

Word of Advice.

'Tis the custom to prate of the sadness,
The sins and the sorrows of life;
But I'd rather speak of the gladness
And beauty with which it is rife;
For the darkest of clouds has its lining,
The hardest of labor brings sleep;
'Neath the rocks there is gold for the mining,
And pearls may be found in the deep.

Is it better to sip of life's nectar,
Of purposely drink of its gall?
Would you willingly walk with a specter,
If angels would come at your call?
Would you rather have sunshine and lightness,
Or darkness and gloom, in your dreams?
As for me, I would cherish the brightness
With which the whole universe teems.

Look around and behold the earth's glory—
The mountain, the river and plain;
For they tell us an exquisite story,
The burden of Nature's refrain.
How the Father of love, in his kindness,
Has given us more than we know;
'Tho' we throw it aside in our blindness,
We reap of the pain which we sow.

But, to harvest the best of life's treasures,
One lesson must early be learned,
That we give to each other a measure
Of what our best efforts have earned.
Then, my children, I pray you be ready
To search, as you go, for the flowers,
And to share what you have with the needy,
For thus you'll have blessings in showers.
—A. E. Ross in Independent.

A MYSTERY IN WHITE.

"It's not more than a year ago," said the veteran detective when asked for a story, "that I had the strangest experience of my career. That's saying something, for, while I'm not one of these men in novels who can put on half a dozen disguises in an evening or look at a little heap of cigar ashes and identify the man who smoked the cigar, I've seen a great deal that's way out of the common.

"A gentleman named Denzil called at my office one afternoon to employ my professional services. I knew him by reputation as a stern, grasping, money-making man who loved nothing but his possessions and his beautiful daughter. On her he had lavished wealth, but had saddened her life by preventing her marriage to a manly young chap who was a fitting match for her in appearance, attainments and disposition. He was fast making a record in the world of business, but it was a rich old bachelor who had passed the years of romance and enjoyment that Denzil had elected to have as a son-in-law. Even under the threat of disinheritance the girl would not yield to this mercenary arrangement, the result being a strained state of neutrality which left both aspirants for her hand without any apparent hope of getting it.

"My caller went direct to business. 'I'm a constant and heavy loser because of the theft of money and jewels from my own house,' he told me. 'Things that are of the most value constantly and mysteriously disappear. Now don't start off with the usual questions about the servants. I have taken pains to test their honesty for years and they are above suspicion. I am completely in the dark, without any theories to embarrass you or any explanations to help. You have the whole job without a ray of light thrown upon it, and if you find the thief there will be no haggling over the fee. It will be worth much to me to get this worry off my mind. Burglars that make no noise or marks and leave one's house shut up as tight as a drum tend to shatter a man's nerves.'

"I went at once into the country and neighborhood where Denzil lived, pretending to look for a bit of land where I could build within easy reach of the city. I put up at a little roadside tavern much frequented in the evening by farm hands. I was soon interested in their gossip about a ghost which they declared had been seen at different times and by different people. Their awed tones and scared faces fitted the subject, and there seemed to be some substantial foundation for the uncanny story. One husky young fellow who did not look as though he would be easily frightened told of his encounter:

"I war a gittin' home kinder late of a Sunday night, an' just as I kim to the woods ayond ole Denzil's I mighty near had a cershion with th' ghos'. It warn't no white cow er gray hoss er sheep er nothin' else as war flesh an' blood. It whizzed by me jist like it war flyin' low an' orful swif' on a broomstick. A feller's got ter believe his own eyes, hain't he? I war never soberer in my life an' never so skeered. I bet my footprints war twenty feet apart th' res' of the way home, fur I had a idee that thar pesky thing war a sailin' 'long jist hind my coat tails.'

"I heard like experiences from several others, and in some way connected the 'ghost' with the Denzil robberies. For two nights I stood a dreary watch in the woods referred to without making any discovery. The third

night I received a shock. It was intensely dark in the shadows of the trees, and as I sat at the root of a big oak some white object glided swiftly and noiselessly just above the centre of the road. It made the cold chills run over me, though I have no patience with those who tell of visits or communications with the departed.

"I was determined to enlighten myself and secured a good saddle horse as companion of my vigils. The second night the 'ghost' flew by and I galloped in its wake at all the speed my horse could command. A mile ahead the 'apparition' swerved to the right of the road and ended our mad race. Tying my horse in a fence corner I crept nearer. Slowly I made out that the 'ghost' was a woman of stately proportions wearing a daintily ruffled night robe. She leaned for a brief time over the hollow stump that had been her evident destination and then turning mounted her flying machine, which was a modern bicycle, and went scorching back over the course she had come. Again I followed and did not stop until I saw her disappear in the side door of the Denzil house. Hastening back to the hollow stump I explored the interior."

"And found the stolen property, of course," interrupted a listener.

"Not a sign of it. I could discover nothing that did not naturally belong there. Failing to find the thief in the 'ghost,' I became a member of the Denzil household, ostensibly as his private secretary. My first discovery was that the 'ghost' was the beautiful Miss Denzil. She was a somnambulist, and in utter ignorance of the weird night rides she had taken. But when told of them the explanation was an easy one. When she and her young lover were children, that hollow stump had been the postoffice where their ardent missives were mailed and called for. The memory of those days was a delightful one to her, and the strange mentor of her unconscious action prompted her visits to the old spot.

"My next important discovery explained the mystery I was employed to solve. Watching secretly in the hallways, I saw old Denzil, with eyes wide open and set, come out of his chamber, climb the stairs to the attic, unlock an old desk stored there, open a secret drawer and deposit money as well as jewels. His action showed me that his daughter's habit of moving about at night was an inherited one. The next morning he gave me a terrific blowing up as a careless, incompetent and worthless detective who could not catch a thief when in the house with him. I was more interested in that charming daughter of his than in my case, and a scheme flashed into my mind as if inspired.

"Mr. Denzil," I said, "can you stand the shock of knowing that your daughter is seriously threatened with the loss of her mind because of brooding over separation from the man whom you say she shall never marry, and that because of her mental infirmity she is innocently robbing you under a delusion that in no other way can she provide for the future happiness of herself, and that young chap she honestly thinks, poor girl, she is going to marry?"

"It's a lie," he roared, "a miserable plot. You're discharged." "I did not take Miss Denzil into my plans. I secretly transferred all the stolen wealth to the old stump, had a trusted officer on guard and then told the old gentleman that I could prove all I had said and insisted on the right to vindicate myself. He and I watched at the primitive postoffice till his daughter came and repeated the conduct I have described. Then we brought out the concealed treasures. Denzil was beside himself for fear he might act too late. He sent post haste for the young lover, made a handsome settlement, insisted on an immediate wedding and had me as one of the guests. Did ever matchmaker do a slicker job than I did?"—Detroit Free Press.

Saving the Bison.

The reproduction on a large scale of the all but extinct American bison or buffalo of the plains has been decided upon by Mr. Henri Menier, the millionaire chocolate manufacturer of Paris and new proprietor of the Island of Anticosti. He has purchased a young buffalo cow, which was for some time kept in captivity by a Quebec dealer in furs, and his agents are now in correspondence with the proprietors of the few remaining private herds of this noble animal, with a view to the purchase of as many as possible of them for breeding purposes. The intention is to ship them this autumn to Anticosti, where they will be turned loose upon the island, and be permitted to roam at will throughout its

140 miles of length and 35 of width. Mr. Menier forces the time when the only remaining herd of wild buffaloes—that in the Yellowstone National Park—will have disappeared through the lack of protection on the part of the State authorities of Idaho, and believes that the only practical means of preserving their race to posterity is to reproduce them in their natural condition and upon as large a scale as possible, on an island like Anticosti, where their slaughter is impossible, since nobody but its proprietor can shoot or hunt upon the island.

Not only for the purpose of stocking his island park with the grandest of big game and of being in a position eventually to dispose of stock for other preserves has Mr. Menier undertaken his new scheme for the wholesale breeding of buffalo. He has not overlooked the commercial promise of the undertaking, having found that dealers are now asking \$80 to \$100 each for buffalo skins that twenty years ago could be had in abundance for \$8 and \$10 apiece.

Moose are also to be carefully nurtured on Anticosti. These animals are rather difficult to obtain, and only two or three are so far ready for shipment to their island home. By next spring it is hoped that the herd will have been increased to fifteen or twenty, and that the caribou upon Anticosti will be in excess of a hundred head.—New York Sun.

A Big Raft of Logs.

The biggest raft of logs ever floated into San Francisco Bay, containing nearly 600,000 linear feet of piling, will be towed down from the Columbia River by the Southern Pacific collier Mineola on her return to this point. The piling will be used largely for the construction of the ferry landings of the new union depot and for sea wall extensions.

The great raft has already been built at Stella, on the Columbia River, and will be launched in a day or two. It is constructed on the cigar-shaped plan and forms a structure 500 feet in length, with about fifty feet beam and thirty feet depth. It will draw twenty-five feet of water and contain 560,000 linear feet of logs, and if the latter were laid out in a straight line, ends together, they would form a rail 217 miles in length, and be sufficient to build a pontoon bridge seven piles broad to the Farallones, if such an undertaking were possible.

Between fifty and sixty tons of chain have been used in the construction of the immense raft and it is stronger and better built than any log raft ever launched in the world. The piles are principally of fir and spruce and have been carefully selected.

The raft was built and is being sent down the coast by Bains & Robertson. They sent down the last big raft towed by the Mineola, but the Southern Pacific Company backed them in the enterprise. Now they are speculating on their own account.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Why Boers Fight Well.

Having many chances at success proves often a disadvantage. General W. F. Molyneux, a fighter in the Transvaal, tells in "Camping in South Africa and Egypt," about going to the house of a Boer, upon the latter's invitation to become his guest on a deer hunt. The general arrived on horseback, accompanied by one servant. Dismounting, he carried into the house a bag containing what would measure a peck or so of common cartridges. The Boer looked at the bag in astonishment and exclaimed:

"You Englishmen must be very rich. Cartridges cost sixpence each here." Rather mystified, and declaring that there are poor Englishmen, General Molyneux asked, "Where are your cartridges?"

"In this," replied the Boer, tapping his double-barrel.

"Then you don't intend to do much shooting?"

"Well, two-spring-buck are as much as I can carry."

"Suppose you miss?"

"Nobody misses when a cartridge costs sixpence."

The sequel was that the Boer got his two deer, one for each cartridge, while the General fired five shots and got one.—Harper's Round Table.

A Serious Matter.

Young Wife—What? Do you mean to say your brother and his wife have given up housekeeping and gone to boarding?

Husband—Yes; but what difference does that make?

Young Wife—Oh, nothing, only in about a week or so they'll be dropping in every other day to meals.—New York Weekly.

Children's Column



A MYSTERY.

They went a-berrying today,
And took their baskets, too,
Dear little roly-poly May
And curly-headed Fran.
They journeyed home with tired feet
Just when the day was done,
And oh, the berries were so sweet!
And oh, they had such fun!
And such a lot they said they found
Across the meadow-brook,
With every step they took.
And every little finger-tip
A crimson fruit-stain wore,
And each bright little rosy lip
Was redder than before.
And that is why it puzzles me
That in the baskets here
Not one small berry can I see.
Now don't you think it's queer?
—Youth's Companion.

BIRDS STOLE A NEST.

Nature tells a tale of a pair of rooks, evidently young birds, that strove in vain to build a nest. The wind each time blew the foundation down while the rooks, which fly far for nest material instead of taking those close at hand, were away. At last, despairing of building a home by legitimate means, they fell upon a complete nest of another pair while the owners were absent, tore it to pieces and built a new nest foundation that would stand the wind. Then they made a superstructure in the clumsy and inexperienced way that young birds always do.—Atlanta Constitution.

THIS ELEPHANT COULD USE THE ROSE.

Duchess, the ponderous elephant of the Central Park menagerie, was very kindly treated to a shower bath by her mate, Tom, recently. Keeper Snyder has daily turned the hose on Tom and Duchess during the hot weather. The cooler weather recently was deemed a sufficient means of lowering the temperature of the beasts, and Snyder did not think it necessary to give them a shower. The elephants were allowed to graze in their little pasture back of the cage. Snyder was engaged in watering the grass of the pasture, when Tom, perhaps solicitous about the health of his amiable mate, snatched the hose from the keeper's hand and directed the stream on the head of Duchess. The latter raised her huge trunk and gave vent to a deafening snort of pleasure. Seeing that she appreciated the bath, Tom continued to let the water pour on her, until the keeper by numerous prods of his hook, recaptured the hose.

Superintendent Smith says that all the animals at the Zoo have passed through the hot weather fairly well, although some are much weakened by the heat.—New York Witness.

CHILDREN IN THE GREEN HOUSE.

Once upon a time there were six little children who lived in a one-story green house; it had a green carpet on the floor, and the walls and ceiling were green, too, but one strange thing about this house was, that you could not find a single window or door in it.

At first there was plenty of room inside for the babies in their green dresses; but they soon grew so large and plump that they were dreadfully crowded, and couldn't even turn around. But they were such peaceable little things that they never quarreled, or said hateful things to each other about taking up too much room.

At last it became so hot in the green house that the children really didn't know what to do; they longed to go out, but didn't know how to get out.

They kept on growing, all the time, till finally their heads were close up to the ceiling, while their feet were on the floor. They pushed so hard, that there was actually a tiny break in the wall, and a stray sunbeam who was longing for a frolic, popped inside. But he was a frisky sunbeam, and his clothes were so glittering, that he made the children's heads ache, and they begged him to run out.

Day by day the opening in the green house widened, and Mr. West Wind passing by, said to himself: "How those silly children cling to that old shell! I'll make them leave it in a hurry."

Then he shook the green house so hard that the children fell out on the

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Zoologists say that all known species of wild animals are gradually diminishing in size.

The tidal waves that wrought such destruction in Japan are said to have traveled at the rate 560 miles an hour.

Thirty years ago, there were only two dozen explosive compounds known to chemists; now there are over a thousand.

A despatch from Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona, announces that the polar snow of Mars has been observed in latitude 75, longitude 36, about two degrees in diameter.

A party of four, under the direction of Mr. T. A. Mobley, will start from Lacomb, Alberta, to explore northern Canada from Edmonton to the Arctic Sea. The trip is to occupy two years.

Street sprinkling and the benefits to be derived from it are being urged upon the city of San Antonio, Texas, where the dust is such that houses have largely to be kept closed and clothing is spoiled sometimes after a few days' wear.

To cure earache, take five parts of camphorated chloral, thirty parts of glycerine, and ten parts of sweet almond. A piece of cotton is saturated and introduced well into the ear, and it is also rubbed behind the ear. The pain is relieved as if by magic, and if there is inflammation it often subsides quickly.

Professor Tseraseky, the well-known astronomer of Moscow University, the Novoe Vremya says, has for some time past been conducting experiments in solar heat. With the aid of an enormous mirror—said to be the largest in Europe—and a number of other mirrors placed in a certain way, Professor Tseraseky has been able to obtain such enormous heat that it melted the most refractory chemicals.

The chemical process by which the green color is produced in the leaves of plants is almost entirely dependent upon light. The substance to which the leaves owe their green color is termed chlorophyll. It is similar to wax, and floats about in the cells of the leaves in the form of minute granules. Light is indispensable for the formation of this pigment, and in the absence of light the cells of plants are unable to secrete or form it.

Cubans Making Wooden Cannon.

The Cubans, who are fighting Spain to gain independence, are obliged to use all sorts of things for powder.

Rifles, cartridges, and powder are brought to them from the United States in little ships which sail from Florida. Sometimes large vessels are fitted out in New York which, if they escape the Spanish war ships, bring large quantities of arms and ammunition to the Cubans.

But the revolutionists are in great need of cannon, and, as they cannot get the real kind they make some out of trees. In the interior of Cuba grows a tree which has a winding grain. That is the fibres of the wood go round instead of extending lengthwise.

The wood of this tree is very tough and it is almost impossible to split it by ordinary means. When the Cubans want a cannon they cut down one of these peculiar trees, saw off a five-foot length, about one foot thick, and remove the bark. Then they burn out the bore with red-hot crowbars or pieces of iron pipe, and this burning increases the toughness of the wood.

While some of the soldiers are burning out the bore others cut green oxide into a long strip by commencing at the centre and cutting in spirals toward the outer edge, just as an apple is peeled. One end of the rawhide strip, which is about three inches wide, is spiked to the breech of the wooden cannon and a lever is attached to the other end.

Two or three stout negroes grasp the arms of the lever and slowly turn the wooden gun. The band of green hide is kept under a strain, and in this way the cannon is wrapped in one of the toughest materials in the world. The first layer of hide is wound to the muzzle of the gun and then back to the breech, and so on, back and forth, until a number of layers of rawhide are wound on.

The gun with its rawhide wrapping, is placed in a draught of dry, hot air and allowed to harden. When this process is complete the Cubans have a cannon which can be fired 100 times before it is useless. The wooden cannon shoots scrap iron, round stones, and fire-hardened clay balls.—Chicago Record.

France's silver coinage contains only forty per cent of its face value in silver.