

In Holland the year 1893 was only marked by a first trial of an extension of the right of suffrage.

The Chicago Times alleges that trolley mortality statistics are filling the daily space formerly given to cholera reports.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin estimates that the total yield of wool in 1893 was 364,156,666 pounds, the largest American clip ever raised.

The impression prevails in leading commercial circles in Germany that the seven lean years are ended and that better times are coming with the new year.

Quida describes the nineteenth century clothing of an Englishman as "the most frightful, grotesque and disgraceful male costume which the world has ever seen."

Charity pawn shops, where people may get more nearly the worth of their goods than they are compelled to part with than now, are suggested by some of the charitably disposed, states the Detroit Free Press.

State Geologist Smock, of New Jersey, who has been on a business trip to Holland, says he thinks 300,000 acres of Jersey meadow land can be reclaimed by adopting the Holland system of embankments and dikes.

The Cleveland Leader thinks that the proposed improvement of country roads, by laying steel railway tracks to be used by wagons and electric cars, will hardly satisfy the wheelmen, to whom all the credit for the agitation in favor of better roads is due.

The New York Journal avers that the hard times have had a curious effect in reducing the sales of condiments, sauces and similar table luxuries. A man who has a family to provide for would rather buy corned beef than curry when the money runs short.

A composite picture of the American of the future would be worth going a long way to see. According to Henry Watterson, of the Courier-Journal, he will be a union of Cavalier, Parian, Celt, Teuton, Scandinavian and other elements too numerous to mention.

Reports received at the War Department of recent small-arm competitions among the troops in the Far West show conclusively, relates the Washington Star, that the noble red man as represented in Uncle Sam's military service does not compare very favorably with his pale-face brother in the matter of sharpshooting. There is a popular idea, gained from Cooper's Leather Stocking Tales and even more modern literature about the "lucky denizens of the forest," that all warriors are superior marksmen. Army statistics prove that this is a romantic delusion, so far as the Indian soldier is concerned.

Some time ago Mr. Carnegie, the extensive iron-master, was approached by the relief committee of Pittsburg and asked what he was willing to do for the suffering unemployed of that city. Mr. Carnegie replied that he would duplicate the subscriptions of the whole city. The committee went to work with a will to make him give as much as possible, and had up to a few days since secured subscriptions amounting to \$60,795, when by some means Mr. Carnegie's offer became public. The committee says that the publication has done an incalculable injury to the good work, as the subscriptions at once fell off to almost nothing. The people of the city argue that if the millionaire is going to give so large a sum it is unnecessary to make an effort.

The "Excelsior," the largest diamond in the world, is now deposited in one of the safes of the Bank of England. It was found in June last in the mines of Jagersfontein, Cape Colony, by Captain Edward Jorganson, the inspector of the mine. In his opinion, corroborated by that of the director, Mr. Gifford, the "Excelsior" is a stone of the purest water, and is worth about \$5,000,000. It is fully three inches in height, and nearly three inches in breadth, weighing 971 carats, or about seven ounces troy. The color of the Jagersfontein diamond is white, with a very slight bluish tint; and its lustre is matchless. At the centre is a very small black spot, which experts consider will be easily removed in the cutting. According to M. X. West, the British Government have offered half a million pounds sterling for this diamond to the proprietors, Messrs. Breitmeier and Bernheimer, but the offer has been refused.

THE COMING OF NIGHT.

The loitering Day looked backward, smiling,
And slipped out through the west,
Where rosy, misty forms beguiling
Besought her for their guest!
"Oh, follow, follow through the west!"
"Our golden portals wide are swinging
For thee alone, for thee,
And wistful voices clear are ringing
Across the darkling sea,
In eager welcoming to thee."
Alone her silver censor holding,
The star-eyed Night drew close,
Her mantle round the hushed earth folding,
More sweetly breathed the rose,
As Night with tender tears drew close,
Her dusky sandals softly gleaming
With wandering threads of gold,
Broidered by vagrant fireflies, seeming
Beneath each wing to hold
A fairy spinning threads of gold.
With silent footfall, weaving slowly
A mystic, slumberous spell,
She came; and something sweet and holy
The weary earth befell
When woven in the slumberous spell.
—Celia A. Hayward, in Lippencott.

ON THE BRINK.

BY FRANCOIS COPPEE.



Lucien de Hern saw his last piece of money raked in by the banker, and got up from the roulette table where he had just lost the remainder of his little fortune which he had brought there for his final effort, he was seized with vertigo and narrowly escaped falling to the floor.

With a weary brain and trembling legs, he threw himself upon a long leather sofa which surrounded the gambling table.

For several minutes he looked vaguely about these private gambling rooms where he had spoiled the most beautiful years of his youth, recognized the worn features of the different gamblers, cruelly lighted by the great shaded lamps, heard the soft clinking of the gold upon the green table, felt that he was ruined, lost, and remembered that he had at home, in the drawer of the commode, a pair of pistols which had once been the property of his father, General de Hern, when he was a captain; then, only, worn out with fatigue, he fell into a profound sleep.

When he awakened, his mouth dry and parched, he ascertained by glancing at the clock that he had scarcely slept a quarter of an hour, and he felt an overwhelming desire to breathe the fresh, cool, night air. The hands of the clock pointed to a quarter of an hour of midnight. As he arose and stretched himself, he remembered that it was Christmas eve, and with an ironical play of the memory, he saw himself a little child and putting, he knew he went to bed, his shoes in front of the fireplace.

At this moment, old Drouski, a pillar of the place, a typical Pole, wearing a rusty, long coat, trimmed with braid and large ornaments, approached Lucien and muttered these words through his gray beard:
"Lend me five francs, sir. It is now two days since I have not left the club, and during these two days I have not seen 'seventeen' win. You may laugh at me, if you wish, but I will cut off my right hand if soon, at midnight, this number is not the one."

Lucien de Hern shrugged his shoulders. He had not even enough in his pockets to give to that beggar, whom the frequenters of the place called "les cents sous du Polonais." He passed into the anteroom, took his hat and coat and went down the staircase with a feverish agitation.

Since 4 o'clock, when Lucien went into the club, the snow had been falling steadily and the street—a narrow one in the centre of Paris, with high houses on either side—was white with snow. In the calm, black-blue sky the cold stars glittered.

The ruined gambler shivered in his furs and began to walk rapidly, turning over always in his mind those hopeless thoughts and dreaming more than ever of the box of pistols which awaited him in the drawer of his commode; but after having taken several steps, he stopped suddenly before a heart-rending spectacle.

Upon a stone bench, placed according to an old custom near the large door of a private house, a little girl scarcely six or seven years old, dressed in a ragged black frock, was sitting in the snow. She had fallen asleep there despite the cruel cold, in a pitiful attitude of fatigue and dejection, and her poor little head and tiny shoulder had dropped into corner of the wall and were resting upon the icy stone. One of the old wooden shoes with which the child was shod had fallen from the foot, which was hanging down, and lay drearily before her.

Mechanically Lucien de Hern put his hand to his vest pocket, but he remembered that a moment before he did not find even a franc, and that he could not give a fee to the club waiter; nevertheless, pushed by an instinctive sentiment of pity, he approached the little girl, and he started, perhaps, to raise her in his arms and to give her a piece of shelter for the night, when he saw something glisten in the shoe which had fallen from her foot.

He bent over it; it was a twenty-franc piece.
A charitable person—a woman, no doubt—had passed that way, had seen on that Christmas eve that shoes that had fallen in front of the sleeping child, and recalling the touching legend, she had carefully placed there

a great gift, so that the little abandoned child could believe yet in Santa Claus, and should retain, in spite of her unhappiness and misery, some confidence and some hope in the goodness of Providence.

Twenty-five francs! There was in it several days' rest and wealth for the beggar, and Lucien was upon the point of awakening her to tell her of it, when he heard near his ear, like an hallucination, a voice—the voice of the Pole with his thick and drawing accent—that murmured low these words:

"It is now two days that I have not left the club, and during these two days I have not seen 'seventeen' win. I will cut off my right hand if soon, at midnight, this number is not the one."

Then this young man, twenty-three years old, who was descended from a race of honorable people, who bore a superb military name, was possessed with a mad, hysterical, monstrous desire; with one look he assured himself that he was really alone in that deserted street, and bending his knee and pushing his hand tremblingly into the fallen shoe, he stole the twenty-five-franc piece.

Then, running with all his strength, he returned to the gambling house, climbed the staircases with a few strides, pushed open with his fist the padded door of the cursed room, and reached it just as the clock was striking twelve placed upon the green cloth the gold piece and cried:

"I stake it all on 'seventeen'!"
Number seventeen was the winning number.
With a turn of the hand Lucien placed his double funds on "red."
Red was the winning color.
He tried all of his money again on the same color.
Red came the second time.
He doubled his preceding stakes twice, three times, always with the same luck. He had before him now a cup of gold and banknotes, and he scattered them over the table frantically.

All the combinations brought him success. It was a chance never heard of before. Something supernatural. One would have said that the little ivory ball jumping into the pigeon holes of the roulette table was fascinated and magnetized by the gambler and obeyed him. He had recovered in a score of plays the few miserable notes of a thousand francs, his last resource, which he had lost at the beginning of the evening.

At present covering with several hundred francs at a time, and served always by his fantastic luck, he was in a fair way to regain all, and more than his family fortune which he had in so few years squandered.

In his haste and desire to play he had not taken off his overcoat; already he had filled the great pockets with rolls of notes and gold pieces; and not knowing where to heap up his gains he thrust paper and gold into the pockets of his inside coat, his vest and trousers pockets, his cigar case, his handkerchief, every place that could serve as a receptacle. And he played always, and he gained always, like a madman, like a drunken man, and he threw his handfuls of gold upon the table at hazard, with a gesture of certainty and disdain!

Only there was something burning in his breast like a red-hot iron, and he thought constantly of the little beggar from whom he had stolen.
She is still in the same place! She must be there! Immediately, yes, when the clock strikes one, I swear to myself that I will get away from this place. I will take her, asleep, in my arms. I will take her home with me; she shall sleep in my bed to-night; I will bring her up and I will settle a large amount on her; I will love her as my daughter, and I will take care of her always, always!

But the clock struck one, and a quarter past and half past, and a quarter to two, and Lucien was still at that infernal table.
At last, one minute before two, the head of the house got up abruptly and said in a loud voice: "The bank is broken, gentlemen; enough for today."

With one bound Lucien was on his feet and, pushing aside recklessly the curious who surrounded and regarded him with an envious admiration, he went out quickly, rushing down the stairs and running to the stone bench there. From a distance, by the light of a gas jet, he could see the little girl.

"Thank God!" he cried, "she is still there."
He approached her, and seized her tiny hand.
"Oh, how cold she is. Poor little thing!"
He took her in his arms, and raised her to carry her. The head of the child fell back without awakening her.

"How one sleeps at her age!"
He pressed her against his breast to warm her; and, seized with a vague inquietude, he tried, in order to draw her on his eyelids, as one does to awaken gently a loved one.
And then he perceived with horror that the eyelids of the child were half-open, and that the eyeballs were glassy, set and sightless.

His brain whirled with a horrible suspicion; he put his mouth close to that of the little girl; not a breath came from it.
During the time Lucien had gained a fortune with the money stolen from the little beggar, the poor child without a home had died, died from exposure to the cold.

Feeling in his throat a horrible choking sensation, Lucien tried to cry out, and in the effort that he made he woke up from this nightmare and found himself on the club-room sofa, where he had fallen asleep a little before midnight, and where the waiter of the gambling room, in going out

about 5 o'clock, had left him sleeping, out of pity for the ruined man.

A misty December sunrise lighted up the window panes.
Lucien went out, pawned his watch, took a bath, breakfasted, and went to a recruiting office, where he signed a voluntary engagement in the First African Infantry.

To-day Lucien de Hern is a lieutenant, he has only his pay to live on, but he gets out of it very well, being a steady officer and never touching a card; it would seem also that he finds it possible to save something out of it, for the other day, at Algiers, one of his comrades walking a little behind in a hilly street of the Kaspa, saw him give something to a little sleeping Spanish girl in a doorway, and he had the indiscreet curiosity to see what Lucien had given to the child.

The inquisitive one was much surprised at the generosity of the poor lieutenant.

Lucien de Hern had put in the hand of this indigent child a twenty-five-franc piece.—Translated for Boston Transcript.

His Hair Turned White.

Andrew Lindsey, who has lived near Pease Bottom, Montana, for many years, was strolling through the Cochran. He was topped out in a sombrero, and had a Western flavor to his speech. Said he: I want to tell you a yarn about how a man's hair was turned gray in one week. It was just after the Custer massacre that an old fellow named Pease—we called him Major Pease, because I believe he had been in the great and only Civil War—well, he pressed forward several miles beyond the hog-back where the famous fight took place, and built a stockade at what came to be called, after him, Pease Bottom. He and his men were carrying on a very thriving trade with the redskins, but at that time this business had to be conducted with great caution, because the savages were ugly and scalp hungry.

Two miles from the stockade was a high point, from which survey of the country could be had for miles in all directions. A lookout was kept here for Indians, and suspicious circumstances or warlike demonstrations were at once reported to headquarters. One afternoon in the summer a man named Paul McCormick and his partner, named Edwards, were sent out to the observatory. They were riding along at a gallop through the tall grass, and were approaching the mouth of a little coulee. Edwards wasn't a tenderfoot, but he was a new comer in that region. As they careered along, McCormick said: "Edwards, what would you do if the Indians should bounce out of that coulee?" "Well, I'd either fight or run." These words hadn't fallen from his lips before bang! went a rifle and war-whoops rent the air. Poor Edwards dropped from his horse, and Mac, hard pressed by a band of Black-foot Sioux, made for the stockade. The people there knew what was up, and the pursuers were picked off as they came within range of the lead.

The gates were opened and McCormick rushed in. His hair was white, and he had continued so. The body of Edwards was found lying in the bloody and disordered grass, and the scalp was missing. It was buried on the spot, and the legend of Edwards's Coulee is one of the best known in the far West. The folks at the stockade put up a rude headboard, but this has long ago gone to decay.

A Mining Opportunity Missed.

"Speaking of gold excitements," said George W. Beal in the presence of a little social gathering in West Park street a few evenings since, "reminds me of a chance I once had to purchase a placer claim in Confederate gulch. The men who owned the bar offered it to me for \$400 cash and were anxious to sell at that figure, but I hesitated. Finally I told them I would have an expert examine and test the ground and if it was what they represented it to be I would purchase it. This was satisfactory, and my expert made the test and reported unfavorably upon it. That settled the deal, and I went on my way in search of other fields. About two months later I returned to Confederate gulch and found a six-mile team and a wagon behind it containing two tons of gold taken from a portion of the bar those men wanted to sell me for \$400. The team was ready to start for Fort Benton with the gold and was surrounded by thirty armed men, who were to guard the metal on the way. After I refused to purchase the ground the men concluded to work it themselves, and from a space of 100 feet square had taken the two tons of gold. I have not seen the 'expert' since then." —Butte Miner.

The Arab at Home.

Dr. J. P. Peters was the manager of the expedition sent out by the University of Pennsylvania in 1888 to explore the ruins of Babylon. "During the two years I was there," said he, "I lived with many of the wild tribes around the marshes of Arabistan. The conditions in which I found them were most deplorable. They were a most depraved race, robbing, cheating, lying and fighting being the daily outline of their existence. The principal diet of these people is half-cooked barley bread, and with a large percentage of the tribes this forms the sole diet. When I offered twelve cents a day for diggers and guards I had half the population applying to me for work, and was forced to reduce the day's wages to ten cents. When one of these men has a headache his friends burn him with red-hot irons, and many times I have seen wounds carefully filled with iron rust. Their government, or rather lack of government, is a practical exhibition of anarchy."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Woman—A Bud of Very Slow Growth—No Proposals—He Was a Success—That's What Made Him Flat, Etc.
With a piercing scream from a mouse she springs
When she sees it on the floor,
Yet she'll lord it over a man, by jings,
Who commands an army corps.
—New York Press.

HE WAS A SUCCESS.

"Fitzgober is always making a spectacle of himself."
"Yes, and everybody sees through him."

THAT'S WHAT MADE HIM FLAT.

Nell—"Robinson is a regular flat."
Belle—"Yes, poor fellow, he's been set upon a great many times." —Yankee Blade.

OUT OF THE MARKET.

Floor Walker (to young lady)—"Is any one selling you?"
Young Lady (sweetly)—"I'm not for sale." —Boston Transcript.

NO PROPOSALS.

"I am single from choice," she said sarcastically.
"Whose choice?" he innocently asked. —Atlanta Constitution.

OF COURSE.

Ruth—"I hope your marriage will be happy, dear."
Kitty—"It's bound to be. Charlie is so rich." —Detroit Free Press.

A BUD OF VERY SLOW GROWTH.

Waddles—"Miss Oldish is a 'bud,' you know."
Cynicus—"Must be a flower of the century plant, then." —Chicago Record.

CERTAIN TO STAY AT HOME.

"I—I hardly—How many lodges are you member of, Hiram?"
"Not one, Katie; not one."
"Well, you may ask papa." —Chicago Tribune.

HIS REAL AMBITION.

Quivers (significantly)—"I wish I were wedded only to my work."
Mrs. Quivers—"That is to say, you want a wife who'd support you." —Chicago Record.

HIS THEORY.

"How slowly the train is moving now!" said a passenger.
"Yes," replied another. "The baggage master must have checked it." —Pittsburg Chronicle.

THE IMPORTANT SEX.

Sunday-school Superintendent—
"And who was Adam?"
Small Girl (daughter of modern progressive woman)—"He was the husband of Eve." —Life.

APPROPRIATELY NAMED.

"I wonder why it is called 'the height of fashion,'" said Mrs. Snaggs.
"To correspond with the altitude of the cost, no doubt," replied her husband. —Atlanta Constitution.

AT A MINIMUM.

The Heiress—"And are you sure, Arthur, that your love for me will never grow less?"
Arthur (with suspicious promptness)—"Absolutely certain, my dear." —Detroit Tribune.

NEEDED A SIGN.

Critic—"I tell you what it is, Mr. McDanb, those ostriches are simply superb. You shouldn't paint anything but birds."
Artist (disgusted)—"Those are not ostriches. They are angels!" —Life.

A MAIDEN PHILOSOPHER.

Elaine—"How do you manage to throw over your fiances and still keep them all friendly?"
Gladys—"Tell 'em I respect them too highly to offer them a feeble love. Then they think they are too good for me." —Chicago Record.

DEGENERATE SON OF NEW ENGLAND.

"Boads, ma'am?" exclaimed the man at the kitchen door, aghast. "Boads! Why, ma'am, I've come more'n a thousand miles to get away from 'em!"
And the tourist from Boston went sadly away and tried the next house. —Chicago Tribune.

AN ADDITION TO THE LANGUAGE.

"Would you call Dexter a poet?"
"No, sir. He is a riminal."
"A what?"
"Riminal. That's a word of my own. If a man who commits crimes is a criminal, I don't see why a man who commits rhymes shouldn't be a riminal." —Life.

HIS HEAD IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

"Mrs. Gardle says her husband has made a will in which he leaves her all his property."
"H'm! Gardle hasn't a cent to his name."
"I know it, John; but it shows the right disposition, and that, after all, is everything, you know." —Waif.

OUT OF THE COMMON.

Railroad Man (angrily)—"I have just found out that that cow we had to pay for had not given any milk for five years."
Farmer Smart—"Yass; that's so."
"It is, is it? Now, sir, what right had you to put such a high value on her?"
"Tell me that."
"Well, you see, I valued that cow as a curiosity." —Life.

A COUPLE OF EXPERTS.

The talk had drifted to mental phe-

nomena, when suddenly the maiden shyly asked:

"Are you a—mind-reader, Horace?"
"I am, Susie," he said.
"So am I!"
And she held out her finger for the ring. She had seen its bulging outlines in his vest pocket. —Chicago Tribune.

SHE COULD TALK.

Brown—"That wife of yours is a woman of great accomplishments."
Jones—"Thanks. That's what everybody says, and I believe it myself."
Brown—"Yes, and she's one of the finest talkers I ever heard. Why, I could listen to her for a year."
Jones (with a sigh)—"So could I, but, think of it, I've been listening to her for ten years, and she is still in robust health." —Detroit Free Press.

SPOILED HIS CALCULATIONS.

"Don't you like the room I gave you?" said the hotel clerk to the drummer from Cincinnati.
"Yes, the room's all right. What made you ask? Do I look worried?"
"To be frank, you do."
"Well, I am feeling rather uncomfortable. You see, I came over the S. L. O. & W. road."
"Got in late, I suppose."
"No, we got in on time, and now I have about two hours and a half on my hands that I don't know what to do with." —Washington Star.

BROKE IT BY STAGES.

An old woman entered a downtown savings bank the other day and walked up to the desk.
"Do you want to draw or deposit?" asked the gentlemanly clerk.
"Naw, I doant. Oi wants to put some in," was the reply.
The clerk pushed up the book for her signature, and, indicating the place, said: "Sign on this line, please."
"Above it or below it?"
"Just above it."
"Me whole name?"
"Yes."
"Before Oi was married?"
"No, just as it is now."
"Oi can't write." —Boston Transcript.

WISE WORDS.

Marriage is love's sacrifice.
Slander is vaporized venom.
A kiss is a song without words.
Sunshine is the heaven of living.
A torpid liver is twin to despair.
Speech is a deformity in some people.
It is not the longest life that has the most in it.
The man who doesn't want anything doesn't get it.
A small mind usually has plenty of room for pride.
We rarely find as much in a dollar as we think there is.
An ounce of realization is seldom worth a pound of hope.
Good manners and good morals are sworn friends and fast allies.
A rosebud of a girl sometimes turns out to be a thorn of a woman.
Pet vices are just as apt to bite and claw a fellow as any other kind.
Society, if good, is a better refiner of the spirits than ordinary books.
The man who uses all the credit he can get will soon find himself without any.
Some people are so kind that their kindness frequently gets them into trouble.
Love is never lost. If not reciprocated it will flow back and soften and purify the heart.
A good wife never cracks a smile when her husband steps upon an inverted tack at midnight.
Some men will get the upper hand of you even if they have to do it by underhand methods.
The mortal who tries to win love without respect has generally to get along without either.
A vigorous young man expends enough energy in one football game to saw a whole cord of stove wood.

A Peace-Argument of Military Science.
The trite saying that a great war can no longer be afforded is given greater significance than ever by the descriptions of the new field piece of the German army. This is pronounced the most terribly destructive engine of war ever produced, and is a three-inch gun which can be loaded and fired in one-third of the time required for the old gun, and with almost double the effect and precision. Explosive shell is the only projectile. This is charged with a new powder of secret composition that scatters thousands of splinters over a circle of 900 feet, whereas during the Franco-German war the pieces of bursting shell fell within a circle of forty or fifty paces and not more than seven or eight were wounded. —Trenton (N. J.) American.

The "Man of Iron."

"The Man of Iron," otherwise "Giles the Wizard," was one of the persons put to death during the witchcraft persecution at Salem, Mass. His real name was Giles Corey, and at the time of his awful death he was an old man past eighty. When accused of being a "wizard" (which the Salem lunatics seem to have considered the masculine of "witch") he calmly met their charges and coolly informed them that he would die rather than admit that he had ever had communion with evil spirits. He was put to the peine forte et dure (death by pressure with huge weights), his fortitude during his dying moments winning for him the title used in the first line. —Chicago Herald.

A WONDERFUL TIMEPIECE.

MARVELS OF THE CLOCK IN STRASSBURG CATHEDRAL.

Wound Up to Run From 1840 Until 9999—Crowds Daily Wait Its Noonday Hour.

FOR the third time the municipality of Strassburg decided, in 1836, that a new astronomical clock should be placed in the framework of the old one. A Strassburg watchmaker named Schilwege was entrusted with the undertaking, and within four years he finished the unique mechanism which stands to-day the wonder and amusement of natives and visitors. Not only does this clock keep the time from day to day, but it runs from year to year without the intervention of any clock-maker. Besides this, its face contains a disk indicating all the variable holidays of the year, Easter, and so on. It regulates itself in the leap years. It gives the phases of the moon, the eclipses, the equinoxes, and the revolutions of all the planets of the solar system. The fineness of the structure can be understood when it is known that of the seven golden balls, of different size, representing the planets, the nearest to the sun, Mercury, takes eighty-eight days to make the circuit of its orbit, while Saturn only can complete its course in 1747 days, or nearly three years, says the Philadelphia Telegraph.

The entire mechanism, its maker calculated, would run until the year 9999, if the brass and other metal of which it is built do not wear out in the meantime. This wonderful contrivance is unfortunately in a dark place, where those who constantly wish to view it well are scarcely able to do so. Its site is a wing, which can be entered through the Cathedral proper or a portal, which directly leads thither from outdoors. The time of greatest interest is at noon each day, though there are little performances at every quarter hour. At noon is the time the cock crows, and that is what every one wants to hear. The interest never seems to wane. For an hour before 12 o'clock, day after day, a crowd gathers in this corner, waiting for the exhibition. This early arrival is partly in order to get a good place, and partly because the clock keeps solar time, which now is a half hour behind ordinary Strassburg time. Here are tourists, soldiers, nuns, bridal couples, peasant women with baskets, boys with bundles, who have run in from the street to get another look at the thing. Now, it is only a half hour until the performance; will the room hold any more?

The bees, like the street-car conductors, are sure there is plenty of room "up front," or rather, in this case, behind. They wave the wands of their majesty, and back the people surge. Still more are coming. The natives, who never seem to tire of the sight, and who know better about the variance in the times, are now dropping in—mothers with babies, business men from around the corner, and everybody else. There is not space to sneeze. Now there are only five minutes until the rooster crows. Maybe he will not crow to-day. Everybody is looking at the clock. Don't wink.

Now comes the fateful minute. In the very centre of the big monument to the clockmaker's ingenuity is a gallery. Here stands Father Time representing Death. He has about him, on a revolving plane, four figures—Childhood, a boy; Youth, a young hunter; Manhood, a fully-armed knight; Old Age, a gray-haired man, clothed in the skin of a beast. Childhood had struck the first quarter-hour. Youth the second, Manhood the third and Old Age the other hours of the day; but now at noon it is Death's own chance. The four figures come out in view before him, while, with a grim hammer of bone, he sounds with twelve strokes the death of another day.

A little figure down near the face of the clock now has his turn, and, with a little shake reverses his hour glass. Above all this is another gallery. It begins to squeak. The machinery is in motion. In the middle is a figure of Christ, and around Him are the twelve Apostles. Out they come, one by one. Each steps an instant before the Saviour, turns his face, bows, and receives the blessing from His outstretched hand. But the rooster; where is he? There he still is, high up on a pedestal, besides a stained-glass window. Now he clucks. Now his old metal-plated throat swells. He flaps his wings and crows. Another minute. Again he flaps his wings and crows. And a third time. Was there ever such a rooster as this? It is all over. The bees drive the people out, shut up the cathedral, and go to dinner.

The time of greatest interest comes but once a year, in the night from December 31 to New Year's Day. Then an immense crowd always assembles to watch the revolutions of the machinery as it regulates itself ready for the labors of the coming year.

Twentieth Century Agriculture.
The belief is gaining ground that the model farm of the future will be an electric one. The necessary current can be had by utilizing the wasted forces of nature—the waterfalls being sufficient in many places, while in others windmills can be used in connection with storage batteries. Inventors are undoubtedly capable of adapting electric machines to every kind of farm work. With well-made roads, electrically-lighted houses, and a well-planned equipment of electric machinery—including, possibly, electric carts and carriages—the lot of the tiller of the soil will be greatly improved. —Trenton (N. J.) American.