

Only twenty per cent. of the mazzers committed yearly in America and Europe are ever found out.

In order to assist in getting fallen horses to their feet from slippery streets, the Department of Public Works, New York City, is placing boxes filled with sand upon the sidewalks within a few inches of the curb, where they may be opened in an emergency and the sand carried to where it is needed. This is an excellent and humane idea, and will be welcomed by all drivers in wet weather.

"Some idea of the formidable character of our pension expenses may be gathered," notes the New York Independent, "from the fact that the total payments, including expense of administration, etc., amounts to \$2,178,753.270 in the past thirty-two years, from and inclusive of 1866. These enormous expenditures were on account of the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican and Indian Wars and the Civil War. The cost of modern wars is truly prohibitory."

The falsification of wine, for many years a growing industry in Germany now is to be made legalized industry as well, writes W. J. von Schierbrand. The product is to be known under the name of "Kunstwein." The government is to get a tax of twenty marks for each hectoliter, and the stuff, properly labeled, is to be sold openly. The Federation of Husbandmen stands sponsor for this queer attempt to make the wholesale defrauding of the public a legal act. The bill already has been drawn up.

Cattle, when killed in Massachusetts, as a precautionary measure, cost somewhat more than the animals would fetch at the butchers. In the annual report of the State Cattle Commission, made to the Legislature yesterday, it is shown that the number of cattle paid for as tuberculous during the year was 5275, and the amount paid for them was \$179,867.52. Over \$5500 was paid for 160 animals in which no lesions of the disease were found. Quarantine, killing, and burial expenses and arbitration brought the average amount paid for condemned cattle up to \$34.12 per head.

The War Department is busy nowadays over the problem of condensed diet for the starving Klondikers. These investigations have elicited the information that beef tea and extracts in capsules are of no use for rations for the army or for the Klondiker sufferers. They are palatable and stimulating, but contain practically no nourishment. A quantity of flour will be sent to Alaska, but not wheat flour. Whole wheat flour and dry rye flour will be preferred, because they are more nourishing. Among the most interesting of the foods selected are concentrated vegetables, especially carrots and onions, which have additional value as antiseptics to the scurvy. There are carrot chips, cooked and evaporated to absolute dryness, which come from California, while Germany sends onions in compressed tablets, four inches square and one-third of an inch thick. One of these tablets makes six ample portions, expanding in bulk greatly when boiling water is poured over it. The material is used like fresh onions.

The New York Journal preaches an editorial sermon on "The Danger of Getting Too Big," saying: "A boy, apparently unusually robust and vigorous, died suddenly in one of New York's suburbs the other day of a curious complaint. He was nineteen years old, six feet two inches high, weighed about 200 pounds and enjoyed unusual muscular strength. But, strangely enough, he grew too big. In proportion as height and weight increased the vitality which animated his enormous frame decreased. He became bigger and weaker. He died of too much size. The instance is a sad one and it teaches its lesson. Other bodies than mere individual human bodies disintegrate when they outgrow the vital spark which gives them force and animation. The party which has an overwhelming majority in the National House of Representatives, for example, seldom holds it beyond one Congress. The party which carries a State Legislature on the eve of a Senatorial contest usually is rent in twain by rival ambitions created by its very bigness. The biggest majority in a city election doesn't necessarily insure the longest domination of the party winning it. The trust with the most enormous capital is not infrequently the one which goes most quickly to the wall. In brief, it is not well to develop a body too big for the soul. One cannot rely upon mere size in politics, pugilism, financing or in any other phase of human endeavor."



DON'T WORRY, DEAR.

Don't worry, dear, the bleakest years
That close the forward view,
Each thins to nothing when it nears,
And we may saunter through.
The darkest moment never comes,
It only looms before;
The loss of home is what benumb-
Not trouble at the door.

Don't worry, dear, the clouds are black,
But with them comes the rain,
And stilled souls that parch and crack
May thrill with sun again.
The burden bear as best we can,
And there'll be none to bear;
Hard work has never killed a man,
But worry did his share.

Don't worry, dear; don't blanch, don't
But dare the years to come;
Nor give the enemy the field
Because we beat his drum.
These little woes that hover near
Are nothing, though they gall;
We know that life is love, my dear,
And life and love are all.
—Samuel Merwin, in *Youth's Companion*.

THE OTHER GIRL.



"HEN I arrived at the station, Lady Mannington, Mollie and the French maid, and then I looked at the miniature mountain.

"The brougham is only seated for two," I hunted.

"Celeste can walk," said Lady Mannington.

"I shall be glad of her company," I responded, politely.

Lady Mannington glanced at me dubitantly. "Perhaps she could manage by the coachman," she suggested.

"His wife is most particular," I interposed quickly.

"I should prefer to walk, mamma," said Mollie, with an air of much good-nature.

"Perhaps that will be best," Lady Mannington conceded reluctantly.

"I am sure of it," I indorsed heartily.

"If only your aunt had sent the omnibus—," Lady Mannington began omnibusly.

"It was most careless of her," I admitted instantly. I caught Mollie's eye. She has a curious way of smiling at nothing.

So Mollie and I started to walk over the crisp snow. Just outside the station I helped her over the stile. "We may as well take the short cut," I observed; "it is not so very much longer, and I have so much to say to you."

"What about?" asked Mollie.

I hesitated. "It is about a friend of mine," I replied at length.

"Oh!"

"He is in the deuce of a mess," I began confidentially. "I want your help."

"What can I do?" asked Mollie, opening her eyes.

"You can advise me," I replied, taking courage. "A woman's wit—"

Mollie was pleased. "Go on, Mr. Trevor."

"I fear you will think my friend particularly foolish," I said sorrowfully.

"Very likely," replied Mollie, indifferently.

"I assure you he has many good points. But it happened a girl wanted to marry him."

"What?" exclaimed Mollie.

"I can't think what she saw in him," I replied uncomfortably.

"I hope," said Mollie, "you are not going to tell me anything that is not proper."

"Oh, no," I replied earnestly. "The girl was quite respectable."

"She could not have been quite nice," said Mollie decisively.

I stopped to test the strength of the ice over a pool.

"I have seen her look quite nice," I remarked thoughtfully.

"You know her?" asked Mollie quickly.

"Oh, yes. It wasn't really the girl who wanted to marry my friend; it was her mother. I mean the mother wanted the girl to marry my friend, I hope I make myself clear."

"I don't think that improves matters," retorted Mollie.

"She had a large family of daughters," I explained.

"Go on," said Mollie, with a severely judicial air.

"My friend was in love with another girl—a really nice girl. In fact, a quite splendid girl. One of the very best," I said, kindling.

"You know that girl, too?" asked Mollie, a little coldly.

"Yes."

"Well?"

"My friend was staying at a country house, and so were both the girl and her mother, and she—"

"Who?" asked Mollie.

"The girl whose mother wanted her to marry him. I do love I am clear. She got him into a quiet corner, and somehow or other my friend found out she had hold of his hand. I—I don't

know how it happened. It just occurred."

"How clever your friend to find it out," said Mollie sarcastically.

"I went on hastily—'And then he saw her hand coming nearer and nearer to his shoulder, and he didn't know what to do.'"

"I wonder," said Mollie, "he did not call for help."

"You see," I went on, "he was afraid she would propose, or—or—the mother might come. He guessed the mother was pretty near. Then he thought of the other girl, and he got into a dreadful panic. In fact, he lost his head."

"It could not have been a great loss," observed Mollie disdainfully.

"No-o. But it was the only one he had, and he was accustomed to it. He didn't know what to do. So he said he was already engaged."

"Did he say already?"

"Yes." It was a cold day, but I mopped my brow with my handkerchief.

Mollie uttered a peal of silvery laughter. "I am really almost sorry for that girl, but it served her right."

"The girl didn't turn a hair. She simply straightened herself up and asked to whom he was engaged."

"Well?"

"He blurted out the name of the other girl. He couldn't think of any other name."

"To whom, of course, he is not engaged?"

"No. And I don't suppose she would have him. She is far, far too good for him."

"Is that your whole story?"

"Very nearly. The girl went away and told her mother, who came up gushingly and congratulated him. She is a true sportswoman. After that she went about telling everybody of the engagement, and my friend has had to receive congratulations ever since."

"How awkward!" said Mollie meditatively. "Has the other girl heard of it?"

"Not yet. This all happened yesterday."

"Yesterday?"

I nodded. "And the worst is the other girl is expected to arrive at the Towers almost immediately."

"Dear me," said Mollie. "So your friend is at the Towers now?"

"I didn't mean to let it out," I replied, a little abashed.

Mollie began to laugh. "It is most amusing; but why did you tell me about it?"

"I want your advice."

"Who is the other girl?" asked Mollie curiously.

"Please don't ask for names," I implored.

"But my advice must depend on the other girl's disposition."

"She is everything that is perfect," I replied fervently.

"No doubt," retorted Mollie satirically.

"You might almost be the other girl yourself," I went on with careful carelessness.

"Really?" said Mollie. "I believe that must be considered a compliment. Thank you very much."

"What," I asked, with elaborate indifference, "would you do if you were the other girl?"

Mollie stopped and broke off a sprig of red berries. They were not so red as her lips. "Of course," she said, "I should be very annoyed."

"Ah, of course," said I, forlornly.

"At any rate, I should pretend to be very annoyed."

"But really—," I began, delighted.

"Oh, that would depend on the man."

"Supposing, for the sake of illustration," said I, surveying the white expanse of a neighboring field, "I was the man?"

"This is nonsense," said Mollie. "We can't make believe to that extent."

"Why can't we?"

"You would never be so foolish."

"But if—"

"Let us talk about something sensible," said Mollie, with decision.

"But my poor friend is depending on me for advice."

She thought. "Of course your friend must get away from the Towers before the other girl arrives."

"You are quite clear: he ought to get away?" I asked mournfully.

"There can be no doubt of that. Just fancy everybody rushing to congratulate the other girl, and your friend being present at the time. There might be a dreadful scene."

"I can picture it," said I, repressing a groan.

We had arrived at the entrance to the avenue. I stopped and held out my hand.

"Goodby," I said.

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed.

"I—I am going away. I am the man."

I do not think I am mistaken. The color faded slightly from her face.

"And the other girl?" she queried faintly.

"You are the other girl."

The red replaced the white. She stood quiet still, with her eyes bent downward; and then she began to trace figures in the snow with the toe of her tiny boot.

"Goodby," I repeated.

She looked up. "Of course, I am very angry," she said. And then she smiled and held out her hand. I took it humbly, and forgot to relinquish it. "Mamma will be getting anxious," she remarked. "We must hurry."

But we did not hurry.—Pic...

Women as Clerks.

Of the 20,000 Washington Government clerks, nearly one-third are women, who receive from \$300 to \$1800 yearly.

Frozen Cream.
New Zealand farmers now send frozen cream to London, where it is churned for butter.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

A Close Call—Nip and Tuck Between Two Miners and a Mountain Lion—An Indian Girl's Daring Ride—A Long Coast and a Cold Plunge by a Bicyclist.

A number of sportsmen were recently talking over the good times they had had duck shooting last fall, when the conversation turned on hunting big game in the West. Some thrilling adventure was related by every one in the group but an elderly man, and he in turn was asked for a story.

"I don't suppose," began the silent man, "that any of you young fellows ever ran across a mountain lion, as they are becoming rather scarce now in the West. But early in the fifties, when I first went to Colorado to hunt for gold, these animals were quite numerous. I recall on one occasion having a little adventure with a lion that almost scared me out of my wits. With a partner I was working a claim in the mountains near Orray, and one day before the very cold weather of the winter set in we both went to town to get some supplies, leaving our little cabin on the mountain side alone."

"It came on to snow so hard soon after we arrived in Orray that we did not get a chance to return to our claim for three days. On our return journey we noticed as we were climbing the hills the tracks of a mountain lion leading toward our cabin. Presently, however, as we got nearer and nearer to our little home, we lost the track of the animal, and the sight of an open window, which had been carefully closed on our departure for town, caused us to forget all about the lion and its presence."

"Well, I had reached the window and was just about to put my head into the apartment when there came a terrible growl and the next instant a great yellow body sprang through the opening right on my back, its claws catching my buckskin coat and ripping it open to my waist, turning me completely over and into the snow. My partner took the dangerous situation in at a glance and whipped out his gun. Then the infernal lion turned on him, making a fearful leap in his direction. Before he could fire the infuriated beast was upon him, and, seizing him by the slack of his coat, shook him as though he were but a rat. I was on my feet by this time, and drawing my revolver, I sneaked up and put a bullet right through his head. The animal groaned and fell back dead and my partner drew his breath freely once more. It was a close call, but neither of us was hurt, and the lion's skin in another week was serving as a rug at the foot of my bunk."

An Indian Girl's Daring Ride.

An Indian romance which almost rivals that of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith comes from Pine Ridge Agency, William Jacobson, a young fellow in charge of one of the classes at Carlisle, eloped with Julia Beallard, an intelligent quarter-breed Sioux. The couple rode from Pine Ridge to Chadron, Neb., on their ponies during the night, pursued by the girl's relatives all the way. They arrived in Chadron in the gray dawn of the morning, thoroughly exhausted, and at once proceeded to secure a license. Then, in the presence of friends of the bride, they were made man and wife.

The couple met about two years ago at Carlisle, where the young woman was attending a private seminary, and became enamored of each other. They became engaged, when the girl received a letter ordering her home to Pine Ridge. The young couple kept up a correspondence, fearing that their attachment would become known to the parents of the girl, who were very much opposed to her forming an alliance with other than a thoroughbred Sioux. A letter to the girl was finally intercepted by a young Sioux admirer and laid before the mother. Thereafter not a letter was permitted. Becoming alarmed at not receiving an answer, Jacobson decided to go to Nebraska and investigate. Upon arriving at the agency he contrived a secret interview with the girl and arranged a elopement.

One dark night the girl stole forth, and procuring a saddle horse from the corral, slipped a halter over his head and led him to the outskirts of the Indian village, where she was met by her lover in a lonely canon, near the historic battle ground of Wounded Knee. Mounting their ponies, they started on their journey to Chadron. The echoes of the hoof-beats awakened the village, and a thirty-mile chase was begun over the roughest country this side of the Rockies. The journey was dangerous and hazardous. The road at times winds around precipices and rugged cliffs and through rough canons, where a misstep might plunge the riders into eternity. For four hours they rode on their ponies, expecting at every moment to hear the cry of their pursuers. When the lights of Chadron appeared in view the pursuing party increased their pace, hoping to overtake the fleeing couple before they entered the city. They failed in this attempt, however, and the lovers managed to elude them.

A Train-Hobbing Story.
The drummer had just finished reading a story of a train hold-up and let his newspaper fall into his lap.

"I had a rather romantic experience once with train robbers," he said, "which I think I won't ever forget. I had been laid up sick for a week at a tavern in a Kansas town and my attendant had been a very sweet and gentle girl, who was a relative of the landlord's. She was such a nice girl that I was in no hurry to get well, and while I was putting it off all I could I was as industriously putting on the chains of love. At the end of ten days

I was able to take up my sample case again, and when I left the town my gentle nurse was on the same train, in my charge, bound for Kansas City, where she was to be met by friends. I had never talked love to her, and I fancy she didn't suspect me of anything except a desire to flirt a little, but I had made up my mind to talk seriously to her before I let her friends take her away from me.

"I fooled along as most men do under the same circumstances, waiting for a real good chance to come in, but before I reached the proper condition the train came to a sudden stop in a lonely place, and by the time we had asked what the trouble was a half-masked train robber stood in the aisle of the car with a revolver covering the contents. The girl turned as white as a sheet and I thought she would faint, but I told her she wouldn't be hurt, and she sat there staring as if she had turned stone. As it happened, I kept my wits, and when a shot and a shout rose on the air on the outside and attracted the robber's attention for a moment, I whipped my revolver out of my overcoat pocket and would have got him sure, but as I brought the gun around the girl at my side caught my arm and stopped me. I looked at her in amazement.

"Don't," she gasped, "it's my father," and then she fell in a faint, while the robber hurried on in response to the calls from his partners.

"As for me," concluded the drummer, "I thought probably it would be just as well for me not to add to the poor girl's troubles by trying to get into her father."

Took a Long Coast and a Lucky Plunge.

George Maybury, the son of a farmer near Old Bridge, N. J., bought a bicycle the other day and went for a spin along the New Brunswick turnpike. At the Old Bridge end it is one of the worst hills in New Jersey. It starts at the hamlet of Summer Hill and finishes in the heart of Old Bridge, a mile away by the road, but considerably less in an air line.

George had never tried coasting, but had some sort of an idea that it would save time if he let the pedals alone. So at Summer Hill he took his feet from the pedals and the wheel did the rest. At first everything went well. Half way down the hill the road makes a sudden turn and around this George went at a speed that would have made Michael green with envy. A couple of wagons were coming up the hill but got rapidly out of the way when they heard Maybury's hysterical bell. The young man's hat had gone and his hair was making desperate efforts to follow it.

At the foot of the hill are the tracks of the Camden and Amboy Railroad. There was a train only a few hundred feet from the crossing as Maybury approached, but the farmer boy was going at a rate of speed never attempted by a Camden and Amboy locomotive, and the agony was over before the train reached the crossing.

From the railroad the road slopes gradually down to the bank of South River, where it turns and follows the river's course.

Maybury was past thinking. All he could do was to shut his eyes and cling desperately to the handles. Straight on to the river he went. The wheel caught in a heap of brush and stopped short. Maybury didn't stop. He went straight on over his handle bars and took a neat header into the icy waters of the river.

Like a true wheelman the first thing George did after he climbed up the bank was to look after his machine. There wasn't a thing broken.

"Thank Heaven!" said George.

Afterward There Was Light.

An old farmer, well known for his miserly habits, in order to save the candles, was in the habit of giving the farm hands their supper in semi-darkness.

The laborers at first grumbled at this, but the farmer took no notice.

Things went on in much the same way for some little time, till the farmer had occasion to hire another farmhand named Tam S—.

Tam, who was well known to some of the other laborers as a wild and reckless sort of character, and always ready for mischief, was informed as to how matters stood, and Tam vowed he would alter things somehow.

That night at supper, which consisted of porridge, Tam took his seat on the right-hand side of the farmer, and, watching his opportunity, quickly plunged a spoonful of the hot porridge into the farmer's mouth. The farmer jumped up with a roar of agony, and demanded an explanation.

"Well, farmer," replied Tam, "it's sae durtin' Ah couldn't tell whaur Ah was puttin' them; Ah thoct it was 'I ma ain mouth.'—London Telegraph.

A Marvelous Machine.

A machine has been invented which is composed of exquisitely graduated wheels, running a tiny diamond point at the end of an almost equally tiny arm, whereby one is able to write upon glass the whole of the Lord's prayer within a space which measured the 294th part of an inch in length by the 44th part of an inch in breadth, or about the measurement of the dot over the letter "i" in common print, says the Philadelphia Record.

With this machine any one who understood operating it could write the whole 3,556,480 letters of the Bible eight times over the space of an inch—a square inch. A specimen of this marvelous microscopic writing was enlarged by photography, and every letter and point was perfect, and could be read with ease.

Report by Phonograph.

A municipal council in France has ordered its proceedings to be reported by phonograph. Should the expedient prove successful, shorthand writing will be dispensed with.

A FAMOUS OIL WIZARD.

JACOB LONG'S UNERRING FORKED STICK POINTS TO THE FLUID.

Recent Discoveries Made His Reputation National—For a Long Time He Was Oil Fever Became Epidemic He Was Generally Known as the Water Wizard.

At Jefferson, Ind., lives a man who has been famous because of his unerring prediction as to the location of oil streams in the bowels of the earth. His name, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, is Jacob Long. He does the trick with a forked stick.

Twenty years ago, when yet in his prime, Long was sought after far and near. He was known as a water witch, and whenever a saw-mill or piece of residence was selected it was then that Long was called upon to see if nature had made provision for water. By means of a forked stick, one prong of which he held in each hand, and the single prong pointing upward, Long would begin his search for the vein of water. As he passed over the vein the forked stick would turn in his hands and point downward.

So unerringly did Long perform his work that no one thought of putting down a well in his vicinity unless the water witch was consulted.

Once, about twenty years ago, while Long was searching for water his forked peach limb performed such antics that even the diviner was amazed. When seeking to locate water the stick always turned outward from him and pointed down, but only when standing directly over the vein of water, and losing the strange power when it was crossed. But on this occasion the peach limb turned both inward and outward and on any place within a several-acre tract.

This phenomenon was more than Long could comprehend. He studied about it several weeks and finally went to J. H. Dowell, a man of learning, and inquired what else could be found in the earth. Dowell, after enumerating many natural products, stated that in some parts of the country oil and gas were also found. Long then announced to his rural neighbors that under their farms lay vast reservoirs of gas and oil. So absurd did this seem that he was laughed at and suspicious cast upon his sanity. He tried to induce some of his acquaintances to aid in proving his assertions, but without success. By hard work he had secured a little farm, and when confronted by financial difficulties he decided it to a brother, who subsequently refused to do it back.

Long naturally resented this injustice, and after a stormy interview with his brother he decided to try his fortunes in another State. He went to Crawford County, Ohio.

During his stay there the county experienced an oil boom, in which Long and his forked stick cut quite a figure. Finding few who would believe in his strange power and having no money of his own, he gave his services for little or nothing. He worked hard to accumulate money to put down a well for himself, but fortune was reluctant to smile upon him. He claims now to possess the secret of a pool of oil three miles wide, and a little over a mile long in the Ohio field, which he hopes sometime to test and of which he has told no one the location.

While in Ohio he learned that his prediction made to a neighbor in this county twenty years ago had been verified, and he returned here. His predictions since then have been accurate and precise, and he is now beginning to enjoy the local fame he has so long sought.

Long is sixty years old and a bachelor. Although he was born in Indiana, he can speak English only brokenly and prefers German. He admits that aside from being able to locate oil wells he is the most ignorant man in the country, being unable to read or write, and knowing little of the outside world.

Always Paid Promptly.

Two teachers of languages were discussing matters and things relative to their profession. "Do your pupils pay up regularly on the first of each month?" asked one of them.

"No, they do not," was the reply. "I often have to wait weeks and weeks before I get my pay, and sometimes I don't get it at all. You can't well dun the parents for the money."

"Why don't you do as I do? I always get my money regularly."

"How do you manage it?"

"It is very simple. For instance, I am teaching a boy French, and on the first day of the month his folks don't send the amount due for the previous month. In that case I give the boy the following exercise to translate and write out at home: 'I have no money. The month is up. Hast thou any money? I need money very much. Why hast thou brought no money this morning? Did thy father not give thee any money?' Has he no money in the pocketbook of his uncle's great aunt? This fetches them. Next morning that boy brings the money."

The Unforgetting Dogs.

A story showing the love and devotion of dumb brutes comes from Milford, where two little white dogs, whose master, Edward McDade, was drowned more than a year ago, still may be seen every morning trotting through Milford and Oldtown to the ferry landing where their master went into the river, and then going back the four miles home, after satisfying themselves that he has not returned.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Powder Mill Bricks.

Bricks made of plaster-of-paris and cork are now used in the construction of powder mills. In case of explosion they offer slight resistance and are broken to atoms.

FAST FIRE HORSES.

The Quickest Ones in the World Are in Kansas City.

F. S. Dellenbaugh writes of "The Quick Horse" in St. Nicholas, his article telling of the training of horses for the fire department. Mr. Dellenbaugh says:

The quickest horses in the world were at one time in Kansas City, at the headquarters of its fire department, directly under the office of the Chief, Mr. George C. Hale. To Mr. Hale's genius, more than to any other factor, the quick horse owned his first development; for Mr. Hale is the inventor of the earliest swinging-harness—which made the quick horse possible. When Mr. Henry M. Stanley and his wife were in this country, they witnessed an exhibition drill of the Kansas City Fire Department. The drill so impressed the visitors that an account of it was published in a London journal, and this English article brought an invitation to Mr. Hale to visit England as the representative of the American Fire Service at the International Fire Tournament.

Mr. Hale and a picked corps went to England, taking with them the remarkably quick horses "Joe" and "Dan," and they became world-famous. As the quickest harnessing times of the London Fire Brigade is one minute, seventeen and one-half seconds, and the Kansas City horses were harnessed in one and three-quarter seconds, and were out of the engine-house in less than eight seconds, there could be no competition. In Kansas City, four fine bays were harnessed to the hook-and-ladder truck almost as quickly as even Joe and Dan could jump into their harnesses. It was a pretty sight to see these four well-kept horses spring to their places at the stroke of the gong, and in two or three seconds stand ready to run with the apparatus. Joe was killed by an accident; but Dan, with a new mate, is still in service, and as quick as ever.

The record for quickest time from the engine-house to the throwing of water on the fire is held by a Kansas City company. In this instance the horses were harnessed, a run of 2194 feet (a little less than half a mile) was made, and water thrown from the hose in the wonderfully brief time of one minute, thirty-one and one-half seconds.

How To Drink Water.

There are few people, who thoroughly realize the value of water as a beverage, or who know how to obtain the greatest advantage from it. The effects produced by the drinking of water, as pointed out by Health, vary with the manner in which it is drunk. If, for instance, a pint of cold water be swallowed as a large draught, or if it be taken in two portions with a short interval between, certain definite results follow—effects which differ from those which would have resulted from the same quantity taken by sipping. Sipping is a powerful stimulant to the circulation, a thing which ordinary drinking is not. During the act of sipping the action of the nerve which shows the beats of the heart is abolished, and as a consequence that organ contracts much more rapidly, the pulse beats more quickly, and the circulation in various parts of the body is increased. In addition to this, we find that the pressure under which the bile is secreted is raised by the sipping of fluid. And here is a point which might well be noted by our readers: A glass of cold water, slowly sipped, will produce greater acceleration of the pulse for a time than will a glass of wine or spirits taken at a draught. In this connection it may not be out of place to mention that sipping cold water will often allay the craving for alcohol in those who have been in the habit of taking too much of it, and who may be endeavoring to reform, the effect being probably due to the stimulant action of the sipping.

The Reward of Valor.

Perhaps the most dramatic reward Lord Charles Beresford ever got for valor, was a few years ago. One bitter cold night, when his ship was off the Falkland Islands, there was a cry of "man overboard." The sentry had disappeared beneath the floating ice. Though clad in heavy garments, Lord Charles instantly seized a coil of rope and leaped into the sea. "I went down and down and down," said Lord Charles, when relating the incident, "until I began to think that the other end of the rope was not fastened to anything. At last I grasped my man, the rope became taut, and I began to ascend. The ship's corporal helped us both out." Fifteen years afterward Lord Charles was speaking at a political meeting in support of Lord Folkestone's candidature. The hall was packed, and suddenly there was a scuffle at the back. "Chuck him out!" cried some one; but Lord Charles invited the man to come up to the platform, and they would listen to what he had to say. The man struggled forward in great excitement. He only wanted to shake hands with his rescuer. He was the sailor who had been saved by Lord Charles from the icy sea off the Falkland Islands.—St. James's Gazette.

The Modern Shark.

The modern shark is deteriorating. In ages gone by there were ferocious sharks, such as would make a mouthful of you without blinking, seventy feet in length. Plenty of their teeth have been found which are five inches long, whereas the biggest of the teeth belonging to sharks that exist at the present day are one and a half inches long.

They Think in Millions.

The London Bankers' Clearing House was established 125 years ago, and last year nearly \$4,000,000,000 passed through it. London's daily bank business averages \$125,000,000.