Chicago has made a brand new Bible to use in the public schools. It is designed to be unobjectionable to any religious denomination.

A former foot ball player of the university of Georgia, who is now with the Cuban insurgents writes that the service is not nearly so dangerous or exciting as playing football.

Of the 13,176 miles of street railway in the United States, only 1,950 are still operated by horse power, showing how promptly this country drops a good thing when a better is discovered.

"Lincoln's birthday, observed as a legal holiday for the first time this year in New York, New Jersey and two or three other states, is sure to obtain a permanent place on the calendars," predicts the New York Independent.

The late official report shows that, contrary to common belief, cases of religious mania are rare in the British Isles. It also discloses the strange fact that more mental aberration is developed among the tribe of peddlers than among any other class, physicians and druggists coming next.

The London Lancet records a brave deed of a doctor at Ilfracombe, who, during a recent terrific storm was lowered by a rope over a cliff one hundred and fifty feet high to administer restoratives to an apparently drowned person. Dr. Toller did restore animation; but the man had been too much beaten and bruised, and died on the lifeboat before he reached the wharf, after being picked up by the crew.

Sydney G. Fisher, seeks to show in the Forum, that the population of the United States is now less than it would have become through increase of the native population had it continued to increase at the rate it did through fifty years following the revolution of the colonies, and had immigration been wholly prohibited. He dates the first decline in the rate of native increase from the year 1830, when the effects of immigration were first seriously felt.

The New York Sun says:—"Much has been written about the new experimental colony established at Fitzgerald, Ga. One of the notable features of the colony is that colored people are not allowed in it under any circumstances. Another colony, with similar restrictions, is soon to be established in Ware county, near Fitzgerald. Meantime a colony of colored people is being established on the Abbeyville and Waycross railroad, adjoining the Fitzerald colony. In this no white people are to be allowed under any circumstances."

The Saturday Review says:—It usual to compare the battles of the last century with the battles of today, and dilate upon the greater deadliness of the modern weapons and the modern results. But the facts are all the other way. At Fontenoy, for instance, one volley of the Coldstreams struck down 450 Frenchmen of the Regiment du Roi. Again, at the same battle, the Gardes du Corps had not much less than five hundred saddles emptied by a single volley, while the French Guards were scattered by a point-blank volley from a British regiment at twenty paces that brought down 450 men. Here we have at Krugersdorp thousands of Boers in cover shooting for hours on two days at 600 Englishmen in the open and killing very few.

A pathetic story illustrating the remarkable career of a multi-millionaire comes from Chicago where this once fortunate man has just died a pauper and his body been given over to the dissecting table. It appears that in the early history of the gold finds at Tombstone, Arizona, one Edwin Fields squatted upon what were regarded as worthless claims which he afterwards sold for $600,000, reserving the surface, which he sold off in town lots for as high as $5,000 apiece, and for years his rents amounted to $4,000 a month. Then he commenced a career of extravagance, and after milking Tombstone dry went to St. Louis, speculated in grain and lost most of his fortune. Then he went to Chicago where he was speedily reduced to poverty and it became with him a question of getting enough to eat. For a while he worked at various hotels in the city as store keeper, seldom receiving more than $14 a month. Worry and advancing years finally caused him to succumb. For a few weeks he lay sick at a cheap lodging house. He was forcibly carried from there to the hospital, and from there after a few days to the poor house, where he died.

A Song of Seasons.

There's joy, my dear, in the youth 'o the year,
When the hearts 'o the bright buds break
And the skies are blue as the eyes 'o you,
And the blooms blow over the lake.
There's joy, my dear, for the world is fair,
And love is the sweetest blossom there!

There's joy, my dear, in the noon 'o the year,
When the harvest hints o' gold,
And the soft sun streams with its gleams and dreams
On your beautiful hair unrolled.
There's joy, my dear, for the world is fair,
And love is the blossom that's brightest there.

There's joy, my dear, in the gray 'o the year,
When the snows are drifting white,
And the cold winds cry to the starless sky
And the last rose weeps: "Good night!"
There's joy, my dear, for the world is fair,
While your love like a lily is blooming there!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

IN LEAP YEAR.

"I wouldn't marry John Marryatt, not for a hundred thousand dollars!" said Avice Mere.

And she said it, too, exactly as if she meant it, with reddened cheeks, eyes full of hazel fire, and two dimpled fists clenched tightly.

"My dear," said Penelope Paxton, one of those jovial old maids, who are privileged to say anything, "you remind me of a famous historical character."

"I?" said Avice, momentarily off her guard.

"Yes," said Penelope. "Miss Betty Baxter, who refused captain Jones before he axed her."

"Oh, it isn't that," protested Avice, rosier than ever. "Of course Mr. Marryatt has no idea of asking me; why should he have! And if so, I should not accept him."

"'Miss Bettie Baxter,'" monotonously chanted Penelope, "'who refused—'"

"Penny, do be quiet," said Avice, stamping her foot. "You know what I mean."

"No, I do not," replied Penny, "and I don't believe you know yourself."

"He said it was leap year," pleaded Avice.

"So it is," said Penny. "Get the almanac and look for yourself. Four into eighteen hundred and ninety-six goes—"

"Penelope, can't you talk common sense?"

"To be sure I can, if you set me the example," gravely responded Miss Paxton.

"And he told Dr. Darien he wasn't coming to our party because he did not want to get married against his will."

"Well, after all, there is something in that," said Penelope reflectively. "I never was a man myself, but I can imagine that, under the circumstances a cold shiver would go all through me."

"Penny," said Avice solemnly, "do you really, seriously think that one of us girls ever thought of taking John Marryat?"

"That is a question which I am not prepared to answer," said Miss Paxton.

Avice ran out of the room, and was surprised to find herself crying over the clove-scented blooms of her favorite carnations, in the bathroom window.

"I'm sure I don't know why," sobbed she, "I hate John Marryatt; and I think it was horrid of Doctor Darien to go and repeat what was said to him in confidence! And if John Marryatt really believed that—that— There! I won't think about it any more. Leap year, indeed! Why do people talk such a string of nonsense because the month of February happens to have twenty-nine days in it, instead of twenty-eight."

In the meantime, Mr. Marryatt had packed his valise and gone up to Cherry mountain, to visit an old uncle who was at the point of death.

"It won't be a very cheerful visit," said he to himself, "but it will be better than a state of siege, for I have been told, on good authority, that every one of those girls means to get engaged at the leap year party. It will be the old story of the Sabines over again, with the sexes reversed. And when I marry—if I marry— I intend to have at least the privilege of choice. So I'll just go up to Uncle Origen's."

Uncle Origen's farmhouse was on the top of a bleak hill, where a few dwarfed cherry trees shook and shuddered in the wintry blasts, and the cows huddled in the shelter of the hayricks to keep from being blown away.

"I think we're going to have a storm," said Mr. Marryatt. "I'm quite certain I smell snow in the air. And there are more cheerful places during a northeast blizzard than Uncle Origen's house."

He was almost disposed to be sorry that he had come when he stood there, knocking and thumping with the handle of his umbrella at the shrunken panels of the front door.

Pretty soon a crooked old man, with his garments fastened with tow-strings instead of buttons, came shuffling to the door and peeped suspiciously around it.

"Heh?" said he, with one hand back of his poor old purple ear. "'Pears to me I heard somebody knocking, didn't I?"

"Yes, it's me," came the reply—"John Marryatt, from Albany, don't you know?"

"Married?" squeaked the old man. "To who?"

"John—Mar—ry—att!" distinctly repeated the visitor. "How is my Uncle Origen?"

The crooked old man sheltered his candle-flame with one hand and stared as if he were gradually being transformed into one huge eye.

"Land sakes alive!" said he. "Didn't you know? He was buried yesterday!"

Here was a cheerful welcome for a city visitor.

"But what can I do?" said Marryatt, with a helpless gaze down the darkening mountain-side. "I came to visit him. I had not heard—"

"Walk in, walk in," said the old man, holding the flaring candle high above his head and flattening himself against the wall. "It's pretty lonesome here; but there's the deceased's chamber you can sleep in, and I trapped a rabbit in the pine wood this morning that Isabella's just stewing up."

"Isabella!" repeated John Marryatt.

"She's the old woman in charge—my sister," explained the ancient warder of the castle. "Ain't much to look at, but a proper good cook."

"But," said Mr. Marryatt, "I don't think I care about sleeping in the room where—Uncle Origen died."

The old man stared at him with dull, glassy eyes.

"Eh?" said he. "Wy not? You don't believe in sperritooalism, do you?"

"Nonsense!" cried Marryatt.

"Then why ain't one room as good as another?" asked the old man stoidly.

"Nevertheless, I would prefer to go on to the nearest hotel," impatiently uttered John.

"Ain't none short o' seven mile," said the old man. "And that's only a summer machine. They don't run it arter the waterfall's friz up. But there's a freight train, with a passenger caboose hitched on, that stops at Cutting Corners at midnight."

"Where is Cutting Corners?"

"Eight mile away."

"And how the dickens do you suppose I am to get eight miles from here, when it is pitch dark already?" cried Marryatt, with not unnatural irritation.

"There's Jenkins' one-hoss wagon," mildly suggested the old man. "I'm goin' to Jenkins' d'rectly arter a box o' stove-blackin', a paound o' taller dips and a quarter of a paound o' green tea for Isabella. I can tell Jenkens to come round and cart ye to the daypo, ef ye don't grudge a dollar."

"By all means," said Mr. Marryatt hurriedly. "And while you are gone Isabella, as you call her, can give me some supper."

He sat down in the old, low-ceiled room, where the rag carpet seemed neither brighter nor dimmer than it had twenty years ago, and General Andrew Jackson still brandished his sword in a stained cherry frame on the smoked wooden mantel, and warmed his chilled feet before a blaze of snapping hickory logs; while old Isabella who might have appeared creditably at any tableau as the "Witch of Endor" crept around an iron pot which swung from a prodigious crane, and got supper after a slow and inefficient manner.

"Pretty gay in Albany this winter?" said old Isabella, brandishing her spoon over John in the manner of an incantation, as she watched him eat the rabbit stew after it was dished.

"I suppose so."

"I'm a-thinkin' of goin' there myself," said Isabella, mumbling her toothless jaws.

"To take a situation?" asked Marryatt, inwardly thinking that he could not conscientiously give her a recommendation as a cook.

"Bless your 'art, no," said Isabella." "I know a sea captain there as ain't married; and they tell me the gals is all pickin' and choosin' for themselves, now that leap year has come around. Anyhow, I'm tired o' Cherry mountain, and I don't see why my chance ain't as good as another's."

Mr. Marryatt stared at her in mute amazement, while he secretly deplored the sad case of the unsuspecting sea captain.

"P'raps you wouldn't mind keepin' a heye on the fire," said Isabella, while I jest go over and look to see if Simon has locked the hen-house. He's dreadful forgetful."

And she hobbled away.

At the same moment there came a loud and emphatic knocking at the outer door, and a stout country girl, with cheeks of that peculiar red which shines as if it had been varnished, very black eyes, and coarse black hair, walked in, well wrapped up in a red and green plaid shawl, and a fearful felt hat, which looked like a damaged helmet.

"I've come for Mr. Marryatt," said she, without any ceremony of introduction.

Instinctively John backed against the wall.

"What!" cried he.

"You're Mr. Marryatt, ain't you?" said she.

"That's my name!" retreating still further behind the stiff, wooden backed chair, where uncle Origen used to sit and smoke his pipe.

"Well, I'm come for you. You ain't deaf, be you? I'm—come—for—you!"

"Yes; but I—I—"

"There ain't no time to loose," bawled this daughter of the solitudes, seizing him by the arm. "This 'ere's your baggage?" grasping the valise in the other hand.

This was leap year with a vengeance, thought perspiring John. With one desperate struggle he freed himself.

"I won't go!" said he. "Nothing can compel me to, against my will."

"You won't?" said the red-cheeked damsel.

"No, I won't," said John Marryatt.

"Then you'll miss the train so sure as sarpents!" said the red-cheeked damsel. "And it won't be no fault of mine. Father has the rhuematiz, and I promised him I'd come for you."

"Oh, the train—I see!" cried Mr. Marryatt. "I didn't quite comprehend your meaning at first. Yes, I'll come immediately."

And the red-cheeked damsel, who proved to be no despicable charioteer, rattled down the mountain road with considerable skill and energy, reaching the solitary station just as the freight train came in sight around a curve.

So Mr. Marryatt arrived in Albany just in time to see the sun-rise glow irradiate the red-brick chimney-pots behind the Delavan house.

"Not married yet," he said to himself; "but I will be as soon as possible, if she will have me. I'll run no more such risks as this!"

That very afternoon he called at Doctor Mere's house, and proposed to Avice—and Avice accepted him. Yes, she actually accepted him.

"But did you really say that?" Avice asked, feeling it her duty to admonish her swain a little—"that—that you didn't want to be married against your will?"

"Of course I did," answered Marryatt, "and I meant it. I don't intend to marry against my will; I intend to marry with it. And did you really say you wouldn't marry John Marryatt for $100,000?"

"And so I wouldn't," cried Avice, looking up with sparkling eyes, "not for twice that money; but just because I love him."

So they were happy and laughed heartily over the adventures on Cherry mountain. And when Penelope Paxton next saw the bride-elect she laughed and said:

"So it isn't to be a case of Miss Betty Baxter, after all!"

And Avice colored and said "she didn't know what Miss Penny could possibly mean."—Saturday Night.

A Mystery of The Rail.

"A man killed on a railroad never dies with his boots on," remarked a Reading railroad employe at Wayne Junction. "In my experience of over twenty years I have seen, perhaps, over a hundred cases where people have been struck and killed by engines, and in every instance, when the body was picked up, the feet were found to be minus shoes. Even men wearing heavy top shoes were not exempt from the invariable rule. Any old engineer will tell you the same thing. It is a mystery which no one seems able to solve, and is as inexplicable as that other strange phenomenon of the drowned man who always floats on top of the water face downward, while the woman floats face upward."—Philadelphia Record.

There are no fewer than 521 foreign doctors established in Paris, more than a sixth of all the practicing physicians.

"DOLE OF BREAD."

A Century Old Charity In New York Still Exists.

Distributing Loaves of Bread to Hungry Wanderers.

Foremost among the many practical charities or this great, big-hearted metropolis, says the New York Journal, is the old bread-giving beneficence, long established and faithfully kept up for many years. No happier way of helping the really worthy poor could be conceived than that of supplying to them the staff of life, the bread that is to keep them alive. None but those deserving, or in sad need of aid, would apply for this sort of assistance.

Two million loaves of bread have been given to hungry unfortunates in this city since this most commendable charity, verily, a salvation from starvation, was established. Few New Yorkers know of the "Leake Doie of Bread," which has gone steadily on in its estimable work since 1792.

John Leake a millionaire of the late century was a devout churchman, and throughout his life an active philanthropist. Living, as he did, in aristocratic New York, he was of course, a constant attendant upon the services of Trinity church and a patron of what was then and is now, one of the best conducted chapels in the city, old St. John's chapel, on Varick street.

When the benevolent old man died, he left £1,000 sterling "to the rector and inhabitants of the Protestant Episcol church of the state of New York," to be put away safely, where the interest from it would be sufficient to purchase six-penny wheaten loaves to a goodly number, to be distributed "to such poor as are most deserving," after every Sabbath morning service.

Of this interest, $174.20 has been expended yearly for the purchase of the bread. This enables the chapel to distribute sixty-seven loaves every week. The day of delivery, however, has recently been changed from Sunday to Saturday. The most effective division of the loaves has been adopted. Eighteen women of the parish, who have large families call at the gray stone house of the old sexton, John Watson, every Saturday morning, at 9 o'clock, and take away enough big white loaves to keep the wolf from the doors of the little homes they love. They are no men among the pensioners. In the 104 years of its existence, this single benefaction has been the cause of making happy thousands of families.

Although not so old as the Leake Dole of Bread, the benevolence of the Fleischmann Vienna Bakery, at Tenth street and Broadway, is quite as well conducted and quite as meritorious. Nearly a million and a half loaves of bread have been given out from their bounteous bake-house to twice that number of hungry wanderers, in half loaves, in the last twelve years.

In 1876 Louis Fleischmann ordered that all the left-over bread of the day should be distributed every morning at two o'clock to whom should first apply for it, a half-loaf to each man. In cold weather each beneficiary was to receive a tin cup of hot coffee with his bread.

As if to make things equal, the wanderers who are fed at this haven are all men, just as they are all women who benefit by the Leake Dole of bread. Between four and five hundred men of all ages, some fairly well dressed, others in rags, but all hungry, line up at the side door on Tenth street in the middle of every night. As early as 10 o'clock the hungry line commences to form, although the wandering waif who make it up know that they cannot expect a bite before two o'clock. There are usually enough men to extend all the way to Twelfth street. The old watchman, William Grevel, and a pair of trusty tramps, old pensioners, give out the bread. On holidays they give a large piece of cake with each half loaf of bread, and the battalion of beggars is happy.

The Senator's Dress Suit.

There is a certian Senator from a Western State who dined with the President one night not long ago.

He wore on that evening what he always wears on full dress occasions, a coat made after a design of his own.

A coat which conbines the elegance of a dress coat with the lines of a cutaway but is neither one nor the other When the Senator was ready to start for the White House some busybody bustled up to him and said!

"Why Senator, aren't you going to were a dress coat?"

The Senator drew himself up to his full hight.

"What! I dress like a waiter?" he said.—Washington Post.

War Record of Photography.

While conjectures are rife as to what electricity and high explosives could do in modern warfare, it is interesting to glance at one marvel in the war record of photography. A quarter of a century ago on the 21st of September, Paris was completely shut off from the rest of the world, but two days later a balloon and a pigeon post was established, and regular balloons thereafter left the city at intervals of from three to seven days with letters for the provinces and carrier pigeons for bringing back replies. The return messages were written on thin paper and enclosed in a quill tied to the pigeon's tail, but the carrying capacity of the birds for such messages was very limited. Some weeks later, Dagron, skilled in photomicrographic work, carried out the idea of printing a great many messages upon a large sheet of paper and then photographing the whole in a greatly reduced form upon a thin film of collodion four inches square. Each pigeon carried eighteen of these collodion pellicles, with a total of more than 50,000 messages, the whole weighing less than a gramme. On arrival in Paris the messages were enlarged on a screen, when they could be read, and were published in the newspapers. During the seige sixty-four balloons left the city, of which seven were lost or captured by the Germans, while the others carried 4,000,000 letters and the pigeon post returned about about 2,500,000 messages. Even money orders and drafts were transmitted by the micro-photographic pigeon post and were paid in Paris.—Trenton, (N. J.) American.

May Own Only Six Dogs.

The Chicago city council has passed an ordinance limiting the number of dogs owned by any one family to not more than six. This number would seem to be ample for any average American household, especially in a big city where the dogs can serve only as pets; yet the law, which went into effect immediately, has caused no end of consternation. Investigation shows that many families possess animals greatly in excess of the law's limitation. One has 15, another 18 and another 20, while scores and hundreds have a dozen and upward.

An ancient aphorism restricts a multitude of dogs to homes of the blessed with legions of children, but here it is shown that the wealthy vie with the impoverished in gathering about them numbers of these creatures. The trouble is that each and every owner professes equal attachment for each of his "chattels," declaring that it is impossible to part with any one of the pets. Every possible equivocation and evasion is resorted to in order to avoid enforcement of the law, while the owners who come under the interdict are vowing vengeance at the ensuing election against those aldermen who voted for the obnoxious measure.—New York Press.

A Serio-Comic Experience.

An eighty-sixth-year-old Romeo of Celina, Ohio, had a remarkable serio-comic experience at Muncie, Ind., a few days ago. He was observed loitering about for several hours in front of the postoffice, and he looked more and more miserable as the minutes went by. Finally a policeman accosted him, and the old man said he had made an appointment to meet his affianced bride at that place several hours before. He explained that he had met the young woman in Celina, and she had become engaged to him during her stay there. Her home was in Muncie, and he was to meet her there on that day to arrange for the marriage. He showed the letter, and the policeman discovered that the name of the town was Marion, not Muncie. The aged lover was astounded at his mistake, and scurried off, rejoicing, to the railroad station to take the first train for Marion and his prospective bride.—New York Sun.

Steel Construction in Bird's Nests.

A curious gift has been made to the Natural History Museum of Soletta. This gift consists of a bird's nest, constructed entirely of steel. There are a great many watchmakers at Soletta, and in the vicinity of the workshops there are always the remains of the old springs of watches, which have been cast aside.

Last summer a watchmaker discovered this curious bird's nest, which had been built in a tree in his courtyard by a pair of water-wagtails. It measures ten centimetres in circumference, and is made solely of watch-springs. When the birds had fledged their brood the watchmakers secured their antique nest as an interesting proof of the intelligence of birds in adapting anything which come within their reach.—London News.