The business man is worried,
Both ends will scarcely meet;
Last month he lost a million
Upon a deal in wheat;
He looks with longing to the farm,
And drops a tearful sob;
It seems to him like heaven—
The other fellow's job.

The lawyer's bouncing roff,
And wishes he had studied
With Hischstone as his goal;
The clerk is far from satisfied,
He sees the arist's daub,
And cries, "Oh, how much better!"
The other fellow's job.

'Tis quite the style to grumble
And sigh for other stars,
To wish we were transported
To somewhere, even Mars;
And if we reach the Happy Land
This thought the joy will rob,
For some will surely covet
The other fellow's job.
—Commercial Telegraphers' Journal.

The Fifteen-Minute Way.

Hamilton Donnell.

It was decided definitely in the | far as the consideration of it as tiny sitting-room upstairs between Torrey residence went. Mrs. Torrey put it into its first words, but it had been brewing in all four minds.

We must go to housekeeping," Mrs. Torrey said. "George, we will!" you're a jewel-shake hands!" was Mr. Torrey's reply. He inality as much as the questions. had been waiting for this a weary "Not yet," was the invariable Across the table two studybooks were slammed down.

"Mama, honest? Oh, that's good!" from Maurice. goody!" from nine-year-old

'Alan. The entire family, then, had been walting.

Yes, we've boarded long enough. Now we'll rent a house and I'll make sometimes. Why, it's nearly four years since we came East, and here we are in a boarding-house still!"

Well, it sha'n't be so any longer," said Mr. Torrey. "We'll go to housekeeping to-morrow!"

Torrey smiled leniently, "That's like a man," she said. "If we find a house in three weeks we shall do well."

She was a small woman; an air of fragility sat upon her becomingly. Her big husband, adoring her without disguise, resolved to shoulder the responsibility of moving.

It was six o'clock the next night when the four Torreys sat down at their end of the long boarding-house tea-table. There was subdued jubilation in George Torrey's face, but he ate his supper without disclosing the cause of it. It was not until he got into the sitting-room upstairs that he broke forth.

together genially, "I've engaged a house. Didn't take me long, either." "George!" But his wife's tone escaped him in his self-gratulatory mood. He beamed at his wife and the boys impartially.

Yes, I had it all down fine inside house-hunting! I hadn't been on the car two minutes before I ran plump on it in the advertising column in the Times: 'To be let-pleasant house, nine rooms, sunny, convenient, good neighborhood' — everything there in black and white, you see! of the car window, and there I was on the very street-yes, pretty nearly opposite the very number! Took

"George!" Mrs. Torrey's tone was now impressively noticeable. It was distinctly calm and clear-but notice-There was patient tolerance that one word-there were pity, kindness, affection in it. Mr. Torrey stopped rubbing his hands together

George, you are exactly like a man-but, there, I suppose I knew it when I married you. But I never looked ahead to your engaging a home for your family in fifteen minutes! That proves your sex conclusively enough! You never thought of closets and back yards and expos ures and pantry shelves, of course. The tone was gathering gentle sar-"Or whether the win dows faced to the south, or-anything. My dear, engaging houses is a woman's work. It never occurred to me that it was necessary to say so. I have cut out some advertisements in all the papers I can find, and to-morrow I shall make a little beginning. Of course it will take considerable time-more than fifteen minutes," she concluded, in a fine climax of irony.

"But, Mary"-Mr. Torrey was recoveringslowly. Jubilation had given place in his honest countenance to surprise, chagrin, disappointment, meek acceptance. "But, Mary, Pve engaged the house-" Only a rare presence of mind tripped him up there, on the verge of adding that he had paid down a month's rental to "bind the trade."

"I think I shall try the one on Liscomb street first, and work gradually downtown," remarked Mrs. Torrey, musingly. She was sorting over some little newspaper cuttings as she mused. There was in her face and attitude the air of a general on the eve of a great campaign. There was hereism, too, as of one who fore saw personal sacrifice and discomfort. She sighed a little foresceingly.

"Well, I'll—well, go ahead, go ahead, my dear!" George Torrey laughed out in the sudden relief of He had realized sudden ly what a little thing Mary was, and ow determined her chin was, how she loved campaigns. Women were queer, but one of them was dear. "Go ahead, and find a place all the windows to the south

That's what I am planning, dear," iled gently the small woman There is the right place for us somewhere, and I shall not spare time or pains to find it. It will very likely take a lot of hunting and trailing up and down stairs, but I shall

teen minute house had been engaged it was snuffed out of existence, so

"Found a southern exposure yet?" Mr. Torrey asked, with unfailing politeness, each day, when the little family assembled for the evening. And it was becoming noticeable that the answers lacked variety and orig-"Not yet," was the invariable re-

It had not occurred to the determined little house-hunter to look at the house which Mr. Torrey had engaged. She had not given that an instant's serious thought.

The very ridiculousness of the incident robbed it of importance, and think we've been pretty patient. made it a thing only to be laughed at. Men were such funny creatures! you three boys some popovers! And Here had she been systematically you can bring your friends, George, searching for a house for almost a and the boys can entertain theirs week, and a man took fifteen minutes!

It was presently a full week. Mrs. Torrey was very tired. She nodded in her chair evenings, and her husband repented of his teasing. He made frequent resolutions to tease no more, but the bantering little query slipped between his lips before he knew it with persistent regu-

"No, I haven't found any southern exposure—or northern exposure, or eastern or western!" she flashed back the eighth night with considerable spirit. "And I've been to forty-three places! It's the work of a lifetime, I do believe! Of course there are places enough, but just when you're trying to think over one will do, you open a closet door, and it's too small, -the closet, I mean,-or else you can't find any closet door when there ought to be one. There was a place on Cabot street that I came near de-Well," he said, rubbing his hands | ciding on till I saw the china-closet, and a place on-oh, I don't know what street, but it would have done very well except for the drawers where I should keep my tablecloths I wasn't going to fold them again. And the boys' room in one house was too small, and so on, forty-three of fifteen minutes. Takes me to go times! I'm discouraged, but"-here

spoke the chin-"I shall begin again Monday morning." On the following Thursday Mrs. Torrey's tired face was the one to show jubilation at the boardinghouse tea-table. The lines of weariness trailed off and were lost in the 'Here's luck!' I said to myself, but evident clation. It bespoke success. better was to follow. I glanced out The "three boys" scented popovers in it. It was hard work to wait for the family assembly upstairs.

"Found a south-well, well, don't me about three winks and a half to keep us waiting, mother!" Mr. Torstop the car and hunt up that house! rey began, as soon as the door closed them. "You've something up other ten minutes I'd engaged it, and your sleeve—needn't tell me!"

'Yes, I have," she laughed. "And it's a house! O George, boys, I've found the dearest little place!' "Not everything-exposures and closets and drawers and everything?"

Mr. Torrey demanded, unbelievingly. "Exposures—drawers — closets back yards-pantry shelves-everything," recited the house-finder. last, after all my work-well, I think I deserve it! Of course there's the coal-bi-but never mind that. It's a darling little house."

'Good!" cried Mr. Torrey, heartily. "I congratulate you, Mary. Of course you bound the trade?"

'Did what?' "Engaged it."

"Of course I did nothing of the kind. I didn't decide all in a minute like that, of course. I'm going to sleep on it." "May never get a chance-

gan her husband, but relented. The shadows under the small woman's eyes undid him.

"I guess it'll still be there in the morning all right," he reassured her; but she did not need reassurance.

"I think I shall take to-morrow calmly. "I don't want to decide too recklessly. And then day after toagain, to make sure. It pays to be prudent."

"M-m-yes!" muttered the imprudent man who required but fifteen minutes. "Perhaps so! Perhaps so!" But he remained privately uncon

The next morning but one an excited little woman appeared at George Torrey's place of business. "Why, Mary-why, my dear!" that

once by the palpable signs of trouble. "I've lost it, George! little house! Look out of the win-dow-don't look at me-or I shall cry! It's all to do over again-all-

"There, there," he soothed her "Tell me all about it." And Mary, grown suddenly weak, told all.

Some one had engaged it already -it wasn't to be let at all, but the child didn't know. I suppose I go: my slips mixed, and there weren't any dates, anyway."

"The child? Slips? Dates?" Had cousehunting gone to her brain?
"O dear, yes, how stupid you are!
Can't you understand? The newspapor slips I cut out! That one must have been a week or two old. The woman said some one engaged the house a while ago, and she forgot to all the child. She was away and she—O dear, the woman was away, and the child showed me over the place and never knew it was engaged

little house like that, never! There was the lovellest set of drawers for table linen. And the back plazaand the perfectly splendid great clos-et—big enough to sleep in—and

books everywhere-"Mary, you take the next car home and go to hed. Don't get up till I come. Then we'll go round to that that little place I-er-hunted up, you know. It belongs to me for a good fortnight yet. I didn't let on to ou, but I paid a month's rent down. Maybe you'll think it's better than boarding, anyhow. Cheer up! We'll measure for carpets and things, and have a fine time buying them! You've got to let me run things now; you're

"Yes, yes," she murmured, meekly. "You can do anything you please, George—anything. The fight has all gone out of me. I'm ready to board or keep house anywhere,"

"It's a pretty good little place, now tell you," he bustled cheerfully, getting her under way for her car. 'Don't you do any more worrying. Leave things to me.

They went together that afternoon. She was still too worn and discouraged, even after her hours of rest, to take much notice of directions or streets, but allowed herself to be led, lamblike, by the cheerful George. She kept remembering on the way more and more charms of the lovely louse she had found and lost.

"We could almost have kept house in that closet!" she lamented. "And. O George Torrey, the parlor mantel! 'Never mind! Never mind!" said George, with splendid courage. "Just wait till you see my house! Here we are." And lamenting still, she suffered herself to be led in.

The rooms were bare, but full of cozy possibilities. In the one they entered first lay bars of red-gold sunlight from the illuminated west, Mrs. Torrey gazed about her listless-

"George."

The listlessness suddenly took swift wings. "George! Oh, wait a minute-wait right here! back in a moment!"

She hurried from room to roomcame hurrying back. She was laughing radiantly, sheepishly. "George! George!" she cried. "It's my house! My lovely little house! Do you sup pose I don't know the parlor mantel and the coal-bin and the closet! I recognize everything now. It's my darling little house!'

'No such thing," he retorted. discovered this house myself-it took me less than fifteen minutes."

"And me two weeks! George, I give up-house-hunting is a man's work. I might have been making popovers here this very minute!"-Youth's Companion.

Fishing Dogs.

Stories of fishing dogs always are interesting. I remember one of a dog which always accompanied his master trout fishing—went with him in lieu of a landing net. The water usually fished was a club length where the limit for takeable trout was eight inches, and the intelligent brute, the moment a trout was firmly hooked, would swim out, take it gently but firmly in his jaws, swim back to the bank, measure it off with his tail, and immediately chuck it back into the water if it happened to be under the limit size. I have heard of an angler who had a dog that used to swim across the river when the angler got his flies hung up in a tree at the other side, and point anything-fur, feather, or fin.

He was a first rate retriever, too. One day my friend had him out with him in a boat pike fishing, when he hooked a most terrific, tantrummy old pike, which lashed and gashed in a most furious fushion. In went the long-legged pointer to retrieve the game. Snap went the vicious pike's wicked jaws as the dog came up, and the poor brute's forelegs were clean bitten off close to the body In his anguish the dog managed to swim to the boat, when snap went the sharp, horrid jaws again, and off came about seven-eighths of the dog's hind legs. His master got him back into the boat, rendered first aid, and carried him to a veterinary surgeon. who treated him so skillfully that the stumps healed beautifully. Of course he was no good any more as a pointer; but he made a first rate dachshund .- Fishing Gazette, London.

Henry Clay's Popularity. The greatest popular idol in a political sense the country has ever known was Henry Clay. Only one other American statesman ever possessed to rest and think it over," she said, the quality called personal magnetism to the same extent that he did, and no other ever had a more enthusias morrow I'll go and look it all over tie personal following. He was an aspirant for President from 1824 to 1848, but never reached the goal. He received thirty-seven electoral votes in 1824, forty-nine in 1832 and 105 in 1844, but never enough to elect him. Clay was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives on the first day of his term in that body and was five times re-elected. He was twice elected United States Senator, once unanimously by the Kengentleman exclaimed, distressed at tucky Legislature, and held several other high offices. If there ever was a popular idol in the politics of this country, it was Henry Clay, but he could not be elected President .- Indianapolis Journal.

Fish as Seed Carriers.

Long ago Darwin asserted that resh water fish played a part in the lissemination of aquatic plants by wallowing the seeds in one place nd voiding in some far distant spot. The truth of this assertion has frequently been questioned. Now Prof. ochrentine, of Genf, claims to have proved by a series of experiments hat seeds which have been swalthat seeds which have been swal-lowed by fish and waterfowl do re-tain their germinative power even after they have passed through the digestive organs. When planted they grew up in a perfectly normal man-ner, if somewhat more slowly than

already. And, O George, we'll board till we die—I never can begin again! I could never find another beautiful Secures a Pardon For George Edalji

ENGLISH POLICE GUILTY OF ATROCIOUS BLUNDER.

Sir Conan Doyle Proved That They Started With Conviction of Guilt and Distorted Evidence-Young Lawyer Got Seven Year Term For Mutilating Animals.

granted to George Edalji, a young Birmingham lawyer, who was convicted four years ago of mutilating neighbors' horses and cattle and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, cables the London correspondent of the New York Sun. Investigations led by Henry Labouchere and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle have established his complete innocence and demonstrated that the police blundered as badly as they did in the recent and famous Beck case.

by numerous printed comments on it, the widespread public effort to get the Home Office to pardon the man, and by letters asking him to take it up from the standpoint of a detec-He became convinced finally that the conviction of Edalji was due to police stupidity and persecution was walking at owing to a preconceived belief that in the evening. Edalji was guilty. Sir Conan had no hesitation after personal investigation into the case in pronouncing it similar to the Dreyfus case.

George Edalji was convicted in 1903 of killing a pony brutally and maliciously at night and of sending various anonymous letters to himself, his father and police officials, in one of which there was, by inference, a threat to murder a police official. The so-called expert in handwriting in the case admitted afterward that his conclusions about the letters were all

Edalji was supposed by the rural Stuffordshire, who went about in the three o'clock in the morning disembowelled horses, cows and sheep. The country became aroused by the depredations of the gang. Edalji was

old Edalji had been the victim of a vicarage. series of anonymous letters, for sending which a former servant maid in family was finally put under bonds to be of good behavior. The new series of letters, as Sir Conan showed in his public letters to the London Daily Telegraph, had all the characteristics of the old series, except as to handwriting, and one of them contained the boast that the at once declared it was a thread and writer could change his chirography

as he pleased. The disembowelling of the pony his home on the night of August 17, 1903. While he was in jail awaiting trial another horse was disembowelled. After he was convicted three more horses and some sheep were killed on three occasions, and for one of these crimes a miner named Farrington was convicted. Another man named Green confessed that he killed his own horse, and he was railroaded out of the country to to prosecute him.

Edalji is the son of an Episcopal clergyman of Parsee origin. He was always a studious boy, and his mates say acts of cruelty were abhorrent to him. He went to various schools, studied law, took all the prizes that came his way, and when a little more than of age wrote a notable law book. He practised law in Birmingham. He advertised for information as to the anonymous letter writer who was using his name, protested that he knew nothing about the crimes and then went about his business. He lived at the vicarage at Wyriey with his pardon and restitution." father, mother and sister.

Moreover, it has been proved that Edalji was a victim of myopia, so that even with the most powerful glasses he could only see a few inches 1 p. m., and that when it was found of New York. Edalji had entered his home at 9.30 strain of the eye. wrote:

"You have to face the supposition that after returning from a long day's work in Birmingham he sallied out in a coat which he was only known to wear in the house, performed commonplace mission at the boot shop in the village, then, blind as he was, hurried off for three-quarters of a mile, through difficult, tortuous ways, with fences to climb, railway lines to cross (I can answer for it, having myself trod every foot of it), to commit a ghastly and meaningless crime, entirely foreign to his studious and abstinent nature; that he then hurried back another three-quarters of a mile to the vicarage, arrived so composed and tidy as to attract no attention and sat quietly down to the family supper, the whole expedition from first to last being under an

Sir Conan showed that the Chief Constable of Staffordshire, Captain the Hon. G. A. Auson, had written the first heries (anonymous letters after had reflected on his son, a mere lad: three c "I may say at once that I shall not Grocer

As the result of an official inquiry | pretend to believe any protestations into the case a free pardon has been of ignorance which your son may

make. From that time on the police of

Staffordshire were prejudiced, Sir Conan says, about young Edalji, and when, ten years later, the outrages on animals began and the anonymous letters started up accusing him, they were convinced from the outset that the young lawyer was guilty. The night on which the pony was killed was rainy. The police found a coat which Edalji had worn at home that they said was damp. His father said it wasn't. They found some razors Sir Conan Doyle's interest in the that were damp. That was probably peculiar case of Edalji was aroused true, because the air was filled with moisture. They found some starchy substances on the coat which they said was saliva from an animal. They found two stains which were blood, but which were not damp. found mud on the man's shoes, which was explained by the fact that he was walking about the village early

After hundreds of persons had gone over the ground the police found footprints which showed heels run down and, as Edalji's heels were run down they said the footprints were his. It had been raining violently after the pony was attacked. They admitted that they saw no one leave the vicarage after 9.30 o'clock in the evening and did not attempt to explain the discrepancy that the pony must have been slashed at least three hours after that.

They produced a witness who swore to the handwriting of the let-ters, in which Edalji, if he wrote police to be the leader of a band of them, must have accused himself. Inwless men in and around Wyrley. They explained the outrages after his They explained the outrages after his arrest and conviction by saying that night and at exactly ten minutes to they were done by confederates to exculpate him, although they never could trace any acquaintance between Farrington, a shiftless miner, and Green, a roystering boy trooper, and accused in anonymous letters to the Edalji, who neitherdrank nor smoked police and a watch was put on his and who always lived a studious and apparently correct life in the relig-When he was only twelve years ious atmosphere of a country English

The police also said they found hairs on Edalji's coat that resembled those on the belly of a horse. Conan pointed out that if the perpetrator of the outrage had got horse hairs on his coat they would have been from the side of the animal and not from the belly. When Capt. Anson pointed out a hair Edalji's sister his father asserted that he could see none. The coat and a piece of the horse's hide were then put together, for which Edalji was arrested oc-curred three-quarters of a mile from

hairs on it. Henry Labouchere took up the case, but could make no headway as a journalist. As a member of Parliament he then urged the Home Office to do justice, for Edalji had been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment and had been disbarred. The Home Office said it had looked into the case and could do nothing. It refused to allow the documents to South Africa, having withdrawn his be seen, "the dossier," as was the confession, and no attempt was made situation in the Dreyfus case. Then Before he published his conclusions the authorities took a sudden shift, described by Sir Conan as "irregular and illogical," and released Edalji without pardon after having served three years' imprisonment. Sir Conan

said of this: "Evidently the authorities shaken and compromised with their consciences in this fashion. But this cannot be final. The man is guilty or he is not. If he is he deserves every day of his seven years. If he is not then we must have apology, The pardon has come.

Look to the Eyes. Eye strain produces many physical ills that are not usually charged to and that after dark he could not see the proper account. Strain of the at all and would have to grope his eye often results in nervous exhausway home unless he was familiar tion, indigestion, headache and backwith every inch of ground. It was ache. Authority for this statement proved by Sir Conan that the pony is to be found in a recent article by for the death of which Edalji was Dr. Luther H. Gulick, director of arrested was seen safe and sound at physical training in the public schools deeding to death at 6 o'clock the lief that a third of the children in next morning the veterinary testified the higher grades of school and a that the cuts were less than six hours fourth of all educated persons are It was known positively that afflicted with some disability due to The relation beo'clock on the evening of August 17 tween vision and health is so close and did not leave it again that night. that if the former becomes deranged The house was guarded by no less a variety of evil consequences may than twenty detectives. Edalji's fa- follow. The moral to be drawn from ther testified that they occupied the Dr. Gulick's article is that men same room, and the father said that should be careful of their eyes and he locked the door from the inside. on the first suspicion of derangement In view of this fact and the inability or irregularity submit themselves to of Edalji to see at night Sir Conan professional examination and advice. No chances should be taken in optic disorders .- Washington Star.

A Large Salmon. The net fishermen in the employment of the proprietors of the great Lax Weir, at Corbally, Limerick, while engaged fishing off Island Point, south of the Welr, on Friday night, Feb. 15, caught a magnificent spring salmon. The fish when scaled was found to weigh 52 15 pounds, and was in splendid condition. It was forwarded for the London market by the evening train for Dublin from Limerick on Saturday evening .-

Cuban Cabbages.

The soil of Cuba is very fruitful, Cabbages grow so large that heads weighing twenty pounds each are All vegetables do well, Radishes are ready for the table within from fourteen to eighteen days to Edalif's father back in 1893, when after sowing, lettuce in five weeks three crops each year .- New England

TEMPERATURE OF UPPER AIR.

Supposed Warm Stratum Six or Eight Miles Up.

One of the most interesting inquiries undertaten in the last few years has related to the temperatures which prevail at great altitudes. The snow on mountain tops indicates that there is a difference between the situation there and at lower levels, but there was a desire to learn whether the decrease of warmth with elevation continued at the same rate in regions remote from mountains. One of the best ways to find out is to go up in a balloon, taking along both a thermometer and a barometer, the latter instrument serving to show how high the aeronaut has gone This plan is beset with difficulties however. A balloon suited to such work must be big and coatly, and for its inflation a good deal of gas is needed. Again, the decrease in the density of the air has a danger ous effect on some men. The high est ascent with a "manned" balloor concerning which there is no doub! was made from Stassfurt, Prussia in 1894, by Dr. Berson. He reached an altitude of 30,000 feet, or nearly six miles.

But it is possible to study the air at that and greater elevations in s more simple and economical manner. Balloons which are only large enough to carry the instruments are now extensively used. The apparatus is shielded with wicker work so that it will not smash if it gets a fall. Then, in order to insure its return to the owner, the basket is suitably labelled and carries an offer of a small reward. As recording devices are attached to both thermometer and barometer it is not necessary to maintain a watch on them while they are in service. They will tell their story afterwards.

About five years ago two meteor plogists, Teisserenc de Bort (French) and Richard Assmann (German), reported what they believed to be a curious discovery. They declared that a stratum of warm air existed between heights of five and eight miles. It was long supposed that the temperature diminished at the rate of about one degree Fahrenheit for every three hundred feet of ascent. In time it was perceived that the diminution was not quite uniform and that occasionally a thin layer of warm air was encountered at a height of one-half a mile or a mile. Such a state of things as M. De Bort and Dr. Assmann announced, however, was strange enough to be rather incredible, and of late the matter has been studied by other experts.

One of these, Dr. Hergesell, took the trouble to watch his balloons through a surveyor's theodolite-a kind of telescope-and he noticed that when they reached nearly the greatest height they hung for a time at the same elevation, whereas Dr. Assmann had supposed that their upward velocity steadily increased until the balloon burst. This discovery of Dr. Hergesell threw doubt on the existence of a warm layer, for a reason that can be easily understood. The thermometer used in such work is surrounded with a ventilating device which is expected to overcome the heating influence of direct sunlight, but the device-"aspiration" tube, Dr. Assmann calla it-is useful only when the instrument is moving up or down. If it remains nearly stationary the temperature around the bulb may be ten or fifteen degrees higher than the true shade temperature. A good deal of doubt has therefore been cast on the theory of M. De Bort and Dr. Assmann. Austrian expert, Herr R. Nimfuhr, believes that only those records which were obtained when the sun norizon are trustworthy. Ten of these from French sources indicate, he says, that the fall of temperature with increasing height increases slowly at first, then more rapidly up to eight or nine kilo metres, and then diminishes markedly. This takes place in all seasons and is in agreement with observa; tions made in other parts of the globe.

The Etiquette of Looting.

It is stated by Miss Loane, an English worker among the very poor of the English cities, that the ethical side of that class of society is imperfectly developed, and it must be admitted that some of the true stories she tells in 'The Next Street But One" do show a light-hearted view of property rights. The irresponsibility disclosed in the one below, however, is considerably mitigated by the saving grace of humor.

A friend of Miss Loane who had been living in her own suburban villa left and went into the country. In the early spring, finding the house still unlet, she went back to fetch her bulbs, and found the garden comdenuded. She concluded some hawker or hedge gardener had cleared the place, and troubled herself no further.

A few weeks later a very worthy old woman in the neighborhood told the lady's former housemald that she had taken the bulbs.

"People was beginning to steal 'em, my dear," she said, "and I felt sure your mistress 'ud rather they ing achievement in administration, was took respectable."

Tailless Trout. In "Whitaker's A'manack" for

1871 is an account of some tailless trout having been discovered in Locb Macrichen, in Islay. This loch is 1000 feet above the level of the sea, and although surrounded by other lochs in none of them were tailless trout found save in it, and there they vere in excellent condition. The no tice continues; "At the mines of Wanlochhead, Dumfriesshire and Leadhills, in Lanarkshire, there are, according to Dr. Grierson, of Thorn-hill, streams coming from the shafts, in which trout without talls, and often deficient in fins, are frequently caught. Such fish are often blind." -Fishing Gazette.

First Use of Coffee in England. first use of coffee in England was first known in 1657. The first pub-lic place in London where it was sold was thus advertised: "Made and sold in St. Michael's alley in Corn-hill by Pasqua Rosce, at the sign of his own head." THE "SWIMMIN' HOLE."

It was in the little "swiramin' hole,"
In the "cow lot" years ago,
When my face was full of freekles
And a stone bruits swelled my toe,
That I landed my first fish,
With a pinhook and a worm;
And how I did enjoy
Eeing the little swiker squirm.

Just how that sucker felt that day.
At being fooled and caught,
Never entered in my boyish head.
For I had po time for thought:
Another section of red worm went—
Went quickly on the pin,
And in the "swimmin" hole" it dropped.
To lure his next of kin.

Lines of care now mark the place
Where the freckles used to grow,
And the heart now gets the kruises
That used to swell the toe;
And I know now how the "sucker" felt
When he found himself ashore,
For more than once I've played his part
And swallowed "baits" galore.
—New York Press.



Hoax-"Did you really enjoy your stay in Paris?" Joax-"I came home in the steerage."-Boston Record.

There are times when words fall a man-but if he has a wife it doesn't matter much.—Chicago Daily News. The way to get rich is to lay up

part of your own income and as much s possible of other people's .-- Somerville Journal.

Of modern philosophy, Here is a peep, Beauty is oftentimes Only clothes deep!

-Tafe. Jennie-"Did you hear of the awful fright Jack got on his wedding Olive-"Yes, indeed-I was day?" there and saw her."-Tit-Bits.

Frightened Actor-"The leading lady is tearing her hair!" Manager—"Well, what of it? It isn't her hair."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Browne-"Mrs. Wythe says she thinks that it is wrong to play whist." Mrs. Black-"It is, the way she plays it."-Somerville Journal,

"You have no sense of humor," he complained. "You can't take a joke." 'I took one when I got you," she bitterly replied.-Chicago Record-Herald.

Girl (to crying little brother)-"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Dick? Bobble says he has already given you two bites," Dick-"But it's my apple."-Life.

To see the attitudes they strike,
You'd think, by jing,
That almost-fame is very like
The real thing!

-Washington Herald. Tom-"Mamma, let's move." Mamma-"What for, dear?" Tom-"Oh, I've licked every kid in the block, an'

there's no more fun here."-Chicago Daily News. Shea-"How long have you been sick?" Ryan-"Five days." Shea-"Glory be! An' why don't ye git a doctor?" Ryan-"Sure, I got to go wur-ruk Monday marnin'."-

Puck. Mother (to her little son, playing horse with visitor's umbrella)-"Don't ride away with Mrs. Bore-ham's umbrella, Bobbie." Bobbie-Why not, mother? I won't hurt it." Mother-"You might, dear. And, anyhow, she'll be wanting it direct-

ly."-Punch. "Can you give bond?" asked the Judge. "Have you got anything?" "Jedge," replied the prisoner, "sence you ax me, I'll tell you: I hain't got nuthin' in the worl' 'cept the spring chills, six acres o' no-'count land, a big family, a hope of a hereafter, an' the ol' war-rheumatism!"-Atlanta

Constitution. satti the lawyer, who was a friend of the family, "your real reason for wanting a divorce from your husband." "He isn't the man I thought I was marrying," explained the fair caller. "My dear madam," rejoined the lawyer, "the application of that principle would break up every home

Guarding the Public Coal Lands.

in the country."-Chicago T-ibune

Dr. Edward Everett Hale propounded the following question to a company of scientists in Washington some days ago: "What achievement of the past year is most worthy of a

commemorative medal?' The trend of the answers was toward the exploit of Amundsen in traversing the Northwest Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or to the more significant exploit of the Wright Brothers, of Dayton, Ohio, who repeatedly succeeded in aerial flight in a machine much heavier than the air.

It is a natural tendency of the seientific mind to give first rank to individual discovery or exploit rather than to bring into account all achievements, giving first place to that which responds most successfully to the

greatest need of the time. Experts in statecraft will, doubtlass, concede that under the present conditions of our national development it is quite possible for the greatest general good to result some extremely keen and far-reachand in the mind of the writer such an administrative achievement has actually characterized the past year, I refer to the proclamation of the President withdrawing from sale the coal lands of the people. The vast imwith the preservation of our coal supply has been well pointed out by Edward W. Parker, the Government's coal expert, whose clever curve increase points out our rate of galloping consumption and tells clearly the limits of our supply .- Review of Re-

The Gift of Graciousness.

'Tis the chief glory of the high and Tis the chief glory of the high and mighty to be gracious, a preropative of kings to conquer universal good will. That is the great advantage of a commanding position—to be able to do more good than others. Those make friends who do friendly acts. On the other hand, there are none who lay themselves out for not being gracious, not on account of the difficulty, but from a had disposition. Is all things they are the compiles at the