

LIVE FOR THE LIVING.

A new mound rose near the foothills, And my heart was underneath; My friends were good, for they strewed it With blossom and clinging wreath; A voice came, borne on the stillness: "Though the way seem hard, be true; On—live thy life for the living; As the dead have lived for you."

I raised my hand unto heaven And a pledge I made that day, (The Voice had shown me my duty And a light shone on the way.) And these, the words of the promise, That my constant guide shall be: "I'll live my life for the living, As the dead have lived for me."

The dead since earth was created, Lived they not for you and me? They made the world that we live in Such a glorious place to be! Take mine for your own life's motto— It will make you strong and true; And live your life for the living, As the dead have lived for you. —S. W. Gillilan, in Los Angeles Herald.

BOULTER'S GUESTS.

"BOULTER! Boulter! you've proved yourself a man at last. Why, I declare it's the best idea you've had in that head of yours for years. You cannot imagine the enormous possibilities which chance has thrown in our way by your suggestion."

"Yes, I can," muttered Boulter, laconically. "But, my dear, think of it! Here you are now, James Henry Boulter, provision merchant and agent for imported eggs, at the age of forty-five, worth thousands and thousands of pounds, with a daughter as nice-looking as her—"

"Go on, stow it, missis," said Boulter, irritably; "you don't want her dwell so much on her father's good looks."

"No, dear," replied the better half, good-naturedly; "when you come out with that big idea of yours about advertising them coronation seats me heart gives a sort of flutter like, and I say: 'Blowed if Boulter ain't a genius; he oughter be primm'lar!'"

"Not so much of it, Martha. Let's work the thing through again, seeing as how for once you've given way to my superior wisdom."

"As you say, my dear," he went on, "here am I, James Henry Boulter, with a large city business, a good banking account, a marriageable daughter, a well-established household and a large place standing slap-bang on the coronation route. Wouldn't it be folly to throw away such a chance? Why, this splendid view which we command would be of little value were it not for the grand thought of James Henry, and it is simply this. We stick a notice in all the big society and other papers to the effect that James Henry Boulter, Esq., will have great pleasure in placing at the command of a few select gentlemen of society seats at his residence for viewing the coronation procession. They'll come like a flock o' bees."

"Oh, Lor', Boulter, didn't I say as 'ow you always was a genius?' exclaimed Mrs. B., rapturously. "Of course, I am, or 'ow do yer think I could 'ave got together a fine place like this?" as his eyes traveled rapidly round the sumptuously-appointed room.

"You see, Martha, that ad. will bring a lot of poor young lords and such like with their friends down here for the coronation procession, and we'd be poor lads at fixing matters up if we couldn't make some arrangement between a young aristocrat and our Bessie. Don't you grasp it?"

"Yes, Boulter, that I do; but it nearly took my breath away only to think about it. Imagine our Bess the wife of a real live Duke! Oh, Boulter, you're a marvel!"

with his eye and inserting his thumbs in the armbolts of his waistcoat, "the Earl of Dartmoor will be here on Friday, so see that everything is in readiness for his coming. He is bringing two friends, and his letter seems to indicate that they, too, are men of position."

A stony silence ensued during the remainder of the meal, after which Boulter pompously sallied forth to rearrange the portraits in oils that hung in the hall, for he had a large house and believed in doing things in style. Without exception these had all been under the auctioneer's hammer, but it was Boulter's idea to hang them in chronological order and give to each some little bit of family history.

In the other departments of the Boulter establishment things progressed on a proportionate scale; the "family plate," for which Boulter had paid between two and three hundred pounds, was brought out from boxes and chests and put in such a condition as would best fit its meeting with an Earl.

The eventful day grew quickly near, and Boulter's spirits rose accordingly. It had occurred to the schemer that perhaps one day would be hardly sufficient to enable the noble Earl to make proper advances to his daughter—by-the-by, the thought had never struck him that the titled dignitary might be a married man—so he had determined, provided the visitor fulfilled his expectations, to persuade him to prolong his visit.

A sumptuous dinner was in progress. The table literally groaned under the weight of the viands and blazed with the magnificence of the costly plate and other valuable appurtenances of the feast. The Earl and his two friends had proved most charming and affable companions, the former regaling the delighted Boulter with glowing descriptions of the ancestral domain, displaying at the same time the most familiar knowledge of his fellow-aristocrats and their doings. But all thoughts unconsciously gave way to the great present they had that day witnessed—the coronation procession.

"Magnificent!" muttered Boulter, vigorously setting to work on the contents of his plate. "Ahem! decidedly grand, Boulter, old fellow."

They were quite on familiar terms already, "as they should be," Boulter thought. And so events progressed; the procession was discussed and suggestions made and all agreed for the hundredth time that it was the finest thing of its kind they had ever seen until Mrs. Boulter displayed a decided inclination to lapse into the arms of Morpheus, when an adjournment was made, Miss Bessie shortly afterward being engaged in playing the accompaniment to a song which the Earl had been pressed to sing. The invitation to stay a day or so, despite strict laws of etiquette, had been warmly received.

The full glory of a 2 o'clock moon was stealing through the blinds, casting beams of radiant light across the drawing-room, when a silent figure entered, bag in hand. A second later he was joined by another.

"Is that you, Charlie?" inquired the first. "Yes, my boy; it is I, the Earl of Dartmoor."

"You'll soon be there if you two don't shut up your chattering row," muttered a third, as he stole into the room with his boots in his hands.

"Well," chuckled the Earl, softly, "if this isn't the biggest bit of luck I've ever had in my natural, I don't know what is. Here that howling ass of a Boulter swallows my yarn about Earlism, treats us as if we were lords, and then places this opportunity in our way of helping ourselves to his valuables. As if any Johnny couldn't get the die of a coronet made and have a few quires of notepaper stamped with it! Oh, this is sport, and 'my Lord' burst his face in his hands, while his sides shook with suppressed laughter.

"Come on, Charlie; it's entirely your suggestion that we should take away a little of that silver, so I suppose we had better begin collecting it, eh?" "Of course—of course; I, for one, never thought the acceptance of Boulter's invitation would result in more than three free seats for viewing the procession, but since I've been obliged to give up my bank-clerking it would be very silly if I wasted a chance of raising myself in the social scale by the acquisition of this world's goods."



A late British investigation has shown that thirteen per cent. of manganese makes iron practically non-magnetic. Alloys more magnetic than commercial iron may be produced with nickel, silicon and aluminium.

The Journal de L'Electrolyse, Paris, contains an article describing the Keller system of manufacturing steel directly from ore. Two furnaces are employed; in the first the ore is reduced, the molten cast-iron collecting on the hearth of the furnace. When a sufficient quantity has thus collected, it is run into a second furnace, and here subjected to a heavy current which reduces the cast-iron to steel.

The Board of Naval Engineers appointed to examine into the merits of oils as a fuel instead of coal have arrived at the determination that it cannot compete with coal for naval uses. Fourteen different devices presented by American inventors for tests were tried, but it is said, that not one of them would burn oil under a naval boiler in competition with coal, even with the oil at a cost of \$1 per barrel.

The first large vapor motor applied to navigation is to be placed on the fishing boat of M. Emile Altazin, now being built at Boulogne. The vessel, which is ninety feet long and is designed to carry three hundred tons, will be provided with a 200 horsepower motor, together with sails, and will also have a twenty-five horsepower motor for operating nets. The motors will use either gasoline or alcohol, of which the tanks will contain 8000 gallons.

A flexible metal hose is made at Pforzheim, Germany, by rolling up a metal band like a screw thread, the joints being made tight by a cord of rubber or asbestos. The material is galvanized steel or phosphor bronze. The hose is very flexible. Its tendency to untwist when roughly handled is overcome by making it double, with opposite windings. It is intended for mining purposes, is eight inches in diameter and will stand a pressure of 200 atmospheres.

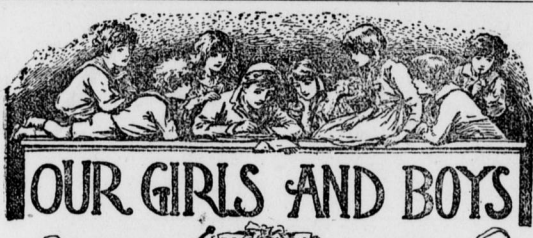
A series of experiments at the Bethlehem, Pa., Steel Works has resulted in the perfection of a process for the manufacture of steel wheels for freight cars. Heretofore the cost has been too great, and the freight-car wheels now in general use are made of cast iron, with the tread or wearing surface chilled. The car-wheel problem has become more and more important as the capacity of freight cars has been increased. Should the pressed-steel wheel prove successful, it will mean a sweeping but welcome innovation in rolling stock.

Astonishing effects as a tonic and blood-former are claimed by Dr. Naugler, of Paris, for balloon ascensions. He states that an air trip of two hours gives a marked increase in the red corpuscles of the blood, this increase continuing to be noticeable for at least ten days afterward, and that five ascensions within six or seven weeks impart more benefit to an anæmic person than three months in the mountains. The good results begin almost immediately, prolonged stay in the upper air being of no advantage and possibly harmful. He urges that the city should give poor people the benefits of a change of climate by providing a large balloon capable of taking fifty patients daily on an aerial outing.

Gibraltar's story. One hundred and ninety-eight years ago the rock of Gibraltar fell into the hands of the British by assault. The Prince of Hesse Darmstadt commanded the troops, and Sir George Rooke the fleet, and in the remarkably short time of four days the stronghold surrendered. Many times the Spaniards attempted to get back the key to the Mediterranean, but without success, though on one occasion they got 500 men within the fort, but failed to reinforce them. In 1726 it was in the mind of ministers to give back the rock to Spain, but so great an agitation arose against the step that it was abandoned. There followed a siege by Spain and France, which lasted from 1727 to 1783. On September 13, 1782, no fewer than 40,000 men constituted the besieging army, and in the grand attack delivered on that day 200 heavy guns, forty-seven ships of the line and ten battering ships were employed, and upwards of 5000 red hot shot were fired at the fortifications. Since then the possession of Gibraltar has remained undisputed.

Smiles and Their Meaning. Some one has suggested that words were invented for the purpose of concealing thought, but there are situations when words are unavailing and it is necessary to have recourse to another method for concealing thought. This is where smiles are useful. Now, there is nothing worthy of remark about a smile when the natural result of a pleasant thought, but the climax of art has been reached when one has learned to smile under circumstances when language—if a true expression of thought—would be decidedly objectionable.

Smiles have a peculiar charm. They can accomplish wonders in an argument, especially if the smiler possesses rosy lips and pearly teeth. "Smile for the lady" is familiar nursery parlance, and when baby smiles it is genuine. But, once beyond the years of babyhood, one can never be perfectly certain of the true value of a smile.—New York News.



OUR GIRLS AND BOYS

ALFRED'S PLEASURE. "Oh, Alfred," said his uncle, "what an awful lot of noise! You are indeed the noisiest of all the noisy boys. Just put that sauce pan lid away, and do not, I implore, keep stamping, tramping up and down, so near the study door."

"And stop that piercing whistle! O, but tell me, Alfred, now, To gain a little pleasure, must you kick up such a row? I don't mind what you play at, I have told you so before, But cannot stand this rumpus when it's near the study door."

Then Alfred dropped his little chin upon his little chest, And from the spirit of his play departed all the zest. "What ails you?" said his uncle, "for you look a doleful boy." "O, well, you know," said Alfred, "it's the rumpus I enjoy!" —Chicago Record-Herald.

MUSIC FOR RAINY DAYS.

A child who wants to possess a home-made musical toy which will help to relieve the monotony of rainy days can do so by securing a piece of wood about an inch thick. On the top of it, lengthwise through the centre, draw a straight line as a guide. Along the line hammer common white pins graduated in size, placing the largest at



one end and the smallest at the other (see illustration). If pins of one size only can be gotten, graduate their height by sinking some deeper in the wood than others. To do so without danger of bending the pins, first make shallow holes with a large strong pin by screwing it into the wood; a hat pin will answer for the purpose. Should a pair of heavy nippers be handy, the pins may be all of the same height,

THE CHINESE GAME OF SKINNING THE SNAKE.

but their tops can be pinched off, causing the row to slant from one end to the other. All being ready, touch the pins lightly with a quill toothpick, running the scale first up, then down, the entire length of the pin row. After a few trials the child will be able to play some simple air on the pin notes.

SKINNING THE SNAKE.

A game which is peculiarly Chinese is "Skinning the Snake," thus described in The Delineator. The boys stand face to back in a straight line. All bend forward, each putting his right hand through between his legs and taking the left hand of the boy behind him. They are thus all bent over and bound together. They then begin backing; the one at the rear of the line lies down; and the rest all back over him, each lying down as soon as he backs over the one behind him and all still holding hands securely. They now form a straight line, each with his head between his neighbor's legs and holding a hand of the one behind him. Then the one that lay down last gets up and "straddles" over the entire line, each pulling up the one next to him until all are standing erect and face about. This finishes the game.

ESCAPE OF THE SNAILS.

When the Revue Scientifique says a thing it must be believed. It records a snail story that deserves a place along with the best snake yarns. The prologue is all right. It tells of a small cultivator on a large scale, who provides the market with these delicacies. He usually has 50,000 of them feeding in a vast park, which is surrounded by a wall about two feet six inches high. In consequence of the escape of many giddy snails a sort of ledge was put on top of the wall, projecting an inch or two on the inside, so that the snail crawling up the straight wall would meet with an obstacle. Still the slim creatures managed to get away, and were found scouring the open country with all the joyous abandon of acquired freedom. After patient research, declares the Revue Scientifique, and this is the part of the story which is to be most unfeignedly believed, it was found that

one accommodating snail would blot himself like a swallow's nest under the ledge, while all those who were desirous of escaping crawled over his shell, and thus reached the edge of the ledge—and liberty. There is a sad note about the poor snail who devoted himself and allowed his back to be used as a bridge having been left behind, but it was necessary for the scientific journal to emphasize this in order to round up its story. Never mind. This accommodating snail may be sure of his reward. One day, deep sunken in his shell, with his face plastered with strong smelling garlic and butter, he will lie on a plate at the table of a Parisian.

CHEROKEE NAMES.

The Cherokees were the only tribe of Indians who had a written language, says the Knoxville Sentinel. It was invented by Tabequah or George Guess, a half-breed native, who lived at Ross's Landing. The Cherokee tongue is a beautiful one, with soft vowel sounds. Tennessee inherits from it some euphonious geographical names, including that of the State itself. What we have lost by the substitution of English names may be seen from a comparison. The Tennessee River was called Cootela, and from thence to its source in Virginia the Holston was known to the Indians as Hogehoegee. The French Broad was Agiqua, and received the Swannanoah and Nonichuhah. The present "barbarous Clinch" had the more euphonious name Pellissippi. Little River was the Canot, Little Tennessee was the Tannasee, and its confluence, Tellico, has been changed from Ptsaliko, or Saliko. Hiavassae was pronounced Epuhassie; Cumberland was called by the Indians,



WHERE DWARFS ARE MADE.

Some interest is being aroused in Madras at present by the exhibition of two dwarfs who are alleged to be over fifty years of age, and are brother and sister. These beings are not only small, but distorted. It is believed that dwarfs are "manufactured" in India. There is a practice extant in the Punjab of elongating infants' heads so as to render them out of all proportion to the body. The effect of compression on the brain renders the victims idiotic. They are sent around to beg, and in their peregrinations visit the Madras and Bombay presidencies. An instinct akin to that of an animal, however, still lives in the distorted beings and invariably brings them back to their masters. They are known as "Shah Shuja's mice," from the name of the temple where they are manufactured. The children, it is stated, are vowed to the temple by fanatical women.—London Express.

FOXY, WASN'T IT?

"Pardon me," said the Fox to the Rooster, quite unexpectedly, "but may I borrow your comb? I have a brush." —New York Press.

ROYALTY IN ABYSSINIA.

The Bizarre Costume of King Meacelik on Christmas. "Speaking of kings," said a traveler recently returned from Abyssinia a short time ago, "people who haven't seen the king of kings have no adequate conception of real royalty. 'Don't know who the king of kings is?' he exclaimed in astonishment at the lack of information on the part of his auditors. 'Meacelik, King of Kings and Conquering Lion of Abyssinia is his full name. King of Abyssinia is good enough for everyday use. 'It was my luck to be in Adis Abeba on January 7, the Abyssian Christmas, and the Emperor invited us to a feast. After a long wait we saw the Emperor coming from his palace surrounded by foot attendants. We dismounted and followed him to a tent, and were seated at his left. He occupied a small chair of state. He wore a long coat of fantastic colors covered with gold lace. That was bad enough, but the straw that broke the back of royalty, so to speak, was the rest of the outfit—white trousers and patent leather shoes! Perched on his head above a piece of white muslin drawn tight about his brow was a big gilt Panama hat, the band literally covered with rubies and sapphires. There was a diamond stud in his left ear and a red silk umbrella fringed in gold was held over his head. If that isn't royalty, what is it?"

In a great business there is nothing so fatal as cunning management.—Junius. If you desire to remove avarice you must first remove its mother, luxury.—Cicero. Desire nothing which may either wrong thy profession to ask or God's honor to grant.—Bishop Henshaw. I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself, than to be crowned on a velvet cushion.—Thoreau. To be free minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat and of sleep and of exercise is one of the best precepts of long lasting.—Bacon. How often in this world actions which we condemn are the result of sentiments which we love and opinions that we admire.—Mrs. Jameson. I would say that perfection of mind, like that of the body, consists of two elements—of strength and beauty; that it consists of firmness and mildness, of force and tenderness, of vigor and grace.—W. E. Channing. It is a pitiable desecration of such a nature as ours to give it up to the world. Some baser thing might have been given without regret; but to bow down reason and conscience, to bind them to the clods of earth, to contract those faculties that spread themselves out beyond the world, even to infinity—to contract them to worldly trifles—is pitiable. It is something to mourn and to weep over.—Orville Dewey. He only will please long who, by tempering the acidity of satire with the sugar of civility, and allaying the heat of wit with the rigidity of humble chat, can make a true punch of conversation; and, as that punch can be drunk in the greatest quantity which has the largest proportion of water, so that companion will be oftentimes welcome whose talk flows out with inoffensive copiousness and unenvied insipidity.—Samuel Johnson.

WISE WORDS.

Members of the Council who live in the vicinity of the Snake Council grounds report considerable doing among the "Snakes" since the return of Crazy Snake and his followers from the penitentiary. They have a prophet by the name of Wakache. He claims to be gifted with supernatural wisdom, and to be in constant consultation with the Great Spirit, whose directions he imparts to his followers. An exchange says: "He has been furnished from on high with a supernatural fire which never goes out. He has lighted sticks of wood from this fire and given them to each of the forty-four Indian towns with injunction to keep the same constantly burning, which is to be typical of the revival and continuance of the old government customs and laws of the Creeks. The prophet calls around his camp men and women who dance around his sacred fire and play ball and perform other old customs of the Creeks, including drinking of medicine and daily bathing in the running streams. He is also a healer of the sick, and that fact alone insures a large following."—Kansas City Journal.

A Big Medicine Man.

Few people are aware that Britain's mistress-ship of the seas is more than an assertion, and that it is acknowledged by every nation. On entering a foreign port marine etiquette requires a man-o'-war to salute the national flag by dipping its own, and in return the host lowers its flag. But no foreign ship dips the Union Jack until the foreigner first dips his colors. In all seas, both home and foreign, Britain claims to be saluted first, and this homage is rendered by every nation as the tribute to her sovereignty.—Tit-Bits.

A Morning Curfew.

In two ancient villages, Newport and Wicken Bonhunt, the curfew bell is still rung. At Newport it has been rung for centuries at 4 a. m. and 8 p. m., but in consequence of complaints made by the villagers of being awakened from their sleep the morning curfew has now ceased. Members of the same family have rung the curfew at Newport for the last three generations. A salary of \$10 a year has to be paid to the ringer of the curfew bell by the owner of certain ancient grammar school buildings adjacent to the parish church.—Tit-Bits.