

Of the 122 honor pupils in the grammar schools of Chicago only twenty-five were boys. The girls of the required degree of scholarship necessary to obtain this distinction outnumbered the boys in the ratio of nearly four to one.

A madstone is advertised for sale in a recent issue of a scientific paper. The advertiser offers to prove its efficacy to any prospective purchaser. Whether the advertiser or the purchaser is to undergo a bite from a mad dog, in order to prove the merits of the stones, is not stated.

It has been discovered that an act of the Colorado Legislature in regard to negotiable instruments repealed the statute establishing as holidays the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, New Year's, Washington's Birthday and Memorial Day, leaving only Arbor Day and the Saturday half holidays as legal holidays.

The average cost of an oil well at Sumnerland, Cal., all complete, is about \$300. The running expenses are \$10 per month for each well. An ordinary well will yield four barrels per day, or 120 barrels per month. One hundred and twenty barrels are worth \$125, leaving a balance of \$110 each month on a \$300 investment. There is more oil in California than in Pennsylvania.

Harper's Weekly says: A new law in Massachusetts makes the possession of the skin or feathers of any birds which is protected by the laws of that State punishable by the same penalty as is imposed for killing the birds. This seems to mean that the guileless maid who buys her feathers of a milliner runs as much risk of fine or imprisonment as the hard-hearted man with a gun who goes out and pots the bird. In a State where a schoolmaster is less comprehensively abroad than in Massachusetts this law might make trouble, but the presumption is that in the Bay State every schoolgirl is ornithologist enough to know which birds are protected citizens, and which are aliens and safe to wear. The ostensible purpose of the new law is to preserve the birds which eat the bugs which feed on the crops of Massachusetts, but the promoters of the law are not likely to grieve if it goes beyond that and discourages the wearing of feathers in hats altogether.

This is certainly an age of hurry and bustle, and things are now done "while you wait," which formerly were subject to greater deliberation. Mary Shaw, a wealthy widow of Indiana, relates the Detroit Free Press, is right up to the times, too, and when she called on a lawyer of Shelbyville and announced that she wanted to get married before she went home, she created some surprise, especially in view of the fact that she had no idea of who she wanted to marry. She was a good client, however, and the lawyer sallied out in search of a groom. He found one in the person of William Donnard, a gardener, who was willing to "with all his worldly goods endow" the widow, especially as she would bring a fortune of \$30,000 into the partnership, while he had not a cent to his name. After a brief examination, the widow pronounced the lawyer's choice satisfactory, and a minister was sent for, who soon made the pair one. Then, leaving a substantial check in the lawyer's hands for his promptitude in the case, she left for her home with her new-found lord and master. She is sixty-five years old and Donnard only thirty-eight.

Relief work for the poor of San Francisco, undertaken in the early spring, and recently completed, had some novel and interesting features. In the first place the money used came from public contributions and not through an appropriation, no precedent being established for future work, and no political favor being bought. Then the expenditure of the money was watched over by a committee of citizens, chosen because of their business ability. This committee, to give aid without encouraging pauperism, distributed the money for labor honestly done, paying only current wages. In engaging labor it avoided the politicians, being guided largely by the advice of the Associated Charities, the Salvation Army and the police. Its purpose also was to make the labor of permanent benefit to the general public, thus rendering some substantial return for the money contributed. The work done was in the construction of a needed and substantial boulevard, and the entire amount contributed was expended in this line, the administration officers serving without compensation. Several hundreds of deserving men with dependent families received aid with no loss of self-respect.

SOME TIME. Some time we shall know why Our sunniest mornings change to noons of rain; And why our steps are shadowed so by paths; And why we often lie On couches sown with thorns of care and doubt; And why our lives are thickly hedged about With bars that put our loftiest plans to rout.

Some time we shall know why Our dearest hopes are swept so swift away; And why our brightest flowers first decay; Why song is lost in sigh; Why clasping fingers slip so soon apart— Etranglement, space and death read heart from heart; Until from deepest depths the teardrops start.

SOME TIME. Some time we all shall know Each other, eye, as we ourselves are known; And see how out of darkness light has grown; And He—who loves us so— Despise our willfulness and blind content; Will show us how His kind and calm restraint Can mold a human soul into a saint.

Some time our eyes shall see The silver lining to the darkest cloud; While silver echoes follow thunder loud; Some time our hearts shall be Content, forgetting all our restless mood; And knowing everything has worked for good— The how, and when, and why be understood.

—Lillian Gray.

THE DWARF'S LITTLE BROTHER.

A GIRL'S ADVENTURE IN A MEXICAN TOWN.

MISS STANLEY was a pink-and-white English girl, very tall and shapely. The Mexican girls, who ordered out their carriages if they had a block to go, used to look upon her with amazement as she tramped down their steep streets with a fine, swinging, heel-and-toe gait.

She was picking her way one day among the vendors in the plaza, stopping once in a while to give some whitening beggar or tattered monstrosity a centavo, when she felt her skirt pulled. Looking, she saw a tiny hand held out, and a childish voice piped the usual formula for alms. The little creature was no taller than a child of four. But the face! It was old and withered. The eyes were sunken and so old! Miss Stanley pulled back the rebozo—the hair was gray.

"A dwarf," she thought, with a little feeling of repulsion. "How old are you?"

"Fifty-four," piped up the wee thing. Then, true to her sex, "The priest will tell you fifty-eight, but I am not; I am only fifty-four." She said her name was Rosita.

Rosita, it appeared, did nearly anything for a living, begging preferably, although that is a somewhat overcrowded profession in Mexico. Sometimes she sold chickens or vegetables on a commission. She had another source of income, being pensioner on the bounty of a young man—a centavo a week—but she confessed sadly he made her jump for the coin, and if he held his arm out straight she might jump in vain, she could not reach it.

"The brute!" said Miss Stanley. Rosita did not know the meaning, but she looked up, pleased. That was good, the English lady was taking an interest in her, for the expulsive sounded profane, and profanity from a feminine source indicated strong emotion, which she construed favorably.

The poor in Mexico are always hungry, and Miss Stanley, knowing this, failing, took Rosita to a little one-roomed restaurant. The menu was confined strictly to Mexican dishes.

Miss Stanley noticed that Rosita put half her dinner to one side, wrapping the carne and frijoles in tortillas. When she came to a dulce of some tropic fruit, boiled in a syrup of cane sugar, her little wrinkled eyes looked wistful.

"How can I take some to my little brother?" she asked.

Miss Stanley asked another question: "Is this food you have put away for your brother?"

With babies and dogs—poverty marching always side by side with those innocents.

Down she went. The street made an abrupt turn. At the corner she was startled by seeing, protruding from a hole cut in a squalid doorway, several long, black fingers. They were withdrawn, and she saw, as she passed the door, two blood-shot eyes peering out like beast's eyes.

"Nina, ninita! the good mother of God sent you, and see what gain will be yours!" Turning, Miss Stanley beheld Rosita at her heel. She had a plate to sell—a coarse, ironstone china plate, chipped and cracked. There was a look of intense agony on her old face, and her wet hands shook as she drew her treasure forth from under her rebozo. The plate was impossible, and Constance, breaking that fact very gently to the little dwarf, was astonished to see the tears gather and fall over her shriveled cheeks.

"For two days, senorita, I have not dared unlock that door," and she nodded toward the mean portal where the eyes had shone and the fingers protruded restlessly. "Little brother has nothing to eat, except the few tortillas the poor around here could give, and many of these go hungry from the sun's coming up until the sun's going down."

Constance sent her servant and Rosita to the plaza for some cooked food, and, while she waited, she talked in the doorways with Pepita and Lola and Juana. They told her how Rosita worked and starved for her brother.

"How old is he?" asked Constance. "Quien sabe?" they said.

"Is he a child or is he big enough to work for her?" she asked, impatiently.

"Ah! he is grandote, but also he is loco, un maniacito. See, that is Jose now who glares from the hole in the door."

Miss Stanley listened to them with that rapt attention we all give to tales of the mad. He dug deep holes in the earth floor, burrowing like an animal, sometimes he escaped in that way and then there was fear in that way and street, and the police, after a bloody fight, would drag him shrieking back to the one poor room Rosita called home. She had always put food through the door for him before venturing to open it.

Once, for a long time, he had not menaced the peace of the street. That was when he killed the sereno. A policeman had peered him as he peered from the hole in the door, much as people tease a hyena snarling in a cage. The mad had memories, for Jose, one night when the moon was big, crept softly about the dark room, and, finding the key Rosita's small cunning hand hidden, opened the door, crept again softly up the street to an adobe doorway where was sleeping a sereno, his head on his knees. The police have a day and night shift, but one cannot expect a madman to know everything. So it was an innocent man who had his neck wrung as the cook does a chicken's. They could only guess what then happened. There were only the pulsing stars looking silently down and the great, calm moon. However, it was evident he must have dragged and worried and teased that poor piece of clay for God knows how far or long.

They found him asleep by the dead sereno, and, although too polite in the "Land of the Nocturnal Sun" to manacle or chain, they took the precaution to tie with stout manuey rope Jose's slumbering bulk before six of the largest policemen would venture to carry him to the carcel. Jose's kind of people are treated with deference in Mexico. So, after some time, the man was sent back for the dwarf to feed and care for, and Rosita's face took on more wrinkles each day.

After Tony Dysart had evolved this characteristic missive from his insides, he went out for a swallow of fresh air and to relieve himself of the strain of composition by a long walk.

Constance was very lovely at the dance, in a faint-green brocade, with a quantity of creamy old lace. Some crimson poppies were twisted round her ivory shoulders. One or two more of the flaming flowers shone from her pale-gold hair. Mr. Dysart completely lost his head over her; as he had a lot of possessions in Ireland, among them a rich father and an ancient and honorable ancestry, he could afford to do so.

He was thinking of her as she had looked the night before, when suddenly she appeared, with her servant, coming up from a street dark and deep, like a well, for already it was getting dusk.

On the strength of being at college with her brother, he began with true manly irascibility to take her to task for her imprudence. But Miss Constance tightened up her soft, haughty mouth and, giving him the rear curve of a tweed shoulder to study, led him a chase home.

The house the brother and sister occupied had been Senor Lopez's, but was presented to Dick, together with a mine worth millions, several black-eyed girls, and what other trifling property Don Felipe owned. However, Dick continued to pay the rent regularly and gazed on the girls from afar. The hanging-lamp was lighted in the zaguan; and when the mozo unchained the great double doors, a flood of melody and fragrance rushed out to greet them from the birds and flowers in the dim patio. Dick, in a smoking-jacket, lounged out from the sala to insist that Tony, old boy, should take tea with them. Which he did.

That was the first difference between the brother and sister. Dick adored Tony, and every night they pumped out the mine or rode to hounds over the sala floor. But Constance detested him, and, contrary to her usual reticence, said so. She tramped around the disreputable and filthy streets twice as much as before, for she knew it annoyed him. Sometimes she would see him following, and she resented his espionage.

"Why don't you like Tony?" Dick would ask. "You know my theory, Connie, that a sporty man like Dysart makes the best husband."

"Oh, Dick! who is talking about husbands? I think that a man who is utterly doggy and horsey and takes Browning to be authority on pink-eye or glanders is a very poor companion. To quote your 'dear Tony,' 'we don't trot in the same class!'"

Dick gave a contemptuous snort. This was one day at luncheon, and Constance, instead of the good cry she pined for, took a walk. She had not seen Rosita for some time, and she turned her steps toward what Dr. Dysart called "those cut-throat dens."

She had never seen the street so deserted. All were taking a siesta, even the dogs. As she reached the sharp corner, she heard a thin little shriek full of appeal. She recognized Rosita's voice, and ran with her shriek at her side into the low, open doorway she had before so shudderingly avoided.

There, snapping his teeth and rolling his bloodshot eyes, was Rosita's "little brother" tied with strong ropes to an iron pin in the wall—but his arms were free, and he stood there, a giant in size. He had secured the key and had almost pulled the staple from the wall, but Rosita was clinging to his arm and calling for help. To and fro he swung her as a wolf might a rabbit.

He had the key in his black, cruel hands and he brought it down on her up-turned face. Then again, as Constance rushed forward with a scream, the key fell with a crunch on the little, old, gray head.

At that moment the pin gave way, for adobe walls are not strong. Constance turned with her hands thrown out wildly. Over Rosita's body the madman tripped with a crash to the earth floor; just as he fell, he caught Constance's gown in his grasp. She fell with him, and, falling, knew the room had filled with a clattering crowd, and that Tony Dysart, smooth-shaven and blonde, loomed above all.

Constance, with the help of her criada, got out in the street, where she listened, with beating heart, to the cries, curses, and snuffing going on inside.

There was one dominating, awful groan—then a sinister silence.

A moment of sickening uncertainty for that unemotional young Englishwoman, and Tony Dysart, panting, his clothes torn, and blood-stains on his face and hands.

He walked firmly enough, to give Constance a helping arm up the stairs. He said Rosita was dead, and he thought the "little brother" would die also, for, while he was struggling with him, a policeman had crept up and struck him over the head with a heavy iron bar.

"I want you," she said, slowly. And the doors clanged behind them. —Edith Wagner, in the Argonaut.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

We clip from Dun's Review the following: "St. Louis—Business has improved in all lines this week two to fifteen per cent. Groceries are in the background, but promise improvement soon with better roads."

Memphis—Since the waters receded and country roads have improved, trade and collections have been better."

Moral—Good roads and good business are synonymous terms.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A Farmer's Views. The farmers' real taxes are not those which he pays into the town treasury, but the most burdensome tax is the unnecessary expense which he must meet wherever he does his work at a disadvantage. If he insists on cutting grass with a scythe where a mowing machine could be used, he is taxing himself by as much as the increased labor, but it doesn't seem like taxes because it isn't called by that name.

If he goes twice to town instead of once with a given load, his tax is very materially increased, but in spite of this, he too often objects to paying out the dollar that might bring him two in another way. In view of these facts, it is refreshing to receive a letter from a farmer, who says that he believes in the extensive building of permanent highways for the reason that such means of communication would decrease the farmers' taxes rather than increase them.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Good Roads and Broad Tires.

The movement in favor of good roads which has at last really begun to agitate rural communities all over the country involves many contributory issues of considerable importance. For instance, associations which have undertaken the task of improving the country roads are generally advising farmers to make use of broad tires upon their wagon-wheels, instead of the narrow tires which cut and rut a soft road so deeply.

It is not easy to induce the farmers to follow this advice, because it implies and requires at the outset the repairing of the road. Broad-tired wagons could make little or no progress over some of the muddy and rough roads which are too often found not far from the busiest and most thriving cities. Narrow wheels cut their way through more easily, but only at the cost of exhausting the horses which draw the wagon, and of still further injuring the road as a thoroughfare.

If the highway could be so improved sufficiently to bear the heavy tires, the wheels would cut like a miniature road-roller, and assist in keeping the road in good condition instead of tearing it to pieces.

As an immediate result, access to markets would be made much more easy, draught animals would gain in efficiency and length of service, and it would be possible to transport larger loads with greater ease and convenience than is the case at present.

The farmers and the rural communities which they control hesitate to take the first step because of the immediate expense involved. It ought not to be hard to convince so intelligent a portion of the community that real economy, both of labor and money, would be gained by improved roads and the use of broader tires.—The Youth's Companion.

Avoca, Ia., is making some extensive road improvements. A Road Improvement Association has been organized at Lima, O.

The Legislature of Massachusetts has appropriated \$800,000 to be used in road building in various parts of the State.

Good roads throughout this Commonwealth are absolutely necessary. I am for the Good Roads bill and all that it means, and will be until it becomes a law.—Representative Ebenezer Adams, of Pennsylvania.

Bad roads caused the death of E. E. Brown, at Deposit, N. Y., recently. Mr. Brown was driving a heavy wagon through the streets of that town when the wagon caught in a rut throwing him to the ground, and the wheel passed over his head, injuring him so severely that he died in a few hours.

Convict labor in road building is being employed in Duval County, Florida, and in North Carolina. In the latter case twenty-one and a half cents per day per head is said to cover the cost of food, clothes, medical attendance and guards, compared with twenty-eight cents per day for maintaining the same prisoners in jail.

VICTIM OF ANOTHER'S WEDDING.

Rice Thrown at a Wedded Pair Led to a New Rule on a Railroad. This is the story of a grain of rice. It was small, unattractive and uncooked, and was one of a shower that was thrown after a newly wedded couple in the railroad station at Wilmington, Del., when they boarded a train bound for New York last week.

The bridesmaids and ushers followed the newly-made husband and wife to the station, secreting on the way the usual bags of rice and old shoes to throw after the unsuspecting couple. The bride and bridegroom took their seats in the Pullman car, and talked to the group of friends until the signal for the starting of the train was given. Then the bridesmaids and ushers hurried to the platform, and as the train moved slowly out of the station the fun began.

Rice fairly rained over the car. It fell on the roof in a shower; it peeped in through the open window upon the young couple, and it fell into the engine-room on the engineer. Just as the train moved away an extra hurricane fell on the platform of the car where the brakeman stood.

Of course every one laughed. But the brakeman got several grains of the rice in his ears. He shook them out as he supposed, and thought no more about the matter until next day, when he noticed a sharp pain in his right ear. It became so keen towards night that he decided to go to a doctor next day.

The doctor tried all sorts of simple remedies to discover the cause. No one thought of the rice. The ear was syringed and washed repeatedly, but the pain and throbbing became most intense, and the doctor directed the patient to consult an ear specialist.

The specialist decided that a foreign substance had lodged in the ear. He syringed it with water and then with oil. He probed into the ear canal with little hooks of various sizes and shapes. All the time the brakeman was suffering more and more. He could not sleep at night, and thought he would go mad. He said that some insect was in his ear. He could hear it buzzing all the time. Then the specialist called in another doctor, and they held consultation. They decided to use a pair of forceps on the brakeman's ear. He said they could do anything they liked with him; anything to stop the pain and buzzing.

So they got a pair of the finest sort of forceps bent about to suit the delicate ear canal, and they reached gently into that ear and felt about until they found a small, hard substance. It was drawn out softly and carefully. It was a grain of rice. It had swelled slightly in the ear-pan.

The brakeman was mad. He went to Trainmaster Frank Carlisle, of the Maryland Division of the P. W. and B. Railroad, and made a complaint against the practice of rice-throwing. The trainmaster issued an order to the trainmen giving them special instructions to prevent rice-throwing within the station.

A celebrated specialist of this city said to a World representative: "The ear is one of the most delicate organs. Foreign substances often lodge there; insects frequently get in the ear, and children are very much addicted to putting peas, in fact anything they handle, into their ears. The tendency of such substances is to swell, and this causes intense pain and sometimes suppuration. The usual method is to syringe the ear out. This brings out the substance as a rule; but in obstinate cases we use oil. If it still resists, small steel hooks are used."

"There is a slight bend in the ear canal which makes it difficult to reach any object that has passed a certain point. I do not myself approve of using forceps. They are apt to push the object further in and sometimes injure the ear drum."

"The pain begins when the substance swells. Sometimes the pain is excruciating. I should imagine that a grain of rice would have grown soft in the ear, but it evidently did not do so in this case. When an insect gets in the ear we hold a sponge saturated with chloroform against the opening. This kills the insect, and we then syringe it out."—New York World.

Volcano as a Weather Prophet. Scientists have recently been investigating the belief, now many centuries old, that the volcano of Stromboli is a weather prophet. For two thousand years the inhabitants of the Lipari Islands, between Sicily and Calabria, and the mariners on the adjacent waters have looked to the burning mountain for advance information regarding wind and weather. By day the gigantic plume of vapor by its shape foretold the coming wind; and by night the glare of the subterranean fires striking upward on the clouds gave warning of storms that were brewing.

Dr. Berger, the distinguished scientist, who has been studying the volcano, accepts and explains the popular belief. He says that if moist masses of air blow over Stromboli its plume of vapor will be greater and will thus foretell rain. In the night this larger cloud will reflect a greater amount of light. Thus the belief that Stromboli was a prophet is justified by modern science.

CAKE AND POETRY.

What art thou, Life? A fleeing ray? Of change, A trembling dawn on a wide-reaching, restless sea? A fervid noon—Eve's shadow, dim and strange? (Oh, that reminds me, I must bake some cake for tea.)

Thy morn is beautiful, oh Life! (I ought to glance into the cook-book, so to make quite sure. "Three eggs—a cup of cream," just as I thought.) With all its dreams, so high, so true, so pure!

Grand is thy full, sweet noontide, ("sift the flour And stir it in," I'm glad the oven's hot and nice.) When lofty purpose arms the soul with power. ("Raisins and currants, one cup each, with spice.")

PITH AND POINT.

"Stark is a bicycle crank, isn't he?" "I should say he was. When it rains he stays home and runs his cyclo-meter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The difference between the astronomer and the chorus girl is that one studies the stars and the other understudies them.—Philadelphia Record.

First Bicycle Girl—"Oh, yes; I often fall off, but I always land on my feet." Second Ditto—"I think you said you were from Chicago."—Boston Transcript.

"These lake excursions seem so lonesome." "Lonesome? Why, I am with you." "Yes, I know, but I couldn't bring my wheel along."—Chicago Record.

Fuddy—"I understand that Wigley spends most of his evenings here at your house?" Duddy—"I had an impression that it was my evenings that he spends here."—Boston Transcript.

There's the bicycle fable and the bicycle back. With a user, altitudinous curves; And the bicycle tongue, in the middle hung, And the scorching bicycle nerve. —Queensland Wheel.

Watts—"Getting a little rest out your way since the piano girl took to the wheel, aren't you?" Potts—"Naw. Her bicycle suit is looser than the piano was."—Indianapolis Journal.

"What made you quit the club, Billy?" "Reason enough, I can tell you. I worked five years to be elected Treasurer and then they insisted on putting in a cash register."—Detroit Free Press.

Barrow—"That's a dandy wheel you have there, old man. I'll take a little spin on it some day. By the way, what kind of a wheel do you think I ought to ride?" Marrow—"One of your own."—Brooklyn Life.

"I told her I was afraid to kiss her while we were on the tandem for fear we would both fall off." "What did she say?" "She said she hoped I didn't call myself an experienced wheelman."—Chicago Record.

Gent (solicitously)—"Sir, I have here some indestructible pieplates." Mr. Hall Bedroom (grimly)—"Well, you have come to the right house to sell them. That's the sort of pies Mrs. Skinner gives us."—Puck.

Mrs. Eastlake—"You visited Venice while you were in Europe, I hear, Mrs. Trotter?" Mrs. Trotter—"Yes, indeed, and we were rowed about by one of the chandeliers for which that city is noted."—Harper's Bazar.

Fuddy—"They say you have a liking for Miss Spontel." Duddy—"Nonsense! The woman is insupportable." Fuddy—"That's just it. You won't have to support her. She's got enough for two."—Boston Transcript.

Gobang—"I think I'll do quite a little shooting this summer. I wonder what the close season is?" Buckshot—"Well, in your case, old man, I fancy if you applied to the legislature, they'd throw the whole year open to you."—Truth.

First White Child. The first child of English parents born in America was Virginia Dare, the daughter of Ananias Dare and Eleanor White, members of one of the bands of colonists sent out to the newly-discovered country by Sir Walter Raleigh.

This event took place on August 18, 1587, and, appropriately enough, one of the counties on Roanoke Islands is called Dare County. While Virginia was the first English subject born in the then distant land, a number of colonists had settled in America two years previously; but they returned to England in 1586.

In order to commemorate this settlement, a memorial has just been erected on the site of old Fort Raleigh, on Roanoke Island. This memorial bears an inscription stating that: "On this site, in August, 1585, the colonists sent from England by Sir Walter Raleigh built the fort called the New Fort, in Virginia."

It was peculiarly appropriate that the first child born in America should be christened in the name of the State which owed its own title to the desire to pay a courtly compliment to the Virgin Queen of England.

President's Mansion Not Whitewashed. Colonel T. A. Bingham, Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds at Washington, in answer to an Agriculturist subscriber's inquiry as to how the whitewash was made that was used on the exterior of the Executive Mansion, has been whitewashed. White lead and linseed oil is used when painting the mansion.—American Agriculturist.