

THE FAR DESIGN.

Death is the palmy night,
Dim eye and falling light,
Hues tinted and meaningless,
Grief and rest sweetest.

GHOST OF THE VAN VLEETS.

And also a way of relief from his difficulty. "Harris!" he exclaimed, grasping that gentleman's hand with effusive cordiality, and speaking quickly and nervously, "you're just the fellow I want. I've lost my key—don't like to disturb the house—would it be convenient to have me spend the night with you?"

the chain and bolt that fastened the front door. Hurrying from the room he faced Kittie, who stood in hat and wrap, with her hand upon the knob. "Where are you going?" he asked. "I am going over to Helen's," she answered, half apologetic and half defiant. "And leave me," he said, rebukingly. "When I have remained at home to keep you company?" "Really, Forman, you must not do that any more," she said quickly. "You have been very kind to me and I am grateful for it, but I will try not to be such a goose and you must go out more. Your friends are asking about you, and people will talk, you know."

A SPRING DAY IN WINTER.

Warm't a cloud in all the skies—
Not any wintry warning!
Sun rise up an' rubbed his eyes
An' 'peared to say 'good mornin'!

Lieutenant Swash's Love.



"Oh, how interesting!" exclaimed my wife dropping her magazine and looking up at my friend and myself, whom she had always previously declared to be the most uninteresting when we got together over our pipes. "It is not very pleasant for me," muttered Swash. He was greatly embarrassed and fixed his eyes pensively on the floor. "What is her name?" I asked. "I don't know," he answered brusquely. "Where does she live?" ventured my wife. "Don't know that."

am—my ideal, she whom for years I had pictured in my smoking moments. There she was, sitting at a window, one arm resting on the sill, her hand on her chin, her eyes looking directly into mine. Even in the half light every feature was clearly discernible. There was the soft black hair waving across a white forehead, the eyes deep and full of immeasurable intelligence, the nose, the mouth—everything that I had been seeking for. I gave an exclamation of joy. "You see her now, sir? Does the rings show up good?" This remark from the astronomer brought to mind a forgotten fact. I saw her through a telescope. Where was that window that I could seek her out? I had found her. Better never to have seen her than under such appalling conditions. There she was gazing calmly at me from the other end of a long tube. I could almost touch her, and reached out my hand. "Hold on there!" cried the astronomer. "You'll upset the machine."

HUMAN HIBERNATION IN RUSSIA.

The Poorer Peasants Sleep All Winter Like the Bears. It has been recently brought to light that the Russian peasant, in certain districts, suffers from a chronic state of famine, which occurs annually and is more or less severe, according to circumstances. In the official report given by the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Pskov, some interesting facts are brought out, which seem to show to what extent man adapts himself to diverse external conditions in the struggle for existence. In those districts suffering from a lack of crops, which has become almost a chronic state, the inhabitants have elaborated a method for adapting themselves to the want of provisions which is perhaps unknown in other parts of the civilized world. This means is called in Russia "Jeika," signifying lying down or state of repose. It is in fact a kind of hibernation, as will be seen from the description which has been given. In those cases where the head of the family sees, toward the end of autumn, that by a normal consumption of his supply of wheat it will not last him until the end of the agricultural year, he makes arrangements to diminish the ration as much as possible; but knowing that in this case it will be difficult to preserve the functions at their normal height and to maintain the health and especially the physical force necessary for the work of the spring, he and his family plunge themselves into the "Jeika," which means that everybody simply goes to bed, lying down upon the flat stove, according to the proverbial Russian custom, or in the warmest corners, during four or five months. He gets up only to replenish the stove, or to eat a piece of black bread dipped in water. The peasant tries to move as little as possible and sleep as much as he can. Stretched out upon the stove, he preserves the most complete immobility. His only care during the long winter is to expend as little as possible of his animal heat, and for that reason he tries to eat and drink less, moves less, and to diminish in fact the vitality of the body. Each superfluous movement is translated into a corresponding diminution of energy, which in turn increases the appetite and obliges him to exceed the minimum of his rations; this minimum being regulated by the quantity of provision that will carry him over until the next harvest. Thus instinct commands him to sleep as much as possible. Obscurity and silence reign in the hut, where in the warmest places, either singly or crowded together, the members of the family pass the state of hibernation. During the course of the famine of this year, the press has several times noted cases of this kind, but up to the present time it has been generally unknown that the Jeika was not a temporary or accidental affair, but a regular system elaborated by a series of generations of peasants, who are accustomed to consider the half-ration as the rule, a sufficiency as an unattainable ideal, and hunger as an inconvenience to which he can "adapt" himself by the winter's sleep. It would be interesting to obtain further details as to this state of hibernation, as, aside from the moral question involved, it is of interest from a physiological and psychological point of view.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A man's faith is true only as he obeys it. Conscience tells us to do right, but it does not tell us what right is. Our belief in the future is false in proportion as it is circumstantially exact. Commercial morality and society's morality are each a compound of vice and cunning. The church's business is not to accuse sinners nor to excuse sinners, but to save sinners. A purely intellectual belief is immoral; the true belief is the ascent of the moral instincts. The function of faith is to purify the conscience and the function of the conscience is to purify faith. No man gets good treatment from his wife unless he almost breaks her heart about once every three weeks. The object of religion is not to regulate conduct, but to develop the conscience so that conscience can regulate conduct. To see the truth, to believe in the truth, to obey the truth, these three hath God joined together, and let not man put asunder. An honest conscience is the best orthodoxy; it clears away the non-essentials and will not believe simply for the merit of believing. When a girl thinks a man looks like he wants to kiss her she covers up her eyes so she can't see whether he really is going to or not till it is too late. It's a funny thing that a woman often knows a man who reminds her of her husband, but a man never meets a woman who reminds him of his wife. The First Jewish Peer. Lord Rothschild has just celebrated his fifty-ninth birthday. His lordship is the male heir of old Meyer Anselm Rothschild, the founder of the wealth of the family. The latter's son became an English subject, and the father of Lord Rothschild was the grandson of old Meyer. For twenty years Lord Rothschild sat in the House of Commons as member for Aylesbury, and in 1885 he was promoted to the peerage—the first Jew to receive the honor. It was Mr. Gladstone who created the innovation, but Lord Rothschild is now a follower of Lord Salisbury. A Very Young Foreman. A boy of twelve, though he looks older, in Chicago, who is named George Stern, is foreman of a huge workshop in a manufactory, and has control over some eighty men and boys, none of whom seem to resent the youth of their responsible foreman; indeed, it says much for Stern that he is greatly respected by the small army of workers under him, and that his employers are perfectly satisfied with their somewhat daring experiment of placing so young a lad above so many fully grown men. There is only one boy in his workshop who is his junior.

AN AUSTRALIAN PIGEON POST.

Practical Benefit. Of all the accomplishments credited to the homer, probably none has been of such practical benefit as that of a number of birds of the Great Barrier Island Pigeon Post agency, says Forest and Stream. These creatures are trained to carry messages to and from the Great Barrier Island and Auckland, New Zealand, and the system has expanded so much that it has now become a very important means of intercourse between the inhabitants of the island and their friends and business connections in the city. At the time of the wreck of the steamer Wairarapa on the Great Barrier Island, it was four days before news of the calamity reached the capital and this fact gave rise to the pigeon post system. At first but a few birds were available for the purpose, but in 1896, with the increasing population on the island, it was found necessary to reinforce the feathered army, and at the present time large numbers of messages are daily sent from the island to the metropolis and vice versa, by this means. In the first place, 2s. per message was charged from the island to the city and when a team of birds had been trained to fly from Auckland to the island, messages were sent at a cost of 1s., and the messages to the city were reduced to 6d. each. The reason of the extra expense from Auckland to the island is the difficulty experienced in getting birds to leave the city on their journey across the water. No messages for the island are sent from the city after 10 a. m., as the island is often enveloped in a fog after that hour. Some idea of the dispatch with which the birds deliver their messages may be gained from the fact that they average (bad weather and head winds taken into consideration) from sixty-five to seventy minutes, which journey is about fifty-seven miles. One bird will carry as many as four messages at a time. The messages are written on tissue paper (quarto size) with carbon leaf, the tissue paper being perforated down each side, and on being folded is sealed with the pigeon stamp, which secures the privacy of the message. The messages are then wrapped round the pigeon's leg and covered with a water-proof legging. This protects it from wet in case of bad weather, or from the bird pecking it off during transit. To open the message the receiver cuts through the perforation. There are just 100 birds engaged in the service. At both termini the usual trap for homers is used, an entering which the wires fall back and strike an alarm. This notifies an attendant, who removes the messages, and the bird is permitted to enter the main loft. Shape Trees When Pruning. In pruning trees, especially if they are young ones, the one who is doing it should always prune so that the tree will have some shape. In pruning while the tree is dormant and before the exhaustive process of pollen secretion takes place in the tree, one can hardly go amiss by cutting the branches so that the tree will have a well-rounded shape and free from useless "suckers," which not only destroy the symmetry of the tree but absorb a great deal of the tree's needed strength. No doubt the main reason why quince trees do not bear a large amount of fruit than is their average is in lack of pruning, for the quince needs this, perhaps more than any other variety of fruit by reason of its tendency to grow so many laterals.

MARKETS.

Table with multiple columns listing market prices for various commodities such as FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, RICE, BUTTER, EGGS, etc. Includes sub-sections for BALTIMORE, CHICAGO, and NEW YORK.