

In England over \$1,000,000 worth of medicine is annually distributed gratis at the dispensaries.

The authorities of Philadelphia have declared that the red flag of anarchy will not be permitted on the streets of that city.

A large number of the merchants of Chicago have organized for the purpose of compelling the railroads entering that city to elevate their tracks.

The Medical News says that even sewage water can be converted into pure drinking water by sand filtration in filter basins at the rate of 2,000,000 gallons per acre per day.

Tramp apiaries are common in Southern California. The hives are set on wheels, the colonies moved from one pasture to another to suit the season and secure the most honey.

Says the Kansas City Journal: A New Orleans man was compelled to pay \$17 for plucking three rare flowers in a Philadelphia park. He might as well have bought them at a fashionable florist's.

M. Flammarion, the well-known French astronomer, writes to the New York Herald that the luminous projections observed on the planet Mars are either due to mountains or clouds, and that the idea of their being due to burning forests or flashing signals are the fantastic crochets of astronomical cranks.

Some gulls off Cromer, writes a London Graphic correspondent, have just been playing a practical joke on the visitors and inhabitants of that town. Forming themselves in line and distances to a nicety, they skimmed along the surface of the sea at a rapid rate, and by keeping exact time in the movement of their wings successfully deluded some spectators into the belief that they were a "sea-serpent."

New Jersey has a State hangman named James Van Hise, and he officiated at the recent execution of Alteneberger, who was hanged for murdering Katie Rupp. The fee for hanging a man is \$250, and Van Hise made application to the sheriff at Jersey City for his pay. He was disgusted at ascertaining that a garnishee suit on an old debt that he supposed was forgotten had got in ahead of him. He declared that it was a new way of "cheating the hangman."

Sheet music may now be bought at some of the Berlin shops by the pound, the Republican Post Express avers. "If you can afford three pounds of music, you can take one pound of sentimental, one pound of dramatic, twelve ounces of comic, and four ounces of devotional, or any other such arrangement that suits your fancy." The musical butcher must of course hit upon some method of weighing by which the lean and desirable cuts, such as "Il Trovatore" and "Sweet Marie," will be larded in with the fat and bony compositions of less popular musicians. It is only a step to paintings by the square yard, sermons by the hour, (these might come in inverse ratio down to a certain point, three times as much for twenty minutes as for an hour) and statues by the pound. The excitement of finding out what one has secured would fully repay the purchase price.

Bell-making is one of the greatest industries in this country, yet how seldom we hear of it, observes the Chicago Record. Foreign countries recognize that our bells are superior in tone to any other make, and even the Japanese are sending orders to this country for bells. The Japanese have long been regarded as famous bell-makers, but they do not hesitate to apply to American manufacturers when they find it to their advantage to do so. There is grim humor in the fact that the fire-alarm bells to be used in Tokio have been ordered of a manufacturing firm in Jersey City. The largest bell in America is in the cathedral of Montreal and it weighs 28,000 pounds. The bell in the public building at Philadelphia is to weigh between 20,000 and 25,000 pounds. There is a bell at Erfurt, Germany, (cast in 1479) and one in Notre Dame, Paris, cast in 1860, each weighing 30,000 pounds. The great Chinese bell at Peking weighs 120,000 pounds, is 14 feet high and 12 feet in diameter. By the way, the Chinese used to make bells nearly square in shape. The largest bell is of course that in the Kremlin at Moscow. It is over nineteen feet in height and measures nearly 23 feet across the mouth, its thickness at the point where the clapper would strike is twenty-three inches; the cost of manufacturing this noble work of human art was about \$500,000.

When the Heart Beats Right.

When the heart is beatin' right,
All the world is full of light;
Sun by day and stars by night,
When the heart is beatin' right.

When the heart is beatin' right,
Storms bring only rainbows bright,
And the sailor wins the fight,
When the heart is beatin' right.

When the heart is beatin' right,
Roses bloom red and white;
Weakest souls are souls of might—
Earth a garden of delight,
When the heart is beatin' right.

—E. S. STANTON in Atlanta Constitution.

A LUCKY FALL.

Miss Doris Kemp is one of the luckiest young women in the world. She went out to sketch in the hills of old Mexico, and while looking for a brook fell into a bed of gold nuggets. She jumped from poverty to comparative riches in the twinkling of an eye. Her find netted her \$9,700. Miss Kemp is now in Chicago on her way to Paris, France, where she proposes to study art in the hope of becoming a great painter. She was in Charharipari, a little settlement at the mountain's foot, six hard days' riding from any railroad. She says:

"There was some magnificent scenery near this quiet little place of 30 souls and I passed many a pleasant day sketching. In this fashion a month passed, and it became very monotonous, and I began to think of going somewhere where I might be among white folks. The only English-speaking persons there were Miller, landlord of the little hotel, and a little quaint Italian who was a handy man for the more pretentious shops. One afternoon I started out from the town with my sketch-book under my arm, and after a brief walk came to a rolling, rather steep hill. Curious to see what was beyond I went on up and over its brow. Before me lay one of the wildest scenes I have ever seen before or since.

"The tall orchard trees stood close together, slanting down the hill, the top of the last ones fading into the misty blue that filled the basin of the canon. The intersections were filled with a twining, twisting mass of undergrowth, from which grew all sorts of rare and beautifully colored flowers, while on the sides of the two hills to the left, standing out in a menacing splendor, were rocks of gigantic size. The sound of a stream came up to me from the depths of blue below. It sounded tempting, and I started for it. As I went on down the sides I tore my skirts in the jagged undergrowth, but I kept on and marking my way by breaking low limbs, I soon came in sight of the stream, and was turning to make my way to the left to find a slant that would take me to the bank of it, when I found myself sinking down and down. I reached out for something to clutch, but something always gave way, and I finally landed on a sandy bit of beach in a little cove that the horizontal wall of the mountain's base made at the edge of the stream. I was not hurt. My fall had been gradual. I had fallen through a growth that covered the side of the hill above me fully thirty feet. I scanned the sides of the rock that made the cove. There was no retreat that way. I looked down the stream. There was a waterfall not ten feet away, whose distance I could not measure, but it seemed as if it was a great deal. Up the stream it seemed as bad; the water was fully twenty feet across and looked deep, although here at the edges it was shallow enough, but the sharp projection of stone stood well out into the water and it meant a wade of proportions I had yet to ascertain.

"I secured from the hillside a sinuous vine and made a rope, fastened it to a solid point of the rock, and then, as it was early, I sat down to sketch the canon as it stretched away in the blue depths I could see down over the waterfall. I reclined on the sand with my back to the hillside. While contemplating the view I absently picked up pebbles and threw them into the water. One of them I happened to notice as I held it in my hand. It was of odd shape and peculiar color where the dried earth didn't cover it. I washed it off in the stream. It looked suspiciously like gold. I looked where I had been sitting, and there in an oblong rift of the rocks was a hatful of just such clods as I held in my hand. I had seen nuggets of gold, but had never heard of them in such quantities as met my gaze. Hoping it was gold, but not sure, and with thoughts of Monte Cristo-like splendor in my mind, I placed those that were loose in a niche as high up the bank as I could reach, and made my way around the point of rock to find a way home with the nugget securely fastened in my dress. The water was up to my shoulders, but I succeeded

in getting around; then marking the way carefully with bits of paper, I made up the hill again and gained the house, much the worse for wear. I put on a dry dress, and seeking Miller, showed him my find, asking him with a calmness I certainly didn't feel what it was. He scanned it carefully, and said:

"It's purty good gold. Where'd you get it?"

"I rather stammered that I had found it in the creek's bed a short distance from the house. Thoughts of the treasure, if it were one, being filched from me caused this little deception. He said further: 'It's purty well mixed with dirt,' and then laughingly: 'If you had a wheelbarrowful of bits like this you could buy a farm.'

"How much is it worth?" I asked.

"Oh, about \$15, I think."

"I thanked him and went to my room. To get the rest of the bits, as he called them, from where they were, and take them safely to a place where I could dispose of them, gave me much to think on. I did not care to trust any one with my secret, and I wanted to know the extent of my find. The next day I was putting query after query to Miller about placer mining. At night I was as far from knowing what its extent was as could be. After supper I resolved to try the Italian, who had taken some fancy to me, I thought, for having given him several cast-off garments for his wife. I found him, secured his services for the next day, making a tryst where he was to meet me with a pick, shovel, bags, and rope, and on the way told him of what I was about to do and offered him \$50 to assist me to the railroad with what we might secure. He swore by the Virgin he would never betray me. We made our way down to the rock, and, fixing the rope firmly, I went around, took the tools from him, and then he came. I asked him what he knew about placer mining. He knew considerable. I showed him where I found the nuggets, or rather the clods, and we went to work.

"It was hard work, too. But after eight or nine hours of picking I came to the conclusion that I had got all there was out of the rough gutter of the rock where the stream trickled through. We had in all, at a rough estimation, about eighty pounds of dirt and gold, including the loose bits I had concealed in the niche. I could not see signs of any more. There was no beach except where I had stood. We looked that all over and saw no signs of gold. We dug down and soon struck solid rock, and we concluded there was nothing more than the 'pocket.' We made two packages of the dirt, and with much effort I helped the Italian to carry them up the hill. We left the tools. That night I went to his house, guarding my treasure. I sent a note by him to Miller telling him I would not be at home, saying the Italian's wife was ill and that I would stay with her that night. I had the Italian secure me a cart and donkeys, and the next morning, with my fortune concealed under the seat, I started with it for the nearest station, after settling with Miller for my month's board.

"We reached the station after a six days' trip. I gave the Italian five or six ounces of the most solid of the stuff. I had the rest packed in a stout box. While at the station I met a travelling salesman, to whom I confided. He advised me to take it to the city of Mexico. I lacked \$10 or \$12 of having enough money to pay my fare, but he loaned it to me, saying I could send it to him. I arrived safely in the city, and with the assistance of an American at the hotel I had the stuff melted, and, after the customs and license were paid, it netted me \$9,700. On the advice of the same gentleman I invested in a small cultivated coffee plantation near Minatitlan. It was profitable, and I have been there since July, 1891, until the fall of last year, when I sold my interest in the coffee ground to one of the larger growers. I do not like Mexico, and I have spent considerable time since I closed out my interest in travelling.—Chicago Tribune.

Jove and a Hornet Strike Together.

There was an unusually sharp flash of lightning, a stunning peal of thunder and a sharp, sudden pain, and a West Goldsboro young lady gave a shriek and jumped into the middle of the floor. Her friends thought she had been struck and she thought she had been killed, but when the excitement had calmed down enough for an investigation everybody was relieved, for then it was found that the shock had been inflicted not by the lightning, but by a hornet, which had chosed that inauspicious time for action.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Grotesque Korean Interiors.

The houses of Seoul, Gasson, Chemulpo and Fusan are much the same both in architecture and decoration. They are built chiefly of stone. There is a roofed gateway and a gate house in the outer wall. They are usually triple-roofed and surrounded by a cluster of fanciful smaller buildings, the whole enclosed by a second wall. From eave to eave they are generally not more than from forty to forty-five feet wide; the rooms being twenty by twenty-five. There is a wide platform all the way around the building, which has a rice-straw roof. The inmates sleep out there during the warm weather. The inside is partitioned off into rooms, but the partitions only rise about three-quarters of the way to the ceiling. The interior furnishing is grotesquely artistic. One misses the soft, tender tinting of Japan, with the swallows, storks, and quaint figures painted upon the ceilings, walls, floors, side panels, rugs, mats, table cloths, and even the hostess, who is, of course, the chief decoration of the apartment; one also glances in vain for that grim, gloomy Satanic figuring of dragons, devils, horned human beings and distorted flora, which is rife in China; but the Korean idea of garnishing is quite individual and interesting of itself. The sea flowers, sea shells and fish scales are the special products used. The ceilings are massed with shells, looking like an ocean of white waves, and oftentimes the walls are so covered with baked seaweed in rocky design as to look like great cliffs rising upon each side; then again the whole room may be tastefully draped in sea moss. Occasionally a Korean household has just plain, bare matting tacked upon the walls, with crude pictures hung thereon, and the only furniture will be a "kang," three or four benches and some mats.

The poorer classes live in wretched huts and hovels, whose wall may be of stone or clay and at all times are filthy, smoky, greasy and unkempt.

I spoke of the Korean "kang." This is a cross between a divan and a bed. It is used in the "Hermit Kingdom" at all hours of the day. Mother sits upon it when she brews tea or congo water, sips baby or makes father's shirt; sister prays upon it; is betrothed while she sits on its comfortable surface, and, mayhap, stands on it when she is married. Altogether it is a special Korean necessity. Those I have seen are very wide, probably ten feet, built of wood, but the ultra-class make them of gold, silver, stone and even onyx.—New York World.

Devotion of a Mother Bird.

I often watch the chimney-swifts, a dozen at a time, with closed wings and a wabbling motion, drop into our unused chimney for the night. In this same chimney, which first drew my attention to the birds, I once saw a beautiful thing—a tender side of bird nature. Once, some month or more after all these little birds had taken their flight to more sunny climes, I heard a familiar twitter in the chimney, and taken out the old-fashioned fireboard found a full-grown bird lying upon the hearth. Looking more closely, I discovered that he was fastened to the nest, which by its weight had fallen from its attachment up the chimney. The fellow seemed to be assured of my friendliness toward him for he lay very still and quite while I examined the case. I found that he was fastened by a strong hair from a horse's main or tail, which, wrapped over his leg, bound him fast to the nest. His anxious mother, who had cast in her lot with him to remain and die too with him, for the time of insects was about gone, came into the chimney and actually waited beside me while I snipped the strong hair and released him. It was an hour or more before he got the use of his leg and learned what his mother was teaching him by flying up and down in the chimney, and then the both started on their lonesome flight to the far South.—Forest and Stream.

"Feet or Yards?"

One of the members of our Yale athletic team tells rather a good story about a young English interviewer who probably knew as much about the North Pole as he did about manly sports.

"Now," said the scribe, after getting the athlete's impressions of things in general, "about that famous leap of yours—what was the exact distance?"

"Twenty-three five and a half," answered the college man.

Without looking up from his pad the interviewer briskly inquired, "Feet or yards?"—Truth.

A Milan pianist recently won a bet by playing for twenty-five consecutive hours without rest.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Insect-eating animals are gradually becoming extinct.

If left without food for a few hours the mole will die of starvation.

In France typhoid fever patients are given five to six quarts of water a day.

Ninety per cent of the energy in coal is lost in converting it into power.

The city of Potsdam, Germany, has been photographed from a distance of three miles.

The hypnotic state is frequently secured by fixing the eyes steadily upon some bright object.

White spots appear on the nails, because the vascular tissue underneath is attached to the substance of the nail, but from some accidental cause, such as a blow, occasionally becomes separated.

In a new French method of illuminating a tunnel, reflectors throw the light from electric lamps sixteen feet above the rails to the sides of the tunnel, where it is again reflected by burnished tin. The current is switched on and off automatically as trains enter and leave the tunnel.

It is a great mistake to peel potatoes before cooking them. The skin, like the bark of all medicinal roots, is the richest part of the tuber. Potatoes baked are more nutritious than prepared in any other form, because the valuable mineral salts are held in solution by the pellicle of the skin. If it is desired to remove the skin it should be done by rubbing with a rough cloth, which preserves the true skin.

In Germany recently one man was killed and another injured by an electric current, the one who was injured being awarded damages, while the relatives of the one who was killed were not. This would appear to be an argument, at least in Germany, for the use of high tension circuits, as it appears to be cheaper to kill outright than to injure persons. Our railway companies in the United States find it cheaper to kill than to injure.

The Gymkhana.

The gymkhana, a sort of gymnastic hash, in which the participants are expected to exercise their ingenuity in devising all sorts of unheard of performances, has been introduced into England from India. The sport is very popular in that part of the Orient, but is little known in Western countries.

The idea was launched in London the other day, and according to the papers there the lovers of sport have gone crazy over it. The most amusing event on the programme was a costume race. Seated on side saddles and attired in dresses of the gayest colors and the most startling cut five men went round the course, which included a bushel hurdle. Two ballet girls, (both men) covered their ponies' quarters with voluminous skirts, a Dolly Varden and baby in bed gown and sun bonnet, and raced for the fence, and Charley's Aunt brought up the rear. Another feature of the day was the obstacle race, in which a variety of objects likely to put ponies on were arranged round the course. The one that attracted people most was the series of paper screens through which the ponies had to force their way. The head-to-tail race and the handkerchief dash were mirth-provoking features. In the former men rode at lively speed with their faces toward the horses' tails, and in the latter a rider dropped a lady's handkerchief on the ground, then at a gallop picked it up without leaving the saddle.—New York Advertiser.

The Seven Bibles of the World.

The question is often asked whether there is any Bible besides the Christian Bible. There are seven. Each faith believes its own to be the Word of God. They are the Holy Scriptures, the Koran of the Mahometans, the Tu Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindus, the Gendavesta of the Persians, the Eddas of the Scandinavians. The Eddas is merely a semi-sacred work, and was born in the fourteenth century. The most recent of the real Bibles is the Koran, which is a collection of sayings from the Christian Scriptures and the Talmud, and dates from the seventh century after Christ. The Vedas are the most ancient of Hindu literature, although the commentators do not ascribe them to an earlier period than the twelfth century before Christ. The Pentateuch was written by Moses 1,500 years before Christ, so that the Christian Bible antedates the oldest of its rivals by three centuries.—New York World.

Happy Days.

Oh, these here are the happy days—
No matter what they say;
There's no more good fun in all the ways
Than's been there in many a day!

The crackin' of the toamster's whip—
The shoutin' of a boy,
As the hick'ry nut come tumblin' down—
That's joy for you—big joy!

Oh, these here are the happy days,
The farms are full o' life;
The feller and his sweetheart
Is a-thinkin' of a wife.

There's plenty in the corner;
There's honey in the hive;
And a feller's kinder feelin'
That it's good to be alive!

—Atlantic Constitution.

HUMOROUS.

The closer you get to a great man the smaller he looks.

Do not waste all your time explaining why others do not succeed.

The cynicism of some people seems to be a desire to make bright remarks.

It would puzzle an onion to understand what there is about a rose that people like.

People are usually willing to do their duty, but they do not like to do too much of it.

If you value the friendship of your friend, never agree with him when he calls himself a fool.

Having a "steady" keeps a girl at home as close evenings as if she was married and had a baby.

Our servant was deeply in love,
Nor could she the secret long keep;
She'd sigh and she'd stare
With preoccupied air,
And call out "Police" in her sleep.

A Mild Rebuke.—He—"How many conquests have you made this season?" She—"I never talk shop."

When a man is weighed in the social scale, nowadays, he must be heavy enough for the cash balance.

"I hear you prefer to be cremated when you die." "I do!" "And why?" "So that my remains may be mingled with the ashes of the grate."

Cesar was a lucky man. He could go around where he pleased and his wife never asked him annoying questions. She was above suspicion.

Wool—"One of these hunting-belts seems to be loaded with blank cartridges." Van Pelt—"I forgot to tell you; young Brown has asked to go with us."

At a Prize-Shooting—Rifleman (after repeated misses)—Donnerwetter! If those rascally fellows haven't gone and stuck up the target in the wrong place again.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone."
Unless it be after the minstrel joke,
In which novelty there is none.

"Is it true that your bride is very hard of hearing?" "It is. Why, when I proposed to her I had to shout so loud that all the neighbors ran out and congratulated me."

If the Japs are as long-headed as they are reputed to be they will make all haste to organize an Amazonian battalion among the servant girls of America. Few warriors could beat them smashing China.

The eyes of the suitor filled with tears. "Sir!" he protested, "I would give my very life for your daughter." Her father started violently. "Young man," he thundered, "do I look as if I was easy picking in a trade?"

"The Sins of the Father," etc.—Tommy (studying his lesson)—I say, pa, where does the Merrimack rise and into what sea does it empty? Pa—I don't know, my son. Tommy—You don't know! And tomorrow the teacher will liek me on account of your ignorance.

Big Official Salaries in England.

It is interesting to note that the salary of the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge was \$40,000 a year, while that of the Chief Justice of the supreme court of the United States is \$10,000. The difference between the salaries of these two officials is no greater, however, than that between other high officials in England and this country. The Lord Chancellor receives \$50,000 a year while in office and a pension for life of \$25,000. The lords of appeal get \$30,000, and all the other judges \$25,000. The income of the British attorney-general is at least \$60,000 a year, against a salary of \$8,000 for the attorney-general of the United States. The latter figure is the salary of our secretary of state, while all the English secretaries of state get \$25,000 a year, and after serving for a certain time they are entitled to \$10,000 a year for life. Altogether it will be seen that the high officers in England are very handsomely paid when compared with those in this country, and the bench is about the best-paid of all.—Boston Herald.