THE ARRAIGNMENT.

Why curse your fate for what your hand
has done?
Who shook the glass and made the swift
sands run
Yet swifter still? Who mocked the warning sage
And dashed aside the kindly hand of age?
Who is to blame?

Who is to blame for all the mis-spent years,
The sins and folies and the crop of tears?
Whose soul bears heaviest the weight of
woe
And condemnation for the grief you know?
Who is to blame?

Whose was the hand so prodigally wide
Sowed the wild oats which now at harvest-
tide
Await the reaping and the garn'ring in
The fruits of folly and alluring sin?
Who is to blame?

Who is to blame that through a desert
drear
You wander on, nor can a single tear,
From eyes burned empty and their founts
gone dry,
Shed o'er the pyre of murdered days gone
by?
Who is to blame?

Who placed the blight upon the brow of
youth,
Flung jeers at virtue, ribaldry at truth?
Who drowned sweet reason in the fiery
drink
Till it went gibb'ring to the Lethe's brink?
Who is to blame?

Who is to blame that you, a broken slave,
Goes hopeless, old, into an open grave
With staring eyes that no salvation see
Down the long vistas of eternity!
Who is to blame?

—Lowell O. Reese, in San Francisco Bulletin.

COKE and Broadhead are friends. Coke is the attorney for the Chicago Jewelers' Anti-Thief Association, and Broadhead is a physician and the chief lecturer on mental disorders in the Northeast Side Medical School. Both are natural lovers and enthusiastic bibliophiles. Their book collecting has the same trend, and there are precious few things about the outdoor world from Aristotle's Natural History down that have not a place on the shelves of their library.

Dr. Broadhead is in the vernacular an alienist sharp. When the detention hospital authorities get tangled up on a case the doctor is sent for, and after five minutes' interview with the patient he tells the other doctors whether the man should be shipped off to Elgin or turned loose on the community. When insanity cases are on trial before a jury and Dr. Broadhead happens to be called he does the thinking for both the judge and the men in the box. The public believes that the gleams from Dr. Broadhead's sharp eyes are veritable Roentgen rays, and that he looks through a man's skull and reads his brain as readily as another man would read a book.

For twenty years Dr. Broadhead has been making a study of kleptomania. He is known as the kleptomaniac's friend. The doctor has a theory, and he propounds it once a month regularly to his students in the Northeast Side Medical School, that not the slightest blame, to say nothing of criminality, can attach to the person who "takes"

WENT FISHING TOGETHER.

when moved by a certain impulse. The doctor has gone to such lengths with his theory that he has published two books on the matter.

James Coke, the doctor's friend, as the attorney to the Anti-Thief Association, comes in contact about once a week with some of the toughest propositions in the way of thieves that ever brushed up against honest civilization. Coke and the doctor often go botanizing together. Sometimes they fish a little, but their trips and their companionship are chiefly in the open air. Coke as a lawyer, and especially as the jewelers' attorney, combated at every opportunity the doctor's kleptomaniac theories. "You see, it's this way with you, doctor," said Coke one day when they were afield together, "you are too broadly sympathetic. You would prefer to believe a person honest, and so you think he is. It's simply a case of the wish being father to the thought."

"Now, Coke," said the doctor, "you've been prosecuting people, thieves and otherwise, for years, and you are hardened. I tell you that more than half the people who are arrested as thieves are simply kleptomaniacs. Some of these unfortunates who take things are not even guilty of covetousness. There is an overwhelmingly irresistible desire to take, and take it is, and then men like you howl 'thief' and hound the poor devils to prison. Read my books on kleptomania, or if you won't do that, come over to the Northeast Side Medical School next Monday and hear me lecture to the physicians of the future on the honest thief. Why, I tell you again that some of the cleanest consciences on earth are in the breasts—if that's where the conscience is situated—of some of these State street women shoppers that the floorwalkers are always looking out for."

It was only three days later that Detective John Broderick, of the central detail, arrested Mary Brown for the larceny of three diamond rings from a tray on the showcase of Poor & Allen. The salesman and the detective both declared it to be a "cold case of steal." The justice of the peace held Mary Brown, and the Grand Jury indicted her. Subsequently the trial was held before Judge Chetlain.

Coke was there as the jewelers' representative to aid in the prosecution. In fact, the preparation of the case, its presenting and the appeal to the jury for conviction were mainly his. The defense put in a plea of kleptomania. Mary Brown was good looking. The jury was told to look at her. The jury did. The jury was then told that Mary Brown when a child stole blackberry jam from the buttery, that in later years she had taken other things, but in each case had she been impelled not by wickedness, but by a desire that amounted to a disease to possess things that were not her own.

Coke managed to offset by sheer strength of argument a good deal of Mary's beauty and much of the force of the kleptomanical argument. The jurymen seemed to have level heads, and the fact that Mary had selected the costliest rings in the tray to slip in her glove gave evidence of a pretty fair amount of mental responsibility.

Coke was well satisfied with the situation of affairs, when to his utter amazement the lawyer for the defense called out "Dr. John Broadhead."

Dr. Broadhead came hustling forward from a seat in the far rear of the courtroom. Attorney Coke sighed when he saw his friend, the alienist. "It's all up now," he said to himself.

The eminent physician took the stand. He declared in a voice almost subtly sympathetic that in his opinion Mary Brown was a kleptomaniac; that she had taken things because of an inclination to take that was so powerful that neither the human mind nor the human hand could resist. "These people need sympathy, not punishment, gentlemen," said the doctor.

There was no use trying to stem the tide of the effect of the great alienist's testimony. Not all Coke's eloquence availed a jot. The jury filed out, turned around and filed in and acquitted Mary Brown.

That night at dinner James Coke was in deep thought. He said so little and looked so immersed in his musings that his wife regarded him a bit curiously. Finally a gleam came into the lawyer's eye. "Jane," he said, "Dr. Broadhead and I have been collectors of nature books for years, haven't we? That's true, you say, and, yes, we both have very fine collections. My collection, however, isn't as fine as it used to be, and I haven't sold any books, either. I think I'll call on the doctor for an hour or so to-night."

Two hours later James Coke returned home. He had a parcel under his arm. "What have you in the package, James?" asked his wife.

The lawyer's answer was not direct. "I found that Dr. Broadhead was out, Jane, and I told the maid that I would wait in his library for awhile until he came back. I had the best chance in some time to look over his books. Did you ask what I have in the package, Jane? Well," and the lawyer cut the string and took off the paper. "Here is my copy of 'Walton Complete Angler,' a first edition that disappeared mysteriously from my shelves two years ago. Here is White's 'Natural History of Selborne' that went the way of the Walton a year ago. Here is my old 'Aristotle on Birds,' and here are all the rest that I have been mourning.

"Jane, it's curious, isn't it, but Dr. Broadhead is out to-night lecturing on kleptomania. The next time that he calls here, my dear, see to it that the book cases are locked."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Cost of Cannon.

Heavy ordnance is not quoted in the steel market, and it has no established price in the hardware trade. The Watervliet arsenal, however, reports the cost of the goods it manufactures, and some of the more striking figures are as follows: Twelve-inch breech-loading rifle, $39,248.15; another style is $1444 cheaper; 10-inch breech-loading rifle, $23,424.48; 8-inch breech-loading rifle, $12,289.22; 6-inch rapid-fire gun, $7527.06; 3-inch breech-loading rifle, field piece, $2677.20, though there is another style that cost a good deal more. The 12-inch breech-loading mortars cost only $10,352.57, and the 10-inch mortars cost $6866.57. This report does not give the cost of ammunition for the large guns, but the Frankford arsenal makes blank cartridges for morning and evening gun fire for thirty-three cents each.

A Novel Prize Offer.

H. H. Hanson, editor of the Eagle at Christine, says the Hankinson (N. D.) News, is ill with smallpox and the Eagle offers a $5 prize to the person who guesses nearest to the exact number of pits which will develop on the editor's person. The pits are to be estimated by the physician in charge.

CURIOUS FACTS

One hundred and seventy-two species of blind creatures are known to science, and many more are constantly being discovered in great caves.

In the Gulf of Mexico there is an Island where the beaches change color twice daily with the tides. When uncovered the sands are purple, but the inflowing tide speedily transforms them to gold.

It is said that in prehistoric times the Incas of Peru built roads that extended from the tropically heated valleys up the mountains to the regions of perpetual frost, using the natural asphalt rock, and these roads are in good condition to-day.

The wild duck, the hawk and the sea gull, while in flight over long distances, usually remain at an altitude of from 600 to 1400 feet. If they pass below the level of the highest flying kite of a tandem line the fact is easily discerned by allowing for perspective. The kite measurements are relatively accurate, because during the prolonged flight of thousands of wild ducks the kite string can be hauled in and paid out until the altitude of the ducks is exactly measured by the altitude of the kites.

The plow is an instrument of almost divine origin, whose true inventor is, and probably will remain for all time, unknown. Its origin goes back to the hoariest ages. The Egyptians attributed its invention to Osiris, the Chinese to Gin Hoang, the Phoenicians to Dagon, the Persians to Huschenk, the Hebrews to Tubal Cain, etc. But it is to be assumed that the plow, however simple during antiquity, is not due to one man, and that it was changed and improved hundreds of times before it assumed its present complicated form.

About thirty miles north of Pekin, the capital of China, there are twenty-four animals, each of which is cut out of one piece of sandstone, a little larger than their natural size, and placed some twenty feet from each other. There are four of each animal—two pairs of camels, two of ponies, two of lions, two of unicorns, two of elephants, two of goats—one pair standing and the other reclining. This remarkable avenue of animals in stone leads to the King's Tombs, wherein rest the ashes of the last Chinese dynasty. The tombs are built in a vast valley, into which all good influences are supposed to centre. The timber of which these tombs are built was brought from Siam some five centuries ago. The present royal family of China show a great respect for these tombs, and an official, said to be a descendant of the kings, is placed in charge of them. Beyond the avenue of animals are stone statues of six civil and military officials.

Danger in Sea Bathing.

In an address to the State Medical Association at New Haven, Conn., the President, Dr. John H. Granis, of Saybrook, said that the results of his practice and long observation have convinced him that there is danger in frequent sea bathing. He said: "That salt water bathing is a panacea for all ills seems somehow to be a prevailing impression. People from the interior are particularly convinced of it, and practice it very freely in their outings at shore and watering places. But from my personal observation I am convinced that sea bathing is overestimated as a benefit—or, rather, it is overdone.

"I am accustomed to saying that for the average child or adult the maximum of benefit is obtained by not more than one-half hour a week, five minutes every day, or ten minutes on alternate days, and further, if, after thorough rubbing, there remains a feeling of lassitude, an inclination to lie down or the desire for a stimulant, the time must be shortened to that point at which, after the bath, the bather exhibits a full reaction and a desire to resume his play or occupation immediately."

Skye Court-Martialed.

Colonel Riley, of the ordnance division of the Department of the East, United States Army, a few days ago issued an order condemning to death one Skye, by birth a terrier, by profession a mascot, being attached to the Forty-ninth Coast Artillery, stationed at Governor's Island. The order raised a storm, and a drum-head court-martial was convened. Arguments were made for and against the little dog, and the court finally decreed that he should be banished from the island. He is now a prisoner of war at the ferry slip on the New York shore.

The offenses of Skye were many, the culminating one being the destruction of the colonel's lawn in the most methodical, complete and hopeless manner. All the papers in the case were made out in the regular form, and the trial attracted great attention. The affair will be officially reported to the War Department. Skye is a brilliant dog, and the court-martial could not harden itself to eliminate him.—Washington Times.

A Dangerous Irritant.

The most dangerous vegetable irritant poison is that of the itchwood tree of the Fiji Islands. One drop of the sap falling on the hand is as painful as a touch of a hot iron.

Her Idea.

A woman's idea of really being loved is to have you tell her so a different way every time.—New York Press.

THE SURVIVOR OF ST. PIERRE.

Fiction Supplies Nothing So Remarkable as His Experience.

The sole survivor of the cataclysm at St. Pierre was a brutish negro, a felon, isolated in a cell beneath the sidewalk which might fittingly be called a dungeon, for only refractory prisoners were confined there. Raoul Sartout was the name of this jailbird. Fiction supplies nothing so remarkable as his experiences. Thirty thousand people, many living blameless lives with the love of man and the fear of God in their hearts, were reduced to calcined corpses by one blast from the furnace of Mont Pelee, and this dreg of humanity, this sink of depravity, this utterly worthless outcast was permitted to live. The best is often taken and the worst left, but here was a whole city full extinguished with mortal terror in their eyes—a swift judgment as of the destruction of the iniquitous—and the very refuse of that community left to enjoy the life of his senses. Priest, philanthropist, sister of charity, mother and child, untouched of evil stricken into hideous shapes of death, and a wretch whose presence was a pollution is spared to continue an ignoble existence!

Sartout could not have escaped if he had been a well-behaved prisoner. He was insubordinate and vicious, and a short time before the eruption it had become necessary to put him in the dungeon under the street. We can imagine that his food was thrown into him as if he were an animal, with a pious wish that he would beat his brains out against the walls of his cell. He has told the story of that terrible day in his rude patois. Probably it was drawn from him in broken syllables while he stared vacantly at his questioner. Sartout heard the rumble of Pelee; the thick walls of his hole in the earth shook violently, and he felt the scorching breath of the volcano invading his refuge. In the awful silence that followed he knew that death had come upon people in St. Pierre, and like one forgotten he beat upon the bars of his cage. An iron grating yielded to his blows and he stumbled into a larger cell. Hot cinders were sifting down from the street. The heat was so intense he was glad to run back and cower in the furthest corner of the cell he had left, and there he remained stupified with fear. Four days later the shrieks of the crazed negro were heard by a rescue party from the French cruiser Suchet, and, almost dead from hunger, thirst and burns, he was released. His injuries are not mortal, and being young and robust, he will live many years, no doubt, to tell the story of the ordeal he survived. A Voltaire would find the case of Raoul Sartout an inspiring subject for his philosophy. In fiction only a Victor Hugo could do it justice.—New York Evening Sun.

Japanese Beds.

I had anticipated serious inconvenience in regard to sleeping, but I discovered that Japanese beds are not so bad, after all. Of course, this is a very nice hotel, and, on account of my friend, Mme. Sugimoto, whose family name is highly honored in Japan, we receive the best of attention, but my ideas of Japanese living are undergoing rapid changes.

Three mat-size (that is, four by six feet) cushions, each about six inches thick, were piled on the floor, the top one covered with coarse-woven but beautifully clean white linen. The covering is the same, only the cushion is lighter in weight. The pillow? A little white wooden rocking stool, four inches wide and eight inches long, holding in its hollow top a small silk roll, covered with soft, tough paper, also white. This paper is the pillow case, and is removed each morning.

As you stand and look at the bed, with its tinted silk and white, everything looks inviting and comfortable, but, however enthusiastic one may be to adopt Japanese customs, after the first half hour of experience he will cast aside that pretty, dainty, little rocking-chair pillow.

The wooden screens have been rolled out, converting the porches into long halls; the watchman whirls his rod of iron rings as he passes each hour; the street cries are growing fainter and mingling with dreams of home, and I sleepily murmur a "God bless all the dear ones" and "Oyasumi asobase" (good night).—Florence M. Wilson, in New York Mail and Express.

Welsh Indians in America.

Though public attention has lately been directed to Welsh settlers in America, the question lacks the great interest caused in the eighteenth century by the statement that a tribe of Welsh Indians had been discovered. In the seventeenth century John Josslyn, in his "Voyages to New England," mentioned that the customs of the inhabitants resembled those of ancient Britons, and Sir Thomas Herbert, another traveler of the same date, in his "Travels" gave Welsh words in use among these Indians. A century later reports from several traders and others were received of an Indian tribe that possessed manuscript, spoke Welsh and retained ceremonies of Christian worship. Among other information then published was the report of Captain Abraham Chaplain, of Kentucky, that his garrison near the Missouri had been visited by Indians who conversed in Welsh with some Welshmen in his company. Those Indians were thought to be descendants of a colony said to have been formed by Madoc, son of Owen Gwynedd, on his discovery of America in 1170.—London Chronicle.

An injury to the tongue is repaired by nature with more rapidity than is the case with any other part of the system.

MARRIAGE IN JAPAN

Love and Romance Have Little to Do With the Making of the Nuptial Contract

Japan has some marriage customs that are at variance with our Western ideas on the question. In the first place, love doesn't enter into the contract at all.

The primary purpose in a Japanese girl's marriage is to get her placed where she will be well connected and cared for. No mother in all Japan would for a moment be so foolish as to think of giving her daughter in marriage to a young man who had no home ready for her reception. He must have the necessary means to care for his wife and he must be able to show a creditable family tree. Without these essentials he might love the girl to desperation and she might regard him with equal ardor, but he would never get her.

The Japanese maiden in any event does not choose her own husband. It would no more occur to her to do such an audacious thing than to have chosen the name given her at birth. An interested friend of the family, known as a "go-between," attends to this matter.

When a girl reaches a marriageable age this "go-between" casts about for a husband for her. When he finds a young man who meets all of the requirements of the family and fortune he arranges for a meeting with the girl and her mother.

Another way is to arrange for a meeting at the house of a friend. Of course, the matchmaker will pretend that it is quite by accident, although all of the party understand perfectly that it is by design.

The girl is very shy and hides her face behind her fan as she bows low many times. Then she retires, blushing and nervous, behind her mother. The young man at this meeting looks her over and decides whether he will wed her. If he agrees, the negotiations are carried to a finish. He pays for the trousseau and the bride's father provides the entire furnishings for the house which the newly married pair will occupy.

It's a clear waste of time to go out looking for insults.

Finds Valuable Bible

Volume Will Establish Claims of Heirs to Estate of Many Millions

Unearthed among rubbish in the loft of an old barn in Huron county, Ohio, where it had been hidden from view for many years, an ancient Bible bids fair to establish the claims of many heirs to an estate of many millions.

According to the statement of M. J. Dunham of Middletown, N. Y., who has just returned from a two months' trip through the west and northwest, in an effort to locate the descendants of Absolam Case, the vast estate of the late Leonard Case of Cleveland, Ohio, will eventually enrich hundreds of his descendants, owing to the discovery of the old Bible.

Leonard Case, Sr., died in Cleveland in 1864, leaving one heir to his millions, a son, Leonard Case, Jr. The latter, a bachelor, died in 1880, leaving no will, but property in the heart of Cleveland valued at $8,000,000 to be divided among the 190 descendants of his father's brothers and sisters, covering five generations.

Two years ago Mr. Dunham, who is a descendant of Absolam Case and a half brother of Leonard Case, Sr., quietly began the work of tracing and locating the heirs. The estate consists chiefly of real estate in the business center of Cleveland, taking in the First National bank, the gas light plant, the offices and yards of the Cleveland & Pittsburg Railroad Co., the Case School of Applied Science and narrowly skips the residence of John D. Rockefeller. It includes some fifteen or twenty of the largest manufacturing establishments in the city.

Ever since the death of Leonard Case, Jr., the estate has been the theme of legal investigations, but no satisfactory results could be obtained because of the fact that the old family Bible, containing certain records, could not be found. As it contained the names of all the Cases its discovery was decidedly essential to the location of the heirs.

In the old barn loft Sarah Searskading, in Huron county, Ohio, it was luckily discovered, and according to Mr. Dunham, it is the key to the establishment of the heirs' claims.

Mystery of Pompeii

Max Nordau Unable to Understand What Became of the Inhabitants

Max Nordeau raises a question concerning Pompeii which is of double interest now in view of the disasters of St. Martinique and St. Vincent. He writes as follows to the Neue Freie Presse (Vienna): "One thing has always been a puzzle to me. Here was a flourishing city of about 30,000 inhabitants, most of whom evidently were well-to-do. A few hundreds, at most, lost their lives in the destruction of the city; the rest escaped. The eruption of Vesuvius continued only a few days, after which the district returned to its usual placid condition. In many places the deposit of ashes and lava was only a yard thick, and it was not more than three yards thick at any point yet excavated.

"How did it happen that these thirty thousand homeless persons showed no desire to return to their beautiful houses, so well built that they are standing to this day, and which could have been restored, at the time with very little labor? Why did they not make the slightest attempt to regain their valuable property in land and buildings, furniture, bronze, marble, gold, silver and jewels? Did the men of that time have so little love of home that they could leave it without a backward glance at the first unpleasantness? Were the Pompeiians so rich that the loss of their perfectly appointed homes appeared trivial to them, so that they preferred settling elsewhere to restoring their city? Or did superstition prevent the attempt? This indifferent renunciation of their patrimony by a whole cityful is to me an insoluble enigma which forces itself the more strongly upon my attention now as I walk along the finely paved streets between houses which need only new roofs to make them again habitable."

FISH FORM ACQUAINTANCES.

Peculiarities of Social Life in the Tanks of an Aquarium.

It is a more or less familiar fact that fish of a kind flock together. Fishes know their own kind and seek their company, says the New York Sun.

Put a number of each of two or three kinds of fishes in an aquarium tank and the fishes of each kind will recognize one another perfectly; and the fishes of the several kinds bunch together and travel around together. Apparently fishes may also know one another individually.

It not infrequently happens that among fishes of the same kind in a tank one will harry and drive about the rest, or perhaps select one fish as the object of its attacks, or it might be that in the case of two fishes of the same kind in one tank one would bully and persistently harry the other, as though besides having a nagging nature it had against the other fish a personal animosity.

In such a case as that last described, it is sometimes necessary to take the harried fish out of the tank to save its life. If another fish of the same kind is then put in the tank in the place of the one taken out, the scrapper and nagger lets it alone. He may not ignore it altogether, but he doesn't harry it as he did the other.

But take the second fish out after awhile and put back the first one and the scrappy fish goes to hustling it right away; to all appearances the fighter recognizes the other, individually. It may seem strange, but such is the fact, as observed at the New York aquarium.

BEAUTY OF COLLEGE SPIRIT.

Makes Educational Institutions a Power in the Community.

Among the stories told by Dean Briggs at the dinner of the Exeter Academy alumni the other evening was one intended to show how the spirit of the academy survives in its pupils long after they have passed from their alma mater. "He was then," said the dean, "a Harvard senior, but was on what proved to be his death bed.

"The people at the hospital had never seen any one bear as much pain with such fortitude as he did. Through it all, as was said by a medical visitor from the university, he was such a gentleman. Just before his death one of the attendants asked him if he felt some local pain.

"'I did not,' he said, 'until you gave me that medicine.' Then instantly he thought of the other man and said, 'I beg your pardon. The medicine may have had nothing to do with it.'

"Now, nobody in that hospital who saw that boy die witnessed the scene without a stronger faith than they had before in the school whose name he bore. When men from a college or school show such a spirit as that it means that they are capable of intense loyalty to their friends. And it is that loyalty, attainable neither by money nor by age, which makes a school or college a power in the community, and is as the breath of life to it."—Boston Herald.

Throughout the world blind men outnumber blind women two to one.

The pouch of a pelican is large enough to contain seven quarts of water.