THE HOSPITAL GATE.

We sit here listlessly and watch the sun
Creeping along the boards beneath our feet.
We are the convalescents—they have done
All that they may for us. There, from the street,
People gaze upward at our balcony.
Idlers against the railings lounge and wait
Till some grim sight reward expectancy.
Oh, that we, too, were there beyond the gate!

Barred like a fortress. (If one could shut out
Suffering, as from the world one shuts it in
Behind closed doors!) Here we are walled about
And set apart for pain. Our nearest kin
Have of us, piteous, only sight and sound
Twice in a week's time as the rules dictate.
Some of us die before the day comes round.
Death's rules are rigid, too, behind the gate!

Easy to enter. Hear the clanging gong!
The fourfold beat of flying hoofs—and see
The gates swing open. Room there in the throng!
Make way for human life in jeopardy!
Easy the entrance. "Step together, men!"
Slow the return, yet do we all pass through—
Some by this gateway to old homes again,
Some by a narrower gateway to the new.
—Caroline Duer, in Collier's Weekly.

A White Carnation.

By Miss Kitty Cox.

HE was only a newsboy, and a dirty and ragged one at that, but under his torn jacket there glowed a spark of chivalry.

One night, when Miss Alice Rea, as she was hurrying for her train, dropped a bundle of papers from her muff he sprang at once to her assistance. With a quick "I'll pick 'em up, miss," he gathered them together, brushed off the dust and handed them to her with a queer little grab at his dilapidated cap.

"Thank you, little fellow," she said. "Won't you have one of my flowers?" and selecting one from a large bunch of white carnations which she carried she put it into his hand and then passed quickly on.

Bobby gazed at the flower with a look of amazement, which soon changed into a broad smile of delight. "I'll take it home to Maggie," he said. Maggie was his sister, who shared with him the two tiny rooms in a wretched tenement which Bobby called home. So he buttoned it under his jacket and took it to Maggie.

The next night Bobby was on the lookout, and his vigilance was not in vain, for when Miss Rea passed him she smiled pleasantly. A young man in a brown ulster was with her, and he, too, gave Bobby a careless little nod.

Bobby's eyes were bright as he went homeward, and Maggie met him at the door with a face as happy as his own. "Oh, Bobby," she cried eagerly, "I showed Mrs. O'Brien my flower this afternoon, and she said if I kept it in water maybe it would grow roots, because it's got such a long stem and so many leaves to it."

Sure enough, after a few days of careful watching and tending, tiny white roots appeared. Then Maggie filled an old can with earth, and the little plant was gently placed in it.

It grew and flourished, and with it the friendship between Bobby, the flower lady—as he called her—and the young man in the brown ulster increased. Every morning Bobby was watching for them, and every evening he stood where they would pass him on their way to the train. There was always some pleasant greeting ready, which brightened Bobby's day and sent him home at night with a cheerful heart.

But one chilly February morning, as Bobby stood in his accustomed place he saw the young man come across the street alone. There was a troubled look on his face, and he passed Bobby without even a glance.

A vague fear rose in the boy's heart, and nothing was able to dispel it. His other customers missed the cheery salutation with which he usually greeted them, and more than one looked curiously at the childish face, with its preoccupied expression.

On the third day Bobby could endure it no longer. As the young man crossed the street some one stepped directly into the path. He looked down impatiently, but his face changed as he recognized the boy.

"What is it?" he asked quickly, but not unkindly.

"The lady, sir?" Bobby said, faintly. "Isn't she coming any more?"

"I hope so," said the young man gravely, "but not just now. She is sick, you see, and the doctors say it will be a long time at least before she can come again."

Bobby turned away. The dread in his heart had been put into words, and the direct knowledge, although he had longed for it, was almost more than he could bear.

At last, just a week from the morning when he had first heard the sad news, as Bobby stood at his post he saw the young man coming across the street, with a face so white and set and stamped with terrible sorrow that for a moment Bobby's heart stood still. Then, as the young man came close to him, he stepped forward involuntarily and laid his hand on the brown sleeve.

The boy spoke no word, but the other read the question in the eager, anxious eyes and said in a low, choked voice: "She died this morning. I am going back in an hour."

Bobby's hand dropped from the young man's arm. For a moment he stood still, dazed by the words he had just heard. Then, regardless of his unsold papers, he turned and went slowly back to the old tenement he had left but half an hour before.

Maggie started with surprise as he came in, but one glance at his grief-stricken face told her the whole story.

"The lady, Bobby?" she gasped, "is she——"

"She's dead," said Bobby, dropping into the nearest chair and laying his head on the old table. "the young man told me. I'll never see her again, and I can't do anything for her!" And the little figure was shaken by heavy sobs. Maggie stood silently beside him for some moments. Then suddenly turning, she went into the second of the two little rooms.

When she returned she carried the old can in which they had planted the carnation. It now held a sturdy plant, and bearing itself proudly aloft on its slender stem was a beautiful blossom.

"See, Bobby," she said, "laying her hand on the bowed stem. "I've been keeping it for a surprise for you, but you shall have it for the lady. Perhaps the young man can take it to her."

Bobby looked up. Motionless he looked at the flower, then sprang quickly to his feet. "He said he'd go back in an hour. I shall just have time!" he exclaimed.

Carefully and tenderly the carnation was cut from its stalk and wrapped in white paper. Then, only stopping to kiss Maggie in a way that told the gratitude he could not speak, Bobby bounded down the stairs and raced away toward the station. He was only just in time, for as he sped around the last corner he saw the brown coated figure crossing the street. Breathlessly he rushed after him and accosted him at the gates.

"It's for her, sir," he gasped, holding out the precious white parcel. "It grew from the one she gave me that day. It's all I could get, but I'd like it to go to her."

The young man took the flower silently. For the first time that day tears filled his eyes, and he stood fighting back the emotion that threatened to overpower him.

Then, looking down into the wistful, childish face upturned to his, he said gently, "It shall be put into her hand."

And Bobby was satisfied.—Buffalo Times.

MOTHER SHIPTON DIDN'T SAY SO

Information For a Correspondent Who Asks About Her Prophecy.

A correspondent writes to the New York Sun to ask for information concerning the so-called prophecy of Mother Shipton. What is commonly spoken of as Mother Shipton's prophecy is a piece of rhyme which was first printed about 1862. It is as follows:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the earth thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at the root of a tree.
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In black, in white, in green.
Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found and shown
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do.
England shall at last admit a foe.
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

This rhyme was published in an alleged reprint of a chap book version and was included with about ten others, according to Notes and Queries, in a book issued by Charles Hindley, of Brighton, England. For a number of years it was supposed by many that it was what it purported to be, namely, a prophecy uttered by Mother Shipton in the first half of the sixteenth century. Several persons, however, cast doubts on its authenticity, and in April, 1873, Hindley wrote to Notes and Queries and, to use the words of that periodical, "made a clean breast of having fabricated the prophecy."

There is some doubt as to whether there ever was a Mother Shipton. The Century Encyclopaedia says she was born near Knaresborough in Yorkshire, in July, 1488, and died about 1559. It also says in regard to her that she was "a half mythical English prophetess, baptized Ursula Southiel," who married Tony Shipton, a builder. Other authorities says she was probably wholly mythical. Various other prophecies of less interest than the one quoted are attributed to her.

Rats Can Swim.

"Swim?" said the old fisherman, in answer to a question about rats. "Well, I should say they could swim; and dive, too, like good fellows. Wharf rats swim from wharf to wharf, and I have seen them dive in four or five feet of water.

"I have in mind a wharf that was built upon cribs, to which fishing boats used to make fast to land their fish. Sometimes boats would threw over here small, waste fish, that were of no use, fish weighing maybe three or four ounces apiece. There were rats living in the cribwork of this wharf, and when there were any of these waste fish around they would come out to get them. You would see a rat poke his head out from between two logs of a crib and look down in the water. If he saw a fish there he would make a dive for it, straight to the bottom, and set his teeth in it and rise with it to the top of the water, then scramble back with it into the cribwork again to eat it.

"Can rats swim? Well, I should say they could.—Los Angeles Times.

His Extensive Programme.

"My idea," said the ambitious young author, "is to write a historical novel."

"Yes?"

"And, of course, a magazine article showing how I came to write the historical novel."

"Yes?"

"Then to dramatize the historical novel."

"Yes."

"Then to write a magazine article showing how I came to dramatize the historical novel."

"Yes."

"Then to dramatize the magazine article."

"Ah."

"And to write a magazine article showing how I came to dramatize the other magazine article."

"Good!"

"Then to dramatize the second magazine article."

"Excellent! Excellent!"

"And then to write——"

"Oh! I understand the scheme! Fine programme—if the public will stand for it!"—Puck.

Proud of His Blooms.

King Leopold of Belgium is perhaps the most skilful of royal gardeners and is said to be prouder of the lovely gardens and greenhouses of Laeken which are the products of his skill and care, than of any other of his many possessions.

FIGURE LIKE LIGHTNING

REMARKABLE FEATS THAT PUZZLE MATHEMATICIANS.

English Laborer From Age of Seven Was a Marvel, and American Boy Whose Powers in the Same Direction Were Equally Incomprehensible.

Some sceptical persons who witnessed Inaudi's extraordinary performances in mental arithmetic at the London Hippodrome a short time ago, expressed an uneasy feeling that they might probably have been duped after all; that the wonderful sums in addition, subtraction, division and extraction of root which were proposed to him from the audience, and which he seemed to perform with such ease and expedition, to say nothing of his repeating without error the long rows of figures written on a blackboard behind his back, might have been all carefully arranged and learned beforehand. Their scepticism, however, was entirely groundless. Inaudi first gave evidence of his curious aptitude for mentally manipulating figures when he was six years old. At the age of seven he could multiply with five figures correctly. And for some years after this he relieved the tedium of his lonely life as a Piedmontese shepherd boy by sedulously cultivating this extraordinary faculty. And he is by no means the only instance on record of a boy of little or no education being able to do sums which might puzzle a senior wrangler, and whose inexplicable powers have certainly afforded a further puzzle to the professional psychologist.

A farm laborer from Derbyshire, named Jebediah Buxton, who was examined before the Royal Society in 1754, was possessed of a very similar power. Although his grandfather was vicar and his father schoolmaster of the parish in which he was born, yet Jedediah, either from natural incapacity or from preoccupation with his arithmetical pursuits, never even acquired the rudiments of learning, either could not or would not so much as learn to write, and was content to work as a farm laborer to the end of his days. But at a very early age he appears to have had an intuitive perception of the relative proportions of numbers, and to this subject he devoted the whole of his attention. His method was so much his own that he seems to have been quite unacquainted with the common rules. On one occasion, having been required to multiply 456 by 378, and having done it as quickly as one of his examiners could do it in the ordinary way, he was asked to work the sum audibly, in order that his method might be discovered. It then appeared, curiously enough, that he went to work in a very roundabout way. First he multiplied the 456 by 5, which produced 2280; this he again multiplied by 20, and found the product to be 45,600. Of course he might much more readily have achieved this result by simply adding two noughts to the multiplicand. This he evidently did not know. However, he next went on to multiply the number he had now arrived at by 3, which gave him the sum of the multiplicant multiplied by 300, and it then remained for him to multiply it by the remaining 78. This he effected by the awkward process of multiplying by 15 the 2280, which was the product obtained by his first multiplication of 456 by 5. The product thus obtained he then added to the 136,800, which was the sum of 456 multiplied by 300. This produced 171,000, as the sum of 456 multiplied by 375. It remained for him, therefore, to multiply the original number again by 3 and add the sum of it to 171,000, and by this certainly rather cumbrous process he found the product of 456 multiplied by 378 to be 172368.

Jedediah had no more general knowledge than any average peasant boy of ten years of age, and showed no memory for anything but figures. He was sometimes asked when he returned from church if he could repeat the text or any part of the sermon, but he could never remember a single sentence. In one matter only, excepting his figures, did he ever show the slightest interest, but his desire to see the King and the royal family was strong enough to induce him, when forty-seven years of age, to walk to London for that purpose. He was entertained by the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine at St. John's Gate, and exhibited to the Royal Society, the members of which he afterward referred to as "the volk of Sisty Court." During his stay in London he was taken to Drury Lane Theatre to see "Richard III.," but neither the novelty nor the splendor of the show, nor the exhibition of passion, made any visible impression on him, and he occupied himself in counting the number of words which Garrick uttered during the performance. The Gentleman's Magazine for June, 1754, informed the public that Jedediah had returned to the place of his birth without regretting anything which he had left behind him in London, cheerfully returning to his customary work, and quite convinced that a slice of rusty bacon afforded a more delicious repast than anything to be obtained in the great city.

Another untaught arithmetical genius, Zerah Colburn, whose abnormal development raises an interesting problem, was the son of an American farmer. He was brought to London by his father in 1812, when eight years old, when he was examined and his peculiar powers tested by Francis Baily and other skilful mathematicians. It was found that although he was so ignorant of the ordinary rules of arithmetic that he could not perform on paper a single sum in multiplication or division, yet that he could mentally multiply any number less than ten into itself successively nine times, and give the results faster than the person appointed to record them could take them down. He multiplied eight into itself fifteen times, or, to use technical terms, raised it to the sixteenth power, and the result, consisting of fifteen digits, was found to be right in every figure. This was astonishing enough, but he was able to do things even more wonderful. When asked what number, multiplied by itself, gave 106,020, he answered, before the original number could be written down that it was 325. And again when asked what number multiplied twice into itself, gave 68,330,125, or, to put it technically, what was the cube root of that array of figures, he replied with equal facility and promptness that it was 645. The mathematical experts who were examining the boy found that it was impossible to find the cube root of these nine figures, in the shortest and most convenient way, in less than three or four minutes. But what most surprised the mathematicians was that he could almost as readily answer questions for which they had not been able to provide any systematic procedure themselves. For instance, he was asked to name two numbers which, multiplied together, would give the number 247,483; and he immediately named 941 and 263, which are said to be the only two numbers which will do so. If any of our mathematically minded readers will address themselves to this problem they will find that it will give them at least a quarter of an hour's stiff calculation before they can assure themselves that 36,083 is what is called a prime number, or a number only divisible by itself and unity, a solution which this child was, in some mysterious way, able to see immediately the question was proposed to him.

Colburn, like Buxton, seems to have had a method of his own, but he constantly declared that he did not know how the answers came into his mind. "God put these things into my head," he said on being pressed for an explanation, "and I cannot put them into yours." Jedediah lived to the age of sixty-five with no more general knowledge or stock of ideas than a child of ten, and he kept his extraordinary calculating faculty to the end, but Zerah, as the general culture of his mind improved, found his special power to fade away. Francis Baily was of opinion that Zerah Colburn's feats indicated the existence of certain properties of numbers which mathematicians had not yet discovered. But it is perhaps equally possible that they indicate capacities of the human mind which have hitherto been undreamed of.—London Globe.

DESTRUCTION TO INSECT PESTS.

A Combination of Scientists Banded Together to Eliminate Predatory Pests.

Persons officially engaged in searching for remedies for injurious insects all over the world have banded themselves together in a society known as the Association of Economic Entomologists, says Dr. L. O. Howard, in Everybody's Magazine. They are constantly interchanging ideas regarding the destruction of insects, and at present active movements are on foot in this direction of interchanging beneficial insects. Entomologists in Europe will try the coming summer to send to the United States living specimens of a tree-inhabiting beetle which eats the caterpillar so common upon the shade-trees of our principal Eastern cities, which is known as the Tussock moth caterpillar. An entomologist from the United States, Mr. C. L. Marlatt, has started for Japan, China, and Java, for the purpose of trying to find the original home of the famous San Jose scale—an insect which has been doing enormous damage in the apple, pear, peach, and plum orchards of the United States—and if he finds the original home of this scale, it is hoped that some natural enemy or parasite will be discovered which can be introduced into the United States to the advantage of our fruit growers. Professor Barlese, of Italy, and Dr. Reh, of Germany, will attempt the introduction into Europe of some of the parasites of injurious insects which occur in the United States, and particularly those of the woolly root-louse of the apple, known in Europe as the "American blight"—one of the few injurious insects which probably went to Europe from this country, and which in the United States is not so injurious as it is in Europe.

London's Greatest Danger.

"In London there are present 800,000 young men," writes W. S. Harwood in the Century. "It is demonstrated by the most careful and systematic census that fully 600,000 of this number do not associate themselves in religious work. It is among these 600,000 young men that the work of the London association is most pressed. I asked Mr. Putterill what was the greatest obstacle he had to overcome in reaching these young men. He told me that it was not the liquor-drinking habit, terrible as is its hold upon the young men of this vast mass, but the appalling prevalence of vice. If half is true that was told me in London about the prevalence of the most degrading habits among the young men of that city, there is little wonder that those in positions to know look with the keenest apprehensions to the future—a future which promises to make the young manhood of London within three generations a physical wreck, if not reinforced by fresher blood from the provinces. Indeed, there will not long be waiting such another wave of apprehension as that which has recently swept over France concerning the social situation in Paris, if some check is not found against the advance of immorality in London."

A Word and Its Origin.

"Boycott," says a writer on "Words and Their History," in the St. Nicholas, came into common use about 1875 to signify a method of injuring the business or social prospects of a person. The word and the custom of shunning a boycotted victim arose in Ireland, but boycotting soon became so general that it was recognized in all so-called enlightened countries. The agent of a large landed estate in Connemara was a Captain Boycott, who was so unpopular with the tenants that they begged for his removal. As Lord Earlie, the landowner, refused to remove him, the tenants sought redress by refusing to work for the agent or to allow others to do so. Tradesmen would not deal with him, his own servants deserted him, and many of his friends gave him the cold shoulder. Finding that he was in danger of starvation a number of Ulster men came to his relief, harvested his crops while under the protection of armed troops, and enabled him, for a time at least, to escape absolute ruin. Many men have been boycotted since Captain Boycott's unhappy experience introduced the new word, and boycott, the world over, is recognized as a term for which there is no exact synonym.

OUR EVERY-DAY HEROES

FI MEN IN CITIES, WHOSE LIVES ARE ALWAYS IN DANGER.

They Join the Skill of Gladiators With the Valor of Crusaders—Some Incidents of a Fatal Fire in New York City, on St. Patrick's Day, 1899.

In the last chapter of the Century series on "Careers of Danger and Daring," Cleveland Moffett takes up "The Firemen." "In all its history," he says, "I suppose the world has seen no heroes like these, who join the skill of gladiators with the valor of crusaders. Does that sound like exaggeration? I should call it rather understatement."

As illustrating the things firemen do every day, and do gladly, he gives some incidents of one particular fire that happened in New York on St. Patrick's Day, 1899. It was a pleasant afternoon, and Fifth avenue was crowded with people gathered to watch the parade. A gayer, pleasanter scene it would have been hard to find at 3 o'clock, or a sadder one at 4.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, coming along with bands and banners, were nearing Forty-sixth street, when suddenly there sounded hoarse shouts and the angry clang of fire-gongs, and down Forty-second street came Hook and Ladder 4 on a dead run, and swung into Fifth avenue straight at the pompous paraders, who immediately became badly scared Irishmen and took to their heels. But the big ladders went no further. Here they were needed, oh, so badly needed, for the Windsor Hotel was on fire—the famous Windsor Hotel, at Fifth avenue and Forty-seventh street. It was on fire, and far gone with fire (the thing seems incredible), before ever the engines were called, and the reason was that everybody supposed that of course somebody had sent the alarm. And so they all watched the fire, and waited for the engines, ten minutes, fifteen minutes, and by that time a great column of flame was roaring up the elevator-shaft, and people on the roof, in their madness, were jumping down to the street. Then some sane citizen went to a fire-box and rang the call, and within ninety seconds Engine 65 was on the ground. And after her came Engines 54 and 21, and then the hook and ladder companies. But there was no making up that lost fifteen minutes. The fire had things in its teeth now, and three, four, five alarms went out in quick succession. Twenty-three engines had their streams on that fire in almost as many minutes. And the big fire-tower came from Thirty-sixth street and Ninth avenue, and six hook and ladder companies arrived.

Let us see how Hook and Ladder 21 came. She was the mate of the fire-tower, and the rush of her galloping horses was echoing up the avenue just as Battalion Chief John Binns made out a woman in a seventh-story window on the Forty-sixth side, where the fire was raging fiercely. The woman was holding a little dog in her arms, and it looked as if she was going to jump. The chief waved to her to stay where she was, and, running toward the truck, motioned it into Forty-sixth street. Whereupon the tiller-man at his back wheel did a pretty piece of steering, and even as they plunged along, the crew began hoisting the big ladder. Such a thing is never done, for the truck might upset with the swaying, but every second counted here, and they took the chance.

As they drew along the curb, Fireman McDermott sprang up the slowly rising ladder, and two men came behind with scaling ladders, for they saw that the main ladder would never reach the woman. Five stories is what it did reach, and then McDermott, standing on the top round, smashed one of the scaling ladder through a sixth-story window and climbed on, smashed the second scaling ladder through a seventh-story window and five seconds later had the woman in his arms.

To carry a woman down the front of a burning building on scaling ladders is a matter of regular routine for a fireman, like jumping from a fourth story down to a net or making a bridge of his body. It is part of the business. But to have one foot in the air reaching for a lower step on a swaying, flimsy thing, and to feel the other step break under you, and to fall two feet and catch safely, that is a thing not every fireman could do, but McDermott did it, and he brought the woman safely to the ground—and the dog too.

Almost at the same moment the crowd on Forty-seventh street were gasping in admiration of a rescue feat even more thrilling. On the roof, screaming in terror, was Kate Flannigan, a servant girl, swaying over the cornice, on the point of throwing herself down. Then out of a top floor window crept a little fireman, and stood on the fire escape gasping for air. Then he reached in and dragged out an unconscious woman and lowered her to others, and was just starting down himself when yells from the street made him look up, and he saw Kate Flannigan. She was ten feet above him, and he had no means of reaching her.

The crowd watched anxiously, and saw the little fireman lean back over the fire escape and motion and shout something to the woman. And then she crept over the cornice edge, hung by her hands for a second and dropped into the fireman's arms. It isn't every big, strong man who could catch a sizable woman in a fall like that and hold her, but this stripling did it, because he had the nerve and knew how. And that made another life saved.

By this time flames were breaking out of every story from street to roof. It seemed impossible to go on with the rescue work, yet the men persisted, even on the Fifth avenue front, bare of fire escapes. They used the long extension ladders as far as they could, and then "scaled it" from window to window. Here it was that William Clark, of Hook and Ladder 7, made the rescues that gave him the Bennett medal—took three woman out of seventh-story windows when it was like climbing over furnace mouths to get there.

And one of these women he reached only by working his way along narrow stone ledges for three windows, and back the same way to his ladder with the woman on his shoulder. Even so it is likely he would have failed in this last effort had not Edward Ford came part way along the ledges to meet and help him.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Butterflies can stand great cold and still live. Butterflies lying frozen on the snow and so brittle that they break unless they are carefully handled will recover and fly away when warmed.

One morning recently the residents of Montpelier, Ohio, reported that they saw a mirage which was easily recognized as the village of Edon, eight miles east. Such a sight had never been beheld in that vicinity.

Indiana has a genuine snake farm, developed without the aid of stimulants. It is a commercial enterprise, the garter snake being propagated and fattened for the sake of its oil, which is extracted by running the reptile through a press.

Marriageable women in Servia have a queer way of announcing that they are in the matrimonial market. A dressed doll hanging in the principal window of a house indicates that there is living there a woman who is anxious to become a bride.

In the picturesque village of Allesley, Warwickshire, England, an ancient custom, which is found to linger here and there, is still observed. The church bell is rung at 5 o'clock every morning in the summer and at 6 o'clock in the winter, in order to arouse sleeping villagers and enable them to start work in good time. The curfew bell is also tolled at 8 o'clock each evening.

A noiseless alarm clock would prove a boon to a host of sufferers from unseasonable din. The suggestion is made that a silent alarm can be given by focusing an electric lamp upon the head of the person to be awakened, and arranging a switch so that the current to light the lamp would be turned on by the clock at the desired time. It is claimed that the flash of light would invariably arouse the sleeper.

In the face of the clock of the parish church of St. Matthews, Bethnal Green, London, are two small holes, which from the pavement do not appear large enough to admit even a tiny bird. Yet these apertures have been chosen by sparrows as nesting places, and the birds can be frequently seen flying to and from their strange abodes. The operations of the sparrows do not appear to have affected the time-keeping accuracy of the clock.

Massachusetts was one of the original thirteen States, and the first settlement was made in 1602, which was abandoned the same year. The first permanent settlement was made by English Puritans at Plymouth in 1620. The State was explored in 1614 by Captain John Smith, and Boston was settled in 1630. The first American newspaper was started in Boston in 1690. At Lexington was shed the first blood of the Revolution. The Boston massacre occurred March 5, 1770, and the destruction of tea December 16, 1773.

Effect of Hypnotism on the Hypnotist.

Dr. J. D. Quackenbos, the author of "Hypnotism in Mental and Moral Culture," has some interesting things to say of the reciprocal influence of hypnotism in Harper's. Here are some of the instances of this reciprocal effect which he cites:

"A successful attempt to hypnotize a thief at the beginning of my investigations induced an attack of nervous depression so severe in character that I discussed the advisability of discontinuing my experiments as a measure of safety. In a week's time I had entirely regained my equilibrium and resumed my work with renewed zest. A lady who was the victim of a harassing delusion automatically effected an exchange of mental conditions with me, whereby her unwarranted dejection became so realistically mine that I was obliged to seek a change of employment. At the second treatment, after improvement had begun, no such effect was perceptible. Coarse natures are especially trying, while refined minds ennoble and exalt from the earliest moment of contact. The more spiritual the work, the more conspicuous the ascent, and the greater the consequent indifference of the operator to all worldly or purely material considerations. One seems sustained upon a higher plane of undisturbed serenity."

An English Railway's Parcel Service.

In England the Great Eastern Railway has perfected a system of suburban parcel delivery that works admirably. From the outlying districts for a radius of 120 miles—an agricultural country in the main—the passenger trains bring into London and to the neighboring sea resorts all kinds of produce packed in boxes of definite size and shape which are furnished by the company at from four to eleven cents. The service fee is moderate, eight cents for less than twenty pounds, two cents additional for each five pounds up to sixty pounds, above which the fee is twenty-five cents. Stamps affixed to each package show prepayment. The company publish two pamphlets, one giving the names of producers who use the service; the other, the names of season-ticket owners who are in constant need of such produce. The success of the plan was immediate.—The World's Work.

The Cup Defenders.

To interested but inexpert observers of the races for the America cup it has been a wonder that American designers have been able to turn out six successive defenders in sixteen years, each one of which has been faster than its predecessor. Here is the list: 1885, Puritan; 1886, Mayflower; 1887, Volunteer; 1893, Vigilant; 1895, Defender; 1899, Columbia. When Burgess died it was feared that progress would cease, but Herreshoff outdid himself as steadily as Burgess had done before him. In some years several new boats were built, and the best of them was chosen to meet the challenger. Indeed, in that particular our yachtsmen have shown more zeal to keep the cup than their British brethren have to win it back.—Harper's Weekly.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

Golf—No Robber of His Race—Lingual—Quick and Effective—Most Import ant Thing—A Technical Defense—Social Training—Reconciled to the Outlay, Etc

Maxwelton's braes are bonny,
And everyone extols
The hazards and the bunkers, there,
And the course of eighteen holes.

'Tis there with Annie Laurie,
And caddie, every day,
I go, and oh! how blissfully
We hoot the hours away (awa')!
—Detroit Journal.

No Robber of His Race.

"Jones, you borrow an awful lot of trouble."

"Well, I'm always willing to lend it, ain't I?"

Lingual.

"Oh, ma."

"What is it, Jimmie?"

"Do we eat 'off' a plate—or do we eat 'on' a plate?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Quick and Effective.

Willie—"How did you break your wife of the 'advanced woman' craze?"

Wise—"Told her everybody thought it meant 'advanced' in years."—Kansas City (Mo.) Independent.

Most Important Thing.

Professor—"Can you tell me anything of national importance about the Hawaiian group of islands?"

Bright Boy—"Yes, sir. The Pacific Ocean."—Chicago Daily News.

A Technical Defense.

Sue—"You said you were going to marry an artist, and now you are engaged to a dentist."

Flo—"Well, isn't he an artist? He draws from real life!"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Social Training.

Miss Gotrichkwick—"Please, sir, is this a training school?"

Principal—"It is."

Miss Gotrichkwick—"Please, sir, I wish to learn how to eat olives."—Ohio State Journal.

Reconciled to the Outlay.

Mrs. Dearborn—"Did Jerry balk when the minister charged him $3 for marrying you?"

Mrs. Wabash—"He did a little, at first, but finally the parson said he'd do it cheaper the next time."—Yonkers Statesman.

Sincere Grief at His Loss.

Banks—"You think I look glum. Well, why shouldn't I? I have lost a rich aunt."

Beach—"Did she die suddenly?"

Banks—"Die suddenly? She isn't dead at all. Her niece has jilted me."—Boston Transcript.

If Feet Were Nimbler Than Tongue.

Stutterton—"Have I gug-gug-got tut-time to cuc-cuc-catch the n-n-next t-train for N-N-New——"

R. R. Porter—"Noo York? Yis; ye have, providin' ye walk fasther than ye talk. It don't lave fur an hour."—Philadelphia Record.

The Trumps' View.

Resting Robert—"See here, Tom, this paper says we have no leisure class in this country—that even our millionaires are hard-working men."

Tired Thomas—"That man don't know what he is writing about. We are the leisure class."—New York Herald.

An Embarrassment.

"I don't know what to do with all this money," said the practical political worker.

"What money is that?" inquired the friend.

"The boss gave me $10,000 to put where it would do most good. I have over $9000 left."

A Placid Statesman.

"I suppose a man in your position is beset with people who are trying to impose on his good nature."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "But I don't complain. If you haven't something that somebody is trying to get away from you, it is a sign you haven't amounted to much in life."—Washington Star.

An Extremist.

"Talking about college spirit," said the first fair co-ed, "Sophie Moore carries it to the extreme."

"You don't say?" remarked the other.

"Yes, she won't ever eat anything but strawberry and vanilla when she's being treated to ice cream, because red and white are the college colors."—Philadelphia Press.

No Yankee Blood in Him.

"No, really," she said, "I believe my husband is different from other men."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," her experienced friend replied, "but you'll outgrow it. Every woman thinks, during the first few years, that her husband is not like other men."

"But William," she insisted, "has never, so far as I know, expected to get a fortune out of an invention of some kind."

The New Power.

"Teacher, teacher," said little Richard.

"Well, what is it?"

"Didn't you say yesterday that the world was kept in its place by the force of gravity?"

"Yes, the attraction of the sun keeps the world moving in a regular orbit."

"Then somebody's been stringin' my pa again. He said last night it was J. Pierpont Morgan."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Blow That Stunned.

"Have you ever had a dumb, nauseless feeling of some approaching disaster?" she asked.

"Well, no," the celebrated lawyer replied; "the only time I ever had that kind of a feeling was once after the disaster had arrived."

"Oh, dear! What was it that happened to you?"

"Why, you see, a girl that I had been engaged to several years before my marriage came into my office one day to have me give her some advice concerning the disposition of about $3000 worth of property she had just inherited from an uncle in Australia that she had never told me about."—Chicago Record-Herald.