

Statistics show that enough corn fodder goes to waste in Missouri each year to feed all the horses and cattle in the State.

Charles Dudley Warner says that the use of the typewriter in composition makes one wordy, diffuse and sloppy. He advises authors to stick to the pen.

All the merchants in Plymouth, Mich., have entered into an agreement to hereafter do business on a business basis. None of them will in future offer chromes, prize packages, or any other gifts in the effort to secure trade.

It is not generally understood in this country that in Germany, France and Italy priests are liable to military duty, as well as all other classes of the population. In Germany they are usually assigned to service in the hospitals, but in France and Italy they are compelled to go into the ranks.

Professor Clark, of the Northwestern University, Chicago, says that the great mass of students applying for admission to that institution nowadays are extremely deficient in their knowledge of the English language. He attributes this condition to the defective system of instruction employed in the public schools.

For the first time in eighty years the results of the competition for the Porson prize for the best rendition of a passage of Shakespeare in Greek by Cambridge (England) students have been so poor that the examiners decided not to award the prize. The Chancellor's medal for an English poem on the subject of "The Marquis of Montrose" has also been withheld.

The Roanoke Colony Memorial Association of North Carolina intends to erect an appropriate memorial on Roanoke Island, North Carolina, where Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists settled in 1585 and 1587, and on which was born in 1587 Virginia Dare, the first child of English parentage born in America. The association appeals to all users of tobacco, and dealers in it especially, to contribute to this object at least the value of two or three cigars, inasmuch as Sir Walter Raleigh first discovered tobacco at Roanoke. The President of the association is Graham Daves, of Newbern, North Carolina.

The Property Protection Society of England sends out a little leaflet entitled "The Expenditure of a Great Landowner." The landowner is the Duke of Bedford, and the lands are his Thorney and Wansford estates. His outlay, according to Mr. Wilson Fox, one of the assistant commissioners to the Royal Commission on Agriculture, during the twenty-one years from 1872 to 1894, was over \$2,650,000. The total rent received from the property during that period was \$3,750,000. Thus the average annual outgoings represented 70.6 per cent. of the average annual rent received, without deducting income tax. The net income derived from the estate in 1893 gave no rent at all for the land, and represented only 3.4 per cent. on the sums spent on buildings.

The Columbia (S. C.) State says: "It is not to the interest of the South that its commercial and financial operations shall be limited to one channel; it is greatly to its interest that it shall have close relations with more than one metropolis. We want to see New York and Chicago competing for the trade of the Southeast, for the inevitable result of that competition will be to give us better terms and greater consideration. The Eastern metropolis has heretofore taken our trade as a matter of course, with hardly an effort and without thanks. Southern trade more than Northern has made New York great. Now we want Chicago to bid for it, and get what she can of it by offering cheaper goods, better accommodations, easier terms. There is no prejudice, no feeling in matter. We simply offer our trade to the highest bidder. The West has not sent money here to build cotton mills and uphold banks because it had no business relations with us of the sort requiring or prompting such action, and because it has been until recently itself a very great borrower from the East to develop its own resources. We do not assert that the feeling of the West towards the South is warmer than that of the East, or that the East merits our commercial hostility. We only say that it is better to have two buyers of our products than one; two offerers of goods and money and accommodations than one; two investors and developers than one. There is no sentiment in the matter so far as we are concerned. It is business, strictly business."

A BYGONE SUMMER.

An humble scene among the bygone summers,
When lulls were round and maidens' lips were red,
Among the grass the rhymes of insect hummers;
The katydid's harsh triolets overhead.
Where the white road the mountain's coarse hair parted,
Spilled nectar, but a moment sunshine flowed;
The whippoorwill's their night-long chansons started,
And on the sky-plain tents of bedouins showed.
Two stood beside the farmstead gate—a maiden,
And he who there with Hope's misguiding eyes
Saw fame ahead, as some child legend laden,
Believes beyond the rainbow treasure lies.
They stood together in the locust's shadows
Their faces pale beneath the twilight glow;
And ahead, soft as vespers o'er meadows—
"I hate so much, so much, to see you go!"
The years went by in disappointing fashion,
For who has seen the future's scroll unfold,
Nor learned that those we love with youth's first passion
Are not the ones we wed when we are old?
Yet, little maid, in memory's blue now sleeping;
A lover yet, an old man's teardrops flow,
If there were only one to cheer him weeping,
And say—"I hate so much to see you go!"
—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

A HERO.



The dead of night there was a cry:
"Fire, fire!"
Even in the great city, where thousands are at hand to render aid, it is a terrible cry at that hour. But on a lonely plantation how inexpressibly awful!
"Fire, fire, fire!"
It rang through the wide halls, and was echoed from the colored quarter, in every variety of tones of horror and alarm.
The mistress of the mansion, awakening at the cry, sprang from bed, and hurriedly began to dress, gazing around bewildered. For a moment she was conscious only that her husband was absent. She was recalled to something like herself by the shrieks of the maid who had slept in the room, and who, instead of assisting her toilet, was pointing, with terrified exclamations, to the ruddy reflection playing against the trees in front of the house.
Suddenly, to add to the confusion of the scene, the chamber door was flung open, and a crowd of female servants rushed in, flocking affrightedly together, like a covey pursued by the sportsman. They closed around Mrs. Stewart's bed, screaming, weeping, wringing their hands and depriving her of what little presence of mind had been left.
"Oh, missus, we shall be burned to death, we shall, all of us. The fire has caught the staircase. The blessed Lord above has mercy on us!" These, and similar exclamations, filled the air and distracted her attention.
Meantime the conflagration became more serious each minute. Had that terrified group listened they could have heard the roar of the flames in the hall outside, and the crackling sound that announced the approach of the fire to the woodwork near the staircase, warning them that, if they would save their lives, their flight must be instant. But they only huddled the closer together, sobbing, moaning, embracing one another frantically.
All at once a man dashed into the room, with agitated face and dress disordered. Thrusting aside the terrified maids, he hastily approached his mistress.
"Fly," he cried, breathlessly, "this moment, or you'll be too late." And glancing rapidly around the room, he snatched the rich cover from a center-table, which stood in the middle of the apartment, covered with books, pretty trifles and flowers in vases. This he threw around his mistress, exclaiming, "It will keep the fire from catching. Come."
The sight of his face had reassured his mistress. Juba was about her own age, had been born in her father's family, and had always shown the most devoted attachment to herself personally. Above all the servants on the plantation, he was distinguished for a strict, religious performance of his duties, for Juba was consistently pious. He was also shrewd, and ready in every emergency, and Mrs. Stewart felt that he would save her, even at the peril of his life.
Juba, even while speaking, had seized her hand and dragged her toward the staircase. But now a gust of wind drove such volumes of thick, black smoke toward them, that she was almost suffocated, and she paused, unable to proceed. It was not a time to hesitate, so Juba, snatching her in his arms as he would a child, and dragging the cover entirely over her face, dashed into the rolling volume of smoke, and down the great staircase.
He was not a moment too soon. Scarcely had he reached the bottom, followed by the affrighted maids, before the passage was closed entirely by a dense wall of flame. Neither he nor the female servants, indeed, escaped entirely unhurt. But the table-cover effectually protected Mrs. Stewart.
Juba had scarcely, however, placed his mistress safely on the lawn, before she started up, crying, "Where is the baby? Who has seen the child? Oh! it is in the house yet." And she would have rushed toward the blazing

doorway if she had not been instantly and forcibly detained.
The servants looked at each other in dismay. In the suddenness with which the conflagration had spread, and in the excitement of their mistress's danger, nobody had thought of the child. It was an only one, a boy about two years old, who slept with his nurse, or "mammy," as she was called in the household, in a back room in the upper story. Mrs. Stewart's first thought on her escape had been to look for her darling; and but for this the absence of the child might have been even longer overlooked.

The hall of the house was now all in a flame, the fire pouring out through the doorway as from the mouth of a furnace so that ingress by that path was impossible. Most of the second story was also burning, and the entire first floor, for the conflagration had broken out there originally. To reach the apartment where the nurse, probably paralyzed with terror, was still with the child, seemed out of the question entirely.

But there was one there who determined to make the attempt. The sight of her broken face, and the sounds of her mother's moans, as she sank into the arms of those who restrained her, exhausted by her struggles to escape, determined Juba to try at least to rescue his young master.

"I will go, missus," he said; "don't cry no more."

He looked around as he spoke for some means of scaling the second story. There was no ladder, and only one staircase, but the bough of an ornamental tree, that overshadowed the house, fortunately held out a means of access to a bold heart and a strong arm. Not stopping even to hear his mistress's thanks, he clambered up the tree, ran out on the limb, and dropping on the roof, disappeared within the dwelling.

How breathless were the moments that ensued. The flames were spreading with frightful rapidity. The eaves of the building began to smoke, showing that the fire within had reached the roof, and soon after the whole line of them flashed into conflagration. Meantime the lurid element poured out from the windows, ran upward licking the combustible front and streamed in a waving, dazzling pyramid high over the top of the mansion, far into the blue firmament. Millions of sparks, accompanied by volumes of rolling smoke, sailed down the sky before the breeze, completely obscuring the heavens at intervals, though occasionally this thick canopy, partially blowing aside, the calm moon was seen peacefully shining down through the rent, in strange contrast to the other terrible scene. The roar of the conflagration had now become intensely loud; and, to add to the horror, there began to be heard the awful sound of timbers falling within the house.

Mrs. Stewart had watched the fire in silence, her hands clasped and lips parted ever since Juba had disappeared within the house. Each moment appeared an age to her. At last the suspense, thus lengthening out interminably, as it seemed, became intolerable.

"Oh, missus, we shall be burned to death, we shall, all of us. The fire has caught the staircase. The blessed Lord above has mercy on us!" These, and similar exclamations, filled the air and distracted her attention.
Meantime the conflagration became more serious each minute. Had that terrified group listened they could have heard the roar of the flames in the hall outside, and the crackling sound that announced the approach of the fire to the woodwork near the staircase, warning them that, if they would save their lives, their flight must be instant. But they only huddled the closer together, sobbing, moaning, embracing one another frantically.

All at once a man dashed into the room, with agitated face and dress disordered. Thrusting aside the terrified maids, he hastily approached his mistress.
"Fly," he cried, breathlessly, "this moment, or you'll be too late." And glancing rapidly around the room, he snatched the rich cover from a center-table, which stood in the middle of the apartment, covered with books, pretty trifles and flowers in vases. This he threw around his mistress, exclaiming, "It will keep the fire from catching. Come."

The sight of his face had reassured his mistress. Juba was about her own age, had been born in her father's family, and had always shown the most devoted attachment to herself personally. Above all the servants on the plantation, he was distinguished for a strict, religious performance of his duties, for Juba was consistently pious. He was also shrewd, and ready in every emergency, and Mrs. Stewart felt that he would save her, even at the peril of his life.
Juba, even while speaking, had seized her hand and dragged her toward the staircase. But now a gust of wind drove such volumes of thick, black smoke toward them, that she was almost suffocated, and she paused, unable to proceed. It was not a time to hesitate, so Juba, snatching her in his arms as he would a child, and dragging the cover entirely over her face, dashed into the rolling volume of smoke, and down the great staircase.

He was not a moment too soon. Scarcely had he reached the bottom, followed by the affrighted maids, before the passage was closed entirely by a dense wall of flame. Neither he nor the female servants, indeed, escaped entirely unhurt. But the table-cover effectually protected Mrs. Stewart.
Juba had scarcely, however, placed his mistress safely on the lawn, before she started up, crying, "Where is the baby? Who has seen the child? Oh! it is in the house yet." And she would have rushed toward the blazing

doorway if she had not been instantly and forcibly detained.
The servants looked at each other in dismay. In the suddenness with which the conflagration had spread, and in the excitement of their mistress's danger, nobody had thought of the child. It was an only one, a boy about two years old, who slept with his nurse, or "mammy," as she was called in the household, in a back room in the upper story. Mrs. Stewart's first thought on her escape had been to look for her darling; and but for this the absence of the child might have been even longer overlooked.

The hall of the house was now all in a flame, the fire pouring out through the doorway as from the mouth of a furnace so that ingress by that path was impossible. Most of the second story was also burning, and the entire first floor, for the conflagration had broken out there originally. To reach the apartment where the nurse, probably paralyzed with terror, was still with the child, seemed out of the question entirely.

But there was one there who determined to make the attempt. The sight of her broken face, and the sounds of her mother's moans, as she sank into the arms of those who restrained her, exhausted by her struggles to escape, determined Juba to try at least to rescue his young master.

"I will go, missus," he said; "don't cry no more."

A human figure began to emerge, crawling painfully on hands and knees. A human figure, yet crushed almost out of the shape of humanity, but still with life in it, for it moved.
And hark, a voice; a voice coming from that mangled body. What did it say?
Not words of pain, but words of joy. Words such as the martyrs used at the stake. "Alleluiah! Hallelujah!"
For was not he a martyr, too? He had died to save his master's child. He was both hero and martyr.—New York News.

A Meteor When in Business.

We owe our immunity to our atmosphere, which serves as a bullet-proof cuirass for the world. When a meteor enters the atmosphere, the friction produced by its gigantic speed makes it flash up like the arrow of Aescetes, only more so. The ingenious experiments of Lord Kelvin have shown that the heat thus produced, just as a brake showers sparks from a carriage wheel, or a lucifer match lights on the box, is sufficient to consume the meteor as if it were suddenly cast into a furnace heated to three or four million degrees. Obviously the smaller meteors are utterly consumed before they have penetrated far into the atmosphere, which their fate has shown to rise to a height of about 120 miles.

Only a very large one can descend, as that of Madrid is said to have done, to within twenty miles of the earth before being burst by the expansion due to heat and by the resistance of air. The fact that fragments do occasionally reach the earth is the best proof of the great size of some of the meteors that we encounter. If it were not for the "blessed air," the explosion of them all, with the accompanying fervent heat, would take place in our midst. It is safe to say that such a state of things would render our great towns uninhabitable. In London we are somewhat inclined to gird at the atmosphere, with its smoke and its fog and its east wind. But none of us can tell how often it has saved him from a terrible and invisible fate, in being, as Mark Twain has it, "shot with a rock." If we are more inclined to recognize the atmosphere services in future, the Madrid meteor will not have exploded in vain.—The Spectator.

Reading Finger Prints.

By a combination of the Bertillon method of measurement with the finger print system any prisoner can be identified with almost absolute certainty and in a very short space of time. Mr. Galton, says the Saturday Review, calculates that the chance of two finger prints being identical is less than 1 in 64,000,000,000, and when we consider the relatively small numbers of the criminal population, and that other personal evidence may be available in any doubtful case, mistaken identity ought now to be a thing of the past. The method of reading finger prints proposed by Mr. Galton is at first sight somewhat complicated, but with a little practice we are told that about five minutes would suffice for the complete verification of any one of 2632 sets forming a directory.

A specimen directory of 300 sets has been given, together with numerous finger prints. The method of obtaining the prints is to press the thumb or finger upon a plate of copper which has previously been coated with a very thin film of printer's ink. The inked fingers are then pressed or rolled upon the card which is kept as a record. Although finger prints have been used as a sign manual from the earliest times, yet it is only recently that they have been studied from a scientific point of view, and the evidence accumulated is as yet insufficient to enable us to realize their value to the anthropologist. Now that a good system of classification has been worked out, it is to be hoped that observers will multiply rapidly, and that the bulk of material at our disposal will soon be considerable.

Origin of the Straw Hat Trade.

The origin of the straw hat trade is lost in the mists of antiquity. It appears from "Corytha's Crudities," published in 1611, that "the most delicate strawen hats" were worn by the men and women of Piedmont, many with at least a hundred seams. It is evident that the art of straw plaiting had arrived at a great state of perfection more than two centuries since, but it does not appear to have reached England till a hundred years later. It is within the memory of some of the old inhabitants of the straw districts that the wives and daughters of farmers used to plait straw for their own bonnets before it became an established branch of trade.

Indeed, the custom of wearing bonnets at all is of a comparatively recent date, as hoods were used by women of the lower classes, while ladies of rank adopted hats made of silk and other textile fabrics.

A Profitable Grapefruit Tree.

The returns from the sale of the product of a single grapefruit tree in the Terra Ceia Island grove, near Braidentown, are given in a late issue of the Manatee River Journal. The fruit filled twenty-six boxes and sold for \$170. The freight, cartage and commissions amounted to \$26.36, making the net proceeds \$143.64.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Citizen.

A Feat of Mechanical Skill.

A story of a feat of mechanical skill of wonderful delicacy is told in Iron Age. An expert mechanic is said to have taken a common sewing needle of medium size, 1 1/2 inches long, and drilled a hole through its entire length, from eye to point, the hole being just large enough to admit of the passage of a very fine hair.

TALES OF THE TREASURY.

ROMANCES THAT VARY THE DULL ROUTINE OF MONEY COUNTING.

Redeeming Paper Certificates That Have Been Through Strange Experiences—Unique Frauds.

THE United States Treasury at Washington is a rich and virgin field for novelists. Up to date no writer of romance seems to have thought of working it, though in return for a little scratching with the pen it might be made to laugh with a harvest of joyous anecdotes. Strange and amusing things are constantly popping up to distract the attention of the officials from the dull routine of money counting.

In Ohio lives a farmer named Jason B. Smith. His home is in the neighborhood of Ypsilanti, and among his neighbors he is reputed to be somewhat "near." A while ago he buried a considerable sum in notes and certificates, believing Mother Earth to be more trustworthy than a bank. Going one day to examine his treasure he discovered that the elements were rapidly reducing it to dust. For it is a fact that paper money when buried in the ground quickly decays.

This state of affairs alarmed Mr. Smith, and he promptly withdrew the cash from safe deposit. But, instead of forwarding it to the Treasury in the jar that contained it and without disturbing the semi-decomposed bills he emptied the whole business into a pillow case. Tying the latter around his body next to the skin he started for the National Capital. Being of a frugal turn of mind he made the trip as far as possible as a deck passenger on a river steambat, sleeping on bales and boxes.

He got to Washington safely, presented himself at the Treasury and stated his case. The next thing was to remove the cash from his person, and this was a matter of some embarrassment. A messenger was assigned to the duty of assisting in the task, which was accomplished with no little difficulty by reason of a lack of trustfulness on the part of Mr. Smith. Finally, the money was handed over to one of the ladies in the redemption division to be counted and identified. She found it very much crumpled, but succeeded in identifying about \$19,000—all but \$400 of the total sum represented.

Payment was offered to Mr. Smith in the shape of a draft, but he would not take it that way. He chose notes of large denomination and went off with them and a strong sense of gratitude to the ladies of the redemption division. To them he sent a newspaper filled with grapes, together with a poem. Mr. Smith departed joyfully for his Western home. On his way thither he was robbed of the entire \$19,000.

Another buried money case was that of a colored man near St. Louis, who put \$150 in a tin can and interred the latter in a field near his home. Soon afterward he was taken ill and spent several months in a hospital. On being cured and discharged, he sought his bank and found that the farm in which it was located had been sold. Not only that, but it had been cleared, so that every land mark was obliterated. The new owner, an honest German, promised to look for the treasure, and by good luck he did actually find it, turning it up with his plow. The cash was much rotted, but all of it was redeemed by the Treasury except one \$20 National bank note, of which only the outer rim remained. If this note had been an ordinary greenback or certificate the amount would have been recovered, but in the case of a bank note it is necessary that the name of the bank shall be known in order to secure redemption, and in this instance both the name and the signature of the bank's officers had disappeared. In one way, therefore, greenbacks and certificates may be considered safer property than bank notes.

Not long ago, in the interior of New York State, a wretched tramp died in a barn. He was evidently of German birth, and inquiry disclosed the name he went by. A few lines in the local papers were copied by the Staats Zeitung in New York, and from that source the death notice was recopied into newspapers in Germany. The brother of the dead man saw it, and wrote on the subject to the German Consul at New York. He said that his brother could not have been a pauper, inasmuch as he had received a large sum of money a short time previous. Accordingly, the body was exhumed, and beneath the underclothing was found a belt containing over \$6000. The cash was sent to Washington, and its condition was such as to make the clerks weary of life while going through the necessary process of counting and identifying the notes.

Cases of this sort are by no means infrequent. On one occasion some village children in a Northern State, while playing in the woods, found a dead man. They reported it, and the Coroner made an investigation. Little more than the skeleton remained, and it was never ascertained who or what the man had been. Beneath him was a portion of his clothing, which contained \$80. The money reached the Treasury in a decidedly crumpled and nasty condition. But that was by no means so bad as a consignment which was the fruit of a steamboat explosion on Lake Michigan. This was a number of years ago. The loss of life was great, and among the killed was the clerk, whose body, after nature's chemistry had done its work, was found floating on the water. In the coat pockets was a considerable sum in cash. When it got to the Treasury, not one of the clerks was willing to handle it. Finally, the chief of the redemption division was obliged to count it himself, after sprinkling it liberally with cologne and disinfectants.

Defects of Speech Remedied.

If the proper effort is made in children from the age of two to five years of age, it is in no way difficult to correct defective pronunciation. The faults lie usually in the necessity of the child's learning how to correctly pronounce certain words which to him seem incorrectly learned. A little practice on consonant sounds will sometimes correct many defects. The idea that "tongue-tie" is to blame for defects of speech is usually erroneous. It is surprising how quickly a little methodical education will permanently correct defects of speech, and this is almost equally true of stammering.—Chicago Medical Times.

On March 27, 1893, a package containing \$87,000 in Treasury notes was received by the Assistant Treasurer at New York. It was counted in the usual manner and found correct. Fifty-one of the notes were for \$1000 each. These were done up in a package by themselves. Holes were punched through the package for cancellation, and it was then cut in two in the customary fashion, one set of halves being sent to the office of the Secretary of the Treasury and the other set to the office of the Register. Both sets counted up only \$50,000, instead of \$51,000. Of course, the person who did up the notes and marked them \$51,000 was responsible, but it is hardly practicable to subtract \$1000 from the wages of a clerk who gets only \$1000 a year. She was discharged, and the Treasurer of the United States, E. H. Nebeker, made good the sum out of his own pocket. If any money disappears anywhere in the accounts of the Treasury Department, the Treasurer must go down in his clothes and square it.

Frauds on the redemption division of the Treasury are constantly being tried. What are called "drawer scraps" are presented almost every day with demands for new money in exchange. These are the torn-off fragments of notes which are found in tills and cash drawers. A young man employed in a New York bank once sent in a box full of them, claiming \$200. They were the result of many sweepings carefully accumulated. Unfortunately, they represented \$1000 or more, if anything, and the youth was lucky to escape prison. An Ohio woman not long ago mailed to the Treasury a number of rolled-up pellets of paper, which she said represented a \$5 note torn up by a child. The pellets were straightened out and found to be thirteen centre strips out lengthwise from as many bills. It is hardly necessary to say that the woman got nothing in return. People seem to think that Uncle Sam is precious green; and at the same time the redemption division does get cheated now and then, undoubtedly.—Philadelphia Times.

Warlike Indians.

An island in the Gulf of California is inhabited by queer human beings. The Ceris, without doubt, are one of the most interesting tribes of aborigines to be found on this hemisphere. They are said to have fair skins and blue eyes, and bear no resemblance whatever to the Indian tribes of the mainland or of the peninsula. In former days they made excursions upon the mainland, spreading havoc along the coast, but in later years they have kept closely to their island home. They are extremely fierce and warlike, and use venomous arrows in fighting. The island is known to be very mountainous, with innumerable rugged canyons and gorges, where the Indians ambush, and which renders subduing them almost an impossibility. Beyond the fact of the existence of the Ceris tribe very little is known. Their habits and language are said to be peculiar to themselves, while their origin is a subject of conjecture. The island shows no sign of vegetation from the Gulf, and their method of gaining a subsistence is unknown. Skippers cruising in those waters carefully avoid this island peopled with blue-eyed savages, and its rugged outlines, which loom up in the Gulf, are shrouded in mystery.—Oakland (Cal.) Echoes.

What About Leather?

The question is frequently asked: What is a vegetarian community to use instead of leather? Of course substitutes would have to be found. At present, as hides are a waste product, there is no need to seek further; but when they become scarce other substances will certainly take their place. Other things have already begun to compete with leather. Formerly the doublet and breeches and even bottles were made of that substance. Now we use cloth for book-binding and other purposes, and may have artificial leather boots. Demand always stimulates invention and production. It may, therefore, be safely predicted that to make ample provision for our clothing, even under a vegetarian regime, is a task not beyond the resources of civilization. We may be sure that if we have followed nature thus far and trusted her for our greater wants she will assuredly not fail us in these lesser things.—Westminster Review.

How Fast Does Electricity Travel?

The above question is frequently asked in every-day conversations, but is seldom asked to the satisfaction of the querist. Wheatstone says that the speed of electricity from point to point along a proper conductor is practically instantaneous. Various attempts have been made to ascertain the exact number of miles which the current will travel in a given length of time. According to the most reliable estimates which such experiments have made, its speed is not less than 114,000 miles per second. The writer adds: "Such speed is inconceivably great; the mind cannot contemplate it without staggering."

The New Woman.

Chloroform and ammonia killed a centipede and saved a cat at Springfield the other day. The centipede dropped from a bunch of bananas upon the cat, and at once buried its poisonous fangs in the animal's legs. Its mistress, with rare presence of mind, dropped chloroform on the insect, which succumbed, and then she applied ammonia to the cat's leg. It was a triumph of presence of mind, apparently.—Boston Herald.

Hungarian Gipsies.

A census of the gipsies in Hungary has just been taken. They number 274,940, about half settlers in towns and villages, while the other half keep up a nomadic life. Of the total number 82,045 can only speak the Tsigany or Romany language; 104,750 speak Hungarian, too, as their mother tongue; 67,046 Rumanian, 9857 Slovak, 5861 Serbian, 2396 German and 2008 Ruthenian.

Horseless Carriages in 1810.

Horseless carriages are by no means new, as in volume 13 of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, published in Edinburgh in 1810, there are diagrams and a description of a horseless carriage invented by Mr. Rihards, a physician in Rochelle. The machinery by which the movement was effected was placed in a box in the rear of the carriage.

THE TWO TIDES.

In a vast tidal-wave of rosy light
The morning breaks on the reeding shore,
Where sounds the swelling, multitudinous roar
Of Life and Labor rising in their might;
While, far behind, with scintillant specks of white—
Drowning the tumult which it deepens o'er—
In earth-long curvature, rolls evermore
The black and silent avalanche of night.
O thou of selfish power and fortune proud,
The world revolves. The night shall overshadow
Its face, unshaded though it be with cloud.
O thou from whose sad life all light seems gone,
Beyond the black horizon line the dawn
In rosy tide comes rolling swiftly on.
Edward P. Jackson, in Youth's Companion.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Advice to a brunette who is about to become a blonde—Keep it dark.—Statesman.
"What makes you think Pilker is over fifty?" "Oh, he has begun acting silly again."—Chicago Record.
"Uncle Bob, what is a movable feast?" "The waffles and wieners wagon, my boy."—Chicago Record.
Had the prodigal's money held out he would never have known the taste of his father's fatted calf.—Ram's Horn.
"Love me little, love me long," she warbled. "Yes," said he. "But will you love me when I am short?"—Indianapolis Journal.
"I don't see Jimpon any more." "You are not likely to for some time. He's got a new camera and a baby at his house."—Cincinnati Enquirer.
"Say, loan me \$10 for about a week?" "Can't; haven't got but five." "That'll do—lend me the five for two weeks!"—Chicago Record.

The difference between a somnambulist and a messenger boy is trifling: One walks in his sleep, and the other sleeps in his walk.—Philadelphia Press.
Little Lulu—"Mamma, papa is coming." Mother—"Can you see him?" Little Lulu—"No, mamma, but I can hear the voice of his footsteps."—Roxbury Gazette.
As the hurricane swept the deck and upset a few yachtsmen it breezily remarked: "I guess I can turn an occasional summer 'silt' myself."—Richmond Gazette.
Vexed Mother—"James, how many more times must I tell you to stop making that noise?" James—"I'll leave that to your own judgment, ma."—Philadelphia North American.

"I have done nothing but blush all day," complained the rose, "and still that idiot of a poet goes on talking of the modest violet, as if there were not others."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Oh, mamma," said little Willie, as he made his first close inspection of a bicycle, "this machine has got rubbers on to keep its wheels from getting wet!"—Harper's Round Table.

De Vere—"I heard a compliment for you to-day." Miss Antique—"Indeed! What was it?" De Vere—"Young Chapman says you carry your years well."—New York Town Topics.

"Shoes were blacked as early as the tenth century," says an exchange. And it might have added that many of them look as though they had never been blacked since.—Boston Transcript.

"Mr. Crayons is very successful in his drawing," remarked the young woman. "Yes," replied the discourteous rival, "I understand he disposed of several pictures at a raffle."—Washington Star.

"People don't think I amount to much in this concern," said the office boy as he fled away the paid bills, "but they'd think different if they knew I handled all the receipts."—Roxbury Gazette.

He (admiring a vase of flowers)—"Are they not beautiful? Do you know they remind me of you?" She (softly)—"But they are artificial." He—"Ah, yes; but you'd never know it."—Washington Town Talk.

Mother—"Did you try to make yourself agreeable to Mrs. Highstone's?" Little Daughter—"Yes'm; I told her all the funny things our callers said about her, and she seemed to be real interested."—Good News.

He (admiring a vase of flowers)—"Are they not beautiful? Do you know they remind me of you?" She (softly)—"But they are artificial." He—"Ah, yes; but you'd never know it."—Washington Town Talk.

Mother—"Did you try to make yourself agreeable to Mrs. Highstone's?" Little Daughter—"Yes'm; I told her all the funny things our callers said about her, and she seemed to be real interested."—Good News.

"People don't think I amount to much in this concern," said the office boy as he fled away the paid bills, "but they'd think different if they knew I handled all the receipts."—Roxbury Gazette.

He (admiring a vase of flowers)—"Are they not beautiful? Do you know they remind me of you?" She (softly)—"But they are artificial." He—"Ah, yes; but you'd never know it."—Washington Town Talk.

Mother—"Did you try to make yourself agreeable to Mrs. Highstone's?" Little Daughter—"Yes'm; I told her all the funny things our callers said about her, and she seemed to be real interested."—Good News.

"People don't think I amount to much in this concern," said the office boy as he fled away the paid bills, "but they'd think different if they knew I handled all the receipts."—Roxbury Gazette.

He (admiring a vase of flowers)—"Are they not beautiful? Do you know they remind me of you?" She (softly)—"But they are artificial." He—"Ah, yes; but you'd never know it."—Washington Town Talk.

Mother—"Did you try to make yourself agreeable to Mrs. Highstone's?" Little Daughter—"Yes'm; I told her all the funny things our callers said about her, and she seemed to be real interested."—Good News.

"People don't think I amount to much in this concern," said the office boy as he fled away the paid bills, "but they'd think different if they knew I handled all the receipts."—Roxbury Gazette.

He (admiring a vase of flowers)—"Are they not beautiful? Do you know they remind me of you?" She (softly)—"But they are artificial." He—"Ah, yes; but you'd never know it."—Washington Town Talk.

Mother—"Did you try to make yourself agreeable to Mrs. Highstone's?" Little Daughter—"Yes'm; I told her all the funny things our callers said about her, and she seemed to be real interested."—Good News.

"People don't think I amount to much in this concern," said the office boy as he fled away the paid bills, "but they'd think different if they knew I handled all the receipts."—Roxbury Gazette.

He (admiring a vase of flowers)—"Are they not beautiful? Do you know they remind me of you?" She (softly)—"But they are artificial." He—"Ah, yes; but you'd never know it."—Washington Town Talk.

Mother—"Did you try to make yourself agreeable to Mrs. Highstone's?" Little Daughter—"Yes'm; I told her all the funny things our callers said about her, and she seemed to be real interested."—Good News.