

Mathematical experts estimate that the St. Louis convention cost, directly and indirectly, nearly \$4,000,000.

Sir Edwin Arnold would like to see in all Christian governments a minister of state charged with the interests of the birds, beasts and fishes.

The perilousness of an army surgeon's life is illustrated by the fact that out of twenty surgeons on the battle-field of Abba Carina in Abyssinia, seventeen were killed in action.

United States Minister Ransom says American capital is building up Mexican prosperity. Of President Diaz he says: "A wiser and better magistrate never guided the destinies of a nation."

Mr. Gladstone has written a letter in which he says he regards the Turkish Government as "the greatest scourge of mankind and the greatest disgrace and scandal to religion, including the religion of Mohamet, on the face of the earth."

The University of Strasburg contained in 1883 three men, each unknown to the other and each of whom has since achieved international fame. The trio consisted of Paderewski, then musical instructor at the university; Professor Roentgen, professor of physics, and Nicola Tesla, who was installing an electric plant for the university.

Says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "The popular impatience of the law's delay is strongly emphasized by the fact that in the last ten years the number of lynchings and mob executions has considerably exceeded that of the legal hangings, while both have fallen so far below the number of homicides as to suggest that still a vast number of guilty men escape a fate they richly deserve. From January 1, 1892, to the end of 1894, there were in this country 40,934 murders, or homicides, 917 legal executions and 1,495 lynchings, only 2,412 murders out of 40,934 coming to justice. The showing is calculated to appal even conservative men, since it proves not only increasing disregard for human life, but increasing reluctance to administer stern justice to the worst form of crime."

The bicycle as a bail bond, announces the Chicago Times-Herald, is a new use for this omnifarious vehicle which rises to every emergency. Foolish scorchers and other luckless riders get arrested from time to time and hard-hearted policemen lug them off to the roundhouse, where often they are obliged to pass a hapless night. It is not every cyclist that can at a moment's notice summon friends to a distant police station to give bail.

In this dire strait a happy thought occurred to some one that the wheel itself ought to be sufficient bail for the appearance of its owner the next day to answer for his misfeasance. No sooner suggested than acted upon, and the chief of police in New York has issued an order that wheelman who are arrested may be released by leaving their wheels as security for their subsequent appearance.

The extent of the recent disastrous storm in St. Louis has at last been ascertained, and there is cause for congratulation, remarks the Atlanta Constitution, in the authorized statement which comes from St. Louis that all reports as to the devastation wrought by the cyclone have been grossly exaggerated. After a most thorough investigation the board of assessors has fixed the actual loss of property in St. Louis at \$10,298,000. This is much smaller than the estimated loss which was hastily computed at the time of the storm. The number of buildings totally destroyed is placed at 321. If these buildings were arranged in succession they would extend for a distance of nearly two miles. The total number of buildings partially destroyed is fixed at 8,512, equivalent to a row of dwellings thirty-three miles long. Estimating five persons to each house the destructive work of the cyclone has entailed more or less privation upon 40,000 people. Had the cyclone visited a town of that size it would have almost completely demolished it. As it is the devastation wrought by the cyclone in St. Louis is bad enough. It might have been a great deal worse and there is much to be thankful for in the magnificent buildings and palatial homes which have been spared. St. Louis will soon recover from the injuries which she has received and, while she will always remember the cyclone with a shudder, she will, no doubt, gather renewed strength from her disaster and be all the greater because of the tribulations through which she has passed.

Learn to Labor and Wait.

For the lessons of life
They are many and stern;
And the hardest to learn
Is not masterful strife
For a king or a state;
It is only—to wait.
Youth is eager to start
On the ocean alone,
Ere his strength be full-grown;
And though Age from his heart
May of perils inform,
Still he thirsts for the storm.
If his courage be strong
He may struggle along
And by sorrow grow strong;
And the years, as they fly,
May allot him life's prizes
On this side of the skies.
But the many that strive
For the laurels must fall;
And fell many a sail
At Death's port shall arrive,
That could enter Joy's gate
Would its master but wait.

—Frank Putnam in Chicago Times-Herald.

COUSIN MARY ANN.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

Eveleen Blake was a school teacher. Rather a laborious and ill-paid life it was for a girl of nineteen; but she knew that she had her own living to earn somehow. There wasn't an inkling of romance in her life, except what she unconsciously absorbed out of the books in the circulating library. No handsome young bachelor school trustee ever thought of falling in love with her; no wealthy old gentleman adopted her as his sole heiress and legatee, and she hadn't a rich relative in all the world except one old aunt out in Wisconsin, who had never noticed her existence in any way whatsoever, and apparently didn't intend to. Her two sisters were both married—Mrs. Simon Sykes and Mrs. John Smith—and each of them looked out industriously for Number One.

"Eveleen has had an education," said Mrs. Sykes. "Let her take care of herself. Of course one wants to be sisterly and all that sort of thing, but when dear Simon married me, he didn't expect to marry the whole family."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Smith. "She can't expect us to support her." And beyond an occasional invitation to a Christmas or a Thanksgiving dinner, poor Eveleen received very little countenance from her sisters.

But she was a cheery, light-hearted lassie, this Eveleen Blake, and plodded patiently along the dull routine of her daily life, making the best of everything.

Five hundred a year wasn't a stupendous income, to be sure, but Eveleen knew how to economize it to the very best advantage. She dressed as plainly as any Quaker, kept house daintily in two little rooms, and put by a dollar a week in the nearest savings bank against a possible rainy day.

She was mending a pair of gloves one afternoon by the window, when Mrs. Simon Sykes walked in, with a great rustling and smell of patchouli.

Mrs. Simon Sykes—nee Deborah Blake—was tall and large and rosy. Eveleen was on the petite scale, with large, limpid gray eyes, very little color, and straight brown hair which shone and glistened like satin in the level rays of the declining sun.

Mrs. Sykes wore a stiff black silk dress, with a set of staring cameo, and a mammoth pink rose in her hat.

"Dear me!" she said, "how good that teapot smells on the stove! And I'm clean tired out with my walk."

"Would you like a cup of tea?" said Eveleen.

"Well, I don't mind," said Mrs. Sykes, unpinning her shawl; "that is, if you've a bun or a biscuit to nibble with it. Tea alone always gives me the heartburn."

So Eveleen went to work industriously and brewed a cup of tea, and brought out a plate of rusks which were to have made her own frugal evening meal.

"But I can eat a cracker or so," said self-denying little Eveleen, as she watched the rusks disappear before Mrs. Simon Sykes' appetite.

"I've had such a turn," said Mrs. Sykes, as she held out her cup for a second replenishing.

"A turn?" said Eveleen, inquiringly.

"Yes," nodded Mrs. Sykes; "a visit from a poor relation, who lives out West. I dare say she'll be here next, but I advise you to send her about her business, as I did."

"Who is it?" said Eveleen, in surprise.

who had a sort of instinctive sympathy for the houseless and homeless.

"I want that for Mr. Sykes' relatives when they come to town," said Mrs. Sykes. "He's got a single brother with property, and a married sister, with no children, who is very well off indeed; and if I don't want it; I don't propose to open a free asylum for every old maid that comes along."

"But what will she do?"

"Do? Why, do as other folks do, I suppose. Go to a cheap boarding house. There's plenty of 'em, I'm sure."

"But if she hasn't got any money?"

"Then she's no business here," said autocratic Mrs. Sykes. "Why didn't she stay out West, where her friends could take care of her?"

"Perhaps she hasn't any friends."

"Then she certainly must be an undeserving character," said Mrs. Sykes, shaking the rusk crumbs down upon Eveleen's neatly-swept carpet. "Oh, here's Selina Smith, as true as the world!"

Mrs. John Smith came fluttering in—a thin, sharp-featured little woman with snapping black eyes.

"Oh," she cried, "you're here, are you, Debby? How do you, Eveleen? Well, since you're taking tea, I will have a cup! Heard the news?" as she sat herself down.

"About Mary Ann Blake? Yes, of course," answered Mrs. Sykes, with a toss of the head. She's been to see me; but I sent her about her business."

"Well, she certainly can't expect us to provide for her," said Mrs. Smith, beginning to crumble up the reserve of crackers that Eveleen had brought out, with a sigh. "Smith's salary ain't large, and I've a considerable-sized family of my own. I told her pretty plainly that, as far as I was concerned, she needn't expect anything. I do hate these genteel buggars! And if she should come here, Eveleen, I hope you will give her the cold shoulder. Hush! There's a knock now. If it should be her!"

"It's a good thing we are here to advise," said Mrs. Sykes, as Eveleen went to the door. "Eveleen is so unsuspecting! Any one could impose upon her!"

"Yes, to be sure," nodded Mrs. Smith, complacently. "And—But, dear me, it is Mary Ann!"

Both the sisters nodded frigidly at the approach of a tall, nervous-looking woman, in shabby black, followed by Eveleen, who drew out the softest easy-chair for her accommodation, and gently untied her wispy bonnet-strings.

"Do sit down," said Eveleen. "I am sure you are tired. Let me give you a cup of tea."

"Yes," said Mary Ann Blake, looking apprehensively from Mrs. John Sykes to Mrs. John Smith. "I am tired. I have been walking a good way."

"I hope you've got a situation," said Mrs. Smith, icily.

But Mary Ann Blake shook her head.

"It was very foolish of you to come here at all, wasting your money on an expensive journey," said Mrs. Sykes. "Why couldn't you go to Aunt Pamela."

(Now Aunt Pamela was the rich old aunt in Wisconsin, who so systematically ignored her nieces in New York, and kept her money in United States bonds, instead of investing it in Mr. Sykes' wholesale grocery, or Mr. Smith's insurance company.)

"I did," said Mary Ann, dejectedly, "but she declined to assist me."

"Stingy old harridan!" said Mrs. Sykes, with energy.

"She has a right to do as she pleases with her own, I suppose," said Eveleen, who was boiling up a teaspoonful of fresh tea for the pale guest, and cutting a little smoked beef in thin slices.

"No she hasn't," said Mrs. Smith. "People get so miserly!"

"Sykes thinks we might some day clap her into a lunatic asylum, and put the property into the hands of trustees, for the use of her relatives," said Mrs. Sykes.

"I don't know about that," said Mary Ann Blake. "I only know she would not give me anything. And I do not know what to do. You are my cousins. Perhaps—"

"Oh, indeed we can't do anything for you!" said Mrs. Sykes, becoming absolutely Arctic in her demeanor, while Mrs. Smith drew herself up, and set her thin lips together like a thread of carmine. "Better get back West as fast as you can," added Mrs. Sykes.

"By all means," said Mrs. Smith, with a toss of her head. "And tell that old hag out in Wisconsin that she's a deal better able to provide for you than we are."

"No," said Eveleen, gently. She

had been looking from one to the other of her relatives as they spoke, and now interposed with her soft voice and pitying gray eyes. "Cousin Mary Ann shall stay with me. There's plenty of room on my little iron bedstead for two, and I can go out with her, looking for a situation, after school hours. To be sure, I haven't a great deal, but what little I have I will share with Cousin Mary Ann."

"Eveleen, you're crazy!" said Mrs. Simon Sykes, uplitting both her hands.

"You're a fool!" politely added Mrs. Smith.

But the stranger's lip quivered.

"God bless you, child!" said she, rising up and putting aside the veil of worn lace that dropped on her face.

"And now, girls, I may as well tell you that I am your Aunt Pamela. Mary Ann Blake is an entirely imaginary person."

"You Aunt Pamela?" shrieked Mrs. Sykes.

"Yes, I."

"But—you are rich."

"People say so."

"Then," gasped Mrs. Smith, "why do you come here in the guise of a beggar?"

"To try the hearts and natures of my three nieces," said Aunt Pamela, dryly. "Deborah calls me an old harridan, Selina refuses to help me by so much as a penny, but little Eveleen is willing to share her scanty all with me. And I'll be as generous with her. What money the old woman has to leave shall be Eveleen Blake's."

Mrs. Simon Sykes and Mrs. John Smith looked at each other in dismay. But it was too late to apologize now—the mischief was done, and the fact that they had done it themselves was a poor consolation. And little Eveleen was an heiress after all.—Saturday Night.

Warm Weather Hints.

I have generally found that the heat or the cold, the wet weather or the dry, the windy or the cloudy, affected me very little if I went calmly on and made the best of it. One's work should occupy one's thoughts and one's hands so fully that one has no time to be troubled about surroundings of atmosphere. The busy girl is happier than the indolent girl for the reason that her mind is taken up with something worth while.

A little caution about fans. Don't fan so vigorously that you put yourself into a heat by the exertion. Never fan the back of your friend's neck if you are sitting behind her. Fan with a gentle, steady motion, so that waves of air strike your own face, but not so that you send icy shivers down your neighbor's spine.

On a very sultry day nothing is gained by drinking a great deal of ice water. The more one drinks the more thirsty one grows. A little water held in the mouth a moment, and allowed to trickle slowly down the throat, will relieve thirst more effectually than a gobletful hastily tossed off.

The question comes up every summer, how shall we best keep our homes cool during the sultry part of the day? Shall we close them and shut out the heat, or simply darken them and allow the air to come in? My way has been to open every window, both at the top and at the bottom, early in the morning, flooding the house with the sweet, cool air. Then, about ten o'clock, or earlier, close the windows, except for a few inches at the bottom, and fasten shutters and blinds so that they will not fly open. Darken every room which you are not using until the sun goes down. But do not sit to read, sew, or practise in the dark. Your eyes need plenty of light. When you go into the darkened rooms, do so to rest, not to work.—Harper's Round Table.

A Great Shot.

James Shields was elected to the United States Senate in 1848, defeating his predecessor, senator Breese. Shields had distinguished himself in the Mexican war, and at the battle of Cerro Gordo he was shot through the lungs, the ball passing out at his back. His recovery was one of the marvels of the day. Shields' war record is believed to have secured to him his triumph over Breese. When the news of Shields' election was received, a lawyer named Butterfield was speaking of it to a group of friends, when one of them remarked: "It was that Mexican bullet that did the business." "Yes," restored Butterfield, "that was a great shot. The ball went clear through Shields without hurting him, and killed Breese one thousand miles away."—Argonaut.

There are 680 women journalists, editors and authors in England and Wales, according to the last census reports.

Children's Column



IN SLEEPYTOWN.
Pretty, drowsy, baby eyes,
Neath the white lids blinking,
Far away up in the skies
Some bright stars are winking.
They light the way to a baby-show
To which, sweet one, you soon must go.
Look pleasant—smooth that tiny frown—
And you'll take the prize in Sleepytown.
Babies will be there from across the sea,
The black-eyed Turk and small Chinese,
The fur-wrapped, fanny Esquiman,
Whose hut is placed 'mid arctic snow,
Yes, from all lands this earth doth know
Babies will come to the dream-land show,
And pretty, drowsy baby eyes,
You will be sure to win the prize.
So shut your dainty eyelids down,
And lie away to Sleepytown.
—Fred H. Yapt.

AN ODD COINCIDENCE.

The British sparrow was introduced into Boston within the last twenty years, and has found favor with some and abuse from many. But the birds have developed a habit which is at once picturesque and amusing. At the hour of afternoon tea they assemble from all parts of the city and perch upon the branches of the trees in the King's Chapel Burying Ground. The poplar trees are so crowded that they seem to be budding with twittering birds. The noisy "caucus of crows" of which Lowell speaks is quite outdone by these sparrows. It is an odd coincidence that these English birds should every day gather in the first God's acre of the Church of England in the Massachusetts Bay Colony.—New York Mercury.

A BABY HYENA.

The baby hyena is the attraction at the Central Park "Zoo." A hyena in infancy is cute, bright-eyed, soft, pudgy and kittenish. But it grows out of this in time, and this frolicsome little creature will a few years hence be as villainously ugly as he is now delightful. He is a brownish-hued creature, with a black muzzle, about as tall and as fat as a Newfoundland puppy. His age is three months—a fact due to the vigilance of the keeper, as her "ma" has shown heretofore a disposition to eat her offspring, having in this unnatural manner disposed of half a dozen youngsters that would have been brothers and sisters to the latest arrival.

Mrs. Hyena is as tall as a St. Bernard, and her infant freely walks under the arch of her shaggy and ill-smelling body. The baby just now has high fore legs and short hind legs, and moves about with an awkward wobble that greatly amuses the children who throng before the cage. When the baby grows up he will laugh, as does his mother, a laugh that carries terror with it to every breast in the Zoo, but just now the laugh is simply a joyous gurgle.

The mother is fond of her son in a hyena way, and evidently believes with Solomon that to spare the rod is to spoil the child. One day last week she gave her offspring a trouncing that he will not forget in a hurry. It seems that when the daily allowance of meat, scraps and bones were thrown into the cage she declined to allow the infant any portion of it. Some one called the keeper's attention to this seemingly selfish act, but the keeper said "she probably knew best."

The youngster evidently did not share the keeper's opinion of the wisdom of his mother, for he made a futile effort to seize a juicy morsel of horse meat, was caught in the act and punished. His name is "Whiskers."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

SAVED BY A SEAGULL.

Two months before our story opens Andy Royson, while playing on the beach, came across a seagull which in some way had broken its wing and was unable to fly. Andy took it home and nursed it until it was well. He offered the bird its liberty by taking it on the beach and pitching it into the air. It would fly a little way but would always come back to him. Andy soon learned to love the bird very much. At the time our story opens they were always together. It would follow Andy everywhere he went. Andy lived close to the beach. He

had learned to row and his father had bought him a small rowboat. There was a pile of rocks that jutted out of the water about two miles from the shore. It was Andy's favored fishing place. He would go every Saturday and fish. His father always warned him not to stay too long, because when the tide came in it would be dangerous. He promised to be always on the alert. He had gotten permission from his father to go fishing that day. He called Dan to go with him—that was what he had named the bird. Dan hopped into the boat. Andy took up the oars and rowed to the rocks, fastened his boat to some rocks, and commenced fishing. Dan was sitting by his side watching him intently, for it was Andy's custom to give him all the small fish he caught. He had unusually good luck that day, and had caught as many fish as he could very well carry. He stopped and was thinking about going home, but on looking at his watch he found that it was early yet, and determined to rest before going. He lay down in the shadow of the rocks and was thinking how surprised his mother would be when he showed her the fish. He had been lying there but a few minutes, he never could tell how it happened, but he fell asleep. He was suddenly awakened by feeling the water rippling around his feet. He started up in surprise, but it did not frighten him then, for he knew that he could get to his boat in time. Gathering up his fish he called Dan and started for the boat, but judge of his horror at finding that his boat had become loosened by the rising tide and had floated away. He could see it far off in the distance. The water was still rising. It was now at his ankles. He saw if assistance hid not reach him in a few hours he would be drowned. The bird seemed to know of his master's danger, for he flew upon his shoulder, uttering a queer noise all the time, as if warning him of his danger. Andy went to the highest part of the rocks, there he sank down, overcome, and wept. He wondered what his mother and father would think. He knew how grieved they would be if he should never come back. Suddenly he remembered the little prayer his mother had taught him, and that God would help those who would ask Him. He sank upon his knee and prayed a long time. When he had finished he felt better and more hopeful.

All at once an idea struck him. Why not let Dan carry a message to his father? Hastily taking a pencil from his pocket he wrote a note to his father; tying it around Dan's neck he turned him towards the land and pitched him in the air. The bird circled around twice and then started towards the shore. How Andy prayed that he would safely take the message to his father. The water was now up to his knees. It rose slowly, but surely. Now it was up to his waist and then his shoulders. He began to lose hope. Would his father never come? He strained his eyes, hoping to see him coming. Suddenly he saw a dark object on the water. He contended to watch it. Finally it outlined itself into a boat with a man in it. He gave a shout of joy. Pretty soon he recognized his father's face. He began shouting again. He saw his father look up and redouble his efforts. Now only his head was above water, and it was still rising. Pretty soon his father got within hailing distance and shouted, "for God's sake, hold out a little longer." The water slowly crept to his chin. Now he had to stand on tiptoes to keep the water out of his mouth, but it got no further. His father had reached him and dragged him into the boat. He was too overcome to row any further. Andy took up the oars and rowed back to the land, where his mother was waiting for him. She clasped him in her arms and showered his face with kisses, laughing and crying in turn.

That night at the supper table they told him how Dan had come to the door, and finding that he could not get in, had gone to the window and tapped it with his bill until his father let him in. They saw the paper around his neck. Reading it, his father hurried down to the beach and found his boat and saved him.

Dan was the hero of the day. He was patted and praised by everyone, and when he died a few years later, Mr. Royson had him buried in the family burial ground, and a tombstone erected over his grave with these words inscribed: "Here lies Dan a hero."—Atlanta Journal.