

LOVE.

Oh, Love is not a summer mood, Nor flying phantom of the brain, Nor youthful fever of the blood, Nor dream, nor fate, nor circumstance, Love is not born of blinded chance, Nor bred in simple ignorance.

But Love hath winter in her blood, And love is fruit of maidenhood, And perfect flower of maidenhood, True love is steadfast as the skies, And, once alight, she never flies; And love is strong and still and wise. —Richard Watson Glider.

FACULTY.

There was a great commotion in Foxville when old Parson Fox died. It was not only because he was the pioneer of the place, having come there when the woods were one primeval mass of green, and himself having erected the old stone parsonage, around which the thriving village had grown with almost incredible rapidity. It was not that he had preached the gospel to them for four-and-forty years; it was not that his footsteps had been instant on every threshold where sickness came or sorrow brooded.

All this had been received as a matter of course, and forgotten as soon as the necessities were past. But it was because Foxville curiosity was on the qui vive about Joanna, his grandchild, the sole remaining blossom on the gnarled old family tree, who was left quite unprotected for.

"I declare to goodness," said Mrs. Emmons, "I don't know what is to become of that girl!" "She ain't no faculty," said Sabina Sexton, the village dressmaker; "and never had."

"Books possessed no charms for her!" sighed Miss Dodge, who taught the Foxville district school. "She always cried over her parsing and rhetoric, and I never could make her understand cube root."

"There's no denyin' that the old minister was as near a saint as we often see in this world," said Mrs. Luke Lockedge, piously. "But he hadn't ought to let Joanna run loose in the woods and fields the way she did. Why, I don't s'pose she ever made a shirt or fried a batch o' fritters in her life!"

"Is it true," said Miss Dodge, peering inquisitively up under her spectacle glasses, "that she is engaged to your Simon, Mrs. Lockedge?"

Mrs. Lockedge closed her mouth, shook her head and knitted away until her needles shone like forked lightning.

"Simon's like all other young men. Miss Dodge," said she—"took by a pretty face and a pair o' bright eyes. And they sat on the same bench at school. And as long as we s'posed Parson Fox had left property, why, there wasn't no objection. But there wasn't nothing—not even a life insurance. So I've talked to Simon, and made him hear reason. There can't nobody live on air!"

"But that's rather hard on Joanna, ain't it?" said Mrs. Emmons, with a little sympathetic wince.

"Reason is reason!" Mrs. Lockedge answered. "My Simon will have property, and the girl he marries must have 'uthin' to match it."

So that Joanna Fox, sitting listlessly in her black dress by the window, where the scent of June honeysuckles floated sweetly in, and trying to realize that she was alone in the world, had diverse and sundry visitors that day. The first was Simon Lockedge, looking as if his errand were somewhat connected with grand larceny.

Joanna started up, her wan face brightening. She was only sixteen—a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl.

"Oh, Simon," she cried, "I knew you would come when you heard!"

Simon Lockedge wriggled uneasily into a seat, instead of advancing to clasp her outstretched hand.

"Yes," said he. "Of course it's very sad, Joanna, and I'm awfully sorry for you. But—"

Joanna stood still, her face hardening into a cold, white mask, her hands falling to her side.

"Yes," said she. "You were saying—"

"It's mother!" guiltily confessed Simon. "A fellow can't go against his own mother, you know. She says it's all nonsense, our engagement and we shouldn't have anything to live on! And so," with a final twist, "we'd better consider it all over. That's the sense of the matter—now ain't it, Joanna?"

She did not answer.

"I'm awfully sorry," stammered Simon. "I always set a deal of store by you, Joanna."

"Did you?" she said bitterly. "One would scarcely have thought it."

"And you know, Joanna," he added awkwardly, mindful of his mother's drill, "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window!"

Joanna smiled scornfully.

"It seems," said she, "that love does not always wait for that."

And she turned and walked into the adjoining apartment; while Simon, slinking out of the door, muttered to himself:

"It's the hardest job o' work that ever I did in my life. Splitting stumps is nothing to it. But mother says it must be done—and mother rules the roost in our house!"

Next came Mrs. Emmons.

"Joanna," said she, "I'm deeply grieved at this 'ere affliction that's befallen you!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Emmons!" said the girl, mechanically.

"I've come to ask you about your plans," added the plump widow. "Because, if you have no other intentions, I'll be glad to have you help me with the housework. I'm goin' to have a house full o' summer boarders, and that'll be a deal more work than me and Elvira can manage. Of course

you won't expect no pay, but a good home is what you need most."

"Stop a minute!" said Joanna. "Am I to understand that you expect me to assume the position and duties of a servant, without servant's wages?"

"You'll be a member of the family," said Mrs. Emmons; "and you'll get at the same table with me and Elvira."

"I am much obliged to you," said Joanna, "but I must decline your kind offer."

And Mrs. Emmons departed in wrath, audibly declaring her conviction that pride was certain, sooner or later, to have a fall.

"I have plenty of friends," said Joanna, courageously, or rather dear grandpapa had. I am sure to be provided for."

But Squire Barton looked harder than any fiend when the orphan came to him.

"Something to do, Miss Fox?" said he. "Well, that's the very problem of the age—woman's work, you know; and I ain't smart enough to solve it. Copying? No, our firm don't need that sort of work. Do I know of any one that does? N-no, I can't say I do; but if I should hear of an opening, I'll be sure to let you know. Ahem! —I'm a little busy this morning, Miss Fox; sorry I can't devote more time to you. John, the door. Good morning, my dear Miss Fox! I assure you, you have mine and Mrs. Barton's prayers in this sad visitation of an inscrutable Providence."

Old Miss Gringe, who had fifty thousand dollars at interest, and who had always declared that she loved dear Joanna Fox like a daughter, sent down word that she wasn't very well, and couldn't see company.

Doctor Wentworth, in visiting whose invalid daughter poor old Parson Fox had contracted the illness which carried him to his grave, was brusque and short. The doctor was sorry for Miss Joanna, of course, but he didn't know of any way in which he could be useful. He understood there was a kid-glove factory to be opened on Walling River soon.

"No doubt Miss Fox could get a place there; or there could be no objection to her going out to domestic service. There was a great deal of false sentiment on this subject, and he thought—"

But Joanna, without waiting for the result of his cogitations, excused herself. She would detain him no longer, she said; and she went away, with flaming cheeks and resolutely repressed tears.

When she got home, she found one of the trustees of the church awaiting her. He didn't wish to hurry her, he said, but the clergyman didn't want to live in such a ruinous old place; and it was their calculation, as the parsonage was mortgaged much beyond its real value, to sell it out, and buy a new frame house, near the railroad station, with all the modern conveniences, for the use of the Rev. Silas Speakwell.

"Am I to be turned out of my home?" said Joanna, indignantly.

Deacon Blydenburg hemmed and hawed. He didn't want to hurt no one's feelings; but as to her home, it was well known that to all intents and purposes the old place had long ago passed out of Parson Fox's ownership; and they were willing to accord her any reasonable length of time to pack up and take leave of her friends—say a week.

So Joanna, who could think of no remaining friend but her old governess, who had long ago gone to New York to fight the great world for herself, went down to the city, and appealed to Miss Woodin in her extremity; and Miss Woodin cried over her, and kissed her and caressed her, like an old maiden aunt.

"What am I to do?" said poor, pale Joanna. "I cannot starve!"

"There's no necessity for any one starving in this great, busy world," said Miss Woodin, cheerfully. "All one wants is faculty!"

Joanna shrank a little from the hard, stereotyped word, which she had so often heard from the lips of Mrs. Emmons, Miss Sabina Sexton, and that sisterhood.

"But how do you live?" said she. "Do you see that thing there in the corner?" said Miss Woodin.

"Yes," answered Joanna. "It is a sewing machine?"

"It's a typewriter," announced Miss Woodin. "And I earn my living on it."

"But what do you write?" said Joanna.

"Anything I can get," said Miss Woodin.

And thus, in the heart of the great wilderness of New York, Joanna Fox commenced her pilgrimage of toil.

First on the typewriter, then promoted to a compiler's desk in the "Fashion Department" of a prominent weekly journal; then, by means of a striking, original sketch, slipped into the letter box of the Ladies' Weekly with fear and trembling, to a place on the contributor's list; then gradually rising to the rank of a spirited young novelist; until she had her pretty "flat," furnished like a miniature palace, with Miss Woodin and her typewriter snugly installed in one corner.

"Because I owe everything to her," said the young authoress, gratefully. And, one day, glancing over the exchanges in the sanctum of the Ladies' Weekly, to whose columns she still contributed, she came across a copy of the Foxville Gazette.

"Hester," she said, hurrying home to Miss Woodin, "the old parsonage is to be sold at auction tomorrow, and I mean to go up and buy it. For I am quite—quite sure that I could write there better than anywhere else in the world."

Miss Woodin agreed with Joanna, Miss Woodin believed more firmly in whatever Joanna believed. In her

loving eyes, the successful young writer was always right.

So Joanna Fox and Miss Woodin, dressed in black and closely veiled, went up to Foxville to attend the auction sale.

Everybody was there. They didn't have an auction sale at Foxville every day in the week.

Squire Barton was there, with a vague idea of purchasing the old place for a public garden.

"It would be attractive," said the squire. "These open-air concert-gardens are making no end of money in the cities. I don't see why the Germans need pocket all the money that there is going."

Mrs. Emmons came because everybody else did. Miss Dodge, who had saved a little money, thought that if the place went cheap, she would pay down a part and give a mortgage for the remainder.

"And my sister could keep boarders," she considered, "and I could always have a home there."

But Simon Lockedge was most determined of all to have the old parsonage for his own.

"I could fix it up," said he to himself, "and live there real comfortable. It's a dreadful pretty location, and I'm bound to have it—especially since mother's investments have turned out bad, and since we've got to sell the farm. Nothing hasn't gone right with us since I broke off with the old parson's grand-daughter. It wasn't quite the square thing to do, but there seemed no other way. But, let mother say what she will, it brought bad luck to us."

And the rustic crowd surged in and out, and the auctioneer mounted to his platform on an old kitchen table, and the bidding began at five hundred dollars, and "hung fire" for some time.

"Six!" said cautious Simon Lockedge, as last.

"Seven!" peeped Miss Dodge faintly. "Eight!" said Simon, resolutely. "A thousand!" uttered the voice of a quiet, veiled lady, in the corner.

Every one stared in that direction. "Taint worth that," said the squire, in an undertone. "All run down—fences gone to nothing."

But Simon Lockedge wanted it very much.

"Se-ve-n hundred!" said he, slowly and unwillingly.

"Fifteen hundred!" spoke the soft voice, decidedly.

"Fifteen hundred!" bawled the auctioneer. "I'm offered fifteen hundred dollars for this very desirable property. Fifteen hundred, once—fifteen hundred, twice—fifteen hundred, three times and gone! What name, ma'am, if you please?"

And the lady, throwing aside her veil, answered calmly: "Joanna Fox!"

The old parsonage was rebuilt, and studded with bay windows and medicinal porches. Laurels and rhododendrons were set out in the grounds; the little brook was bridged over with rustic cedarwood; and Joanna Fox and Miss Woodin came there to live, in modest comfort.

But Mrs. Lockedge and her son Simon moved out of Foxville when the mortgage on their old place was foreclosed, and the places that had known them once knew them no more.

And Mrs. Emmons said: "She's done real well, Joanna has. I always knew there was something in her!"

And Mrs. Wentworth and the Misses Barton tried desperately to become intimate with the young authoress, but without avail.

For there is nothing in all the wide world so successful as success, and it is a fetish which has many worshippers. —Saturday Night.

The Destructive English Sparrow.

I once saw a single pugnacious little house wren engage a whole flock of English sparrows. He was more than a match for three or four of them; but in the end, I regret to say, he was killed outright before my eyes.

This is the only instance of the kind I have ever seen. A lady friend tells me that a Baltimore oriole started to build his wonderful, pensile nest last season in an apple tree near her home and that the English sparrows made bitter war upon him and his house. She watched the struggle one evening, and the next morning the oriole nest appearing she went into her garden and found him lying dead under the apple tree with his head pecked open. I have often been witness to the violent interferences by them in the nest-building of robins and orioles, and, outnumbered as our native birds are, they always relinquish their task. Here is a problem: A report presented to us by the department of agriculture shows that a single pair of English sparrows may, in a single decade, bring into existence 275,710,983-698 descendants. What is to become of our beautiful native song-birds when the English sparrow swarms over the land? As yet, except immediately around the farmhouses, this offensive bird is not often seen in the country districts. —Lynn T. Sprague, in Outing.

Outwitting a Creditor.

Saint Foix, the French poet, who was always in debt, sat one day in a barber's shop waiting to be shaved. He was lathered when the door opened and a tradesman entered who happened to be one of the poet's creditors, and angrily demanded his money. The poet composedly begged him not to make a scene. "Won't you wait for the money until I am shaved?" "Certainly," said the other, pleased at the prospect. Saint Foix then made the barber a witness of the agreement and immediately took a towel, wiped the lather from his face and left the shop. He wore a beard to the end of his days. —San Francisco Arcus.

SMOKELESS CARTRIDGES.

DESTRUCTIVE MISSILES FOR THE NEW ARMY MAGAZINE RIFLE.

The interesting work that is going on at the Frankford Arsenal, Philadelphia—Testing the Modified Krag-Jorgensen Gun Before Giving It to the Regulars.

The work going on at the Frankford arsenal, Philadelphia, founded by the United States government in 1816, should be now of more than common interest. Exact scientific experiments have been in progress at the arsenal for years, and, while much of the work is secret, enough is made public to show the great importance of the results sought. There is an elaborate laboratory filled with the most delicate instruments, and all sorts of destructive inventions are tested at the factory. There is a proof-house, where over three hundred kinds of smokeless powder have been experimented with, and a hospital ready to receive any unfortunates who may be blown up accidentally. The workmen in the factories take their lives in their hands daily.

One of the most important works performed at the arsenal in recent years has been the testing and manufacture of the new thirty-calibre smokeless powder cartridges for the so-called United States magazine rifle. This is the rifle used in our army. It is really a modified Krag-Jorgensen rifle, but it is superior to that instrument. It is peculiarly an American magazine rifle, and its design is not generally known outside of army circles. The rifle weighs only eight and a half pounds, but it carries five cartridges in its magazine, and it can be reloaded so rapidly that a soldier can shoot forty times in a minute.

The cartridges for this rifle are now being manufactured as rapidly as possible. Yankee ingenuity has invented the most complicated but effective machinery to turn out these cartridges, and it is worth a visit to the arsenal to see them made. The shell enters the machine in the shape of a small disc of metal, and after passing automatically through fifteen different perfect machines it drops out finished. Then the shells, powder and bullets are all fed into another machine, which is almost human in its actions. As each shell comes into the machine a certain quantity of smokeless powder pours into it from a large flaring funnel, and then the bullet is inserted mechanically and the neck of the shell crimped. Each cartridge is tested before it is turned over to the authorities for use.

Before these cartridges were selected, a long series of tests was made with them at the arsenal. It was found that the small cartridges would travel much further than the old-fashioned forty-five calibre bullet, and that they would penetrate deeper, and be less likely to kill. They weigh only 220 grains against the old 500-grain ball, and they require only thirty-seven grains of smokeless powder against seventy grains of the old. Thus, a soldier can carry seventy-five of the new cartridges as easily as he could 100 of the old. The shooting range of the new magazine rifle is 4000 yards.

As an illustration of the technical work performed at the Frankford arsenal, mention should be made of the experiments in "trajectory" made with the new rifles. When a soldier takes one of the new magazine rifles and attempts to hit a mark at a certain distance off, he is pretty sure to miss it unless he has been drilled. This is due to his ignorance of the trajectory of the bullet, which simply means the curved path of flight the bullet must take in shooting at a distant mark. The old Springfield rifle would send its bullet over forty-three feet above the line of sight in order to hit a mark 1000 yards off. Similarly the new magazine rifle must be so sighted that allowances can be made for this upward curve.

All of the rifles have to be tested at the arsenal to see that they are perfect in this respect. To make the sight exact, screens are set up 100 feet apart and the bullet is sent crashing through them. The first screen is struck near the middle, but each succeeding one is perforated higher up until the upper side of the curve is reached, and when the line of curvature is downward. Then the height of all the holes from the ground is measured, and by a mathematical formula the trajectory curve is ascertained. Soldiers first drilled with these rifles find great difficulty in hitting the mark, but a little familiarity with them creates a remarkable change. When accustomed to handling one a soldier can do more effective work than with an old Springfield.

In an emergency about half a million cartridges per day can be produced at the Frankford arsenal, and every day since the destruction of the Maine. At present the arsenal is making over many of the old forty-five calibre cartridges into the new ones for the magazine rifles. After the civil war millions of the old-fashioned cartridges were sent to the arsenal to be broken up and smelted over into new forms. Now this same process is being repeated; but this time, instead of a change from a muzzle to a breech-loader, it is merely a shift from one improved form of rifle to another—from a comparatively slow-firing Springfield to a rapid-firing magazine rifle.

Longest Reach of Railway.

The longest reach of railway without a curve is claimed by travelers to be that of the Argentine Pacific railway, from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes. For 211 miles it is without a curve and has no cutting or embankment deeper than two or three feet.

SOME DOGS OF WAR.

One Animal That Was Decorated for His Bravery.

A French paper has published a roll of honor of dogs which have distinguished themselves in war. This is not inappropriate, considering that the dog has been pressed into military service. For instance, there was Bob, the mastiff of the Grenadier Guards, which made the Crimean campaign with that corps; and also Whitepaw, a brave French ally of Bob, that made the same campaign with the 116th of the line and was wounded in defending the flag.

Another, Moustache, was entered on the strength of his regiment as entitled to a grenadier's rations. The barber had orders to clip and comb him once a week. This gallant animal received a bayonet thrust at Marengo and recovered a flag at Ansterlitz. Marshal Lannes had Moustache decorated with a medal attached to his neck by a red ribbon. Corps de Garde followed a soldier to Marengo, was wounded at Ansterlitz, and perished in the retreat from Moscow. The 6th of the Guard had a military mastiff named Misere, which wore three white stripes sewn on his black hair. There was also Pompon of the 48th Belonians, the best sentry of the baggage train; Loutpate, a Crimean heroine; Mitraillie, killed at Inkerman by a shell; Moflino, that saved his master in Russia and was lost or lost himself, but found his way alone from Moscow to Milan, his first dwelling place.

The most remarkable, however, was an English terrier named Mustapha, which went into action with his English comrades at Fontenoy, and, according to the story, "remained alone by a field-piece after the death of the gunner, his master, clapped the match to the touch-hole of the cannon, and thus killed seventy soldiers;" and it is further added that Mustapha was presented to King George II and was rewarded with a pension.

The Spaniards of Gibraltar.

Your Spaniard born in Gibraltar is quick to call himself an Englishman, though his actions may belie his pretensions. Your true Briton, with a long line of cockney ancestors, looks down upon the whole Spanish nation as an inferior race. The English soldier who conducted us through the Moorish galleries in the fortifications interspersed his local description with information regarding regimental regulations. He told of the schools where a man might learn everything, particularly the languages. "Of course nobody ever learns Spanish; it's no good after you leave here, and while you are here the Spaniards have to learn English if they expect us to have anything to do with them"—this in a tone of careless contempt, quite impossible to convey in words.

As another bit of interesting information, he told us one man out of every four was allowed a wife, "and very useful she is in making money for her husband; for she takes in officers' washing and does any other little thing that comes handy."

"I suppose you choose your wives among the pretty Andalusions," commented some one.

The fellow stiffened himself to his full height, thus emphasizing at once his scorn and the cut of his trim jacket: "Beg pardon, ma'am, but a British soldier wouldn't lower himself by marrying with a dirty, lazy Spaniard!"—New York Independent.

Dreamers Are Sound Sleepers.

"The popular idea or impression is that when persons dream much during a night to that extent their sleep is interfered with," remarked a well-known physician to a Star reporter, "and it is a frequent thing to hear persons say that they dreamed so much during the night that they did not sleep or rest well. Now, the fact is, dreaming is as much rest or mental recreation as actual sleep in some respects, although it may not appear so on first thought. It is hard to prove this by actual experiment, because the conditions are so difficult to produce. There is a certain amount of evidence which can be used, however, to prove the proposition. Time and time again when persons have been waked up by others they have explained as a reason that they did not respond quicker that they were so engaged in dreaming that they did not hear the call. It is as clearly proven as anything can be that persons in a dreamy condition are much harder to wake than those who are sleeping, as they suppose, soundly. Take a parent, for instance a mother; when she is sleeping soundly, as she thinks, she can hear her child when it turns over or moves in its crib. Now, the same parent in a dreamy condition would hardly hear a knock at the door or other loud noise. The dream so controls the brain that during its pendency the sense of hearing is blunted." —Washington Sta.

A Tree Which Stands on Its Head.

Probably the only tree in the world which flourishes with its roots in the air is an apple tree planted twenty-eight years ago by Mr. John McIver, a Milwaukee distiller.

It was originally one of twenty-five planted in this undignified position, and all its companions died in mute protest against the indignity. The survivor, however, was of "sterner stuff." It threw out its roots, twenty of them, in radiation along the horizontal lattice-work, which was raised high from the earth on props. The trunk has grown downward to a girth of nearly four feet, and the branches, loaded with fruit, cover a space 100 feet in circumference, and seem as if they could disassociate themselves from the roots far above them by striking fresh roots in the ground.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Turkeys With Vertigo.

Turkeys do not like confinement. Having plenty to eat and not much exercise, they get the "stagers," or what is more properly termed, vertigo. The best remedy is to feed cut clover and oats and less corn, until they can get out of doors.—American Agriculturist.

Chinese Pinks.

Old-fashioned garden favorites—periwinkle (with blue eyes), cowslips, heather and Chinese pinks—bloom among the grenade gauzes that veil the spring straw hats. One must be hard to please who cannot find anything to one's taste, for the assortment of artificial flowers is large, the colors correct and the workmanship excellent.

Salt to Hasten Decomposition.

We are so used to pickling meats and vegetables in salt to preserve them, that the fact is often forgotten that in small quantities salt hastens decomposition. Only when used in excess it hardens the meat, filling it with particles of salt so that it is an effectual bar to fermentation. A small amount of salt sprinkled over a manure heap will greatly increase its effectiveness by making it more soluble. It will also in small amounts be excellent for compost heaps to hasten their decomposition and conversion into effective fertilizers.—Boston Cultivator.

Early Potatoes in Gardens.

It is the habit of most farmers to plant a few potatoes for early use in the garden. But this is bad practice, because often the potatoes are planted on the same ground year after year, and as the germs of disease live in the soil over winter, the potatoes thus grown are more likely to be diseased. Besides, where potatoes are grown in succession, the soil is filled with hard-shell potato bugs, which come up just about the time the potatoes do, and will often be found gnawing the potato shoots before they are fairly out of the ground. It is much better to plow a clover sod somewhere on rich land for the early potatoes, and reserve the garden for vegetables not so easily grown by field culture.

The Feasting of the Big Steer.

The West Texas Stockman calls attention to the passing of the heavy beef steer. The great, heavy, full grown bullock of five or six years ago, weighing from 1800 to 2000 pounds, is no longer wanted. There may yet remain some chance to sell him to the beef canners, who want cheap, strong, coarse meat for export, but our home people have learned better. They now want a steer not exceeding 1500 pounds in weight and all ready for market at thirty months old. These results can't be got out of scrub stock. They may get the weight, but it will be in the wrong place, and the difference in price from one to three cents per pound. The demand now is for the small, well-rounded animal whose white fat and clear meat indicate breed rather than pounds.

Farm Telephones Practicable.

The farmer must be a business man and should be connected with the world. But few farmers can live near a telegraph office and the telephone offers direct communication. If the farmer need the doctor or groceries, or repair for machinery, he is in instant communication with these people, and in a rainy day or during the winter when the roads are well-nigh impassable, the farmer can do business with the cattle dealer, or any business men in the city.

Telephones are cheap now and can be bought for \$10 to \$15, and the lines can be put in by subscription. Poles can be bought very cheaply and ought to be from twenty to twenty-five feet long, eight inches in diameter at the base, and placed 200 feet apart. This would mean twenty-five poles to the mile. Good wire costs \$2.25 per 100 pounds, and nobs, seventy-five cents. The total cost will be about \$17.75 per mile. Any farmer who once uses the telephone will never be without it again. It adds life to the community and is an education and a step toward better civilization.—C. C. Mills, of Illinois, in American Agriculturist.

Wide-Tire Carriages.

An improvement in the wide tires, about which so much has been said of late, is in building the vehicle with the front axle about an inch shorter than those ordinarily used, and the rear axle an inch to an inch and one-half longer. This gives from two to two and one-half inches difference in the space between the fore wheels and the hind wheels. In running, the two wheels make a track or line, nearly double the width of one. Allowing the tire to be four inches wide, the mark on the roadway will be from seven and a half to eight inches wide. The practical value of this style of wheel can scarcely be appreciated. Instead of deep cuts and ruts, which are a menace to all vehicles, we would have an approximately smooth road surface, and the soil would be much likely to become cut up and soft. These wheels would act like rollers. They would crush down ruts and irregularities, and have a constant tendency to keep the road in order, rather than destroy it. It is suggested that a law be passed compelling wide tires on light as well as heavy vehicles. A skeleton wheel with a wide tire might be made extremely handsome. The felloe could be thin and light, and the spokes braced from the edges of the wheels in such a fashion as to secure the greatest strength and durability. It is predicted that once the wide tire fancy for light vehicles gets started, it will speedily push all old-fashioned, narrow-tired wheels out of the market.—New York Ledger.

There are 1425 characters in the twenty-four books Dickens wrote.