TO MY OWN.

BY ERNEST L. SABIN.

lies hid in his hollow tree,
d in his long, soft tail;
s snuggled as snug can be
e 'neath the old fence rail;
es is only a bunch of down
kest the arching brush—
forest and we in the town,
honey-boy, hush.

eyes are in a velvet ball
the dead swamp grass;
by the frozen waterfall
dreams oft of the bass;
hick of the ground and air
d in saves deep—
the glow of the firelight fair,
honey-boy, sleep.

wind romps with the whirling
frost noses about;
d field are abed—for no,
the owl is out.
here the motherkin's breast is
arkin's arms are tight,
e snow and the frost and storm,
f, honey-boy, good-night.
—Saturday Evening Post.

AWYER'S STORY.

YOUTH is impatient and the twelve weary months that had crept by since I had passed my trying examination and been admitted to the bar seemed an me. I hired a cozy little building filled with scores ent law firms. After ar- y well-stocked library, I new sign among the rest for my clients to appear. came a sad trial of pa-

the many brilliant lights of ny own name passed un-

ter day, and month after attended the courts or o time in perusing cele- l cases. Like Micawber, I g for something to turn up, capital with which I had as dwindling away at an pace and, as yet, I saw no e fee.

asant afternoon Stanley ronng lawyer, who, like my- nwillingly idle, dropped in

news, Jack?" he asked,

as usual," I replied, de- y. "I've a notion to pack wilderness for a few weeks. y is out of town, and there ospect of picking up a fee return."

and was about to reply, re came a low tap at the

in," I said, carelessly, it some chance acquaint-

door opened my heart gave a nd. I felt that my long- client had arrived at last. e glance I took in all the my visitor's appearance. middle-aged man, dressed stume, and with a seeming- natured face. Most men e set him down at once as a -hearted individual; but I My constant attendance at ts had taught me much. something underlying his s and obsequious manner me distrust him.

is Mr. Burns?" he asked,

in the affirmative and re- im to be seated. Stanley om at that moment, and the ontinued:

ame is Brown, sir—Martin have called upon you in a mergency."

at way can I be of service?"

and, who is in a dying con- shes you to draw up a will

my hat and hurriedly fol- visitor. In the elegantly room of a hotel we found

to the heavily darkened ould distinguish nothing of ros. He lay with his face ward the wall, and in feeble tated the terms of his will, it up.

plished my task to his satis- nd placed the document be- to sign. As he did so I deep red scar running across of his hand. The whole of man's property—an immense he way—was left to his dear artin Brown.

the servants had been called ess the signature, and every- performed according to law. t the house the smiling Mr. anded me my fee. It was a amount—the more so from hat Mr. Brown was soon to wealthy. The man's wily o, while his friend lay at the eath sickened me, and I was urry away. On my return I ley, and in answer to his in- related the circumstances.

garly eager," he exclaimed, tly. "I'd never believe it appearance."

nearly a week afterward that lady, dressed in deep mourn- d upon me. This time I had reality. She was not more nty, but her beautiful face impress of deep grief. In a la she stated her business, the names until she had opinion.

tory was as follows: Three fore her uncle had left home ay with a man he called his While in the city he had been denly ill and died. She had no information of the fact her relative was buried.

ame the strangest part of the

ars before her uncle had ill making her, his only liv- ve, his sole heiress.

arrival in the city, however, been shown a will drawn up uncle on his death-bed, in left his entire property to d.

uld conceive of no reason for strange act, and, distrusting l, had sought out a lawyer, also was unacquainted with of her distinguished law g gilding gold sign had been her eye, and so she

"The case certainly looks suspicious," I remarked. "I think I will be able to make a fight in your behalf. Now, will you kindly furnish me with the names of these parties?"

"My uncle, sir, was Andrew Thurber. His friend calls himself Martin Brown."

Involuntarily my pen dropped from my surprised fingers. It was the very will I had drawn up myself.

She turned pale as I related the circumstances and arose to leave.

"I see I have made an awkward mistake in calling upon you," she said, sadly.

"Wait one moment," I replied, quickly. "This Martin Brown is a total stranger to me. If he has been engaged in an act of villainy I shall not shield him."

We entered into a close conversation, at the end of which I said, confidently:

"Leave the case to me. If I fail it shall be through no fault of mine."

She accepted my offer with thanks and left me, thinking deeply.

During the interview I had learned that the deceased had no scar upon his right hand. Now, certain of villainy in the affair, I set to work diligently to find it out.

Working cautiously, I found the man who had lain the body out for burial. From him I learned that he had performed his task on the morning of June 23, just ten hours before I was called upon to draw up the will. The will had been already offered for probate, so there was no time to be lost.

Andrew Thurber's body was disinterred and the contents of the stomach analyzed. It was found to contain poison.

By some means the sly wretch got wind of my movements and attempted to fly. At that moment the detectives seized him. Confronted by the terrible proofs, he made a full confession.

Before his trial came off he ended his life by swallowing a quantity of the same deadly poison with which he had killed his victim.

Miss Thurber met with no further obstacles in regaining her rights.

Something still more important happened to me from my connection with the case. I wooed and won the beautiful girl for my wife. As Stanley Ferris remarked afterward, I "gained fame and fortune with a rush."

His Scheme to Win a Girl.

"He was a good fellow," said he, "but young and without much capital. The girl was a beauty and loved the boy, but the father objected, and demanded that the boy show that he was capable of supporting a wife. This was in St. Louis about ten years ago, and the boy came to me with his troubles.

"'Never mind,' said I. 'I'll fix it up all right. By the way, how much will you take for your right leg?'

"He looked at me as though I were crazy, but made no answer.

"'I'll give you $10,000 for it,' said I. 'Will you take it?'

"'No, I won't,' said he. 'What do you take me for?'

"Well, I knew the girl's father; he was a merchant, and I called to see him. We finally drifted around to talking about this young fellow, and the old man flared a little, stating that he wanted some one who could support a wife to have his daughter.

"'Support a wife,' said I, in surprise; 'why, he certainly can do all that. Only a few days ago he refused $10,000 for a piece of property.'

"'His own property?' asked the father. 'Certainly,' said I.

"'Who offered him the money?' asked he.

"'I did, and he refused it,' I answered. 'He claimed it was worth more.'

"Well, this made a hit, and no more questions were asked. The boy is doing well now, and has a good family. I haven't spoken to the father since."—Washington Times.

A Newsboy's Sermon.

He was working his way through a crowded car, offering his papers in every direction in a way that showed him well used to the business and of a temperament not easily daunted.

The train started while he was making change, and the conductor, passing him, laughed.

"Caught this time, Joe!" he said. "You'll have to run to Fourteenth street."

"Don't care," laughed Joe, in return. "I can sell all the way back again."

A white haired old gentleman seemed interested in the boy, and questioned him concerning his way of living and his earnings. There was a younger brother to be supported, it seemed. "Jimmy" was lame, and "couldn't earn much hisself."

"Ah, I see! That makes it hard—you could do better alone."

The shabby little figure was erect in a moment, and the denial was prompt and somewhat indignant.

"No, I couldn't! Jim's somebody to go home to—he's lots of help. What would be the good in havin' luck if nobody was glad, or of gittin' things if there was nobody to divide with?"

"Fourteenth street!" called the conductor, and as the newsboy plunged out into the gathering dusk the old gentleman remarked, to nobody in particular: "I've heard many a worse sermon than that."—Forward.

Scientific Jail Breaking.

Three prisoners effected their escape from the county jail at Huntsville by making a hole through a sandstone wall. The men are all white. Their names are Lee Chandler, charged with grand larceny; John McMunn, burglary; Jake B. Levins, grand larceny. The prisoners were in the same cell on the ground floor of the old jail. They evidently had an accomplice on the outside who furnished them with a cord or more of stove wood. The three men burned a fire against the sandstone wall, and while it was very hot dashed cold water against it. This crumbled the sandstone to sand and soon made a hole big enough for a yearling calf to walk through.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Irish Advice.

"Never be critical upon the ladies," was the maxim of an old Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex. "The only way that a true gentleman ever will attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman is to shut his eyes."—Collier's Weekly.

TERRIBLE BOER RIFLES.

BRITISH SERGEANT'S GRAPHIC NARRATIVE OF BULLER'S FIRST ROUT.

The Night Before the Battle—The First Shell and the Horrors That Followed the Second—All Day Under the Boers' Fire—Terrors of Thirst.

SERGEANT ALFRED MILLS, of the First Battalion of Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who were in the rout of General Buller's forces at Tugela River on December 15, writes to his parents of Ottawa, Canada, giving some details of that battle. He says:

"My Dear Mother—I have been in my first battle and how I am going to describe the horrors of it to you I don't know. The night before the battle we were all served out with extra ammunition so that each man could go into action with 150 rounds. At the same time our commanding officer told us the Irish Brigade were to attempt to cross Tugela River in the morning and would try to turn the enemy's left flank. He asked me to tell the men to keep up the honor of the old regiment. Reveille was sounded at 2.30 that morning, and shortly after our brigade was on the march toward the Boer position, which was on very high hills on the other side of the Tugela. The river is about thirty to fifty yards wide and the Boers had it one mass of barbed wire entanglements. The Irish Brigade advanced to with 1500 yards of the river in quarter column and halted, but shortly after were ordered to advance another 500 paces. All the commandingofficers wanted to extend their battalions, but General Hart wouldn't have it, and so, much against their will, we started to advance again in quarter column.

"There was a square burnt patch in front of us. After we had gone a little way, and when we came near it, the first Boer shell burst right in the centre of it. This did not do any harm, as it was only intended to find the range. The next shell, however, came a few seconds later, and before we had time to extend, burst right in the middle of my company and knocked over two whole sections. I was on the right of the company. Sections two and three got the shell. I escaped. I looked around after it burst and was almost overcome with horror when I saw two of my comrades with their heads blown clean off, and the remainder of two sections lying on the ground mangled. As soon as the effect of the shot was seen by the enemy, their rifle fire commenced. They had all the ant hills marked white to give them the range and as we were on a broad open plain our men began to drop fast.

"Although bullets, shell, shrapnel, case shot and machine explosive bullets were flying around us, we still kept advancing. The whole battalion was extended in firing line by this time with our three companies of the first battalion in the most exposed position. The Boers had burnt all the grass in front of their position, so the black ground would show up our khaki uniforms. We kept making short rushes of about one hundred yards each, firing a few volleys from time to time, until we arrived within a couple of hundred yards of the enemy. We could not very well advance much farther on account of the river being between us and the enemy. It was at this short range where a great many of our boys fell. Lying on the bare ground they could be easily seen by the Boors.

"I managed to get behind a small tuft of grass and by shoving my head well into the ground when the Boer fire became too hot I was not hit, but with all my scheming there were thousands of bullets that almost came within range of my retreat. As balls began to rain thicker some went between my legs, some under my arms as I lay face down, and more just missed my head by an inch or two. Once I put out my hand and got a bullet between my fingers. Another time, without realizing what marks they were for the Boer aim, I had crawled behind one of the ant heaps when a man of the Enniskillen Fusiliers shouted. 'For God's sake, get away from that ant heap!' I crept off. A moment later a shrapnel shell struck the heap and blew it to atoms, killing and wounding seven or eight men who had crawled up behind it. I fired 140 rounds, but hadn't the satisfaction of seeing any of my shots take effect, as the Boers were completely under cover in their trenches.

"To add to the horror of the battle, 'twas a burning hot day. The sweat poured out of us like rain. The thirst was harder to endure than the enemy's fire. I lost my water bottle in the dark before going out in the morning, and was so thirsty when my mouth was filled with dust I could not spit it out. My only thought was where I would get the bullet when it came. I was certain I could not possibly get back without being hit. One young fellow of the Enniskillen Fusiliers, who was lying beside me, got so thirsty that he raised himself up from the ground to drink, saying to me, 'I can't stand this, chum; I must have a drink.' He had the drink, lay down again, and was instantly shot dead. As he rolled over he cried: 'Oh! Oh! Mother! Mother!' and died with the words on his lips.

"Before I saw that young fellow die and heard his last words, I was as cool as if I were only on a field day at Aldershot; but when his last mournful cry reached my ears it made me think of you and all at home, and it was with a heavy heart that I went on fighting till we got the order to retire. While we were lying so near the enemy, we didn't care a bit for the rifle bullets which do their work clean and neat; but what did terrify us was the shrapnel, case shot and explosive bullets which were on our flanks. Every few seconds one of these would go screeching over our backs, so close we would involuntarily feel our bodies to see if we were wounded, and every time on looking to right or left we would see fellows writhing in awful agony from the effects of those whizzing shots. The battle lasted from 5 a. m. till 3 or 4 p. m. Most of the infantry had retired by noon. I did not hear the order to retire and was a good half hour lying with a dozen Connaught Rangers and Fusiliers in the firing line before we noticed the whole army on the right had retired. I then gave the order to fall back, although I thought it certain death to stand up. Of us all, only four got out of range without being wounded or killed.

"All the horrible sights I had seen up to this were nothing compared to what I observed as I retired. Every two or three paces I would have to step over some poor fellow, either killed or frightfully mangled. About four hundred yards from the river I found one man of my own section, named Dowling, and gave him a drink out of his own bottle. Seeing the terrible wound he had I tried to carry him off the field. I called a sergeant of the second battalion, who was near, to give me a hand. He has since been mentioned in papers for it, but I have not, though I sat half an hour under heavy fire with the wounded man till I got help to carry him off.

"Shortly after I left Dowling in safe hands a forty-five-pound shell hit right under my feet. As good luck would have it, the thing didn't burst until it was well under ground. The shock flung me ten yards away, not hurting me in the least. Had it burst a second sooner, it would have blown me to atoms. Some officers were so astonished to see me come out alive, they gave a cheer when they saw me unhurt. After that experience, I got safely back, and almost drowned myself when I came to water, I was so thirsty. I had at once to act as color sergeant for C company. All their sergeants were killed but one, and he was wounded."

MEDICINE IN NEW YORK IN 1800.

Dr. Carney Describes Quaint Remedies and Ideas a Century Ago.

At the last meeting of the New York Historical Society Dr. Sydney H. Carney, Jr., read a paper on "The New York Medical Profession in 1800."

There were ninety-four physicians in New York in 1800. "They all used," Dr. Carney said, "that staff of medical propriety, a gold-headed cane." These canes formerly had within the heads aromatic vinegar, which had its uses. "Small clothes," said Dr. Carney, "were rapidly disappearing, and pantaloons were covering a multitude of shins." There were five medical schools in the United States in 1800, at Columbia College, at Philadelphia, Cambridge, Dartmouth and Lexington, Ky. The chair of chemistry included study of the natural bodies, scientific medicine, rational and experimental agriculture and other things. "No doubt the rational and experimental agriculture instruction was duly appreciated by young medical men going to practice in the country," said the doctor. In 1798 sixteen doctors here had lost their lives trying to mitigate the sufferings caused by the plague. The pay of doctors at Bellevue was then twenty shillings a day. The hospital was three miles out of town.

The propagation of disease by specific germs was not then a fact accepted by all. The yellow fever was brought here from the West Indies then as now, and conditions here favored its spread. Yet a Philadelphia doctor writing to one of his New York brothers said: "Yellow fever, so long as the laws of nature endure, cannot be imported, but is the outgrowth of existing conditions."

There has been some speculation among the curious as to the prevalence of gripes at bedtime among New Yorkers of a hundred years ago. The remedy for this complaint prescribed by the physicians was nutmeg and brandy and the yolk of an egg to be taken before going to bed. For apoplexy, salt and cold water were to be used, whereupon the patient was "immediately to come to himself." A toothache remedy efficacious always with one exception in the practice of one physician was to crush a lady bug between the thumb and forefinger and then to rub the finger on the gum and tooth. Freshly crushed bugs were recommended. For the bite of a mad dog the prescription was an ounce of the jawbone of the dog, some colt's tongue and a scruple of verdigris, that taken from the coppers of George I. and George II. being preferred, of which compound a teaspoonful a day was to be taken. If that failed to cure 180 grains of verdigris and half an ounce of calomel were to be given in one dose by a physician in person. If this still failed four grains of pure opium were given to the patient. This last was a secret remedy so successful that early in the century the State Legislature bought the secret for $1000.

For a visit the fee charged was $1, for a visit and a dose $1.25. Pills were twelve cents. Doctors got $1 a mile for going out of town. It cost $3 to get one to Brooklyn and $10 to have one visit Staten Island. For bleeding a charge of from $1 to $5 was made.

Tadpoles figured in the regimen of that day to such an extent that it is said the people of Vermont in a season of scarcity almost fattened on them. And one of New York's famous physicians spent a part of his time in the study of the alimentary qualities of these tid-bits.—New York Sun.

Contraband of War.

Many old stories are told with regard to the difficulties in detecting contraband of war, but there is another side to the question. During the Franco-Prussian War a lady in a carriage was stopped on her way through the Prussian lines. A search was instituted to see whether she had been playing the spy or had suspicious papers. Nothing was found until the Prussians came to a certain black box, which the lady positively refused to give up or allow to be opened. She was told that she must. She refused, abused the soldiers as cowards and screamed loudly. Eventually the box was opened by force in spite of her resistance, and then it was found to be full of toilet accessories—contraband of the tournament of flirtation. She was passed on with apologies and smiles.

The Space Horses Use.

By abolishing horses travel in cities will not be as congested owing to the saving in room now occupied by the horse. There are approximately 200,000 horses used in New York City alone, and a horse increases the length of a wagon by nine feet. Taking the average width occupied by a horse and shafts as two feet, it is seen that 200,000 horses occupy about 3600 square feet.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

Co-Operation in Road Improvement.

ONE of the disadvantages under which our farmers are laboring is poor roads, says George C. Borck, of Michigan. This being a sandy country, there is scarcely a time during any part of the year that our roads are good. Something like five years ago, about twenty-five farmers came together and offered to haul marl one day free it the township would allow them to take the marl from its bed. The township was willing, and about twenty men volunteered to shovel and level the marl, and so the first half mile was laid. That road proved such a success that the next year another half mile was put down. This marl packed so hard and made such excellent bed for gravel that the farmers donated $225 and labor for about one-quarter mile of gravel. This being put on in what was always a wet place it was spread about eight inches thick. Next year $250 was collected and about one-half mile was put down, spreading this only about four inches. This year only $100 was collected, but a quarter-mile-strip was put down, finishing the mile started five years before. Besides this about half a mile of marl was put down ready for gravel next fall.

This method of making a road is a good one, for if the marl is once packed down and if gravel is then added the resulting roadbed is as hard as macadam. Next year the township will try to raise $600 for gravel if the farmers will pledge their labor toward getting it down, and now about a year before it is needed three-fourths of the labor is promised. This shows what farmers can do if their town is too poor to make good roads. This is the sort of co-operation that pays.

Automobilists Interested.

The first good roads meeting of the Automobile Club at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City was a success. The late speakers were Assemblyman J. A. Allds, Charles E. Simms, Jr., and I. B. Potter. Old-time workers for good roads declared the meeting one of the most notable they ever had attended, not only because of the union of the cyclists and motorists, but on account of the speakers being the most prominent authorities on the subject and their addresses being filled with valuable statistics. As an example of how the tax would be felt by the counties, State Engineer Bond said that if the State appropriated $500,000, with the counties to make up the other $500,000, as the law provides, this would mean for Westchester County ten cents on every $1000 worth of property, according to the valuation of 1899. Albany County would have to pay $9065 on this basis, which is less than Westchester. A mile of macadam road costs about $8000, and with $1,000,000 one hundred and twenty-five miles could be built. This would be a little more than two miles for each county if it was distributed that way. Thus, for instance, Albany County for its $9065 would get somewhat more than $16,000 worth of good roads. More than thirty new State roads have been laid out by engineers and are now waiting for the funds to be appropriated.

Good Roads and Bad.

Some valuable and suggestive facts and figures are furnished by the Chicago Tribune on the subject of the cost of bad roads. It says that Maurice E. Eldridge, of the Department of Agriculture, who has special charge of the office of Public Road Inquiries, has been collecting data as to the cost of hauling farm and other products over American roads. The conclusion which he draws from the replies to 10,000 letters of inquiry sent to reliable farmers and teamsters in the United States is that the average cost of hauling one ton a distance of one mile is twenty-five cents. For the same amount of money a ton can be carried 200 miles by steamer and fifty miles by rail. Evidently horse power or mule power is expensive. But while it costs the farmer of this country a quarter of a dollar to team a ton of produce one mile, it costs European farmers only 5.8 cents. The latter have hard, smooth and comparatively level roads, which can be traveled in all kinds of weather. It is impossible to figure out the cost of the bad roads bills which the farmers pay yearly needlessly and without complaint. One road reformer says those bills foot up $250,000,000 annually. That is a mere guess, but it may be near the truth. Whatever the sum may be, it falls on the farmers exclusively, and thus cuts down their net receipts from their crops.

Campaign For Good Roads.

In its efforts to obtain good roads the Automobile Club of America has made a good start. It is going about the work in a systematic way. To acquaint itself with the needs of the State and the nation by having lectures from men who have made the building of roads a lifelong study is an excellent idea.

Massachusetts and New Jersey have expended more than $2,000,000 on their highways during the last few years, while the roads of the Empire State have been to a large extent neglected; but this fact should only stir us to more vigorous action. The club members are going to Albany fortified with these facts to urge the Legislature to do justice to the State by making liberal appropriations for road making. In this they should receive the hearty support of the farmers of New York, who, after all, will receive the greatest benefit from good highways.

Let the enterprising agriculturists combine with the wideawake, pleasure loving automobilists and bicyclists, and we shall soon have a system of roads of which the Empire State may well be proud of.—New York Herald.

Use the Alternative System.

The county commissioners of Jackson County, Georgia, have put into operation the alternative road system, and this body will begin in a short while the work of putting the roads of the county in excellent condition. The tax rate to secure this improved system of roads will be small, only $2 per thousand, and the citizens of the county are willing to pay this small ad valorem tax.

MOY KEE AS A BOY.

A Chinese Talks of His Childhood in the Old Country.

"When I was a boy," said Moy Kee, tea merchant, laundryman and interpreter, at 216 North Delafare street, "I went to school in my native village of Shin-King, eighty-seven miles from Pekin. I was seven years old when I started to school and, of course, the teacher was a man. Now there are women teaching in China, Chinese women, but that is a new thing. We sat on stools with desks before us and studied aloud. At ten years old I could write very well, and had to learn every word of a long lesson by heart. The teacher had a stick, and sometimes, but not often, he would punish a boy, either by striking him on the hand or on the seat of his trousers.

"There are no bad boys in China as there are here in this country. The boys are respectful and polite to all who are older than themselves, and while they have their plays and their fun they do not think it fun to hurt any one.

"You have seen boys place a package on the sidewalk and when a person stoops to pick it up you have seen that package (for there is a string tied to it, and a boy at the other end of the string) move away under a crack in the fence. That is an old trick in China.

"The boys here in America do not know what long school hours are. I went to school early in the morning, before the birds began to sing. After that we went to breakfast and then to dinner and in the evening to supper. Those were long, long days, the boys here would say, but we Chinese boys did not say anything about it. We just sat on our stools and sung out our lessons all at the same time as loud as we could.

"Vacation came along in the harvest time when the rice was gathered. Then we played at flying kites. We did not, as boys do here, fly kites any time. No, there was a season for it, and we flew them at no other times. The boys in China walk on stilts just as boys do here, and play at blindfold, hide and seek and leap frog, but all in a different way from here.

"We had great sport fighting beetles. We would find these in the fields and train them to fight and we would lay wagers on which would win just as you do here on prizefighters.

"No neighborhood in China can afford to have a bad boy in it. Suppose a Chinese New Year, when we are all shooting fire crackers, some one would shoot a revolver. There would be great trouble. Not only would the one who shot the revolver be punished, but his relatives and neighbors and the magistrate of the district would be punished or reprimanded, because in China such things must not happen. A stranger could walk through my village day or night with no one to hurt him. He would be safe all the time. It is not so in this country.

"We had great sport in shooting at sparrows with bow and arrow, and nobody ever shot at persons, as some boys do here with airguns. The boys in China laugh a great deal, and laugh very loud sometimes, but they have plenty of sport without hurting any one.

"When I was nine years old my mother died and my father gave me a stepmother. When I was twelve years old my uncle, a tea merchant in San Francisco, brought me to this country. Twenty-eight years ago (I am now fifty-three years old) I went back to China and got a wife. My father and my stepmother found a wife for me. I did not know her. I did not see her until we were married, but she is a good wife and came to America with me. She is the only Chinawoman in Indianapolis, and I think the only one in Indiana. I have been back to China eighteen times, but I am a naturalized American citizen, and vote at elections."—Indianapolis News.

Large or Small Books.

"The day of big books has gone by," remarked a New Orleans dealer the other evening, speaking of some recent fine publications. "Up to a few years ago all the art-prints and handsome limited editions of standard works were either folios or something almost as large. There's a beautiful set of Dickens, for instance, printed in '86. The illustrations alone cost fully $50,000, and it represented high-water mark in the mechanical excellence at that period. But look at the size of the volumes. They are almost as big and heavy as standard cyclopædias! At present the tendency is just the other way, and the majority of the really fine books that are being published are small and light. The usual cover measurement is from five by seven to six by eight inches, and most of the standard novels are coming out in that size. One reason why big books have gone out of favor may strike you at first blush as rather foolish, but I'm assured of its importance by publishers who have made the trade a life-time study. The big book can't be read in bed. It's too heavy to be held when one is in a reclining position, while the small, compact volume can be handled as easily as a magazine. The great, massive folios of the old times made nice ornaments for the centre-table and came in handy for the younger children to sit on at table, but to really read them was a job for an athlete."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Cure For Leprosy.

Two dozen specimens of the plant known in Venezuela as the tau tau have been sent from Washington to Hawaii for the purpose of making a test of its alleged power as a cure for leprosy. The plant will be tested at the leprosy hospitals there, where 1073 lepers will afford every facility for a thorough trial. Surgeon Carmichel, of the Marine Hospital, has also sent half a dozen bottles of the liquid preparation to Molakai, and this will be used for immediate tests while plants will be set out and cultivated, with the purpose of providing unlimited fresh matter for further use. Wonderful stories are current in Venezuela about the marvelous curative properties of tua tua when applied to leprosy, and the Government physicians attach considerable importance to the evidence given them. It is proposed also to test it in the island of Guan, that tiny speck of Pacific land that came to us with our other Spanish war acquisitions.

LIKE MOLTEN SILVER.

QUEER SIGHTS OFTEN WITNESSED ON OCEANS.

Bering Sea Phosphorescence Surpasses All Other Like Phenomena in Brilliancy—Seen From the Deck of the Revenue Cutter M. Culloch. V

"I have very often heard of the wonderful phosphorescence of southern seas," remarked a traveler from the north, "and I have seen some pretty fair samples of it in the Atlantic between New York and English ports, but I did not know that it prevailed to any extent in northern waters until during the past summer. In August last I was on board the revenue cutter McCulloch, in the Bering sea, about 63 degrees north latitude, bound north, when one night about 10 o'clock I happened to go on deck, and I was almost frightened by the sight of the sea. The wind was blowing sharp, enough to raise the whitecaps, and the whole sea looked as if it were lighted from its depths by a million arc lights throwing the whitest rays upward and under the flying foam. The hollows of the waves were dark, but every crest that broke showered and sparkled as if it were filled with light. From the sides of the ship great rolls of broken white light fell away, and she left a broad pathway of silvery foam as far back as the eye could reach. But about this hour there was a most striking display. Here it was as if the ship were plowing through a sea of white light, and as the water was thrown back from her prow it fell in glittering piles of light upon the dark surface beyond, and was driven far down below, lighting the depths as if all the electricity of the ocean were shooting its sparkles through the waves and turning itself into innumerable incandescents that flashed a second and then shut out forever. I stood on the forecastle deck looking down into the brilliant white turmoil of the waters until I began to feel as if we were afloat upon some silver sea, and a really uncanny feeling took possession of me. The white ship was lighted by the phosphorescence of the waters, so that as high up as the deck there was a pale, weird white, that made one feel as if the 'Flying Dutchman' were abroad upon the seas and had just passed us. The masts towered in ashy gray above the decks, and every rope and line stood out distinctly in the light, but cast no shadows. It was all as ghostly as if we had gone up against the real thing, and it was a positive relief to get back into the wardroom, where there was something more human. I don't know how long it lasted, but when I went to bed at 11 o'clock I could still see the silver shining through the air porthole in my stateroom."—Washington Star.

Long Distance Riding.

New York Tribune: "As is natural, many stories are afloat at this time," said George Lamborn, of London, who has lived at Pretoria for several years, "to account for the extraordinary manner in which the British have been outflanked and overcome by the Boers. I have repeatedly seen statements that this was partly on account of the superior stamina and endurance of the horses which the Boers rode, which could cover 80 to 100 miles a day and keep it up for several days. That is all tommy rot; the Boer horse is a good animal, but he is of flesh and bone, and not of steel and iron, as such endurance as that would imply. The greatest record ride in the Transvaal was the one made by Schmidt at the time of the Jameson raid, who, in a single night, rode from Pretoria to a point near Krugerdorp, on the Mafeking border, and return. The distance was about 90 miles, and he covered it on the same horse, although [illegible] doing he killed the animal.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat. $		@	4 50
High Grade Extra			4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	74		75
CORN—No. 2 White	39		40
Oats—Southern & Penn	29		29½
RYE—No. 2	54		55
HAY—Choice Timothy	15 50		16 00
Good to Prime	14 50		15 00
STRAW—Rye in car lds	13 50		14 00
Wheat Blocks	7 00		8 00
Oat Blocks	9 00		9 50
CANNED GOODS.			
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3 $		@	70
No. 2			55
PEAS—Standards	1 10		1 40
Seconds			80
CORN—Dry Pack			80
Moist			70
HIDES.			
CITY STEERS $	11	@	11½
City Cows	10		10½
POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks $	55	@	58
ONIONS	40		45
PROVISIONS.			
HOG PRODUCTS—shld. $	6¾	@	7
Clear ribsides	7		7½
Hams	10½		11½
Mess Pork, per bar			12 75
LARD—Crude			4
Best refined			7
BUTTER.			
BUTTER—Fine Crmy $	27	@	28
Under Fine	26		27
Creamery Rolls	27		28
CHEESE.			
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy $	13	@	13¼
N. Y. Flats	13¼		13½
Skim Cheese	5½		7½
EGGS.			
EGGS—State $	13	@	14
North Carolina	12		13
LIVE POULTRY.			
CHICKENS $	9	@	10
Ducks, per lb	10		11
TOBACCO.			
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's $	1 50	@	2 50
Sound common	3 00		4 50
Middling	6 00		7 00
Fancy	10 00		12 00
LIVE STOCK.			
BEEF—Best Beeves $	4 30	@	4 70
SHEEP	3 50		4 00
Hogs	4 40		4 50
FURS AND SKINS.			
MUSKRAT $	10	@	15
Raccoon	40		45
Red Fox	—		200
Skunk Black	—		80
Opossum	22		25
Mink	—		80
Otter	—		100

NEW YORK

FLOUR—Southern $	3 85	@	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	76		77
RYE—Western	64		65
CORN—No. 2	41		42
OATS—No. 3	28		29
BUTTER—State	18		24
EGGS—State	13		13½
CHEESE—State	12¾		13