

The bicycle is the evangelist of the most progressive era ever known. A new name for it is—"the farmer's friend."

The classical Leander was the aquatic hero of the ancients and the modern Leanders on the Thames seem to be the aquatic heroes of the present day, observes the New York News.

A cunning button manufacturer of the Nutmeg State, has, it seems, put on the knick-knack market a badge button marked S. M. The letters stand at the wearer's option for either Sound Money or Silver Money.

The Old Order of Dunkards, at their recent session at Covington, Ohio, decided against the bicycle and also against gold fillings for the teeth, on the ground that they are an adornment, and must be eschewed.

The Archbishop of London estimates the contributions of churchmen to religious objects during the last twenty-five years as amounting to about \$400,000,000. Over \$105,000,000 has been spent in elementary education.

In view of the fact that Queen Victoria has purchased her apples in New England for the past twenty years, the Springfield Union suggests that if its section of the country be allowed to furnish her with pies life would be worth living.

Alfred Harmsworth recently began issuing a half-penny morning paper, the Daily Mail, in London. Mr. Harmsworth says that London has fewer morning journals than, size for size, any of the great English speaking cities of the world.

The American Agriculturist says: "Wages of farm labor are as high as ever, while household help is not to be had at any price. This state of affairs seems to be general, yet the price of farm products was never so low. This thing has got to be evened up."

"I saw one of Waring's white-uniformed men down on his knees pulling a few blades of grass from between the paving-stones in my street this morning," said a man to a New York Tribune reporter, "and when I moved into that street two years ago there were dead cats in the gutter."

The British Parliament has actually voted \$15,000,000 to build a railroad in Africa. The British taxpayer is paying dearly for the extravagant schemes of this Tory Government, observes the New York Sun. England needs better public schools more than African railroads.

Mosquitoes are said to have invaded England, and there are signs of a popular tumult. A correspondent of the London Standard suggests as a means of exterminating the pest ere it be too late that everybody should examine his bedroom window in the morning and slay the intruders basking there. This proposed remedy conveys a mournful impression of English inexperience. If these voracious mosquitoes now summering in the British Isles are of the genuine American breed, for everyone caught on a windowpane in the morning there will be at least a dozen gloating in secret nooks over the stupidity of mankind.

It is a matter of surprise that the universality of the bicycle has not produced an extensive vernacular. As a matter of fact, the "slang" expressions in general use, as gathered by an Eastern contemporary, are but few. Cyclist is a legitimate and comprehensive word that is shorter than wheelman or wheelwoman. In far-away New Zealand, the awful word "cyclo donna" has been coined as a substitute for wheelwoman. In many Western towns the fair rider is called a "bloomer," without regard to her costume. The word "scorcher," as indicating a speedy cyclist, is fairly engrafted on the language. In Chicago, however, the "scorcher" is called a "scout." The technicalities of the machine have led to attempts upon the part of young men to coin expressions. "Your tire is punctured," indicates that the story you are telling lacks the probable element of truth. Reckless statements are called "coasting." A very ancient yarn is not a "chestnut," but a "century." A young couple sharing a mutual fondness are "riding tandem." A man leading a fast life is "geared too high." An old foggy is referred to as a "high wheel." A chaperon is known as a "paw-maker." A cheap bicycle is called a "gas-pipe" machine. A professional racer is a "pro."



Where the Blackberries Grow.

BY EMMA HOWARD WRIGHT.

The girl stands looking at the picture; the man who painted it stands looking at the girl. What a sweet face it has, so girlish, so untouched by the sorrows and passions of life! The look of pleased admiration in the soft eyes gives him an odd sensation of pleasure. He is glad that his work pleases her.

The girl is presently joined by a tall, graceful woman. Shirley gives a slight start.

"Eleanor!" he murmurs. "Oh, mamma," the girl is saying, "isn't this a sweet picture? I like it better than anything I have seen here."

Some of the faint, delicate color fades out of Eleanor Seaton's beautiful tired face as she looks at the canvas that has aroused her daughter's enthusiasm.

"Yes," she murmurs mechanically, "it is a beautiful picture."

And then with hands which are a little tremulous, she opens her catalogue and seeks the number of the picture.

"Where the Blackberries Grow—John Shirley." I was sure of it," she murmurs, and looks again at the picture.

A field, in which there are quantities of wild flowers, tall, beautifully colored grasses, and bushes laden with berries. In the midst of the blackberry bushes stand a boy and a girl. The former is busily picking berries, and his face is averted; the latter is a charming little figure in a calico slip and a small pink sun-bonnet pushed back from a fair baby face, the pouting lips deeply stained with blackberry juice. A mass of gold colored curls falls over the childish brow.

A fellow artist has joined Shirley.

"Mrs. Seaton and her daughter appear to be admiring your picture, Shirley," he says. "Come, let me introduce you. Mrs. Seaton is a charming woman."

"And the young girl is her daughter?" says Shirley, as they move away.

"Yes, but she will never be the lovely woman that her mother is," is the reply, and Shirley smiles.

Some hours later Mrs. Seaton sits before her dressing room fire. There is an unusual quickening of her languid pulses. In the leaping heart of the fire she sees mirrored all the years since she and Shirley gathered blackberries in the acre field, one summer day long ago. How faithfully he had reproduced the scene in his painting!

The picture in the fire shifts a little; still the field with its wild flowers and its laden bushes, but a young man and a maiden replace the boy and baby girl. Back from the long past there comes to Eleanor Seaton the ecstasy of that forgotten day. She seems to feel again upon her lips the kisses of her young lover, and starts up with flushing cheek and throbbing heart.

But the picture has faded from the fire and another replaces it. A wedding party; the bride—young and fair of face, and white as her bridal robes; and the bridegroom—not the boyish young lover, but a middle aged, cynical looking man. Her youth and her innocence had caught his fancy, and she had bartered herself for his gold; sacrificed truth and honor, and, as she but too soon realized, happiness also. But she soon learned the lesson many a woman has learned before her—to hide her aching heart beneath a smiling face. Girlhood, happiness—her own hand had slain them. With the coming of her child something like peace had crept into her heart. Then Seaton died, and she was once more free. Of her young lover she heard nothing. She knew that he had left the old farm, that he had gone abroad to study art. Now, after all these years, they met again. The farmer's son had become a well known artist. A gray haired, worn faced man replaced the lover of her youth.

The pictures of the past have died in the leaping flames. Other scenes are mirrored there, and hope paints them.

"What? Not dressed yet!" exclaimed a fresh, girlish voice. "Have you forgotten that Mr. Shirley and Mr. Hatwell are coming to dinner, mamma?"

With dreamy eyes Eleanor Seaton turns and smiles up into the fair face of her young daughter. The girl wears a simple white gown. She is very girlish and very sweet.

"Oh, mamma! How lovely you are!" Ray exclaims, later, as her mother enters the drawing room in a beautiful rose pink gown which is exceedingly becoming to her dazlingly fair skin and pale gold hair. And Eleanor Seaton's cheeks softly flush and her eyes grow radiant. She is glad for the first time in many years that she is beautiful.

How swiftly the days and the weeks and the months glide by after that night! Shirley is a frequent visitor at the home of Mrs. Seaton. Then, when the summer comes, Eleanor Seaton has a fancy to visit the old farm. The artist follows her and her daughter. One beautiful evening Eleanor stands at the old farm house door. The air is full of the perfume of roses. The sky is all crimson and gold. The woman's face is beautiful with the soft radiance of a love dream.

Then Ray comes towards her through the roses. The girl's face is flushed, her eyes droop. She moves slowly to her mother's side.

"Where have you been, dear?" the latter asks, wondering a little at the change in the girl's face.

"To the blackberry field," the girl replies. "I went with Mr. Shirley; he wished to show me the scene of his painting. Oh, mother," and the girl's arms go about her mother's neck, "he loves me—can you imagine it? He wants me for his wife, and I—I am so happy."

There is silence for some moments. Then Eleanor Seaton lifts the sweet face from her breast and presses her lips to her daughter's flushed cheek.

"I am very glad, dear, that you are happy," she murmurs.

The sunset glow has faded from the sky, leaving it pale and cold and gray. Eleanor shivers in the warm, perturbed air. Her eyes, to which all the old weariness has returned, look past the brown head of the girl towards the field "where the blackberries grow."—Munsey's Magazine.

Where the Apostles Are Buried.

Perhaps there is not one man in a thousand who is able to tell where the twelve apostles are buried; and yet every Christian should possess this information. Seven are buried in Rome, as follows: St. Peter, St. Philip, St. James the Lesser, St. Jude, St. Bartholomew, St. Matthias and St. Simon. Three lie in the kingdom of Naples, St. Matthew at Salerno; St. Andrew, at Amalfi, and St. Thomas at Otranto. St. James the Greater is buried in Spain. Concerning the exact whereabouts of St. John there is much dispute. The following bit of information on the subject comes from the Hartford (Conn.) Times: St. Mark and St. Luke are buried in Italy, the former at Venice and the latter at Padua. St. Paul's remains are also believed to be in Italy. St. Peter is buried in Rome in the church which bears his name; so, too, are St. Simon and St. Jude. St. James the Lesser is buried in the Church of the Holy Apostles. St. Bartholomew in the church on that island in the Tiber which bears his name. The "Legends of the Apostles" places the remains of St. Matthias under the altar of the renowned Basilica.

The Dog Holds Himself.

There is a dog owner in Philadelphia who tells a story concerning his canine companion that tries the belief of his friends, despite the fact that he vouches for its truth. The dog is an intelligent-looking animal, of the shepherd variety, and is frisky and full of fun. The particular trait of which its master boasts is that when he wants the animal to stay in one place it is not necessary to tie him. All that is necessary is to fasten one end of a rope to a convenient post and give the other end to the dog to hold in its mouth. The patient animal will sit for hours in this way, and would no more think of running away than he would fly.—Philadelphia Record.

Curious Freak of Lightning.

From the village of Coombe Bay, which lies about four miles from Bath, England, comes a story of a curious freak of lightning, according to Pearson's Weekly. Near the village there is, or was when the incident occurred, a large wood composed of oak and nut trees. In the center of this wood there was a small pasture, quite hemmed in by the surrounding grove. Here six sheep were kept by their owner. The flock being small, the pasture only fifty yards in extent, contained herbage sufficient for them. One day while the sheep were in the field a severe thunder storm came on, and a flash of lightning killed simultaneously every sheep in the pasture. It is to be presumed they were mourned by their owner, but no doubt considering that they might be of some profit to him, although dead, he sold their bodies to a butcher in the neighboring village of Coombe Bay. The butcher began his business of skinning the lightning-struck animals. To the astonishment of the butcher and his assistant, on the interior of each sheepskin they found printed an elaborate and faithful picture of the landscape surrounding the sheep pasture. These natural pictures were in no respect suggestive of the impressionists' daubs, but the trees, the fences, the rocks, the bushes were all as precisely represented as if photographed upon the skin of the animal. Every detail was exactly drawn. The sheep had been killed while huddled together in a corner and the landscape in each case was the same, the picture being of that part of the surrounding scenery which lay in the path of the lightning flash which killed the frightened animals.

Crime That Was Handed Down.

Professor Pellmann of Bonn university, Germany, has made a special study of hereditary drunkenness. He has taken certain individual cases, a generation or two back, and has traced the careers of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren in all parts of the present German empire until he has been able to present tabulated biographies of the hundreds descended from some original drunkard.

The last person whom Professor Pellmann has immortalized thus in medical literature is Frau Ada Jurke. She was born in 1740, and she was a drunkard, a thief, and a tramp for the last forty years of her life, which ended in 1890. Her descendants have numbered 834, of whom 709 have been traced in local records from youth to death by Professor Pellmann. Of the 709, he found 106 were born out of wedlock. There were 142 beggars, and 64 more who lived from charity. Of the women 181 led disreputable lives. There were in this family 76 convicts, 7 of whom were sentenced for murder.

In seventy-five years this one family rolled up a big bill of costs in almshouses, trial courts, prisons and correctional institutions. Professor Pellmann says this bill, which the authorities of Germany and therefore the taxpayers have paid, has been at least about \$1,250,000.

Found a Luminous Crab.

One of the marine curiosities recently fished from the bottom of the Indian ocean by a dredging vessel in the employ of the Calcutta Society of Natural History was a mammoth sea crab which continually emitted a bright white light similar to that seen in the spasmodic flashes of phosphorescent luminosity kindled by our common fireflies. The oddity was captured in the day time and placed in a large tank, nothing peculiar except its immense size being noticeable in the broad glare of the tropical sun.

At night, however, when all was in pitchy darkness, the crab surprised the naturalists by lighting up the tank so that all the other sea creatures, great and small, occupying the same tank could be plainly seen. When the luminous crustacean was prodded with a pole, he emitted flashes of light which enabled the experimenters to read small print, even though otherwise they were in total darkness.—St. Louis Republic.

Fragrant Rose Jars.

Rose jars are made by putting a layer of petals of any fragrant variety of rose in the bottom of a jar. On this scatter some coarse salt; close the jar tightly and place in the sun. Next day, or as soon as you have enough material to make another, layer, put in more petals and another sprinkling of salt. Continue this as long as you have flowers. Then add cloves, cinnamon,orris-root and other fragrant articles and mix the whole mass well. Keep the jar well closed.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Children's Column



There was a man in our town
Who was so wondrous wise,
He didn't try the bramble-bush
And scratch out both his eyes,
But sat him in a big arm-chair,
Upon a schooner-yacht,
And said to those who jeered at him,
"I'd rather see than not."
—Harper's Round Table.

ARE PLANTS INTELLIGENT?

Have plants intelligence? Do they ever think? These are interesting questions that would have to be answered by the statement of an observer of the ways of pumpkins and melons. Says he: "Plants often exhibit something very much like intelligence. If a bucket of water, during a dry season, be placed a few inches from a growing pumpkin or melon vine, the latter will turn from its course, and in a day or two will get one of its leaves in the water."

We do not vouch for the truth of this, but if there be any young gardeners among our readers it might make an interesting experiment next summer, when they are pursuing their vacation.—Harper's Round Table.

A TRIVING DOG.

Pointer dogs can always be trained to steal. Many of them are natural thieves without training, and any of the species can be taught. There is a dog of this kind in northwest Washington. He will pick up anything he can find around a yard or outside of a store, but his specialty is ladies' pocketbooks and handbags. When he sees one of these he grabs it and runs, always succeeding in getting out of sight before he can be captured or followed. No owner has ever been seen, hence no complaints have been made at police headquarters, but there is but little doubt, if it were possible to follow the animal, that it would be found that he has been carefully trained as a purse snatcher and that he takes his booty home to his master. He seems to be aware that he is doing wrong, jumping fences and dodging around houses when running away.

A CRUSHED APPLE BLOSSOM.

Let me tell you a story about a little girl and an apple blossom.

This little Helen had always been very fond of flowers. She would water plant; and help them all she could, and if she loved anybody dearly, she always wanted to give them flowers. She liked to wear flowers pinned on her dress, but as soon as they commenced to droop she put them in water, and they always freshened for her. Then she changed the water every day, and I really believe, I never knew flowers to keep fresh so long for anyone as they did for Helen.

One day she came in from school with tears in her eyes, and her voice trembled as she held up a spray of apple blossoms and said: "Why, mamma, somebody threw them down and they have been stepped on."

Mamma said it was too bad that people are so careless.

Helen said: "Oh, any one who would step on a flower is not kind."

But mamma told her again that she thought they were careless, but she hoped her little children would always be thoughtful and treat flowers carefully, then others who loved flowers as dearly as Helen did, would not be made to feel so sad.

Helen patted the flower and put it in water, and it really brightened up, and seemed to be trying to fill the room with its sweet odor, to show Helen it was thankful for her care.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE FOLLY OF "NOTHING TO DO."

School was just out and Jamie Andrews came into the house, shutting the door behind him with an impatient slam. "I had to bring home my arithmetic and my geography and my spelling book," he exclaimed, in an aggrieved voice. "The teachers make us work awfully hard. I wish I didn't have anything to do."

"Really?" his mother asked, looking up from her sewing with a questioning smile.

"Yes, really!" Jamie's voice sounded very positive. "I don't like to work a bit. I wish I didn't have a single thing to do."

"I saw a boy once who must have felt just as you do," Mrs. Andrews remarked as she threaded her needle. "And as he had no one to insist upon his working, he carried out his ideas very well."

"Where did you see him," Jamie asked, thinking enviously of the happiness of a lad who was actually allowed to do nothing.

"It was on that Western trip your father and I took several years ago," Mrs. Andrews answered. "He was an Indian boy and wore ragged clothing, which some one much larger than himself had probably thrown away. I suppose he could easily have earned enough to dress respectably, for he was a stout, well-grown lad, and help was scarce. However, he preferred to do nothing, even if he had to go ragged and dirty."

Jamie began to look thoughtful. "I suppose he must have been hungry," Mrs. Andrews went on, "since he wouldn't work for anything to eat, though he begged fluently. He slept wherever he could—in barns and sheds, and sometimes out under the open sky. Of course, he had never learned to read. He had no ambition to be a man in the world, to become respected and honored. To be idle was his one idea of happiness."

Jamie had picked up his arithmetic. "I'm going to see how many of my problems I can get before supper," he said. "I failed this morning, but I'm not going to again."

He had begun to understand that there are better things than having nothing to do.—Laura Leighton.

INSECTS THAT CARRY PARASOLS.

How true it is that we frequently overlook most interesting things near at hand, while searching for wonders far away.

It is as true in the forest as in the city, that one is rarely acquainted with even his nearest neighbors.

I once had it brought home to me in an impressive manner that I had been very unobservant of the things immediately about me. It came about in this manner. I was camping alone on the island of Tobago, and had taken the trail leading from my hut on the beach into the deep forest—a path over which I had walked at least a score of times before—and I presently reached a spot where the shade was so dense that it made a sort of twilight. Suddenly there appeared to my astonished eyes something that caused me to rub them in doubt whether I was not dreaming; for right in front of me, crossing the path, was a band of green, stretching across the brown, dun-colored earth, and as my eyes became accustomed to the dim light, so that I could observe it more particularly, I saw that this green ribbon was moving regularly along, like the belt over a factory wheel. At first it seemed to be solid and unbroken, but soon I detected many divisions in the line, and saw that it was composed of thousands of bits of leaves, each about half an inch in diameter. Upon turning over some of these leaf fragments, I found that the motive power of each one was a big red ant, who clung to it desperately, and as soon as released took its place in the ranks again. For many minutes I watched the verdant procession, but seemed no nearer the end than when I first saw it. Out of the dusky woods on one side the path it emerged and into the depths on the other it disappeared, traveling tirelessly onward to some destination unknown to me. I could not very well trace its course, the forest being so dense, but there must have been millions of ants in the column, all marching in perfect order and evidently with some definite end in view.

These insects, which are known as the great headed red ants, not only use their powerful scissor jaws upon the leaves of trees and plants, but should they find a tablecloth or handkerchief or anything of that kind on the ground, will cut out of it neat little semi-circular holes, taking the pieces away to their nests. Whether or not they use these bits of cloths for lining their nests, or put them to their proper use as napkins and handkerchiefs, I cannot say.—New York Herald.

Mirrors that will not break are made of polished and transparent celluloid plate, backed with quick-silver, like ordinary glass mirrors.