

THE FLIGHT OF THE HEART.

The heart soars up like a bird From a nest of care; Up, up, to a larger sky, To a softer air!

STUPID JACQUES.

BY IDA M. TROTTER.

IG that you are! Wretched being! Cannibal! Sloth!" Monsieur Perrot paused, reflecting that wrath was wasted on this stupid Jacques, standing sullenly before him.

Jacques was the village drudge. The many sins of his parents toward the community were freely visited on the son, who remembered nothing in life but hard words, averted looks and blows.

Poor abused dogs and mules, had they been able to speak, might have praised the delicate touch of the boy's hands, and his kindness to their misery.

Day by day his life was the same dull round. He rose early, huddled on his rag, and set forth to his duties at the workshop of Monsieur Perrot.

Monsieur Perrot famous, and the proprietor of the largest shop in Lutelaken supplied the connoisseurs among his patrons from the wealth of artistic designs brought to him twice a year by the old artist.

Besides the sweeping and dusting of the workshop, Jacques was expected to saw wood, attend to the fires and beat the back and call of all the workmen as well as of monsieur, whose temper was ever of the most irascible. In the boy's cold moments of leisure he was permitted to listen to Monsieur Perrot's general instructions, and otherwise learn as much about carving as he could from the use of castaway tools and rejected material.

This morning Jacques had come late to the workshop, for he had been detained on the way by a housewife who compelled him to perform a task of a peculiarly disagreeable kind. Such detention often befell him, for people were not inclined to let him rise from the old position of village drudge to the status of slavery for Monsieur Perrot alone.

"Fools that you are! Would that I might be young again for one week. Oh, had I the use of those rheumatic limbs! Idiots! Content to go on year by year, copying, copying. When an opportunity comes of distinguishing yourselves, you feebly cry, you can't think of a theme. Pigs!"

Jacques had never seen the master in such an inclusive rage. The pupils hung their heads.

"Five hundred francs!" cried monsieur, taking up a paper from his desk and holding it to his failing eyes. "Five hundred francs! It is a fortune, and then the renown!" He paused and glared round the room.

"Would monsieur read it again?" asked one voice, faintly.

Monsieur did not read so much as about it again.

"Five hundred francs for the most beautiful and natural design of the edelweiss. Nothing conventional allowed in the competition. The prize is offered by a wealthy American who desires to take back a souvenir of the high Alps to his country."

Monsieur threw aside the paper as he read passionately:

"And you say you have never seen the edelweiss growing, that you know not where to find it. Whence do you suppose I wrought that design and that," pointing with trembling hands to the models copied by his pupils year after year. "I searched until I found my edelweiss. True, it is not plentiful in this region, but it grows amongst the rocks below the glacier fender."

He pointed to the mountain above the village, sighed, turned abruptly from the window, and sat down at his desk. The old man was very angry. Here was a chance to increase the fame of his workshop. But there was no spirit in the youth before him. He cooed from one to another, with almost pathetic longings to see some

spark of genius in the faces. But all were bent over their work, quite content to copy with exquisite skill the beautiful designs he had made from ten to fifty years ago. Now his old hands had quite lost their cunning though his brain was as clear as ever.

Jacques stood behind his master. His usually downcast eyes were upraised and shining. A daring thought had come to the boy's mind. Deadened by his own injuries, his brain yet found a strong impetus in the sympathy which filled his generous heart. He felt in some occult manner that monsieur was suffering acutely, and to suffering Jacques's soul was keenly responsive.

"I will do it," he said to himself, "I can carve. I can invent." His mouth closed firmly. His flashing eyes were bent on monsieur's bowed head. When the master turned, he met this intense gaze, which combined the look of a faithful dog with intelligent and daring sympathy.

The old man's eyes filled as he motioned the lad away. Was it come to this, that he should be pitied by this dull soul?

Jacques went out into the sunshine like one in a dream, uplifted from the earth by wings whose powers he scarcely dared to test. But he was speedily recalled to the present by rude demands on his services. By the time he reached his lab above the goat's shed, it was past the sunset hour, and the afterglow was spreading from the base to the snowy peaks of the Oberland.

Jacques sought in the semi-darkness of the loft for a wooden box, with which he crept down the ladder to the light. Here beside old Nannette, the goat, he sat at ease, gazing over the treasures which he held forth one by one. Nannette herself had often been his model. Again the familiar flowers and leaves had served his purpose. Now his pupil in the workshop of monsieur could have improved these works by a touch.

Jacques knew it. He had listened too often to the lectures of the master not to know the difference between good and bad work. His inspection of his designs seemed to give him courage as his gaze rested on the fading glow which tinged the rocks by the glacier.

"I will do it, monsieur," said he, aloud. Night was falling when he set out for the heights. The moon had not yet risen above the rocky spurs of the mountain, for the valley was narrow and deep. The air was chilled by a wind that swept from the eternal snows of the glacier through the ragged garments of Jacques. But hope thrilled his heart to endure physical discomfort. The last light from the village disappeared as the boy climbed beyond the intervening trees. Hours and hours he must toil upward toward the cluster of chalets where he went to await the dawn.

When Jacques stumbled into the moonlit road, the rough men of the chalets were asleep. Careless of a welcome, the weary lad boldly entered the nearest shelter and lay down to rest. He was awakened from his dreamless sleep by the hospitable owner of the chalet who gave him food, and the cheer of kindly words. Jacques received this strange experience with his usual silence, but a radiant smile shone from his uplifted eyes, as he started again for the heights.

Five thousand feet below him the valley was enveloped in mist which, to Jacques, seemed a veil that shut away from him the accustomed life of cruel drudgery. Ah! here was the sun! itself not yet visible, but the snowy peaks had emerged from their cloud of mist, and stood tinged with pink and gold against the bluesky. Jacques began to sing.

Up and up rose the sun above the mountains, till they shone with heat. There was now no shelter, no trees, no shrubs. The flowery slopes lay far below, and the goat track ceased at the foot of the glacier. Henceforth the way to the rocks pointed out by Monsieur Perrot was broken and hard to follow; but here and there cool streamlets gurgled from under the boulders blocking the road, and Jacques sank beside them to drink and rest.

He could almost hear the throbbing of his heart in these solitudes. He looked down at the village, a mere dot in the valley. The haze of early morning had long since vanished. He listened almost fearfully to the roar of the torrent tearing its way over the rocky precipices. Afar the solemn resonance of the avalanche seemed to thrill the universe. Jacques was now in sight of the huge rocks to which monsieur had pointed as the home of the edelweiss.

Jacques rubbed his eyes, dazzled by the glare and glitter of sunbeams around him; then with breathless eagerness climbed on beside the torrent and up, up, up. At last the edelweiss!

Bright though the sun might be about Jacques, that was but a dark day in the workshop. Everything went wrong. Models were displaced, dust covered the floor, and one pupil who volunteered his services to clear the room upset some fragile work of the master's. Monsieur Perrot cried vehemently a hundred times that morning, "Where is this Jacques? I'll belabor him soundly when he arrives!"

A second day passed, and by this time a goat-herd, arriving at the village, mentioned incidentally that Jacques had passed the night in his chalet. The villagers learned to miss him in the week that followed, and nursed their wrath at his temerity in thus breaking the routine of his life. The authorities decided that a messenger should be sent to bring him back to the village; but this step was rendered unnecessary, as one day Jacques reappeared, a little paler and

more ragged than before, but apparently the same humble drudge. Some thought him even more silent than before. Nothing could induce him to tell why or where he had been on the mountain.

As by magic the workshop returned to its former order, and Monsieur Perrot could devote his time to the choice of the goods for the store at Interlaken. He was enduring bitter mortification of spirit. His friend, the proprietor of the art museum, had said:

"It is certain some pupil from the workshop of Monsieur Perrot will carry off the five hundred francs."

"Why?" monsieur had replied with eager vanity. His friend waved his hand in the direction of the works of art just laid out for choice. "No other work comes up to this," he replied, "though I've seen all the designs before."

Poor Monsieur Perrot! He would have permitted this season to pass without visiting Interlaken if his living had not depended on these sales.

Some weeks later he opened the door of his workshop with a gloomy air one morning. In a few hours he must start for Interlaken. He paused with his hand on the latch, casting angry glances on his pupils as they came clattering and laughing along the stone-paved streets.

"Fools! Pigs!" he murmured. "They have no souls, no ambitions!" He entered the workshop and approached his desk. Here he halted in extreme surprise, and looked round with eyes that swam with tears on the noisy youths as they entered.

"Tell me!" said he. "Which of you?"

He pointed to his desk, upon which stood an exquisite carving of edelweiss apparently growing from some rocks piled skilfully around it. In a moment the whole troop clustered round the master. Mouths fell open with surprise, eyes widened with intense astonishment. Monsieur Perrot looked upon them benignantly.

"You were not willing that the old man's workshop should lose its renown?" said he, his voice trembling with emotion. "Let me embrace him who has done this beautiful work!" They hung their heads. "Not I, not I," was heard, until, abashed, all slunk away to the benches.

Monsieur stood bewildered. His enraptured gaze seemed absorbed in the perfection of the edelweiss. At length he turned to his pupils.

"Messieurs," said he, seething them with his glance, "this is a work of genius! You are right. This is none of yours."

He paused. His roving, fiery glance caught the radiant smile of Jacques, who stood breathless in the doorway, leaning on his broom. A light broke in upon the mind of the old artist; scales fell from his eyes.

"Jacques!" he cried. "You?" Well might the students be struck dumb with surprise, for the next instant saw "stupid Jacques," the village drudge, held close in the embrace of the master.

"You shall sweep no more, my son, my son!" cried Monsieur Perrot, brushing aside his tears of joy. Then politely holding out the broom to the workmen, he said:

"Messieurs, for the future this implement will be wielded in turn by one and another of you, for Jacques—"

He looked down on the lad with unspeakable tenderness.

"You have saved the old man's name from dishonor. Henceforth we shall be as father and son. Come! To Interlaken!"

He released the bewildered lad from his embrace, and carefully took up the precious work of art. Monsieur Perrot held it out well in view of the open-mouthed pupils.

"Messieurs, adieu!" said he, bowing derisively in their direction.

Then laying one arm around the bent shoulders of the village drudge, he bore Jacques away to the world beyond the valley, where fame and fortune awaited his genius.—Youth's Companion.

Norwegian Superstition.

The simple faith of the Norwegian peasants is that the seeing or not seeing beings of the other world is a mere question of strong or weak nerves. Only, reversing the generally accepted belief, it is the Northman of strong nerves who has power to see the unseen, says All the Year Round. And he who sees it fears it not. "If you have the grit," says my informant, "you may see dozens and scores of forms pass your door, but you know not what it is to feel alarm."

"There's a ghost on every ship," says the same authority. "My own uncle, who saw the unseen plain from his childhood, was married to a woman who could not believe in spirits. He had a fishing smack of his own, and saw strange things of nights. One night he asked her to go out with him, and she went. 'If I see anything I will call for you,' he said, and she agreed to it. In the dark middle of the night he could see three men come walking on the water toward the little vessel. He went and called his wife, saying:

"Look out now; do you see nothing?" "No," said the wife. "I see nothing but the water and the darkness."

"Well," said he, "there are three men there, plain to be seen, and now I'll go and get up the nets, for a storm is surely coming."

"Two o'clock was the wonted hour for getting up the nets, but wait, he would not, in spite of all that his wife could say to him.

"When two o'clock came the nets of all the other fishermen were lost, and their boats nearly wrecked in a sudden great storm that rose, but my uncle was well out of it, and anchored in safety, because he could read the signs they were all blind to."

NOVEL SAW-MILL.

IT IS OPERATED ALMOST ENTIRELY BY ELEPHANTS.

A Force of Giant Pachyderms That Carry Logs and Arrange Them in Piles—Two Act as Overseers and Plog the Lazy.

DISPLAYS of trained animals, broken for show purposes, cannot offer the slightest comparison in interest to the trained elephant exhibition one sees in the city of Moulmein, British Burmah. The most absorbingly entertaining feature of the novel sight is the paradoxically industrial character which the work of these huge Indian pachyderms assumes. It hardly seems possible that the work of a saw-mill, usually done by human hands, could be accomplished through the medium of the elephant's trunk and the elephant's sagacity; nevertheless, it is a fact that the Irrawaddy Steamship Company uses some forty to fifty elephants in the operation of its saw-mills at Moulmein, and the teakwood so largely entering into the construction of ships is here made ready for the artists, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The logs are chopped in the interior and floated several hundred miles down the Salween river to the mill, which is situated on the banks of the stream at Moulmein. Here the logs are formed into a boom, and henceforth the work of transportation is done by the elephants.

The boom is very similar to those we see in the lumbering districts of Wisconsin and Michigan, but instead of the sight of men, brightly garbed in red and blue, running from log to log and moving them with long steel-pointed poles, we see great, ponderous elephants wading and swimming, and the teak logs and pushing them toward the shore.

The logs are not saved directly from the water, but are first seasoned, and the elephants not only bring the logs from the water to the land, but also stack them in huge piles, convey them to the mill, saw them and afterward pile the lumber. Of course each elephant performs only such certain parts of the work for which he has been trained and the entire herd is divided into companies of from two to eight. One division of the pachyderms does the work in the water, another company carries the logs to the drying or seasoning stacks, others pile them, another class conveys the dry logs to the mill, where some of the elephants do the work of sawing, still others pile the sawed lumber and another herd carries hay and prepares the food for this great industrial combination of brute strength and intelligence.

But the most wonderful, interesting, novel and almost incredible feature of the entire "saw-mill" is the sight of two monstrously large male elephants that actually act in the capacity of bosses or overseers of the work. These move from place to place among the working elephants, spurring them on, pushing, driving and frequently chastising a lazy or recalcitrant member of the force.

Very few men are needed to direct the elephants in their work. From six to eight of the animals usually work in the water. These wade or swim, according to the depth of the water, to the log boom, and, loosening several logs at a time, tow them to shore at a certain point. Each of the company of elephants that convey the logs from this point to the drying place has a chain attached to his neck and reaching to the ground. At the bottom of this chain is a loop through which the log is run. A man directs the movements of the elephants in placing the log within the coil of the chain. The elephant picks up another log by his trunk, and in this manner drags two at a time to the seasoning stacks. About eight elephants are employed in this capacity. The work of piling the logs to dry is done by two female elephants. Each winds her trunk about the log near the end, and together they raise it in a horizontal position and place it on the stack.

After the logs have dried sufficiently they are ready for the mill. Two female elephants take the dry logs from the piles and deliver them to a herd similar in training to those that work between the water and the seasoning stacks. These convey the logs to a track over which a small car runs to the mill. Only one log at a time is placed upon this car. As soon as a log is in position on the car an elephant trained for this particular part of the work pushes the car to the mill. Arrived at the mill the log is pushed from the car to a carrier that passes beneath the buzz-saw. As soon as the log is thus transferred to the carrier the elephant operating the car returns for another log, while another huge beast, trained to do the sawing, operates the carrier and pushes the log against the saw. But the interesting part of the work does not end here, for as the log is being sawed into the desired boards and timbers another elephant receives the completed material, piling the slabs on one side and the more valuable product on the other. But two men are required to oversee and direct the elephants in sawing the logs.

Another detachment of the herd is used in carrying the lumber from the mill to the yards and sheds. For this purpose very long trucks with the low front and back wheels close to each other are used. There are elephants trained for loading the sawed material upon these trucks, while others push the loaded trucks to the sheds. In the lumber yard are the "pilers" or elephants that take the lumber from the trucks and place in piles for further seasoning.

As stated before, there is one detachment of this strange army of laborers which does the "kitchen work" for the hotel de elephant, or whatever the feeding place of these big fellows may be called. Some may be seen carrying hay for the stables, but by far the most interesting sight is the preparation of the food. This is composed of grass, bran and molasses, and is mixed in a large vat. While some are carrying these different components of this highly delectable elephantian boarding-house hash, others are engaged in mixing it with pestles which they dexterously manipulate with their trunks. The narrator observed one of the elephants suddenly stop in his work with the pestle and refuse to wield his mixing stick any further. One of the two big boss elephants was called to the scene, and, picking up the recalcitrant's pestle, beat him with it over the back and hips until he returned to his work.

Only about ten men are employed in directing the work of the entire herd of elephants. Those who have seen this novel mill at Moulmein in operation all agree in giving it the credit of being the greatest exhibition of trained animals in the world.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A thimble will hold over 100,000 of the smallest screws made.

The monster water wheel at the Calumet and Hecla copper mine, Lake Superior region, weighs 200 tons.

The pneumatic guns of the Vesuvius throw shells weighing 450 pounds all the way from three-quarters of a mile to a mile and three-eighths.

The venom of poisonous reptiles, insects, etc., kills by changing the shape of the blood corpuscles so as to make it impossible for them to circulate. This, of course, causes blood-poisoning.

A method of treating the most stubborn and refractory cases of malaria, suggested by an Italian physician, M. Kibilia, consists in the hypodermic injection of quinine until it produces an abscess. The theory of this treatment is that an abscess draws to it all the infectious germs in the system and annihilates them by means of its suppuration. An artificial abscess would thus naturally serve to drain from the blood the organisms which cause malaria.

The "red spot" on the disk of Jupiter, which has been visible on the southern hemisphere of the planet since 1870, has perhaps attracted more attention than any modern astronomical oddity, unless, says the St. Louis Republic, we give the palm to the so-called "canals of Mars."

The first hint of the tinted markings on the giant's face were, we believe, given by Professor E. S. Holden as early as 1875, but Professor E. E. Barnard appears to be the champion "spot finder" and observer. He has found that Jupiter's great red spot rotates in nine hours, fifty-five minutes and thirty-five seconds. Near the equator of the planet, however, is a white spot, which is equally as interesting to the astronomer as the red one, of which so much has been said and written. This pale blemish is a puzzler. It is shaped like a comet's tail, and it makes its regular rotations in nine hours, fifty-five minutes and twenty seconds. What causes that fifteen-second's difference in the period of rotation between the two spots is an enigma to all observers.

A Clever Ruse. A steamer was plowing her way through the wide waters of the river Volga, going in the direction of the Caspian Sea. Late in the evening a young man approached the captain and asked that he might be put on shore at the next village they passed. The captain complied and the steamer continued on her course.

Later in the evening another passenger ran to the captain and said: "My valise has been stolen from my cabin. It contained \$3000."

The captain cautioned the passenger to keep silent and to tell no one of his loss.

Calamities Which Have Invaded Paris. Paris has undergone atrocious sufferings, and calamities of all kinds. Normans, after burning one-half of Paris, allowed the remainder to be ransomed with an enormous sum of money. In one of the famines by which Paris in its early days was so often visited people cast lots as to which should be eaten. The taxes were so excessive that many pretended to be lepers in order to profit by the exemption accorded in such cases. But it was sometimes not well to be a leper, real or pretended; for it was proclaimed one day to the sound of the horn and trumpet that lepers throughout the kingdom should be exterminated. "In consequence of a mixture of herbs and human blood with which, rolling it up in a linen cloth and tying it to a stone, they poison the wells and rivers." In the centre of the so-called "towns"—Paris in general, that is to say, as distinct from the city—was "la Maubec" (derived, according to Victor Hugo, from mauvaise fumes), where Jews innumerable were roasted over pitch and green wood, to punish what a chronicler of the time terms their "anthropomaney," and what the Counselor de l'Ancra further describes as "the marvelous cruelty they have always shown toward Christians, their mode of life, their synagogue, so displeasing to God, their uncleanness and their stench."

Old and New Paris.

The Judge's Gallantry. A judge, riding in the cars recently, from a single glance at the countenance of a lady by his side imagined he knew her, and ventured to remark that the day was pleasant. She only answered: "Yes!"

"Why do you wear a veil?" "Lest I attract attention."

"It is the province of gentlemen to admire," replied the gallant man of law.

"Not when they are married!" "But I am not."

"Indeed!" "Oh, no! I'm a bachelor!"

The lady quietly removed her veil, disclosing to the astonished magistrate the face of his mother-in-law!—Boston Courier.

Car Loads of Human Hair. Eight cars loaded with human hair arrived in Paris recently, consigned to dealers in that merchandise. The hair came from India and China, whence thousands of pounds are annually sent to England and France. This traffic, a foreign medical journal says, is the cause of the introduction of many diseases to Europe. The hair is cut from persons after death in China, and although it is disinfected upon arrival in France, it often carries the germs of disease. Asiatic hair, owing in part to its coarseness, can be purchased cheaply, it selling often as low as twenty cents a kilogram. The hair of Europeans, however, averages about \$20 for the same amount.—Chicago Herald.

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Freak Among Fowls. A dispatch published in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat tells how Mrs. Dr. Beach, of Olathe, Kan., found a two-cent piece in the yolk of an egg which she had bought in one of the stores. How the coin got there is, of course, a mystery, but if the same fowl could be induced to lay the same kind of egg right along, it would be a good specimen to breed from. The strain might in time produce a rival to the famous laid the golden egg.—Chicago Herald.