NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART.

have dwelt in the earth's lone places,
On her prairies, wild and wide,
Where the waving grass, like billows,
Ripples from side to side.

have dwelt where the foreign monarchs
Were closely gathered near
They have sung me the grandest anthems
E'er heard by a mortal ear.

have dwelt where the wild waves gather
At the storm-king's trumpet cry,
and have seen them break in anger,
Tossing their white crests high.

And near and dearer ever
The earth has grown to my heart;
Alas! for she will not miss me,
When I to my place depart.
—Waverley Magazine.

TAMPERING WITH A SIGNAL.

We were on the platform at Kings Cross. The evening train for Aberdeen was drawn up, ready for its journey.

"A fine train, sir," I said to a guard of another later train, whom I knew slightly.

"Aye, aye, sir, it is a fine train, this one. But—though I say it as shouldn't—it's not the train it was a year ago, when we used to run up against the London and Northwestern every night."

"Oh," said I, interested at once, "so you were one of the guards in that great race, were you? It must have been tremendously exciting."

"Exciting, sir! Why, I could tell you a regular story about it, that night as we ran from Kings Cross here to Newcastle without a stop. That was something like a run, wasn't it?"

"It was, indeed, and if it is not troubling you too much, I'd like to hear your story just while we are waiting to see the train off."

"I was the guard of this train on this particular night, sir. Our usual course was to run to York, without a stop, then on to Berwick, Edinburgh, Dundee and Aberdeen. Three nights before, though we had gone a large part of the distance at eighty miles an hour, the other company had beaten us by just about five minutes.

"But this night all our officials not only hoped, but had made all preparations both for beating the London and Northwestern, and also breaking the record.

"I was sitting at home the day before the eventful run was to take place, smoking my pipe and thinking deeply, when I was aroused by a sharp knock at the door. On opening it I found a tall, fair-haired gentleman of about 30, who asked smilingly if Mr. James—that's my name—was at home, and if he could see him.

"I informed him of my identity and invited him in.

"'Well, I have learned—by what means I need not say—what probably most of you on the line think is quite a secret, that there is to be a very determined attempt by your train to-morrow night to beat the record, as well as the other company's train. I thought it as well to call and ask your private opinion of the chances of success, if you would not be adverse to giving me it, on the Q. T. You have doubtless heard of B—— & Co.?'

"I nodded, and he smiled again.

"'Exactly. Well, we have the offer of a bet of £2,500 to £1,500 that your train does not beat the London and Northwestern to-morrow night. I am of course inclined to accept the bet, but thought it wise just to drop in and ask your opinion first (on the strict Q. T.) as to the chances of your success. I reckon a "pony" would be very welcome, wouldn't it, for yourself, and a "tenner" for each of the others?'

"'You can depend on us to-morrow night, sir,' said I. 'We have all in readiness, and shall certainly do the trick. Why, bless you—though it's strictly private—we're going to run to Newcastle without a stop.'

"He had a drink of whisky with me, and then he rose to go. 'O, by the by,' said he, before leaving, 'there's no risk of your having to stop on the way, I suppose? I mean for foolish passengers who might get nervous at the speed and pull the communication cord, or anything of that sort? And there is no part of the rail likely to be blocked, as there was a few nights ago at Darlington, I suppose?'

"'No, I think both contingencies are very unlikely, the latter especially. The only awkward piece of this line is that between Arbroath and Montrose, where we have only a single line to work on. That necessarily is ticklish, but it'll be all right to-morrow night.'

"Amid a storm of cheers from the many spectators on the platform we set out from Kings Cross here for Aberdeen. Our train consisted of the engine and tender—our very best, I need scarcely say—with five coaches and the guard's van.

"For the first time there was no stoppage at York, through Darlington and Durham. As you know, we always felt uncertain about this piece of road between York and Newcastle, the traffic is so heavy; but on this occasion there was not the slightest need for any diminution of speed, and as we drew up at Newcastle platform for a ten-minutes' stay we were actually five minutes before our record time for this journey.

"All went well to Edinburgh, over the Forth bridge, over the Tay bridge and through Dundee, until we began to get within measurable distance of Aberdeen. I found, on referring to my watch, that now, just before entering on the piece of single line, we were about fifteen minutes before our expected time.

"We had gone about a couple of miles when I fancied I felt a slight slackening of our speed. Before another mile was covered this was more plainly evident, and when I heard those portentous whistles of the engine I knew that the signals were against us.

"The train gradually slackened speed until it came to a dead stop at that wretched signal. As no notice was taken to our repeated whistling, I was about to go forward myself to the signal box to see what was the matter, when I saw the signalman waving a white light. He protested, in reply to my angry query, that he had signaled the line as being clear for the last half hour, but I assured him that the signal was against us.

"But though we dashed into Aberdeen with much puffing of the engine at least four minutes before our appointed time, we were too late. That miserable stoppage on the single line had killed us, and we found that the London and Northwestern train had beaten us by three minutes.

"There was, of course, an immediate inquiry into the cause of the delay, and it was found on examination that the signalman was not to blame, as the signal wires had been tampered with. Hence the signal would not work when the lever was pulled.

"The signalman recollected having seen a gentlemanly looking fellow walking near the line the day before and taking a stroll that way later in the evening, but he was not at all sure he could recognize him again.

"It was about a fortnight or so later that I received a letter from New York. I opened it, and read as follows:

"'Dear Mr. James—Thanks for your information as to which was the most ticklish portion of your line to Aberdeen, we were enabled to carry out our plan successfully. You see, we had bet that the London and Northwestern would win, not the Great Northern; and so took steps to win our wager. I am sorry you lost your promised reward—ah, ah, but there are three £25 notes inclosed, as a solatium, one for each of you, with my best thanks. You will pardon my last piece of advice, Mr. James—don't, another time, give too much information to strangers.'

"Ah, there is the whistle and off she goes on her long journey to the north. The next train is mine. Good-night, sir."—London Tit-Bits.

BABY SAVED BY LIGHTNING.

Lion Killed Just as It Was Ready to Spring Upon the Child.

Lightning and blackberries come together in the coast region of Texas. The people there, as a rule, are more partial to the latter than the former. One exception to the rule exists there to-day, however, in Mrs. Pennington, of Plum Creek, who says that one timely stroke of the lightning has done her more good than all the blackberries in creation could possibly accomplish. Just behind the Pennington home is a small clearing, in which the blackberries grow large and sweet and in abundance. One day Mrs. Pennington went there to pick some berries for supper, and took her little baby girl with her. The baby grew tired in a little while, and the mother arranged a bed of dry leaves for it under a sheltering sumach bush. In a few minutes the child was asleep, and the mother resumed her berry picking. It was an oppressively hot day, when the air was full of electricity and not a breath of wind stirring anywhere. A squall was coming up rapidly from the east, the lightning was showing dimly on its upper edge, but Mrs. Pennington was apparently oblivious of the approach of the storm, glad only that the baby slept so well and gave her so little trouble. But it was not the storm alone that threatened danger. At the very edge of the thicket, and only a few feet from the sleeping baby, its eyes gleaming, its head laid flat on the ground and its tail lashing its tawny sides, a huge Mexican lion was crouching ready to spring. For a moment it dug its hind paws nervously into the ground, and then it leaped into the air. It fell dead only a few inches from the sleeping baby, just as a loud peal of thunder caused Mrs. Pennington to look around for the safety of the child. The baby awoke, looked up and smiled.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Language.

The Cingalese have twelve words for lady, according to the rank and position of the person they wish to designate. They have also eight different modes of saying "thou" and "you," as determined by the social position of the person addressed. In Siam there are eight different ways of saying "I" and "we," influenced by the circumstances of the master addressing the servant, or the servant the master. The names of the commonest things among certain savages are modified by the sex of the person speaking. So that the female would employ a different word or different form thereof from the male in speaking of "men," "moon," "sun," "law." The Hurons use a different word for an animate and inanimate thing. If they spoke of "seeing a stone," and of "seeing a man," the word "seeing" in the two sentences would be different.

The West End.

There is one good explanation of the fact that great cities almost invariably grow towards the west. As regards Europe, the prevailing winds are from the west and southwest, so that these portions of the towns are brighter, cleaner, and healthier than the eastern.

Dews on Land and Sea.

Dews are less abundant on islands than on ships in midocean. Seamen can, therefore, tell when they are nearing land by reason of the smaller deposit of dew on the vessel.

Agreed.

"I tell you, there's nothing like a good college training to fit a young man for life."

"That's right. It hardens his muscles, gives him great powers of endurance and makes a man of him."—North American.

AN INTERESTING FAMILY.

The Jimson Weed and Its Numerous and Important Relatives.

The lowly jimson weed belongs to a family not only interesting, but of great importance from an economic point of view. The Jamestown weed is only another species of the plant from which the priests of Apollo made a decoction to induce that state of ecstasy in keeping with the prophetic character of their revelations. Tonga is a drink made from the seeds which the Indians of Darien give to their children that they may discover the location of gold. Klondikers might take a baby along and a few jimson weed seeds to make tea, and when the baby has its "dope" and falls down, there daddy could dig, sure of a find.

Of course you eat potatoes, which are cousins of the jimson weed, but you very likely eat them with or without their jackets, in salad, prepared as Saratoga chips or in other ways too numerous to mention, but it is safe to say that you never ate them preserved, and yet that is the way Parkinson, writing in 1640, recommended that they be cooked. He suggested that the tubers be roasted, steeped in sugar or baked with marrow and spices. Here is an opportunity for some enterprising chef or housekeeper striving for originality to win distinction in the way of serving pommes de terre.

You probably eat tomatoes, too, which you probably eat with sugar and call tomahtoes, while your plebeian friend eats his with salt and calls them plain tomaytoes. If you are partial to vegetables the egg-plant, also a night shade, is found upon your table, possibly seasoned with cayenne pepper, another of the same family. The great sweet-smelling masses of white and magenta petunias which are so familiar, are also of this enterprising family. Bitter sweet, the Jerusalem cherry, apple of Peru, henbane and the ugly horse nettle are a few other more or less familiar.

The long-corrolled nicotiana noctiflora, which opens, as its name suggests, in the evening, is a favorite garden flower, as is the Nierambergia, named for the gentle scholar-priest of Buenos Ayres, who first collected it. Another old-fashioned flower of this family is the matrimony vine, which is not a vine, but a shrub with decumbent branches. Belladonna, also known as atropa, is a night shade. The ladies used it to make a wash for freckles, hence its name "belladonna," beautiful lady. Its poisonous properties got for it the name of the cruel fate, Atropos, who cut the thread of human life as fast as it was drawn out by Lachesis.

Last, but not least, comes king tobacco, product of our own soil, the royal weed against which Popes have issued bulls and kings mandates, and still vive le roi! But even a modest Missouri man as he rests after dinner in slippered feet, sans waistcoat, sans necktie, watching the blue smoke curling above his head and dreaming such dreams as only nicotiana tobacum can produce, takes much comfort and can echo the remark: "It is a very interesting family."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mourning Colors.

In Italy women grieve in white garments and men in brown. In China white is worn by both sexes. In Turkey, Syria, Cappadocia, and Armenia celestial blue it the tint chosen. In Egypt yellowish-brown, the hue of the dead leaf, is deemed proper; and in Ethiopia where men are black, gray is the emblem of mourning. All of these colors are symbols. White symbolizes purity, an attribute of the dead; the celestial blue that place of rest where happy souls are at peace, the yellow, or dead leaf tells that the death is the end of all human hope, and that man falls as the autumn leaf; and gray whispers of the earth to which all return. The Syrians considered mourning for the dead an effeminate practice, and so, when they grieved, they put on women's clothes as a symbol of weakness, and as a shame to them for a lack of manliness. The Thracians made a feast when one of their loved ones died, and every method of joy and delight was employed. This meant then that the dead had passed from a state of misery to one of felicity. Black was introduced as mourning by the queen of Charles VIII. Before that the French queens wore white mourning, and were known as white queens.

The German Woman.

In Germany to-day no woman can control property; she cannot even control her own actions; whatever of value she has acquired in any way belongs to her father, her husband or her son, and the law requires her to obey their orders. Japan is the only other country on earth that pretends to be civilized where the rights of women are so restricted. When a woman marries in Germany all her property passes into the ownership of her husband forever. He has the legal right to use or dispose of it in any manner he chooses regardless of her wishes or protests. If they are divorced the property remains with him. When she assents to the marriage vow she forfeits independence and confers upon him absolute jurisdiction over her mind, body and estate. He can compel her to work or do anything else that is lawful for women to do, and she has no relief or protection except in public opinion. Some of the American heiresses who have married German barons have learned of this law to their sorrow, and others who may have an opportunity to assist in supporting the German army and restoring ancestral estates should look into the matter very carefully before they appoint the wedding day.—Chicago Record.

Mutual Interest.

—"So that young man wants to marry you?" said Mabel's father.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Do you know what his salary is?"

"No. But it's an awfully strange coincidence."

"What do you mean?"

"Herbert asked me the very same question about you."—Washington Star.

Much-Named War God.

China has a war god with 3,000 names.

Every man has troubles of his own, but owing to the demands for sympathy made by other people, not every man has a chance to get around to them.

His Guess.

"I see," said the fortune teller, "that you are to be twice married, and that——"

"Oh," exclaimed Bixby, clapping his hands to the sides of his head, "this is terrible! Terrible!"

"What is terrible?" his friend asked.

"[illegible] your family, [illegible]d, "and [illegible]nd that I, [illegible]ms!"—[illegible]

TRUMPET CALLS.

Sam's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

PREJUDICE is the sword of fools.

Fog is the gossip's sunshine.

Covetousness is cussedness nicknamed.

Knowledge will grow until the last scholar is dead.

If only good men could marry, the world would be full of old maids.

Mother, is the little child's Bible.

Slow promises make the best time.

Opinions never change the weather.

A fool's company is not hard to find.

Honesty has never found a substitute.

He that is always calm is always brave.

He is very unfortunate that has no trouble.

Gold loses its shine when it is gotten by guilt.

Nature is the supernatural partially unveiled.

The best safe for your money is a prudent wife.

A giant among giants is not aware of his own size.

The ass might sing better if he didn't pitch his tune so high.

The man robs others who does not make the best of himself.

Nothing can happen without bringing good to those who love God.

Everybody says, "Go up higher," to the man who is "getting there."

Call a little man great, and other little people will throw up their hats.

Whenever an ass brays he probably thinks he has enlightened the world.

To get the good out of the years, we must learn how to live each hour well.

The devil cannot be less merciful to men than they have been to each other.

If you talk to a mule about voice culture, take care to keep away from his heels.

A shallow man may always see the face of a fool by looking into a deep well.

We may stand on the highest hill if we are only willing to take steps enough.

The man who travels the same road every day soon ceases to admire the scenery.

Time and Silence.

As time is the greatest of physicians, so silence is the greatest of arbiters. Time and silence succeed oftentimes where all other agencies and influences fail. The truth is omnipotent and needs no props. In the end only the right will prevail, and all men shall see it. Suffering is the only avenue to the highest and divinest experiences. "He was made perfect through suffering," and if we would "reign with Him we must also suffer with Him." Suffering is Heaven's brightest angel in disguise. If we suffer as Christians, let us rejoice and be glad, for great is our reward, not in the far-off life to come only, but here on earth also. If we are right with God and our cause is just, we have nothing to fear, however we may suffer, but in the end we shall say, "It was well; it was well!" All things come to those who know how to wait, and silence is golden when we know that He guides our steps. He doeth all things well, and He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment (vindication) as the noonday." So shall it be well with thee; so suffer on, if it be thy lot.

To Be Envied.

"I envy her complexion," said Maud.

"But she has freckles and tans so easily," replied Mamie.

"That's just it. She can go to the seashore or mountains for a few days at the end of the season and look exactly as if she had been away all summer."—Washington Star.

Another Explanation.

"Ah! I admire patriotism!" he exclaimed as he looked at the little house tucked away among the trees. "Everything possible about the place is red, white and blue."

"Yes; it belongs to a retired barber."—Chicago Post.

Patent 92,466 in the German Patent Record is: "Fraulein Elfrida Latikiewitz apparatus for keeping the cheeks full. This apparatus is worn in the mouth and is fastened to the jaw."

There are between 28,000 and 30,000 students in the different colleges of the University of Paris, several times as many as are found in any other educational institution in the world.

The largest sum of money paid into the State Treasury of Illinois under the inheritance tax law was $77,720, received the other day from the estate of Benjamin Sheldon, of Rockport.

Delayed by a balky horse on a visit to Cornell, ex-Governor Flower visited the library, and, finding more books needed, left a check for $5,000 to furnish a special library for the Veterinary College.

The railroads are beginning to defend suits against Christian Endeavorers who were injured in their trip across the Continent earlier in the season. Thus money in this country is kept in circulation.

How some people eat at [illegible] Mich., may be guessed by [illegible] a housewife who in a year [illegible] loaves of bre[illegible]

Private vs. Public Opinion.

An Englishman who was traveling at the time Senor Canovas was killed, writes to the London Standard his observations of the manner in which men really spoke of the assassination: "Every paper devoted columns to denouncing the deed, commenting on the political results, and to unanimously singing the praises of the dead premier. According to the Liberal and Conservative papers alike, his efforts for Spain has been colossal, and had he lived he would speedily have ended or mended the difficulties in Cuba, the Philippines, and at home. He was an ideal man, politically and socially, and was to be the saviour of his country. During the last few days, in Seville and Madrid, I have heard the opinion of many classes of the community, and ninety per cent. of the people here state openly, in the cafe, in the streets, at the table d'hote, and in the clubs, that, far from being surprised, they wonder that Canovas was not murdered ten years ago. They speak of him as a cold-hearted despot, opposed to all measures for the improvement of the people, the prime cause of the wasted millions in Cuba, and the murderer of the thousands who have died there from famine, disease, and at the hands of the insurgents. They lay at his door the innumerable tax abuses, which lately have increased considerably."

Descriptive, at Least.

A baby in St. Louis has the original name of Cyclonia. It was given to her, the Chicago Times-Herald explains, because she was born during the destructive storm which visited St. Louis in the spring of 1896. But for this explanation it might have been supposed that her name indicated simply that her father and mother were completely carried away with her.

Inconsistent.

"She is the most inconsistent woman I ever saw."

"But you know it is a woman's privilege to change her mind."

"Of course it is. That is what is expected. But this girl never does."—Indianapolis Journal.

Matchmaking.

[illegible] Neighbor—Was it a kissing match I heard last evening on your piazza?

Alice—Oh, no; only Jack trying to strike a match between us.—New York Herald.

No Need of Law.

Briggs—This idea of a curfew law is all nonsense.

Braggs—Don't you think it would save a good many boys?

"It might, but what is the need of it, when it would be easy to get an injunction restraining them from the use of the streets?"—Indianapolis Journal.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Donna's Skirt Dance.

Out on the lawn sit father and mother,
Four-year-old Donna, Kate, Joe, neighbor Krumm,
And grandma, who asks, "Now, will wee Donna give us
A dance while papa gaily sings 'tumity tum?'"

"Yes, oh, yes, g'an'ma, dear," and up she stands blushing,
Her lavender muslin 'twixt finger and thumb,
Serious, watchful, patiently waiting,
For none but papa must sing 'tumity tum."

"Tumity tum" sets the tan slippers flying,
Around and around the waving locks come,
Fallen leaves rustle, and "Bravo!" is shouted
To the musical beat of tum, tum-tee-tum.

But a dry, old stick, all doubled and twisted,
Lies right in her path, close-crouching and dumb,
Still her steps hasten on to a quick, quicker, quickest
Tee-tumity, tumty-ti teump tee-tum!

Then it springs! There's a whirl of locks, lace and muslin,
Embroidery and shoes; there she's up, rather glum,
But again circling smoothly and steadily onward
To papa's cheerful "Ha! girlie, tee-tumty tum.

"Loora, loora, tee-tum," so it now must be ended—
With spirit and never a tear in her eyes;
That done, her lips quiver while showing her bruises
As she leans on papa, and, oh! how she cries!

Detroit Free Press.

Awfully Conceited.

The Indianapolis Journal reports a crap of dialogue between two boys. Some people would say that their [illegible] and logic were both [illegible] stic of their s[illegible]

Tomm[illegible]

[illegible]

He.
[illegible] use a [illegible]
Richardson, [illegible]

pin[illegible] one in[illegible] inch wi[illegible] inches lo[illegible] whittled the ca[illegible] with the round ball inside of it. This ball is loose and can be readily rolled about, but it is too large to be taken from its prison. The work is smoothly and neatly done, and George says he used nothing but a jackknife, although it must have been difficult to whittle out the inside of the cage by this means. Where's the boy who can show a better job of whittling?

Samaritans Among Birds.

Once upon a time a pair of robins built their nest on a fence, and a pair of catbirds (American thrushes that are so called because their cry is like the mewing of a cat) in a brush close by. Baby birds appeared in each nest about the same time, and all went well for a few days, when one morning the parent catbirds were both missing, probably slain. Their young would have starved but for the robins. Whenever the robins lit on the rail with a worm or other food the catbirds set up a hungry squeak, and so the kind birds of the redbreast determined to feed the stranger fledglings as well as their own. Both families were successfully reared, the catbirds being so strong and lively that they looked as if they had been brought up by their own parents.

Where Neddie Found Him.

Where was Baby? Neddie looked under all the sofas and Lawrence even peeped into the big tin cake box. You see, Baby had only one little tooth in his head, but that one was such a sweet tooth. And he had twice been known to creep out into the pantry into the cake box. But he wasn't there this time. He didn't seem to be anywhere, and mamma began to get alarmed.

"Get the dinner bell, Ned," she said, "and ring it out the back door for papa. And, Lawrence, are you sure you hunted in all the closets? There's the linen closet, you know, and Bridget's closet."

"I looked in 'em all," Lawrence said, despondently. "He isn't anywhere. I guess he's de-solved. He's sweet enough to."

Papa came in and hunted, too. Out doors and in they hunted, getting more frightened all the time. Then Neddie found him. He laughed till the two anxious tears just crossing over the bridge of his nose lost their balance and tumbled down hill.

I said Neddie found Baby, but really and truly it was only his little, soft chamois shoes he found and part of two little, black-stockinged legs in them. The rest of Baby was out of sight.

Papa's tall, square scrap basket in the library was over on its side, and Baby had crawled in and gone to sleep. How mamma laughed when he was found!—Youth's Companion.

Gems Suffer.

Gems have diseases, just as men and women have, with this difference, that the infirmities of precious stones can rarely be cured. Some gems deteriorate—grow old, in other words—and gradually become lifeless. Pearls are most subject to this fate, and no means have been found to restore them to life. Among the infirmities to which precious stones are liable is one common to all colored stones—that of fading or losing color when long exposed to light. The emerald, the sapphire, and the ruby suffer the least, their colors being as nearly permanent as colors can be, yet experiments made a few years ago in Paris and Berlin to determine the deterioration of colored gems through exposure showed that even these suffered, a ruby which had lain for two years in a shop window being perceptibly lighter in tint that its original mate, which had been kept in the dark-

A Boy's Rabbit Snare.

One of the most effective rabbit snares for boy-trappers is known as the bait twitch-up. It is very simply made, and if there are any rabbits in the neighborhood where it is set up it will certainly catch them. As you will see in the picture the snare consists of a pen made of small sticks about a foot high, and having an opening on one side about six inches across. In the picture some of the sticks are shown cut off short in order to reveal the interior of the pen. Over the doorway a stout twig is arched.

Two sticks about ten inches long are whittled to a point at one end and cut square at the other. One of them is

A BAIT TWITCH-UP.

baited with a sweet apple and balanced upright at the further side of the pen. The point of the other stick is carefully balanced at the point of the upright, the other end being placed just under the arch, where it is held fast by the noose wire. This noose-wire is fastened to a springy sapling.

When the rabbit sees the apple he pops through the noose, but the moment he touches the bait down fall the two sticks, up goes the sapling and he is caught in the noose.

Daily Mails by Birds.

Out on the Pacific coast there has been established what is probably the most novel postal service in the world, says the New York Herald. It is not under Government control, and Uncle Sam has nothing to do with the appointment of the operators.

This line is between Santa Catalina Island, lying twenty miles out to sea, and Los Angeles, Cal., and the postmen are trim, saucy little carrier pigeons, whose feathered coats, oddly enough, are precisely the bluish gray shade of the regulation postman's [illegible] form. Every day du[illegible] summer [illegible]

[illegible] to the [illegible] ing morning. [illegible] the outside world w[illegible] off for twenty-four hours [illegible]

At first the only thought was [illegible] private messages; but it soon occurred to the editor of one of the enterprising city dailies to have the daily correspondence from the island transmitted by the pigeon line. The experiment was therefore tried.

Dogs Taxed According to Size.

In Hamburg the authorities tax a dog according to its size.

FIRST WOMAN UP SKAGUAY.

Mrs. M. A. Hammel Broke Up Her Home to Follow Her Husband.

Accompanied by her husband, Mrs. M. A. Hammel of New Whatcom, Wash., was the first woman over the

MRS. M. A. HAMMEL.

Skaguay trail and over White pass. The couple sold their home and all their furniture to get money to go to the Klondike.

GIRLS IN NEW GUINEA.

They Are Cooped Up, and It Is Difficult to Elope with Them.

Girls in New Guinea have little chance to elope. Every night they are put up in a little house way up in the top of

[illegible] vant[illegible] a way of praising everything offered them, and those who entertain break their necks for the cheap compliments.

Twenty-five dollars for wedding cards is apparently too much; brides have almost stopped using them, because they do not bring $25 worth of presents.