NOW.

If you have hard work to do,
Do it now.
To-day the skies are clear and blue,
To-morrow clouds may come in view,
Yesterday is not for you;
Do it now.

If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now.
Let the notes of gladness ring,
Clear as song of bird in spring.
Let every day some music bring;
Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say,
Say them now.
To-morrow may not come your way,
Do a kindness while you may,
Loved ones will not always stay;
Say them now.

If you have a smile to show,
Show it now.
Make hearts happy, roses grow,
Let the friends around you know
The love you have before they go.
Show it now.
—Charles R. Skinner, in New York Sun.

The... Flash-Light ...Hunter

-o-o-o-o-o-

By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

EARLY in September Ellis left Toronto for the north Ontario woods partly for a camping and fishing cruise, but chiefly with the hope of obtaining photographs of big game, for he was an enthusiastic camera hunter. In upper Muskoka he picked up a guide, and they went up the Smoke River in two canoes, traveling slowly and making frequent halts, while Ellis fished or still-hunted with his camera.

But in that region the game had been hunted too much to be easily stalked, and they portaged over a height of land to another system of streams that carried them into the Algonquin National Park.

In this great forest preserve, where hunting is strictly prohibited, game of all sorts has multiplied exceedingly, and here Ellis' efforts were more successful. He obtained several good snap shots at deer, but the moose were too wary for him.

Moose were plentiful enough in that district, as the great tracks at every pond-side showed. It was their season of love and battle, and the distant bellowing of the challenging bulls could be heard almost nightly.

Once Ellis came upon a spot in the forest where the ground was torn and trampled, and sprinkled with blood and wisps of coarse hair. He would almost have given a finger to have photographed that duel.

With his guide's assistance, he tried "jacklighting" on the small lakes, with a lantern in the bow of his canoe, a screen behind it, and the camera prepared with a flash-light in the stern. He thus secured several excellent flash-light photographs of deer, but no moose.

He was one afternoon exploring the windings of a small and unusually tranquil stream when he came out upon a beaver pond. It was not the first he had seen, for beaver are growing plentiful once more in the park, but he paddled over it with much curiosity.

He was at once struck by the fact that some one had been meddling with it. The great rough dam, a rick of mud and brush, had been broken, and was not yet completely repaired. In the deepest water stood the lodges, four of them, like stacks of mud-plastered brushwood half above the surface; and as he paddled alongside one of them, he noticed that a great hole had been torn in it, partly under water, which had not been repaired at all. The other lodges showed traces of injury, but had been made serviceable again. Probably the mischief was the work of an Indian trapper, who had broken the dam to lower the water and cut the lodges to get at the beaver, although the fur was of little value at that season.

The beavers, or what was left of them, had not deserted, however, and pieces of gnawed sticks scattered about the shore showed that they had been working hard to repair the damage. They labor chiefly at night, and it occurred to Ellis that he might ambush himself beside the dam till dark, and obtain a flash-light picture of beavers at work.

It was then nearly sunset, and he pushed his canoe deep among the alders that fringed the water and lay down in the stern. The sun went slowly out of sight, but the long northern twilight still lingered. As dusk came on, one or two beavers came out of hiding, showing their black heads besides the lodges; but these glimpses were insufficient. It grew cold, and Ellis shivered in the cramped canoe. There was no moon, and the sky was cloudy. He could no longer make out the beaver-houses or the dam, but significant sounds began to arise—splashes and ripplings, and once a swimming animal brushed the stern of the canoe.

Ellis was thinking of setting off a flash-light, and trusting to luck to catch something in focus, when, like a sudden thunderclap, there burst out the deep roar of a bull moose from the other end of the pond, not two hundred yards away. The sound was so terrific that Ellis cowered. The very leaves of the forest seemed to vibrate at its tremendous volume.

Almost immediately the challenge was answered by a sonorous bellow in the same direction, but apparently nearly a mile distant, to which the challenger responded with a roar of rage. Ellis heard the great animal threshing his antlers against the trees and smashing up the underbrush, and he thrilled at the possibility of a duel actually taking place in his presence, even if he could not see it.

For some minutes the distant animal was silent, while the nearer moose continued to tear up the saplings, gnashing his teeth with a loud chopping noise. Then Ellis heard a sudden startled "Whosh!" There was a bellow cut short and a rattling crash of locking antlers. The distant enemy must have crept up silently, made a circuit to approach his antagonist down wind, and then charged.

In spite of straining his eyes, Ellis could see nothing, but the noise was enough. Trees and shrubs crashed apart as the giant animals wrestled and swayed through the woods with stertorous snorts and gasps for breath. The huge prongs crashed together continually. Ellis thought that the fighters were equally matched, but suddenly one of them broke away, ran down to the head of the pond, and splashed into the water.

The other followed, with a terrific and triumphant blast, and the battle was resumed in the shallow water, with sounds like the dying flurry of a whale. Ellis could resist it no longer. The idea of obtaining so unique a photograph was too much for him, and he sat up in the canoe and pushed out.

The slight current of air toward him, and the noise of the fight covered his movements. The distance was about fifty yards, and the focus of his camera was fixed for a hundred feet.

The canoe tossed violently on the waves created by the battle, and when he had glided a short distance, there was a tremendous splash, a noise of floundering, and a scream like that of a wounded horse. One of the bulls had gone down.

Ellis gave two more strong paddle-strokes, shipped the paddle, and poised his camera. The terrific threshing in the water continued, and he sighted for the spot as accurately as he could, waited a moment, and then with trembling fingers pulled the trigger of the flash-gun.

In his excitement he did not hear the report. The gun was heavily loaded with flash-powder for outdoor work, and in the momentary, vivid white glare he saw the dark forest, the dark water, and a giant black animal standing with head turned suspiciously toward him above something that was hidden in a smother of spray.

Black darkness followed, and with it came an appalling bellow from the bull, and Ellis heard the sound of a plunge toward him. The brute had sighted his new enemy in the flash, and the killing fever was upon him.

Ellis caught up the paddle, spun the canoe round, and shot away blindly in the inky darkness. He could hear the bull apparently about a dozen yards behind, coming with great bounds through the water. But in a few strokes the canoe collided violently with something solid. Ellis lost his balance, pitched forward, and went helpless overboard and under water.

As his head bobbed up, he heard the smash of the moose putting a forefoot through the canoe. He dived, trying to swim under water, and ran against the jagged surface of one of the beaver-houses, which was, in fact, the obstacle upon which he had been wrecked. The bull charged him with a rush, and a sharp hoof grazed his leg. In the muddy bottom of the pond he blundered into what seemed a sort of trench. It led to the beaver lodge, and as he brushed against the bristling surface of knots and sticks, he felt an opening near the bottom. It was the hole that had been cut to enlarge the entrance of the raided lodge, and with a choking desire to take refuge anywhere, he thrust himself inside.

His head burst through a light flooring a foot above the water as he raised it. It was pitch dark. Lifting his hand, he felt the rough roof close above him. The water came nearly to his armpits as he squatted, and it was very cold. The air was damp and surcharged with animal odors.

He could hear the moose splashing about outside, probably puzzled at its victim's disappearance. Occasionally there was a sharp blow upon the roof of the lodge, but it was thick and solid, built of mud and interwoven branches.

As his fright passed off a little, Ellis felt about the interior of his refuge with much curiosity. The walls were rough and splintery, and a great number of small sticks were floating about. Above the light flooring that he had broken through appeared to have been the main living-room of the family, for there was a quantity of dry grass arranged as if for a nest. As nearly as he could judge, the place was about four feet in diameter.

He felt sure that the moose did not know where he was, for the animal was wading about from one lodge to another, sniffing loudly at each. Presently he might return to finish his former antagonist, Ellis thought and hoped, for the water was bitterly cold and he was rapidly growing numb.

After a time there was silence. Listening breathlessly, he could not hear the slightest sound. He waited for fully fifteen minutes more, however, to make sure, and then ventured to thrust out his head and shoulders. It was too dark to see anything, but after listening again, he proceeded to crawl through the opening.

He was half-out when something came rushing through the water. The cunning animal had waited silently for his reappearance, and a blow, fortunately half-deadened by the water, reached his arm. He squirmed back into his shelter again quickly enough to escape further injury. A hoof-stroke that made the whole lodge tremble came crashing upon the roof. A rain of blows followed that seemed as if they must knock the whole structure to pieces, but the tough walls held nobly. Finally, at a particularly heavy blow, a sharp hoof burst in, followed by the whole fore leg.

Ellis dodged, knocking his head violently against the sharp sticks in the wall. Directly over him the bull roared frightfully. Ellis could hear the long leg scraping about close to him; then he realized that the bull was no longer trying to reach him. It was merely trying to withdraw its leg, and was not succeeding. The leg was firmly wedged into the hole, almost to the shoulder.

At this reassuring discovery Ellis recovered from his panic. He might, in fact, have easily killed the animal by piercing the imprisoned leg with his knife, but he respected the truce of the park. The bull was now plunging about in the wildest terror, and seemed likely to break its leg if he failed to extricate it; but Ellis was not disposed to assist him to escape.

As soon as he was quite convinced that the animal was hard and fast, he stooped again, carefully avoiding the kicking leg, and once more wriggled out of the hole, leaving several strips of clothing on the projecting sticks about the entrance. The air seemed indescribably fresh as he emerged, and after the pitchy darkness of the beaver's den it seemed almost light upon the pond. He could make out the vast black bulk of the bull standing over the lodge, and it bellowed terrifyingly and enveloped itself in spray at the photographer's appearance. But Ellis did not stop to make observations. He was afraid the bull might break loose, and he did not even look for his escape or camera. He waded ashore, and started, dripping, toward camp, which was three or four miles distant.

The next morning, however, he returned with his guide and a smaller snap-shot camera which he had at camp. The moose was still there, standing with its fore leg buried in the beaver-house. But its spirit was gone. It stood with drooping head, exhausted and utterly cowed. As the men approached, it eyed them apathetically, while Ellis took several photographs of it; and it was so clearly harmless that a guide waded in and chopped it free with an ax. During this operation it only sniffed wearily, and when released it splashed slowly toward shore and disappeared among the alders with a dejected air. Its leg was caked with dark blood, where it had worn off about a foot of the hide in its struggles to escape.

Of the other moose engaged in the night's duel there was no trace beyond a maze of tracks and wisps of bloody hair on the torn-up earth. Undoubtedly it had gladly taken advantage of the diversion caused by Ellis to beat a retreat. The canoe, with a great hole in the bottom, had drifted down against the dam, and the camera with it—not very much injured. Ellis' chief regret was for the plate which it had contained, bearing the photograph of that duel in the dark.—Youth's Companion.

A Foster Family of Ducks.

A curious experiment in the hatching of ducklings by a turkey was made recently on a model farm at Willerhof, in the outskirts of Schlestadt, in Lower Alsace. It succeeded admirably, as attempts not dissimilar have succeeded elsewhere. The bird was placed in a basket in which were two plaster eggs, and it was kept there by means of a framework. In a couple of days the two artificial eggs were replaced with a dozen duck's eggs. In due time nine ducklings were hatched. The turkey showed much attachment to its brood and protected it devotedly. The first time the ducklings took to the water the turkey followed them, but soon drew back and patiently awaited their return and its vigilance did not relax even when they had grown up. When the fowl could not share their nest any longer, it left them in the evening to rejoin this fellow-turkeys, but when the coop was opened in the morning, it quickly sought its strange family, all the members of which are in good health.—La Nature.

Flying Turtles.

In one of the gallery tanks on the salt water side of the Aquarium are three sea turtles, each about a foot in length, the three including two green turtles and a hawkbill. They attract much attention here, where they can be seen close at hand and their motions in the water studied.

It may be that one of them will be seen swimming through the water, head up, with its body suspended at an angle and flapping its two broad forward flippers, one on either side, like the wings of a bird. Then the turtle looks strikingly like some sort of odd bird flying through the water.

A visitor who halted in front of this tank yesterday was so struck by the sight of one of these turtles that he raised his arms and swung them with the swimmer's flapping flippers, keeping time with the flying turtle.—New York Sun.

Modern Geography Like a Fairy Tale, Full of Romance, Marvel and Deep Interest.

Its Roll Call of Fascinating Personalities; It Has Become a Necessity to Every Reader of the News of the Day.

GEOGRAPHY means more than it did in the school days of any one past thirty. It is accepted now that it deals with "all the relations between the earth and its inhabitants"—which is wide scope indeed. Aside from autobiographies and newspapers, there is not a more interesting species of first-hand reading than the journals or records of geographers and their subordinate classes of explorers and travelers. What a roll-call of fascinating personages that provides, from Polo to Peary and to (Miss) Peck. From Columbus, De Gama, Drake, Franklin, Livingstone, Stanley and the rest to Nansen, Abrazzi and Scott, and the Prince of Monaco.

"Geography is not only prehistoric, it is prehuman." As primitive man had to become familiar with his environment, and learn, for his subsistence and existence, where to find food and water, where to find shelter in cave or thicket, what roots and fruits were nutritious or harmful, what animals were available for eating, and what animals he had to guard against if he would live—so the birds and beasts had to do likewise, and learn, in their way, what we call geography nowadays. To understand what this science is nowadays, glance over the latest periodicals of societies devoted to it. Nothing that deals with the depths of the sea, the heights of the mountains, the run of tides, the danger of the plains, climate, excavations of ancient cities, the races of mankind, vegetable life and organic life, migration—nothing that deals with these is outside geography, which once seemed the easiest study of young days.

As the late hydrographer of the British Navy said, in an address just printed after his death, "to read the daily newspapers requires either a geographical knowledge or constant reference to maps," and the mistakes made by those responsible for the conduct of public affairs "by want of the most elementary knowledge are innumerable." It is not all in understanding a map, though that in itself is not a common facility. Let us remember that it does not end with the charted outlines of the world, or the relief of lands, or even of sea depths. Its field has been stated to be "the face of the earth," yet that, too, is far within what this most human science is parent of. It has to do with tests of atmosphere, and the profile of the ocean's bed and what lives there.

How irregular coast lines make a difference in people on the land; how man, superior to plants, has overcome mountains; how different he becomes in these altitudes from what he is in the plains; how the Phoenicians in 600 B. C. circumnavigated Africa, and yet how the Japanese, whose legends, not to mention history, do not go back further than that same 600 B. C., believe that their islands originated from the drip of the God Iznaga's sword (which he dipped into the sea'; how this last mentioned nation is derived from a mixture of Korean and Malay blood and it got its language and religion and art from China and Korea, and its present civilization from the West; how the Victoria Falls, discovered in 1860, may now be reached in comfort, and how Siberia and Newfoundland may be crossed by rail in "sleepers," and "diners"—all this concerns modern geography.

It is part of geography how the Black Hills of Colorado, rising suddenly from a plain, produce rainfalls there, which in turn produce forests and wash away the surface soil, exposing ore, and thus attract population. It is part of geography when the 450 miles of ice mass as high as the tallest New York building has receded fourteen miles toward the South Pole since 1841; or when it is found that out of the Red Sea runs at the bottom a current more rapid than that which runs in at the top. So also when Canada erects two new provinces, or Alaska reveals gold, or removes its capital from Sitka to Juneau, or when it is demonstrated that the moon does not foretell the weather. So, likewise, when Norway chooses to be a kingdom instead of a republic (and elects a king!) and when 400 miles of telephones are stretched up the Congo, or telegraph poles are, as they will be next winter, set across Sahara Desert.

This scarcely begins to indicate what the new georgraphy comprises, or how, with the growth of communication among the human inhabitants of the earth—with the invention of steam, the printing press, electricity, Marconigraphs and the indefatigable enterprise of explorers—the old limitations have been extended. In a few years 1000 miles more of coast line have been mapped toward the South Pole; few places in the ocean, which used to have "unfathomable depths," remain unsounded; the sacred and impenetrable city of Lhasa has been penetrated; Korea has been deprived of an immemorial sovereignty; Mexico's "free zone" has been abolished; seven and one-half feet high gorillas have been shot on the French Congo; the origin of the horse has been settled in our own West, and the discovery of the birthplace of civilization is believed to be on the eve of fulfilment by a Carnegie Institute expedition to Turkestan, under sand drift brought on by the receding of rivers and the winds of time.—New York Press.

A DEEP BORING.

Facts of Interest Gleaned Through a Half Mile Well.

In 1857 for some reason it was thought profitable and possible to secure an artesian well in the State House yard. The geology of Ohio as a science was still unwritten. In fact, the first volume of the Ohio Geological Reports contains the written record of this boring.

Down 2775 feet—over half a mile—the auger was sent by the slow and laborious process of the time, and nearly a year was spent in the work. The boring was commenced on November 4, 1857, and stopped October 1, 1858. No artesian water was found.

The boring was made in the eastern part of the grounds. Its site was pointed out to the writer some years ago, and it is now probably covered by the cement walk extending out to Third street from the Judiciary building. Water was struck and plenty of it—fresh, salt, sulphur, magnesian, etc., but none of it came to the top.

Professor Theodore G. Wormley, the professor of chemistry in Starling Medical College, embraced the opportunity to secure the temperature of this deep boring. With a thermometer placed in a specialty prepared iron case, and left at the bottom of the boring twenty-four hours, he found the temperature at the bottom to be 88 degrees Fanrenheit. Making deductions for the distance below the surface at which the heat of the sun ceases to be felt, he computed that the temperature increased one degree for every seventy-one feet of descent. At that time European scientists who were carefully studying this branch of physical geography had estimated that the temperature increased in such conditions one degree for every sixty-six feet.

There is no record of the cost of the boring, but it must have been considerable, as the facilities and apparatus were primitive compared with those in use now. Though failing of its principal purpose, the State seems to have turned it to account through its geologists, so that it was not wholly money wasted.—Columbus Evening Dispatch.

Importance of Dress.

Dress is no longer the pre-occupation of the shallow-minded. It is recognized of infinite importance by even the brainy and intellectual of womankind, who now frankly acknowledge the obligation imposed on them to look their nicest.—The Gentlewoman.

Electric Cathedral.

Berlin's new cathedral is not only lighted throughout by electricity, but the same power is used for ringing the peal of bells, and the organ is operated by a nine horse power motor.

Japanese Jugglers.

The marvellous performances of the jugglers of Japan have been widely known ever since the isolation of the Island Empire was broken. More than thirty years ago Bayard Taylor, the American traveler and literator, told this story:

"I was witness to some astonishing specimens of illusion. After a variety of tricks with tops, cups of water and paper butterflies, the juggler exhibited to the spectators a large open fan, which he held in his right hand, then threw it into the air, caught it by the handle in his left hand, squatted down, fanned himself, and then turning his head in profile, gave a loud sigh, during which the image of a galloping horse issued from his mouth. Still fanning himself, he shook from his right sleeve an army of little men, who presently, bowing and dancing, vanished out of sight. Then he bowed, closed the fan and held it in his two hands, during which time his own head disappeared, then became visible, but of colossal size, and finally reappeared in its natural dimensions, but multiplied four or five times. They set a jar before him, and in a short time he issued from the neck, rose slowly in the air, and vanished in clouds along the ceiling."

The Two Worlds.

Golden memories are undying. Pure love is immortal. The bud of friendship that begins to bloom on earth, bears precious fruit in heaven. Holy remembrances call the assembled hither. Death, the silent key that unlocks life's portal to let earth-coffined spirits up one step higher, severs no sweet attraction. Sympathies between the two worlds are as natural as between the two continents. The translated mother looks down lovingly upon her weeping child. Happy each glory-bathed soul who cherishes the whisper accents breathed from those angel dwellers upon the shadowless shores of immortality.

Trout's Narrow Escape.

A correspondent of the Field relates that he shot a flying heron that had been fishing in the River Colne at Uxbridge, and as the bird fell there dropped out of its mouth a trout nearly one-half pound in weight. The fish was alive, though scored on the back. A keeper procured a live bait can, filled it with water, and put the trout into it. After a minute or so the fish gained strength. In a few hours it seemed quite resuscitated, and apparently none the worse for its narrow escape from death. It was accordingly returned to the river to recover itself fully.—London Standard.

The Church of England has an income of $75,000,000 a year.

SONG OF THE POLICY-HOLDER.

Come, give me the gaff—I'm a policy-holder;
Come, give me the gaff and add to my joy.
Though furrowed my brow, till you'd think me much older,
In knowledge I feel I'm the veriest boy.

An agent once came to my neat little dwelling
And sang me a song full of love for the poor;
The story is old and not worth re-telling,
Yet sadder than e'en the "last sigh of the Moor."
He had me afraid to go forth to my toiling
And leave my good wife and the chicks that are ours;
Behind ev'ry bush was the death-serpent coiling—
I smelled the pine-coffin and waxy-white flowers.

He told of a plan by benevolent persons
To care for my loved ones when I should be gone.
His story had surely had lots of rehearsin's—
Since then I have learned 'twas a bundle of con.
The charges, he said, for this kindly protection,
Were scarce what it cost the good men in the scheme—
Of late I've been reading of certain detections
That rudely awakened me out of my dream.

I find that my money's been paying for yachtes
And horses and homes and champagny galore;
I find that I've made millionaire-men in batches,
And plutocrats, too, by the dozen and score.
I find I've invested in things never heard of,
Contributed much to the boodle campaigns—
With other such things that I knew not a word of,
And now I am getting the laugh for my pains.

Come, kick me around—I'm a policy-holder;
Come, gull me and skin me and heighten my joy.
Though ashen my cheek till you'd think me much older,
In verdancy still I'm the veriest boy.
—Strickland W. Gillilan, in Puck.

FLASHES OF FUN

"The duke is dead in love with her, isn't he?" "He is prepared to lay all his liabilities at her feet."—Life.

Teacher—"When water becomes ice, what important change takes place?" Pupil—"The change in price."—Cleveland Leader.

"You've been so prosperous this year you ought to be very happy." "How can I be happy when I haven't a thing in the world to growl about?"—Atlanta Constitution.

"That flimsily constructed public building is a scandal!" exclaimed the patriot. "Never mind," answered Mr. Degraft soothingly, "it'll soon blow over."—Washington Star.

"Sunday," remarked the tired-looking passenger, "is no day of rest for me." "Ball player?" queried the other passenger. "No—leader of a church choir."—Chicago Tribune.

Lives of great men all remind us,
As their pages o'er we turn,
That we're apt to leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn.
—London Star.

Miss Thin—"I'm going to send Mr. Millions a picture of myself in evening dress for a valentine." Miss Cutting—"Oh, what makes you send him a comic?"—Detroit Free Press.

Dorcas—"The operation was successful, but the patient couldn't survive the shock." Mrs. Dorcas—"Gracious! How careless to let a poor man in his condition find out what the operation cost."—Puck.

Mrs. Klubbs (severely)—"I've been lying awake these three hours waiting for you to come home." Mr. Klubbs—(ruefully)—"Gee! And I've been staying away three hours, waiting for you to go to sleep."—Cleveland Leader.

"Have you ever made any effort to bring your colleagues to your way of thinking?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum, "I don't care anything about their way of thinking. What I want is to bring them to my way of voting."—Washington Star.

Old Time Ways.

The soldiers were on the war-path in a flash, and there was a regular mix-up. I saw one of the haymakers draw a murderous-looking knife, and before I could get to him he plunged it into the back of one of the cavalry men I went for him, and as I reached and grabbed him by the collar, two or three of his friends ran toward me and one of them yelled, "Cuss you, take your hands off my pard." I said nothing but kept moving out of the crush still holding my man. The soldier he had knifed lay quite still with wide open, staring eyes. He was stripped naked to the waist, having gotten ready to fight a fellow soldier with his fists. The blood from the knife-cut nearly covered his whole back and breast. He lay half on his back with his face turned to the sky. I noticed all this,for he presented such a revolting sight.—W. J. Carney and Chauncey Thomas, in "Kit Carson Town in the Early Seventies," From Outing.

A Sordid Match.

Sums of money have relative value. To the man who has nothing $1000 looks like a neat little pile, while to the man who has just failed for a million it is not a drop in the bucket.

A traveler from one of the rural countries in Europe where the people live simple lives and seldom see the color of money tells a story of a husband and wife who were always quarreling. Getting on confidential terms with the man, the traveler asked him why they didn't make up.

"I don't want to make up," declared the man frankly. "I never did care anything for her. I only married her for her money."

"I didn't know she had money."

"Yes, she did. She had forty dollars."

POPULAR SCIENCE

Airship travel seems to be already popular. W. de Fonvielle estimates that seven or eight hundred balloon voyages are now made annually, and states that the members of the French Aero Club alone made more than two hundred last year. The forms and colors of the clouds, the brightness, and the new views of the earth give a wonderful charm to sky automobiling.

Julius Rosenberg considers ultra-violet rays remedial agents of the greatest value, especially for the relief of pain, says the Baltimore Sun. He employs a thirty-five-ampere arc, with mirror reflectors, and attaches importance to the use of iron-carbide electrodes. He concludes that the ultra-violet rays obtained in this way are a specific remedy in acute muscular pain, such as lumbago.

Professor W. E. Ayrton points out that the common expression "buying electricity" and "consuming electric current" are misleading. No electricity is used up in lighting buildings, driving machinery, and propelling cars and trains. "Just as much electricity flows away per minute, through the return conductor, from your electrically lighted house as flows to it through the coming conductor.

The pomelo, sometimes called the Chinese breadfruit, a citrus-fruit which may be described as a cross between the orange and the grapefruit, combining the good points of both, is the subject of an interesting report by Mr. Anderson, the United States Consul at Hangchow. Mr. Anderson regards it as the finest fruit grown in the Far East. He believes that it might be introduced with profit into the Southern United States.

The gigantic animals of the so-called age of reptiles, whose remains are especially abundant in some of the lands bordering the Rocky Mountains, appeal so powerfully to the imagination that an exaggerated notion of their size and weight is frequently entertained. It has more than once been pointed out that, as far as paleontology shows, the earth never contained more bulky creatures than the whales of to-day.

The construction of an ordinary telegraph line between Lima, on the Pacific side of the Andes in Peru, and Iquitos, near the Amazon, being all but impossible, btcause of the density of the forests and the animosity of the ignorant natives, the wireless method is to be employed. Already communication by wireless telegraphy exists between Lima and Puerto Bermudez, and this line will be extended to Iquitos, a distance of about 600 miles, with three intermediate stations.

One on the Conductor.

Colonel Sanders was a passenger on one of the Montana railroads at one time. He had the annual pass on the road, but on this occasion he had left it at home. He had traveled the same route many times before and was well known to the conductor. When that official came around for the tickets, the Colonel told him of his forgetfulness. The conductor, however, was obdurate; he must have ticket or money. The Colonel, rather than have a scene, finally pulled out a five dollar bill, which was ample to cover the expenses of his trip. It was a very ragged affair—all torn and pasted.

"That's a fine looking bill to give me," growled the conductor.

Colonel Sanders was by this time thoroughly nettled.

"Well,' he cried in a voice that could be heard all over the car, "if you don't like it, turn it in to the company."

The laugh that went up was at the expense of the conductor.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Wild Beasts of India.

Year by year records are published of the destruction of human and cattle life by the wild beast and snakes of British India. Last year 24,576 human beings and 96,226 cattle were killed, and of the people, 21,827 deaths were attributed to snakes, while of the cattle, 86,000 were killed by wild beasts, panthers being charged with 40,000 and tigers with 30,000 of this total; snakes accounted for 16,000. And this is but a trifling percentage of the actual annual mortality, as it excludes the feudatory States, with their 700,000 square miles and 60,000,000 inhabitants, where no records are obtainable. Nor do the fatalities grow materially less, notwithstanding the efforts of sportsmen and rewards by Government, because the development of railways and roads, as the jungle is reclaimed for agriculture, means continuous invasion of the snake and tiger-infested territory.—Caspar Whitney, in "The Trail of the Tiger," in Outing.

Cheering Him Up.

"Ye-es," Mr. Billings said, reluctantly, in reply to his friend's remark that Mrs. Joyce was "an awfully sweet little woman." "So cheerful! Always sunny; always looking on the bright side!" Billings' friend continued, enthusiastically.

"There's such a thing as overdoing that 'bright side' business," said Billings. "The other night I was up there and Joyce—you know how absent minded he is?—put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth. He jumped three feet, and was a little noisy for a minute. Right in the midst of it all Mrs. Joyce smiled blandly, and said:

"'How fortunate you were, dear, to discover it at once!'"