

Inventive doctors the world over are busy discovering serum cures for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Glitstone thinks that the surest way for Englishmen of wealth to earn fame and immortality is to build cathedrals.

The Railway Age shows that the new mileage built in the United States during 1895 is the smallest in many years.

Chief Justice Fuller of the United States Supreme Court, said in a recent speech that the law's delays more than anything else lead to lynching.

"When times are good," observes the New York Tribune, "people put their money in stocks, but when the times are bad they put it in stock-ings."

A fierce controversy is raging among German servants as to the birth year of Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, some claiming that it was 1397, others 1400.

The Chicago Record notes that the talk of a war involving England has had its usual effect on the Russian bear. He is eyeing the Bosphorus and his mouth is watering freely.

The Duke of Argyll has written to London Times, saying that the powers ought to drop their petty jealousies and invite Russia to take possession of Armenia. It is a good plan and would stop the massacres instantly.

The New Orleans Picayune announces that Albert A. Whitman, the octoroon poet, has a dream of founding a nation to be composed exclusively of the "new race" by which he means quadroons and octoroons. He has a scheme for colonizing Guatemala with the "new race" from the United States and setting up an independent government there.

"The Statistical Abstract of the Colonial and Other Possessions, which is the official publication of the British government, gives the area of British Guiana at 109,000 square miles. The same publication in 1884 gave the area of British Guiana as 76,000 square miles, which shows an increase of 33,000 square miles in the colonial territory of Great Britain without any treaty of annexations or other proceedings.

An instance of how savages disregard pain comes from Nyassaland. A cartridge dropped in the camp fire exploded, injuring the hand of one of H. H. Johnson's porters, so that the doctor amputated the man's fingers and thumb. As he seemed weak from the effects of the chloroform, he was told to stay in the hospital and come for treatment next day. In the morning he could not be found, and it was afterward discovered that he had taken up his load with the other carriers and carried it to Riantyre, over forty miles away.

The Journal of the American Medical Association has an editorial the general trend of which is to show that hypnotism has had its day, and is practically being laid upon the shelf, or, at least, its use confined to irregulars outside of the recognized school of medicine. This is a rather curious statement to make, at least, if one measures the interest of a medical topic by the number of articles written about it, observes the Medical Record. There are few subjects about which German physicians are writing more monographs at present, or in which they seem to take a more active interest. The sensational side of hypnotism is certainly dying out, but a certain practical side, which is represented by the word "suggestion," has undoubtedly come to stay, and to be used in therapeutics.

Yet another point has been made by the Heasthen Chinese against his Caucasian antagonist, relates the New York Sun. The law ordering the Chinese to register, on penalty of deportation, is used by some of them to secure for themselves free passage home. A Chinaman who has been in America thirty years was arraigned in Seattle a few days ago for being illegally in the country, not possessing a registration certificate. He spoke English well and seemed well-to-do. The court ordered that he be deported to China. The marshal pondered over the odd circumstances and came to the conclusion that the Chinaman, desiring to return to his native land to live on his fortune acquired here, had neglected deliberately to register in order to secure free transportation home. The Chinaman remarked, when told of his fate. "Heap like go, heap bad."

### One at a Time.

One step at a time, and that well placed,  
We reach the grandest height;  
One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores  
Will slowly come to light:  
One seed at a time, and the forest grows,  
One drop at a time, and the river flows  
Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest book  
Is written and is read:  
One stone at a time, and the palace rears  
Aloft its stately head:  
One blow at a time, the tree's cleft through,  
And a city will stand where a forest grew  
A few short years before.

One foe at a time and he subdued,  
And the conflict will be won;  
One grain at a time, and the sand of life  
Will slowly all be run;  
One minute, another, the hours fly;  
One day at a time our lives speed by  
Into eternity.

One grain of knowledge, and that well stored,  
Another, and more on them;  
And as time rolls on, your mind will shine  
With many a garnered gem;  
Of thought and wisdom. And time will tell  
"One thing at a time, and that done well,"  
Is wisdom's proven rule.

—Christian Union.

### A BRIDAL PRESENT.

"Another ring at the bell—and another present! Nannie, it is very nice to be a bride!"

Alice Dupre spoke a little repiningly, she was Nannie's "first bridesmaid, and was treading the borders of that Debateable Land where girlhood has died out and sage middle age has hardly yet commenced.

Nannie was very pretty, and Mary Belton, the other bridesmaid, was a handsome brunette of twenty.

"Nannie, you are doing remarkably well," said Mrs. Creswick, complacently surveying the table spread with wedding gifts. "That silver tea-service of your Cousin Dudley's is really splendid."

"Yes, and the pearls that Miss Aubrey sent," added Alice.

"Your present is very neat, too, my dear," said the old lady kindly; "but I wonder your Uncle Jared's has not come. He asked me about the wedding a week ago, and he said he should send some remembrance."

Again and again in the course of the rapidly darkening winter afternoon, the bell pealed, and fresh presents were brought in.

"But where is Uncle Jared's present?" Nannie kept repeating; and nobody could tell.

Not until nine o'clock at night did the much looked-for testimonial arrive, when Frank Vavasor, the young bridegroom that was to be, was in the drawing-room admiring the various presents.

"From Uncle Jared! I know his cramped handwriting," exclaimed Nannie, as the servant brought in a square, solid-looking package, wrapped in brown paper and directed to "Miss Anna Creswick." "What can it be?"

"A set of gold spoons perhaps," suggested Alice.

The girls held their breath as Frank removed the brown paper wrappings. Alas for the vanity of human expectations, it was no spice-breathing casket—no velvet or morocco case, satin lined and filled with gold or silver—it was only a quarto volume bound in sober brown, and apparently well used.

"A Bible!" ejaculated Alice, disdainfully.

"Yes, and an old one at that," said Mary.

"Here is a note," said Faank, "let us see what he says."

"My Dear Niece:  
At this important junction of your life, I cannot give you a more fitting offering than the Bible which was your grandmother's. You will probably have trinkets and jewelry in abundance, but this book will be more precious than all. Your affectionate uncle,  
JARED LEE.

Nannie had burst into tears of mortification.

"Oh, Frank, a rusty old second-hand Bible."

"We can never put that on the table," said Alice, scornfully. "What an idea."

And Uncle Jared's present, long looked for and loudly heralded, was put in an obscure corner, where a pair of statuettes concealed it from view.

"The mean old miser," was Mrs. Creswick's indignant comment, while Nannie, who was really fond of her old uncle, cried:

And here we close the volume of Nannie's life, to be opened ten years afterwards.  
There are few homes in which the lapse of ten years does not make a wide difference—and in that of Mr. and Mrs. Vavasor the change was perhaps greater than the average. They had lived too fast—a common mistake—and when once they began to retrench, ill-luck seemed to follow them. Nannie! the spoiled daughter of a

luxurious home, was learning all the bitterness of poverty now! And Frank—nobody exactly knew how—had retrograded in the world until the humble situation of a bank clerk at a salary pitifully small, was all the dread winter left to him.

And when they brought him home one night with his arm fractured from a fall on the icy pavement. Nannie felt that her cup of bitterness was indeed full.

"I don't mind the pain for myself," Frank had said, "but to lie still for nobody knows how long, and my wife and the little ones with not a cent ahead! The rent must be paid, and the grocer's bill, and the children must wear clothes—God help us! I don't know what the end of all this is to be!"

But Nannie knew—and towards twilight, when Frank had fallen into a troubled slumber, and little Annie sat watching beside his pillow she put on her bonnet and stole unseen to an employment bureau.

When she returned, it was with a bundle under her arm—sewing which she had obtained.

"Oh, Nannie, have we come to this?" her husband asked, sadly, as she sat down by his bedside to commence her task.

"We cannot starve, dear—and there is just a dollar and a half in your purse!"

"I know it—but—"

He stopped abruptly and turned his face to the wall with a groan.

Little Rose came to her mother, with pleading eyes, at this moment.

"Mamma, can Harry and I have Uncle Jared's Bible to look at the funny pictures?"

Nannie rose, reached down the dusty book from its obscure resting-place and placed it on a chair, where the children could turn over the leaves at their leisure.

"Be careful not to tear it dear," she said, thinking sadly how all the other gay wedding gifts had vanished, and how this alone remained a relic of the days of prosperity. Uncle Jared was dead long ago, and his money had gone to a hospital.

She was thinking of all the sorrowful change ten years had wrought, as she stitched away.

"Mamma," cried Rose, from the chair, here are two leaves stuck together!"

Nannie leaned over to see. The child was right. Two leaves in the Book of Psalms were pasted together by the edges on all their sides. She took up the scissors to separate them, with a vague, indifferent sensation of curiosity. To her astonishment, two thin slips of paper dropped out.

"What are these?" said inquisitive Rose, stopping to pick them up.

And Nannie, scrutinizing them more closely, saw that they were bank notes for five hundred dollars each!

She sat a moment in a sort of bewilderment—and then like a sudden inspiration, came back to her the stories she had always heard of Uncle Jared's strange eccentricities. This was one of them—the bridal gift he had intended to bestow upon her, had been hidden away in this strange casket. And now, like a special Providence, it came to supply her utmost needs!

She leaned over and placed her hand upon her sleeping husband's brow—he awoke with a start.

"I have been asleep," he said, looking confusedly at her with that strange mingling of reality and fancy which sometimes follow us out of slumber. "I have been dreaming that we were rich!"

"We are rich, Frank," she said in a voice that trembled. And she told her tale.

"A thousand dollars! We are rich indeed!" he exclaimed. "It will support us until my arm gets all well again."

"It will do that, and have a little to begin the world anew with," said Nannie, with tears in her eyes. Poor, dear Uncle Jared—if he could only see how very happy he has made us both."

When Vavasor's tedious recovery was complete, there were four hundred dollars left out of Nannie's carefully hoarded funds—and that four hundred dollars fortunately invested, was the germ from which sprung first a modest little competence, then a fortune.

Vavasor is a rich man now, but he dates his prosperity back to Uncle Jared's bridal present.—New York Times.

### His Loss.

Tourist (in Oklahoma)—When you drew your bowie and sprang at the stranger who had called you a liar, did he lose his head?

Akali Ike—Nope; only his ear.—Truth.

### The Geese Struck.

"I have been having a good deal of trouble lately with the birds on my geese ranch," said Col. Stitt-Floyd of Wharton, Tex., to a Star reporter.

"I had an order for a thousand dozen goose eggs, and my trouble all arose in trying to fill that order. It is the first time I ever attempted to market any eggs, always heretofore relying on the sale of feathers and live birds for my profit.

"This is the laying and hatching season with us, and I thought I would have no trouble so get eggs enough to fill the orders. Now, a hen, you know, will let you rob her nest right along, just so you leave one egg. It is supposed that a hen has no idea whatever of numbers. But this is not true of Madame Goose, as I found out to my sorrow.

"She first two or three days we secured a big batch of fresh eggs, but after that the 'find' began to dwindle down so fast that I determined to make a personal investigation. I went down to the river bottom next day and found that instead of being off attending to business all the geese which were not sitting had 'flocked' and were roving about feeding, just as if they never expected to lay another egg. When I approached them, instead of running away they all sat down and began to hiss at me.

"It was a clear case of strike, and I was at a loss to know how to settle the trouble. I tried putting half a dozen porcelain eggs in each nest, but it would not work. The geese came up, eyed them solemnly, and walked off. Then, in despair, I told the boys to put the eggs we had gathered back and see if that would break the strike. Well, sir, inside of two hours after the eggs were returned every goose was back on her nest, and for the next four or five days there were more eggs laid on the Floyd's ranch than there had been before in years; but I dare not undertake to fill that egg order."—Washington Star.

### An Electric Palace.

The palatial New York home of Charles T. Yerkes, the Chicago millionaire, at Sixty-eighth street and Fifth avenue, has not only the most complete electric lighting, heating, and ventilating plant of any of the several electrically equipped mansions in the city, but it has the largest storage battery plant ever installed in a private residence. A gas engine of thirty-five horse power in the basement is belted to a dynamo. The storage battery consists of sixty cells, having a capacity of 2,500 hours at a ten-hour discharge rate, the maximum discharge rate being 500 amperes for four hours.

The house is wired for about 1,200 sixteen-candle-power lamps, and has besides a electric passenger elevator and several electric motors for ventilating, pumping and other purposes. The arrangement of the lights is very artistic. The vestibule or reception hall is lighted from above through cathedral glass in the base of a dome by 300 lights. Lamps are concealed within the carving of the principal salon, or in rosettes of colored glass cunningly placed in the ceilings. In the library, an apparent framed oil painting, which is really a wonderful piece of cathedral glass work, is made the vehicle of the flood of light, which illuminates the room with the soft radiance of day.

### A Patriotic Answer.

Just after the war of 1776 an American frigate visited England. Her crew of gallant tars had been principally recruited from the fisheries, and some of them, it is to be acknowledged, did not compare favorably in appearance with the spick-and-span, jaunty English naval seamen, for the former were of all shapes and sizes, from the tall, round-shouldered, long-armed Cap Coder, down to the short, wiry members of the ship's company who hailed from various ports farther south, where less brawn was to be found.

One day the captain of the American ship paid a visit to the commander of a British man-of-war at anchor in the same harbor. The coxswain of the gig was a great, lanky seaman, whose back bone was so rounded as to form a veritable hump. While the boat rested at the gangway of the visited vessel the English sailors gathered in the open ports and "took stock," in a rather disdainful fashion, of the occupants of the gig. At last one of the seamen on board the man-of-war called down to the coxswain: "Elo there, Yankee; I say, what's that bloomin' hump you 'ave on your back?"

The American sailor looked up and called back, quick as a shot: "That's Bunker Hill!"—Harper's Round Table.

### A PRACTICE MARCH.

#### United States Regulars On a Three Days' Tramp.

#### Officers and Men Benefited by the Experience.

It costs the government no more to keep troops in the field in small bodies than to maintain them in garrison; it induces interest in the profession, gains them experience in taking care of themselves, and fits the soldier mind to the idea that he must be able to live in a state of nature, and not in a large hotel like a man with money and the gout. These practice marches are much indulged in nowadays by the regular troops. Two companies of the Twenty-third Infantry, under Captain Lea Febiger, marched from Fort Clark to the East Nueces River, in Texas, last October. Their orders were for the officers and men to carry the usual field equipment—heavy-marching order, except knapsack. Three days' rations were carried by the men in haversacks, while the blanket-rolls contained change of under-clothing and shelter-tent. "The command not having transportation of any kind on the march, should it become necessary to communicate with the post for any purpose whatever, may do so by bicycles, the use of which on the march by enlisted men owning them is hereby authorized," say the orders. The report of Captain Febiger says: "Each officer and man carried three days' field rations, the fresh vegetable portion being optional, which in all cases was greatly reduced, and even more so on the second day out; haversack, canteen, and blanket-roll, the last consisting of one shelter blank (new pattern) and pins, one blanket, change of underclothing, blouse, (marched in flannel shirts), one pair of socks, towel, soap, etc., and additional rations that the haversack would not hold (about one day's), and their respective arms and belts. The total weight of the pack averaged about forty pounds, when not wet, divided as follows: Haversack, packed, six pounds; canteen, filled, and cup, four pounds; cartridge-belt ten rounds, 1 3/4 pounds; rifle, 9 1/3 pounds; blanket-roll, nineteen pounds. All officers and men did their own cooking in meat-ration can and cup.

"Four privates and one musician with Corporal John Reeves in charge, constituted the bicycle corps, carrying their haversacks and blanket rolls on the handle-bars, and rifles strapped to the frame. They constituted daily on the march the advance-guard, and were ready for use as messengers and couriers. Two of the machines, being second hand, very old and worn, gave out on the march; the other four came successfully through, though not of the most expensive pattern." So much for bicycles.

"There were numerous complaints of the government shoe, and they were much worse than those purchased outside. The new shelter-tent with the elongated rear end was very satisfactory, except that it is far from rain-proof in anything like a heavy shower." Indeed, no tent is proof, for that matter.

"The haversacks were rendered completely unfit for garrison inspection purposes, on account of the grease from the bacon carried in them;" and in conclusion the captain says that "both officers and men appreciated and have been benefited by the experience."—Harper's Weekly.

### A Wonderful Rainbow.

The residents of Ross Valley were treated to a most beautiful and unusual spectacle recently. The sky overhead and in the north was overcast with dull, leaden clouds, while to the south the sun was shining. The valley and hills were wet from recent rains and white with frost. The vapor was rising from the ground in great clouds and a huge rainbow of most wondrous beauty and brilliancy extended over the valley from the hills on one side to the mountains on the other.

But the most wonderful feature was the reflection between the spectators and the rainbow itself and at about the same elevation. It was dimmer than the rainbow itself, but paralleled it from hill to hill, and it must have been a double reflection, for its colors reversed from the order in the rainbow. These two brilliant arcs seemed to follow the local train down the valley, and were watched for miles by the passengers.—San Francisco Post.

### For Sale Cheap.

Grinnen—What are you going to take for that frightful cold you've got?  
Barrett—I'll take anything you offer. Do you want it?—Chicago Tribune.

### Arizona "Chicken Feed."

"The men of Arizona have little regard for money in small denominations, or what is termed 'chicken feed,'" said H. D. King, of Phoenix, at the Coates, yesterday. "In the older states when a purchase is made, exact change is usually tendered, and one thing certain—a bill is not broken if it possibly can be avoided. In our section any ordinary purchase is made simply by asking for the article, and when it is passed across the counter a piece of money ample large to cover the cost is thrown down. When change is made the customer carelessly drops it into his pocket, apparently without counting it, and goes out without once mentioning the cost of the article. He gets just as good a deal as though he had haggled with the dealer for half an hour. This custom of throwing down a larger piece of money than is necessary is not followed, as a rule, to exhibit cash, for in Arizona everybody has money. It is only to show apparent indifference, and is a mark of liberality.

"It may be said pennies have no abiding place in Arizona. Even at the post-office where everything is supposed to be equal tender, pennies, two-cent and three-cent pieces are unknown. Change is made to the cent by the postmasters, but they do it with postage stamps or postal cards. Nowhere else are odd pennies recognized, even in the banks. A check for \$4.98 would be paid with a \$5 bill without a word. The same is true in all the shops and stores; change is made to the nearest nickel, sometimes to the nearest quarter or dollar. The saying, 'Take care of the pennies,' &c., don't go in Arizona as small change—anything under a dollar—is by most people valued only as trash."—Kansas City Times.

### Sneezed Her Teeth Out.

Postoffice Superintendent of Delivery Meeks has in his possession a set of false teeth. The pretty girl who lost them may reclaim them by applying to Clerk Quinn.

One day early in the week a well-tired and extremely fascinating maiden stood in the front of a window in the postoffice. She had a letter in one hand and a stamp in the other. Just as she was moistening the latter with the tip of her tongue, a sort of cat-stup-is-boiling-over expression came over her face and she sneezed. Something rattled upon the tile floor of the postoffice, and a bystander picked the teeth up, and, doffing his hat presented them to the loser.

The pretty girl gave him a look that might have dazed even a Brooklyn trolley car and flounced from Uncle Sam's end of the municipal triangle.

The teeth were turned over to Superintendent Meeks, and Clerk Quinn is now using them as a paper weight.—New York Advertiser.

### Benefits of Animal Domestication.

It is evident that mankind owes its advancement, not alone to increase of material comforts, but in another direction often overlooked, to the improvement of its moral qualities. The economic details brought about by the domestication of animals are so varied that, as Professor Shaler writes, "they cannot be reckoned in detail." Primitive man, when he first made a pet of an animal, and then brought it under his control, broke away "from the old brutish way of life. This act of domesticating animals led to a higher sense of responsibility. There arose something like a divided affection, other than the natural instinct of love for his own offspring. This was the first development of sympathy. The man's mental powers then took a wider range."—New York Times.

### A Coin That Weighs a Pound.

A. O. Lindstrom, a San Francisco coin-collector is the owner of a rectangular bit of copper, 5 1/2 by 4 1/2 inches in size, which the numismatics reckon as being worth about \$1,000. This peculiar-shaped piece of copper plate is a half dollar (daler) Swedish piece of the year 1717, and has been in the possession of the Lindstrom family for about 185 years. To the dimensions as given should be added the statement that the "coin" is between 1-18 and 1-16 of an inch in thickness, and it weighs exactly 20 ounces. The centre and each of the four corners of this spurious coin bear the impress of a silver half-dollar stamp.

### Taking Time By The Forelock.

Gentleman—What did you hit him for?  
Boy—He was going to call me a liar.  
Other Boy—I wasn't goin' to do nuffin of the kind.  
Boy (decidedly)—Yes, you would, if you had heard the story I was going to tell you.