

IT.

The Earth is floating like a little ball upon thin air—and on its back—a man.

In such proportions do both stretch and sprawl.

### The Further Research of Wickham.

By RITA KELLEY.

Thomas Henry Wickham was good-looking, intellectual and—twenty-eight.

"It was true. Exactly," she finished for him.

To be sure, once or twice during the year he had taught in the Western university he had accepted invitations to places of amusement where ladies were present.

"But, Miss Harned, I tried to save you!" Wickham was flushing in his effort to justify himself.

Now the year was over and he was off for his home in Boston, glad to be free from Western crudeness forever.

"Well, you didn't," she announced, looking him steadily in the eyes.

"Hello!" Jenks said.

"Here—now?" Wickham looked around him.

"Yes," Wickham announced; "I go out on the 10.30."

"Yes," she said; "the excursion train was held over for twelve hours by a freight, and they are all bound for Boston."

"Why," laughed Fanshaw, "Miss—" he suddenly choked—"we'll be down to see you off," he finished lamely.

Wickham groaned. Miss Harned settled herself in the extreme corner of her seat and looked steadily at the flying scenery.

He reached the station barely in time that night, and found the platform crowded with men of the younger university set and young women, among them Miss Eugenia Harned.

"Three whole days of this," he thought, and he decided to move on into the smoker.

Something was flying through the air like confetti on a fete night.

"Are we quite sure that the received notions of property are the best?"

The passengers in the other sections were all looking toward his end of the car and laughing uproariously.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD —AND— BENJAMIN JOWETT, ON THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.

Matthew Arnold says:

"Inequality, like absolutism, thwarts a vital instinct, and being thus against nature, is against our humanization.

And again he says:

"Democracy is trying to affirm its own essence; to live, to enjoy, to possess the world.

"Our shortcomings in civilization are due to our inequality; or, in other words, the great inequality of classes and property, which came to us from the Middle Age, and which we maintain because we have the religion of inequality.

And then there was serene old Benjamin Jowett, who pauses in his analysis of Plato's "Republic" to ask:

"Are we quite sure that the received notions of property are the best? Can the spectator of time and all existence be quite convinced that one or two thousand years hence great changes will not have taken place in the rights of property, or even that the very notion of property beyond what is necessary for personal maintenance may not have disappeared?"

—From Collier's Weekly.

He dropped his traveling bag on the seat and glanced over his shoulder.

Johnny took the whooping cough—Miss Harned shot to her feet and was crowding into the aisle before the amazed little woman could finish her sentence.

Jenks and Fanshaw, returning from the station arm in arm, were rendered speechless by the apparition of Wickham coming toward them from the second corner.

"Thank you," he said, gently, letting his fingers sweep over her worn hand.

"Why—why—what's the matter?" stammered Jenks.

"I am sorry, Miss Harned," he said, taking hold of her arm and closing the door at the same time.

"Nothing," returned Wickham; "I just came down to meet you. I'm going out on the morning train," he announced.

"No, no; let them live. The poor dunces! They're nothing else to do."

He barely made an east-bound train out of Chicago the following afternoon, and was walking down the aisle looking for a seat when he stopped short, staring blankly.

"Really, I'm beginning to enjoy it—it's all so—so unusual."

"Miss Harned," he gasped; "this is indeed unexpected."

"Yes, it is," he assented, steadying her and looking down at the brown head so near his shoulder.

"I'm sorry if you regret meeting me again."

"Don't, don't!" she pleaded; "don't you see they are all looking?"

"Why, Miss Harned—"

"I learned Italian doctor says that gigantism is a morbid process—a disease due to an enlargement of a part of the brain which is endowed with growth-regulated functions.

went from Meadowville to Chicago on our wedding trip."

"Are you going to live in Boston?" the little woman was questioning.

He looked at Miss Harned. He decided all at once that he wanted a smoke.

By the time he had reached the smoker he had forgotten all about cigars.

His wife! The mere thought had all the flavor of wildest romance.

Miss Harned was being entertained by the little woman in the brown alpaca dress.

"You will, Eugenia," he said, softly, and bending over he kissed her full on the lips.

"Have it your own way," she said.

"But, thank heaven, getting engaged doesn't mean getting married."

"Well, we'll not speak of that now," she said, disengaging herself with a sigh of relief.

"Yes, time enough when our friends meet us at Boston," he assented, lazily.

"Why—I'll never speak to you again!" she said, looking at the open door.

"All's fair, you know," he said, stepping aside for her to pass, and looking so handsome that she had not the heart to more than frown.

"I'll say good-by to you for a little while, Mrs. Wickham," he grinned as he left her in her section.

It is not known definitely what Wickham did in the following two days, but he must have made himself very engaging, for Eugenia had promised to marry him in the fall, and they were on good terms when the train pulled into Back Bay station.

She was stunned to descend into a very bedlam of old friends and relatives everywhere.

"But I thought you were going into further research, Thomas," with a discomfited glance at Miss Harned.

"Yes, so I have, mother. Come, meet my wife," and he went toward Eugenia, who stood expostulating to the hilarious and utterly incredulous crowd.

"We'll run out to Cambridge tomorrow at 10 and have it fixed up," he said.

She looked at him with relief and resignation in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, but I'm really afraid the door is locked—a little formally the porter saw to."

"Neither, my dear," he said, soothingly; "only this thing has got to end here, and the only way out of it is for you to promise to marry me."

"You see, these people are mainly Bostonese, and I've met a few who are personally acquainted with our families (may the Lord forgive me)," he said under his breath.

His arm was like iron about her. The people in the coach sat with eyes turned discreetly away.

"Will you, Eugenia?" he asked.

"Have it your own way," she said.

"But, thank heaven, getting engaged doesn't mean getting married."

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### THE RAID OF THE TUSKER.

"We were all seated under the shamiana, a sort of fringed canopy under which East Indians sit in the cool of the evening."

"Run, sahibs, run! The tusker has gone mad. He has broken loose!"

"All started to their feet, and the terror-stricken servants flew in every direction.

"Our first impulse was to run for our guns, but they were all taken to pieces. Not one in the camp was ready for use."

The elephant next made a rush for the shamiana; the ropes snapped like burnt flax, the lacquered bamboo poles broke like pipe-stems.

"Have it your own way," she said.

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The American Museum of Natural History has received samples of the hair, wool and hide of a mammoth, probably the only samples of the outer covering of this extinct animal now in America.

Most of the opium in India is produced in the agencies of Bihar and Benares, which have, respectively, 106,000 and 215,000 acres under cultivation.

A machine for making corks out of waste paper and paper pulp has recently been perfected and patented.

This machine makes corks out of all kinds of waste paper, which are much superior to the ordinary corks, as they are impervious to acids or oils.

A learned Italian doctor says that gigantism is a morbid process—a disease due to an enlargement of a part of the brain which is endowed with growth-regulated functions.

When that part of the brain enlarged, the limbs grew to an abnormal extent and other physical changes occurred.

The average life is only a fraction over twenty years. Ireland has produced at least four giants—McGrath, born in Tipperary, in 1726 he was 7 feet 5 inches in height; Malone, 7 feet 6 inches; Murphy, 7 feet 3 inches; and Charles Byrne, 7 feet 6 inches.

None of them ever reached great mental development.

not like to crawl in ignominiously at the pilgrims' bathing-place, near which we were, and which would have been the wisest course to adopt.

In I plunged, intending to swim down to the regular bathing-place, where I knew there must be a good bottom for getting out.

But when I was just about to put my foot to the ground, I was brought up sharp with a tremendous blow on my right breast.

"I've sweated most o' the ugliness outen him a'ready," continued the trainer.

"He ain't got but one mean habit left, an' to-day I'm a-going to larn him to fergit it."

The mean habit referred to was this: When Bronco decided to go straight ahead, he'd go. Over rocks and down the steep banks of a wash, through cactus and the well-named cat's claw; and if the chollas pricked him or the curved claws of the brush snatched at his flanks, he would throw in some fancy bucking for good measure as he tore along.

At the end of twenty minutes or so the trainer decided that the stiff neck was sufficiently limber.

When he mounted he discovered his error; the frightened horse pranced and bucked with him, and finally tried to roll over the rider, who sprang from the saddle just in time.

But his patience was by no means exhausted.

"Here's a sure way to make 'em limber," he announced; and picking up a large flat stone, he tapped the horse's neck for a few minutes steadily, but not with sufficient force to hurt him.

"Now we'll turn him loose an' see how he behaves himself," remarked the trainer; and unslinging the ropes, he again mounted and rode the now tractable horse in circles and figure eights, turning and wheeling at will.

"I'd a heap sooner twist this critter's neck with a rope," the trainer concluded, "than have him break his neck an' mine, too, over yonder cliff."

This was the justification of Bronco's hard lesson.

Cold and the Skin.

Sharp frosts or cutting winds have an unpleasant way of finding out the weak points in the cutaneous system, and unless special attention is paid to the hygiene of the skin a good deal of unnecessary discomfort, or even actual suffering, must needs be endured.

London Hospital.

Charles Martens won a place on the Springfield (Mass.) police force by having his neck stretched three-tenths of an inch in five weeks by means of weights.