

Hiram Maxim, inventor of the famous gun, says that the bicycle will play an important part in the wars of the future.

The New York police department asks for the modest little sum of \$7,000,000 for the expenses to be incurred in keeping the Gothamites in order during 1897.

A dental paper says that a fortune awaits the man who will invent a good substitute for gold as a filling for teeth. Platinum is available for back teeth, but not for front teeth, as it turns black.

"The number of Armenian children under twelve years of age made orphans by the massacres of 1895 is estimated by the missionaries at 50,000. The question of what shall be done with these orphans is receiving the attention of the Christian world.

Poor Lo at last seems to be making progress in the art of agriculture. It is reported that the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indians of Wyoming raised enough oats and potatoes during the past season to supply their own wants and to fill the contract for these commodities at Fort Washakie.

There are a few men in New York who are Directors of so many corporations that their fees for attending board meetings would alone constitute a good living income. Samuel D. Babcock has the reputation of being in more Directorates than any other one man. Russell Sage is a very close second, and at one time Samuel Sloan was a good third.

The new woman in London has certainly outstripped her rivals in this country in adopting the customs of men, observes the San Francisco Chronicle. At a public dinner, on the occasion of the opening of a new club in the English metropolis, one of the newspaper reporters was a woman, who calmly produced and smoked a cigarette when the dinner was over.

The result of the last municipal election in Glasgow, Scotland, is the greatest single tax victory yet achieved at the polls. In a city council of seventy-seven members there is a majority of twenty-three pledged to support a measure deriving all municipal revenue from land values. Permission from Parliament is still to be obtained before the people of Glasgow can do as they have voted, but, according to the Chicago Record, there seems to be no doubt that it will be promptly granted at the next session.

According to a report of the Horse-shoers' Protective Association, the horse is not only holding his own against the bicycle, but there is actually an increase in the number of horses now in this country. It says there are in Ohio 19,000 more horses than there were one year ago, 17,000 more in Michigan, 12,500 more in New York, and a corresponding increase in other States. The statistician of the association explains this by saying that bicycles are used chiefly by people who never did and never would own a horse, and that, while an occasional man may sell his horse and adopt the bicycle, the change is only temporary.

Less than eleven years ago there were only six firms engaged in the bicycle business, with an output of a few thousand bicycles. There are now more than 500 firms, with a product of 1,000,000, and innumerable smaller ones, which will probably add 200,000 more. As nearly as can be learned more than 3,000,000 bicycles are already in use in the United States, and some authorities make the number greater than this by nearly 1,000,000. Even the smaller estimates show that nearly one person out of twenty-four has already taken to the cycle as a matter of business, amusement or health. In France, where the number is known because of the collection of a tax, the proportion is only one in each 250 of the population.

At a recent meeting of the Indiana Tax Commission it was voted to secure, if possible, the services of Ex-President Harrison to make an argument in the Supreme Court in the behalf of the State of Indiana to enforce the payment of taxes assessed against the express companies. The commission believed that he would not appear in any case for a fee of less than \$5000. In the California irrigation cases he received \$10,000. His largest fee was received two years ago from an Indianapolis street railway; it was \$25,000. In the Morrison will case, at Richmond, Ind., he received \$19,000. For as General Harrison is concerned, the question, "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?" is not hard to answer, comments the New Orleans Picayune.



WHEN LOVE WAS YOUNG AND GREW NOT OLD.

HE had not the least shame about telling her age. On the contrary, she was rather proud to do so. It was something to be proud of. Not that she was sixty-four, but that at sixty-four she looked not a day over forty-eight, and a blooming forty-eight at that.

True, her hair was silver, but what a waving wealth of silver! And it was not sent by softening wrinkles either. She wore as many of those ornaments as it is legitimate to wear at forty-eight, and no more. Oh, she was certainly a wonderful woman for her age, was Mrs. Joseph Allestree!

Quaint, indeed, she appeared, particularly on a certain evening, standing in the old square portico, with the sun shining straight under the trees into her face.

The house at her back was low and long. It stood on the hazy little river that flowed at the foot of the abruptly sloping lawn. On the side, at the end of a long, shady avenue, was a gate with an old-fashioned wooden arch over it, concealed by vines.

It was toward this gate that Mrs. Allestree looked, leaning forward eagerly, like a girl, one hand shielding her eyes from the level sunbeams. She wore white—think of her daring to wear white! She was watching for Joseph. He had gone down to Stoneton—only a mile distant—for the post at 5 o'clock. That was two hours ago. Joseph did love dearly to gossip with the old farmers and shopkeepers, but he really ought to remember dinner time.

But Joseph had not forgotten his dinner. At this very minute the gate opened and his little gig rolled in, followed by three enthusiastic dogs—a St. Bernard and two red setters. Mr. Allestree, after embracing his wife as if he had just returned from a year's journey, went in with her to dinner, and Mr. Allestree was—but I will not describe him; simply he was everything that the husband of Mrs. Allestree should have been. Forty-two years had gone by since their marriage and in all that time they had never been separated a single day.

"Dearest," said Mr. Allestree as they sat down, "I owe you an apology for my tardiness, but it couldn't be helped. I got a letter calling me away on an important matter, and I had to stop to attend to some things in the village. I must go immediately—to-morrow."

"Oh, that Perley affair," she said, glancing over the page. "But, Joseph, can't you put it off? Remember, the Kennedys are coming in the morning to stay over Sunday."

"I cannot, Henrietta. It's got to be attended to at once."

"But, Joseph, you can't go without me. You know you never did such a thing."

"I am afraid I must do it this time," he replied, mournfully.

They sat in silence for some minutes. Twice Mrs. Allestree wiped away a sly tear with her napkin. At length, bravely assuming a cheerful aspect, she asked: "How long will you be gone?"

"I can't possibly reach London, accomplish all I want to and get home again in less than ten days."

"Joseph, it will kill us both."

"Ah, no, my dear," he laughed; "it won't quite do that. At least, I hope not. It will be very, very hard. But think, my love, we were apart five long years once on a time."

"Ah, Joseph," with a sob in her voice, "that was before we had ever lived together. We only knew each other by letter, you know."

"And a mighty comfort did we take out of those same letters. Isn't it strange that in two and forty years we should never have had occasion to write to one another? Not since you were Henrietta Shower."

"It is a singular circumstance," she replied. "Yes, we can write. Do you know, Joseph, the thought of it already consoles me a little. It will be such a delightful novelty."

It was a good thing for Mrs. Allestree that she expected visitors. But after the guests had departed her condition was pitiable. Especially as no letter had come.

Mr. Allestree had gone away early on Saturday. Now it was Tuesday. She had managed to be patient over the Sabbath, but on Monday morning, when Jimmy came up from Stoneton empty handed, she had refused to believe that he had not dropped the letter or that the postmaster had not overlooked it.

There were only two deliveries in the twenty-four hours, and at the evening the same performance was repeated.

On Tuesday Mrs. Allestree went herself to Stoneton and delivered a severe lecture to the postmaster upon general indifference of Government officials, thereby greatly annoying the poor man.

Mr. Framwell began to dread the

hours of delivery. Twice a day, whatever the weather, Mrs. Allestree presented her handsome, anxious face at the window.

When he handed out the post to her and she found not the letter she longed for, an angry face it was that peered in at him, and a stern—albeit well bred—voice that demanded of him to hunt through every box, lest perchance he had made some error in distributing.

The deserted, neglected wife must blame somebody, and she would not blame her husband. She did not, at first even dream of blaming Joseph, especially the younger ones, of siphium laciniatum and siphium terebinthaceum turn themselves in a north and south direction. Sir Joseph Hooker, it is said, noticed the peculiarity, and was able when traveling to tell when the train changed its direction by looking at these plants on the plain.

In the Polar regions Dr. Moss found that at a temperature of thirty-five degrees C. a candle would not burn regularly; for the wax would not melt, being cooled at once by the surrounding air. The flame then burned feebly, and sank down into a kind of tubular hollow; and on boring holes into this the flame sank down so as to leave a tubular shell, which was actually not melted by the flame. The continuous current of very cold air, induced by the flame was not heated sufficiently to enable it to melt the wax above the flame.

Its character, so wonderfully evolved from stubborn material, is full of beauty, with all the simple pastoral charm of natural scenery. Owing to the conformation of the ground and the various demands of the public it was found necessary to make a number of small picturesque scenes, rather than to furnish a single broad expanse of turf with groves of trees. It was, however, the efforts of the designers to furnish the largest open spaces practicable, and at great expense protruding masses of rock were blasted out at the lower end, and the spaces left were filled with loam. To this we owe a peaceful meadow, with its vague borders lost in the shady recesses of the trees, giving an idea of unlimited extent by the glimpses of grassy slopes seen at intervals beyond, though the green contains but sixteen acres, and the ball-ground only ten. In the north meadows there is a greater sense of freedom and space, though only nineteen acres could be secured even there, but the disposition of the roads and paths is so skillful that the fields produce upon the imagination the effect of far greater expanse, and are above all restful and satisfying with their suggestion of seclusion and country charm. A distinguished authority, defending it warmly from an unfavorable comparison, remarks, "In no European city, we can safely say, is there a park conceived in so purely naturalistic a way and kept so free from unharmonious details as the Central Park."—Atlantic Monthly.

All in the Family.

A few nights ago a prominent Evangelist, who lives in a handsome home in Lake street, was working overtime on the North Side, and when his business was completed boarded a North Shore electric car for home. He was enjoying the last of his box of Havana and was contemplating how much the next box would cost when the conductor came out on the front platform for fares. The thoughtful man jammed his hands into his pockets, and in his dismay discovered that he had only a counterfeit dollar, which he had been carrying for months. Ten miles from home, away from friends and "broke" was the unpleasant thought that had flashed through his mind, so he passed up the counterfeit coin and received his change. Before the car had traveled a mile the conductor came around again with a suspicious look on his face and said: "Either you or a lady inside gave me a counterfeit dollar."

"It was the woman, of course," responded the embarrassed gentleman; "they are always doing such things."

The remainder of the journey was not very pleasant to the man who was "hooking" his ride at the expense of an innocent woman, but he buried himself in thought and tried to forget. He left the car at Lake street, and had started for home on a brisk walk when he heard footsteps behind him. Turning, he saw his wife, who rushed up, and in the most mortified tones said: "How I wish I had known you were on that car. The conductor accused me of giving him a counterfeit dollar and made me give him a new dollar before all those people."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Good Authority.

A Boston authority on lingual matters says the name Maceo should be pronounced as if written Me-thay-o, with the accent on the second syllable.—Boston Globe.

Hardware Railway.

A Newark (N. J.) hardwareman is advertising there is a great drive in nails, a sharp competition in razors, and a rapid movement in knives and forks.—Hardware.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Scarlet flowers stand drought better than any others.

The camel has the most complicated system of digestive organs.

The tires, the machine and the clothing of the cyclist are very liable to become soaked with rain, affording an excellent conductor for the electrical bolt.

The fastest locomotive ever constructed will not reach the speed of the frigate bird, which will fly about 125 miles an hour, or across the Atlantic in one day.

Possibly some observing scientist, watching the motions of the bird, may get at the secret of its great speed, and reproduce it in some practical way, which will make the air, instead of the earth and water, the great medium of communication from one part of the world to another.

There are eight storage battery roads in Europe, four of which were installed during the past year. The largest system of this type comprises three roads in Paris, operating nineteen storage battery cars, some of which have been doing duty since 1892, and the addition of a third road last May seems to indicate that for the conditions there existing the storage battery has proved satisfactory.

Attention to a curious property of certain plants has been called by an American botanist, E. J. Hill. It appears that the larger part of the leaves, especially the younger ones, of siphium laciniatum and siphium terebinthaceum turn themselves in a north and south direction. Sir Joseph Hooker, it is said, noticed the peculiarity, and was able when traveling to tell when the train changed its direction by looking at these plants on the plain.

Beauty of New York's Central Park.

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INSCRIPTION ROCK.

A GIGANTIC PEAK IN THE NEW MEXICAN DESERT.

Inscribed With Names of Spanish Pathfinder and Allusions to Their Deeds—A Record Reaching Back to 1605.

IN a far-away corner of far-away New Mexico stands a pinnacle of rocks so stupendous that it serves as a landmark, even in a land of lofty peaks, with top so difficult of access that only creatures with wings may surmount it, with appearance so striking that it received a characteristic name almost three centuries ago, when it first lay under the astonished gaze of a white man—El Morro.

While the poetic and impressionable Spaniards who braved the unknown and opened the Southwest to civilization saw the beauties of the immense pile, with its resemblance to the castles of the Old World, and gave it a name significant of its appearance, the latter-day American saw the writings left by long-gone explorers, and dubbed it "Inscription Rock."

When old-time explorers penetrated the unknown country north of Mexico, "carrying the faith," they passed up the ancient pueblo of Zuni, thence eastward toward the Rio Grande River. The natural highway, if it may be so called, led them directly under the shadow of a towering wall, thousands of feet long and hundreds of feet high. This wall, when faced from the east, presents the appearance of a wedge of rock, but when seen from the rear, it is found to be an immense V, the apparently solid wall being split almost to the end by a deep canon which left two immense cliffs of rocks frowning at each other across the great chasm. Where the two walls joined, the cliff shot up to a towering height in a pinnacle of rock which bears the most striking resemblance to an immense castle or fortress. It was this which gave the name by which it was known to the earliest explorer—El Morro.

But the present interest in this structure does not center in the stupendous rock, nor in the marvelous beauty of the cliff which terminates it. There is more human interest in it, more even than that which is aroused by the ruins of two great pueblos which look at each other across the chasm which divides the ridges forming the sides of the V. At the foot of the castle there trickles out a little spring, the only water to be found in a long day's ride, and this made it in the past, as it makes it now, the natural stopping place for all travelers who pass that way. History is meagre in its details of the conquest of New Mexico, but there are extant annals which give to the searcher for light many bits of information, that may be patched together to make a harmonious whole, which tell of the fortitude, the trials, and the sufferings of those men who braved the dangers of an unknown country and an unknown horde of savages to carry their faith to the heathen and to search for gold. These early explorers made the base of El Morro their resting place, and here they left for those who followed after a record of their presence which has endured until the present time.

The sandstone of the cliff is very fine and smooth, just such a combination as would induce a casual passer to inscribe his name thereon, and the Spanish explorers utilized it as a registry of their passage. It is an autograph album so valuable that it ought to be the proud boast of the United States that it is within its possessions. It is doubtful, however, if the authorities at Washington even know of the existence of this remarkable record of the early pioneers.

With their knives and probably their swords, the Spanish soldiers carved their names and generally some slight allusion to their mission upon the smooth surface of the wall, and the result is that to-day this surface bears the autographs of the men who opened the way to civilization in the Southwest two centuries before other white men from the East penetrated into that wonderful land of canon and desert.

The oldest identified autograph, as well as the most important of all the many noble names to be found written in the Spanish of 300 years ago is that of the leader, Juan de Onate, the real founder of New Mexico, the builder of the two oldest towns in the territory, San Gabriel and Santa Fe, and one of the bravest explorers that ever penetrated an unknown country with a handful of men. He it was that went on that marvelous journey in search of the "South Sea," the Pacific Ocean, and it was on his return from that wonderful tramp with thirty men through a trackless wilderness and desert that he encamped at the foot of El Morro and left his modest inscription upon that eternal page. Here is what he wrote:

Paso por aqui el adelantado don Juan de Onate al descubrimiento de la mar del sur a 16 de Abril año 1605.

(Passed by here the officer, Don Juan de Onate to the discovery of the sea of the south on the 16th of April, year of 1605.)

The lettering is antique and much abbreviated, but it is clear, and holds its appearance well after the rain and wind of three centuries.

When Diego de Vargas reconquered New Mexico after the Pueblo Indian uprising, which swept back for a time the advancing tide of civilization, he, too, stopped to rest under the giant rock, and this is the inscription left as a valuable memento of the trip:

Aqui estaba el Genl. Don D. de Vargas, quien conquisto a nuestro Santa Fe y a la Real Corona toda el Nuevo Mexico a su costa, año de 1692.

(Here was the General Don Diego de Vargas, who conquered for our body faith and for the royal crown all the New Mexico at his own expense, year of 1692.)

Close by the side of such names as those mentioned and those of Arcechuleta, Ynojos, Barbada, Godoy, and others as illustrious, there is a two-

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Whoever has a good temper will be sure to have many good things. There is nothing so strong or safe in an emergency of life as the simple truth.

It is the biggest kind of an insult to offer a small sum of money as a bribe.

A poor man with a sunny spirit will get more out of life than a wealthy gambler.

The violence done us by others is often less painful than that which we do to ourselves.

A man's domestic relations seldom trouble him as much as the relations of his domestics.

To see plum pudding in the moon is a far more cheerful habit than croaking at everything.

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.

It is not wise to aim at impossibilities; it is a waste of powder to fire at the man in the moon.

When a man is ashamed to look in a mirror it is a safe bet that his wife buys his neckties.

The epochs of our life are not in the visible facts, but in the silent thoughts of the wayside as we walk.

A coquette is like a rose. Each lover plucks a leaf; the stem and thorns are left for the future husband.

We take great pains to persuade others that we are happy than in endeavoring to be so ourselves.

It pays better to tell the truth and lose temporarily than to state falsehood and lose permanently.

Many preachers are good tailors spoiled and capital shoemakers turned out of their proper calling.

After a woman has been married three months she talks less about soul affinity and more about her meals.

There are no greater wretches in the world than many of those whom people in general take to be happy.

If a man is so proud that he will not see his faults, he will only quarrel with you for pointing them out to him.

To character and success, two things contradictory as they may seem must go—humble dependence and manly independence.

The only thing that can be compared to a good ad. in working ability is a mortgage. They both work day and night, rain or shine.—The South-West.

The History of Health.

To trace the history of the search of the human race after health would be almost tantamount to writing the history of the race itself. A careful examination of the position which hygiene now holds will, we think, justify us in alleging that it has made such advances as may fairly entitle it to take its place among the progressive if not absolutely exact sciences. Its literature has been said with truth to be among the oldest in the world.

We cannot doubt that in order of chronology the first name to be honored is that of Moses, as the author of the most complete and detailed system of hygiene in ancient times. We may be pretty sure that the code of Moses was the outcome of the wisdom and experience of long past ages. Be that as it may, however, we cannot but admire the excellent precepts laid down for the cleansing and purifying of house and camp, for the security of pure water, for choice of good and wholesome food, for the isolation of the sick and the unclean and for the destruction of refuse. It would not be too much to say that a fairly strict adherence to the Mosaic law would have preserved mankind from many of the disastrous plagues which have afflicted it. During the Middle Ages the Jews enjoyed a remarkable immunity from outbreaks of epidemic disease—an immunity which still distinguishes them in our own time.—New York Ledger.

Red Rocks Mark Her Grave.

In sight of the Erie tracks, between Susquehanna and Great Bend, are the "Red Rocks," a red cliff standing above the Susquehanna River. Near them can be seen traces of the grave of a beautiful Indian maiden, the daughter of a famous chief. She was betrothed to a young brave, a member of the father's tribe, then encamped near here. Her father desired her to marry the son of the chief of the neighboring tribe, and the wish of the paternal ancestor usually counted for something.

In consequence, she resolved to fly to the "happy hunting grounds," and one night she stole noiselessly from her wigwam, and, with the death song upon her lips, flung herself from the high cliff, her life's blood staining the rocks below, and to that day have retained the reddish hue which the rain and floods of a century have failed to efface.

When the maiden's lover saw her mangled corpse he retired to a cave in the mountains, and was never seen alive again. Forty years later his petrified body was found in the cave by a wandering remnant of the tribe. Under his body were found the long rotten tresses of the old chief's daughter.—New York Press.

The "Rote of the Waves."

It is a favorite theory with the fishing and seafaring people on the northeast of Scotland that in a storm three waves are strong and violent, while the fourth is comparatively weak and less dangerous. This succession they call a "rote of waves." Fishermen returning from their fishing ground often prove by experience the truth of their theory, and hang back as they come near the shore to take advantage of the lull that follows, they say, pretty regularly after three big breakers.

Anti-Foot-Binding Movement.

The anti-foot-binding movement, inaugurated by the missionaries in China, is distinctly gaining ground. Many women have pledged themselves not to bind their children's feet, and the latter procedure is of little value, a foot that has been bound for years being incapable either of recovering its original shape or of performing much useful service when deprived of the support of the bandages.