long day.

Ikie held no solace for her darkened hours
And fields were barren as she went her

Ah! take them back, the words so long The spoken love to starving heart denied; To gave a stone where she had asked for She held it in her empty hand and died.

They came too late, the fragrant, dewy blooms.

Nourished where sunshine beats the whole long day.

Into held no solace for her darkened hours

The sweet pink roses lie upon her breast; She passed through wastes whereon no pink bud grows; She passed and sleeps—what matters all the rest?

She hath no need for any fairest rose. Take them away and bear her softly forth Where singing birds and tender grasse

Holding your peace-your words are little For love and roses, all are come too late.

-Mary Eiddell Corley, in Boston Transcript.

"The Girl From Across."

"Oh!" said the girl, in a tone of ; shocked surprise. "Is it here?"

A woman from below answered, rau- her, by a wave of the hand, the only cously, affirming that it was the abode The Girl looked up at the attic door

in absolute dismay. She was pretty, decidedly pretty, and young, and stylishly dressed. She lived over the way in two charming rooms, where pretty girls like herself and nice boys were glad to take tea. She had heaps of friends, and studied at the college.

Why she, the daughter of an American citizen, should aspire to medical bonors in Auld Reckie was by no means clear. "Poppa," busy in Baltimore making dollars, pulled his chin whisker, and "guessed there were diploma factories enough their side the streak." But "Poppa" eventually had to give way, as every one alike had to where Maisie was concerned. So a self-possessed damsel of 22 summers and three brass bound trunks, marked with the Stars and Stripes, arrived in - Walk.

And He-the man who knew every thing, and was a professor at the college-lived here!

She hesitated a moment, doubtful of the propriety of intrusion. He was a great man, and a professor of integral philosophy, which is a very abstruse subject to take a degree, still more so to teach.

The Man knew everything-except how to compel buttons to remain on shirts, and to keep mice from his provisions, to tidy up his rooms, and the principles of household economy, general comfort and such like trifles, which were not included in the curriculum of any college he had ever heard of, seing even outside the limit of integral philosophy, and, as affairs that chiefly concerned women, of no matter.

Then she went boldly up to the door

The Man was sitting at a large table covered with papers, his trousers turned up and his feet immersed in a pan of once tepid water. Oblivious to everything outside his

own thought he sat and wrote. He was engaged on a great work

to be published in two volumes at the scientific booksellers'-and also in adding many lines and furrows on his face. Life was short, but the power of man

is great. In his short travail he had held the lamp of truth to many hidden mysteries. What secret should escape him? What line of demarcation stay his search? Meanwhile, there was one thing only—to work.

That was why his eyes peered dimly over his dull, dark folios, and his feet splashed in the cold water. He had forgotten to take them out.

His pen shook a little as the crabbed characters formed themselves on the wheets of his manuscript. Doggedly he wrote on, exultant, determined, while some one knocked, unheeding.

"The Principle Vitee He unde scored the headline, and began a fresh paragraph, as some one entered—"The Principle of Life is—a pretty girl!"

That is not what the professor meant to write in his great treatise. nor is it what he would have acknowledged or realized at any ordinary moment. I do not pretend to know the psychological reason that explains the nomenon. It may have been the retina of his eye received an impression which disturbed and dominated he current of his thought, and autonatically his hand transcribed. Anylow, it was there, in black and white, md anyhow, she was there also, clad n dainty muslin

He looked draumily at the bright figure from over his clouded glasses. His tired gaze rested on the blue of her eyes, the gold of her hair, the red of her mouth and the freshness of her bright young face, as on a beautiful picture destined only to fade. Then to sighed, wearily.

Even then, however, his mind, bent on the great work, was not wholly equal to the situation. He addressed her laconically, as he would have done the charwoman who tended

"Well!" he grumped.

The pretty Girl looked at him for a moment. A half stifled laugh at his surliness rose to her lips. Then the amused merriment died out from her eyes, and they renewed their look

"You are the professor?"

'Well!' "And I am the girl over the way." "What girl-what way?" He hadn't noticed her! Her femin-

ine sense was distinctly hurt. Other men's observant admiration was more apparent, even to obtrusiveness. But it is not pleasant to feel one has been needlessly ignored.

"I live the other side the street," she explained, flushing slightly. "And study under you at the college."
"Ah, yes." He memorized her now,

as a collector does an unlabelled spec-tmen in a box. Back row, pink comxion, a flower generaly on desk in her. Answers averagely in-

"Won't you sit down?" he said, with well meant politness, indicating to

unoccupied chair, She repressed a smile as she noted its bottomless condition.

"No, thanks," she responded, "I

would rather stand." There was a pause. He listlessly fingered his pen, but his brain was tired, and moved slowly. The Girl returned to the object of her visit. "I-I-heard you were ill-and

brought you these"-indicating the grapes in the basket. He raised his brows and nodded. "Can I do anything?"

"I think not," he replied absently. I need nothing."

"Perhaps"-she made the suggestion with diffidence-"perhaps I could tidy

He looked round on the litter in surprise. The room was no more palatial than

its approach suggested. The one window looked out on the lank telegraph poles as comrades, and commanded a charming view of the chimneys over the way. For furniture there was a wardrobe, an old armchair, that did duty also as a bed; a rush bottomed chair, a cupboard, a few cooking uten sils and some chemical apparatus grouped round the hole in the wall. called by courtesy a fireplace; and lastly and chiefly, a large kitchen table and-the Man.

The table contained chiefly papers. Its drawers held some scientific instruments and a mousetrap. wardrobe held old clothes. board served as food store for both Man and mice. And the Man contained knowledge.

"Tidy up? It is all very tidy, thank you. Mrs. Stamp, my charwoman, has done everything-I-am very comfortable, thank you."

"But you are ill."

"I shall soon be better." There was silence. The Girl sat uncertain what was best to say or do. Something splashed under the table. She started in alarm. "Oh, what

was that?" she cried. "My-er-pedicular extremities," he

elaculated. The Girl stared in astonishment and

turned red. "Yes. I beg your pardon. I-was not expecting visitors, and my land-lady told me if I put them in hot water it would do my cold good."

"But that water is cold." "Yes-now. I forgot. But it was

"Had you not better get back to our bedroom?"

"This is it."
And he lived day and night, ate and

slept in that desolate attic! The girl shuddered. No wonder he was ill. "Then where is your bed?" Surely the Man of Knowledge slept some-

"Folded up." He indicated the chair

"Won't you let me make it up for ou, and then lie down?" The professor started with astonishment. "Young lady! None ha' waited on me to that needless extint, sin-sin my ain mither died-and she were a foolish wummun." He relapsed into the broad Doric on special occasions

when the cold current was stirred to the depths far below the surface. The Girl's eyes filled with tears. Then it's time some one did it for you now," she murmured. "Oblige me, Mr. Morphyn, please, by taking your feet out of that water and changng chairs."

"Eh!" At first he was inclined to rebel. But there was a conciliatory pleading in her face that even a hard headed professor, resent it as he would, could not resist.

"Now! Just lift your feet a little, please." He looked at her curiously from under his shaggy brows. It was a child he was dealing with, or, rather, who was dealing with him. Of what worth was it to resist? He lifted his feet and she tucked them in the blanket, and unperceived put an-

other wrap around his shoulders. She heaved a deep breath of satisfaction when her task was satisfactorily accomplished. The profressor still sat over his books. He certainly felt warmer than he had done before.

The Girl, her point gained, went quietly on, tidying up and arranging the couch. She tripped gently out of the room once or twice and held mysterious consultations with the raucous voiced woman below. Some more coals appeared in the room, the scrap of fire glowed brighter, the litter of pots and pans disappeared, being relogated to the crowded depths of the professor's cupboard.

A gentle hand touched his sleeve. He looked round on the transformation which had been going on, unbeknown to him.

"There! Now you will go back to bed. And I will let the doctor hear,

and look in again on you later.' He saw her depart with a sigh of relief, and watched the gold crowned hoad with its sunny smile disappear behind the rickety door with evident satisfaction. Now he would be able

to really work. "Go to bed," she had said, as though expecting implicit obedience—he a staid professor, already in his gray haired stage, meekly to obey a mere chit of a schoolgirl-filia pulchra-Daughter of Eve. Pish!

He laid down his pen, his head throbbed wearily. The cold sheets looked inviting. He stroked them with his hand. In 10 minutes nature had conquered, and he was resting his burning head upon pillows her dainty fingers had straightened and smoothed and his lips sought gladly the cool ing drink her thought and care had placed near by.

Meantime the Girl was interviewing the professor of medicine. He heard her story with surprise, then went out and fetched the Head,

The Head, a grave, clear headed man, pursed his lips and leaned the tips of his fingers against each other meditatively, as he listened to the Girl's recital.

"Strange-dear me! Alone, you

The Head gasped with astonishment Morphyn had always been an extreme recluse, but such lack of comfort and dubious surroundings for a man of means was, even to them-grave, studious men of modest, even ascetic, habit-inexplicable and unreason able

They listened to her story with suspended amazement. Thanked her gravely, and bowed her out.

As she reached the step, the Head coughed. "Miss-Hopkinshaw-er-in future-er-with a nurse-er-in attendance-er-there will be no needto call-that is, a repetition of your opportune visit will be inadvisable." She flushed scarlet. "May I not see

my patient?" "We shall be happy, Miss Hopkinshaw, to give you particulars of his progress, but for you to call there will be scarcely-er-'

Then the reason dawned on her. "I see." Her features set fixedly and the words feil coldly-"It would not be proper."

-"Er. He will have every attention," the embarrassed Head explained. The Girl turned on her heel. "Of course, we are more than grateful for your kindness-" but she was gone, and the excuses and reasons which were addressed to empty air, though more fluent of delivery, sounded horribly unconvincing to the two men, the sole auditors, as they rest

erated them soothingly to each other. Propriety! Yes, she had acted with American freedom, she supposed, in venturing to knock at the neglected door. Propriety would have left him to die. Propriety, as typified by that fussy old dame who shuts her eyes to everything disagreeable that does not prowl under her very nose."

She sat by her window while the sun flecked with crimson clouds the scanty yellow sky over the way. She watched a cab draw up-a sparse figure and a corded box de-

posited. That was the nurse, she supposed. She picked up a book and tried to read.

Night came darkly down. The shops lit their lamps. Unmindful of the darkness she sat in the window seat and brooded with hot cheeks over the Head's edict. About 9 o'clock she saw the nurse go out. Then she did a daring thing. Putting on her cloak she stole warily up the rickety stair-

He lay apparently asleep. The window was open. The nurse's tea things lay about, but little seemed to have been done for him since the morning. The fire was nearly out, Bending into the dying embers, freshly piled the fuel, and, with a last look at the fever puckered brow, fled down the stair, her heart aching strangely for the desolate man, and in mortal dread

of discovery. The next day, toward afternoon, she met the owner of the raucous voice in the street. Her inquiry as to the professor was met with a shaking of the head, accompanied by incoherent murmurs that might have been the result of despairing pessimism or alcoholic stimulant. Mention of the nurse evoked only a sniff in reply, together with a shake of the head, and the contemptuous production of a gin bottle, suggesting a vice which the raucous voiced one evidently strongly

disapproved of-in others. And he was lying there-worse than alone—in such care. That women so degraded crept into the ranks of an honorable profession, she knew. But that he should be at the mercy of one of these! That night she watched the woman out, but dared not to go

In her doubt and despair turned into the street. Amid the flare of the lamps, she saw a figure with bonnet and cloak awry drop out of a common bar and into the seething crowd. The Girl flew back, and up the

rickety stair. The raucous one met her at the head, her voice more husky than "Time some 'un come,' ever. said, "Lor' 'elp 'im!" and in her grief she puled again, with a broken sob, at the bottle. The Girl went in and bent down over the lonely man.

The fever had left him, but some thing else was fast ebbing with it. The life, hope, and the lonely soul vere speeding out to the dancing waves of the unknown sea. The waters sang in his ears. The spray bubbled and foamed through rosy beams of sunlight, and the hymn of the Unknown sounded eternal over all.

A few drops remained in the hollowed bowl of an emptied brandy bot-tle on the littered table. She poured om out, and hastily diluting gave them to the dying man.

The rainbow land and emerald seas | HISTORY OF A FORTUNE.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER TO BE BILLIONAIRE.

turned leaden hued, the water gurgled

and droued painfully. . . The Man opened his eyes. . . Did he know

A step on the stairs. The dour

Professor of Medicine's broad shoul-

"Lassie, forgive me." he said. "I

"Yes, you thought," she answered

"Then let me help you," he said,

"He is dying," she replied, in a

The gnarled face of the old Scotch

doctor looked sadly into her own Its

rough features softened with a look

of regret for his misjudgment, and the

mute appeal in them was irresistible.

silently over the dying man.

They shook hands as they bent

"Tonald," the broken professor

The Man's eye wandered slowly

around the shabby room in search of

The wan face turned paler-the

feeble lips quivered. The Girl bent

her head. . . He recognized her

"Sin. . . sin . . my ain mither

died"-he murmured, and, clasping

ier elender hand, his mind passed

.

the college Head regard too serious-

y the breach of decorous restriction,

The professor, coming to the con-

clusion that his education was incom-

plete, took one, too-in matrimony, and

in this his name and the Girl's where

bracketed together equal with hon-

And the heads of the college fer-

vently congratulated themselves,

whenever they met Mrs. Morphyn, on

their unusual foresight in overlook-

ing a Samaritan indiscretion. For, had

they done otehrwise, their necessarily

frequent meetings would have been

to say the least of it, very awkward.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Nightcaps and cotton ear wads are

provided by the proprietor of a hotel

at Vyitra, Hungary, for those of his

guests who retire early and do not wish

to be kept awake by a gypsy band

The largest and strongest freight

ears in the world have just been built

for the Monongahela connecting rail-

way of Pittsburg, and are to be used

within the limits of that city. Every

one of these cars, weighted to its full

oad, will carry 100 tons. Only the

highest class railroads of our country

would care to take the risk of trans-

porting such a weight over its bridges

Marriage seems to have a large per-

centage of success in Russia. The Lon-

don Express reports that on November

22, 1852, twenty-four couples were mar-

ried in the same church in Novi-Vino-

dol. On November 22 last there were

twelve of the couples left to celebrate

their golden wedding in the same

Professor Retter recently introduced

o the society for Internal Medicine, in

Vienna, a woman with a musical heart.

For the past four years she has suffered

from palpitation and about eighteen

months ago she noticed for the first

time a peculiar singing noise in her

to a malformation of the heart valves,

Engineers, as most of us know, are

famous for their ready resources in

emergencies. During the recent Chi-

nese war it was necessary to get a

number of troops across a river in a

great hurry, to prevent the enemy tak-

ing an important position. There was

no bridge and there were no boats. An

engineer took a detachment to a vil-

age near by, raided it and came back

with a number of coolies, each carry-

ing one of these large painted coffins

which every Chinaman keeps in his

louse. With these as pontoons, a

bridge was improvised, and the men

got across in time, thereby saving the

loss of much time, ammunition and

The British Museum has acquired

century, which was discovered in the

Paper money was not introduced into

The Old Fashioned Mother,

It was a sad misfortune to this gov-

ernment when the old-fashioned moth-

er, who wielded the shingle and slip-

Young America is becoming more reck-

less and of less account with each suc-

ceeding generation. No boy ever

olessed with an old-fashioned mother.

While the mothers of today are, per-

haps, as good as the mothers of 30 or

40 years ago, they haven't the same

mothers had. People live faster now

the rod and spoil the child," is not so

the consequences are readily seen.

than they used to, and the children

Europe till the seventeenth century.

perhaps valuable lives.

which sets up vibration.

which plays nightly at the hotel

-Lady's Pictorial.

the Girl took her degree after

But the Man did not die. Nor did

back to the river of endless song.

her. . . . She knelt by his sire.

cried, "you know me? I've kem to pull

"Now it is time to do."

ders darkened the door.

thought-

bitterly.

humbly.

ye thro'."

presence.

choking voice.

Million on Million Being Piled Up in Profits From Oil, Railroad and Bank -When the Standard Oil King Almost Went Broke-His Destiny.

David Graham Phillips writes as follows in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post:

Among the great fortunes of world today there are two that tower colossal-the Rothscahild and the Rockefeller. No one-not even heads of the two houses-knows how large these fortunes are. A few years ago John D. Rockefeller said upon the witness stand that he was unable to tell how much he was worth within several millions. Indeed, there is no way of estimating accurately these modern fortunes, invested in many ways and subject to daily, hourly fluctuations. Probably a billion and a half of dollars is as near to accuracy as it is possible to come in stateing the wealth of the house of Roths child. As for the house of Rockefeller. a business associate of the elder and many times the richer of the two brothers said within a year: "John D. Rockefeller is worth not far from threequarters of a billion, and he will pres ently be the first billionaire the world has ever had. "If the estimate were based upon income-certainly as fair a way as to attempt to value capital-John D. Rockefeller would today be classed as a billionaire half on the way toward his second billion. And there are in addition the several hundred millions of his brother's fortune. and the many millions of the three or four allied members of the family.

The Rockefeller fortune was founded apon credit capital, In 1875 John D. Rockefeller was a considerable off merchant. But his schemes for monopolizing the oil business of half the world were trembling between success and failure. In that year there three weeks when he walked the floor night after night, sleepless, fighting the ruin that seemed to be closing in around him. It is said that his wife exclaimed: "I wish John would go bankrupt, for then he would get some sleep." It is said that the nervous indigestion which now compels him to the quietest of lives and to a diet of crackers and milk at 98 2-5 degrees Fahrenheit dates from that terrible three weeks. He owed the banks of Cleveland \$1,700,000. He could not pay; they were pressing him, but did not dare to close in upon him. They knew that if he failed it would swamp them and would precipitate a panic Cleveland-Cleveland was not so large and rich in those days, and \$1,700,000 was a big sum of money, even in Wall

street The Rockefeller fortune may therefore be dated from 1875, the year when the founding crisis was passed, though the big returns did not begin to come until about 1885, the enormous returns until less than ten years ago.

From 1860 to 1875 Rockefeller was reaching out and out to take possession of his promised land. His brother. and their intimate friends laughed at him, tried to dissuade him, warned him. They, too, would buy oil wells, but they would make what they could and sell out before the well caught fire or ran dry. He bought to keep, bought burning wells and extinguished the fires, bought dry wells in the hope that they would some day yield to the pump. And when his brother and their intimates saw that there was method in his madness, he invited them in, practically gave them as a present the shares that were to make them breast, which was also audible to other ersons, and rose and fell in strength multi-millionaires. And, slow and te and pitch. The sound is said to be due nacious and saturated with his "mystic" of manifest destiny, he marched on to the Montenotte of 1875, The reaching out on small capital, the rising clamor and fury acainst his merci-

less methods of mone oly, brought on that crisis. Until the secret history of the Standard Oil company is written, and it probably never will be-no one except John D. Rockefelier will know how that crisis was passed and how prosperity and power were obtained through those contracts with the railways which made competition with Rockefeller hopeless and forced almost all the oil men, producers, refiners and sellers, to choose between submission and ruin.

Another point in the development of the great American fortune is control of railways-the arteries of the whole people. It is next in importance to a monopoly of some natural prod-

Chinese banknote of the fourteenth uct, Rockefeller scored both points. It was about 1884 that some of the ruins of a statue of Buddha, at Pekin. high-priced counsel discovered a way of freeing him from the bondage of anti-monopoly law, a method of reorganizing him into legality and safety. Soon the period of insecurity passed-though the general public did not know it and the press and the politicians were still howling. Rockeper, ceased to do business at the old feller was able to shake off his purstand, says the Canton Saturday Roller. suers and dismiss his horde of lawyers. He had at last a large, secure income

And now began the rapid increase, amounted to anything who wasn't He was a simple, thrifty man, and so was his brother. They spent comparatively nothing of their income, They re-invested it in obtaining complete ownership of what they had only control over the children the old-time controlled—that is, of the potroleur industry. They developed the Standard Oil company from the single conwear better clothes, work less, attend cern to a conglomerate of about 60 more parties and entertainments and corporations, each engaged in a sepalater hours than the boys of old rate department of the industry. They did. The mother of today uses the gad utilized the crude oil in a thousand less and says "I'll tell your pa on you ways, turning to account the discovermore than their grandmothers did. less of science which the scientists More's the pity. The old saying "Spare gave freely to the world. Soon, so many and so valuable were the bymuch of a by-word as it used to be, and products of oil production that the pil itsalf cost the Rockefellers practi-

cally nothing at all-for the by-products more and more paid for its pump ing, refining, transportation and sale For 15 years, Mr. Rockefeller and his group have been selling about a thouannd million gallons of oil a year at prices ranging from 5 to 20 cents a gallon, and averaging about 7 cents; and, as the by-products have increased in number and in value, they have put into their pockets as clear profit more and more of the entire selling price of the oil. Today that selling price is estimated to be all clear pro fit, and it is said that there is in addition a profit of from \$10,00,000 to \$20, 000,000 upon the by-products. This explains why the profits of the Rockefellers from their trust are greater by many millions annually than the value of the petroleum production.

About 10 years ago Rockefeller's in come was given as \$30,000,000 by an excellent authority. He had reached the limit of profitable reinvestment of profits in the oil industry. Here then were these enormous sums in cash pouring in-more than \$2,000,000 a month for John Davison Rockefeller alone. The problem of reinvestment became more than serious. It became a nightmare. The off income was swelling, and the number of sound investments is limited, was then even more limited than it now is. It was through no especial eagerness for more gains that the Rockefellers began to branch out from oil into other things. They were forced, swept on by this in-rolling tide of wealth which their monopoly magnet irresistibly attracted. They developed a staff of investment seekers and investigators. It is said that the chief of this staff has a salary of \$125,000 a year. It may be remarked in passing that Rockefeller, like almost all the great American fortune builders, pays cheerfully the highest market price for brains. He expects valuable service, but he does his part ungrudgingly. He holds that while it may be dangerous to an employe to overpay bim, it is fatal both to employer and employe to under-

The first conspicuous excursion and incursion of the Rockefellers was into the railway field. By 1895 they controlled one-fifth of the railway mileage of the country. What do they own or, through dominant ownership, control today? They are powerful in all the great railways of New York, north. east and west, except one where their share is only a few millions. They are in most of the great railways radiating from Chicago. They dominate in several of the systems that extend to the Pacific. It is their votes that make Mr. Morgan so potent -though, it may be added, they need his brains more than he needs their votes—at present, and the combination of the two constitutes in large meas ure the "community of interest."

But railways could not alone absorb rapidly enough those mighty floods of gold; presently John D. Rockefeller's \$2,500,000 monthly had increased to four, to five, to six millions a month to \$75,000,000 a year. Illuminating oil was becoming all profit; the reinvestments of income were adding their

mite of many annual millions. The Rockefellers went into gas an electricity when those industries had developed to the safe-investment stage. And now a large part of the American people must begin to enrich the Rockefellers as soon as the sun goes down, no matter what form of

Illuminant they use. The latest industry into which the Rockefellers have gone is banking. There they already dominate, and there they think they have found the solution of their investment problemfor a few years, at least. And it is within the possibilities that the Rockefeller banking adventure may caus convulsion-a greater convulsion perhaps, than that which shook the country when John D. Rockefeller first introduced the industrial monoply to the American people and began to force its acquaintance and society upon them

The Rockefeller bank-the Nationa City bank-is by herself far and away the biggest bank in the United States. it is exceeded in the world only by the Bank of England and the Bank of France. The deposits average more than \$100,000,000 a day; and it dominates the call loan market on Wall street and the stock market. But it is not alone; it is the head of the Rockefeller chain of banks, which includes 14 banks and trust companies in New York City, and banks of great strength and influence in every large money centre in the country.

The chief business of these banks is to receive the Rockefeller income and lcan it to speculators, manufacturers merchants and farmers throughou the country. And the Rockefellers not only are relieved from much of their former anxiety over investments, but also receive a double profit. There is the profit of the interest which the banks pay them for their huge cash balances, 50 and 75 and even of a 100 millions steadily maintained from day to day these largest private handlers of cash the world has ever seen; then there are all profits of dividends which the banks declare—and large dividends they are.

The Largest Schoolhouse.

Stockholm claims the largest school house in the world, which has accommodations for 2870 children. In the basement are 100 bathrooms, where the children are required to bathe if their teachers think they are not taught habits of cleanliness at home. Soap and towels are furnished free by the city.

The regular way of searching for truffles in France is with the assistance of trained pigs. But as it is impossible to escape with a pig, proachers have in recent times successfully trained dogs for the purpose.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

The new Nile Reservoir will hold water 345 feet above the sea-level; it will be filled between December and March after the flood-water has passed through, and will be slowly emptied again during the months of May, June and July, when the Nile is low.

Leprosy is spread but little through personal contagion, according to the researches of Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, F. R. S., in South Africa, It is a fooddisease, the living bacillus entering the body by way of the stomach, and the chief source of the germs is supposed to be badly cured ash, insufficiently cooked. The investigation is to be continued in Ceylon and India.

Members of the Denver Academy of Natural Sciences, who have been studying the construction of beaver dams recently, have seen the animals at work, say that their tails are used simply as signals, and not, as has been commonly believed, as trowels for beating down the mud used in building their dams. The signal is given by flapping the water with the tall, and the beavers pay instant attention to it.

Screw propellers, it is pointed out, have not followed the usual course of improvement from accumulated experience, and, while great numbers of new blades have been brought out, there has been no tendency to evolve an accurate theory or scientific design. Such anomalies as the variable running of duplicate propellers are still unexplained. The lack of progress is attributed to the reticence of sea-going engineers, whose practical observations seldom reach constructors.

Comparing the maps of Mars, from that published by Beer and Madler in 1840 to that published by himself in 1901, Mr. Percival Lowell finds three periods of development in what we see on that planet. In 1840 to 1876, large dark and light markings were shown; in 1877 to 1892, "canals" in bright regions were seen; and in 1893 to 1902, the "canals" were detected also in the dark regions. The maps agreeing fundamentally, show a gradual detection of detail in surface markings.

Some of the French papers are urging the government to connect with the Mediterranean a land-locked body of water just east of Marsellies, known as the Etang de Berre. The connection could be made at small expense, and it would not only make Marseilles unrivaled as a mercantile port, but would greatly augment the strategic strength of France in the Mediterranean. The inciting cause of the suggestion is the strong effort that Genoa is making to take marine trade away from Mar-

Stove in Street Car.

The stove in the street car is all right in its place, but sometimes that place doesn't seem to be in the car. A hot stove in a crowded car on a muggy. night, when all hands within its radius are giving off steam at every pore. is not a nice object to contemplate. This is more especially noticeable when the car stove has a noticeable coal gas leak and is rapidly putting a sandpaper edge on the throttles of every breathing apparatus within strangling distance.

Next to the Missouri mule there isn't anything quite so obstinate as a street cart store. When its services are not at all in demand it asserts itself with an intensity that sets the odor scorched woolen wildly cavorting through the air.

And then, again, when the thermomthrough the door and the conducto comes round and demands your nickel in the most cold-blooded manner he has in stock, the car stove can be examined by a committee of experts and never acknowledge for a moment that there is anything doing in its castiron midst. It eats plenty of coal, no doubt, but it doesn't seem to assimilate its food well when a little caloric is most needed. And then, again, it lives on little or nothing when the weather moderates and puts a burnt yellow tint on everything scorchable within reach Such is the car stove as we find it in a changeable climate.—Cleveland Plain

The World's Largest Organ.

The organ at the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Boston, which has been recently enlarged and improved in many ways, is now the largest and the most costly in the world. The changes recently made represent cost of from \$8000 to \$10,000, and it is said that the total cost of the instrument foots up to nearly \$30,000. It is now 60 feet high and 40 wide, and ts mechanism is the most elaborate

It is three stories high, the swell and solo organs being placed side by side in the upper story. Underneath them in front will be what is called the great organ, because louder effects are obtained from these pipes.

Back of the great organ stands the choir organ. The pedal organ is to be most elaborate. The pedal stops are in various positions around the sides of the case, some on the right, some at the back and some at the left .-Philadelphia Record.

Made Weives Settle for Damages.

A Wyoming ranchman recently had heifer killed by wolves. He placed strychnine in the carcass. On the following morning he found eight dead wolves and one coyote beside the remains. The heifer was worth only \$25, and the wolves and coyote returned to the ranchman something like \$200 in bounty and sale of skins.