

A scientist has discovered that the human mouth is gradually moving to the left side of the face.

Labouchere, in London (England) Truth, says that Canada will eventually become a new United States or become attached to the great Republic.

It is gratifying to note, observes the Detroit Free Press, that the national legislation for the protection of railroad employes is already being arranged for. If it be possible to find a uniform car coupling that is satisfactory it should be promptly adopted in interstate commerce.

Still another victory for the golden-rod. The State Horticultural Board of New Jersey has chosen her as State flower in a canvass in which the pansy, the rose and the violet were contestants for the honor. The golden-rod is not ambitious nor pushing, but she gets there all the same.

Great is the German appreciation of Shakespeare, exclaims the Chicago News. A cheap edition of his works brought out by the Weimar Shakespeare society has had a sale of 16,000 copies in six months. It is said that such a sale is an almost unprecedented event in the German book market.

As showing the remarkable changes that have taken place in recent years in trans-Atlantic vessels, the best offer that could be obtained at a recent sale in Liverpool for the City of Richmond, at one time one of the fleet of the Human Line, was \$33,000. This vessel originally cost about \$750,000.

General Horace Porter favors a war with Chili. He says that "the jingo policy is all right. If this country had a foreign war once in each generation it would make our flag as much respected abroad as England's is, and it would make us the richest and most powerful nation on the globe."

There are 4218 teachers in the public schools of New York city. When a Normal College graduate gets her appointment she does substituting for the sum of \$1.25 a day. When she gets a school her salary is \$403 a year, and at the expiration of fourteen years of meritorious service there shall be paid a salary of not less than \$750.

Education in Alaska is progressing. During the year ending June 30, 1891, there were in operation in the Territory 13 day schools, with an enrollment of 745 pupils, and in addition 11 contract schools, with 1106 pupils, making the total enrollment 1851. The appropriation for the year for education in Alaska was \$50,000. This is a favorable showing.

It is said that Emin Pasha, that unweary little German traveler, who was unwillingly found and brought back to civilization by Stanley, has just discovered a new source for the Nile. It is only recently, remarks the New Orleans Times-Democrat, that this oldest of geographical puzzles was thought to be satisfactorily and finally solved, and now the whole question is reopened and nobody can be quite certain for some time as to where the Nile rises.

Mrs. Charles D. Haines of Kinderhook, N. Y., enjoys the distinction of being the only woman in the United States who is president of a railway. She is the executive head of the Hamilton and Kingston Railroad, and was until recently President of the Haines Valley Railroad in Texas. Mrs. Haines is only about thirty years old and is of very prepossessing appearance. She attends personally to the managing of the road of which she is the head and understands the business thoroughly, even in its minor details. But perhaps some part of her success is due to the fact that her husband is a practical railroad builder.

Specimens of what was probably the original corn of this country were found in a mound on the farm of A. J. Mercer, near Burden, Kan., last spring. Among the things unearthed was a sealed jar, and in this the corn was stored. The relics found with the corn are similar to those taken from the mounds of Ohio and Illinois, which would determine their age to the more than 1000 years. Mr. Mercer thought it would be a bright idea to plant a patch of ground with the grain and be rewarded by seeing it sprout, thrive and mature. The ears have now been harvested. They are six inches long, and the kernels are about one-fourth the size of ordinary corn. From this stock the large and handsome grain of today known as Indian corn may have been produced by many seasons of cultivation.

**A Race for Life.**  
A gun is heard at the dead of night,  
"Lifeboat ready!"  
And every man to the signal true  
Fights for place in the eager crew  
"Now, lads, steady!"  
First a glance at the shuddering foam,  
Now a look at the loving home,  
Then together, with bated breath,  
They launch their boat in the gulf of death.  
Over the breakers wild,  
Little they reck of weather,  
But tear their way  
Thro' blinding spray,  
Hear the skipper cheer, and say,  
"Up with her, lads, and lift her  
All together!"

They see the ship in a sudden flash,  
Sinking ever;  
And grip their oars with a deeper breath;  
Now it's come to a fight with death;  
Now or never!  
Fifty strokes and they're at her side  
If they live in the boiling tide,  
If they last thro' the awful strife;  
Ah, my lads, it's a race for life!  
Over the breakers wild,  
Little they reck of weather,  
But tear their way  
Thro' blinding spray,  
Hear the skipper cheer, and say,  
"Up with her, lads, and lift her  
All together!"

And loving hearts are on the shore  
Hoping, fearing,  
Till over the sea there comes a cheer,  
Then the click of the oars you hear  
Homeward steering.  
N'er a thought of the danger past,  
Now the lads are on land at last;  
What's a storm to a gallant crew  
Who face for life, and who win it too?  
Over the breakers wild,  
Little they reck of weather,  
But tear their way  
Thro' blinding spray,  
Hear the skipper cheer, and say,  
"Up with her, lads, and lift her  
All together!"  
—[J. L. Molloy, in Temple Bar.]

### The Hero of High Bridge.

BY FOREST GRISSET.

"How came that man here?"  
"Can't tell you; and what's more neither can the superintendent nor any of the officers," replied the roadmaster of one of the extremesouthwestern lines, as we shook hands with the keeper of the High Bridge, and swung on to the rear platform of the officer's special car.

"All anybody knows about him," continued the roadmaster, "is, that just as the company had about given up getting a good, responsible man to take the place of the former keeper, who had been mysteriously shot, this man walked into the superintendent's office and applied for the place. I was in the office at the time; and I never saw the superintendent so taken back in my life. He just looked at the fellow in blank astonishment for a minute, and then blurted out: 'Why, man alive! you don't want that job; High Bridge is the loneliest place on God's earth!'"

"All the better," said the fellow, in a cold-blooded way.  
"Very well, then, the place is yours," said the superintendent, and that's the beginning and the end of all this company knows about Argus Steele."

Let me explain. I had just been appointed superintendent of bridges, on this line, and the general superintendent and road-master were showing me "over the road," introducing me to my future duties and subordinates.

The latter were uniformly ignorant and faithful, and discharged their monotonous tasks with a dogged perfunctoriness which even the most energetic trackman acquire sooner or later. But the keeper of High Bridge was a startling exception to the rule. So strong was the impression he made upon me, that on entering the car, I scarcely exchanged a dozen words with my companions over the next fifty miles of my journey.

Probably I would have given him only a passing thought had I met him in some select circle of Boston or Baltimore, but to meet a man of his line presence doing a watchman's duty at a solitary station in the southern end of semi-civilization; that was the wonder of it. On the shelf in his little "look-out," at the southern end of the bridge, were several old Greek and Latin classics and a curious work on occult science, in rich bindings, which only a man of rare learning and fine mind would have been able to read, let alone enjoy. The man had those clear, steady blue eyes that I fancy are the special property of heroes and poets, or of those who would become such if the right opportunities are presented.

Another thing I noticed in his room which seemed even more out of place in his perch on the edge of a precipice between two rock-ribbed mountains than did his classics, was the most modern make of a wheel. I had laughed outright when I saw it leaning against the wall and told him that "Bighorn" or "Mountain Goat" was the only breed of bicycle that could operate in his territory. His only reply to my bantering was a sort of half-hearted smile, good-natured enough, but far too sad to be an expression of amusement. From that time on for three years

and over, I saw Steele every month; but the first impression which he made on me always remained, and the better I came to know him the stronger was my conviction that the man had some hidden mystery in his life that would some time come to the surface again. But I never thought of this without also thinking with a good deal of enthusiasm, too, that the man had the right kind of stuff in him, that, whatever came, he would come out all right in the end.

Of course we got to know each other pretty well, in a way. Occasionally he would make some statement of facts, and when pressed for his authority, would cite his experience in different countries which showed a wide range of travel. Once I remember, after I had made an unusually close inspection of the bridge, I made the remark that it seemed as though an earthquake couldn't dislodge that bridge.

"Think so?" was his laconic answer.  
"Well of course I don't know," I answered. "as I never witnessed one. But you don't seem to share my faith, perhaps you have felt one, and know more about it?"

"Yes, I have been in one," he replied, at the same time turning his face from me, and choking audibly.  
Of course I changed the subject, and never referred to it again in his presence until the morning of April 24th last, just after the severest earthquake shock which has been experienced in the southwest since 1868. And well might I refer to it then, even in Steele's presence, for it shook that bridge, just as the early morning express was due, so that the addition of 500 pounds to its weight would have plunged it into the bottom of the ravine below.

This is how it happened, and I give it in his words, as he gave it to the officers of the road.

"Gentlemen, as you will not be able to understand all the circumstances without it, I will explain to you that I was stopping in Naples with my young wife and little girl at the time when the great earthquake of Casamicciola occurred, in 1883. We were buried in the falling buildings, and when, weeks after, consciousness returned, I was lying in a hospital. Those who had rescued me from the ruins stated that the dead body of my wife was found beside me, but not the slightest clue could be found of my child, dead or alive. From that time to the day which I applied for the position as keeper of High Bridge I did nothing but search for some knowledge of my child, but without any tangible clue, and only enough of that which was intangible to form the basis for a hope or an impression that she was living. Under that impression I have not only scoured Italy but every country in which I had hopes of finding a clue.

Much of my search pilgrimage has been made on the wheel which some of you have noticed in the "look-out" at the bridge. On the day which I applied for the position as keeper, the last of my fortune had been spent and I had only a few books and my wheel. I could part with neither of these. My resources were exhausted and must be replenished. More than this I was led to seek this position from the very fact that it was solitary and isolated. The impression was so strong upon me that, as I had exhausted several years and thousands of dollars in search of my child among the people, without results, there might be a paradoxical providence in pursuing an opposite course of retirement, seclusion and rest from pursuit.

"I obeyed that impulse, whether wisely or not I was in doubt, until the moment when on the morning of the recent accident I took down my lantern preparatory to making my beat over the bridge, before the evening train should cross. As I stepped on to the track, in front of the 'look-out,' I remembered that I had felt strangely depressed all the preceding day, and that my mental state was not unlike that in which one recalls the impressions of a bad dream. Before I had taken six steps the whole sickening recollections of the moment in which the earthquake began to rock the walls of Naples crept over me, because the first of those sensations was being repeated. I knew what was coming, and I must confess, gentlemen, that the motive of stopping the train, which that instant I heard whistling around the mountain side, before it should reach the trembling bridge was intensified by the feeling that upon my success in saving that train hung that for which I have spent the best of my manhood, the discovery of my child. To signal from the look-out end of the bridge was, as you know hopeless, because of the curve at the other approach. It was equally hopeless to attempt to run the length of the bridge before the train would be upon me. That moment my eye chanced to see the flash of my lantern light upon the nickel of my wheel, which I had taken outside to oil. It was my only hope! To make it tread

the centre of the track, across the bridge in four minutes, meant life to that train load of human beings and perhaps to my child—who could say? Anything less meant—well, you know.

"I caught my lantern on to the handlebar and sprang into the saddle. With nearly my whole weight thrown into every stroke, she responded to my will like a part of my body. I could feel the vibrations of the bridge increase with each second as the roar of the swiftly approaching train grew louder and louder. Could I save it? A moment more would tell. As I flew over that last span the rocking was tremendous! But, gentlemen, if the span had snapped when I was within a rod of the abutment, I believe that machine would have made a leap and carried me over, at the speed she was under. Well, you know the rest; that wheel saved the day, and, gentlemen," said the hero of High Bridge, in a broken voice, "that train carried a messenger of the Italian government who brings me certain proof that my child has been discovered and will soon come to me."

If the carpets and furniture of the director's room had never felt the touch of tears before, they did that day.  
If you should happen into the vice-president's room of this railroad you would notice the wheel which made priceless time that night over the rocking bridge. At the desk you will see a man of middle age, who never looks up at the wheel without a brighter gleam in his clear, blue eyes; a gleam whose warmth and tenderness is exceeded only when a tall and beautiful young woman enters, and resting her arm on his shoulder, says with a slight foreign accent: "Father, dear, aren't you most ready to go home with me?"—[Wheelmen's Gazette.]

### Help from a Strange Quarter.

With two other lads (all of us being about 15 years of age) I went to skate on the ice covering a ballast-pit, about half a mile from the St. Ives Station of the Great Eastern Railway, writes B. Clements of Snettisham, England. I broke in. Fortunately I came up again in the hole I had made instead of getting under the ice.

Both my companions hurried to the station for assistance, leaving me in the water up to my hips, with a high railway embankment on one hand, an osierholt on another and a high hedge on the other two. But it soon proved that my proximity to the railway was to be the means of my rescue. After I had been in my uncomfortable predicament about half an hour the 2.13 p. m. Midland passenger train from Cambridge to Kettering passed, and, luckily for me, the driver, G. Turner, happened to be looking out on the same side of the engine toward the pit. I waved my hand to him, and, to my great joy, he waved his in return, and opened the steam whistle to encourage me. Then, putting on full steam, he took his train rapidly into the station, telling the railway officials of my position.

The station-master kindly dispatched a light engine and a rope to my assistance. I was almost exhausted with my protracted struggle in the icy water when the welcome sight of the light engine met my gaze, and friends sprang off with the rope. When it was thrown to me I found my hands were too swollen to have any power of feeling, so, placing it crosswise in my mouth, I dug my teeth into the hempen strands, and was thus pulled on shore. No sooner did I feel myself in safety than I fainted away, and did not regain consciousness for three hours, when I found my father bending over me as I lay in bed.—[Philadelphia Record.]

### What She Should Comprehend.

A small sister and brother, aged ten and eight, were fond of holding long arguments when they should be getting dressed in the morning.  
"Hurry, hurry, children!" Mamma would call.  
"Oh, yes!" Alice would answer abstractedly, and then continue her talk.  
"Make haste, dears!" Mamma called again.  
"Oh, yes, mamma." But the talk was unabated.  
One day, after a heated discussion, Alice's voice rose, decidedly.  
"Now, Oswald, I don't comprehend that!"  
"Well," replied Oswald, scampering, finding himself getting cornered. "I think you'd better comprehend that it's time you were getting dressed!"—[New York World.]

### Why It Is Called Christmastide.

Mr. Roundtop—Why do they call it Christmastide, Fortly?  
Mr. Portly—Because there are so many weddings, perhaps. Christmastide. See?  
"I thought it was because so many were trying to tide over it."

### FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

**A DELICIOUS CURRY.**  
A delicious curry of rice is made as follows: One can of tomatoes and one teaspoonful of curry powder boiled together. A small lump of butter is mixed with a cup of boiled rice put through the colander. Two small onions sliced and fried brown in butter are added to the tomatoes before the rice is put in, also the juice of one lemon just before sending to the table. —[New York Times.]

### BRAISED SWEETBREADS.

Take a pair of sweetbreads and lay in salt water an hour to blanch; lay between two dishes to cool; when cold, trim and put in a saucepan with a chopped turnip, an onion and a carrot, pour over a pint of stock, cover the top with a greased paper and braise carefully half an hour. Take up, put in a small dripping pan; boil down the liquor in the saucepan and baste the sweetbreads with it while in a hot oven. Lay on a dish, pour over Spanish sauce and garnish with fried mushrooms.—[Ladies' Home Companion.]

### TURKEY SCOLLOP.

Pick the meat from the bones of cold turkey, and chop fine. Put a layer of bread-crumbs on the bottom of a buttered dish, moisten with a little milk; then add a layer of turkey, with bits of the dressing, and small pieces of butter on top; sprinkle with salt and pepper, then another layer of bread-crumbs, and so on till the dish is nearly full; add a little boiling water to the gravy left over and pour it on the turkey. Then, for a top-layer crust, beat two eggs, two table-spoonfuls of milk, one of melted butter, a little salt, and cracker crumbs sufficient to make thick enough to spread on with a knife; put bits of butter over, and bake three-quarters of an hour, with a tin plate over it; about ten minutes before serving remove the plate, and brown slightly. Chicken is also good served in this style.—[Chicago Times.]

### THE SQUIRREL.

The squirrel is a poorly appreciated little animal. The brain of the little fellow is taken out, soaked in salt and water to draw out the blood, and is then rolled in cornmeal or rolled crackers, and fried the same as oysters. It takes a great many of them to make a meal, but when you get them you feel as if they were worth traveling miles to find. The body of the squirrel, too, is good according to the cooking. The trouble is people do not generally know how to cook it; take the hindquarters and the saddle, and women folks of the regular backwoodsman will make a most delicious morsel of it, where the city cook will spoil it, making it tough and tasteless. As a hunting gentleman remarked on this subject, he was caught at a country station and was forced to put up at a neighboring house. Its appearance was anything but inviting, but it was the only thing in sight, the best he could do, and he had to make the best of it. A special meal was prepared for him. The coffee was simply vile. They had no more idea of making it than they had of flying.

There didn't seem to be anything on the table fit to eat, until the woman of the house brought in the hindquarters and saddle of a squirrel. It was simply delicious and made up for all other shortcomings. He was convinced that there are a few people who know how to cook squirrel properly.—[St. Louis Republic.]

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

In choosing meat, select that of a fine, smooth grain, of a bright red color and white fat.  
When broiling steak, throw a little salt on the coals, and the blaze from the dripping fat will not annoy.  
Tubs will not warp or crack open if the precaution is taken to put a pail of water into each directly after using.  
To loosen readily the scales of fish, to cut the slime and to freshen and make firm sea fish, pour vinegar over them.  
A black gown is always in good taste and may be worn everywhere except to a wedding, where it is supposed to bring bad luck to the bride.  
Delicate colored silks should never be laid away in white paper, as the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper often draws out the color.  
Toothache can generally be cured immediately by putting a small piece of cotton, saturated with strong ammonia, into the hollow of the affected tooth.  
Financial wealth is not the greatest,

### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

**BARGAINS FOR SCHOLARS.**  
A queer little man kept an alphabet shop, And out from his counter, hippity hop, He danced until he was ready to drop. Singing and shouting with never a stop.  
"Come in, little scholars With bright silver dollars, Or if you've not any Then come with a penny, I have bumble Bs And marrowfat Ps Some Chinese Qs And Japanese Ts, A flock of Js And lots of Es,  
And perfectly beautiful dark-blue Cs; This is the place to buy your knowledge, At cheaper rates than are given at college! Then he'd draw a long breath and spin like a top,  
This queer little man in an alphabet-shop —Anna M. Pruit, in St. Nicholas.

### THE GIANT CRABS OF ENOSHIMA, JAPAN.

Enoshima is an island lying some thirty miles below Yokohama. At low tide Enoshima is a rocky peninsula joined to the land by a long sandy bar. At high tide the water covers this sandy strip, and in times of heavy storms also, the far-reaching waves make it an island and surround it with foam. Enoshima is covered with groves and ancient temples, and there is even a temple far in under the island, which one can enter only at low tide. Tea houses and pretty summer villas peep from the dense groves; and while pilgrims resort there to pray, other people go to enjoy fish dinners and to buy all the curious shells, sponges, corals, sea-weeds, and pretty trifles that can be made of shells and fish-scales.

The only unwelcome visitor to this beautiful beach is the giant crab, whose shell is about as large as that of the green-turtle, whose eyes project and wink, and roll horribly, while each of his claws measure five and six feet in length. The ordinary visitor does not meet this crab walking up the beach in the daylight. Heavy storms sometimes sweep them from the deep waters where they live, and the fishermen hunt them on the reefs off-shore, or to their surprise bring them up in their nets. The weight of the crab and the thrashing of his claws generally ruin the fisherman's net, and he is an unpleasant fellow-traveler in a small boat. Such a crab in the middle of a boat 12 feet long could reach out at both ends of it and nip the men at bow and stern; and his reach, measured sideways, in the real crab-fashion is sometimes over twelve feet. The fishermen used to consider it bad luck to haul up one of these crabs in a net. They would make quick work of throwing the crab back into the water and afterward beg in the cave shrine of Bentei Sama that the gods should not plague them with any more such luck. In this modern and money-making day the fishermen have learned that one big crab is worth more than a whole netful of common fish. Every perfect crab landed can be sold for \$5 or more, and in time each travels to a foreign country and becomes the gem in some museum's collection of shell-fish.

The fisher-folk along this far Pacific strand tell some stories that make a bather find this crab as dreadful as the cuttle-fish, which also inhabits these waters. They claim that the big crab will fight fiercely when attacked, and will, without reason, nip at any moving thing. Then, too, they say that its eyes give out light and glow like balls of fire in the dark. Some revelers coming home very late from the tea-houses of the neighboring village of Katase have been frightened sober by seeing the beach full of these red-eyed crawling monsters, who cracked their claws in the air and rattled their bodies over the stones as they gave chase.

In Japanese fairy stories, these crabs have run away with bad little boys and girls, haunted wicked persons' dreams, and taken other part in human affairs. The Enoshima crabs were brought into modern English fiction by Rider Haggard, in his story, "Allan Quarterman." In that book the heroes came out from an underground fire-chamber and floated along a deep and narrow canon. When they stopped to rest and eat, an army of crabs came up at the smell of food, and rolled their eyes and cracked their claws, until they frightened the heroes away.  
Mr. Haggard says in a foot-note that he had read of these crabs in some book of travel, and borrowed them for this canon scene to make Allan Quarterman's adventures the more exciting.—[St. Nicholas.]

### Foreign Honors.

Primus—Johnson tells me they gave him the freedom of the city when he was in London.  
Secundus—Well, it is possible, you know, that he may have succeeded in getting bail.—[Epoch.]

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