

Chicago University is the Oliver Twist of colleges, according to the New York Recorder. It wants \$5,500,000 more.

A Maryland court has decided that electricity is not a manufactured article, and that electric plants do not manufacture a product, but only distribute it.

"Every young Japanese gentleman of means comes to the United States now for a pleasure tour and for information," said Mr. S. Hirota, of Tokio, who is now in Washington.

Liverpool, England, has a city ordinance forbidding the use of the streets to vehicles displaying advertisements. A man who undertook to show an advertisement on a bicycle was recently fined under this law.

Gladstone, writing to a teacher of elocution, says: "I trust that in all your efforts you will lay the foundation particularly in careful and distinct articulation. However, I fear the English are behind all the nations of Europe. The Scotch and Irish are, I believe, somewhat better."

The Paris Journal de Medecine estimates that there are in France 2,500 medical men battling with starvation, the reason being that their number constantly increases while their practice is reduced by the advance of hygiene, the competition of hospitals and the diffusion of sanitary information by the newspapers.

The four years proceedings at Kazan, Russia, in the case of seven persons accused of murdering by decapitation a peasant, named Konor Matvine, has just been brought to a close, by the acquittal of the prisoners. The object of the murder was to provide a victim for a sacrifice to idols, a relic of heathenism which still survives in the province of Viatka.

It is said that British sympathizers with Spain, as against Cuba, have been somewhat startled over the declaration of General Campos that it would require 400,000 men for five years to come, and an outlay of \$1,000,000,000 to conquer Cuba. Great Britain, in the opinion of the New York Mail and Express, does not care to play the role of financial backer to a nation that must inevitably go bankrupt to an enormous extent.

Negotiations have been closed by which the Government becomes owner of the site of the famous "battle above the clouds" on Lookout mountain, and the property will soon be converted into an adjunct of the Chickamauga-Chattanooga National Military Park. The tract purchased of the Cravens heirs is ninety-two acres of valuable residence property situated half way up the side of the mountain and accessible by rail.

At West Point Military Academy the other day a cadet of the third class, who was caught in the act of hazing a "plebe," was ordered into confinement for one year, stripped of all his privileges for the same period, including his three months' furlough for the summer, and commanded to do guard duty every Saturday after the return of the other students in the fall. The sentence is said to be the most severe that was ever inflicted upon any hazer in the United States.

An average life of a mortgage in the United States is 4,660 years; on acres, 4,540 years, and on lots, 4,749 years. Mortgages increased in the average amount of the debt incurred under them in the United States from \$1,105 in 1880 to \$1,429 in 1889, while the average mortgage for the decade was \$1,271. With respect to mortgages on acres, they averaged \$1,032 during the decade, and increased from \$923 in 1880 to \$1,115 in 1889. In the case of mortgages on lots, which averaged \$1,509 during the decade, the increase was from the average of \$1,353 in 1880 to \$1,664 in 1889.

The poor maligned English sparrow has been hunted from pillar to post so much that it is a comfort to hear that its absence is being felt in at least one section of the country. A few years ago the sparrow was imported into Connecticut for the purpose of killing off the insect pests. The tribe increased so much that it was voted a nuisance, and drastic measures were put in force for its extermination. Now comes the report that the elm beetle, which has hitherto been kept in check by the sparrow, has increased to such an extent as to threaten the destruction of the whole of the elm trees in the state. This seems to be a case where the sparrow was the lesser evil of the two.

The Mendicants.
We are as mendicants who wait
Along the roadside in the sun,
Of yesterday and shreds
Of tomorrow clothe us every one.
And some are dotards, who believe
And glory in the days of old;
While some are dreamers, harping still
Upon an unknown age of gold.
Hopeless or witless! Not one heeds,
As lavish Time comes down the way
And tosses in the suppliant hat
One great new-minted gold today.

But there be others, happier far,
The vagabondish sons of God,
Who know the by-ways and the flowers,
And care not how the world may plod.
They idle down the traffic lands,
And loiter through the woods with spring,
To them the glory of the earth
Is but to hear a bluebird sing.

They too receive each one his day;
But their wise heart knows many things
Beyond the sating of desires,
Above the dignity of kings.

One I remember kept his coil,
And laughing flipped it in the air;
But when two strolling pipe-players
Came by, he tossed it to the pair.

Spendthrift of joy, his childish heart
Danced to their wild outlandish bars;
Then suppers he laid him down
That night and slept beneath the stars.
—Bliss Carman.

One Woman's Judgment.

BY MADEL M. THOMPSON.

In a pleasant room, where the soft glow of a shaded lamp cast its warm light, were two people, a man and a woman. The woman was twenty, perhaps, and tall and slender. Her face was unusually pretty, with its round, girlish outlines, and the sweet curves of the mouth; but the gray eyes were thoughtful and dreamy, telling of the exalted ideals and noble purposes that are ours in the springtime of life. The man stood near her, looking down with a gentle yet amused smile. He was thirty or more, and his face hinted of battles fought and won, of manhood which had struggled with the world and yet retained its tenderness.

"What is it, Ruth? What is this terrible something which may come between us and separate us forever? Tell me, and let me show you that it is made only of April snows, and will melt away."

"You mustn't treat it so lightly, Richard," she answered, with a troubled look. "It's a very serious question, and one which is growing in importance, and—we women must do our duty at any cost. Miss Rogers told me that."

"Oh, that Miss Rogers. I beg your pardon, but what has that estimable old maid to do with us? What is the question, Ruthie? You quite make my hair stand on end when you call her Richard in that tone."

"Dick is much too frivolous," she said, "and Miss Rogers is a very intellectual, advanced woman, and a friend of mine."

"Indeed!"

There was an absolute silence for a moment, then Ruth observed:

"I think 'indeed' is such a horrid word. I wish you wouldn't fling it at me."

"I am sorry. I suppose I should have said of course. See here, Ruthie, I want to know about this barrier affair."

"Well, Richard, it's this," she began, folding her hands primly in her lap, and studying the pattern of the carpet. "I want you to think to think over your whole life—you know what mine has been—and see if there is anything in your past you could not tell me, anything you would not be willing to have paralleled in my past. Indeed, I am serious—no, don't try to stop me. I'll give you fifteen minutes to think about it."

There was a rustle of silken petticoats, and Richard was alone. He stared absent into the fire, and gradually his face changed and hardened. His mouth grew set and stern, and the lines, which had scarcely been visible, deepened and multiplied. The moments passed, the clock ticked on, one of the logs on the fire broke and fell in showers of sparks. Again there was the swish, swish of a woman's skirts, and the tread of slipped feet. He turned to her coldly.

"Do you mean," he said sternly, "that if I cannot truthfully say that my whole past is just and pure and white as your own, you will retract your promise? That you will break with me?"

"It's my duty, Richard," she answered, nervously twisting her rings. "Then listen. There are things in my past which I am thankful you can never know. My life has not been blameless, free from sin; it has been a long, hard fight, with many blows given and received. I know this, that every time I have been beaten, I have

risen with new strength, and with greater knowledge of the battle I was waging. I see that you have judged me—that in your heart you have already told me to go. You stand there and judge me. You! What can you know of sin—of temptation? You, who from childhood have been shielded from any knowledge of the world, whose purity has been carefully guarded, whose life has been lived among the people whose every thought is for you and of you? What can you know of a man's life, of the sin that surrounds him everywhere, of the temptations resisted as well as those yielded to? Do you not know that there is no strength in mere innocence—untried virtue? With a temptation overcome, a sin repented of, comes the only real strength of manhood or womanhood; and I am a purer man today, worthier of you in every respect, than I was ten years ago, when there was nothing in my past which might make you shrink from me. My love is a purer love, less selfish, than I could have offered to you then. Oh, Ruth, you cannot know the bitterness of repentance, the anguish of self-contempt, nor the sadder strength which it brings! Some day, perhaps, you may know and understand." He paused; then, as she made no reply, threw back his head defiantly.

"I see your decision," he continued. "If this is what you call your love—you may keep it. Good night."

He closed the library door behind him, and stood alone in the great, dimly lighted hall. One of the rugs was twisted, and he stooped mechanically, to straighten it as he buttoned his coat.

"What's the use in telling any woman the real and candid truth?" he muttered, and turned to go; but some one called in a half-choked voice.

"Oh, Dick, come back." She stood in the doorway with both her long white hands stretched out to him in pleading invitation.

"You are right, Dick," she faltered. "I dare not judge you!"—*Musey's Magazine.*

Photographing Thought.

It might be rash to pronounce that anything is beyond the photographer's art. But the communication just made to the Paris Academie de Medecine by Dr. Baraduc is so astonishing that if he had made it before Dr. Roentgen had rendered his discovery public, very few people would have been inclined even to inquire into the matter. Indeed, Dr. Baraduc affirms he has succeeded in photographing thought, and he has shown numerous photographs in proof of his assertion.

His usual method of proceeding is simple enough. The person whose thought is to be photographed enters a dark room, places his hand on a photographic plate, and thinks intently of the object the image of which he wishes to see produced. It is stated by those who have examined Dr. Baraduc's photographs that most of them are very cloudy, but that a few are comparatively distinct, representing the features of persons and the outlines of things. Dr. Baraduc goes further, and declares that it is possible to produce a photographic image at a great distance.

In his communication to the Academie de Medecine he relates that Dr. Istrate, when he was going to Campana, declared he would appear on a photographic plate of his friend, M. Hasden, at Bucharest. On August 4, 1893, M. Hasden at Bucharest went to bed with a photographic plate on his feet and another at his head. Dr. Istrate went to sleep at Campana, at a distance of about three hundred kilometers from Bucharest, but before closing his eyes, he willed with all his might that his image should appear on the photographic plate of his friend. According to Dr. Baraduc that marvel was accomplished. Journalists who have examined the photograph in question state that it consists in a kind of luminous spot on the photographic plate, in the midst of which can be traced the profile of a man.—*London Standard.*

A Surprise.

A man who answered a matrimonial advertisement in a New York daily paper was astounded when he confronted a remarkably aged and tough looking female.

"Are you the young widow who advertised in the World that she desired to make the acquaintance of a gentleman of culture and refinement?"

"I am," was the reply.

"Well, how long is it since you have been a young widow?"

"Ever since you were a gentleman of culture and refinement!" Then he bade her adieu.

LOBSTER FARM.

The Government Hatching Station at Wood's Holl, Mass.

Maintaining the Supply of the Edible Crustacean.

If you have ever seen any one popping corn over a slow fire you have a very good idea of the way young lobsters hatch out in the laboratory of the United States Fish Commission in Wood's Holl, Mass. Before you is a glass jar filled with running water. Loosely filling it about half way up are a large number of eggs nearly round in shape and about one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, ever trying to rest on the bottom, but boiling and bubbling up with the force of the incoming current below and dancing in it like the corn on the stove. Once in a while one of the expanding shells falls off its owners back, and before Mr. Lobster knows it, whisk! Off he goes up and away with the current through a long tube into a bigger receiving jar as frisky as a young colt.

Uncle Sam takes a good deal of pains with his lobster crop. It's one of the most important known to the coast fisherman, and the government doesn't intend that either the catcher or the eater of lobster shall starve by reason of its extinction.

The lobster leads a nomadic life, migrating more or less from warmer waters to colder and from shallow to deep, according to the season. He can dispense with a claw, though unwillingly, and grow another in its stead. He is fond of fresh lobster himself as well as of fish and clams, and eats his food bones and all, the bony part furnishing him with material for his shell. The lobster is very particular to get himself a new shell when the old one has become a last year's style. The shell cracks, warps, curls up and sloughs off, materially aided by the contortions of the lobster himself. Then he emerges in a thin new suit, which gradually hardens until it is in turn ready to be cast off.

The fish commission is in league with the lobster against his enemies, and these are men, other lobsters, parasites, disease, and fish-eating things generally. Hence, the artificial hatching process.

The female lobsters for the commission are caught in the ordinary way in traps or lobster pots—baited boxes or baskets, anchored to the bottom of the lobster beds with stones, and pulled up at intervals for inspection. The law in all the states forbids the taking of female lobsters with eggs, or of any lobster under ten or eight inches long. But for the purposes of scientific propagation an exception is cheerfully made.

The she lobster is so proud of her eggs that she glues them on the outside of her body. Hence she is called at such times a "berried hen" lobster. Formerly, before the passage of repressive laws, these egg-decorated lobsters were as great a delicacy as roe shad, and the eggs were used in making sauces for salads. The United States was much quicker than the European nations to recognize the danger of destroying the "berried" lobsters and to protect them by law.

Fish cultural sharps talk lightly of millions of eggs, and no wonder. One average ten-inch lobster will yield 10,000 eggs, an average nineteen-inch one about 75,000. In the hatches these are stripped from the lobsters and put into MacDonald hatching jars which are so arranged that a constant current of pure sea water is forced in at the bottom and passes off at the top. The eggs are heavier than sea water and hence sink to the bottom, where the incoming stream of water keeps them bobbing about. When the lobster larvae hatch out their shells sink, and they being lighter float off through the discharge pipe and are set free. The hatching is almost completed in June of each year, though sometimes it continues during early July. The female lobster breeds only once in two years.

The young lobster, like young human beings, is at first a radical, scorning the ways of its ancestors. It lives at the surface of the water, swimming freely about in the sunlight. But as the young thing grows and gains in dignity it becomes a conservative; grows heavier, too, in specific gravity as well as manner and sinks to the bottom to crawl around and grub for the dead fish and small lobsters as prosaically as the rest of folks. The larvae are at first only a third to an inch long and swim about unrecognized by most of the fishermen. At two or three inches long they become more like lobsters in appearance, but

are seldom seen of this size, as they are small enough to slip through the sides of the lobster pots.

When lobster eggs are transported now they go in palace car style. The upper and lower berths are made up by the porters in the form of flat trays setting on top of each other in a crate. They have cotton flannel coverlets plenty big enough and enjoy cool weather, as human travelers do not always. The crateful of trays is put in a right-side-up-with-care box and kept cool with packing of flaky moss and just about as much ice as they need, which is carefully renewed from time to time. Because of the care they need the eggs generally travel with a messenger acting also as valet, but for short distances they may be sent by express.

Served by Her Lover's Side.

One of the red, white, and blue stakes of the G. A. R. is the only mark to show where lies the body of Mary Stevens Jenkins in the village graveyard of West Brookfield, and it was decorated recently by the veterans with honors equal to those bestowed upon any other of the grass-grown mounds. Mrs. Jenkins, so far as is known at least, was the only woman soldier whose body sleeps in Ohio soil. At the breaking out of the war she was a Pennsylvania schoolgirl, and being infatuated with a young man who had gone into the service, made up her mind to follow him. She cut her hair, put on man's clothes, and succeeded in passing the mustering officer. For two years she marched by this young man, shouldering her musket, and performing every duty required of men. In some manner they were separated, but she served out her time, was wounded in several places, and came up to Mahoning county, where she married Abraham Jenkins, who subsequently moved to his present home near Massillon. She died about 15 years ago. The husband is as much of a character as his wife. Because of the fancied resemblance he is known far and wide as "Abe Lincoln," enjoys free transportation on all the railroad lines, has received enough jail sentences to round out an ordinary life, has been mixed up in accidents and brawls in which dozens of men have been killed, yet has somehow himself always escaped, and, while useless for practical purposes, is nevertheless regarded as a ward of the public.—*St. Louis Star.*

Car Conductors' Eyes.

The conductor on the Broadway cable car was in a talkative mood when a reporter for the Mail and Express boarded his car recently. He frequently wiped his eyes with a large red handkerchief and made remarks.

"Why do you weep?"

"I ain't weeping," replied the conductor. "It all comes from getting dirty money. You see, a lot of people have been writing in the papers that the conductors on the cable roads are suffering from some eye disease because they have to handle the brass rails of the cars so much, and then put their hands to their eyes. 'Taint so. Of course, we have to rub the dust from our eyes every now and then, but it ain't no brass poisoning we're getting. It's dirty coins that are soiling our hands and injuring us. You see, every passenger wants to get rid of 'black chink,' so he shoves it off on us. It's good money, and we have to take it and handle it. Then we get dust in our eyes and rub them. The constant handling of this dirty coin covers our hands with grime, and we rub it into our eyes. That's all there is to it."

Just then a pretty young woman boarded the car and, having fished around in her dainty purse, gave the conductor a nickel. He rang up the fare and then showed the nickel to the reporter. It was as black as ink.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Strange Marriage Custom.

A curious custom exists among the Mennonites who are settled in Manitoba. When a young man and woman desire to become engaged the lover remains in the home of the father of the intended bride for a few weeks before the marriage takes place. The object is that each of the contracting parties may become more fully acquainted with the character and disposition of the other while there is yet time to escape from what might prove an uncongenial alliance. Among Canadian lovers the lady is only seen when she is dressed for display and is practising her best behavior. The lover also, during the brief visits that are made, has an opportunity to conceal much of his real character, and both are sometimes disappointed and deceived.

Love's Way.

"Come," said Love, upon a day;
"Come, and fare my rosy way;
If perchance the thorns we meet
They shall make the roses sweet."
So with Love I passed along:
All the world was sweet with song;
Never thorn was mine, for he
Hid them in his heart from me!
—Frank L. Stanton.

HUMOROUS.

"How often do you cut your grass?"
"Every time my neighbor has his lawn mower sharpened."

She (in drugstore)—Do you cater to the wants of bicyclists? He—Oh, yes; we keep arnica and court plaster.

"Billy is in love with Miss Billingham." "Did he tell you so?" "No, but he's got her picture hung up by the side of the portrait of his best dog."

"Well, Willy," asked grandma, "have you had all the dinner you want?" "None," answered the truthful little boy; "but I have had all I can eat."

Bloomer—That man Crafty, why he doesn't know enough to come in out of the rain. Gloomer—Yes; but he does know enough to hold on to an umbrella.

Oh, lightning bug, how fair your fate,
What peaceful hours you pass;
You lavishly illuminate,
And get no bills for gas.

He—I hear that small waists are going out of date. She—I think not. Who told you? "Laura Flingg." "Yes; poor Laura is getting quite stout of late."

"May I have a word with you, sir?" said Borely to Cynicus. "Well, that all depends on the word," said Cynicus. "If it's good-by, I'll join in with you with pleasure."

She—How provoking this is! I've been waiting an hour for the tide to get up. He—Yes, but you shouldn't get impatient. Remember its been out nearly all night.

"Miss Fly is so clever; she can sell women shirt waists that fit every time." "Pooh! Miss Chipper is more clever still; she can sell them shirt waists that don't fit."

Hobson—How do you stand on the currency question, Dobson? Dobson—I'm awful sorry, old man, and I'd be glad to accommodate you, but the fact is I'm broke.

Visitor—What makes you so ugly, Tommy? Don't you love your new baby brother? Tommy (viciously)—Well, I did till somebody came in and said he looked like me.

He did it in sport;
He alone is to blame;
The face was too short,
Now his finger's the same.

Amicus—Why do you use the expression funny joke? Aren't all jokes funny? Editor—Not by a long shot. The jokes that other fellows get off at your expense are never funny.

She—Do you remember, Jack, this day one year ago you offered me your hand and heart and I cruelly refused you? I—I have thought better of it since. He—Umph! So have I.

"I can not understand ze language," said the despairing Frenchman; "I learn how to pronounce ze word 'hydrophobia,' and zen I learn zat ze doctors sometimes pronounce it fatal!"

Eastern Visitor—How was it you did not hang that murderer? Did he establish an alibi? Quick Drop Dan—That's just what he did. When the sheriff went to the jail to hang him he wasn't there.

"A woman's no means yes," said the man of twenty, who naturally knows all about women. "That may be the rule," assented the married one, "but it doesn't work both ways. Unfortunately a woman's yes doesn't mean no."

An Army of Five Soldiers.

The Republic of Gouat, which is the smallest republic in the world, is situated in the Lower Pyrenees. It contains a population of about sixty persons, and maintains a standing army of five soldiers, the son-in-law of the President being the Commander-in-Chief. The republic's independence is recognized by both Spain and France, between which it lies. It elects a President every five years, and its revenues amount to \$5,000. It is claiming outside attention now because of a threatened revolution owing to the publication of a newspaper by one-seventh of the population without receiving executive sanction, a proclamation having been issued by the President prohibiting the publication of any newspaper without his consent.

The tiller of the Mayflower is still extant, and is now in the possession of Mr. Mortimer of Crediton, Devonshire, England.