

CONFIDENCE.

If poverty does not render a man morbid it makes him gentle and kind-hearted. That is what it did for Jonathan Harrod. In the early days he had roomed together with a fellow who was a miser and a miserly fellow, but Jonathan seldom slept. He smoked and drank coffee and worked instead, and blossomed into a winner of prizes. As Jonathan was in love as well as to debt, and just as prone as I to substitute pipes for meals when the larder was low, we learned to love each other during those four years on a fall that was firm and confiding.

Jonathan used to advise me to fall in love, too. "I tell you, old man," he would say, "when opening a letter of familiar blue, when you are not feeling well, and the world goes on you like a camel's hair shirt, there is nothing so good as an old-fashioned love letter."

The writer of the old-fashioned misadventure lived out West, in Harrod's native town, and although I never met her, I came to know her almost as well as Harrod did, he spoke of her so often. And then I used to watch his face when he read her letters. They must have been tender and sympathetic, for Jonathan would read them with a dash of emotion and inspiration in them. No tale of village gossip could have brought that light into Jonathan's eyes nor that flash of color to his cheek. At their conclusion he would dream a while, perhaps, and then fall at his books and work like mad.

He showed me her picture one night. She was dark, with a high forehead and shadowy eyes. The mouth and chin were both well formed but rather masculine. It was a beautiful face, though not pretty.

Although Harrod had loved the girl all his life—and she him, if there be any in the signs of the zodiac—they had a misunderstanding of some sort or other during the summer that followed his graduation. He had followed East, the following autumn he was quieter than ever before, and, if possible, more gentle and sympathetic. He and I had rooms together, where, in lieu of other inexpensive pastimes, we went to spend the evenings working and reading. I saw from the first that something ailed him, and, as he no longer received the blue envelopes, nor consulted me to look at his heart, I guessed the reason and asked no questions. He did not become apathetic—Jonathan didn't. His old habit of work was stronger than ever. And now his stories began to appear occasionally in the magazines, and the dear public to recognize his name and to read what went with it.

Two years had passed away before Jonathan had made even the slightest reference to his love affair. He had said that when he came into my room one cheerless, gray November afternoon, the picture of abject melancholy. In his hand was a crumpled piece of paper. This he placed before me on the table, then he went and seated himself before the fireplace, where I could not see his face. The paper was a clipping from some journal describing a Miss Winifred Conover to one Amos Schenck. Only half the article had been clipped, evidently, and that had been pasted on a half-sheet of note paper. I read the tawdry effusion through, then I twisted it to pieces and dropped it into the waste basket.

"Jonathan, my boy," I said, going over and seating myself on the arm of his chair, "who sent you this thing?" "I do not know." And there was a world of sadness in his voice. "The envelope was addressed in a strange hand and not a word accompanied it."

"Mother?"

"What is it, Melancthon?" she says, and I says:

"It's the most beautiful epistle I ever tasted, but you've given it to me in a cup with a handle on it."

"Well, don't you want it in a cup with a handle on it, Melancthon?" she says.

"Why, don't you remember, I says, 'that when we used to have our epistles always used to get the cup with the broken handle?'"

"So you did, Melancthon, so you did," she said, and that was all she said, but I am sure you can guess what she did.

"The next day we had our epistles again, and when they came around, in the cup that mine was in was a cup without a handle. The fractured surface of a sharp and jagged remnant of it remained, projecting from the side of the cup, was fresh and bright. It had not, on this cup, been browned over, as the broken handle on the other had been, with the heat of many kisses, but still it was the old cup come back again. And when I had finished the epistle in it and had grasped the cup around with one hand and held it up, and turned it so that I could look into it, and had scraped the inside of it until I had got the very last speck and had licked the spoon, I felt my youth come back again in childhood's happy home."—New York Sun.

Bad Spelling.

To spell badly is no longer considered particularly illiterate—that is to say, it does not betoken a want of education. An eminent lawyer, who is considered one of the most "brains" of his time, said recently that until he was married he had always spelled husband with an h after the u, and a noted physician when taking his examinations at the medical college tripped up on "medicine." Another funny case was that of a young man who, having been graduated with the highest honors from his university, sent out cards, which he had written personally, saying that he had formed a "business" partnership with Mr. So-and-so. The fact of the matter is that spelling is so neglected in the curriculum of schools and colleges nowadays that it is a hit-or-miss kind of accomplishment. Those who have accuracy and "ear" remember the various combinations, and when they fall off they try to retain the impression made while reading or studying, the provision made in modern boys' schools and colleges to train the sense of sound and its expression being of little account.

New Cure for Lockjaw.

Dr. Roux, of the Pasteur Institute, has discovered an efficient cure for lockjaw. The antitoxin serum used in Germany would not work till Dr. Roux hit on the plan of injecting it into the brain under the membranes. His plan has been tried with complete success on a man.

It is a rare man who doesn't do foolish things every day.

THE SMELL OF THE ONION.

It is attributable to a combination of sulphur and hydrogen. It is interesting to make inquiry into the cause of this unfortunate quality of the onion. It is simply due to the presence in some quantity of another mineral matter in the bulb-sulphur. It is this sulphur that gives the onion its peculiar property and makes it such a very useful medicinal agent at all times, but especially in the spring, which used to be—and still is in many places—the season for taking bromine and treacle in old-fashioned houses before sulphur tablets came into vogue.

"Jonathan loves you," I said. "Do you love him?" Her eyes flashed with a womanly luster, but again her lips were firm. "For if you do," I exclaimed, pulling aside the screen with a single swift movement, "he is here."

"Jonathan?"

"Then as I left the room I looked back and saw her kneeling at his side.—Brooklyn Standard Union.

WHAT A DINNER REPRESENTS.

Growth of the Different Foods Involves an Outlay of \$500,000,000.

Recently a man who is fond of arithmetic made up his mind that he would find out how much a dinner really cost. He first ascertained that the dinner he was eating cost 75 cents, pro rata, and he contracted for it, and then made out the following statement about the cost of that dinner.

The pepper, he said, came from 10,000 miles away. It grew on a bush eight feet high, which must have had a growth of at least five years. The pepper was picked green; it had to be dried in the sun, and this meant an outlay of money. It took a ship and 1,000 miles of railroad to bring the pepper to the United States.

The flour of which the bread was made came from Dakota; some one owned the land, and that meant the investing of capital, and he had also to pay wages to workmen. The flour had to be ground, and the hulling of the mill and the plant, or machinery, meant more money invested. The millers had to be paid, coopers had to be paid for making the barrels, and, of course, the wood of which the barrels were made had to be cut and saved and shipped, and this meant the employment of more men. Then the flour had to be shipped over the railroad and handled again by cartmen before it came into the house.

The tea on the table came from China and the coffee from South America. The codfish had to be brought from Maine. Men had to be employed to catch the fish, other men and women were employed in drying, packing and boxing it, and it, too, had to make a long rail road journey.

The salt came from the Indian reservation in the northwestern part of New York State. The spices in the cake came from the spice islands in the Indian archipelago. The canned peaches came from California, and they, too, represented the employment of capital and labor. The little dinner represented, directly or indirectly, the employment of \$500,000,000 of capital and 5,000,000 men.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

Drops Into Recollection a Little Bit Over a Visit to the Old Home.

"Well," said the middle-aged man, "I've been down home again on my usual summer visit and had the greatest time this year ever. In fact, as represented by the old and dear, and dearer, and recollections tenderer, and little things to which one I never gave a second thought, appeal to me more and more."

"On the day I got there, this time, we had our epistles for dinner. Beautiful they were, too; I have never tasted any cup epistles such as another makes, and they were the best of her make; rich and delightful, as always."

"But there was something wrong about mine, somehow; what, I couldn't at first make out; the epistle was simply delicious, but there was something wrong somewhere; and presently I discovered what it was and I says to mother:

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410,000 for a Single Pearl.

The largest piece ever asked and paid for a single pearl was \$410,000, which was the value of the great Tavernier pearl. It was originally in the possession of an Arabian merchant, who happened to be alone at the moment.

Mons. Tavernier traveled from Paris to Catifa with the express intention of purchasing the pearl.

Although he went prepared to pay any sum between \$1,000 and \$100,000, he concluded that he would be able to obtain it for about \$25,000. His first offer was \$10,000, but after the deal had remained open for a few days this had risen to \$75,000. Finally the transaction was closed with \$110,000, and pearl experts state that it is a clear bargain at that price. It is the largest and most perfect gem of its kind known, and its luster is said to be unrivaled. It is exactly two inches in length and oval-shaped.

Why the Diamond Gleans.

The diamond is full of phosphorus. This quality has been known for centuries, and still there are many who do not know it. That is the reason often cited that gleams of light are seen looking from the stone in the dark. To this quality alone attaches a great deal of value. The most phosphorescent stone is the one that is the best. If there is phosphorus in the stone it is greatly enhanced by proper cutting, so that its scintillating facilities are increased.

Oldest Artillery.

It is claimed for the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, La., which was organized in 1846, that it is the oldest artillery organization in the United States. It was the first in the South to tender its services to the Government in the war with Mexico, and on the day after acceptance it was ready. It now is composed of five batteries with a total membership of about 350 men.

Ice Quarry.

An Alpine glacier near Briancon is now regularly operated as an ice quarry. The blocks being cut and conveyed over an overhead cableway to a convenient place for shipment by rail to Paris, there to be used in the cafes and hotels of the metropolis.

The Trouble is that while a young woman is thinking of love, a man is apt to be thinking of something worse.

A yawn is merely a gape in the conversation.

Science and Invention

Cutting or obstructing vegetation on the upper Nile has had the astonishing effect of destroying enormous numbers of fish. This has been due to the liberation of stagnant water, which has suffocated through its lack of air.

A bulletin of the New York Zoological Society reports that the usual method of destroying the walls of the bird house with paintings of landscapes has had at least one interesting result—the cranes have several times tried to walk through the walk.

It appears that the lifetime of the mosquito is three months. Mosquitoes which are kept alive in captivity for eighty days, it is said, lay an ordinary unhatched egg, which feeds upon the larvae of mosquitoes, is highly efficient as a means for keeping down their numbers.

A non-freezing liquid is often needed, as for brakes of certain kinds for artillery and other uses. Glycerine and alcohol being somewhat expensive, a recent report of a new method of producing this liquid is recommended. The cost of this being slight, while it remains unchanged at 25 degrees F., below zero, and does not attack metals.

From a shrub called yule, growing wild in central Mexico, a new substitute for India-rubber has recently been produced. The bark and wood are ground up and macerated with glycerine, oil of turpentine, and other hydrocarbon solvents. The gum thus extracted resembles crude rubber. It is free from impurities, and can readily be manufactured into various commercial forms. The shrub yields 10 per cent of its weight in gum.

Prof. Simon Newcomb, writing of stars which are so distant that they have no measurable parallax, remarks that one of these, the brilliant Canopus, can be said, with confidence, to be thousands of times brighter than the sun. "However, we should say 20,000, 10,000 or 5,000, no one can decide."

Dr. Isaac Roberts, whose beautiful photographs of nebulae and star clusters are well known, gives a somewhat startling account of the manner in which the images of faint stars and nebulae disappear from the photographic plates. On one of his plates, in which he had exposed the nebulae in 1865, showed only 272 stars. The images of 131 having entirely disappeared. This leads to the suggestion that celestial photographs, in order to be of permanent value, should be immediately reproduced by some process yielding pictures not subject to change.

The principle of wireless telegraphy has been applied to the steering of torpedoes. It is now possible to recently appear to show that the system is practicable. Starting with the fact that torpedoes can be steered by electromagnets acting upon their helms and connected by wire with the shore, Mr. Varian, the inventor of the new system, undertook to get rid of the wires by substituting electric waves. It was a matter of a few days before the experiment was made near Weymouth, a model torpedo, four feet long, was employed in a swimming-bath, and the Marconi apparatus was set up at the ends of the bath, which is 300 feet long. The model also carried a projecting wire to receive the electric waves. It was steered in every direction successfully.

SHOCKED BY HIS WISDOM.

Green Reporter Asked the Educated Chairman of the Dowager Empress of China whether he would not be shocked by the tricks which newspaper reporters play upon one another to relieve the somber "grind" of their calling. Two young men, employed on a morning paper in a large city, were detailed one day to call upon the resident Chinese minister, and the reporter who had known him for years, told them of a scheme for the Washington Post of the execution of a young Indian for violation of the laws of the tribe. Among the Chickasaw stealing is punishable by death, and it seems that this young buck had been three weeks convicted of larceny. The chief of the tribe, who alone could save him, refused a pardon, and there was nothing left but to carry out the sentence. The condemned man was placed in a wagon and driven to a graveyard just east of the little village where he had been tried. He descended from the wagon and with stolid demeanor walked to where his grave had been freshly dug, and surveyed it with apparent unconcern. Then he knelt and prayed with a preacher who had known him from boyhood. Arising, he walked firmly to the head of his grave, where he took his seat upon a large stone, facing death with a courage that seemed sublime. After saying a few words, in which he advised all young men of his race to take warning and lead honest lives, he was blindfolded, and a second time the sharp report of a dozen Winchester rang out, and his earthly existence was ended.

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On Sundays and holidays, when couples are expected, the faithful steps can be taken in less than three minutes for on those days the County Clerk is sitting at his desk with a stack of marriage license blanks a foot high piled in front of him, and his pen already dripping with ink is poised over the paper ready for the fatal dab. A

How an Indian Died.

A resident of Little Rock, who passed through the territory of the Chickasaw nation recently, tells through the Washington Post of the execution of a young Indian for violation of the laws of the tribe. Among the Chickasaw stealing is punishable by death, and it seems that this young buck had been three weeks convicted of larceny. The chief of the tribe, who alone could save him, refused a pardon, and there was nothing left but to carry out the sentence. The condemned man was placed in a wagon and driven to a graveyard just east of the little village where he had been tried. He descended from the wagon and with stolid demeanor walked to where his grave had been freshly dug, and surveyed it with apparent unconcern. Then he knelt and prayed with a preacher who had known him from boyhood. Arising, he walked firmly to the head of his grave, where he took his seat upon a large stone, facing death with a courage that seemed sublime. After saying a few words, in which he advised all young men of his race to take warning and lead honest lives, he was blindfolded, and a second time the sharp report of a dozen Winchester rang out, and his earthly existence was ended.

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On Sundays and holidays, when couples are expected, the faithful steps can be taken in less than three minutes for on those days the County Clerk is sitting at his desk with a stack of marriage license blanks a foot high piled in front of him, and his pen already dripping with ink is poised over the paper ready for the fatal dab. A

How an Indian Died.

A resident of Little Rock, who passed through the territory of the Chickasaw nation recently, tells through the Washington Post of the execution of a young Indian for violation of the laws of the tribe. Among the Chickasaw stealing is punishable by death, and it seems that this young buck had been three weeks convicted of larceny. The chief of the tribe, who alone could save him, refused a pardon, and there was nothing left but to carry out the sentence. The condemned man was placed in a wagon and driven to a graveyard just east of the little village where he had been tried. He descended from the wagon and with stolid demeanor walked to where his grave had been freshly dug, and surveyed it with apparent unconcern. Then he knelt and prayed with a preacher who had known him from boyhood. Arising, he walked firmly to the head of his grave, where he took his seat upon a large stone, facing death with a courage that seemed sublime. After saying a few words, in which he advised all young men of his race to take warning and lead honest lives, he was blindfolded, and a second time the sharp report of a dozen Winchester rang out, and his earthly existence was ended.

Long Journey on Land.

Several long journeys are possible without crossing the sea, but it would be necessary to cross rivers, canals, or perhaps an inland sea or lake. For instance, from Cape Verde, on the northwest coast of Africa, to the northeast coast of Asia, opposite Japan, is a distance of 8,700 miles. In taking this journey one would not have to cross the open sea, but would be obliged to get over the Suez Canal and the Caspian Sea, which is an inland lake. Another similar journey would be from Cape St. Vincent, in Portugal, to the extreme easterly point of Siberia. The distance in this case is 7,300 miles. The pedestrian would pass through Spain, Prussia, North Germany, Austria, Russia, Persia, and Asia. The traveler would take one could take in a straight line on solid land would be from the eastern side of the Red Sea, not far from Mecca, to the Behring Straits, a promenade of about 6,000 miles. In the Western Hemisphere the walk would not exceed 4,500 miles, owing to the irregular shape of the American continent.

Travels of a Coin.

A gold coin passes from one to another 2,000,000,000 times before the stamp or impression upon it becomes obliterated by friction, while a silver coin changes between 3,000,000,000 times before it becomes entirely effaced.

A Costly Building.

The costliest building of modern times is the State Capitol at Albany, N. Y., which has already had a cost of \$20,000,000.

BEAR WAS A HUMPIST.

Made Fun for a Berry Picker Who Was Not Expecting It.

For ten minutes Billy Nelson, of Cross Forks, Pa., down in the Kettle Creek lumber country, picked berries in company with a bear without knowing it, although bear and berry-picker were not eight feet apart.

Nelson and the bear were on opposite sides of a big log, over and across which the bushes grew high and thick. While Nelson on one side rapidly filled his pail with berries, the bear on the other side was on his haunches, poking the red clusters of fruit into his capacious mouth with his great paw. Nelson saw the bear and berry-picker were not eight feet apart.

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MARRIAGE AT ST. JOE.

The fame of the town is spreading so rapidly that it is believed next season there will be a great increase in the number of pilgrimages to this shrine of Cupid.

A Queer Old Geography.

Among the interesting old books and papers belonging to the late Edw. W. Wells of this city was a geography that tells in some light on the state of general information in the world a century and a half ago.

America is "the last quarter of the world" and the "north part of the continent is very little known." The map of North America gives all the region northwest of California as "parts unknown." The great lakes are down as Superior, Illinois, Huron, Erie and Frontenac. "N. England" is all one latitude reaching up to the St. Lawrence. Louisiana occupies most of the middle country. The "Oyo" river is the name of the Ohio. The chief town of New Jersey is said to be Elizabeth Town. The climate is thus explained: "In the north are vast unknown mountains, perpetually covered with snow from whence the Winds blowing the greatest part of the year these Countries become much colder than those in Europe in the same latitudes."

It is interesting to note that this work is more than a century and a half old should advocate quite vigorously the construction of canals across the Panama and Suez isthmuses.—Hartford Courant.

THE WEDDING CEREMONY.

ton the immense throng of delegates and spectators seemed carried beyond themselves with enthusiasm, and the applause was simply deafening. He accepted two or three times to speak, but his voice was lost in the noise before it had traveled a yard. Just at the height of the excitement he turned his head and caught sight of the smiling face of his wife in the gallery at the right. Instantly the smile over his countenance an indescribable expression of recognition of her presence, and he gave her a smile and a wave of his hand which said, as plainly as words, "You share the honor with me!"

Woman's Home Companion.

Who Knows, Indeed?

She wept.

"Oh, you editors are horrid," she sobbed.

"What is the trouble, madam?" inquired the editor, as he blue-penciled two paragraphs that had come as an inspiration to the young man who was "taking up journalism."

"Why, I—how—how—I sent in an obituary of my husband, and—how—how—and said in it that he had been married for twenty years, and you—oh—oh—how—how—your printers set it up 'buried for twenty years.'"

But the editor grinned.

"Perhaps it was all right, all 'round. Who knows?"

The Longest Year.

The year 47 B. C. was the longest year on record. By order of Julius Caesar it contained 445 days. The additional days were put in to make the seasons conform as nearly as possible with the solar year.

One reason women enjoy company is that when there is company at dinner the husbands don't grumble if the meal doesn't suit them.

Writers of love stories speak of the heroine "drawing up her lissom figure," as if the girl opened out like a jack-knife.

MARRIAGE AT ST. JOE.

St. Joseph, Mich., good old St. Joe, is earning fame of which it is not too proud. Marriage seems a great ordeal to many people, but, like everything else, it's easy when you know how, according to the Chicago Tribune, of Berrien County, Mich., has made it so. Before County Clerk Needham opened his matrimonial department store in St. Joe, Mich., people that wished to get married had to look forward to a great many things. There had to be a church and a popular organist who could play "O, Promise Me" on the lower bank

of keys, with the tremolo stop clear out and hidden under the carpet. There had to be a maid of honor in pink tulle, and six bridesmaids also in pink tulle, and small sisters of the bride to scatter flowers in the aisle, and white ribbons to put around the seats and divide the sleep and coats, and carriages, and a reception and things to eat. County Clerk Needham of St. Joe has changed all this. He says so on the cards which he distributes to those contemplating matrimony. On the cards he says: "I tend to all the details. All you need furnish is the bride." County Clerk Needham says he prefers to have bridegrooms bring their own brides. Still, if it worst came to the worst, and if a young man who wanted to get married had no bride, County Clerk Needham would do the best he could for him and would probably find him one, although the County Clerk says frankly that he will not guarantee the temper or disposition of the brides he is called upon to furnish, and that positively no brides will be taken back or exchanged. County Clerk Needham has made of St. Joe, Mich., a Gretna Green that makes the old original one look a sort of faded yellow. At the home of County Clerk Needham a couple may go at almost any hour of the day or night, receive a license to be married, speak the fateful words, receive their certificates, and go out into the world man and wife, "for better or worse," and the whole