SOMEWHERE.

Where lies the land of Somewhere—
But days or years away?
Where brown bees ever hum there
'Mong flowers of endless May?
No matter! Deserts must be crossed,
On seas our barks will oft be tossed,
And many dreams as jetsam lost,
Ere reaching thee, O somewhere!

Far, dim-guessed realm of Somewhere,
Beyond the present's pain,
Where dallying sails that come there
Ne'er leave thy ports again—
When life is done, and striving's o'er,
May some strong hand upon thy shore
Reach out a welcome evermore
To pilgrims seeking Somewhere!

WILL T. HALE, in Memphis *Commercial-Appeal.*

A FAITHLESS WIFE.

The summer day was dying in the west; along the low, far-off line of the horizon the sky was full of flaming brightness, that mirrored itself in the blue waters that seemed to meet it. Higher up, the sky was full of purple shadows, shot through here and there with lines of gold.

Two persons walked along the beach—a man, who saw only the brightness in the face of the woman by his side, realizing in a vague way from her features, that held such a charm for him, the splendor of the sunset pageantry.

She was looking out to sea. The sunset fires seemed to glow beneath the lashes of her eyes; its crimson radiance made her cheek bright and touched her hair with shifting lights.

"I shall be gone three years," he said, softly, his eyes still on her face.

"Three years are a long time," she answered, slowly.

"I know that," he said; "but they cannot be longer to you than they will to me."

She did not reply, but kept her eyes upon the fading brightness in the west.

"You will write often, I know," he said, taking her hand. "Your letters will help to make the time seem shorter."

"But you are not sure of getting them," she answered. "You are going far away, and into a country where one doesn't enjoy the means of correspondence with a great deal of certainty or reliability."

"But I shall know you have written if I do not get your letter," he said, trustingly.

John Derwent had a vast amount of faith in Agnes Brent. He loved her; consequently he trusted her.

"And you are going to-morrow?"

She asked the question with a little shadow in her face.

"Yes, I start to-morrow," he answered. "I shall not see you again. I have come to bid you good-by."

She dropped the long lashes of her eyelids to hide the tears that gathered there. Her betrothed husband was going away for three lonesome years. She should miss him.

Like most women, sweet words and tender caresses were pleasant to her. No one had ever cared for her before as John Derwent did. To know that she was loved by some one—that in that person's regard she was the one woman in the world—was a knowledge fraught with pleasant emotions.

They walked up and down the beach, while the sunset died away into sombre grayness, and till long after the yellow moon had started on her voyage up the sky.

Then John Derwent kissed her good-by. She hung upon his neck, her warm tears falling swiftly, and would have kept him back. But he must go; and, with his kisses on her lips, he whispered his words of parting—and was gone.

I wonder if the moon looked down on other scenes like that that night? Did it see other lovers kissing good-byes and parting with trust in each other's faithfulness through the days or months or years of separation?

* * * * * * *

The days went by.

John Derwent reached his destination safely. The situation offered to him was a lucrative one, and in his new Australian home he was quite contented, feeling that love was waiting him by and by that would amply repay him for the long days of lonesome hours that were sometimes his.

Letters came regularly for the first year; not half as often as he could have wished them to, but as often as he could expect them. Pleasant, loving letters, that were full of tender little wishes for his comfort and happiness, and of longing for him to come back to her. It was so lonely after he left.

It was pleasant for John Derwent to read such letters—to know that at home one heart was so true and tender, that one heart thought always of him, and yearned for his return.

"If every man could have a love like that which life has given to me—your love, Agnes," John Derwent wrote home in one of his letters, "there would be much more happiness than there is at present—fewer men who scoff at woman's truth and constancy. I never thought for a moment of doubting you, Agnes; I should not forgive myself if I were to do so. You are my ideal of all that woman should be—true, tender, womanly."

You can see from that how much he cared for her—what faith he had in her.

* * * * * * *

The day was dying again in a pomp of purple glory. The sky had a gloomy look about it, despite its lurid brightness where the sun had gone down. The wind moaned across the beach, and beat against the rock, where the waters had lashed themselves into a white foam of fury.

It had been a terrible day. The storm had spent its violence now; but the ship that had struggled so nobly to save its crew had fallen a prey at last to wind and water, and lay a helpless wreck a little way out at sea.

Men and women gathered on the shore. They cast anxious glances seaward, and watched the waves to see if any semblance of humanity was swept to land by them.

A woman stood a little way off from the others—a tall, handsome woman in rich garments. She looks towards the wrecked vessel with a little pallor on her face.

Presently a wave leaped in shoreward, and then swept back again, leaving a body on the sand. Seaweeds tangled themselves in his wet hair and clung to the man's garments.

She cried out to some one close to her, and directly there was a little crowd about the body. They took it up reverently, as though they were bearing the dead; perhaps they were. They might be, for all they could tell then.

The man was taken to some place where shelter and care could be afforded, if there was any trace of life clinging to him, and medical aid summoned.

He was not quite dead. There were great gashes on his face and bruises on his body, and the waves had nearly chilled out of him the little life that other injuries had left him. But by and by he opened his eyes and looked around.

He saw the woman standing near to whose feet the waters had brought him, and a great light came into his face, and he whispered very faintly, but still loud enough for her to hear him, "Agnes, darling, I have come back to you. I knew you would be true. Come and kiss me, darling."

A cry of pain found its way to the woman's white lips. In that voice, so weak and low, and by the words, she recognized the man before her. John Derwent had come back to her, and he thought her true! And for a year she had been the wife of another man.

"Don't you know me, Agnes?" he whispered. "I'm dying, I think. Won't you kiss me?"

She sank down beside him and kissed his face, her tears falling on it like rain. Her husband came towards her, wonderingly; but she motioned him back, and he obeyed silently.

"It's a different coming home from the one we thought of, darling," Derwent whispered; "but I knew you would be true, and I never doubted you for a moment, though I didn't get any letter for a long time—a very long time, darling; but I knew you would be true."

He said these last words in a dreamy way, and they knew he was drifting out to sea again—out to sea, past all wreck and storm; and on this voyage there would be no coming back.

Every word was like a knife-thrust in the heart of the woman who had been so faithless, and whom he thought so true.

"I'm sorry, dear," he said, a moment after, opening his eyes and smiling in her face; "but we can't help it. I can die easier with you by me, darling. I knew you would be true."

The bitter thrust again! She shivered like a guilty thing.

"Kiss me!" he whispered.

And she kissed him, once and again, and John Derwent's life went out into the great Eternal—sallied out to find the Happy Islands and the lands of which we dream—died thinking that the woman he loved was true.

It was better thus.

But, I wonder if, in the Hereafter he found out how faithless she had been? Did it touch his soul with thoughts of bitterness or was the new life too far removed from the old to know any earthly care or disappointment Who can tell?

A Crime Against Education.

After giving the subject of overcrowded schoolhouses throughout the United States further attention, as promised in a previous issue, we are prepared to state authoritively that over 100,000 children are now excluded from the public schools for want of sufficient room. This announcement may seem startling, even incredible, yet such are the plain, cold facts.

Nearly all of the fifty larger cities in the United States are excluding from 1,000 to 3,000 children each. New York City alone has turned away as many as 9,000 children since September last.

According to Superintendent Jasper's statistics 5,918 children were denied admission to the city schools in September, and 3,875 in October. Of this total of nearly 10,000 1,301 have since been provided for. As to the night schools, the record shows that between 5,000 and 7,000 working children who sought to gain a little education were barred out because of a grossly inadequate provision of this peculiarly pressing need.

Chicago, St. Louis, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Cleveland, etc., are confronted with a similar problem. The smaller towns are, as a rule, in better condition, yet even a number of these are not properly equipped.

A nation whose very foundation rests upon its public school system is committing a colossal crime against education, rendering all efforts at compulsory education farcical and disclosing a condition which must seriously reflect upon its methods in municipal government. The only remedy is more school buildings. Meet the want promptly. Let the cry for new schoolhouses go from ocean to ocean.—American School Board Journal.

Disproving a Common Saying.

It is a well-known fact that the "bolts of Jove" seem to have special spite at certain spots, and that the old saying that "lightning never strikes twice in the same place" is as false as most of the old proverbs are. The writer knows a tree that has been struck by lightning five times since July 3, 1884, a gate post standing within two rods of that tree having twice been struck since the same date. During the last seven years five horses have been killed by lightning on a single knoll on the French farm, which lies on the road leading from Flint to Flushing, Mich., and nearly every tree on the same farm is said to bear the marks of the "forked fury." An open lot at East Great Plains, Conn., has been "hit by thunderbolts," as an old resident of that place expresses it, eleven different times since the spring of 1887, and a piece of woods not more than half a mile away has been literally riddled by the electric shots. At West Heath, Mass., a hill near the village schoolhouse has been struck by lightning so often that the old settlers have tired trying to keep a record of the singular occurrences. Two miles out from the little village of Gosport, Iowa, two houses and a barn have been struck by lightning on one-fourth of an acre, and several head of stock were killed on the same spot before it was fenced for residence purposes.—St. Louis Republic.

Night Work in Brooklyn—1900.

Papa—There, there, my precious Tootsum Wootsum! Never mind! Never mind!

Tootsum Wootsum—Yah! Y-a-h! Y-a-a-a-h!

Mamma (from adjoining bedroom)—Say, Henry, can't you keep your child still? How do you suppose I can lie awake all night hearing that boy and then work all day to-morrow getting out a full vote for Mandy Sufferage?—Truth.

For the Heathen.

Mother—Where did you get that sixpence from, Fritz?

Fritz—You gave it to me yesterday for the heathen, you know.

Mother—But why did you not give it to the teacher?

Fritz—Because teacher said I was a regular heathen.—Die Ostschweiz.

Memorial to a Poodle.

Lowell has on one of her roadsides a large urn, which is kept constantly filled with fresh flowers at the expense of a wealthy lady who resides in the vicinity, as a memorial to a pet poodle which was killed by the cars at that point. Whether the dog was buried in a satin-lined casket and has a lot by itself in some fashionable cemetery is not known.

There are a great many people who are lazy in every particular except in the matter of personal adornment.

EARTHQUAKES IN AMERICA.

hat at Charleston Was Felt at a Distance of 900 Miles.

"There have been three great earthquakes in the United States during he present century," said Professor ilbert, the geologist, to a writer for he Washington Star. "One that 'as very remarkable occurred in 1811 nd 1812 near the head of the delta f the Mississippi. It embraced a umber of severe shocks at short intervals during several months. In act, the disturbance lasted for about wo years. The ground was moved n visible waves, by which the trees f the forest were rocked and in some ases uprooted their branches being o entangled that it was impossible o separate them. Great cracks in he earth yawned and closed again at ach shock, while from the fissures nud was thrown into the air so violently as to lodge in the branches of rees. Some lakes were drained by he escape of their water into the hasms which were opened, while others were created by the sinking of he land. One great sunken area hus produced was eighty miles long by thirty-five miles broad. The other wo big quakes to which I refer occurred so lately as to be remembered by the present generation. One of them happened in the Inyo Valley of California. It was caused by a renewed movement on what we geologists call a great fault-plane at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada mountains. In that part of the world there is extensive 'faulting' in the structure of the mountain ranges, each range consisting of one or more huge blocks of rock bound by faults and lifted above its neighbors. A fault is made by the sinking of one mass of rock in such a manner as to change the relation of its elevation to that of a mass adjoining. The creation of such faults is often incidental to earthquakes. The renewed movement along the great fault line of the Inyo Valley in 1872 produced a tremendous seismic disturbance. The shocks continued for fourteen months. Great fissures were formed along the base of the mountain range for a distance of forty miles, the land west of the fault rising and east of it falling several feet. A fence was parted for a distance of fourteen feet in one spot. Owens River was temporarily swallowed up, and the numerous other phenomena excited the astonishment and alarm of observers.

"The memory of the Charleston earthquake of 1886 is yet vivid. The focus of the disturbance was about fifteen miles west of the city. Numerous big cracks opened in the earth of the surrounding country. Water and mud were thrown up, and railway tracks were dislocated and buckled. The first great shock lasted for about a minute, others following with gradually decreasing violence. At the end of four weeks they ceased to be destructive, but tremors were felt occasionally for several months. Twenty-seven people were killed outright. The invention of the delicate recording instrument called the 'seismograph' has revealed the fact that earthquakes are far more numerous and frequent than used to be imagined. In some parts of the world feeble shocks occur almost daily. Probably there is no part of the earth where they cannot be detected at short intervals. One of the most remarkable quakes of this country took place in 1823. On that occasion several hundred miles of the coast were lifed a number of feet. It has been reckoned that enough rock was thus elevated to make a mountain the size of Mount Etna. The Charleston earthquake was felt distinctly at a distance of 900 miles. A comparison of time showed that the shock traveled at the rate of 17,000 feet a second. The fissures in the earth's crust, which are among the most terrifying of seismic phenomena, must be of great depth sometimes, though nobody has ever tried to fathom them. They have been known to swallow rivers for days without being filled up. Severe shocks are commonly accompanied by sounds like explosions near or distant. Quakes under the sea produce waves on the surface like those created by a pebble thrown into a pool, and sometimes such waves rush up on the land, doing a great deal of damage.

"There has been much dispute as to the causes of earthquakes. They are often associated with volcanic phenomena. When the lava of a volcano contains much water the latter is converted into steam and produces explosions which jar the ground for miles. The explosion of the great mine at Hell Gate, in New York, occasioned tremblings of the earth which were observed 175 miles away."

Love of the Fantastic.

When we behold the wonderful results obtained by florists who bring plants, notably roses, pansies and chrysanthemums, to the highest point of cultivation in order to increase the size of the bloom, we are filled with admiration; that seems a worthy ambition indeed. But in the olden time the mania in the great gardens of European palaces and chateaus was to torture plants, and by trimming make them assume the forms of men and animals. The time expended to obtain results was great, but the results themselves were not. Queer, quaint, are the qualified terms of praise that alone can be accorded to them. Such gardens are now rare enough, but one exists near Steinham, in Germany. As the cars speed along passengers see a strange hedge, which gradually assumes the forms of sportsmen, a man on horseback, men quarreling, a general with his laurel wreath, an elephant, a camel, a llama, sheep, deer, goat, hog, ass, cat, crocodile, monkey, hen, peacock, bird feeding its young, a spinning wheel, etc. The dwarf trees of the Japanese are now very well known. Some of them are so small that you could have a dozen of them in your window garden. In all these dwarf trees, the root, unable to expand, being hemmed in by the pot, becomes distorted and crops out of the ground, so that there is sometimes more root apparent than real trunk. Among wealthy Japanese, it is not uncommon to find standing outside the window a little case containing a number of these dwarf trees, which, left to their natural growth, would have formed a grove large enough to surround and overshadow the house.

In Either Case, Missed.

He was a well-to-do looking stranger, and when he had retired for the night the landlord said to his wife, "If we don't get a good speck out of him I'll miss my guess."

After he had been there a week, he "cleared," leaving his bill unsettled. "Well," said the landlord's wife, after they had talked the matter over, "you have missed your guess."

"Yes," said the landlord, humorously, "I have missed my guest."—Boston Courier.

A Young Lady's Heroism.

Rather than expose his mother to diphtheria, 17-year-old Frank Rook, although sick enough to die, tried to walk four miles to his farm home. Two hours later he was found beside the road with blood-soaked clothing, having fallen from exhaustion, and suffered a severe hemorrhage. Young Rook is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Hyatt Rook, who live on the Sexton farm four and a half miles from Janesville on the Evansville road. He had been complaining of not feeling well of late, but would not admit that he was sick. Finally his mother thought he had better see a doctor, and took the lad to Janesville. Young Rook went to a physician and was told that he had a severe case of diphtheria. He left word for his mother not to wait for him and then proceeded on his way home. When the mother heard of his act she started in search of him and found the lad on the roadside. He was moved to the house and the family took up their residence in the barn. Although nearly dead from exhaustion, the boy will probably recover.—Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

FIBRE CHAMOIS FADS.

Fibre Chamois, the comparatively new interlining, has this season, by virtue of its rare and useful qualifications, been placed among the standard materials known as dress-maker's supplies, and it also ranks high, as an interlining in gentlemen's coats and overcoats instead of buckram and canvas.

It is claimed by large manufacturers of suits for firemen, policemen, letter carriers and soldiers, that Fibre Chamois is more protective and quite as durable, as any interlining they have ever favored.

The home dress-maker, as well as the high-class modiste, knows without telling the meritorious qualities of Fibre Chamois, for instance, that it will not shrink, that it does not draw or pull out, hence the skirt interlined with it holds its shape, even after passing though a heavy rain storm, and it is surely uncrushable as ladies well realize from using it in the large outstanding sleeve of to-day, but very few housekeepers are aware of the fact that the lightest, yet warmest blanket one can find is made of No. 30 Fibre Chamois. For seaside service such a blanket is beyond compare, as it effectually excludes the salt air chill, that is so objectionable.

The real Fibre Chamois which bears the brand imprint, comes in black, brown, slate, ecru and flesh tint, and therefore can be placed in light, thin evening dresses as well as in heavier costumes, and there are three grades, Nos 10, 20 and 30, light medium or heavy in weight. It is very wide and cuts to advantage for skirts, coats, capes and sleeves, and costs only 35 cents a yard.

A Wise Judgment.

Here is a story which has gone the rounds of three centuries and a half. It has been credited to many writers, but was first told by Rabelais:

In Paris, at a roast-meat cookery of the Petit-Chastelet, a certain hungry porter was eating his bread and at the same time sniffing the reek and steam from a fat goose which was being turned on a spit before a great fire, thereby gaining savory accompaniment to his dry ration.

He eat very slowly, that he might enjoy the reeking, smoking savory as long as possible, and when his penny loaf had been consumed he attempted to depart. But the cook was not of that mind. The master of the shop laid hold upon him by the gorget, demanded pay for the smoke and steam of the goose. The porter demurred. The cook claimed that a portion of the meal had clearly been made from the savor snuffed up and swallowed.

It chanced, while the discussion was going on, that Seyny Jean, the fool, entered the shop, and the matter was referred to him.

"Wilt thou submit to the judgment of this good citizen?" asked the cook.

"Ay, by the blood of the goose, that I will," answered the porter.

The story was then told and the case argued. The fool listened attentively, and in the end he asked the porter to let him take two pieces of his money. The poor man drew from his fob two pieces of copper. Seyny Jean took them and jingled them awhile between his two hands, and then gave them back whence he had received them. Then to the cook he said: "The porter did smell of thy goose, and thou hast heard the jingle of his money. Thou hast thy goose intact; he hath his money, as seemeth to me right and proper; and now this court doth decree, further, that every one go about his own business, lest we have too many fools among us."

A story somewhat similar to this appears in the "Arabian Nights."

A Little Economy.

Biddy strutting proudly in the yard is unconscious how little valued is the fluffy plumage she is so vain of. The generality of busy housewives prefer to scald poor Biddy until her feathers are an unsavory mess. Having removed all wing and tail feathers, cut any sharp points off the remainder. Have ready a bag the size of cushion you desire to fill, with one end open. In this place the scalded feathers, and let water flow freely from pump, or hydrant, straining through the bag. Hang up and dry, then beat until fluffy. To this first collection you can add until you have sufficient. It is very little work, and you will be surprised at the number of nice cushions you can make. —Womankind.

He'd Need It.

Tailor—Surely you don't mean to say that you want this coat made with a padding between the shoulders? Customer—Hush! I'm a member of the Cycling club and a candidate for its presidency.—Journal Amusant.

Pretty Names in England.

With regard to your list of outlandish names in the British Isles (writes a correspondent,) I would observe that there are no such places as Alvager or Coxhof, which would be Alsager and Coxhoe. But there are plenty more quite as foreign-looking as the rest you have quoted, e. g.: Pontac, Quy, Belcoo, Mogeely, Alrewas, Ingestre, Insch, Drax, Gamlingay, Gilwern, Cropredy, Aby, etc. Of course if you go to the Celtic districts of Wales, Scotland, or Ireland you may get any number of uncouth names, but this is perhaps hardly fair.—London Globe.

Some people are like candy with red pepper in the middle.

Silk is grown in twenty States, while men who buy it groan in every State.

Gastric Dyspepsia

And constipation troubled me for over a year. I grew worse and could hardly perform my household duties. I had severe pains in my stomach, especially at night. I treated with our physician six months without avail. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and having taken six bottles I am free from all distress in my stomach and am no longer troubled with dyspepsia." Mrs. Margaret Fenner, Indian Falls, N. Y. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye. $1; 6 for $5

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

COMPENSATION.

Incident in the Life of George Augustus Sala.

When George Augustus Sala was a little boy he suffered agonies from defective sight, for he not only endured the deprivation of vision, but had to bear remedies from many physicians who suggested the possibility of curing him. He was cupped, leaches were applied to his temples, his eyes were rubbed with ointment, he was compelled to take various nostrums, his ears were pierced, and his head was shaved.

In these circumstances, it was really almost a relief when the twilight deepened into night and he became wholly blind, and then, for a time, nature was allowed to take her course. But he was not unhappy as a blind boy. As he beautifully says:

"Out of the depths of my necessity came the sweet, low voice of my sister, to cheer, to comfort and to help me. For hours every day she read to me. First the Bible, stories for children, and fairy tales. Then books of history, travel and biography; and lastly such extracts from the newspapers of the day as she thought I could understand."

By and by a wise French physician undertook his case, and so built up his general health that he began to see. The doctor phophesied that the day was not far off "ven he should vear the vine green shade over the eyes before seeing like a gentlemans." And he was right; the sight of one eye was perfectly recovered, and although the other one was never good for much, the sound organ did duty for both.

As soon as he had cast off the green shade his sister taught him to read, and then came the happy reward for her lovely devotion to him. He was then about 8 or 9 years old.

"My sister," he writes, "had unconsciously taught me a large number of things. From the books she had read to me I had gathered a fair knowledge of English and French history. I was familiar with at least a dozen of the Waverly novels; I had the popular version of the 'Arabian Nights' at my tongue's end, and I had begun to be minutely conversant with the career of Napoleon Bonaparte.

"Thus it came about that as soon as I had the full power of my one eye, and could read distinctly and write legibly, I began to teach my sister. Out of the pigeon-holes of my mind, which she had filled to repletion with facts, I was able to impart to her things which had made only a transient trace on her own dear intellect. She and I read systematically and industriously, I being the preceptor till she was sent away to school, preparatory to being 'finished' in Paris."

Suggested Long Ago.

A correspondent of the Popular Science Monthly calls attention to a curious foreshadowing of the invention of the phonograph in a book published at Paris in 1656, of an imaginary visit to the states and empires of the moon—"Histoire Comique des Etats et Empire de la Lune," by Cyrano de Bergerac. The author imagines himself, in the course of his lunar travel, left by his guide to pass an hour with some books. They do not resemble earthly books, but are little boxes.

"On opening one of these boxes I found I know not what kind of metal similar to our clockwork, composed of I know not how many little devices and imperceptible machinery. It was a book certainly, but a most marvelous one, which has neither leaves nor characters; a book to understand which the eyes are useless—one needs only use his ears.

"When one wishes to read this book he connects it by a sort of little nerve to his ears. Then he turns a needle to the chapter that he wishes to hear and immediately there emerges from the instrument, as from the mouth of a man or from a musical instrument, all the words and sounds which serve the grands lunaires for language."

The writer adds that Cyrano anticipated many aeronautic inventions, and was, of course, considered by his contemporaries as a verveau brule, or, in English, "somewhat off." This, as well as the above, only goes to prove that there is nothing new under the sun.

The Decimal System.

A modification of the decimal system for the division of time and angles is proposed by M. de Sarranton. The hour must be retained as the unit of time because it is universally accepted and it is hopeless to try to change it. Every hour, however, is divided into 100 minutes, and each minute into 100 seconds. The new minutes would be 36 seconds long, three-fifths of the old minutes, and the new seconds a little over one-third as long the present seconds. Time would then be expressed in decimals: thus, 8.3348 would read 8 hours 33 new minutes 48 new seconds. For angular measurements he proposes dividing the circle into 240 degrees instead of 360, with the same subdivision into 100 minutes of 100 seconds as for the hour.

Watch Monkey or Shut the Window

A story is told of a gentleman who was reading in his second story parlor while the chambermaid was putting his chamber in order, in which he had left a valuable diamond ring on the table. After the chambermaid left he heard a slight noise in the chamber and, looking in saw a long cord reaching from the window under his bed. Much surprised, he found a monkey attached to the cord and in the monkey's paw his diamond ring. The monkey dropped the ring, sprang for the window and jumped on to his master's shoulder, who immediately made off. The monkey had probably been taught to steal such articles, and if he had not been discovered the innocent chambermaid would probably have been tried and convicted and sentenced, as no other person had entered the chamber.

MOTHER'S TREE.

A Pennsylvania Lemon Tree of Unequaled Beauty and Size.

While strolling through the beautiful lawn of Shadeland, Upper Darby, a few days since, viewing the sad havoc made by the late storm upon the grand old trees therein, my attention was attracted to a structure bearing a striking resemblance to one of the huts of the South Sea Islander of the late "Midway."

My genial host, Joseph Dunn, informed me it was made to protect "mother's tree" from frost, and approaching nearer we beheld a noble lemon tree full of fruit, in all stages of maturity, from the tiniest formation to lemons of a size seldom seen in our market—about 200 in all. The giant trunk measures 14 inches in circumference, and huge branches extend eight or ten feet high, covered with masses of dark, glossy leaves, flecked with pink tinted buds and snowy fragrant flowers. The tree is a miracle of beauty and fragrance, and shows it has been fondly and carefully reared. A few questions drew forth its history.

A way back in the 20's the seed from which this noble tree grew was planted by the owner's mother, who then resided upon the Tryon Lewis farm in Radnor. Several times it has been frozen down to the large trunks. At the age of 50 it figured at the Centennial in 1876, as the largest and most flourishing tree there, bearing 180 ripe lemons and about 300 in all. It was badly scorched by the fire at Lauber's restaurant, which was quite near the Horticultural annex, and it required several years to recuperate. It is now perfectly healthy and wonderfully luxuriant for its age, having doubtless few equals outside the tropics.

Nothing would induce the owner to send it to the World's Fair for fear of injury, but had it been there it would have reigned queen, for no tree in Horticultural Hall or elsewhere, in our estimation, could compare with it.

It is so large that housing it has become quite an undertaking, and often robs it of its wealth of beauty and fragrance. Doubtless all feel that it should be where it need not be disturbed and have an even temperature, etc., but the words "mother tree" tell the whole story.—Wayne, Pa., Times.

Goethe as a Joker.

In his younger days, Goethe, the celebrated German poet, was not at all above practical joking of a comparatively harmless nature. Thus it is related that once, while enjoying a bath in the river at midnight, he observed a peasant crossing a neighboring bridge.

Immediately the poet raised himself half out of the water, and with his long hair flying around him, gave utterance to a series of wild unearthly noises.

The peasant promptly fled from the spot, and lost no time in spreading the report that the river was haunted by a whole company of mermen, pixies, and other water spirits.

On another occasion, when he was staying at the Court of Saxe Weimar with his friend, Duke Charles Augustus, one of the court ladies, when about to retire for the night, found her candle suddenly extinguished just before she reached her bed-room door.

Taking no notice of the occurrence, she groped along in the dark, but to her astonishment, could not find the door-handle.

Again and again she felt her way along the wall, but with the same result. At last she made up her mind to go to the Duchess for advice. The later, however, was already asleep, and no help was to be had from her.

The poor lady did not care to take any one else into her confidence, for fear of being laughed at, and so spent some hours in the vain search, only to find at last that Goethe and the Duke himself had, with their own hands, taken the door off its hinges some time earlier in the evening, and carefully walled up the entrance of the room.

Not Guilty of Lese-Majesty.

Some months ago a German tribunal in a provincial town sentenced a man to several months' imprisonment for lese-majesty, because he kept his seat while the Emperor's health was drunk. Recently another prosecution occurred in another town, but the accused was acquitted, the Judge deciding that keeping one's seat under such circumstances could not be regarded in the eyes of the law as an insult to his majesty, unless words were used clearly implying an injurious intent.—New York Evening Post.

Easily Remedied.

Distressed Young Mother (traveling with a crying infant)—Dear me! I don't know what to do with this baby. Kind and Thoughtful Bachelor (in the seat)—Shall I open the window for you, madam?—Life.

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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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Pain often concentrates all its Misery in RHEUMATISM
Use at once ST. JACOBS OIL if you want to feel it concentrate its healing in a cure.

"East, West, Home is Best," if Kept Clean with
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TYRANNOUS DOORKEEPERS.

An Odd Type of Man Peculiar to the Wholesale Business House.

From all outward appearances the most important men—in their own estimation—in the large wholesale dry-goods establishments of the city are the doorkeepers. In this respect they occupy positions analagous to their prototypes, the floor-walkers of the retail establishments, says the New York Herald.

No doubt the positions have their responsibilities, and what positions have not in a large business house, from the humblest $2-a-week office boy and porter to the head of the establishment. Responsibility, therefore, is not monopolized by the door-tenders and affords no reason for the fine assumption of superiority which the actions of the men imply.

The duty of the doorkeepers is primarily to take the time of the salesmen and clerks on entering and leaving the stores, shaking hands with hayseed customers and bawling out the names of the salesmen they desire to see in stentorian tones. In addition to these they are expected to exclude peddlers and beggars and to see that no one removes small parcels of merchandise unless they bear the proper "out check" of some one in authority.

It is in the manner in which these simple duties are performed which make many of the doorkeepers ridiculous. They would be obnoxious were they not so supremely absurd. In a voice, the volume of which might do credit to the late Count Johannes in passion, and with a look supposed to strike terror to a guilty soul, one of them stationed in a Broadway jobbing house overawes little messenger boys and creates in the minds of some of the firm's humbler customers an impression that he is a powerful factor in the firm.

This latter quite possibly is what the man desires to do, for as a supposed power these simpletons seek to propitiate Cerberus. They drop an occasonal cigar into his hand and some time during the winter probably send him a turkey or a big pumpkin. With the proprietor of the peanut-stand on the corner and the bootblack, both of whom are privileged to ply their trade in consideration of keeping the sidewalk clean, he exercises a mild system of blackmail.

The vender in return for his favored glances, supplies him with peanuts and apples; the bootblack shines his shoes for nothing. No newspaper boy is permitted to enter the store without the understanding that he is to give the doorkeeper a paper. Such are the perquisites of the position of doorkeeper in a wholesale down-town house. Not all of them, of course, accept these petty favors or exert these petty tyrannies, but some of them do, and display a very contemptible spirit, too, in doing so.

The Duty of Physicians.

The horror with which the dissection of human bodies by medical students was almost universally regarded a generation or more ago, is gradually disappearing. Intelligent public sentiment now recognizes the necessity of knowledge in the physician which he can gain in no other way, and in Wisconsin and many other States, there are statutes providing means by which bodies for dissection can be lawfully obtained.

If there ever was any excuse for the crime of body-snatching, there is certainly none now; and it would seem to be in the interest of the medical profession as well as in the interest of the public for scrupulous care to be taken to prevent lawless outrage upon the feelings of people who are bowed beneath the saddest of earthly griefs—the loss by death of a dear relative or friend. No physician with exalted pride in his profession will willfully be a party to what if generally known would tend to create in the community a belief that members of that profession are devoid of human feeling and ready to ruthlessly trample upon the tender sentiment of people in deep affliction.

The law providing bodies for dissection in this State would seem to be clear and ample. If not, it can be amended. But every physician with a fine sense of civic duty and professional honor must stoutly stand for quick compliance with the provisions of the law, and must be above collusion with body-snatchers for the purpose of obtaining "subjects."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles.
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The largest cast bronze statue in the world is that of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg, Russia. It weighs 1100 tons.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

ONE MAN'S MISHAPS.

Farmer Belding Has Had His Share of Hard Luck.

Willard Belding, 76 years old, of Belchertown, Mass., has experienced more of casualties than usually fall to the lot of one mortal who lives to tell the story. At the age of 7 he had part of the fingers of one hand cut off. In later years he had the bones of one ankle smashed. The next accident that happened to him was the result of being caught by the mouth by the sweep of an old-fashioned cider mill. His mouth was enlarged to an unnatural capacity and had to be partially sewed up. Next a horse fell on him and broke the bone of one leg above the knee; next, as the result of a fall, he had his ribs on one side broken in, next a sand bank caved in and buried him under it, breaking his limb over again, and after it healed he was left with one leg considerably shorter than the other. Last winter he fell and shattered his knee pan. When he was over 60, nature, as if to atone for some of his shattered bones, replaced the teeth on his upper jaw with a new set of double teeth. In spite of his many infirmities, Mr. Belding accomplishes a great deal of work, and sometimes wonders "what will happen next."

Filling a Long-felt Want.

Wolff Brothers of Kreuznach, have patented and put on the market a mute violin for the use of beginners on that instrument which removes the annoyance caused to listeners by the constant exercises of musical neighbors. The violin consists only of a mahogany frame without bottom or top. In every other way it is built like a violin. This unique instrument is not entirely mute, however, but produces an exceedingly soft tone, audible only to the player. The sound is delicately pure withal, as only in this way can it be of real value to the students.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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.

A hotel is to be built on High Knob, a mountain in Virginia. From its balconies guests will be able to see into five States.

Catarrh is a constitutional disease and cannot be cured by local applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a constitutional remedy and it cures catarrh.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable.

A stick of yellow pine fifty-eight feet long and twenty-eight inches square was quartered up last week in a Maine sawmill.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

The remains of Mr. Rudd, a Brooklyn artist, who was lost in the Italian Tyrol five years ago, have just been discovered.

Dobbins' Electric Soap has been made for 29 years. Each year's sales have increased. In 1893 sales were 2,047,620 *boxes*. Superior quality, and absolute uniformity and purity, made this possible. Do *you* use it? Try it.

Licorice grows chiefly on the banks of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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