began Bo hath it bobbed—sea, mountain, man, et al;

not a one hath ever had a fall, hough land and water, enviou envious of

the Earth is floating like a little ball
Upon thin air—and on its back—a
man;
Since that strange chaos from which all
began
hath it bobbed—sea, mountain, man,
hath it bobbed—sea, mountain, man,

Yet, in this scheme stupendous, our great Though land and water, envious of with place, Saith, once for all—Man and his Earth Have shifted often, leaving little trace, are IT.

—Lurana W. Sheldon, in the New York Times.

The Further Research of Wickham.

By RITA KELLEY.

Thomas Henry Wickham was goodlooking, intellectual and-twentyeight. He had always considered girls unworthy of attention, and had devoted his time to research in old false accusation." Gothic.

To be sure, once or twice during the year he had taught in the West- effort to justify himself. ern university he had accepted invitations to places of amusement where ladies were present. But that was because, it being leap-year, the ladies had done the honors, and Miss Eugenia Harned, instructor in French, was not a young woman to be refused.

Now the year was over and he was off for his home in Boston, glad to be free from Western crudeness forever. He had planned to leave on the evening train for Chicago, where for Boston.' he would join an excursion going past Niagara and Toronto, down the Hudson, arriving at Boston in three days. He Jushed with pleasure as he bade was saying with admiration: "Good nothing else to do. work, my boy. You are doing well to be called back to Harvard after one year of teaching, and I wish you suc-Wickham was still blushing as he left the office and ran into Fanshaw, fellow in English, and Jenks, of the philosophy department.

"Hello!" Jenks said. "They tell me you're leaving to-day?"

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

"Why," laughed Fanshaw, "Miss-" he suddenly choked-"we'll be down to see you off," he finished lamely. Wickham, absorbed in the business of getting out of town, walked off through the campus, unconscious of the winks and nods of the two men in front of the executive office.

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. Apparently they were down to see him off, and Wickham was flattered. He had never thought much of popularity, but if this was posing the public eye he liked it. train thundered in and he climbed aboard, after several of the young women, including Miss Harned, had preceded him. Some of the men followed, and when he got inside he saw a whole host of them coming from the other end of the Pullman. His heart warmed. He had never considered himself a general favorite before, and the thought pleased him.

Something was flying through the air like confetti on a fete night. The passengers in the other sections were all looking toward his end of the car and laughing uproariously. As he dropped his traveling bag on the seat an old shoe, thrown through the air. glanced off his sleeve. He turned and saw Miss Harned, the French instructor, in the opposite section, sur-rounded by bags and suit cases. She and traveling bags, and that the floor of her dress just matched the sheen ing her on the platform. was peppered with it. Someone at the door called out, "Where's the self adjusting his panama on his

way as Wickham stepped out on the such trying circumstances! He met platform and slammed the door behind him.

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. "Why-why-what's the matter?"

stammered Jenks.

"Nothing," returned Wickham: "I announced. "The lady is more comfortable so," and, turning, he walked

with them up the street. 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. There before him sat Miss Eugenia Harned, lookgold dress. Strange, he had never thought her pretty before! She was smiling at him in a timid way. He pulled off his hat and sat down in the at facing the one which she occu-

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

"I'm sorry if you regret meeting me again." Her long lashes swept her cheek as she looked down. Then he glanced up at the man glaring comfitted at her. "But I'm glad I have a chance to tell you how unutterably mean you were to leave me in that—situation—last night."

Why, Miss Harned-" Wickham was growing more uncomfortable every moment; "I couldn't do any-thing else. If I had stayed on they would have believed..." "I couldn't do any-

************ "It was true. Exactly," she finished for him. "And they did. I spent half the night explaining that you had

> "But, Miss Harned, I tried to save you!" Wickham was flushing in his

> dropped off to save yourself from

"Well, you didn't," she announced. looking him steadily in the eyes. "They decided you had been kidnaped, and they are all on tiptoe to see you make this train.

"Here—now?" Wickham looked around him. "Are these the same people?" he asked, with a blank expression.

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

Wickham groaned. Miss Harned settled herself in the extreme corner of her seat and looked steadily at the flying scenery. Wickham took to the president good-by. The old man studying her face, because there was

"Three whole days of this," he thought, and he decided to move on into the smoker. He made some attempt to excuse himself without at-

went from Meadowville to Chicago on our wedding trip. reminiscently. "That isn't such a nice one as yours—" Eugenia squirmed in her seat by the window. She threw Wickham a glance that should have softened his heart, but it didn't.

"Are you going to live in Boston? the little woman was questioning. And Wickham, with a charming bow,

acknowledged that they were. He looked at Miss Harned. He decided all at once that he wanted a smoke. He bowed himself off as smoothly and as quickly as possible. By the time he had reached the smoker he had forgotten all about cigars. His face betrayed unusual perturbation of mind, and he adjusted his hat several times before it rested entirely to his satisfaction. He was conscious that he had gone too far with Miss Harned, and he had the uncomfortable thought that she would never forgive him. And through all he knew he should be turned discreetly away. She looked proud of Miss Harned if she were actually his wife.

His wife! The mere thought had all the flavor of wildest romance. To find them mocking, but they held her the man's man-to a digger of old reluctant ones with a quiet force that Gothic roots-the first realization of fascinated her. She could not look femininity as a potent force in life struck him broadside with a force that made him gasp. His wife! Why not? He started up with his chin out, a full light of determination in his eye-he would go and ask her now.

And he swung down the alsle. Miss Harned was being entertained by the little woman in the brown alpaca dress. She looked tired and cross, and a red spot glowed in either cheek. He ignored the little woman, who looked up brightly at him, but went on talking, and, leaning over toward Miss Harned, he said steadily: "Come on out here: I want to talk

with you." She threw him a glance that was

half scorn, half entreaty.

"Then they all got the measles and 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. A system founded on it is against nature, and in the long run breaks down."

And again he says:

And again he says:

"Democracy is trying to affirm its own essence; to live, to enjoy, to possess the world. Ever since Europe emerged from barbarism, ever since the condition of the common people began a little to improve, ever since their minds began to stir, this effort of democracy has been gaining strength; and the more their condition improves, the more strength this effort gains.

"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, this constitution of things has the natural and necessary effect of materializing our upper class, vulgarizing our middle class, and brutalizing our lower class. And this is to fail in civilization. We are trying to live on with a social organization of which the day is over."

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

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? The reflection will occur that the state of society can hardly be final in which the interests of thousands are periled on the life and character of a single person. And many will indulge the hope that the state in which we live will be only transitional, and may conduct to a higher state, in which property, besides ministering to the enjoyment of the few, may also furnish the means of the highest culture to all, and will be a greater benefit to the public generally, and also more under the control of public authority. There may come a time when the saying, Have I not a right to do what I will with my own? may appear to be a barbarous relic of individualism."

—From Collier's Weekly. -From Collier's Weekly.

vexed. Wickham thought she was evening before, and remembered that speak. Something hit against his seemed unconscious of his gaze, and It was sprinkled over seats, people she was very interesting. The brown The bell rang, the train be- blond head, squaring his shoulders gan to move and the young people that had been broadened by rowing in the Harvard crew. If only they The train was getting well under had not been thrust together under her eyes and looked at her till she spoke.

"And you are such a woman-hater, too--" she said.

"Oh, but I'm not!" He flashed itout and smiled dazzlingly at her to see the light in her eyes. Truly, Wick-ham was waking up. "Some women, perhaps; but certainly not of you."

"Oh, your husband has found you, just came down to meet you. I'm I see!" exclaimed a thin, little voice. going out on the morning train," he And Wickham turned to see a motherly person beaming upon them with kindly eyes. He bent toward Miss Harned with the least bit of a wicked gleam in his eyes.

"We'll have to stick it out to the

end," he said. . "To Boston," she corrected.

"Madam, won't you be seated?" He rose and bowed gravely to the odd ing very pretty, in a cool brown and little person in a brown alpaca dress. She slipped into the seat sbyly, her thin, worn hands fingering a pleat down the front of her dress. Her eyes redsemed her plain face; they grew large and almost wistful as they looked at Miss Harned.

"You must be so happy," she said, her voice lingering over the words. Eugenia Harned flushed crimson.

"Pardon me," the little woman hastened to add. "I know just how you feel; it is all so new and-wonderful. And you can't hardly realize that it is all true yet—that you've got each other." She looked from Miss Harned to Wickham. That in front of the plate-glass door. "And wicked person returned the glance steadily and smiled.

"Exactly," he agreed.
"I remember when John and I were married," she continued, "we

tracting the attention of the passen- | Johnny took the whooping cough-" but she ignored him. He fell Miss Harned shot to her feet and was to wondering if she would forgive crowding into the aisle before the was blushing furiously and looked him for the embarrassment of the amazed little woman could finish her sentence: but Wickham bent over going to cry. He opened his mouth to he had not asked for pardon. She and looked into the hurt, brown eyes.

"Thank you," he said, gently, letteeth and he bit on it. It was white he watched the sensitive outlines of ting his fingers sweep over her worn and hard, like a kernel. He saw that her face vary in expression. Really, hand. "We'll be back presently," and he strode after Miss Harned, overtak-

"I am sorry, Miss Harned," he said, taking hold of her arm and closing the door at the same time. She confronted him with angry eyes brimming with tears.

"Oh, forgive me," he said, with a world of compassion in his voice. is all a miserable mistake, and I'll go back and kill those university people if you say so." He looked so vicious that she laughed through her tears.

"No, no; let them live. The poor dunces! They've nothing else to do." "But their asinine foolishness has made you uncomfortable."

"Really, I'm beginning to enjoy it -it's all so-so unusual." A rounding of a curve sent her into Wickham's arms.

"Yes, it is," he assented, steadying her and looking down at the brown head so near his shoulder - and nice," he added, watching the tendrils of her hair stream out in the wind.

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

Wickham became conscious that his arm was still about her and that there were people in the coach abead. A sudden light came into his eyes. was a mingling of Satanic glee or triumph. Eugenia could not tell which; but the arm around her tightened. Instinctively she knew her hour had come-that there was no

"It is quite the customary thing for a man to put his arm around his wife when they are looking at the scenery," he said, assuredly. Eugenia gasped. She tried moving away nat-lower jaw, the arms and legs. The urally, as though to take another look average life is only a fraction over at a telegraph pole flying past. He moved with her, keeping her firmly especially on the rear platform of a 5 inches in height); Malone, 7 feet 6 railway coach; it is dangerous other-

"Then I shall go in," she said an-

"I'm sorry, but I'm really afraid the door is locked—a little formality the porter saw to. This road is particularly kind to newly-married peo-

"Dr. Wickham," her eyes blazed dangerously as she confronted him, are you a fool or a madman?"

"Neither, my dear," he said, soothhigly; "only this thing has got to end here, and the only way out of it is for you to promise to marry me. Will you?" Again Miss Harned could only gasp.

"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, "and there is really no other way out of it. Will you. Eugenia? You see, our family has known yours for generations, and it is truly not so bad, and-and I love you, Eugenia. Say yes."

His arm was like iron about her. The people in the coach sat with eyes up at his broad shoulders, his fine head, and reluctantly into his serious blue eyes. She had half expected to away

"Will you. Eugenia?" he asked. She could not bring herself to say either the one thing or the other. His eyes were searching hers, and she felt herself yielding irrevocably. She made a last futile effort to get away, and stopped motionless.
"You will, Eugenia," he said, soft-

ly, and bending over he kissed her full on the lips. He smiled to see the hot color surge in her face. She laughed with embarrassment.

"Have it your own way," she said. But, thank heaven, getting engaged doesn't mean getting married. If I ever get off this train-You'll marry me," he said, smiling

down at her. "Well, we'll not speak of that now," she said, disengaging herself with a sigh of relief and glancing into the

Yes, time enough when our friends meet us at Boston," he assented, lazily. "Have you had enough fresh air?" he asked, turning toward the door and opening it.

"Why - I'll never speak to you again!" she said, looking at the open "You said it was locked." 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 bediam of old friends and ricerice everywhere. She threw one vanquished glance at Wickham, who stood smug and complacent, his arm around an elderly woman with nose glasses, who clung to his coat buttons with tremulous hands.

"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. He bent over her.

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

She looked at him with relief resignation in her over

"I guess we'll have to!"-McCall's Magazine.



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. They are from Elephant Point, Alaska.

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. The net revenue derived from the opium in 1907 amounted to \$14,574,893.

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. Tests made by chemists and the larger users of corks cay they are far superior to the old style in every way.

A learned Italian doctor says that glantism 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 excess of growth being chiefly in the twenty years. Ireland has produced at least four giants-McGrath, born in Tipperary, in 1736 (he was 7 feet inches; Murphy, 7 feet 3 inches, and Charles Byrne, 7 feet 6 inches. None of them ever reached great mental



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," says Mr. Inglis, in "Tent Life in Tiger Land." "Our hunting togs were discarded and our guns were being cleaned." As they sat thus, unprepared for any emergency, piercing screams were suddenly heard.

"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. The great elephant made a run for the cook, who was bending over a stewpan. With admirable precision of mind the man delivered the hissing pan full in the gaping mouth of the furious beast.

Our first impulse was to run for our guns, but they were all taken to 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. Like the collapsing bulk of a punctured balloon, the canopy crashed to the ground, while we made our escape in all directions.

One of the party, Mac by name, a man of great strength, who kept a small meerschaum pipe continually between his lips, tumbled over, and could not rise before the brute was on him.

The rest of us stumbled over the tent ropes, dashed to the river, plunged in and swam across. Then we paused, and missed Mac. From the servants came the frightened wail, "Oh, the sahib is dead! Alas!"

From the river bank we could see the brute in a perfect fury of rage, trampling on the shapeless heap of cloth, furniture and poles, digging his tusks into the canvas in an abandon of uncontrollable madness. There was little doubt that Mac lay crushed to death, mangled out of all likeness by those terrible tusks. We waited an age, it seemed, in an agony of suspense. By the clear moonlight everything was as plain as by day.

The elephant tossed the strong canvas canopy as if it were a doormat, giving thrust after thrust, and screaming in a frenzy of wrath. Finally it shook its massive bulk, made for the dining-tent, and after demolishing that, made for the

jungle. There was an awful silence, broken only by a stifled sob. Then some one said, "Poor old Mac!"

After a time we ventured to the spot. From the shapeless mound of canvas there proceeded something like a groan. Then a voice said: "Look alive, fellows, and get me

out of this or I'll be smothered!" "O Mac!" we blubbered. "Is it really you?"

"Who did you think it was?" was the answer. We set to work to extricate our top of him so that he could breathe of his race—that man's will is law but not stir. It was a narrow escape. One thrust of the tusks had passed

between his arm and his side.

for his pipe.

tension of nerve was so great that at one time he lost consciousness, Mac's first care, when he was once free from the tangle, was to search

BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.

It is well known that the waters of the Dead Sea are much heavier than those of the ocean. This is due to the great amount of salt heid in solution. A few years ago Mr., now Sir Gray Hill, of England, made trial of swimming in the sea and then in the Jordan, to compare the two. He tells the result in his book, "With reins." the Beduins:"

Many tourists while at Jericho bathe in the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and for very shame I could not pass by without doing so. But my experience was peculiar. I had with me one of the Jericho shelks and one of the muleteers, and we rode first to the Dead Sea. Its waters are generally perfectly still and of a splendid blue color; but now, owing to the storm, they were very rough, the waves ran high, and for the trainer; and unslinging the ropes, some two hundred yards from the shore were of an ugly brown.

I looked askance at it as I undressed, but felt bound to go in. The waves very promptly knocked me down, and filled my mouth, nose and eyes with their strong brine. Again' tried, and again, picking up one cliff." after another of the bare branches of trees which are carried down by the Jordan and washed on to the shores of this strange lake, with which I tried to steady myself as I walked in. But the force of the waves, aided by the great floating power of the water, twisted the branches out of my hands, and knocked me down time after time until, feeling that I had done enough for principle, I acknowledged that the victory did not lie on my side, and serambled out, smarting most un-

pleasantly. Then we galloped off to the Jordan, where I thought I should succeed better. So I cast about for a suitable place to jump in, for I did means of weights.

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. I wanted to take a header. So pro-curing a long stick, I ascended the stream a little, and made sure by sounding with it of a deep spot under

an overhanging tree.
In I plunged, intending to swim down to the regular bathing-place, where I knew there must be a good bottom for getting out. Down I came with the fast-flowing yellow flood, striking out in the fullest enjoyment.

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. If it had struck me on the heart it would, I think, have killed me on the spot. I had come down on to the end of a stake pointing up-stream; and driven in to mark the upper boundary of the bathing-place, but which was hidden, owing to the rains having raised the surface of the river. I had some difficulty in crawling out again, and was black and blue in the chest for a month afterward. There is nothing like a little experience to teach one wisdom.-Youth's Companion.

A LAST LESSON.

Putting the finishing touches to a bronco's education is sometimes exciting business. "Bronc" was a big black beauty of a colt, but about as mean as he was handsome. He had never been properly broken by his first owner, and his second master put him into the hands of the best horsebreaker in camp, hoping for an improvement. How his education was

completed is described in Out West. "They called this pony a outlaw before I took a holt of him," remarked the "bronco-buster," when the training of the black beast was well along. "Shucks!" Nowadays if a hoss bucks his saddle-blanket off'n him the boys say, 'Outlaw! Bad bronco! Guess I'll ride that ol' hoss

over yonder.' "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 l'arn him to fergit it."

The mean habit referred to was this: When Brone 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. But

turn? Never! The trainer took his rists from the saddle-horn, tied one end to the rope bridle, or hackamore, and fastened it securely under the jaw. Then he petted the colt, working toward its flanks, until the animal allowed him to reach the tail and fasten a

loop of rope in its heavy strands. The free end of the riata was passed through the loop in a way which would bring the horse's head and tail together when tightened, and by passing the riata once more through both hackamore and loop it was prevented from slipping when

released. "Now for the grand merry-go-round!" announced the trainer; and standing away from the colt's heels. he pulled the riata taut till the animal was bent nearly double. "Keep turning till I say ye can stop!" he commanded; and in fact the bewildered creature was revolving like a friend. Tables and chairs were on top, slowly learning the old lesson

> for the horse. 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. "He'll feel that pretty soon, an' find it easier to turn than brace his tender neck against the

When the pony had been reversed -that is, tied head and tail on the opposite side-and allowed to rotate another half-hour, he was dripping.

with sweat and completely subdued. The trainer mounted, and the colt allowed himself to be ridden about the flat until he tangled in his trailing riata and fell, the rider still on

top. "Now we'll turn him loose an' see how he behaves hisself." remarked 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

This was the justification of Brone'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 threetenths of an inch in five weeks by