E fell on a day I was happy,
And the winds, the convex sky,
The flowers and the beasts in the meadow
Seemed happy even as I,
And I stretched my hands to the meadow,
To the bird, the beast, the tree;
"Why are ye all so happy?"
I cried, and they answered me,

What sayest thou, oh meadow,
That stretchest so wide, so far,
That none can say how many
Thy misty marguerites are?
And what say ye, red roses,
That o'er the sun-blanched wall Jake flame or blood-drops fall?

"We are born, we are reared, and

A various space, and die, We dream, and are bright and happy, But we cannot answer why.

What sayest thou, oh shadow, That from the dreaming hill All down the broadening valley Liest so sharp and still? And thou, oh murmuring brookle Whereby in the noonday gleam strife burns like ruby, and the branched asters dream?
"We are born, we are reared, and we

A various space and die; We dream, and are very happy, But we cannot answer why."

And then of myself I questioned,
That like a ghost the while
Stood from me and calmly answere!
With slow and curious smile:
"Thou art born as the flowers and wilt linger Thine own short space and die,
Thou dreamst and art strangely happy,
But thou caust not answer why."

—Arch. Lampman, in Youth's Compan

The Story of a Mortgage. BY LEROY ARMSTRONG.

In the first place, the mortgage neve

In the first piace, the moregage fleve-bould have been made.

Ben Morgan was one of your "active enen," one of the class termed "hus-lers" in these years of new word coin-ngs. He was in some regards a brill-nant man. People said he could make money at anything. He had no regular pussibles aside from the farm, but he was business aside from the rain, but he was thrifty, alert and fortunate. Sometimes he had thousands of dollars on hand; sometimes he had to borrow. It was on one of these latter occasions that he put the mortgage on the farm. It was the first time he had ever done such a thing. First time he had ever done such a saing.

Perhaps if Sam Morgan, his only son,
who was away at school in the State
University—had not fallen into trouble,
the loan would never have been made.

But it would have been better and kinder ser to have asked Sam to pay the fiddler, since he had insisted on

However, there was the mortgage, and there it had been since the fatal November 26, 1886. Mrs. Morgan didn't really and what it meant when she had he paper. She was suffering as only a mother can, and over the knowledge that Sam had been expelled. She knew very little of her husband's business. He never talked of it much talked of it much, to her or any one. She never knew what he did with the money, but she knew by his sleeplessness, by his evident mood of apprehension, by the puzzled expression, by the sobered face, and finally by the hopeless return one night, that affairs had not prospered. talked of it much, to her or any one.

ter, she gave the medicine all through that season of illness, she followed him the frozen ground when they buried ever the frozen ground when they buried him in January. And then she came home and tried to take up his burden in addition to her

Fanny was eighteen, and almost out of high school. Madge was three years of high school. Madge was three years younger and would not be consoled.

Allan was twelve, and resolute to help

his mother.

First she sold the pony to pay the doctor's bill, and Fanny walked to town each morning and home each night.

Then she sold some of the cattle, for the feed was running short as the spring approached. Then she rented most of the

proached. Then she rented most of the fields, for Allan was too small to farm.

But the men, who gave her "one-third in the field," seemed to take a very large two-thirds for themselves. And it was not easy to meet the constant chains which came up against the estate during that first year. She wondered that her husband had left nothing, and fully believed the time would come when some one would find a fortune

een for the interest, she would have But there before her, less than four

years away now, was that impending mortgage, and nothing on earth, unless it were the hidden treasure, could ever

gan. "No one but a widow can know how the farm is stripped when the good

how the farm is stripped whea the good man dies."

"But we have always held together, and we are very happy," said large-hearted Fanny.

"If it wasn't for the mortgage we would get along all right," said Allan.

"But the mortgage is there," sighed mother." "We cannot meet it in any way I can see, and next year we must lose the farm."

"Some one is coming." said Madge.

lose the farm."
"Some one is coming," said Madge.
The dog began barking in a most forbidding way. He tempered the threatening tone little by little, and presently
they knew by the rapping of his tail on
the kitchen door that he knew the vis-

the kitchen door that he knew the visitor and would welcome him.

It was 'Squire Folkstone.

"I thought I would call a minute," said the farmer. He never called unless the quarterly interest were due, and the widow was by no means sure his visit portended pure kindness. She remembered how her husband had scorned the

bered now her husband had seethed the slow, scheming old man.

"I just wanted to say a word about cutting down trees in the woods," he ntinued, turning to Allan. "What about it?" asked the young

was taller and heavier man. Allan was taller and heavier than 'Squire Folkstone. His mother noted that with pride as she watched him fronting the money-lender.
"Well, you know I hold a mortgage
on the farm, and every stick of timber is

'Yes, but we have to have fire wood."

worth something."

"Yes, but we have to have fire wood."

"And you could get fire wood without picking out the best red-cak trees, couldn't you? I was walking through the woods the other day, and I noticed whenever you cut down a tree you always cut down the finest one. Now, of course, you can't expect to pay that mortgage next year. The farm will insturally fall to me, and I have a right to see that you don't damage me."

There was a moment of very painful silence, It was the heaviest cross the widow had had to bear. She could not truly hope to pay off that awful mortgage. The possible fortune that Ben Morgan might have left seemed never forthcoming. She had done the very best she could. So had her children. She thought of Sam, long since lost sight of, and wished he were here to protect of, and wished he were here to protect his mother and save the heritage of her children

Allan seemed struggling with a passion too great for his untrained control.

Presently he said:

"What business had you in the

"Well, I had a right to see that my

property was not—"
"But this isn't your property," pro-

tested Allan.
"But it will be," said the 'squire, lifting his eyebrows and smiling a very hard

but her heart flamed with the proud certainty that he was justified.

"What—why," began the 'squire, rising in something like fear; for the youth was angry and very strong.

"Go out, I tell you. Go, or I will—" He did not need to finish the threat. The justice started to his feet, felt behind him for the latch, opened the door in a bewildered fashion, passed out so hurriedly that the dog sounded another threatening bark, and so escaped to the highway.

Then they began planning. Fanny would draw no more money till the end of the winter term. It would be a little

when some one would find a fortune stowed away and waiting for her.

Fanny began teaching school in the spring of '87, but the pay was small, and the girl was away from home so much.

So day followed day, and the frost of written melted into the veins of spring.

them in wheat."
So day followed day, and the frost of winter melted into the veins of spring. Abe girl was away from home so much.
How the widow's heart hungered for her children; for a little of the comfort that had gone out of her life when that strong man laid down and died.

Madge grew restless in the loose restraint, and troubled the mother not a little. Allan worked like a Trojan in the garden and the orchard. If it had the garden and the orchard. If it had the garden and the orchard. If it had the garden and the orchard is a strong man. "It does look cloudy now, and the company of the garden and the orchard. If it had the garden and the orchard is a strong man. "It does look cloudy now, and the company of the garden and the orchard. If it had the garden and the orchard is a strong man. "It does look cloudy now, and the garden and the orchard is a strong man and the orchard

young man. that's a fact." But he did not desist from his work-

ing.
"Goin' to plow up that fall wheat, ain't you?" persisted the money-lender.
"No; why?" mintor killed." replied

noon when he was going home from

"Well, we'll plant to-morrow just the ame," said resolute Allan. "And we'll same," said resolute Allan. "And we want all the help you people can give." He was filled with the zest of a us." He was filled with the zest of action, encouraged by the crown of manhood he knew he was earning. His sleep was so sound up there in the little bedroom under the roof. The night fied away with such unlimping thread. The morning came with such brimming goblets of life in its hands. Allan was up very early. It was to be his first crop of corn.

forn.

That day was worth a fortune to the lorgan. farm. It was not alone the roof of Allan's manliness, it was the Morgan, farm. proof of Allan's proof of Fanny's strength.

proof of Fanny's strength.

She had driven horses ever since she was a little girl. She knew they could not afford to hire a man. So she shaded her face in a sunbonnet and mounted the driver's seat of the corn planter. She drove all day through that sultry sun, closing her lips and turning her eyes from the clouds of dust that rose repeatedly. Allan sat there behind her, silent, grim, determined, throwing the lever forward and back and dropping the chosen grains exactly in crosses.

forward and back and dropping the chosen grains exactly in crosses.

Madge brought them a luncheon and a mug of cold milk when the forenoon had half vanished. She and mother planted the corn in the new ground, where the checkrower would not work.

Allof that day, nearly all of the next, and then the planting was done. Allan

and then the planting was done. Allan took a gallon of grain from the sack at the end of the field and planted it all in 'king-hill."
"That's for good luck," he said.
Fanny, you're worth as much as a

'Fanny, you're "Thank you," said Fanny, as she oked at her tortured hands. She was

looked at her tortures are really very tired.
"Too bad to lose all your seed that "Too bad to lose all your seed that "Too bad to lose all your beat at the barn at the way," called 'Squire Folkstone, while Allan was busy about the barn at the close of the day. "See that moon? Goin' to have two weeks of dry weather. Besides, no one ever ought to plant corn in the first quarter." The boy did not

answer.

The next morning was Sunday. Allan was roused by the rolling of thunder. He was lulled to sleep again by the soothing sound of rain. He only waked an hour afterward when his mother called him.

"And the corn is all in!" she added

thankfully.
'Source Folkstone was willing to ad-'Squire Folkstone was willing to admit that Allan had been favored of the weather in the matter of corn, but he had plenty of time to prove that this rank

had plenty of time to prove that this rain was the worst possible thing on wheat.

"That long dry spell filled it with fly, and if any of it misses the fly this rain will fill it with rust," he said.

"And if it comes to a good harvest it will fill you with disappointment," laughed the young man.

"And if it comes to a game the 'squire, lift's ing his eyebrows and smiling a very hard smile at the young man.

"But it won't be," retorted Allan.

"We are going to pay that mortgage when it is due. Now, don't let me hear of you on this farm again till your claim is due. I guess I will go a little farther. You came here with a mean purpose tonight. I guess this house is too small for you and the rest of us. You get out! Get out; 'Squire Folketone?"

"All through the months of summer and autumn it seemed the God of the widow and the season when the sun above and the earth below, when the dews of night and the winds of dawn were pouring their treasures into the ears of corn and the heads of wheat, itseemed that a greater hand was doing the work, that a greater hand was doing the work, that a greater hand had planned. Never in all the years of his crabbed life had old 'Squire Folkstone seen such wheat as the harvester found on the Morgan farm.

Never in the memory of the neighbor-work in the new of the moths of summer and autumn it seemed the God of the wild aughed the young man.

All through the months of summer and autumn it seemed the God of the wild aughed the young man.

All through the months of summer and autumn it seemed the God of the wild aughed the young man.

All through the months of summer and autumn it seemed the God of the wild aughed the young man.

All through the months of summer and autumn it seemed the God of the wild aughed the young man.

All through the months of summer and autumn it seemed the God of the wild aughed the young man. Never in the memory of the neighood had such giant stalks born nossive ears of corn. Never had the orchard swung such luscious treasures, above a sod so fragrant. And never had the humbler crops of berries, plants and potatoes so richly rewarded industry.

But these neighbors will long remem-ber that Fanny Morgan did nany a hard day's work outdoors. They will not soon forget the sight of tender Madge threatening bark, and so escaped threatening bark, and so forget the sight of tenders struggling bravely, if not quite effectively, with burdens that a man might have wearied under. And none of them can overlook the tedious days when can overlook the tedious days when mother added her strength, that had never before been tested so roughly, to the efforts of her children.

hever before been tested so roughly, to the efforts of her children.

As to Allan, he found his abundant reward. The crops had prospered mightly. His resolution, taken without the aid of horoscope for the future or experience for the past, had been vin-dicated.

of the winter term. It would be a little inconvenient, but Allan would take the colts and drive over after her every Friday night, and take her back to the school every Monday morning. Madge would help mother as she never had helped before, and Allan would sell all the stock that could safely be spared and fit the farm for working as soon as apring opened.

"I do wish Sam were here," said mother.

"Sam will be here when the mortgage is paid and will help us celebrate," Ben Morgan's missing treasure and let Ben Morgan's missing treasure and let him lift the mortgage that no hand at home could manage. It might be easy to draw upon the undepleted stores of the improbable. But it is much nearer the truth to say that these four helped themselves, and then God filled the measure of their needs.—The Voice.

Oil Baths For Lead Pencils.

A new discovery has been made by railroad clerks in Pittsburg regarding the saving of lead pencils. This will be a great boon to those who are continually using expletive and borrowing pocket knives on account of the frailty of good, saft lead in a neuril

mortgage, and nothing on earth, unless is were the hidden treasure, could ever "No; why?"

Bo one year grew into two; and two into three; and three years finally added to themselves a fourth. Fanny was a strong woman now. She had found her footing, and the "world did not daunt her. She had proven her worth, and her services were rewarded.

Madge had never attempted high school. The walk was too long, and besides, her mother could not consent to less her. Allan had saved a little, and had developed some of his father's talent for trading. The sheep and the calves had grown into money. He had made more money with them. Fanny had furshed her school, and the three chillers were sitting with their mother about the fire in the evening.

"We have just managed to live and keep up the interest," said Mrs. Morsoft lead in a pencil.

Every one who has much rapid writing to perform prefers a soft pencil, but nothing has come to public light so far by which the lead can to an extent be preserved. The P. C. C. and St. L.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS' SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

An Awful Warning—A Dainty Do Didn't Know How to Apply It-A Social Catechism—Rather Stale Bread, Etc.

He didn't read the papers for they hadn't any news; At least, they didn't coincide with his es-pecial views, And when he came to town one day, with criticism ripe. He climbed to an electric lamp to light his

A DAINTY DOG. Tramp—"Say, guy'n'r, will yer dog bite me?" Owner—"Not he. He's very particu-lar what he eats."—Judge.

"Money talks," remarked the rich Mr. Smartellique to a young woman late one evening. "It goes sometimes, too, she replied and he didn't understand.—Daroit Fre

DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO APPLY IT. DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO APPLY IT.

Lady (to rheumatic old woman)—"I
am sorry you should suffer so—you
should try electricity."

Old Woman—"Thank you kindly,
mum. Be I to swallow it or rub it in?"

—Texas Siftings.

A SOCIAL CATECHISM. "And what do you mean by a wise

man?"
"One who can do without the world."
"And by a fool?"
"One who fancies that the world cannot do without him."—Judge.

HIS VICTORY WON Returned Tourist—"Is Mr. Goodheart still paying attention to your daughter?" "Indeed he isn't paying her any atten-

n at all."
Indeed! Did he jilt her?"
No. he married her."—A "No. he married Star-Sayings.

SHE WAS PERENNIAL. "Mrs. Trotter," quoth Mr. T., "you remind me of certain flowers by your di

rect oppositeness to them."

"Wha-what do you mean, sir?"

"I refer, madam, to those dainty flowers that always shut up at sunset."— Harper's Bazar

AN ANGLOMANIAC. Morrison-'I hear Stivey met the Prince, last summer."

Jansen—"Yes."

Morrison—"What did Stivey say to

Jansen—"Apologized for being an American."—Life.

RATHER STALE BREAD Mrs. Slim Diet.—"The boarders are toming in. Out the bread, Matilda."
Miss Slimdiet.—"Ma, I saw in a soliety paper to-day that bread should be broken, not cut."

Mrs. Slimdiet— th! Very well. Hood News. Slimdiet-"That's the style now.

JOHNNY'S POOR LUCK.

"Well, Johnny, what are you thankful lor?" asked the invited guest.
"Nuthin," said the boy. "I 'ain't had any luck this year. On'y had one sold all the fall, 'n' that wasn't bad nough to keep me out of school more'n a day. My chum's had the mumps, 'n' has been out three weeks."—Bazar.

Uncle Joe (on his second eight-month risit to Johnny's house)—"Johnny, stop pinching your uncle. What are you up to, you little raseal!"

Johnny—"Why, ma said you were a regular sponge, and I was pinching you to see if you would squeeze up like my sponge that I bought down town."—

Pharmaceutical Journal.

HE FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS. Lawyer—"Now, sir, listen to me, and please give straightforward answers. ou say you drove a baker's cart?"

"Do you mean to tell me you do not Frive a baker's cart?" "No, sir.

"What do you do, then?"
"I drive a horse."—London Tit-Bits.

WANTED A HEAD PUT ON HIM.

An old man with a head as destitute of hair as a watermelon, entered a Manhattan areaue drug store and told the elerk he wanted a bottle of hair restorer.

"What kind of hair restorer do you "I reckon I'll have to take a bottle of

red hair restorer. That was the color it used to be when I was a boy."—Texas Siftings. . THESE CLEVER IMPROMPTUS.

Bulfinch—"That was a wonderfully clever speech that your husband just made; and he tells me it was entirely

mate; and ne tens he was a considerable.

Mrs. Wooden—"Oh, yes; quite so."
Bulinch—"It is marvelous that he could do so well when he looks so tired."

Mrs. Wooden—"Well, I should think he might look tired; he sat up all night thinking what he'd say."—Boston Cou-

WHY HE WAS SO GENEROUS

Mrs. Grayneck—"Johnny, I am very glad to see that you gave your sister the largest half of your apple."

Johnny—"Yes'm, I was very glad to give it to her."

Mrs. Grayneck—"My little son, you

Mrs. Grayneck—"My little son, you

do not know how it delights me to hear you say so,"

Johnny—"Yes'm; there was a blo

Johnny—"Yes'm; there was rm hole in that half."—Boston

A QUICK CURE.

Wagg—"It's too bad about the girl that jumped off the Washington Monument, isn't it?"
Wooden—"Why, what did she jump off for?"

Wagg-"Why, you see she was very Wooden-"What had that to do with Wagg—"Why, she thought she'd me down plump."—Boston Courier.

ome down plump.'

THEY AGREED.

Capitalist—"My letting of the job for putting up that building, sir, will depend on circumstances. I want to know whether you and I agree on the proper limit as to hight."

Architect and Builder—"I have always had decided views on that subject. May I ask how high a building you contemplate putting up?"

"Seventeen stories, sir."

(With much firmness)—"In my opinion, sir, the limit for a building of this class should be seventeen stories."—

Chicago Tribune.

CHEAPER IN THE END Boutton—"So you are not going to housekeeping when you get married?"
De Boarder—"No. We shall take board for a year."
"Isn't that rather an extravagant way

"Not at all. I desire my wife to study economy of my landlady. Then we will start housekeeping, and I will make her an allowance of as much a week as we

paid for board."
...What do you think will be the re-

sult?"
"Well, by the time we are old she ought to have about a million."—New York Weekly.

STILL GOING

STILL GOING.

One day a Lie broke out of its inclosure and started to travel.

And the man who owned the Premises saw it after it had started and was sorry he had not made the inclosure Lie-tight.

So he called his swiftest Truth and sand.

"A Lie has got loose and will do much mischief if it is not stopped. I want you to go after it and bring it back or kill

So the swift Truth started out after the Lie.

But the Lie had one Hour the Start.

At the end of the first Day the Lie was going Lickety-split. The Truth was a long way behind it and was getting Tired.

It has not yet caught up.

And never will. — Chicago Tribune. HE WANTED IT LIVELY. He was an old bachelor looking for

"Is it pretty lively here?" he asked, as the landlady was showing him about. "I should just say it was. Now, if you take this room there's a man and his wife on the right. They're always quarreling, and you can hear every word that is said."

is said."

"That must be interesting."

"And on the left there's: young man that is learning to play the cornet. He practices half the time. And the family across the hall have a metodeon. I have a piano myself, and a girl upstairs is learning the violin. I think you will find it lively here."

But he said if there were the said if the said

But he said if there wasn't a zylophone and a calliope in the house he wouldn't take the room. He was afraid he would be lonesone.—Detroit Free Press.

Lieutenant Dravo's Indians.

Lieutenant Dravo's Indians.

There is a company of cavalry at Fort Niobrara, commanded by Lieutenant Dravo, of which he is very proud.

"On the 21st day of April," said the officer, "I completed the enlistment of the fifty-five Indians in my company. An Indian is more easily enlisted into the cavalry, because he is allowed a horse."

"His own pony?"

"No; he must be mounted upon a horse as the other civalry soldiers are."

"Do you find it difficult to discipline the Indians?"

"Not at all. They obey orders better than white men, and you should see the

"Not at all. They obey orders better than white men, and you should see the improvement in them. The comparison between the Indian soldier and their relatives at the agency is most favorable to the soldier. An Indian, while he is not round-shouldered, leans forward and bends his knees, but six months' 'setting-up' drill has changed all this materially. Ten of my men are from the Carlisle School in Pennsylvania, and the junior corporal is a son of the famous Two Strikes. We have a school in the garrison and they are at present learning Two Strikes. We have a school in the garrison and they are at present learning the alphabet. It is hard for them, too, but they are very much in earnest and learn readily. I promised them when they enlisted that they should be as fully equipped as the white soldiers, and I have just returned from a nine days' trip around the reservation, in which they proved my words good to their relatives and friends."

"How did you induce them to cut

"How did you induce them to cut

"It is funny about that. I told them they could have no uniforms until they were clean and their hair cut. This was Saturday; if they were ready, they could don their uniforms Monday morning. Sunday—the whole day—was spent in bathing, six at a time, and on Monday morning the entire company reported, clean and with hair cut. I explain to them their orders. They wish sincerely to learn the white man's way, and, as I said before, are the most carnest workers imaginable."

Lieutenant Dravo is in Omaha under orders to be consulted upon army mat-

imaginable."
Lieutenant Dravo is in Omaha under orders to be consulted upon army matters. He is enthusiastic upon the Indian question, and personally cares for the men.—Omaha World-Herald.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Thunder and lightning are exceedingly are on the Pacific Coast.

Electric motors have been so great improved of late that they will now punearly 30,000 pounds.

The most recent calculations made by Michelson gives the velocity of light as 186,860 miles per second. The French soldiers have lately been engaged in an extensive series of experiments with bicycles. That machine has now taken its place as an appliance of

Steam pipes are now being made from the ramie fibre. The material is so closely pressed together by hydraulic machinery that it has a tensile strength two and a half times that of steel.

Flower pots can be rid of earth worms by pouring on the soil a warm decoction of wormwood and powdered horse chestuuts. The worms will come to the surface and can then be removed.

Owing to the lapid progress that is being made in all branches of electrical science many manufacturers are afraid to prepare their electrical exhibit for the World's Fair until the latest possible mo-In sinking an artesian well at Galves

ton, Texas, recently, at a depth of 1510 feet, good specimens of wood and of seeds were found. Geologists compute the age of this formation to be about 200,000 years. A French professor has recently analyzed the waters of the Dead Sea and found that they will kill every microbe, with the exception of gangrene and tetanus bacillus. With this discovery he, hopes to render service to the French hospitals.

hospitals.

Compound air is used in the Union Pacific Company's shed at Portland, Oregon, for removing dust in railway cars. It is delivered from a flexible hose with a small nozzle at a pressure of fifty pounds to the square inch. It is very effective in cleaning plush cushions.

Military reviews have been more numerous than ever before in Europe this fall. In Germany, in Thuringia, 60,000 soldiers were in the field, and it was noticed that although the firing was incessant the atmosphere remained perfectly clear. In the next war, thanks to smokeless powder, there will be a no smoke. der, there will be no smoke

It is said that four-fifths of the steam engines of the world have been con-structed within the last twenty-five structed within the last two, and years, The total hors power is estimated at 49,000,000. of which the United States has 7,500,000, Great Britain 7,000,000, Germany 4,500,000, France 3,000,000, and Austria 1,500,000. An interesting calculation has just been made by a French geologist to the effect that, taking into consideration the

been made by a French geotogies of the effect that, taking into consideration the wear and tear on the solid land by ocean washing, rivers, wind and weather, and leaving out of the calculation volcanic action, the world will in four and a half million years be completely under water and no dry land exist at all.

and no dry land exist at all.

A specimen of old Mexican picture-writing has lately been discovered by Dr. Vallon which indicates that the germ theory of disease was known to the ancient Mexicans. The inscription says that "if you boil the yellow root of the kobotshe plant and drink the infusion, it will kill all those invisible animals which the human body produces within itself."

As to the origin of the meteoric masses

man body produces within itself."

As to the origin of the meteoric masses that have fallen from time to time on the earth innumerable theories have been advanced. Astronomers are now trying to solve the problem of their origin in two ways—first, by tracing the paths of the great periodic star showers and comparing them) with the paths of the unknown comets, and secondly, by examining their light by the spectroscopa. The generally accepted theory among astronomers is that they are solid masses and are formed by the breaking up of the comets.

comets.

Dr. Elkin, the astronomer of Yals University, and formerly of the Cape of Good Hope, has, by a long series of observations on the parallax of the star Arcturus, arrived at the conclusion that it moves with the inconceivable velocity of 318 miles a second, that is to say, it would traverse the distance from London to Edinburgh between two ticks of swatch. This is twenty-one times faster than the speed of the earth in its orbit watch. Inis is twenty-one times reached than the speed of the earth in its orbit round the sun. Dr. Elkin also finds that Arcturus is so far away from us that his aght, traveling 180,000 miles a second, takes 181 years to reach us.

An Engineer's Premonition.

An Engineer's Fremonition.

A telegraph operator on one of the single-track roads leading out of Pitts-burg had an experience last week that will last him a lifetime. The young man became careless, as despatchers sometimes will, and he gave orders for a freight and passenger train, moving in apposite directions, to go to a certain station. When the trains had started, the covertor suddenly remembered that sphoste directors, to go that exactly station. When the trains had started, the operator suddenly remembered that they couldn't reach the place without a collision. It was too lats to countermand the order, and in his agony the perspiration ran down over his face. In describing his feelings afterward, he said he lived years in the few short minutes, which would decide the fate of the trains. He was startled and relieved by seeing the engineer of the freight walk into the tower. The engineer had received his orders, but when he reached a switch he had a premonition there was something wrong, and he turned in on the side track. His train was scarcely out of the way when the express thundered by.

out of the way when the express thun-dered by.

The next day the operator went to the superintendent of the road, and told him what had happened, at the same time handing in his resignation. The manager looked at him for a moment, and then sald "(50 back to your work, my boy. This experience has been a lesson for you. I don't think it will occur in the future."

you. I don't think it will occur in the future."

The telegrapher, in telling the story, remarked that another such fright would drive him crazy.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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