

Love's Millionaire.
 I say, "The world is lonely;
 The hearth at home is cold,
 And sad is life to child and wife
 When life hath little gold."
 But soft her arms steal round my neck—
 My comforter so dear;
 And "How much do you love me?"
 And her sweet voice answers clear:
 "I love you, I love you
 A hundred million—there!"
 And then I'm poor no more—no more,
 For I'm Love's millionaire.
 Then sweeter seems the breaking
 Of Poverty's sad bread,
 And roses bloom from out the gloom
 And crown the curly head,
 And if sometimes a thankful tear
 My dreaming eyes shall fill,
 Her soft arms steal around me,
 And she whispers sweetly still.
 "I love you, I love you
 A hundred million—there!"
 I weep no more: God help the poor!
 I'm Love's own millionaire!
 (F. S. Stanton in Ladies' Home Journal.)

A MODERN LOCHINVAR.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

A peculiar feature of the season of romantic youth is that known as the elopement period, when Young Lochinvar has reached the conclusion that he has more right to the girl of his heart than her father, mother, brothers, sisters, and all other relatives combined. He does not stop to analyze feelings or motives, so does not make the discovery that his conduct is the result of a lapse into savagery, his earlier ancestors having doubtless been barbarians, who snatched their savage brides from the family, but in obedience of the ancient marriage customs. No, our modern Lochinvar imagines himself a valiant knight who hurries to save his beloved lady from the cruel restrictions of dotting parents, who know that her equine has not a flat to his name, or enough coin of the realm to sustain life in two persons with average appetites. They ask him to wait, but, he ignoring the post-fact truth that all things come to him who waits, does not have patience to endure the long result of time.

Gilbert Harding and Gussie Marston were lovers and they had planned an elopement.

He was a squire of high degree,
 She was a lady fair to see.

This is a trifle overdrawn, but it applies to their case better than any other two lines in poetical literature. He was really a clerk in a haberdashery store, and she had just graduated in a sweet gown trimmed with real lace. She knew absolutely nothing of anything but school lore, and was as helpless and ignorant as a girl usually is who influences a young man to begin his career by running away with her. He was quite sure, however, that he knew enough for two, and what was a man good for anyway, if he couldn't face the world and fight its battles for the girl he loved? So the time was set, the parents refusing to consider his suit, because he was poor.

But Gussie loved him all the better for his poverty. She had heard it said that her father was poor when he married her mother, and they had been happy and prospered. She did not reflect that young people of today want to begin life where their parents left off.

It was the night of the elopement. There was no moon, and the electric lights were dim and flickering. Gilbert had engaged the services of a best man—his cousin, Bob Kennedy, who was also a friend of Gussie's, and who was to pilot Gilbert through the wing of the house where Gussie was to meet them, when the two would escape by a side door.

The girl had taken her favorite brother Tom into her confidence, but Gilbert did not know this. Tom was to entertain the old folks and keep them in the family sitting room until after nine, the hour which was set for the elopement.

"The great mistake that people make when they elope," said Gilbert, "is in setting the hour too late, when the least sound attracts attention to them."

It might have been supposed from those sage remarks, that he was an old hand at the business. But he had yet much to learn.

I have not stated the fact that Gussie's father was wealthy, but Gilbert would have scorned the imputation that this had any part in his plan of marrying her off hand. He knew that instead of the paternal benediction of the novel, "bless you, my children; bless you!" he might receive the paternal taboo, and be left to love, woe, and a crust in a cottage. But he was willing, brave boy, to risk it.

An open window in an unused and unoccupied wing of the building is always a suspicious incident. A policeman was rapping the door from a

convenient tree on the opposite side of the street, but love is blind, so Gilbert did not see him. He went through the window with the agility of a fireman.

"H-i-a-t" came from within.
 "W-h-i-a-t."
 These were the pass words.
 "Is it you?"

"Yes—it's me," was the hasty and ungrammatical reply.
 "Where's Gussie!"
 "Gussie who?"

This time the voice was a growl, Gilbert saw the form of a man, but it did not resemble his friend Bob.

"What will we carry the swag in?" asked the voice with a growl.
 Good heavens! a burglar! Gilbert felt that his only safety lay in keeping up the delusion of the other that he was a pal—he must get out and find Gussie.

"Give it to me," he said in a disguised tone, as rough as he dared make it.
 "Stow that, pard, I ain't goin' to run no risk of that sort—I've got the silver, but the jewelry—"

Flash went a pistol, and the report had scarcely ceased when Gilbert's hands were pinioned, and the policeman was calling for help. The real burglar had made a dash for liberty, and escaped through the window.

"W-w-h-a-t does this mean?" demanded old man Marston, as, purple with rage and excitement, he came hurrying in with a light.

"One of 'em's gone off," said the policeman, "but here's 'other rascal safe enough," and he showed up the sickly features of Gilbert Harding, who was ready to faint, but made a bluff to meet Gussie's father.

"Ha, ha, Mr. Marston; quite a joke, taking me for a burglar; ha! ha!"

"It doesn't look very much like a joke to me, young man," said the father sternly; "what were you doing entering my house feloniously in the night?"

Sure enough it didn't look much like a joke now that he saw it on both sides. Where was Bob Kennedy, that he did not step forward to help his friend out? Where was Gussie? Where was his own vaunted courage? He dared not look Gussie's father in the face, and say: "I came to steal your daughter."

"Will you kindly explain to the policeman that you know me, sir, and that I am not a burglar?" he managed to say at last.
 "I know you, certainly," croaked the old man, "but if you are not a burglar what are you doing with my family silver piled up here? You can explain the matter in court. Officer, do your duty. Take this man to the station!"

Did Gilbert hear aright? He had not time to discuss the matter, or indeed to say another word. Some philosopher has remarked quaintly that when a man begins to go down hill, it seems as if all creation was grieved for the occasion. So the way for the departure of the policeman with his prisoner was made very expeditious. The other members of the family made themselves invisible, so there was no one to whom he could appeal, and doors opened and shut like magic for them to pass through. And it seemed no time at all before the unhappy lover was locked in a cell at the police station.

But he did not languish there all night. Bob Kennedy, who had been late in keeping the appointment appeared to bail him out, and after rousing several officials—each of whom was the wrong one—from their beds, he rescued his friend, and then consoled him in the early morning hours.

He took Bob's advice to leave town on a business tour, and to remain until such time as Father Marston's wrath had cooled. There was no notice of the burglars or his arrest in the newspapers, and he left it to Bob to explain away any lingering suspicion against him.

He was to say that Gilbert saw the open window, and followed the burglar to intercept him, or any other harmless untruth that seemed to fit in.

Bob did his part so well that before Gilbert returned he read in the society columns an announcement of that faithless friend's engagement to the versatile Gussie. And then it dawned upon him that there had been no burglar as well as no elopement. And he immediately wrote himself down a name of three letters.—Detroit Free Press.

A Lucky Hunter.

"I hear your husband has been out shooting. Did he have any luck?" asked Mr. Fitzroy, of Mrs. Shiftless.
 "Oh, yes, he had luck, if you please to call it so. He saved two fingers of his right hand."

The Saw-Whet Owl.

One feels a far greater attachment for those of our birds which brave the rigors of our Northern winters than for the gay-coated songsters that flee Southward at the first coming of frost. Our owls, grim and unlovable though they may seem, are still very sturdy neighbors, and the little saw-whets particularly stay with us all the winter through. Though strictly nocturnal in habit, these little birds will not hesitate to venture on day time hunt if hunger moves them. Gunners late in the fall or winter frequently flush one from a bunch of cedars of thick bushes where they have been dining on a fat shrew or venturesome squirrel.

This is the small reddish owl whose strange note, "tee-hee! tee-hee! tee-hee!" so raspingly metallic, has earned for it the strange name of "saw-whet." When the dull low-land landscape is so drear the flash of an occasional saw-whet's ruddy wings across the drifts is not an unwelcome sight. We cannot dislike them so strongly as the others of the tribe on the score of murdering the singing birds, because they eat but little. One mouse or a chickadee will suffice the saw-whet for a whole week. Often they do not taste bird flesh for weeks at a time. In warm weather crickets, locusts, grasshoppers and toads furnish the chief bill of fare.

The cold weather seems to render the owls more tame and sociable, so that farmers see them often nowadays sunning on the warm side of the barns or roosting in the orchard under the southern side of the hill. Usually the rusty old muzzle-loader is brought out, and the dozing saw-whet is slaughtered. In killing the helpless owl the grain and fruit grower has damaged himself far more than he knew. By proper coops he could guard against the nightly raids on his poultry, while the saw-whets would kill off the mice, rats, snakes, grasshoppers, crickets and other obnoxious vermin.—New York World.

Remarkable Coincidence.

In September, 1892, the daughter of the blacksmith in Canna, and island of the Hebrides, was wandering on the shore gathering driftwood for fuel, when in a small bay about a hundred yards distant from her father's house she picked up a piece of wood bearing the inscription, cut with a knife, "Leuchan Campbell, Bilboa, March 23, 1892." On taking it to her mother she became concerned, as this was the name of her own son, who was a boiler-maker in Spain, and, as would be the case with most people, certainly with Highlanders, she could not get over the superstitious dread that this message from the sea was the harbinger of evil tidings regarding her son.

The family of the proprietor did its best to calm her terror, exhorting her to wait for an explanation. When writing to her son she told him what had happened, and was greatly relieved on receiving a reply assuring her of his well being, but was astonished that he perfectly remembered, how, when on a holiday he had written, as described, on a piece of wood and had idly thrown it into the sea from a rock.

We all know the power of ocean currents and need not be surprised at this piece of wood having been carried about six months, but the marvelous, and except for undoubted evidence, the incredible circumstance in this case is that this piece of wood, after its long drifting, should have been washed on the shore within a hundred yards of where the writer's mother lived, and that it should be picked up by one of his own family and taken home.

Had any novelist dared to picture a message delivered as this was by means of an ocean current, every reader and certainly ever critic would have denounced the outrageous demand on faith. And yet the apparently impossible actually occurred in Canna.—Good Words.

Fancies in Food.

Most people have some special fancy in the matter of food, be it fish, flesh or fowl. Charles Lamb swore by pork, says the Boston Traveler. Roasted pig served with apple sauce was to the author of the essays of Elia the summum bonum of things edible, a charm to conjure with. Cold sheep's head tickled the appetite and aroused the admiration of Sir Walter Scott. Liston, the actor, would go into ecstasies over tripe and onions. The tragedian, Charles Dillon, was exceedingly fond of a Yarmouth bloater.

Nearly \$400,000 is the amount obtained from the bicycle tax during 1896 by the French Government, the number of machines declared being just under 200,000.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The largest mammoth tusk yet discovered was sixteen feet in length.

A Chicago contractor has engaged to move a large church entire without even cracking the plastering.

In the Anna Hospital, Vienna, the serum treatment has lowered the diphtheria mortality from 50.65 per cent to 25.15.

A healthy man respire sixteen or twenty times a minute, or over 20,000 a day; a child twenty-five or thirty-five times a minute.

A flowing petroleum spring was discovered in the Olympic mountains in Washington a few days ago. The oil is identical in character with what comes from the eastern wells.

An extraordinarily large number of dwarfs live in the district of Rivas, in the Eastern Pyrennes. Tradition has it that they are the descendants of a race which inhabited those mountain regions in prehistoric times.

Professor Goldburg reports that in its conception the whale is a legged mammal. He found that until the embryo reaches a length of several inches legs are plainly discernible hereon, but these disappear long before birth.

An exhibition of original lithographs by Whistler and other artists, French and English, is now open in Paris. The younger men, and some of the older as well, are testing the possibilities of lithography, just as some years ago they turned to etching.

The average size of families in Europe as follows: France, 3.03 members; Denmark, 3.61; Hungary, 3.70; Switzerland, 3.94; Austria and Belgium, 4.05; England, 4.08; Germany, 4.10; Sweden, 4.12; Holland, 4.22; Scotland, 4.46; Italy, 4.56; Spain, 4.65; Russia, 4.83; Ireland, 5.20.

Some recent investigations in France show that contrary to the general supposition, the muscular heat caused by the act of raising a burden is greater than that due to the act of lowering it. Hitherto it has been believed that the work of lifting and the work of lowering produce equal heat.

All indications agree that less than ten miles below us a red heat is attained and within twenty a white heat. Ten miles below us it is red hot. Ten miles above us we have the pitiless cold, far below zero, of interplanetary space. To what a narrow zone of delicately-balanced temperature is life confined.

Mice That Love Music.

A nice little animal story is given in this month's "Nature Notes," which raises the interesting question whether mice have a fondness for music. It is contributed by a musician, who says: "One evening I was somewhat startled at hearing my piano suddenly giving forth sweet tones, apparently of its own accord. A mouse, so it proved, had got inside the instrument, and was making music on the wires. Whether this was intention on mouse's part or not I cannot say; perhaps he was trying to make a nest for himself there. Some years ago, however, while a piano was being played in the dining room of my old home, several mice came out on the hearthrug and began to jump about, apparently with delight at the sound of the music, and one was so absorbed or overcome by it that he allowed himself to be carried away in a tongs by the housemaid." After this, ladies ought to lose their antipathy for mice; indeed, we may soon expect some humanitarian dame to commence musical parties for their delectation. It would be amusing to see them dance, and would form a really human method of catching them.—London News.

Tree-Climbing Fish.

"As unhappy as a fish out of water" should be used with a reservation. On the coasts of Eastern Asia, one may often see the climbing bass or "Anabas scandens" deliberately leave the watery element for a pleasure or a business jaunt along the seashore. The Malays call this queer fish "the tree climber," and quite correctly so because specimens have often been taken from the sides of trees which they actually climbed to a height of six feet or more.

While the silvery herring and the lovely salmon die almost as soon as they leave the water, the climbing bass gets along very well with very little of the nasty brine—the little which the peculiar construction of its gills enables it to take along on its trips ashore.

When not promoting the Anabas scandens gets a good grip on the sand with its thin fins and then pushes itself forward with the tail. Climbing trees is effected in a similar manner. New York World.

COCA CULTURE.

Market Demand Has Made Growing Profitable.

Increasing Use of Cocaine in This Country.

"The coca plant is being cultivated on a large scale in Peru and elsewhere in tropical America nowadays," said a chemist to a representative of the Washington Star the other day. "Within the last few years the demand for the leaves has increased enormously, and large farms are devoted to the business of growing them. The alkaloid 'cocaine' obtained from them has become steadily cheaper, until now the commercial product is quoted at about one-twentieth of the price asked for it a dozen years ago. At that time apothecaries kept the stuff in their safes, because it was so precious. 'Coca plants are propagated from seeds in nurseries, to be set out later in the fields. They begin to yield regular crops at the age of eighteen months, and continue to be productive for half a century. The ripe leaves are carefully picked by hand, so as not to injure the young buds. They are dried thoroughly in the sun, and finally are kept in bags of from 25 to 150 pounds. The leaves are about the same size and shape as tea leaves, two inches or more in length, oblong and pointed. They have an agreeable odor, rather like that of tea leaves, and a peculiar taste. A decoction made from them is bitter and astringent."

"Most of the coca leaves are sent to Germany, where alkaloid 'cocaine' is made from them. It is put up for sale usually in the form of crystals, which are white and look somewhat like granulated sugar. The alkaloid is the active principle of the coca for the sake of which certain South American natives have for many centuries chewed the leaves of the plant. It has a gently excitant effect, rendering a person indisposed to sleep. Administered to frogs by hypodermic injection, it produces symptoms resembling those of tetanus or lock-jaw. A big dose kills rabbits and dogs by suffocation, paralyzing the respiratory centres.

"The coca fiend has already become known to some extent in the United States. No habit is more dangerous than the cocaine habit. It may be acquired even by putting drops of the solution in the eyes. Physicians now employ cocaine in the treatment of many complaints, and it often happens that the patient acquires the vice. The drug induces a feeling of intense joyousness, unaccompanied by visions and phantasms—magical brilliant in form and color. The habit steadily grows and the inveterate consumer may be recognized by an uncertainty of step, apathy of manner, sunken eyes, green and eroded teeth, fetid breath and a blackness about the corners of the mouth.

"The article known commercially as 'coca wine' is sometimes made by macerating the leaves of the plant in ordinary wine from grapes. Usually however, a fluid extract of coca is employed, mixed with wine in the proportion of a pint of the former to a gallon of the latter."

A Bird With a Thorn.

The rarest species of bird now extant and one which is almost extinct has its home in the jungles of South America. This ornithological curiosity is known to science as the Palamedra comada, and to the common people as the "horned screamer." As a rara avis nothing could excel the cornuda, unless it would be the accidental discovery of a living moa or an epinornis. But few of the birds books even let you know that such a horned paradox ever existed, let alone telling you that living specimens of the queer creature are still occasionally met with.

The only one now in captivity in North America, if the writer has not been misinformed, is that belonging to the aviary of the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, and which arrived in this country about three years ago. The creature is about the size of a full grown turkey hen and of a blackish brown color. One of its distinguishing peculiarities is a ruff of black and white which surrounds the head.

The horny appendage which caused the early South American explorers to write so many chapters on the "wonderful rhinoceros bird of the jungle" is about four inches in length and grows straight up out of the heaviest and broadest portion of the head. But the above is not the only natural offensive and defensive weapon with which the horned screamer has been provided. On each wing at the

"elbow" joint he has a three-inch spur, and just back of that another an inch in length. He is said to be a match for any ten game cocks.—St. Louis Republic.

Wonderful Eyes of Insects.

The "facets" of the eye masses of some species of insects are exceedingly numerous—in some cases, in fact, the number is entirely beyond belief. Each of these separate "facets" is a perfect eye, and they are so arranged as to give their insect owner a commanding view of all the cardinal points and every conceivable intermediate direction at one and the same time. In the ant, the little creature of which we have had so many "curious notes" concerning, there are not to exceed fifty facets in the great compound eye. It has been argued that this is nature's provision, because the ant spends so much of its time underground. This may be true, but what is the naturalist going to do about Blaps mucronata, the most sluggish of the European beetles? This last named creature spends ninety-nine-hundredths of its time in the dark, yet has 250 eye facets! Meloe, another insect of similar habits, has over 500 facets in each eye mass.

In certain varieties of the dragon flies the aggregate of facets in the compound eye often exceeds 12,000. It appears to be a general rule, notwithstanding the exception cited above, that the swiftest insects have the greatest number of eye facets. The swift winged butterflies have from 10,000 to 17,000 in each eye mass, and the mordilla, the swiftest and most active known beetle (a resident of Britain), has no fewer than 25,000 facets in each of his enormous compound eyes.—St. Louis Republic.

\$4,000 for a Thimble.

The ordinary jeweled thimbles that are kept in stock range in price from \$30 to \$80. Special orders are, however, frequently received from susceptible young men whose affections have been captured for a \$400 or a \$500 thimble. If a thimble costs more than the latter sum it is bound to be too heavy to be worn by any but a most athletic belle.

Nevertheless, as high as \$2,000 and \$3,000 has been paid for these tiny finger caps, and one jeweler proudly announced the other day that he had received an order for a thimble destined for a popular New York girl that would cost not less than \$4,000. This is without doubt the highest price ever paid for any article that was intended simply to adorn a work basket. The entire top of this thimble is of one gem—a five-carat diamond. Below the scroll-work in gold is a row of ten diamonds, and in the scroll-work on one side is a tiny monogram in glittering stones.—New York World.

The Witch of Strasburg.

In Strasburg, Alsace, a "witch" was sentenced the other day to three years hard labor and \$450 fine for having plied her wiles on a large number of credulous people. Her specialty was "love charms," and in hoodwinking the poor forlorn girls (for there were but few men among her victims) she had managed to extract considerable sums, up to \$100 and over \$150 in several cases, so as to financially ruin some of these women. She claimed to be in spiritual contract with three "masters of freemasonry" in Basle, who assisted her, on certain conditions with their powerful "charms." The old medieval trick of burning or melting candles, first greased with the fat of executed delinquents, stuck full of needles, was also worked by her to great advantage. Altogether she must have bagged 60,000 fully during the last ten years alone, having amassed great wealth.—Chicago Record.

The Longest Telegraph Line.

The longest telegraph line in the world, above ground, and without a break, has just been completed in Australia, that land of long distances. The line runs with a circumference, from Rockhampton in Queensland, to Broome, in Western Australia, and crosses about two-thirds of the entire continent. The total length is something over 6,000 miles. Broome and Rockhampton must have a good deal to wire to one another to make this line pay.—London Globe.

The Chameleon Flower.

A "chameleon flower" has been introduced in France from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The blossoms of this newly discovered plant are white in the morning, changing to red at noon, and again to blue in the evening. Only at midday it exhales a faint perfume.—New York World.

Louis and Amelia Darwin, of Black Falls, Wis., are said to be the oldest married couple in the country.