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NO. 45.

London has more than doubled its population in the past half century.

Collectors of autographs remark that, while the typewriter never will supplant holograph letters altogether, it will make them scarcer and more valuable.

The Boston Globe figures it out that 31,000 out of our population of 65,000,000 own \$36,250,000,000 of our Nation's total wealth of \$62,610,000,000, otherwise one man out of every 2000 owns more than all the rest of the 2000.

The announcement that California would shortly become the seat of an extensive perfume industry is now reported to be without adequate foundation, as the flowers are said to lack the strength of odor required to make the manufacture of extracts profitable.

Determined not to lose its reputation as the great obituary paper of the country, the Philadelphia Ledger, with what the New York Advertiser esteems commendable alacrity, has secured autograph obituaries of all the members of the Peary relief expedition. It could not have been a very cheerful occupation for the writers.

A woman of inventive mind, discovered by the New York Sun, is experimenting on a rubber coating for iron stone china used in restaurants and domestic porcelains. She thinks these should be as feasible as the noiseless tire and the mounting of chair legs in libraries and reading rooms. Incidentally she expects to find in her invention a large fortune, but her aim is distinctly philanthropic.

The New York Independent believes that the cultivation of athletics at girls' schools and colleges is likely to receive some stimulus from an award made by the United States Treasury Department to Miss Bertie Burr, of Nebraska, for rescuing two young women from drowning. Miss Burr, who learned how to swim at Lasell Seminary, Aburndale, Mass., will receive, not the silver medal awarded for heroism, but the gold medal only granted for cases of extraordinary daring and endurance.

A novelty in business enterprise is soon to be introduced in New York City, according to the News. It may be tersely described as a benevolent pawnshop. The mere suggestion of a pawnshop with an aspiration higher than three per cent. a month makes this subject highly interesting. It is said that certain wealthy persons, connected with the Charity Organization Society, have determined to establish pawnshops throughout the city, to be operated at cost. Benevolence and philanthropy usually fail in the conduct of business enterprises, however, and the project of a cut-rate pawnshop may disappoint its well-meaning projectors.

Flying machines for use in war have engaged no little attention of late on the part of inventors. Maxim, the designer of the famous gun, claims to have produced one which can be controlled. He declares that he can fill his aerial car with explosives and hover in it over the city of London, holding that great metropolis at ransom to the extent of as many millions of pounds as he chooses to mention. Thus situated he can announce his terms by dropping a small package containing a statement of them and his ultimatum of "Cash or Crash!" His contrivance is a cylinder of aluminum containing a three-fourths vacuum, its collapse being prevented by strong ribs inside. It is propelled and steered by electric gear, and is further sustained and balanced by the wings of a great aeroplane, with an automatic arrangement of a compensatory nature that brings the machine immediately back to the horizontal when it tends to vary therefrom.

When Bernard Schmeiz, having been in this country twenty-six years, went back to Germany on a visit two years ago, he was seized and put into the German army to serve his term as a German citizen. Vainly his Kansas neighbors sent petitions for his release, as nobody paid any attention to them. Finally his little eleven year old girl, Maggie Schmeiz, wrote a letter to the Empress of Germany, telling her in artless child fashion how her mother and the children all missed their father, and begging that he might be sent back to them. The letter was neither properly addressed nor stamped, but each official into whose hands it fell sent it on, and at last it reached the Empress. The little girl's plea touched her motherly heart, and through her intercession, as stated by the Berlin papers, Schmeiz was released and given free passage back to his home. The neighbors have been celebrating his return, and in a triumphal procession little Maggie led the first place. Thus writes F. W. Howe, the author of "The Story of a Country Town," in which (Atchison) this incident has just occurred.

THE SONG OF PEACE.

A song is astir in the air, And I would drink it in With the scent of the roses rich and rare; But still the battle din Rings in my ears and deafens me; I cannot hear the strain. The noise of the world, its misery, Throbs like a bitter pain. But now and then, as in despair I seek to rend the bonds, Comes a burst of harmony on the air To which my heart responds; And then the echo of the fray A moment seems to cease; Though the wondrous harmony dies away, That moment brings me peace. And then I pray I may retain A peacefulness of heart, Though the warrior's laurels I fail to gain, Or riches of the mart. For that sweet song will give me rest, And banish all distress; The flowers of God and the gold of the West Will be my happiness. --Flavel Scott Mines, in Harper's Bazar.

HIS DAY AT HOME.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

Mr. Parfitt's day at home. "I can't say I enjoy George's sick days at home," said Mrs. Parfitt. "He's sure to be poking into things and making himself generally disagreeable. Dear boy! he isn't that way any other time. I'll warrant you, Conny?" Mrs. Parfitt shot a humorous glance at her husband's extremely pretty young cousin, who stood, in street attire, waiting for her--"that he won't want to give me the money for my new jacket to-day at all. But there's the Carpenter's reception Thursday, and--Wait for me! I'll try it."

She found her husband in the library. He was young and comely, but a strip of red flannel on his throat, a shawl untidily worn, and a gloomy expression of countenance, did not improve him. "I'll stay at home, dear," said Mrs. Parfitt, "if there was anything I could do for you." "There isn't," said her husband, shortly. "This beastly cold has got to wear itself out."

liberately, with no trace of his accusing conscience in his displeased face. To admit Hugh Dudley and hear him and Constance chattering and giggling for two hours in the parlor was too much. He wouldn't have it.

The door-bell rang again. George thought he knew the ring. Sure enough, it was Tom Danforth! "Laid up?" that young man demanded, coming in breezily, big and broad-shouldered and bright-eyed and cheerful. "Too bad! On your lungs? Have you tried a capsicum plaster? I can get you one in five minutes if you want me to."

He even took up a newspaper. "He doesn't care," George mused, gloomily. "May be he isn't in love with her after all!" And he sat and eyed his stalwart friend, and thought what a husband he would have made for Constance, and how blind and contrary and exasperating they all were and how helpless he himself was to arrange matters as they ought to be arranged.

Freok of a Thunderbolt. The annals of a French Academy of Science tell of a tailor's adventure with a thunderbolt. He lived in a house provided with two chimneys, one for a fireplace and the other for a stove, the latter not in use. During a thunderstorm a tremendous report was heard, and everybody thought that the house had been struck by lightning. Instantly a blue flaming ball dropped into the fireplace and rolled into the room, seemingly about six inches above the floor. The excited tailor ran around the room, the ball of fire playing about his feet. Suddenly it rose above his head and moved off toward the stovepipe hole in the ceiling, which had a piece of paper pasted over it. The ball moved straight through the paper and up the chimney. When near the top it exploded and tore the chimney into thousands of fragments.

A Strange Disease. James Mullen, of Louisville, Ky., bled to death the other day, as the result of a strange malady which has for months baffled the skill of the physicians. His blood lost all its coagulative properties and had taken on the appearance and consistency of fresh milk. The corpuscles of the blood had become perfectly white. From a small scratch or cut the blood flowed with such rapidity that on several occasions it was scarcely able to be stopped before causing death.

A Novel Fly Trap. A restaurant keeper in Washington has trained a large rat to catch the flies and candle moths that infest his establishment. The rat, it is said, has developed an inordinate taste for this kind of food, and spends all his time in hunting flies, in catching which he has become very expert. He is very tame, and pays no attention to the people who eat in the building, to anything except his winged prey.--New Orleans Picayune.

or I him? Why, it's all about Grace Quinby. They were engaged, you know, and then they had some ridiculous trouble or other; and Grace and I have been so chummy ever since I've been here that Mr. Dudley came right to me with it. He's been here two or three times to tell me things to tell her, for I've told her all of them, for Grace was foolish and hasty, and it really wasn't Mr. Dudley's fault at all, and I've been anxious for them to make it up. And now they have. He came this morning to get me to go there with him, and he met me on the street and we went. And Grace began to cry when she saw him, and I came away, and--

Drawn by the Webfooted Cows. The webfooted cows who inhabit the marshes along the St. John's River in Florida--I know that they are webfooted, for Captain Lund says so, and Captain Lund never lies--are of some use after all, it seems, and this is the how and the wherefore of it.

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A Sun Beater. The highest velocity ever given to a cannon ball is estimated at 1626 feet per second, being equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds. The velocity of the earth at the equator, due to its rotation on its axis, is 1000 miles per hour, or a mile in 3.6 seconds. Therefore, if a cannon ball were fired due west, and could maintain its initial velocity, it would beat the sun in its apparent journey around the earth.--St. Louis Republic.

THE MISSISSIPPI'S FLOOD.

WHAT CAUSES THE GREAT RIVER'S ANNUAL OVERFLOW.

Rivers and Bayous Have Built Up Ridges on Which They Flow--Inundating the Bottom Lands. EVERY spring the Mississippi River, swollen by the melting of the snow in the Rocky Mountains and by the abundant spring rains, threatens with inundation the low lands of Mississippi and Louisiana. Not infrequently it breaks through the bonds which confine its course and spreads its muddy waters over thousands of square miles of that fertile region, destroying the fields of young cotton and cane, and burying the fertile soil beneath layers of river mud.

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

THE CUP OF LIFE.

By years of exposure to atmospheric temperature, hardened steel loses hardness. A new application of electricity consists in determining by the conductivity of milk the presence of adulteration. Steel not only loses its magnetism, but becomes non-magnetic when heated to an orange color. A remarkable strike has been made in the Eclat mine, Creede, Col. The ore runs high in silver. Specimens assay over \$800 a ton.

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"But is it sweet, or bitter, tell me true, This Cup of Life?" Then, lying deep in dew, A youth, who wore a rose in bud, I think, Made answer: "It is bitter. Wherefore drink?"

Humor of the Day. Hard words break no bones; there are no bones in the heart.--Puck. "Were you upset by the bank failure?" "Yes. I lost my balance."--Life. Self-made men usually try to make themselves from gold dust.--Puck.

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