

Temple Bar, quoting from an old English almanac, tells of three different instances of human life extending beyond 309 years.

The Roentgen photography, combined with the color camera, may advantageously be used as a test for blue blood in aspirants to aristocratic social circles, suggests the New York World.

The Minnesota Supreme Court has decided that when a depositor's check is dishonored by the banker for the alleged reason that he has not sufficient funds of the maker in his hands to pay the same, when in fact he has, it amounts to a slander of the depositor, for which damages may be recovered.

A San Francisco woman is suing her sister for \$250,000 for "services rendered" in promoting the successful marriage of the latter. In her bill of particulars the plaintiff specifies that she "interviewed" the prospective bridegroom in respect to the engagement between him and her sister, and "solicited him to keep, fulfil and perform said contract," and that the interview was had at her sister's request.

Although it is generally understood that the Russian government contemplates the introduction of the Gregorian calendar at the close of the century, it has not yet been decided whether the reform shall be effected suddenly and entirely or by a gradual process. The latter scheme consists in omitting the first twelve leap-years after 1900, and the change from the old style to the new would in this way cover a period of forty-eight years.

The Department of Agriculture says that there are 110 apiarian societies in the United States, nine apiarian journals and fifteen steam beehive and implement factories. The honey produced in the United States in 1889 was nearly 15,000,000 pounds and in 1889 64,000,000 pounds. It is estimated that there are 300,000 persons in the United States engaged in bee culture, and that the wholesale value of honey and wax produced in 1889 was \$7,000,000.

Says the New York Tribune: "The Rothschilds declined to take any interest in our present bond issue, and may 'view with alarm' the fact that the American eagle can get along quite well without them. England likewise fought shy of it. Venezuelan memories were too recent and rankling, and the state of American finances too precarious. A new light dawned upon her, also, illuminating the proposition that we have some money of our own which we can draw on in time of need, a fact not unworthy of her attentive consideration."

What do you say to this new method in photography? asks the New York Herald. You can only stand aghast in wonder. Dr. Roentgen's discovery of a new kind of ether waves which will pass through metal, as light passes through glass, will have great results. It enables an expert to take a picture of a man's skeleton and of the whole physical interior. Heretofore the surgeon has hunted for a bullet with knife and probe, but now he can take a photograph of the patient, and the picture will tell him where the bullet lies hidden. All that is left to discover is some way to repair the nerve waste and wear of tissue that is constantly going on. After that we shall live so long that the future historian will speak of Methuselah as having died prematurely in infancy.

Rev. Madison C. Peters, in a recent sermon in New York city, spoke about the restlessness of the women who live only for fashion and pleasure, and recommended as a cure for it the care and training of children, which he believed would wipe out at least nine-tenths of the restlessness so much complained of. He knew, he said, that children are becoming unfashionable, but the necessity of doing good to some one who needs it was an imperative one, and he urged that people who had no children of their own should take at least two of some other family. There is no doubt much practical sense in this suggestion, remarks the Trenton (N. J.), American. The women of fashion and pleasure are doubtless violating the laws of their nature when they aim to live such a life. To be restful and happy they should be working for somebody who needs their kindly and loving ministrations. Something to keep their minds and hearts and hands busy. The penalty they pay for shirking this duty is the one pointed out by Mr. Peters—restlessness. They may be able to shirk the duty, but they cannot escape the penalty.

**Nest Building.**  
Because I built my nest so high,  
Must I despair  
If a fierce wind with bitter cry,  
Passes the lower branches by,  
And mine makes bare?  
Because I hung it, in my pride,  
So near the skies,  
Higher than other nests abide,  
Must I lament, if far and wide,  
It scattered lies?  
I shall not build and build my nest,  
Till, safely won,  
I hang aloft my new-made nest,  
High as of old and see it rest  
As near the sun.  
—D. Radford in the New Unity.

## THE MISSING SAPPHIRE

BY ELLEN FORREST GRAVES.

"A dozen tea-biscuit, did you say, Mrs. Rooney?" said the baker's wife; "and a loaf of bread? and a card of black gingerbread? Just let me take your basket, ma'am, and I'll pack 'em in a deal better than you could. Yes, as I was saying, there he lies, clean out of his head and raving, and nobody to take care of him but me. And you may guess how much time I get, ma'am, what with the shop and the six children, and Feathertop's old mother to look after."

"But why on earth," said the customer who had ordered tea-biscuit, bread and black gingerbread, "don't you send the poor fellow to some hospital?"

"Just what the doctor advised his own self," said Mrs. Feathertop. "But, la! the minute one mentions the word 'hospital,' you'd think he would go out of his head, poor soul! 'No, no, no!' he says, over and over again, and he holds on to the side of the bedpost until one must have a heart of iron to try and get him away. And the worst of it is, he's just been turned out of his place."

"Turned out of his place!" repeated Mrs. Rooney, while Miss Price, the pale little seamstress who rented the top back room of Mrs. Feathertop, and kept herself on infinitesimal morsels of bread and meat which she picked up nobody knew where, paused to listen, on her way through the shop.

"He was getting good wages in a manufacturing jeweler's," said the baker's wife, evidently enjoying her small audience, "and Mr. Goldilove set store by him, for he's a way of working that he'd learned in foreign parts, and they tell me it's quite an art to set them precious stones in the gold so as they'll stand firm and show off their colors to advantage. And there was a particular choice jewel sent there to be set as a wedding present for some young lady—a sapphire, they say it's called—and it was g'n' into his charge. And from that day to this ma'am and Miss Price, there hasn't nothin' ever been heard of that sapphire. If it had been any one else, Mr. Goldilove would have had him arrested; but this John Judson had always borne so good a character, and was such an out-and-out respectable man, as he hadn't the heart to do it. But he discharged him, of course—who wouldn't? And here the poor fellow is, out of a place, with no reference, and, so far as I know, without a penny in his pocket. And what we're to do, I don't know, for it's downright sure as I can't spare the time to give him his drops and look after him as a sick man should be looked after."

"Has he no friends?" said Mrs. Rooney.

"Bless your heart, no!" said the baker's wife. "He is a stranger in the country. And poor folks, mind you, ma'am, don't pick up friends here and there and everywhere, like the millionaires we read about."

Just here Miss Price stepped forward, with her little spint basket on her arm.

"Mrs. Feathertop," said she diffidently, "I am quite alone in the world, with no ties to keep me busy. If you don't object, I'll take my sewing down into Mr. Judson's room and take care of him days, if Mr. Feathertop won't mind the night charge."

"I'm sure, Miss Price, it would be a deed of Christian charity," said Mrs. Feathertop.

And as she afterwards said to Mrs. Rooney:

"It wasn't as if Miss Price were young and pretty. She's forty, if she's a day," said the baker's wife. "And she's had small-pox, as you may see for yourself, Mrs. Rooney, ma'am; and her hair is red and her eyelashes is white, and I often think, ma'am, of what Feathertop said, when first she engaged our top-story back, 'Peggy,' says Feathertop, says he, 'we've got the humblest woman in New York for our tenant.'"

But Mrs. Price, if she was neither young nor beautiful, possessed the rare attributes of a sick-nurse—the

soft step, the quick perception, the noiseless, gliding movement—and before she had been the guardian genius of poor John Judson's room for a week, the fever turned and he began to grow better.

"So," he said, suddenly, one bleak February afternoon, when Mary Price had been stitching silently by his side, "I shall get well."

"The doctor says so," silently assented Miss Price.

"Why didn't they let me die?" groaned the poor lapidary, scrawling up his forehead.

Miss Price looked at him in amazement.

"Don't you want to live?" she said. "What have I got left to live for?" burst out John Judson. "I have neither name nor fame left, and can't even get the chance to earn my own living. They believe me to be a thief. As well die of fever as die of starvation."

Miss Price looked gently at him. "There is no need of either," said she. "I have a few dollars in the savings bank. You are welcome to them until you can work and earn something for yourself."

Judson raised himself on his elbow and stared at her. "Why do you give me your hard-earned savings?" said he, bluntly.

"Because you need them more than I do," said Miss Price, sewing away. Judson uttered a low, bitter laugh. "I thought the race of Christians was extinct," said he. "But I believe there are some left."

After that he recovered rapidly.

But on the day on which he first sat up there came a thundering knock at the door, and in walked old Mr. Goldilove, plump, clean-shaven, and looking eminently respectable in his fur-trimmed overcoat and new kid gloves. Judson started.

"Have you come to arrest me, sir," said he.

"Not at all, my dear fellow—not at all," said the old gentleman. "Look here."

And opening his hand he showed, snugly reposing in the palm, something small and sparkling, like a drop of blue dew.

"It's the Mordant sapphire," exclaimed the lapidary rather eagerly.

"Exactly," said Mr. Goldilove. "It is the Mordant sapphire, and where do you suppose we found it?"

"I am sure, sir, I do not know," answered Judson, whose fever bright eyes were still fixed on the glittering blue jewel, as if he expected to see it melt away.

"Why," chuckled Mr. Goldilove, "I was the thief myself. Ha, ha, ha!"

"You, sir?" asked John.

"I sent this coat to the furrier's," said Mr. Goldilove, "to have the trimming repaired where it had ripped away. And the furrier found the sapphire lodged neatly in a seam. It must have clung to the fur some time when I leaned my elbow carelessly on the table—slipped in at the ripped place, and tucked itself comfortably away. And all the time I was scolding about you, Judson, and believing you, in my heart, to be a thief, I was carrying about the missing jewel myself. Good faith, my dear fellow! I've thought since, if the Lord judged us as hardly as we judge each other, our chances in the other world would be mighty slim, eh? But I'm sorry—sorry from the very bottom of my heart—and I beg your pardon, Judson! And the old place at the shop is waiting for you, with a little rise in wages, whenever you choose to come back!"

And he cordially wrung the lapidary's hand once more, and hobbled off; and it was not until he had gone that Judson discovered that he had left a twenty-dollar bill on the table, folded in an envelope, directed to "John Judson."

When Miss Price came in, as usual, on her way home from the shirt factory where she worked, John Judson had a story to tell her.

"You've kept my heart up many a time, Miss Price," said he, "when it has been like a lump of lead in my breast, with your tales about the various little adventures you had seeking for work in all those downtown places; and now I've got an adventure to relate to you!"

Miss Price burst into tears when she heard it.

"I am so glad, Mr. Judson!" she cried. "Oh, I am so glad!—But I knew all along that you never took that jewel."

"God bless you for that!" said Judson, in a low voice.

When Mrs. Feathertop came up, she was full of Mr. Goldilove's good nature—the pennies he had given her little ones, the praise he had adjudged to the shining glass-topped counters and piles of wholesome-looking bread.

"And so the sapphire was found after all," said Mrs. Feathertop. "But dear me! have you heard about poor Miss Price? Did she tell you?"

"No," said Judson. "What is it?"

"The shirt factory has failed," said Mrs. Feathertop. "The hands are all left without work, and what's worse, their back wages never will be paid. I'm dreadful sorry for poor Miss Price. It does seem as if she had nothing but ill luck in the world. But there! I've left Patty in the store, and she don't know the price of a thing. I must hurry back as fast as ever I can."

Miss Price came down into the bakery that evening.

Mrs. Feathertop, said she, "I am going to give up my room."

"I supposed so," said Mrs. Feathertop, wrapping up a loaf of Boston brown bread in paper for a customer.

"Well, Miss Price, I'm sorry, but—"

"But I didn't tell you all," said Miss Price. "I—I'm going to be married—to Mr. Judson."

Down rolled the loaf of Boston brown bread to the floor.

"Eh?" cried the baker's wife. "It ain't possible!"

But it was. Plain little Miss Price, with the white eyelashes, the red hair the peck-marked complexion, had won a husband after all!

"In my eyes, dearest," John Judson had said, "yours is the sweetest face in all the world. It bent over my sick-bed when I should have died save for its help and sympathy; it lighted up the dark hours of my weary convalescence: it shone like a star in my utmost need; and if you will trust yourself to me, Mary, you shall never—God helping me—have reason to regret it."

So they were married, much to the wonder of the world in general.

"Well," said Mrs. Feathertop, "if Miss Price has got a husband, then nobody need despair."

But Mrs. Feathertop's vision was duller than that of John Judson. She had not seen the glory of Miss Price's pure soul shining through the plain face.—Saturday Night.

## In British Guiana's Capital.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript thus describes Georgetown, British Guiana: "In the hotels are managers and overseers drinking 'swizzles' and playing billiards. The cigarette is universal. Everything and everyone seems languid and half asleep. No sign of a struggle for existence. They live on nothing and for nothing in particular. Business is good, it is said, but there are no signs of it. Clothing is inexpensive, and they wear little. The heat is terrific and they drink 'swizzles' and smoke. Backward and forward plies the ferry boat from the east to the west coast of the slimy Demerara. Ships of every kind sleep beside the docks. In the distance loom the smoking chimneys of the sugar plantations. Peace and plenty is written on all. The blue shutters sleep on the streets, and the hucksters sleep in them, lulled by the buzz of the droning beetle in the leaves above them. It is the hour of the midday siesta. Toward evening the sea wall is alive with people—a strong dike of massive stone against which the sea beats in vain, sending up huge bursts of foam to startle you two lovers from their reverie as hand in hand, in Guianese style, they languidly promenade in the rays of the setting sun."

## Denizens of The Veldt.

In the Veldt county is the old wild herd of gun known to exist.

Beautiful spotted leopards haunt the dense reep beds, but they are shy and hard to shoot.

The South African lion is the fiercest of its tribe, and has grown so bold that it attacks draught animals on the march.

The sable antelope protects itself from the lion's attack by lying flat down and making prodigious sweeps with its terrible saber-like horns.

A Botaleur eagle, when hunting, flies with its chin, laid almost on the breast, so that it looks backward and sees any hidden game.

The vultures in the Veldt attain a huge size, and meet every morning before breakfast for a plunge and a bath—a habit that is seldom credited to these birds.

Saddle-backed storks appear in great numbers in the Veldt, and in the evening flocks of them "fly spirals" which accounts for their apparent horizontal soaring.

## Plenty of It.

Brown—Do you really think that bicycling gives you plenty of exercise?

Jones (just learning)—Enough? Why, man, it's a gymnasium, toboggan slide and razzle dazzle rolled into one.—Puck.

## MODERN WRECKERS.

### They Play The Good Samaritan On a Cash Basis.

### An Industry That Has Grown Into An Art.

The salvage money paid every year for saving ships in the waters of New York City is greater than the salvage for any other harbor in the world. The immense shipping interests of the city are probably attended with a smaller percentage of accidents than most harbors. There are, however, hundreds of accidents, from a variety of causes, in the course of a year, to ships of all sizes and conditions, and the work of rescuing distressed vessels has grown to be a regularly established business. There are at present some ten firms devoted to this work of mercy for fixed charges, and the annual income from its interest amounts in the aggregate to several hundred thousand dollars a year. Besides these there are scores of pilots, heavy tugs and a variety of craft, which are always on the lookout for an opportunity to play the Good Samaritan. It happens, however, that, unlike this familiar example, these saviors of vessels are not willing to work for nothing more substantial than for charity's sake, and very exorbitant rates are charged for such services. The salvage is in such cases regulated by law.

If it were not for these modern Samaritans, New York harbor would be converted every year into a regular ship graveyard. It is not generally known that there are several hundred wrecks of one kind and another almost within sight of the battery each year. These vary from the great ocean greyhounds to the dirty little clam boats. The amount of salvage money collected, of course, varies accordingly. These business transactions between the wreckers and the wrecked is carried on invariably on the principle of "no cure, no pay."

A large part of the wrecks about New York consist of vessels of all races and previous conditions, which have sunk to the bottom of the harbor. The popular meaning of the word salvage is the money paid to some brave crew who risk their lives and their boats in the purely disinterested effort to save sailors who are in the greatest peril on the high seas. Cases of this kind are, however, comparatively rare. It sometimes happens, to be sure, that the tiny crew of some oyster boat or other small craft have to be rescued from the waves and afterward brought to by the administration of a plentiful supply of stimulants and blankets.

The modern wrecker, however, is, first of all, the clever business man. The popular notion of the wrecker with his undoubted courage and unselfishness has been replaced by a clever speculator, who works only upon a strict cash basis. The wrecker works for a percentage, and when he succeeds in restoring a vessel to something of its old condition he is allowed by law to levy upon a ship if necessary, in order to collect his bill. There are bad debts in this Samaritan business, as well as in any other. I, sometimes happens that the rescued bark is not worth the cost of resuscitating her. The rates by the way, for these charitable services are exceedingly high.

The largest amount of salvage money ever asked for a single job is the fee which is to be paid for services to the great American liner St. Paul. There can be no doubt that this is by far the largest ship ever found in distress in or about New York Harbor. The work of bringing her safely to her dock, which was carried on with such energy, illustrates very well the magnitude as well as the skill of the wrecking industry. The larger contractors for carrying out this Samaritanlike work have at their command the most improved machinery known. They can on an instant become the commanders of a good-sized navy of tug boats, lighters and a variety of marine craft. The reputation of these cash basis Samaritans is so good, as was that of the Biblical ancestors, that they are intrusted with wealth. In this case, as all the world knows, they were required to handle incidentally rather more than a million of dollars in gold.—New York Journal.

## Use of Light Kangaroo.

Light kangaroo skins are made into the finest brilliant glazed kid and in dull finish for ladies' fine shoes, and the heavy ones are finished for men's fine work. Much of it is crimped and sold for tongue boots. Shipelaces of good quality are also made of it.—St. Louis Republic.

## How Two Cents Were Saved.

"It takes woman to whistle expenditures down to a fine point and figure out a bargain," remarked a man the other day. "I was looking at some new books in one of the large shops last Monday, and just behind were stacked over 1,000 cheap popular novels, put up to sell cheap. Each tier was placarded: 'Three cents each; four a dime,' and the tiers reached to the ceiling. Two ladies were looking at the books, both well gowned and rather above the average in appearance. They were evidently strangers, for I heard one say to the other: 'Are you going to take a book, madam?'"

"Why, yes, I thought I would, was the surprised reply. 'I want something to read on the cars. I think I will enjoy reading 'David Copperfield,' so I have selected that.'"

"Have you got two cents?" was the next question.

"I—I—I—no, so," was the rather slow response, the tone of surprise deepened.

"Just let me have it," said the other, as I turned around to see if there wasn't some kind of a flim-flam game going on.

"Here," to the clerk she had beckoned, "do 'David Copperfield' up in one package and those three in another, and here's your ten cents. Hurry; this lady has to catch a train."

"The girl was back in a jiffy, and before any of us could figure it out the lady had shoved 'David Copperfield' into the hands of the traveler and taken possession of her own three books. "There," she said, "you get your book for two cents and I get my three for eight cents. You have saved one penny and so have I. Save the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves," and she went off laughing. I'll bet it would have taken a man a week to figure that out, and I am not sure that I have it right yet."—Chicago Chronicle.

## Inspiration for a Famous Poem.

The remains of Samuel Wardworth are soon to be cremated in San Francisco, though he died more than fifty years ago. George P. Morris, who edited his poems, tells how his most famous poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket," came to be written:

"The family was living at the time on Duane Street, N. Y. The poet came home to dinner one very warm day, having walked from his office near the foot of Wall Street. Being much heated with the exercise, he drank a glass of water—New York pump water—exclaiming as he replaced the glass on the table: 'That is very refreshing, how much more refreshing would it be to take a good, long draught this warm day from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well at home!' Hearing this, the poet's wife, who was always a suggestive body, said: 'Samuel, why wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem?' The poet took the hint, and under the inspiration of the moment sat down and poured out from the very depths of his heart those beautiful lines which have immortalized the name of Wardworth.

## Fine Workmanship of the Boers.

On the subject of marksmanship among the Boers, Mr. White described the training through which most of them go from boyhood. Pointing to a photograph that hung in his room, he said: "I have seen that man put a rifle into the hands of a child and tell him to shoot at a bottle a hundred yards off or more, promising a reward of ten shillings when he could hit that small mark repeatedly. After a time the lad was taught to shoot at objects moving at a distance of 400 yards, and the promise that he should have a pony to ride when he became proficient at that practice soon made him an expert shot."

Rifle ranges are not scarce in the Transvaal, and many of our volunteers would be glad if they could get similar opportunities for marksmanship training in England. The Boers will have nothing to do with modern magazine rifles. They are armed, or arm themselves, with Martini-Henrys, and desire nothing better, unless perhaps it be a Winchester or Colt repeater for shooting big game on the run.—London News.

## Hard Luck For a Miner.

A Livingstone recently purchased a mining claim in Pine Nut, Nev., of William Zirm for \$50, the understanding being that Zirm would return and put in a blast to blow the lime cap off. He did so, and when the smoke cleared away saw one of the richest pockets yet seen in Pine Nut. He hastened in and endeavored to buy the property back again, but Mr. Livingstone refused to sell and is still the owner.—Desert News.