

If it be true that Tommy Atkins in Afriland showed the white feather in the presence of the native troops, then a bad blow has been given to British prestige. Doubtless the cowardice exhibited was due to lack of service, suggests the San Francisco Chronicle, for there is no record of seasoned troops that wear the British uniform showing no stomach for fight in the presence of an enemy. "The English soldier may lack many of the virtues, but courage is one of the things in which he is never found wanting."

Although the so-called curfew ordinances have encountered considerable ridicule, the police reports from Lincoln, Neb.; Omaha, St. Joseph, Mo., Denver, Col., and Des Moines Iowa, declare that it has been a success. There is a large decrease in the arrests of youths; there is an improvement in study; and a reduction in commitments to the reform school. The law in many places no longer needs enforcement, for the children are no longer on the streets. With the exception of Omaha, no attempt has been made to put such a law in force in any metropolis. There is no question, however, comments the Washington Star, about the evil it undertakes to remedy. The steps in many instances of free night roaming on the streets are clearly marked and inevitable. First amusement; second, mischief; third, crime.

One of the foremost publishers in America denies with earnestness that the taste of the public has deteriorated, as some observers think it has. When asked to justify the tons of rubbish sold annually he replied: "The rubbish fosters at least the reading habit. The children of the people who read trash will instinctively turn to the reading of something, good or bad, and there are many chances in favor of their turning to the good. Certainly there are proportionately more goods books sold to-day than fifty years ago. Don't be discouraged by what looks like the prevalence of vulgarity. The people are reading, and thousands of them are reading the best books." This good news may be set against the impression received from the superficial appearances of things, maintains the New York Tribune. The poor book or the poorer newspaper is more frequently seen in the hands of "the man in the street" than are the best books or the best newspapers. But figures are precious. The sanguine publisher whom we have quoted based his statements on figures, which is to say, on facts.

A writer in the New York Observer says: New York, in its government, its climate and conveniences for living, its religions, educational and social advantages, its opportunities for varied exercise and amusement, has a fair place among the greatest and the best. It has one of the finest situations in the world, and sanitary opportunities which are unrivalled. It has an abundant water supply, and every effort has been made by its rulers to keep this supply commensurate with the rapid growth of the city. In no large city of Europe is life as safe for the simple and unwarlike as it is here. No young woman could walk in the streets of Paris with the absolute security against insult which is almost guaranteed in New York. It is customary to abuse and denounce the public means of conveyance in New York, and certainly there is much room for improvement, but who that has waited an hour for his turn at an omnibus station in London or Paris, or been packed with a crowd of sausages, eeters and rank tobacco smokers in a little horse car in Vienna, or tested the vileness of a Naples cab, does not judge with leniency the much criticised "elevated" and crowded "cable" of Gotham? I used to criticize the docks and streets, when I returned from frequent excursions to the old world, but I do so no more. Both are improved, and when the present temporary disturbances are over, New York will have more miles of well paved streets than any city in the world. The abuses from which we suffer are those which are common to mankind. We have no monopoly of corrupt politicians, and plotting leaders, and dishonest contractors, and bribing officials. Those who read contemporaneous history in English and French and German papers, or who even pay attention to the foreign items which are collected in our own journals, do not need to be told that politics is much alike the world over, and that a French legislator and an English cabinet officer, and a Spanish general—not to say anything of Germans or Russians—are not so immaculate as to throw any stain upon American office-holders with comparative ease.



Fiction.

IN THE VALLEY.

To-day, when the sun was lighting my house on the pine-clad hill,
The breast of a bird was ruffled as it perched on my window sill;
And a leaf was chased by the kitten on the breeze-swept garden walk,
And the dainty head
Of a dahlia red
Was stirred on its slender stalk.
Oh, happy the bird at the rose tree, unheeding the threat'ning storm!
And happy the blithe leaf-chaser, rejoicing in sunshine warm!
They take no thought for the morrow—they know no cares to-day,
And the thousand things
That the future brings
Are a blank to such as they.
But I, by the household ingle, can interpret the looming clouds,
For the wind "soo-hoo's" through the key-hole, and a shadow the roof-entrance.
And I know I must quit my mountain and go down to the vale below,
For my house is chill
On the windy hill
When the autumn tempests blow.
My mind is ever drawing an instructive parallel
Twixt temporal things that perish and eternal things that dwell;
When billows and waves surround me, and waters my soul o'erflow,
I descend in hope
From the mountain slope
To the sheltering vale below.
I go down the Valley of Silence, where the worldly are never met,
Where I know there is "balm and healing" for eyes that with tears are wet;
And I find, in its sweet seclusion, gentle solace for all my care,
For that valley pure,
With its shelter sure,
Is the beautiful Vale of Prayer.
—Nannie Power O'Donoghue.

A STRANGE MARRIAGE.

BY HARRY WICKHAM.

"PEAKING of short courtships, did you ever hear of the way that old Mr. Stebbins came to get married?"
The speaker was a solemn looking young man with a contradictory twinkle in his eye. He had been introduced to the company a minute before by old Mr. Stebbins himself. I didn't catch his name at the time, and I don't believe any one else did. We learned it afterward, though in a way not to be forgotten. At first I thought it was Mison or Misonson, and though it wasn't I will call him Misonson for the present.
"You wouldn't think," he continued, "that a sedate gentleman like Mr. Stebbins would have been guilty of a hasty marriage in his youth."
"I don't know what you call hasty," responded young Hyson, who had been looking furtively at a large photograph of Miss Stebbins which graced the mantel. "Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins corresponded for three years. He told me so himself. I wonder what young people did before the camera was invented. The means of travel were so slow and mails so uncertain that, with no telegraph or telephone, I should think that lovers would have absolutely required photographs."
"Sometimes they were better off without them," contradicted Misonson. "Yes," in response to our looks of incredulity, "some were undoubtedly benefited by the absence of modern conveniences. Why, I myself owe my very existence to the tardy appearance of Daguerre."
Having at last enlisted our attention and silenced young Hyson, he rattled on like a bolt polisher.
"You gentlemen have all been to college and remember how blank and empty the world seemed when you first came out. I know I nearly died from sheer loneliness the year after I graduated. There are times when your heart goes out toward the old associations, and if there is a girl there you half like you begin to love her, and if you don't make her promise to write to you you wish you had, and if you can't remember her address you try to find it or guess at it. Isn't it so?"
Even young Hyson admitted that it was and sighed in the direction of the photograph, though he is only an undergraduate.
"That," continued the speaker, "is the way it was with a young man who was born away back in the early thirties and consequently in the days of eight and ten cent postage and no daguerotypes. He isn't sorry for that, though, even if it does make him a pretty old man by now whom nobody but his wife dares to call Henry any more.
"Education was hard to get when he was a lad, but he managed, poor as he was, to matriculate in an old college that is in existence yet not far from the Catskill Mountains.
"About a year after he got his degree he was one day feeling blue, or spongy, to be exact, thinking of Molly Sharp, whom he had flirted with in the silly fashion of a student. Then he saw in an old newspaper a personal to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. John Sharp, with their daughter Molly, had returned to Tarrytown after a brief visit to relatives in the East. The East in those days meant New England, and Henry was vexed to think

that Molly had been in his own section without his knowing it. But he had her address now and could write. She could do nothing worse than leave his note unanswered.

"It happened that when Miss Sharp read the epistle she was day dreaming over her memories, too. There was a certain Henry who figured in their largely. She, too, had gone to the little college up in the hills, which was one of the first co-educational institutions in the country. She, too, fell glad to get the address of an old schoolmate. So she answered as soon as maiden reserve would permit.
"You can imagine how things went after that. They corresponded regularly. They recounted old interviews, stolen ones, of course, indulged in at their peril. The experience of every-day at school is practically the same, so I need not recount the particulars. Then they drifted to sheer lovelornness of the old-fashioned, practical sort, in which the words husband, wife and housekeeping bore a prominent part. Neither of the young people was rich, and it wasn't the custom to waste in useless galivanting and courting the money that should be used in purchasing household furniture. Besides, they had met frequently during the blissful six months of their early flirtation and were consequently as well acquainted as they thought necessary.
"Finally the day was set, and Henry, after three years of wooing, undertook the difficult journey to his intended for the first time. He arrived three days before the wedding and found her waiting for the stage, ready to accompany him over the two or three lonely miles that lay between them and home.
"Misonson stopped, heaving with inward laughter.
"I don't see anything funny in that," cried Hyson. "I think it was rather nice," he had voiced the sentiments of all, but he listened when the narrator recovered himself.
"Nothing funny about it? Why, he found himself face to face with a perfect stranger, and she advertised to be his bride within three days. He had been writing to another Molly Sharp all the while. I told you that all people had about the same experiences at school, especially at the same school, and lovers are all alike, too, in one respect—they don't write much about sublimity matters. So it was small wonder that he never found out his mistake until he saw her. If they could have exchanged photographs, it would have been different and the romance spoiled."
"But what did he do?" asked young Hyson.
"He fell in love with her on the walk home."
"And she," I demanded—"she had been writing to the wrong person, too—er—"
"You must ask my mother," interrupted he, with the contradictory twinkle more in evidence than ever.
"What yarn has my son been telling you now?" asked old Mr. Stebbins, who, with his smiling wife on his arm, entered the apartment.
"My son! So that was what our host had said when he introduced the young man, who had just returned from abroad and was consequently even a stranger to Hyson. And Misonson was just a name created by my fancy.—Donalson's Magazine.

Important Physical Culture Exercises.
Proper walking results from stepping so that the heel shall fall upon the ground at nearly the same time as the toe, and always in a line with it, but with the weight of the body falling on the ball, and the chest leading so prominently that a line dropped there to the foot would fall to the toe; while a line dropped from the chest of a person who walks incorrectly would strike the instep. Correct positions in standing and walking are often causes for weak and lame backs. Let one who doubts this note the pull upon the muscles of the back when correct attitudes are at first assumed. Other excellent exercises for strengthening the muscles of the back are the bending movements. Lifting the arms as high as possible above the head, bend the body at the waist, immediately below the floating ribs, and bring the hands gradually to the floor. The knees should be kept firm, and the exercise taken directly in front, and also at the right and left sides.
Other bending movements are of the waist, and yet others of the head. Nothing gives dignity and grace to the bearing more effectively than a regal pose of the head; and the muscles of the neck can be made flexible by practicing movements which consist, first, in dropping the head upon the chest, then backward, then in a series of rolling movements which call into action all the muscles of the neck.—Demorest's Magazine.

Exposure of Food on the Street.
The custom of exposing fresh fruit, candies, fish, vegetables and various other articles of food on the streets is very prevalent in many parts of America. This practice is generally to be deprecated, as it is not only a source of danger, but also extremely disgusting. When one considers the dust and filth that is being continually wafted on the breeze in all towns, this fact will be brought home in all its nastiness. If the people would take the matter into their own hands and refuse to purchase any article of food exposed to such conditions, the practice would soon be brought to an end. This question should be well ventilated in the public press; the more it is aired, the sooner will the filthy habit be stopped.—Medical Record.

He Wears a Bell.
A Milo woodchopper, who goes about his work with a huge cowbell attached to his back, says he means to take no chances. "No fool shoots me for a deer," says he.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

One Man's Experience in a Balloon That Broke Loose From Its Moorings During the War—Heroism of Abby Becker, the Grace Darling of Lake Erie.

"Since I came to Washington, a couple of weeks ago, I have had not less than a dozen invitations by friends to accompany them to the top of the Washington Monument, but each has been declined with thanks," said J. M. Underwood, of California, to a Star reporter.
"There isn't money enough in the world to tempt me to go to the top of the monument. I recall with a shudder one time in my life when I went up high enough to more than satisfy me, and I made a solemn vow then that if I lived to get back to terra firma I would spend the rest of my life as near to the earth as possible.
"How was it? Well, I don't mind telling you, if I do not bore you. During the war the Government employed Professor Low, an aeronaut, to make ascensions in the interest of the Union arms. It was practicable, inasmuch as the movements of the enemy could be easily watched. At Yorktown, Va., one day, General Fitzjohn Porter, who was then in command, made an ascension with Professor Low, and I accompanied him.
"Usually two soldiers were detailed to accompany the professor. On this occasion only one was necessary. The two men who had been previously detailed began to quibble among themselves as to who should go, and the captain of our company finally gave the order that neither should go.
"What's the matter with your going, Underwood?" the captain yelled to me.

"I didn't stop to think what I was getting into, and assented at once. The balloon was controlled by ropes attached to windlasses on the ground. Two soldiers were usually stationed at these windlasses, and they pulled the balloon back to earth upon a signal from the professor. On this occasion the men at the windlasses let us up several hundred feet, and as the professor was about to survey the enemy with his glass, something gave way, down below and we began soaring away into space.
"Higher and higher we went, the windlasses dangling at the end of the ropes in the air. Professor Low took in the situation coolly and seemed apparently at home the higher we got.
"We will go up until we get into another current of air," he said to General Porter and me, as he caught hold of a valve.
"Don't be alarmed, as we shall get back all right. But I caution you not to look downward."
"If he hadn't admonished us not to I presume that I wouldn't have thought of it. At the time, I was standing up in the basket, with my gun in one hand. With the other hand I had a firm grasp on one of the ropes that held the basket. My Yankee curiosity asserted itself and I looked down. God forbid that I may ever again have such feelings. I can't describe them. I only know that I fairly swooned and sank to the bottom of the basket. My gun went overboard.
"Such agony of mind I had never experienced before. I have never experienced such feelings since, and I am confident that I shall never place myself in condition to experience anything like them in the future.
"Well, we went up into another current of air, which, with the professor's control of the balloon, enabled us to drift back toward where we went up. General Porter was as cool as a cucumber, though I recall that he expressed himself as feeling more secure when we returned to terra firma. The balloon, after the windlasses became disengaged, had floated over the enemy and toward Richmond.
"That experience away from earth was enough for me. Not much do I care to visit the top of the monument I never look at it without a shudder."

The "Grace Darling" of Lake Erie.
A writer in the New York Press tells the story of the heroism of Abby Becker, the Grace Darling of Lake Erie. Late in November, 1854, the schooner Conductor, Captain Henry Beckett, with a crew of six, left Ankerburg, at the mouth of the Detroit River, grain-laden, for Port Dalhousie, on Lake Ontario, at the mouth of the Welland Canal. It was the season of gales, and the air was full of sleet and snow. The water turned to ice on the rigging, burdening the schooner, which already had a heavy load as she could carry and keep afloat. The hurricane blew off the crest of the combers, causing what the sailors call "spoon drift," a blinding spray. In this condition of the atmosphere the Conductor drifted too near the Canadian shore, struck on the outer bar of Long Point, beat across it, and sank in the deeper water beyond. The crew took to the rigging and lashed themselves there. Renumbed with the cold, drenched by the icy waves, and beaten by the sleet, they watched in vain for signs of rescue.

Abigail Becker was the wife of the lighthouse keeper. Her husband was away on the mainland, and she was alone in her hut with her children. At daybreak, after the terrific night, she saw the wrecked small boat of the conductor, and knew that a vessel had gone ashore. Walking along the beach, she came to the scene of the wreck. There were the rocking figures in the rigging, and she, a lone woman, was the only living creature near.
Hastening to her home, she got a big iron kettle, a teapot, and some matches. Returning to the beach, she gathered a huge pile of driftwood and built a fire, walking back and forth between it and the wreck, evidently to

inspire the men she could not reach. She called to the sailors, but her voice was nothing in the roar of the storm. She beckoned to them to throw themselves into the surf and trust to her to save them. But the risk seemed to them to be too great. All day long they clung there, and all day long she paced the beach, pointing to her kettle of hot water, prepared to restore warmth and life to the sailors should they succeed in getting ashore.
Toward night she got desperate. It was rescue now or never, for they could not live through another night. Wading breast deep into the water, which froze on her clothing at every wave, she threw out her arms and drew them in, in dumb supplication to induce them to make the leap.
Captain Beckett said to his men: "It is our last chance. I'll try it. If I live, follow me; if I drown, stay where you are."
Stiffly he got off his frozen overcoat and flung himself into the hungry waves. He struck out as best he could, but when near shore the heavy undertow swept him back. But Abigail Becker was out in the surf nearly to her neck. Seizing him, she drew him with almost superhuman strength on the beach. There she gave him hot tea to drink and laid him by the fire. The mate now made the plunge, and the captain, in spite of all sleet could do, rushed to help her. He was not strong enough, and the undertow swept them both out. But not beyond her reach, for, like a giantess, she was in after them, and the three, clinging to one another, staggered ashore. Then the five sailors tried it, one by one, and one after another they were dragged ashore.
The Canadian Parliament voted Abigail Becker a handsome testimonial, and for years her name was the sailors' delight.

A Farmer in a Den of Snakes.
John Walls, a farmer of Prime Hook Neck, in Delaware was out in the marshes looking for ducks, when he saw a large hole in the ground, and, seizing a long pole, he thrust it into the ditch. Instantly the earth beneath the farmer caved in, and before he realized what happened Walls was in a den of wriggling, squirming snakes.
There were about 500 of the slimy reptiles altogether, and they began attacking Walls from every direction. Some of them, emitting a frightful, hissing sound, came at him with their mouths wide open and attacked him with their venomous tongues. Others coiled themselves about his legs until the farmer was a wriggling mass of serpents.
The only weapon he had in his hands was a gun. He was unable to successfully combat the snakes with the weapon, and his cries for help brought several other farmers to his assistance. They threw him a rope and Walls clung to it, while the men at the top hauled him from his perilous situation. He was half unconscious when he landed from the reptile den, and he weak from the loss of blood. He was taken to his home, where a doctor pronounced Walls in a critical condition.
The reptiles were of the blacksnake, moccasin and water variety, and were the largest den of serpents ever found in Sussex County.

A Brave Brakeman.
Brakeman J. H. Wood is the hero of the Maine Central Railroad at present, owing to a brave deed in which he saved several people from danger at Newport, Me. The engineer missed his calculation a trifle in entering Newport station in the darkness, and the engine went past the standpipe, making it necessary to back up in order to take water. As soon as the train came to a standstill, the lever was reversed, and the train commenced backing. The rush for the doors of the car had commenced and the first passenger to make an attempt to alight was a young lady, who would have fallen but for Mr. Wood, who caught and pushed her back. Then instantly he turned to a lady who was on the steps with an infant in her arms, and forcibly detained her there. As he did this an old man with a big fur coat jumped from the steps of the other car, took a spin and finally landed with one leg thrust over the rail, but a few feet from the wheels. He had hardly struck the planking and settled in a heap before Wood made a great leap and snaked him out of danger. A second more and the old gentleman would have been minus a leg.

The Moon in the North.
R. N. Peary, the Arctic explorer, in reply to a letter in regard to the moon at the extreme North, says:
"The length of the lunar month in the Arctic regions is the same as here, but as a result of the higher latitude, the moon is above the horizon continuously for several days at a time of full moon. In the latitude of my headquarters on the northern shore of Whale Sound, in the latitude of 77 degrees, 40 minutes north, each full moon remained above the horizon for eight or ten days. The length of the winter in this latitude is from the 23rd of October until the 14th of February, and there are consequently three winter moons."

Finds of Pewter.
There is no wonder that the English used pewter so long, for it must have been somewhat of an inheritance. In digging a trench at Appleshaw, near Andover, in England, a deposit was recently found of large dishes, bowls, cups, jugs and platters, all of pewter, bearing the old Roman forms and ornamentation.
Defective Eyesight.
Out of 25,000 school children examined in Minneapolis 8000 had defective eyesight. The highest percentage of defection was found in a poorly-lighted and unsanitary building.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.
An Excellent Goose Stuffing.
Peel and core two apples and take two onions, two leaves of sage and two leaves of lemon thyme, and boil all in sufficient water to cover. When tender rub the ingredients through a sieve and remove the sage and thyme. Lastly, thicken the whole with mashed neatly potato, so that the consistency of the stuffing is fairly dry. Add salt and pepper and stuff the bird.
Clarified Apples.
Pare and core the desired quantity of small, rather sweet apples; weigh, and to each pound add a pound of sugar. Put the sugar, with just a little water, over the fire; boil and skim; add the grated yellow rind of a lemon, and a tablespoonful of lemon juice to each two pounds of sugar. Put the apples into the hot syrup; allow them to stand over the back part of the stove until they are perfectly tender and transparent. Drain; dust with granulated sugar, and dry either in the oven or sun.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Boiled Celery.
Trim off all outside pieces and suppress the roots of three heads of celery, cut them into lengths of six inches each, wash well and tie together. Cover them with boiling water in a saucepan, add a piece of mace, some pepper corns, an onion and a little salt, and boil them. Put one tablespoonful of butter into a saucepan, and when it is melted add sufficient water to that in which the celery was boiled to make the sauce. Beat the yolk of an egg with the juice of a lemon and when the sauce is off the fire stir it in, adding a pinch of salt. When the celery is done, place it on a dish, cut off the string that fastens it together and pour over the sauce.

Toothsome Mock Terrapin.
This makes an inexpensive and very appetizing dish for an evening supper. For twelve persons a pair of ducks and one pound of calf's liver will be required. Clean the ducks, wash the liver and place them together in a kettle; add two cloves of garlic, one small onion, two stalks of celery, four cloves; cover with boiling water, and cook slowly until tender. Take out to cool. When cold cut both into dice. At serving time mash the hard-boiled yolks of six eggs to a smooth paste, adding gradually half a pint of thick cream. Put a quarter of a pound of butter into a saucepan, add a tablespoonful of flour, mix and add the cream and eggs. Stir constantly until it reaches the boiling point; add half a cup of milk, bring again to a boil; add meat, a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, a little white pepper, and just a suspicion of mace.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Household Hints.
Buttermilk will take out mildew.
Scrape pots and kettles with a broad knife.
Hot water and fine coals will clean bottles.
Clean zinc with hot soapy water, then polish with kerosene.
The best glass towels are made from old napkins and tablecloths.
Keep big lumps of charcoal in dark, damp corners, to purify the air.
Lamps, lanterns, andirons, etc., made of wrought iron, may be easily cleaned with a piece of cotton rag just moistened with kerosene.
To keep oak furniture well polished, steep alkaneet root in linseed oil, then rub on and brush with a stiff brush which will reach every part of the carved surface.
A truth which cannot be too often insisted on is, that much of the work done at a table can be more comfortably and healthfully done by using a high stool instead of standing.
A thermometer which can be fastened on the outside of an oven door is useful in baking souffles or delicate dishes, as it does away with the need of opening the door till the article is done.
For rubbing highly-polished wood, metal, or other smooth surfaces, some housekeeping experts claim that flannel is less likely to scratch than chamois, and that silkoline is also good for cleaning handsome furniture.
To keep polished tables from being defaced by hot dishes, put a sheet of asbestos paper under the felt cloth. For tea or lunch, where dolleys are used instead of a tablecloth, the table may be protected from the hot dishes by asbestos mats covered with prettily-embroidered doilies.
To keep hanging baskets from drying out is the chief point of importance in their care. A very good method is to hang the basket where it can be watered every day, either with a watering pot, using a generous supply of water or with a whisk broom. Dip the broom in water slightly warmed, shake it a little to remove the greater weight of water, then, by whisking it quickly over the plants, a fine spray can be thrown, which is better than the spray from the watering pot.

A Glass Umbrella.
The latest Parisian novelty is a glass umbrella, which it is predicted will be all the fashion. They are made of spun glass cloth and are light and flexible. Of course they afford no protection from the sun, as they are transparent, but they can be held in front of a person's face in a rainstorm and as the holder can see through the cover, he can avoid running into passers-by or electric light posts. The user can also ascertain the number of a house or the name of a firm by glancing through the top without having to tilt the umbrella back and thus get drenched.

HOW TO READ CHARACTER.
The eye is a very expressive organ. Large eyes in a small face usually indicate a vindictive nature.
Fullness below the eyes is an invariable token of the gift of ready, fluent speech.
Eyes that are half closed indicate innate shrewdness.
Slow-moving eyes are generally tokens of forethought and business ability; their owners are usually economical, but not to the point of avarice.
Eyes that reveal the whole of the pupil show an impulsive temperament, with some indication of character.
When the eyebrows are regularly arched and dark and heavy, it is an indication of sound judgment.
Eyes which show a circle of pure white round the pupil belong to persons of sterling character and blameless life.
Black, sparkling eyes are generally united with good taste, refinement and penetration.
Large, clear blue eyes indicate activity and versatility of mind.
Dull, blue eyes, especially when they are small, and retreat far back beneath the eyebrows, are signs of a frigid, self-contained, suspicious nature.
Small, black eyes, beneath heavy brows, are usually associated with shrewdness.
Gray eyes betoken a prudent and reserved person.
Full, clear, blue eyes generally accompany a bright, vivacious, ardent temperament.
Brown eyes are an invariable index to an amiable, lovable disposition.
When wrinkles are seen constantly on the sides of the nasal organ, its owner is of a grasping, avaricious nature.
A nose whose point turns skywards is often a sign of a tyrannical and coercive disposition.
Large noses are usually associated with great capacity, either for weal or woe.
A long forehead indicates intelligence; a short one, activity.
A conspicuous forehead invariably shows great penetrative and executive ability.
Fullness of the temples is very noticeable in persons of marked mathematical ability.
A prominence just above the eyebrows is a sure sign of individuality.
An irregular, corrugated forehead shows that its owner is a person of an original and investigating mind.
Foreheads wrinkled in the upper part, while the lower half is smooth, show dullness and stupidity.
Long foreheads, with tight, smooth skin, belong to frigid, selfish people.
A man of marked ability may be recognized by one deep, perpendicular wrinkle on the forehead, with one or two parallel lines on either side.
Heavy, dark, overhanging eyebrows, with a prominent lower forehead, indicate deductive judgment to a high degree.
When the upper lip constantly projects its possessor's besetting sin is arrogance.
A perfectly formed face should be divided into three equal parts; from the roots of the hair to the root of the nose, thence to the tip, and from the tip of the nose to the tip of the chin.

WISE WORDS.
Iniquity builds its own jail.
Education cultivates natural ability.
A false kiss is like honey with poison in it.
Some men with short memory will tell long yarns.
The higher life is lived in the lowest vale of humility.
The sins of tyrants become the blood-hounds of justice.
The gospel train of salvation carries no second-class passengers.
The fear of endless torment is not the gospel motive of repentance.
The man who preaches for pay never loses any sleep over the non-success of his sermons.
Sin unpardoned shows a heart that's hardened. A forgiven offender reveals a heart that's tender.
The debt of kindness must be paid on time or it must wait to be settled at the day of judgment.
The man who loves truth will not be satisfied with mere courting—he will be married to it at the earliest opportunity.
When a woman gives another a "piece of her mind," she never wraps it up in love, nor offers it with the hand of mercy.
To have a rich man talk about giving the widow's mite is an absurd idea. First, he is not a widow; and, second, he does not give his all.—Ram's Horn.

Street Lights in Three Cities.
Paris has about 600,000 electric lights and London twice as many. More than half of Berlin's streets are now lighted with a gas glow light, perfectly white, and five times as powerful as the old flame, and the lamps are being placed rapidly in the other streets, and the city, with a consumption of 10,000,000 cubic metres of gas, will have five-fold the light heretofore obtained from 17,000,000.
The 10,000,000 oil lamps burned nightly in England cause 300 deaths annually and 165 fires yearly in London alone.

Big New Tunnel.
The new Colorado tunnel will, when completed, be by far the longest tunnel in the world. It will connect Colorado City with Suel, and will be twenty miles in length, with subsidiary tunnels, bringing the extreme length to fifty miles. The tunnel proper passes under Pike's Peak at a depth of 7000 feet, and will throughout its course maintain an average depth of nearly 3000 feet.—Chicago Chronicle.