.

THE TALE OF A CRIME.

M. Theodore, chef de surete, sat in his cabinet deeply perplexed, his two elbows on his desk, his head on his hands. He was musing.

"And was it going to last, this, which had been going on for so long a while? And these assassins, were they going to end by beating him? Where they going to compel him by adverse public opinion to send in his resignation?

"Parbleu! it looked so, and as if they did it on purpose, passing the word from one to another to force him to get out of their way. Eight assassinations, one after another! Crimes of the worst calibre, with startling details, which peopled alike with horrifying visions the sleep of the bureaucrat and the concierge. And not an assassin, for all their skillful work, had they been able to lay their hands upon; they had fled, every man of them; they had disappeared, vanished—piff, like a puff of air. Celerity, despatch, their motto, and to go without leaving an address behind them! Frankly, it had begun to pass the bounds of all reason.

"And now, to top off these eight other crimes, there was still another, a ninth one—a murder like the others, accomplished the evening before, under similar conditions, a femme galante with her throat cut, five thousand francs' worth of jewels gone, and—not a trace of the assassins!"

Despite his robust philosophy, that had long been the admiration and emulation of his century, M. Theodore felt himself drifting into melancholy and reflection, not unmixed with anger.

"Nine murders, one after the other; nine crimes without an author; nonsense! impossible!" The chef de surete pulled himself together, threw back his head like a war horse sniffing battle, and—the door opened.

It was his secretary who presented himself, bearing a card in his fingers.

"A gentleman, monsieur, who insists upon seeing you. He declares," and the secretary smiled a little at the absurdity of the idea, "he declares himself in a position to furnish you with definite particulars regarding the crime of yesterday."

"Ah, the crime of yesterday!" The Chief turned quickly. "Then bid him enter," said he, and while the secretary regained the ante-room to do his bidding, M. Theodore cast his eye upon the card before him.

"Frederick Bouscal!" he read in a half voice. "Bouscal, Bouscal; it seems to me that I know that name—that I've heard it somewhere."

He scrawled a line upon a scrap of paper, and handed it to the secretary, who returned at the moment ushering in the visitor who had asked to see him, dismissed him with a word, and was ready for the matter in hand.

M. Theodore raised his eyes. Before him was a man simply but neatly clothed, and with a frank and honest countenance, though veiled, as by a cloud, with sadness. The eyes were clear and open, the moustache and goatee grey and pointed—in short, there was something in his manner, something in his appearance of a militaire in retreat.

"You have particulars to give me, have you not, monsieur?" questioned the chef de surete; "particulars, I believe, of the crime of yesterday?"

"I hope so, monsieur," simply responded the visitor.

"Ah, hope so! You are not sure then?"

"It rests with you, M. le Chef, whether I am sure or not. All depends, in fact, upon an operation, the means of which you alone are able to furnish me."

"Explain, if you please."

"Certainly, and at once, though doubtless you have heard it often spoken of, M. le Chef; a certain scientific procedure which permits under certain conditions, better even than description can do it, a reproduction of the portrait of the assassin. Briefly, behold my meaning. You know, of course," he continued, "that the phenomenon called vision the object which we see throws or forms upon a screen in the eyeball itself—in plain words, upon the retina of the eye—an image which remains there until displaced by another. It has been proved also that this image continues even after death. You recognize, therefore, that if a person murdered, has been struck from the front, and in a light sufficiently distinct for him to see, the last thing upon which his eyes would be fixed, would, in all probability, be the face or form of the murderer. Naturally, the image of that face or figure would be thrown upon the retina of the eye where, and this is what I came to say—it is not only possible to re-find it, but also possible to reproduce it. Ah, well, monsieur, in the case which occupies us——"

The door of the cabinet opened anew, and the secretary of M. Theodore re-entered, holding in his hand a roll of papers, which he laid before his chief, then turned and was gone again as quickly as he had come. M. Theodore lifted it up and ran his eye rapidly over the contents.

"You are named Frederick Bouscal, are you not, monsieur?" he demanded, presently, addressing his visitor.

"Yes, M. le Chef, Frederick Bouscal——"

"Your age?"

"Fifty-eight years, M. le Chef."

"Hum-m-m!" Mr. Theodore rapidly twirled the sheets beside him. "Twenty-seven years!" he murmured, as if thinking aloud. "So it was you then, who was imprisoned two years ago, and condemned for contumacy and the theft of 1,000 florins?"

A sudden flush enpurpled the countenance of the visitor.

"No, monsieur," he responded with an effort, in a dull voice; "no, it was not I—it was—my son!"

"An employe of the Credit Agricole, was he not? And—you are ignorant of what has become of him?"

"Absolutely. It is fifteen months that his mother and I have been without news of him. That child, M. le Chef, that child has been our sorrow and our shame. He has broken our hearts, dishonored our name——"

His voice was choked. He was silent, unable, evidently, to go on.

"Pardon me, monsieur," said the Chef de Surete. "I have re-opened a painful wound; but, I listen to you—you were saying——"

The man passed his hand across his brow and eyes to clear his vision then resumed:

"I was saying, M. le Chef, that in the case which occupies us now the reproduction of the assassin's portrait should be entirely possible. The victim was struck in the face, the direction of the blow and form of the wound indicate it plainly. More than this, it must have been light enough to see the murderer, and with sufficient clearness to have stamped his likeness upon the retinal screen, for the papers assert that even in death her eyes were fixed in a wide and frightened stare. Thus, monsieur, we find ourselves in the presence of a half-certainty; it is probable, if not sure, that the eye of the corpse now lying upon the slab of the morgue contains the exact reproduction of the likeness you seek. With your permission I will draw it from them."

"Draw it; but how?"

"By photography—it is my business, M. le Chef. And this matter, this subject I speak of I have studied it long, and almost with passion, for I hold it to be, in case of success, one of the most useful and beautiful applications of modern science. I know it can be done. I have myself experimented, and in one instance have reproduced the lineaments of the physician who had leaned above the bed of the dying."

The man spoke with animation and while speaking his voice vibrated, his eyes burned, his whole countenance was illuminated, irradiated with the light of a legitimate pride. M. Theodore regarded him, visibly moved himself by this ardent conviction.

"And you conclude——" he questioned, after a moment's thought.

"I conclude—but authorize me to attempt the experiment on the woman assassinated yesterday, and I will tell you what I conclude. If I succeed it will be for us—my wife and me—a little glory, and also a little money—a ray of hope in our misery; if I fail—well, no matter—we are used to misfortune. A failure more or less need not be counted. In any event, M. le Chef, you lose nothing in the experiment, but have the chance of an unhoped-for success."

"Then so be it, monsieur," agreed the chef de surete. "Take your instruments to the morgue to-morrow at 10 o'clock. I will see that the clerk is instructed. Later on I shall myself be there. I have the honor, monsieur, to wish you good-morning."

In the obscure nook at the morgue where he had inclosed himself in accordance with the arrangement made at the office of the surete, Frederick Bouscal, his body bent, his face drawn, watched anxiously the result of his last washing. The plate was there before him in its bath of quicksilver, into which he had dropped it a while ago with such fear and infinite precaution.

Sensitized? Vitalized? At least it should be, and if the conditions of the crime were such as he supposed them, and the victim, before dying, had really seen her murderer's face, the portrait of the assassin would be there under that bed of gelatine et traine to melt away.

His throat closed as by a grip of iron, the operator held himself immovable, hearing only, with painful distinctness, the gurgle of the water as it dripped upon the faces of the dead in the adjoining chamber; the plunge of his blood as it throbbed and hammered through the arteries of his heart.

And at last the moment came—the moment that was to reveal to him all or nothing. He rose—that poor, trembling photographer rose, I say, took it carefully by its dripping edges, that plate upon which his fate was hanging, half closed his eyes, held it to the single ray of light that filtered through the yellowed pane, to stagger back with a groan of anguish, to let it crash into a thousand pieces. His son! Good heavens! The face of the murderer, the face of the son!

Five minutes later, when Frederick Bouscal, the photographer, came from his nook, and the chef de surete, awaiting him with impatience, hurried to meet him, he saw immediately by the pallor of his face, by his sombre eyes, that he had nothing good to announce to him.

"Well," said he, "nothing?"

"No," responded Bouscal, "nothing."

"Allons! no matter; try it a second time; do it again."

"Impossible! the transparency of the cornea is destroyed. I wished to wash it, and I burned it through mistake in the vials. I salute you, M. le Chef!" And Frederick Bouscal turned away.

The next morning the commissaire of the quarter of Ternes, forwarding to the prefecture his regular report, headed it with the following item:

"To-day at 10 o'clock a summons to 109, Rue Laugiere. A call from the concierge, suspicions of charcoal fumes from the room of the Bouscals, man and wife, his locataires. The door, by my order, was forced. Too late—they were dead, both of them, side by side upon the bed, a brazier of lighted charcoal plainly indicating the manner of the death. A double suicide; poverty the cause.

"From —— Commissaire —— of Ternes, third, 16th d——"

"Bah, these inventors," murmured M. Theodore, as his secretary concluded the reading, "they are all alike, stupid and rash; though I, too, on this occasion, have naught to boast of. But how the deuce," he added, as the memory of that pale, sad face rose up before him, "how the deuce could I think of suicide for a cause so trifling as this?"

"A cause as trifling as this?"

Ah, my worthy chef de surete, it is not everything that is known in that perfecture of thine.—The French.

RUNNING—FOR BOYS.

Every Boy Can Become a Runner if He Tries.

Every American boy should learn to run. In Greece, in the days when men and women took better care of their bodies than they ever have since, every boy, and girl, too, was taught to run, just as the American child is taught to read. And as far as we can judge by the statues they have left behind them, there were very few hollow-chested, spindle-legged boys among the Greeks. The Persian boy was taught to speak the truth, run, ride and shoot the bow.

The English boy is encouraged to run. In fact, at some of the great English public schools, boys of thirteen and fourteen years of age, like Tom Brown and East at Rugby, can cover six and eight miles cross-country in the great hare-and-hound runs. Every boy is turned out twice a week, out of doors, and made to run, and fill himself full of pure fresh air and sunshine, and gain more strength and life than any amount of weight-pulling or dumb-bell work in stuffy gymnasiums would give him. See the result—the English boys, as a whole, are a stronger set than we American boys. Every English school boy is to some extent an athlete. And that is what American boys should be. Not because football, baseball and tennis are valuable in themselves, but for the good they do in strengthening boys' bodies.

By playing ball every day for hours in the open air; by exercising his arms, back and leg muscles in throwing, batting, running and sliding; by going to bed early and giving up all bad habits in preparation for the games, a boy stores up strength, which he can draw on all his life long—that is why every boy should be an athlete. But not every boy can play football or baseball. He may not be heavy or strong enough; he may never be able to acquire the knack of catching or batting the ball. Every boy can become a runner.—St. Nicholas.

Hunting the Giraffe.

The bush is horribly dense and thorny, and the thorns are of such a nature that the strongest cord breeches can scarcely withstand their assaults. The old giraffe bulls, with hides nearly an inch thick, care for no thorn in the forest, and plunge through the armed thickets as though they were black currant bushes. There is only one thing to be done—to forget the sickle thorns and follow them. The spurs go in, the gallant pony springs forward, and the chase begins. It is truly headlong. Crash go the tall giants their long necks rising and falling rhythmically, their heads sometimes bending low to escape a bough which all but scrapes the withers.

It is wonderful how such monstrous game can evade branches and tack this way and that among the interruptions and obstacles of the forest. It is a tough gallop, indeed, but in ten minutes the hunter has driven his pony right up to the tail of the nearest bull, and, from the saddle, has fired his shot. He falls behind a little, then closes up and fires again. Both bullets, planted close to the root of the tail, have plowed deep into the short body of the giraffe and done their work. The painted giant falters, sways, and then in an instant falls crashing to the earth, carrying with him in his ruin a stout sapling.

Dark chestnut of coats (almost black with age upon the back), this old bull, measuring nineteen feet from the hoof to the tip of the false horns, forms a noble prize indeed. As he lies there in the long yellow grass, he looks, surely, the strangest of all survivals of the fauna of the Dark Ages; a priceless and pathetic relic left to the modern world by the ravages of time.

Ice Cream in Oklahoma.

When the recent storm was over in Tima, Okla., the late householders, viewing the remains, were greatly surprised at finding upon the supposed site of the grocery a large and solid mass of excellent ice cream in bulk, melting rapidly away under the sun, but still good at heart. The explanation, after all, was simple. The lightning stroke which destroyed the roof of the building, and shattered every barrel and bottle in the place, fused and melted a dozen milk cans, releasing their precious contents. Directly over the cans, on the shelves, were a number of paper bags of sugar, a sack of flour and seven bottles of vanilla extract, whose released contents fell into the mass. Before the milk had time to flow away it was buried up in such hailstones as even Oklahoma never saw before, a fall of two feet occurring in almost an instant. The ice balls mingled with the contents of a dozen barrels of salt, which had been standing about the milk cans, produced such an intense cold that the mingled milk, vanilla, sugar and flour were instantly solidified on the surface, and in half an hour became a solid mass to the core of excellent ice cream.—New York Recorder.

A Cooling Subject.

The story of Arctic explorations is, that earth nor sky nor ocean can have a terror that will be allowed to baffle man's fixed and intense desire to know. He is determined to tear from the heart of this world its every secret, and no wave so tumultuous and no cloud so black and no ice gulf so wide but he will make his way. Amid all the loss and distress, and cold and hunger, and frightful danger and awful death, man has, year by year, worked at the solution of the problem of the north. How since Franklin's time has the map grown. Gulfs, capes, islands, continents, have been traced. The blank space around the end of the earth grows smaller, perhaps the man lives who, solitary and alone, shall stand where never man stood before, to say, "This is the pole."—Kansas City Star.

Proper Position for Sleep.

There are several theories of the proper position in sleep. The one most commonly favored is that one should sleep on the right side, as digestion goes on in this position most favorably. Other authorities say that one should always lie on the back, but there are excellent reasons why this is not wise. The weight of the stomach and its contents rests upon the spine, which often affects the nerves. Some severe cases of insomnia have been cured by the habit of sleeping on the face. This is easy to do and is the most comfortable position if one dispenses with the pillow. One young man who had exhausted all the skill of the doctors fell into the habit of lying on his face, with his right arm under his head, which was turned slightly to one side. By this change natural rest soon came to him and he entirely recovered.—Chicago Herald.

An automatic nickel-in-the-slot restaurant which dispenses with waiters is said to have been opened in Berlin, Germany.

THE WATERMELON NET.

Convenient Contrivance for Carrying Home the Massive Fruit.

The invention of the watermelon net was due primarily to a change in the shape of watermelons. Years ago the great majority of watermelons were much longer than they were thick. Then when a man carried home the watermelon which he had bought the dealer took a turn around one end of it with a stout cord, carried the cord along to the other end, and took another turn there, and the connecting length of cord between the loops served as a handle, while the shape of the melon kept the loops from slipping off. But with the change of the melon to the shorter, chubbier shape now prevailing this plan was no longer possible, and so the net came in six or eight years ago.

The watermelon nets are made of a jute twine called melon twine. They are of one size. They are big enough for any melon, and with a small melon in a net it is easy to take up the slack. They are made altogether by hand, at odd times, by people accustomed to net making. They are sold at wholesale at $2 a hundred. The melon dealer used to charge five cents for a net, but now most dealers give the nets away.

Notwithstanding their bulk, many melons are carried home by the purchaser. The surburban resident may spot a particularly fine melon and take it right along with him in a net; a man living in the city may do the same thing. Whatever the circumstances under which a man wants to take a melon with him, the net is a great convenience; it beats carrying the watermelon under the arm out of sight.

But while many melons are thus carried in the course of the season, still the great majority of watermelons are sent home just like other things, and so after all the sale of watermelon nets amounts to only a few thousand annually.—New York Sun.

Speaking of Dreams.

"Speaking of dreams," said the quiet man in the corner, "I had a peculiar experience a few weeks ago which I should call a coincidence, but the superstitious might say it was something different. I was very tired, and, going to bed early, I fell into a troubled sleep and dreamed that some one I did not recognize brought me a pair of black gloves."

"That was a bad dream," said one of the listeners.

"I was so impressed in my sleep," continued the narrator, "by the glove feature of my dream that I awakened, and tried to banish the memory of it from my mind. Falling asleep again I dreamed the same thing over again, but this time I recognized the bearer of the gloves as my favorite niece, then living in the West. In the morning I related the dream to my wife."

"And you heard of your niece's death the next day?" asked the listener breathlessly.

"Nothing of the kind. My wife at once suggested a wedding as the outcome of my dream. She said that dreams always went by contraries, and black gloves in a dream meant wedding-cards and cake."

"Did yours turn out that way?"

"It did. In a few hours we received news of my daughter's marriage on the day before, a circumstance of which we had not the slightest hint. As I said, it was just a coincidence, but none the less a curious one."

"Or a thought-wave—who knows?" murmured the man wth a book under his arm.—Detroit Free Press.

Whittier's Birthplace.

In the town of Haverhill, Mass., near the Merrimac River, not far from Salisbury Beach, and in a house built by his great-grandfather more than two centuries ago, John Greenleaf Whittier was born on December 17, 1807. For three generations before him, the family had been connected with the Society of Friends; and all his life long Whittier retained the Quaker simplicity of manner and attire. He began early to do the chores of the household, and also to aid his father in the work of the farm.

The house was surrounded by woods, and "a small brook, noisy enough as it foamed, rippled and laughed down its rocky falls" by the garden-side, and then wound its way to a larger stream, that, "after doing its duty at two or three saw or grist mills" (the clash of which would be heard in still days across the intervening woodlands), ran into the great river and was borne along to the great sea. Thus, in early boyhood Whittier had a chance to get friendly and familiar with the brooks and woods and rocky hills and all the other features of the New England landscape. He helped to care for the oxen and the horses, and he came to know the wilder animals which also lived on the farm.—St. Nicholas.

Made Three Attempts.

A young and well-dressed woman entered Charing Cross telegraph office the other day and wrote out a dispatch to be sent to Manchester. She read it over, reflected for a moment, and then dropped it on the floor and wrote a second. This she also threw away, but was satisfied with the third, and sent it off. The three telegrams read: First—"Never let me hear from you again!" Second—"No one expects you to return!" Third—"Come home dearest—all is forgiven!"

Use for Horse Chestnuts.

It is popularly supposed that horse chestnuts are very unwholesome. Nevertheless in Turkey they are roasted for coffee, fermented for liquor and utilized for horse medicine.

Don't tell all you know the first time you meet your friends; they will want to see you so long as you have left something untold.

The One Venomous Bird.

But one species of venomous bird is known to the student of ornithological oddities—the Roir N'Doob, or "Bird of Death," a feathered paradox of New Guinea. It is not a large or formidable looking creature, as one would naturally expect, being scarcely as large as a common pigeon, but longer and of a more slender build. It is of a gray, glossy color, without any special markings, except the tail, which ends with a blood-red tip. The bird is comparatively helpless, being able to fly but a few feet; and can be caught without difficulty; however, it is unnecessary to say that its poisonous bite causes the native Papuans to let it severely alone. Persons bitten by the creature are seized by maddening pains, which rapidly extend to every part of the body. Loss of sight, convulsions, and lockjaw are the other symptoms which follow in rapid succession. The natives say there is not a case on record of a survival of the bite, there being no antidote, death always ensuing within the short space of two hours.

In the Rosin Bible the word rosin was substituted for balm.

Impure Blood

Manifests itself in hives, pimples, boils and other eruptions which disfigure the face and cause pain and annoyance. By purifying the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cures these troubles and clears the skin. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes that tired, drowsy feeling so general at this season and gives strength.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye to-day. $1; six for $5

Hood's Pills Cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

IMPROVED WATER MOTOR.

For Conveniently Utilizing the Current-Force of Any Stream.

This useful device consists of a number of wheels fixed upon a common shaft, the width of the stream determining how many wheels may be used. On the sides of the wheels are gates that swing outwardly to increase the resistance of the wheel, and consequently its power. When the wheel is not in gear the gates close into recesses provided for them. The gates on one side of a wheel are connected with each other by chains, so that when one swings open it pulls the next one open.


NEW WATER MOTOR.

Opposite to the gates are holes that prevent excessive suction and permit the current to enter and assist in turning the wheel, but the holes on the end wheels have their outer sides partially covered by deflectors. The motor is well adapted to being placed in a stream where the force of the current is the only power. It is illustrated and described in the Scientific American.

TO WEIGH LETTERS.

A Broomstick, a Water Jar, and a Few Marks the Only Requisite.

A very good scale for weighing letters may be made by anyone without expense. Get the handle of a worn-out broom and cut off about 15 inches of it. Pour water into a wide-mouthed jar until it is nearly full, and, having attached a weight to one end of the stick and tacked a square of cardboard to the other, the latter to serve as a platform, plunge the stick into the water, as shown in the cut.

The weight should be heavy enough to keep about three-fourths of the stick under water. Having done all this, get a half-ounce, an ounce and a two-ounce weight (you may borrow them from your druggist), and placing them, one at a time, upon the platform of your scale, carefully mark on the stick the water level in each case.


A HOME-MADE SCALE.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Little Difference.

"Oh, papa, there's hardly any difference between 'milk' and 'water' in French, is there?" "Very little, daughter; not any more than between the articles themselves here in America."—Truth.

Diocletian, the Roman Emperor was born in slavery, and obtained his freedom by service in the army.

A snow-white coon has been caught in Livingston County, Kentucky.

Cedar Plank That Is 700 Years Old.

Science and research have many times been directed toward computing the longevity of natural wood, but there are as many obstacles in the way of a satisfactory conclusion as there are species of wood. The action of climate, water, minerals, acids, contact with vegetable and animal matter, atmospheric changes, unnatural influences, all have their effect. Fragments of vessels which have been beneath the waves for hundreds of years have shown the timbers to be as firm and solid as when placed in position, yet the state of preservation is due to the action of the briny substances with which the wood has been saturated offsetting the destroying influences.

But the life of a wood, cut off by storm or the act of man or beast from the nutriment of the earth, when that life and resistance to decay is extended into centuries, proves wonderful to the most conservative scientists. Instances are rare where the wood, dead as far as connection with the vital force of roots and earth is concerned, and left exposed to the action of climate and vegetable and animal matter, has failed to succumb to decay within a century.

In the office of the Pacific Coast Lumber Company in the Temple Court Building in Chicago, is a specimen of wood remarkable for its longevity and presenting a valuable lesson in natural history. It is a small slab of fragrant cedar, compact and unseamed, presenting the appearance of a carefully seasoned piece of wood. It is certainly well seasoned, for it has formed part of a piece of timber that has lain at the mercy of wind and storm for a period extending over at least 700 years,

What Is Electricity?

As far as the writer is able to understand the matter now, electricity is simply motion of the molecules of the different substances which are the subjects of electrical action, just as heat, light and sound are, and the only difference between these forces is the rate of the motion. The motion of sound, as we all know, is comparatively slow; that of heat and light are very rapid. That of electricity would appear to be somewhat between the slow motion of sound and the rapid motion of those heat waves whose motion is slowest. And it would appear that the wonderful adaptability which electricity shows for every kind of work is due entirely to the position which its rate of motion occupies in the scale of the energies. It would also appear that the reason this wonderful agent laid dormant for so many ages and is even now only partially developed is, very largely at any rate, because we have no sense which responds to the particular periods of vibration comprised within the electrical range.

Heat currents would be far more efficient than electric currents if we could make use of them as we do of the latter; and, as before remarked, the reason electricity is such a useful agent appears to be because its rate of vibration is sufficiently high to admit of rapid transmission, yet not sufficiently so to be destructive. It only becomes destructive when it is transformed into heat.—Electrical Review.

They Cure the Cause.

Most of the discomfort in life comes from the stomach. You'll admit that without argument. The proof is in your own stomach.

A great many seemingly different diseases come from the common cause—a disordered stomach. Coming from one cause, it is natural that they should all be cured by one medicine. Ripans Tabules not only cure the disease—they cure the cause.

They are good for dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, constipation, dizziness and all troubles of the stomach, liver and bowels. Druggists sell them.

Dr. Louis Pasteur has refused, on patriotic grounds, a German decoration tendered him in recognition of his discoveries in the line of curing hydrophobia by inoculation.

If You are weak and worn out, or have that tired feeling Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to restore your strength and give you a good appetite. Hood's makes pure blood.

For a dinner pill and general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills.

San Francisco papers think that the problem of transporting fruit to the East might be solved without ice by using the chemical refrigerator, carbon dioxide.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. CADY, Huntingdon, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

Epidemics of typhoid fever have lately been traced in Calcutta and Bombay, India, to the use of watercress which grew in soil polluted by sewerage.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles.
Pamplet and Consultation free.
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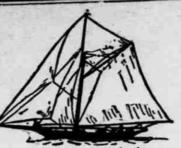

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CAP SHEAF OF FRAUD.

SCHEME OF JAMES ADDISON REAVIS STAGGERS FICTION.

Most Astounding Land Grant Swindle Ever Attempted—The Hero Was a Street Car Conductor, and His Wife Played the Role of Heiress.

Covered Two Continents.

J. A. REAVIS.

The records of this country do not furnish any instance which even approaches in audacity the gigantic fraud which Jas. Addison Reavis attempted against the government. He claimed that a huge grant of land in Arizona and New Mexico—a strip 225 miles long and 75 wide—was ceded by the court of Spain a century ago to Don Miguel de Peralta de la Cordova. This land had afterward passed into the power of the United States which had never paid the heirs of Don Miguel anything and Reavis wanted Congress to settle. The land in question is exceedingly rich in minerals and on it is located some very important towns. A cash estimate of its value would make it worth $75,000,000, and this sum, in ten years, would be easily doubled. For twenty-five years Reavis labored to build up the claim. He went to Mexico and Spain and in his investigations spent at least $500,000. He forged grants, titles and royal cedulas; he manufactured parchments, royal signatures and seals, he made spurious decorations and orders, all of which went to the establishment of Don Miguel de Peralta as the man to whom Spanish royalty had granted the land in question.

While engaged in his work Reavis went to New York and there interested some of the greatest legal lights in the country in his scheme. Among these was the late Roscoe Conkling. Col. Ingersoll was another who believed thoroughly in Reavis' claim. On the strength of these legal opinions Reavis managed to raise large sums of money in New York from prominent men who were promised a share in the land when Congress should have granted the claim. Reavis began to live like a prince. He stayed at the Hoffman House where he ran up a bill of $10,000; he spent large sums for fast horses and he entertained his friends in a truly royal style. During the time he married and maintained his wife was the lineal descendant of Peralta and thereby strengthened his claims to the land in question.

Reavis was unable to get his claim before Congress, but he succeeded in having a law passed creating the Court of Private Land Claims to investigate the alleged grants. Two clever New York lawyers at once set about probing the truth of the Reavis claim. At first they believed there was something at the bottom of it since all the documents produced by him were so apparently trustworthy, but a trip to Spain and Mexico revealed what a fraud the whole thing was. The lawyers handed in their report after months of investigation, and it was seen how baseless was Reavis' claim.

June 12 last, in the little court room at Santa Fe, N. M., James Addison Reavis was finally shown to be the fraud he was and that his claims were forgeries pure and simple. Reavis told the story of his life, the reasons for the claim, and once more brought forward Don Miguel de Peralta. Then it was that the evidence of the attorneys on the other side was brought forward. Don Miguel was shown never to have even existed while the famous Peralta land grant was proved to be a myth. Moreover, Reavis' wife, the heir of Don Miguel, was shown to be not a noble Spanish lady who could trace her ancestry for 700 years through the proudest blood of Spain, but the daughter of a Missouri post trader and a Digger Indian squaw. Reavis, it was revealed, was originally a car driver who, ambitious above such a station, had invented the whole scheme.

LAND CLAIMED BY JAMES A. REAVIS.

The end was inevitable. Reavis was accused of fraud and conspiracy, and now lies in jail at Santa Fe under bonds of $10,000. He is an old man now; the best years of his life were given to rearing the fabric of fraud, and now, as he lies there, friendless and alone, wanting even the necessities of life, his career speaks more plainly than any sermon of the futility of ambition when founded on fraud and wrong.

Very True.

Mr. Shortweight (dealer in coal)—I want you to settle for that ton of coal you got a few days ago. A man has to pay for what he gets in this world. Customer—You are right, sir. And when he buys coal he has to pay for a lot he doesn't get.—Brooklyn Life.

Morphine Fiend and Never Tasted It

"There goes a woman who is a confirmed morphine fiend, and yet she never took a drop of the durg in her life," remarked a well-known chemist, pointing to a woman walking down Chestnut street. "No, she doesn't inject it, either, and yet her system is thoroughly saturated with it. Strange? No, not so very, if you know the circumstances. You see it is this way: She is employed in a large labratory, and her special work is weighing morphine. She has been doing this for years, and has absorbed the drug through the pores of the skin. The more she perspires the more freely she absorbs the morphine. During the week she is perfectly well, but on Sunday the reaction sets in, and she says she never sleeps over two hours on Sunday nights and is perfectly wretched. In time her system will break down, and she will go to pieces just the same as in the cases of confirmed opium or morphine fiends."—Philadelphia Record.

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