THE CHALICE OF TEARS.

His small hands bore a heavy cup
Along the garden way;
It was so brimmed with tears, he could
Not set it down and play.

"Oh, come with us!" his comrades cried;
"Oh, come! The flowers are sweet,
And other little angels wait
The coming of our feet."

He slowly shook his drooping head.
And said in piteous tone,
"I cannot play; my mother weeps
Because she is alone."

Their gentle, loving eyes grew dim;
They passed along the word
From one to one, until at last
A great white angel heard.

And, soon commissioned, he took flight,
Past cloud and moon and star;
Swiftly he winged his way to earth,
Where grievous troubles are.

And in the midnight hour to one
Whose cheek still bore a tear,
While breath came sobbingly, he caused
A vision to appear.

She saw her baby, tired and sad,
His fingers clasping tight
Her cup of tears, which he had borne
For many a day and night.

"He cannot rest," the angel said,
"Nor run along the way.
He cannot smile till you have smiled,
And bade him sing and play.

"Oh, haste!" she cried. "Oh, haste, and take
From him that cup of tears,
Let him be happy, and I'll bear
Unwept my lonely years."

SAVED BY HIS WIFE.

DOWN in Alabama they tell a strange story about a man who succeeded in cheating the gallows by a clever ruse. As he lived a respectable life afterward, and some of his children are still living, his real name is not given. We will call him Devereux.

William Devereux was a rising young lawyer of good family, married to an accomplished wife, and possessed a large number of admiring and devoted friends. Indeed, he was one of those magnetic persons having the fortunate faculty of making strong and loyal friends of nearly all who came in contact with him.

But in the town where he lived there was considerable dissipation of a certain kind. Devereux became a member of a choice circle of card players. He lost money of others with which he had been intrusted. For a long time he managed to keep his state of affairs concealed by a sort of system of robbing Peter to pay Paul, and to meet his obligations as they matured. But a period came when William Devereux realized that these things could be concealed no longer, and the day of exposure and disgrace came ever nearer.

It was in the old-fashioned times when there were no railroads, no telegraph, no means of travel, save over ill-kept roads, generally on horseback. It was before the day when drafts, bills of exchange and similar banking conveniences for facilitating money transfers had reached anything like modern perfection, and payments were made at a distance by sending the money itself. It was also the custom of the various county [illegible] and [illegible] capital, carrying such money as had been collected in their districts on behalf of the State and the necessary papers and vouchers, and have an annual settlement for the year's receipts and disbursements.

Now, at the time when Devereux's affairs were most desperate, his own county treasurer started out on horseback with the State money, a large sum, in a pair of saddlebags, to effect his annual accounting.

On the road he was joined by a fellow traveler, who afterward was proved to be Devereux. They put up one night at a roadside tavern, occupying the same room. Next morning the treasurer was found dead in bed, his throat cut from ear to ear. His companion had disappeared, and the saddlebags, with their contents, were also missing. The country side was aroused, bloodhounds were brought out, and a fierce chase of some hours resulted in Devereux being run down and captured. There was no question but that he had been the murdered man's companion the night before, but none of the missing money or papers were found upon him.

These were the facts in the case. When the news passed from traveler to traveler along the country roads, and finally reached Devereux's home town, there was a tremendous sensation, further heightened when the damning circumstances of his business affairs came to light and made clear the motive of the crime.

Nevertheless, many of his friends were still loyal, strong family influence was exerted in his behalf, the best lawyers were employed, and every effort was made to free him from the consequences of his awful crime. All without avail. He was tried, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. The higher courts decided against him on appeal. The Governor refused to interfere, and Devereux occupied a cell in the jail at the little town of St. Stephens, closely guarded, within a few days of the date appointed for his execution, with all prospects of escape seemingly cut off.

In spite of the enormity of his crime, there began to be a great deal of sympathy for the man who lay in jail awaiting death. His youth, his handsome face, his graceful, dignified bearing, his calm courage, his perfect manner and his unfailing persistence in the declaration of his innocence all combined to produce this effect. He expressed no animosity toward witnesses, judge, jury or prosecutor, simply stating that he was an unfortunate victim of remarkable circumstances, from which he could blame no one for drawing the mistaken inference of his guilt.

The sheriff who guarded him was of the number of those thus impressed, and in his secret heart deeply sorrowed at the prospect of his sad duty, although he relaxed not at all his vigilance, and the adoption of every precaution to prevent escape.

To this officer the prisoner frequently expressed the firm belief that he would not be hanged. He assured him that, however, he had no idea of escape, other than by some divine intervention, which would establish his innocence and point out the guilty man.

Not many days before the one fatal day the sheriff found the prisoner visibly agitated, and in an excited state, noticeably different from his usual calmness. In answer to the officer's question as to the reason, Devereux gave the following explanation:

"I have had," he said, "a most extraordinary experience. It came to me last night in the form of a dream, so real, distinct and different from the usual hazy dimness of ordinary visions that I believe it to be the premonition of an actual event. I cannot rid myself of this impression. I expect it may seem foolish to you or the result of the broodings and half waking imaginings of a man in my condition, but nevertheless I will tell it to you.

"Last night I dreamed I was standing on the scaffold facing thousands of people. The scene was as real to me as the actuality itself. I had spoken a few words of farewell and was about to resign myself to your hands when suddenly by the exercise of some new faculty of perception I saw the real murderer standing in the crowd before me. I never saw him before, and yet I knew him to be the man in whose stead I was about to suffer death. He was slight in build, with dark hair and eyes and neatly dressed. His features are indelibly fixed in my mind. With this recognition my dream faded away. There was no further intimation as to my fate, yet I feel indeed as though God himself has spoken to me and revealed the absolute assurance of His divine protection."

The narrator's manner was so earnest and impressive that a hope sprang up responsive in the sheriff's mind that something might happen. He was mentally prepared and on the watch for the happening of the miraculous.

The day of the execution was a beautiful, clear, cool October day. Thousands of people were in attendance, and had gathered about the gallows. It was to be a public hanging, and the multitude availed itself of the privilege of seeing a human being choked to death. As has been intimated, there was much feeling and sympathy for the doomed man, much argument as to the fallibility of circumstantial evidence, and a hundred vague rumors in circulation suggesting his innocence.

At last Devereux stood upon the gallows platform and faced the people. There was no man in all that crowd apparently so cool, collected, and so much the master of himself. He stepped forward to say a few words of farewell. His voice rang out in the stillness clear, distinct and perfectly audible to all.

"Friends," he said, "this is not a fitting time to indulge in vain protestations. I can but simply reaffirm that I am not guilty, knowing well what would be the consequences of a false hood, standing, as I am, almost in the presence of my immortal God. I desire especially to relieve any man from the possible thought that he may have misjudged or wronged me, and might have to meet my accursing words before the great tribunal hereafter. It was a human error, the result——"

At this moment the speaker stepped short and leaned heavily upon the railing. His countenance betrayed terrible excitement. His eyes seemed fixed on some one in the crowd before him whom he indicated, bound as he was as well as he could. When he found his voice he fairly shrieked:

"There he is! The man of my dream, the murderer! Stop him! Stop him!"

He had pointed out a slightly built almost feminine looking young man who uttered a hasty exclamation and attempted to get away, but before he could do so he was roughly seized and held by the crowd. The sheriff, almost beside himself with excitement, rushed down from the scaffold, followed by half a dozen deputies. The young man was hurriedly searched there and then. Upon his person was found a watch, a pistol, and certain papers of value, well known to have been in the property of the murdered man. He seemed to give no answer to excited questions sullenly responded:

"Well, it seems you have me. I was a fool to come here. I demand of the officers protection from this crowd."

Protection was needed. Like quicksilver, a knowledge of the matter seemed to have permeated the whole multitude. An innocent man was saved and the guilty apprehended in the nick of time. Cries of "Hang the scoundrel!" "Turn Devereux loose!" arose from all sides, while the officers struggled fiercely to withstand the surge of the angry mob. There was no knowing what might have happened had not Devereux's voice arrested the movement.

"Let the law take its course," he said. "For God's sake do not be too rash! I implore you, as one who has been so near an ignoble death by reason of this awful mistake, to let the sheriff take this man. Give him a fair trial, and may God forgive him for what he has tried to do to me."

The words of no other man could have saved the new prisoner. The crowd gave way. The hanging of Devereux was out of the question. The populace would not have permitted it and the sheriff would any how have felt justified in suspending the execution.

The mob poured up the gallows stairs and cut the ropes that bound Devereux. The jail officials hurried the prisoner to the jail. Once there the latter made a full confession, which soon became the talk of the streets. Nothing could be done that was too good for Devereux, who at first busied himself in counseling moderation, and being satisfied of its accomplishment, simply asked for two things. He wanted to get it once, he said, and bear the glad tidings back to his wife. For this purpose he requested the loan of a good horse and some money, a request which was enthusiastically gratified. At sunset Devereux was miles away.

In the morning the new prisoner spoke to the sheriff when that officer was making the rounds of the jail.

"I think now," he said, "you had better let me go."

This display of assurance caused the sheriff to think the prisoner crazy.

"I mean what I say," he persisted, "send a woman here, your wife. I am a woman. I am William Devereux's wife. My purpose is fulfilled. I have saved his life and he is now far away. You can never catch him. He sent me word where I would find the things you found on me, and I used them to deceive you."

It was true. Devereux's prison manner, his talk, the dream, the denouement at the gallows, were all parts of a skillfully worked and successful plot. The chivalrous spirit of the time and country saved his wife from any punishment. Devereux went to California, changed his name, was joined by his faithful wife, prospered greatly, and died not many years ago, the leading citizen of a thriving city that bore his false name.—Waverley Magazine.

Late to Bed and Early to Rise.

Queen Wilhelmina goes to bed at 11 and gets up very early. Her first toilet is a quick one, for it is merely a preparation for a good, brisk walk in the park. On these excursions she wears a rough woolen "mante" made like those of the Friesland peasants. When she comes in from her exercise she has a cup of chocolate in her room, and then makes an elaborate toilet.

No man, woman or child who whines is deserving. Dogs are excusable—they don't know any better.

One man's dislike is another man's fad.

GEMS FOR LEAN POCKETBOOKS.

Promise of an Abundance of Counterfeit Stones as Good as Any.

Manufacturers of imitation jewelry have lately met with such great success that it is said the sale of genuine jewelry in this city is less than ever before, and it is also said on good authority that large amounts of capital are soon to be invested in the manufacture of imitation jewelry. For some time past it has been possible to obtain imitation jewelry in France and England which is difficult of detection by experts, but the business has never before been taken up in this country to any great extent.

The principal manufacturers expect to deal in jewels of their own manufacture which are said to be extraordinarily fine imitations of the real stones and will have a guaranteed life of twenty years. The "diamonds" are a composition of glass, lead and carbon, tipped with platinum, which is harder than gold. Every real stone, except a diamond, is transparent; without the tip of platinum these "diamonds" would also be transparent, but with it they are given an undetectable resemblance to the genuine stone. These goods are mounted in 14-carat gold and so artistically that, when worn, the platinum tipping cannot be seen. An infinite variety of designs, copied from the best real models, are shown and at a price which is about 80 per cent. less than the genuine.

All the colored stones—rubies, sapphires, emeralds and turquoises—are also manufactured in a like way and are similar, with the exception of the turquoise, to the doublet, except that they are much harder and are made of real stone (garnet) and crystal. They are so hard that the surface can be filed and no blemish made on the stone. As genuine pearls are the most costly of gems, so do the imitation pearls take the lead in price. They are made of fishskin and a secret composition. The manufacture of some especially good imitation pearls, known as "Venetian pearls," is a lost art, the process having been invented by a poor Venetian, whose secret died with him. There are about 10,000 of them in this country, bought in Paris about ten years ago; they are very hard, can be stepped on without sustaining the slightest injury, and will also bounce like a rubber ball. The difficulty in the manufacture of pearls is in obtaining the orient, or luster, similar to the genuine gems, and it is said that very often out of 10,000 manufactured few will be marketable, and they are almost as difficult to match for necklaces as the real. A dog collar of imitation pearls, with "diamond" clasps, would cost about $250.—New York Evening Post.

Conversation Without Words.

The traveler in a foreign land is not necessary helpless because he does not know the language. Nor was a correspondent of the Chicago Record, who admits that when he entered Italy his nine words of French and fifteen words of German were of no great use to him. He says:

In Genoa I went into a photographer's shop and selected a dozen photographs.

I pointed at the photographs and looked at him enquiringly, which meant, "How much?"

He nodded his head and wrote "14" on a slip of paper.

I nodded, signifying, "I will take them."

He walked over to a calendar hanging on the wall and pointed to 29; then he walked back and picked up the photographs and shook his head, which clearly meant that he could not allow me to take the ones I had selected, but would have others printed by the 29th.

Thereupon I pointed to 25 on the calendar and said, "Roma," which meant that I should depart for Rome on that date.

He nodded and then pointed to 30 and asked, "Eh?" which meant, "Shall you be in Rome until the 30th?"

I nodded violently.

"Hotel?" he asked.

I wrote my Rome address on a slip of paper.

"Poste," he explained.

Then I departed. Ordinarily a shopper selecting a dozen photographs to be printed to order and forwarded to him at the next town, would spend ten minutes or more in making inquiries and giving directions. Our total of conversation was just five words.

Penny Postage Success.

As a result of the penny postage scheme between the British colonies it has become necessary to extend the facilities of the general postoffice in London. The volume of Canadian business alone has doubled since the first of the year.

Not Unreasonable.

Bachelor—What makes you think women will hereafter fight for the flag with greater devotion than men?

Young Woman Suffragist—The fact that jewelers are now making it of sapphires, rubies and diamonds.—Jeweler's Weekly.

An Alternative.

"No," said the conscientious candidate, "I'd like very much to secure the nomination, but I cannot tell a lie."

"Oh, that's all right," answered the old politician, "here is pen, ink and paper—you can write it."

Diplomacy.

"Why did you place such a tough fowl before me?" asked the indignant lady patron of the waiter in a downtown restaurant.

"Age before beauty, always, you know, madam," was the gallant reply.

And then, woman-like, she smiled and paid her bill without a murmur.

The man who knows but one thing feels capable of giving advice on all subjects.

Some folks are kept in the dark in order to prevent them from bringing things to light.

Talk is cheap—and much of it needs to be discounted.

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.

The little folks in picture books
Gaze out with changeless faces,
And meet the light of eager looks
And childhood's sunny graces.
They feel a love they cannot show
When curly locks fall o'er them,
And eyes, like violets in the snow
Of April, smile before them.

Like one who listless stands and looks
At some dull dungeon grating,
The little folks in picture books
Behind their bars are waiting.
And oh, the thrill that through them goes,
The sense of untold blessing,
When Jean, as blossomy as a rose,
The painted page is pressing!

The opened volume dimples where
She sets her dainty fingers,
So soft she turns the pages there,
So long she dreams and lingers.
The pictured faces may not smile,
Their glances may not soften,
And yet they seem to say, the while,
"Dear little Jean, come often!"

Charmed little folks that dwell so still
Between the pasteboard covers!
No time your placid hopes shall chill,
Or fret your paper lovers.
When age shall meet dear little Jean
And snow her dark curls under,
Mayhap her grandchild low may lean
To meet your gaze with wonder.
—Youth's Companion.

Now They Are Off!

AN EXCITING RACE.

Why She Got the Doll.

A queer old man once made a tea party for all the little girls in our town; and, when they were all gathered in his front yard, in white dresses and carefully tied sashes, he offered a doll for the most popular little girl in the crowd.

But half the children did not know what "most popular" meant. So he told them it was the best-liked little girl. All the children voted, and Mary Blain got the doll. Mary was not the prettiest nor the cleverest of the children, but she got the doll.

"Now," said the queer old man, "I will give another doll to the one that first tells me why you all like Mary the best."

Nobody answered, at first. But presently Fanny Wilson said: "It's because Mary always finds out what the rest of us want to play, and then says, 'Let's play that!'"

The old gentleman said that was the best reason he had ever heard.

Dollhouse Which Cost a Fortune.

Just think of a doll's house costing over $12,000. One like that was made at Utrecht, in Germany, a long time ago for a little granddaughter of Peter the Great, the ruler of Russia. It is of gold and ivory and fine jewels and other costly materials.

The reception rooms are hung with brocade, the stairs carpeted, the doors open and shut and the bedrooms are beautifully furnished. For a little New York girl, a doll's house was not long ago made which cost several thousands of dollars. Great artists were paid to paint the tiny pictures on the walls, and to decorate the ceilings of the best rooms, and the chief upholsterers were employed to make the furniture. The house is two storied, and contains nine rooms and a hall.

But let me tell you a secret. While these homes for dolly are wonderful the little girls who play with them are not half as happy as some bright-eyed little ones I know who have only a dolly's house made out of a cracker box. It's all in being contented and loving dolly and what is here.

Balloon Spiders.

The ordinary California buzzard, and the singular ravens of Santa Catalina Island, often give marvelous exhibitions of soaring or rising into the air without moving their wings, and when it is remembered that their bodies are reduced to a minimum of weight, and that even the bones are filled with air, it is almost scientifically and literally true that they are living balloons. As a stroller who had descended the bank by a little trail, crouched low in the shadow of a wild lilac, he saw against the dark-green bank of the opposite canyon a cobweb afloat; then another, drifting down the aerial channel on the wind. Others followed—a procession of webs was passing; some were long and formed of a single thread of silk; others had a delicate mass of fabric attached. Presently one of them came so near that he put out his hand and caught it.

It was a perfect balloon, and the aeronaut—a small spider—sat complacently on its basket, a fluffy mass of web half an inch in length, light as a feather, and supported by a long thread which reached away, undulating and curving upward. Scores of these aeronauts passed by, drifting up the little canyon, borne aloft by the upward current of air. The stroller noticed a number of spiders on the leaves and branches in singular attitudes, and then it occurred to him that there was a spider migration, and that instead of walking or crawling away, the insects were going, like Andree, by balloon. More on the leaves of the wild lilac were preparing for the journey across the chasm, forming, building and launching their balloons. A spider that had been actively climbing up a branch of a neighboring oak now stood on an outer leaf and prepared to make its balloon. It had a wonderful arrangement of spinnerets in which the balloon-making material, which is also employed to construct nets and traps, is stored.

Some of the spiders have an additional spinning organ and a comb-like implement upon the hind legs, by which they comb out the silk, making a tangle of fine webs. Thus they are well prepared to make cables for balloons, guy ropes, net, and, by the aid of the comb, a fluffy platform web.

Some of the spiders made little platforms of fluffy web as they went; others merely clung to the thread; but in one way or the other scores of them crossed the canyons and traveled through the air; aeronauts in all the name implies.

The Cry of the Little Peoples.

The cry of the little peoples went up to God in vain;
The Czech, and the Pole, and the Finn, and the Schleswig Dane.
We ask but a little portion of the green and ancient earth;
Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth.
We ask not coaling stations, nor ports in the China seas,
We leave to the big child nations such rivalries as these.
We have learned the lesson of time, and we know three things of worth:
Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth.

O leave us our little margins, waste ends of land and sea,
A little grass and a hill or two and a shadowing tree;
O leave us our little rivers that sweetly catch the sky,
To drive our mills and to carry our wood and to ripple by.
Once long ago, like you, with hollow pursuit of fame,
We filled all the shaking world with the sound of our name;
But now we are glad to rest, our battles and boasting done,
Glad just to sow and sing and reap in our share of the sun.

And what shall you gain if you take us and bind us and beat us with thongs
And drive us to sing underground in a whisper our sad little songs?
Forbid us the very use of our heart's own nursery tongue—
Is this to be strong, you nations, is this to be strong?
Your vulgar battles to fight, and your shopmen conquests to keep,
For this shall we break our hearts, for this shall our old men weep?
What gain in the day of battle—to the Russ, to the German what gain,
The Czech, and the Pole, and the Finn, and the Schleswig Dane?

The cry of the little peoples goes up to God in vain,
For the world is given over to the cruel sons of Cain;
The hand that would bless us is weak, and the hand that would break us is strong,
And the power of pity is naught but the power of a song.
The dreams that our fathers dreamed to-day are laughter and dust,
And nothing at all in the world is left for a man to trust.
Let us hope no more, or dream, or prophesy, or pray,
For the iron world no less will crash on its iron way;
And nothing is left but to watch, with a helpless pitying eye,
The kind old aims for the world, and the kind old fashions die.
—Richard Le Gallienne, in London Chronicle.

Failed in Sports and Scholarship.

Lord Roseberry is said to have been the very pink of neatness and propriety at Eaton. He always walked very erect and always had a smile on his face. He used to read a good deal of history, and was fond of newspapers and parliamentary reports, but did not distinguish himself either in sports or scholarship.

Just as long as a minister can successfully convert two into one girls will be in favor of contraction rather than expansion.

TRUMPET CALLS.

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

MEN need new forces, rather than new forms.

Death is a river to some, and a ferry to others.

Expression is the breath of love; withdraw it, and love soon dies.

Mathematics can not determine the difference between one man and two.

The Holy Spirit is the best teacher of theology.

The man who wavers can not expect God's favors.

Atheism dethrones reason and exalts folly as king.

Paul said nothing about the number of his converts.

A religion without the Holy Ghost is not Christianity.

Faith and zeal always outstrip reason and eloquence.

The early preachers never belonged to the "aristocracy."

"Exalting human nature" is what Satan did to tempt Eve.

It is a poor preacher, indeed, who can't tell people more than they practice.

God makes the poisons of life work together and antidote one another for the good of his people.

It is true that many can find "sermons in stones," but they don't want stones in their sermons.

The pursuit of pleasure is but the polishing of pebbles, while Christ is offering the pearl of great price.

Eli had been a prophet for many years, and yet the Lord said some things about him that made his ears tingle.

FAMOUS OLD CLOCK.

That for 510 Years Has Regulated the City of Rouen.

Rouen, one of the principal cities of France, and the great seat of its cotton manufacture, possesses the oldest public clock in the world. The great Rouen clock has held its place in that city for 510 years, and is the pride of its citizens. Placed in 1389, it has been running without interruption from that day to this, requiring nothing except cleaning and a few trifling repairs of its accessory parts. The great clock had so accustomed the citizens of Rouen to look upon its exactitude as a matter of course, that when, in 1572, the breaking of a wire prevented its sounding 5 o'clock one morning, the population was in a state of consternation. The magistrates summoned the custodian—Guillaume Petit—and remonstrated gravely with him. Until 1712 the great clock had no pendulum. For 323 years it had no other regulator than a "foliot," an apparatus unknown to the majority of modern clockmakers. The pendulum in clockwork was introduced in 1659, but so well satisfied were the people of Rouen with the time-keeping qualities of their famous old clock that fifty-three years were allowed to pass before a pendulum was substituted for the "foliot." Equipped with this new apparatus it has continued to this day to strike the hours and chime the quarters.

A Modest Request.

"Madam," said the soldier of misfortune, who was touring the country disguised as a tramp, "I do not want anything in the way of home-made delicacies for the interior department, but if it isn't asking too much I would be glad to have you do a little sewing for me."

"Very well," replied the kind-hearted lady, "what can I do for you?"

"'Tis but a trifle," said the unrecorded globe trotter. "I have a button here that I will thank you to sew a shirt on."

There is nothing more frightful than for a teacher to know only what his scholars are intended to know.

It is about as disgusting to hear a man brag of the size of his pocketbook as it is the size of his stomach.

It is so easy and natural to lie that it almost seems as though a man had a right to do it.

Cunning is like a trap; it never catches any one, but the most arrant fools the second time.

The man who lives in vain lives worse than in vain. He who lives to no purpose lives to a bad purpose.

Soft words, warm friends; bitter words, lasting enemies.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

To close the openings in keyholes when not in use an Illinois man has patented a guard comprising a flat casing flanged on the under side, leaving space between it and the door for the insertion of a gravity-actuated plate, which drops down over the opening.

Violins can be held in position without tiring the player by the use of a new rest, which is formed of an inflatable pocket, with a button or hook attached to one corner, by which it can be fastened to a piece of cloth tucked in the collar, the pad lying under the coat.

Smokers will appreciate a new cigar holder, which has a hollow central needle to enter the tip of the cigar, with three fingers arranged around the outside of the holder and pivoted in such a position that the screwing in of the mouthpiece causes them to grip the cigar.

By the use of a Michigan man's invention an ordinary plow can be used as a potato digger, holes being drilled in the rear of the share for the attachment of a number of curved tines, which extend to the rear and sift the dirt as the plow turns a furrow through the hills.

To allow a trunk to stand close to the wall a new lid is in two sections, hinged at the ends of the trunk to open and shut in a plane parallel with its face, with tills hinged at the rear of each lid portion to swing toward the rear and rest on the back of the trunk when the lid is open.

An improved neckyoke for use on heavy trucks has tubular ends slotted along the sides and closed at the tips, with coiled springs inside, rings being set in the center of the springs to slide in the slots when the tongue gives a sudden twist, thus lessening the shock to the horses.

Stalks and weeds are easily pulled from the ground by a Californian's device, consisting of a pair of levers pivoted together and mounted on a wheeled truck, with handles on the long ends of the levers to grip the short ends on the weed, when the truck is tilted to lift the weed from the ground.

A Southerner has patented an improved fire escape which has a broad strap for use as a seat and a narrow one to pass under the arms, both connecting with a reel which has a crank at one end, a cord being wound on the reel to be attached to the window casing and unwound slowly to lower the user.

A Plant Detested by Animals.

The castor oil plant is so universally detested by the whole of the animal world that no bird, beast or creeping thing will touch one. It seems to be a rank poison to all kinds of animals; even a goat will starve before biting off a leaf, and a horse will sniff at it and turn his upper lip as if it had the most detestable odor on the face of the earth. Army worms and the locust pass it by, though they will eat every other green thing in sight, and there is no surer way to drive moles away from a lawn than to plant a few castor beans here and there. Even the tobacco worm will refuse to be fed on its leaves.

Vines that are forced grow less fruit; it is just so with the two early education of children.

Wine may have made some people witty, but it certainly has made more foolish.

A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.

In the treatment of nervous diseases he is the best physician who is the most ingenious inspirer of hope.

We will always find good when we look for it with a good heart.

Women and wine, game and deceit, make the wealth small and the want great.

Dangerous Freaks of Nature.

Curious but dangerous freaks of nature frequently found in the deserts of Arizona are called Sumideros by the Mexicans and Indians. They are masked pitfalls of quicksand that occur in the dry plains and are covered with a treacherous crust of clay that has been spread over them in fine particles by the wind and baked dry by the sun. The peculiar properties of the soil retain all the moisture drained into them after the infrequent rains and allow it to be filtered to unknown depths, so that a man or a horse or a cow or a sheep that once steps upon that deceptive crust instantly sinks out of sight beyond the hope of rescue. The Sumideros are on a level with the surface of the desert. There is no danger signal to mark them and their surface can not be distinguished by the ordinary eye from the hard clay that surrounds them. They occur most frequently in the alkali covered flats, and are often fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. Sometimes they are only little pockets or wells that a man can leap across, but the longest pole has never found their bottom. A stone thrown through the crust sinks to unknown depths, and no man who ever fell into one of them was rescued. They account for the mysterious disappearance of many men and cattle.

A strong-minded woman never has to borrow a penknife from a man.

The man who is learning by his mistakes will be a busy student, and some day a wise one.

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing it, and conquering it.

If you wish success in life make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother and hope your guardian genius.