THE MIRACLE DAYS.

Good folks, the days o' miracles ain't
past an' gone away;
The weather man predicted snow, an'
here's the snow to-day!
They know the path the sun an' moon
air travelin—so they do—
They've tracked the stars of heaven an'
caught the comets, too!

They know jest how the ol' world rolls—
they've got it down by heart;
They know the cyclone's comin' 'fore it
ever makes a start!
They know the awful distance from here
up to the sun;
They've counted all the worlds above, an'
named 'em—every one!

Ain't nuthin' hidden from 'em—they
know the all-in-all!
When obstacles air risin' they batter
down the wall
An' stand in all the glory an' beauty o'
the light,
A-givin' out this verdict—that there shall
be no night!

An' I r'a'ly wouldn't wonder at the pace
we're bein' led,
Ef they shook the world like thunder by
the raisin' o' the dead!
Fer, step by step they're goin' upon the
upward way,
Till a feller's glad he's livin' in a world
like this to-day!

—Atlanta Constitution.

SIX YEARS LOST.

"WHAT would we live on, Max?" laughed Sydney Vernon, glancing down at her elegant morning dress, with the pretty slipper just peeping from beneath its hem. "It's all very well to eschew the practicalities of life, but they are somewhat necessary for all that, and I have never seen any great evidences of economy on your part; and I am quite sure you have not on mine."

Max Bayard tugged impatiently at his mustache as the girl, whom a moment before he had asked to be his wife, thus answered him.

"I have never had an incentive to economy," Max said in answer. "I have enough to live on and feed my horses, though my tailor's bill does trouble me now and then, I confess; but, Sydney, I will change all that, dear. I can't, perhaps, give you all the luxuries to which you are accustomed, but you shan't lack for comforts, that I promise you."

"We should be miserable—Max—miserable, both you and I!" the girl an-

"FRIENDS? NEVER!" HE EXCLAIMED.

swered, bitterly. "We have not either of us been reared in a school of poverty. I would cry for cake while you could only give me bread, and you for ale while I could give you only kisses. Come, be sensible, and let us be good friends."

"Friends? Never!" he exclaimed. "I am starving, and you throw me a stone. Look into my eyes, Sydney, straight and true, and say you do not love me, and I will go away, and trouble you no more."

The long lashes drooped low on her cheek.

"I cannot quite say that," she answered, "but I will say more. I promised last night to become Mr. Clayton's wife within six months."

Max Bayard's handsome face grew white to the very lips—a look of deadly anger, mingled with something like loathing, crept into it. Sydney shrank from it, as from a blow.

"Don't, Max—don't!" she cried. "I could not help it—I am very sorry."

"You could not help it—you are very sorry!" he repeated very slowly. "Could not help what? Toying with me for your amusement—playing fast and loose with your victim, or selling yourself to the highest bidder? Which? You are very sorry—for whom? For the man you led step by step to the brink of the flower-strewn precipice, only to smile as he plunged to the chasm below, or for him who wins the prize in the lottery—the prize for which he has paid the price of all his fortune? Pardon me, Miss Vernon, but he, I think, is more deserving of your sorrow than the man whom you hurl to the lowest depths of the abyss."

With these words, he turned and left her.

Six years had passed—six years, fraught indeed with change.

"If she had been but true to herself and me!" Max Bayard had thought, when, but a few months after the event which had driven him from his native land to find forgetfulness in travel, a letter had been put into his hand, which had followed h' from port to port, announcing that ..e had fallen heir to a fortune which might have challenged Mr. Clayton's in its magnitude.

A year afterward he married. His wife was very young and very lovely; but there were depths in his nature that her hand never stirred, and even as she lay with her head pillowed on his breast another haunted face would come between, and, 'mid the caressing murmur of her words, would sound the echo of the "might have been."

But he loved her very dearly, and mourned her very truly, when, one short year after their marriage, he laid her away in her grave and took up the burden of life again, with the added responsibility of the tiny infant daughter she had left him. * * *

"Wanted—A lady to superintend the education of a little girl. Apply between the hours of 4 and 6 at——"

It was in answer to this advertisement that, six years after that memorable afternoon upon the beach, a lady stood waiting in the elegant drawing room of the house to which she had been directed.

Her veil was down and the room was half in shadow from the heavy curtains which draped the window, but for all that she started perceptively when a step crossed the hall and a gentleman, his hair slightly tinged with gray, entered.

She had sunk back on the sofa, and her frame quivered with emotion.

"You have come, madam, in answer to my advertisement?" he asked, cautiously.

"No, no!" she anwsered. "There are reasons why it will now be impossible for me to accept the situation offered."

That voice! Had it not too long haunted him to be thus easily forgotten? Would he not know it even though it sounded above his very grave?

"Sydney! you here?" he exclaimed. "Ah, Mrs. Clayton—pardon me, for the moment I forgot."

Then she threw back her veil. Six years had made little change. It was the same beautiful face, but grown very pale, and the lovely mouth quivered as she spoke.

"Believe me, I would not have intruded myself upon you had I dreamed it was you who had inserted the advertisement. I had not even heard of your marriage."

"My wife is dead," he answered. "But stay," as she rose to go. "Tell me how it happens that you are in necessity. Is Mr. Clayton dead?"

She shuddered.

"You mistake," she said. "I did not marry Mr. Clayton. I am Sydney Vernon still."

"You did not marry him?"

"No. It is a woman's privilege, you know, to change her mind. But my aunt was very angry, and at her death she left me nothing. Your advertisement attracted me. I thought I might learn to love a little girl."

"Sydney, why did you not marry Mr. Clayton?"

Had he really spoken, or was it her own thought which formed the question? No, he was awake now, his eyes resting upon her.

"You have no right to ask me," she said, imperiously. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

"No right, perhaps—that I admit, but answer me, all the same. For the sake of all these starving years, let me know the truth."

"Because I did not love him," she answered, then—"because I found myself weaker than I knew."

"Oh, Sydney! if we had known—if we had known! My darling, was there another reason? Was it because you loved me?"

"Because I shall love you while life lasts."

A month later there was a quiet wedding.

When Grandpa Winds the Clock.

On Saturday nights at half past nine
When the clock's about run down
My grandpa rheumatically leaves his chair
And a smile chases off his frown.
He doffs his coat and throws it aside
Glances round at the family flock
And slowly says as he scratches his head
"Guess its time to be winding the clock."
I tell you now its a sight to see
For every one else as well as for me
When grandpa winds the clock.

He says that none but grandpapas
Can wind up an eight day clock
And if any one else should attempt the trick
The thing would be given a shock.
So he slowly yawns and mounts a stool
And stares at the old clock's face
Then blows out the dust from the hole in the key
With no little show of grace.
I only just wish that you could see
The dust flying out from the hole in the key
When grandpa winds the clock.

Then grandpa grins and the winding begins
And the folks all try to smile
As with teeth grating clicks he winds up the weights
For at least a nautical mile.
The cat humps its back, the baby cries out
The dog howls at every creak;
But in time it is over—there's a sigh of relief—
It can't happen again for a week.
The clicks and creaks are over at last
Though it seems at first they'll never get past
When grandpa winds the clock.

CLARENCE A. MOUGH

—Chicago Chronicle.

TO BREAK A QUEER WILL.

Decedent Swore He Would Make $200,000, but Died Too Soon.

"The richest workingman in New Jersey" was what all his acquaintances called George Beesley, who died a few days ago at his home in Paterson, N. J., but hardly any one imagined that he was worth $175,000. Such was the case, however, and now there is every prospect that lawyers, his pet abomination, will get a share of the estate. Should such an untoward result ensue it will be all due to Beesley's extraordinary will, which the heirs have decided on trying to break. A number of years ago, when Beesley was a blacksmith in the Rogers Locomotive Works, he swore that before he died he should be worth $200,000. About a year ago his health began to fail and as yet his fortune was not more than $175,000. Ere long he realized that he was not destined to carry out the provisions of his oath, but he did what he regarded as the next best thing. He tied his money up by will, restricting his children to the merest pittance until the estate should be worth $200,000, as he had originally planned. Much of his investment had been in gilt-edged but low-interest stocks, and the heirs have come to the conclusion that the law will give them speedy access to comfort which without its help would be long postponed. Hence the attempt to break the remarkable will. An unusual feature of the contest is that the two girl heirs object to their father's discrimination against their brother and insist that he shall have a share of the estate equal to theirs.

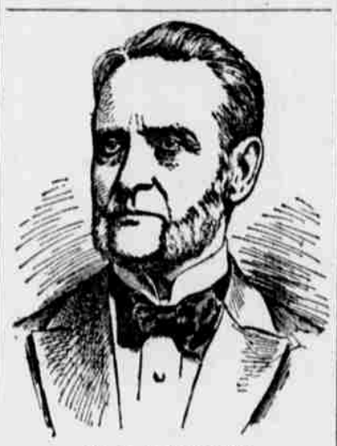
Beesley, who was at once a miser and a money lender in his late years, seemed to think of nothing but adding dollar to dollar and determined that, as he had lived without luxuries, his children should follow in his steps. In Beesley's home the food was of the simplest. Oil for the lamps was measured out each week and groceries were weighed according to a schedule. If the measured supply did not last so much the worse for those who had been too prodigal. Matches the old man regarded as an extravagance. He whittled splints with his jackknife when he had time and these were lighted from a lamp or the kitchen stove. He shaved notes for men who worked with him and this laid the foundation of his fortune. Wise investments in real estate and a sudden rise in railroad stocks, a large block of which he had acquired as collateral forfeited, made him independent. Then he invested most of his wealth in safe securities and waited for the realization which his death prevented.

A REMARKABLE MAN.

Dr. Pearsons, of Chicago, Who Is Giving Away the Fortune He Made.

D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, seems determined to follow the Carnegie idea and not die rich. He has already given away two or three millions to educational institutions, and still has a million or two more, which he purposes to send in the way of the others gone before. Dr. Pearsons went to Chicago to reside in April, 1860. In his satchel Dr. Pearsons carried $5,000, which he had saved up in ten years' medical practice in Chicopee, Mass. He and his wife had some distant relatives in Chicago, but they had made up their minds not to go to them, although they knew, practically, no one else there. Their relatives had discouraged the doctor from going West. They did not think he was fitted to get along in the hustle and scramble of a growing city, and advised him to stick to his country practice. But the doctor succeeded, and made money rapidly in many ways, and did good with every dollar of it.

In 1890 the doctor came to the conclusion that the time had arrived for him to begin giving away his fortune. He followed the plan that he and his wife had formed after they had reached



DR. D. K. PEARSONS.

Chicago in 1860. He has never been a member of any religious denomination, but all his gifts have been to those institutions having religious affiliations. From 1890 to 1900 the doctor has given away $2,500,000 of his fortune and has perhaps $1,500,000 left.

Four years ago Dr. Pearsons had his tombstone erected in Hinsdale Cemetery, as he desired to have all his affairs arranged before he died. The granite for this monument was brought from Barre, Vt., where the doctor taught school in 1836. The remaining $1,500,000 will be disposed of in donations which have not as yet been announced. On this account it is his intention to require an annuity of 2 per cent., or $30,000 a year, payable up to the time of the death of himself and wife. This will allow them to live as they please and watch the good results from their munificent gifts. It has never cost them more than $1,500 a year to live, so on the income they have provided for themselves they will no doubt continue their giving, which has really now become a habit. The doctor says, however, that he considers he is entitled to an amount that will allow him and his wife to live as they please, even at the Waldorf-Astoria if they wish. They never had any children, and when their earthly lives are closed their entire fortune will be in use for the benefit of humanity.

Taking Advantage of a Proverb.

Father—It's never too late to mend, my boy!

Son—But is that really so, dad?

Father—It is, indeed, my boy.

Son—Oh, well then, I needn't begin just yet.

A woman likes to be told she looks fresh, but a man doesn't.

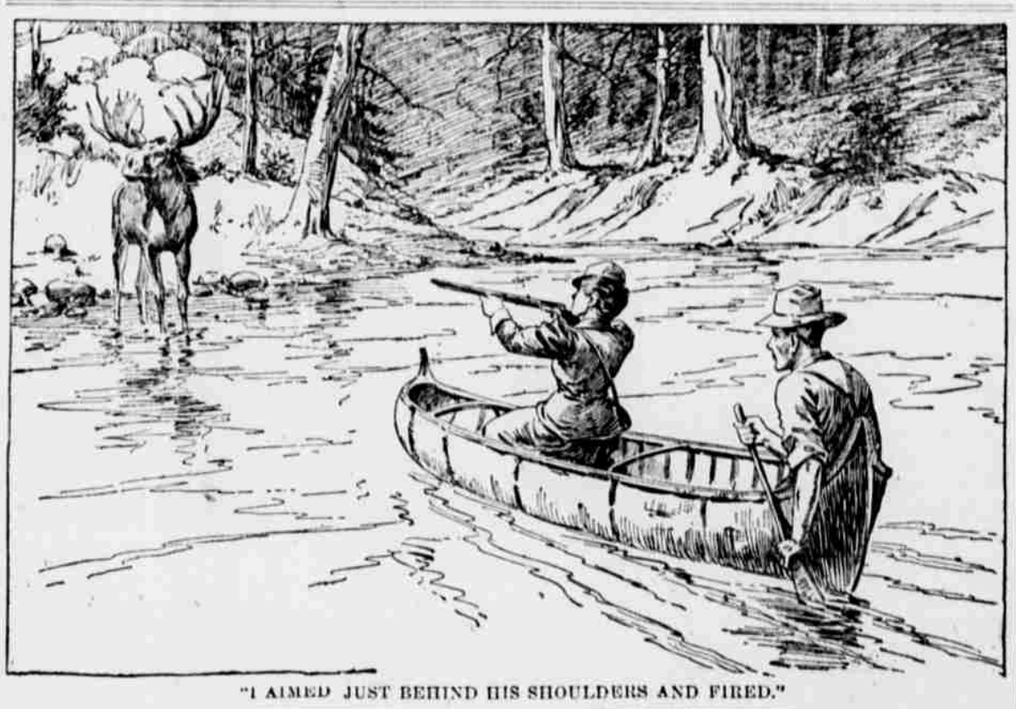
SEES WORLD FROM A YACHT.

Millionaire Woman Who Sails, Hunts and Scorns Society.

A millionaire sportswoman—Mrs. Charlotte D. M. Cardeza by name—sees the world as it is from the deck of a gorgeous yacht called the Eleanor. This nautical palace recently rested in a New York harbor preparatory to a trip to the Mediterranean. Its master is Mrs. Cardeza, a remarkable woman, who claims that "society is hollow."

Mrs. Cardeza is a huntress of renown. In a tour around the world she witnessed some elephant and tiger hunts. The sight so steadied her nerves that she has become a hunter of America's biggest game—the moose and caribou. In the dining-room of her beautiful home, Montebello, Germantown, Pa., are the heads of six caribou she killed with her own hands. She owns a hunting box at Mount Kineo, in Maine. There she goes deer hunting every fall, except when she is penetrating the virgin forests of Newfoundland, where the caribou grows to its largest size. At Bricky Cove, Newfoundland, last November she was one of a party that killed and brought back to the Eleanor the heads for forty-four caribou.

Mrs. Cardeza is one of the wealthiest women in America. She cares not at all for society and has a passion for travel that she gratifies to the full. She is a musician of exceptional ability. She plays and sings well, but there is no music as sweet to her ears as the pop of the rifle. She owns a home at Germantown, a cottage at Newport, has an estate in the West Indies and keeps a suite at the Waldorf-Astoria the year round, but loves best of all the rough pine lodge built by the men of the Eleanor's crew in the forest at the foot of Mount Kineo, in Maine.



"I AIMED JUST BEHIND HIS SHOULDERS AND FIRED."

Mrs. Cardeza may be near the 40's. That fact the existence of her big, handsome son, "Tom" Cardeza, would attest, but she looks scarcely 30. Life aboard her yacht and in the hunting districts of the north has brought to her cheeks a rose bloom of robust health. She is the highest and best type of the American girl refined by a many-sided education and broadened by travel. She was born in Philadelphia of English parents. Her father was Thomas Drake, a lineal descendant of Sir Francis Drake. She is the widow of J. Martinez-Cardeza, a wealthy Spaniard.

"I learned to hunt in a curious way," said Mrs. Cardeza. "I had never practiced target shooting, although I had never been afraid of firearms. But my son, Tom, became an enthusiastic sportsman. He talked to me about the ambition that I should become a huntress. I laughed at first, but I came to see that he was in earnest. He is my all. I have not another living relative. The bond between us is very, very close. But I will not indulge in any mother foolishness. I saw that Tom wanted me to learn to shoot, and I determined that I would.

"One morning we were rowing on the Kineo river. Tom stopped rowing and whispered: 'Mother, a caribou. Shoot!' He placed the rifle in my hands and I aimed the gun just behind the animal's shoulders and pulled the trigger. The big beast jumped into the air and fell, dying. Tom was so proud that I begun to be proud myself.

"My friends say I have a cool nerve and never miss. I don't think I deserve that eulogy. I simply follow my son's advice. 'Don't shoot unless you see that you are going to hit.' That is the secret of a true aim."

A ROMANCE OF AMBITION.

Count de Witte Now the Greatest Man in Russia.

Even Russia has its self-made men. The greatest man in the empire to-day, excepting the Czar himself, began life an obscure railway employe. He is Count de Witte, Minister of Finance. Time and time again have combinations of nobles and capitalists been formed to crush his power—even to exile him to Siberia—and as often have the attempts failed. The latest effort, the greatest of them all, has just resulted in failure and Count de Witte enjoys to even a greater extent than ever his sovereign's confidence.

By birth Witte belongs to the lower middle classes. His father was of German origin. He gave the boy a university education and, through influential friends, secured for him a minor position in the railway department. After a while he was installed as assistant station master in an unimportant town. The Turkish war came on and gave him the chance of his life. His chiefs in the railway department lost their heads completely under the strain of transporting troops to the front, and the result would have been disaster had he not come to their help. Witte's opportunity pointed the way to insubordination. He made his fortune by being magnificently disobedient. His chief was absent. Witte was station master pro tem. Imperial troops were being hurried by rail to Bulgaria. The war minister had issued certain orders concerning the troop trains which no station master in Russia would have dared question—none save Witte. But Witte dared to think for himself, and for the Czar. He foresaw clearly that obedience to orders would mean disaster for the troops. There was no time for consultation. He chose to disobey. It was plain that the young man had ruined himself. His friends assured him that he would soon be swallowed up in Siberia. They said he must be mad to destroy his career at a time when he was in fair way to become a full-fledged station master.

Officially, there was a great hullaballoo. The assistant station master's insubordination was investigated by important persons in resplendent uniforms. And then it broke on the official mind that the culprit had saved his Imperial Majesty's troops from destruction.

The investigation developed the fact that long before war was declared, without saying a word to anyone, Witte had quietly done what his superior ought to have done—that is, worked out the details of various schemes for the transport of an army against Turkey. This proof of forethought on his part created quite a sensation in official circles, where people are not accustomed to subordinates looking ahead or doing anything else on their own initiative. He worked night and day while the war lasted; and when it came to an end he had already made a reputation for himself, and was on the highway to fortune. Instead of being sent to Siberia he was made a director of the imperial railway.

His rise thereafter was rapid. M. Wyschnegradski, president of the railway, was made Minister of Finance and he made Witte Minister of Railways. The latter reformed the railway system and, as a result, those who had previously fattened on the public preferred charges against him. He was exonerated; they were exiled. In 1892 Witte was made Minister of Finance. Here was a field for reform in earnest—for of all the forlorn, crooked, wildcat muddles outside of a bucket shop the finances of Russia were the most hopeless. To create anything like decency and order out of that chaos was a labor of Hercules.

Witte did it. He has been working

COUNT DE WITTE.

at it ever since, making himself illustrious the world over and hated in his own country. The credit of Russia is no longer a byword among the nations, and the former assistant station master is the most powerful man in the empire, next to the Czar. Witte—or De Witte, as it now is, the minister having been made a count—is the real force which is making Russia great commercially. He has made treaties with many nations and Russia's foreign trade has swelled prodigiously.

NO BAREFOOT FOLK IN CUBA.

Lockjaw Germ Makes Every One Go Shod—Children Naked Otherwise.

Two grown men went strolling unconcernedly up the center of the Prado in Havana one day recently with a stark-naked girl baby toddling along between them. Not a stitch did the child have on, except a pair of rope-bottomed slippers. Her little brown body was fat as a butter ball, and glistened in the sun as though it had been oiled.

"Heavens!" ejaculated a Yankee just come to town. "Wouldn't that come and get you? Up the Prado, the swellest street in town, with nothing on but a pair of slippers. That's certainly next door to wearing a pleasant smile."

"It's a little rare," said the other American, who had been here longer, "to see a kid like that, but in the country it's so common that no one pays any attention to them. In the city a sense of decency generally prevails to prevent it, usually with the encouragement of the police. But no matter how little else a child or grown person may have on, you'll never find any of them, not even the poorest, without those slippers. That seems strange to some of us who were brought up in the South, where even the children of the fairly well-to-do go barefooted. No, sir, if Whittier had lived around Havana he'd never have written his 'Barefoot Boy with Cheeks of Tan.' The cheeks of tan are here, all right, down to the last shade of dead, dead black, but he wouldn't have found a barefooted boy, unless he'd caught him rolling out of bed.

"There is a mighty good reason, too, for not going barefooted in Havana. The streets of this city are permeated with the filth of centuries, and among the agglomerated collection of bacilli appears in large and virulent force the lockjaw germ. Tetanus is a very common disease here, and the people have learned that it is dangerous to go barefooted. An abrasion on the foot is quite likely to give the undertaker a job, unless immediate care is taken of it, and even the poorest people prefer to go about with their feet protected. The fact that the stone pavements are frightfully hot in the sun, and that stone floors, so common in the houses, are cold, is another reason for wearing shoes or slippers. It's mighty uncomfortable walking on hot flagging barefooted, and it's mighty dangerous walking with feet unclad about a marble-floored bedroom. All the doctors warn Americans against the latter practice. It leads to sciatica, rheumatism, and colds of all sorts. Yes-sir-ree. You must wear shoes in Havana. You can get a pair of these rope-soled ones that the poor darkies wear for 15 cents, and a man who can't afford that is soon very likely to have his jaws locked on him, and be drinking soup through a breach which the doctors knock in his front teeth."

Napoleon Was Afraid of Cats.

Perhaps no personal fear is more singular than is occasionally manifested for household pets, such as cats, dogs, etc. Conspicuous among such weaknesses is the well-known horror with which both Napoleon and Wellington regarded cats. It is also declared by a London writer that one of the British generals now fighting in South Africa—he wears the Victoria cross, by the way—can tell when a cat is in the room even if he cannot see or hear it, and that the animal must be ejected at once or the soldier will have something closely resembling a fit. The story is told, too, of a Dane who, having the strength of a Hercules, yet had such a horror of cats that when, as a practical joke, a cat was placed in a dish on a table at which he was a guest he killed his host in a paroxysm of horror. On the other hand, there are persons who love cats as warmly as these men and others hate and fear them. Dr. A. C. Stark, who went to South Africa to study birds, and who, being in Ladysmith when the war broke out, volunteered as a civilian surgeon, was killed almost instantly by the bursting of a shell. Just as he fell he cried, "Take care of my cat!" Many of his friends in England supposed that he referred to his catalogue, but his family knew better. He often told them that he was never able to concentrate his ideas satisfactorily unless a cat was near him. Whenever he was engaged in his favorite study, that of ornithology, or in a game of chess, of which he was fond, he liked to have puss on his knee. As an ardent naturalist he was a lover of animals generally, but his particular favorites were cats and birds, and, though friendly with dogs, he did not care for one as a companion.

A Dangerous Hallucination.

I saw a shrewd and successful gentleman who, on my being introduced, said he was glad to have a talk with a nerve doctor, for he thought there was something wrong, says the London Lancet. Then he told his tale, which was that he was pestered by gangs of gypsies who appeared everywhere. He said that he had just came in from chasing them in his garden, for wherever he looked out he saw them pulling up his shrubs.

I said, "But the shrubs are not removed; how do you account for this?" He said, "Well, it is hard to tell, but I still feel they do it, and when I wake in the morning I see the same gypsies using my tooth brush and my hair brushes; I jump up, only to find the gypsies have disappeared."

He admitted the absurdity of the whole thing, but yet he said he felt it was true, and he must act upon his belief. What might have proved a serious loss followed the persistent hallucinations, for before I insisted on his withdrawing from all business he had on one bank holiday gone to his office to look through his private safe with its very valuable securities; before leaving he thought he saw his son in the adjoining office, and told him to put the things away and to lock the safe. The son's presence was a hallucination, and it was only by accident that the young man discovered the state of affairs before others arrived next day.

Thought He Was Orthodox.

The tendency of most doctrines is to be very narrow, and the loyalty for a particular church is "bred in the bone," as a certain little boy bears witness. His mother was telling him of the childhood of Christ, and in the course of her story said that Christ was a Jew. The little fellow looked up at her in wide-eyed astonishment and said in an awed voice: "Why, mother, I always thought that the Lord was a Presbyterian."

FROM A CAR WINDOW.

One Man Who Will Not Throw Things Out Any More.

The drummer sitting next to the window was about to throw his cigar stub one when the drummer opposite put up a restraining hand.

"Don't throw it out of the window," he said quietly, but with firmness.

"Why not? What's the difference?" asked the other, somewhat annoyed by the tone of reproof apparent in the other man's voice.

"Listen, and I will tell you a story," said the older drummer, smiling in a kindly way that smoothed the other's ruffled feelings. "When I was about your age, which I should say was twenty-five years ago, I was accustomed to throw my cigar stubs out of the car window, but I had an experience one time that made me change my custom. We were flying along through Ohio one day and I had the last seat in the last car of a day train between Columbus and Pittsburg. The car was crowded with men going to some kind of a big political meeting at Steubenville, and everybody was smoking. I was puffing away with the others, and when my cigar was smoked up I gave it one final draw and tossed it far out of the window. As it left my hand I noticed beside the track below us a dozen men grouped around something or other I could not tell what. An instant later, and when we were two or three hundred yards away, there was a flash and a muffled report and the group of workmen was scattered in every direction. The train was stopped and backed up, when we found that a keg of powder for blasting purposes, which they opened and were distributing to each man, had mysteriously exploded, blowing them in every direction. As it happened, nobody was killed, but all were more or less shocked, and I knew too well to say anything about it, innocent though I was, that it was my cigar stub that had by the merest chance dropped into the keg and set the powder off. I said nothing then or for years afterward about it, but two days later, to satisfy my suspicions, I visited the place, and in the branches of a tree almost overhanging the spot I found the remnants of a cigar stub, torn and powder burnt, and I doubted it no longer."

BITS FOR BOOKWORMS

Count Tolstoi is again at work upon his interminable revisions of the proofs of his "Resurrection." The American edition of this novel will be brought out before next autumn.

It is said that Beatrice Harraden has already planned and sold her next story—sold it, as far as serial rights are concerned. "The Fowler" has had a large sale both in Great Britain and in America.

Mrs. Craigie said she chose her pen name, "John Oliver Hobbes," for two reasons: "To correct any tendency to sentimentality in myself; and because I thought by choosing so harsh a name that no one would suspect a woman had selected it."

Great mystery has been made to surround the appearance of Ibsen's latest drama, which was to be published simultaneously in Norwegian, German, English, French and Russian. According to his own words, this play is the last Ibsen intends to write.

What is said to tbe the first collection of short stories written in the English language by a Japanese will shortly be published under the title of "Jroka," being tales and folk-lore stories of old and new Japan by Adachi Kinnosuke, who dwells near Glendale, Cal.

Some twenty German officers have contributed a chapter each on "The Franco-German War," which has been translated into English and edited by Major General J. F. Maurice, C. B., and Capt. Wilfred J. Long, and which the Macmillan Company will publish immediately.

In Turin the Royal Academy of Science has offered a prize of 30,000 francs ($6,000) for the best critical history of Latin literature, which will be issued between this and Dec. 31, 1906. All nationalities can take part in the competition. Only printed works and not manuscripts will be taken into consideration.

Kegan Paul, the English publisher, who has just published a book of "Memories," is of the opinion that "literature is not in itself a profession." He is sorry for the young author who "has nothing to fall back upon." Wherein he disagrees with Sir Walter Besant, who thinks that any one may make a good living out of letters. Tennyson, according to Mr. Paul, was "a thorough man of business, and our final parting at the end of one of our periods of agreement was that we as publishers and he as author took a different view of his pecuniary value." The passage is eloquent in more ways than one.

To Keep Glasses On.

"Isn't it strange," said Mr. Burton, while in a reminiscent mood, "how discoveries are made? Of course, that is a general statement, but to the case in question.

"I wear glasses, as you know, but I four great trouble in keeping them on. They were continually following the laws of gravitation and falling to the floor. The trouble was that I did not have a bridge of size, and I spent money and time experimenting with different kinds of springs and clasps and nose pieces, but all proved failures.

Now, the other night I had an idea (that's all right. I am guilty of an idea once in a while) that if I would put some powdered rosin on my nose that would hold 'em for a while, so I accordingly hunted up my friend, the violinist, and, getting some rosin, made a test.

"Was it a success? Why, I can turn a handspring backward and those glasses are still doing business at the old stand."—Richmond Times.

When reformers don't know what else to abuse, they attack the frying pan.

Bigamy is simply an overissue of matrimonial bonds.