AN INCIDENT OF PRAIRIE LIFE.

SARAH PRESTON'S lips were tightly compressed, and there was a sad look in her eyes. The dust was blotting out from her view more than the flower-dotted landscape. It seemed to dim all remembrance of the long days of perfect weather when the prairie seemed an Eden and strength and hope grew large with the fresh, bracing air.

Some one came in with a heavy, weary step and stopped a moment on the threshold to look at the drooping figure. Then he approached her with awkward tenderness, laying his toil roughened hand on her shoulder.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" he said softly.

There was a smothered weariness in the tones, but her ears seemed deaf that morning to anything but the wind's piercing voice. Half unconsciously she drew a little away from his hand.

"It's everything," she said, "everything! Why did we ever come here, to such wretchedness as this?"

He did not attempt another caress, except with his anxious eyes, and her face was turned away from them, hidden in her hands.

She would have called after him and clung to him if she could have seen the look on his face as he went out—all the patience and weariness of it.

In just a few minutes he was back at her side.

"Sarah," he said rather anxiously, "what would you say to letting two people come in for a little rest? They've stopped the wagon just a little way from here. She seems a childish young thing, and he looks as if the world had been too much for him, he's so thin and sickly looking. What do you say to bringing them in?"

"Oh, John, how can we, when it's so hard to keep up as it is? But go ask them in. If we can make it a little easier for them, we ought to, I suppose."

"You come with me," coaxed John. "Go get your hat, and we'll ask them together."

She gave a slight, protesting laugh, but went, nevertheless, clinging to his arm and almost resting her face sometimes on his shoulder.

They were very near the travelers now. The tired horses, with dejected, down bent heads, were snatching what little rest they could. In the covered wagon sat the man and woman—such a hollow cheeked, large eyed man and such a little slip of a wife! The hot wind flapped the canvas cover and sent swirls of dust over the two occupants and their scanty possessions.

Some of the self pity that had darkened Sarah's face all the morning faded out of it and was replaced by a purer, nobler look.

"You must be tired out," Sarah began, without preamble. "We want you to come up to the house for a little rest, and to have dinner with us. Won't you?"

A pleased smile breaking over the young wife's face seemed almost to fade out the little worried line between the dark eyes. An answering gleam stole over the worn face at her side, but they both protested faintly. They couldn't give so much trouble. It would not be right.

"You come right along!" said John, in kindly authority. "We want you. Don't make any fuss about it. We'll take the horses into my barn. Let 'em try my feed and a good bucket of my well water."

The two went off together, Sarah and the little wife beating their way back to the sod house. A look of cheer and comfort seemed to be in its brown walls now. "How good it will seem to rest in a house!" said the little wife, with a happy sigh.

"Wouldn't you like to lie down a little while till dinner is ready?" said Sarah. "Come right into my room, and just feel that you are at home." A protecting kindliness had sprung up in her heart for this little creature with the appealing eyes. "You must be so hot and uncomfortable! There's cold water in that pitcher, and I'll bring you some warm. No, it isn't a bit of trouble. Then you must rest until dinner."

Unpleasant thoughts were far away as Sarah prepared the simple dinner, trying to make it as attractive as possible. She would get out some of her wedding china. Why not? John would enjoy a bright spot in the day for the strangers. She even picked a bunch of astralagus, making a centerpiece of the white, furry leaves. A sprig of wild geranium was laid at each plate.

There were cheery faces around the table, and Sarah's was not less bright than the faces of the others.

The gaunt stranger sat a little more erect now, and his face after even this brief rest seemed less sharply outlined. The warm, human kindness as well as the outward comfort had wrought the change and in some way made it easier to remember in whose larger protecting care they were and would still be when rolling over the brown prairie. Bit by bit their story came out. The man told how he had been a carpenter and builder in Iowa, what a happy little home it had been, and why they were flying now to the untried world of Colorado, that Mecca for consumptives. The gaunt man and the young wife avoided the dread word. They said instead, "People with any sort of lung trouble."

As they went back to the sitting-room John and Sarah talked cheerily of the prospective home in Colorado and brought out a book of views of the wonderful scenery. The gaunt man and his little wife bent over them with keen interest. "It will be a great move for us," he said. "It seemed to be the only thing for us to do, and I'm glad we're so near there. I feel more heartened up to-day than any time since we started. We won't forget your kindness, I can tell you."

"Oh, pshaw!" said John, and "Don't speak of it," said Sarah in a breath. "It's been so pleasant for us to have you!"

It was necessary to take up the journey again. The two men went out to the barn together.

The eyes of the little wife sought Sarah's. "You have been so good," she said, almost in a whisper, "so good to take us in. This awful dust and the heat—I wouldn't have minded them so much for myself, but it has been so bad for him. It makes the cough worse, and that always frightens me. All these days that we have been on the way I have been longing so to reach Colorado. I have felt as if I couldn't wait, when the waiting must mean everything to him, and it has been so strange—all this journey—to keep cheerful before him! That is always very hard—don't you think so—when your life is all wrapped up in somebody else's, to keep that one from feeling how you suffer? And of course, if they knew, that would make it all so much worse."

How the poor young thing was emptying her heart out! It was as if all the grief and anxiety of the days in the covered wagon, rolling over the brown plains, had burst their bounds and must pour themselves out to this listener.

"I wanted you to know," the excited little voice ran on, "how kind you have been—what a comfort it has been to me! Don't you see how much less tired he looks? And he hasn't coughed near so much; not near! You have cheered us up, too. It has been so strange—all this journey—every day taking us farther away from home, and the trying to choke down the homesickness—and—" She broke off short, with gratitude and tears shining in her eyes.

There was just time for Sarah to take the little brown hand in hers and press it close when the two men came back.

The man with stooping shoulders and the flush on either cheek went up close to the little woman with bright, eager eyes.

"Well, little woman, are you most ready?" he said, patting her shoulder. "You've had a fine rest, haven't you?" He coughed sharply as he spoke, but she smiled up at him brightly that he might not know how much more it racked her chest than his.

"You'd better get on your bonnet, little woman," he said; "it's time we were going. I don't know how we're to thank you and your wife, Mr. Gilbert, for all you've done for us, but we feel it, sir; we feel it."

"It wasn't anything at all," John protested. "It has done us good to have you here."

Sarah and the little young wife went into the tiny bedroom together. The wind had stopped its maddening song outside, and the air was clear again from its burden of dust. The furniture would have to be dusted for the third time that day, but the thought brought no scowl to her forehead now. The little traveler pinned on the rusty hat and turned to hold out both hands impulsively to Sarah. "Thank you again," she said, and then, in a whisper: "Colorado is a wonderful place, isn't it? Haven't you heard about the way people get cured there—people just as bad off as George or worse? You feel sure it'll do him good, don't you?'

She searched Sarah's face as if to read her fate there. It was hard to meet the girlish eyes.

"I've never been farther west than this myself," she said, "but every one says it's a wonderful climate in Colorado for people with trouble with their lungs. I'm so glad you're going there, and when he's grown well and strong you'll be coming back this way to see us?"

The delight of that possible future was in the young wife's eyes. "If he only does!" she said. "If he only does!"

There were hearty hand clasps exchanged a few minutes later. Then the prairie schooner, with its freight of human love and anxieties, rolled slowly away. The two left behind in the little sod house stood at the window till the wagon was seen, a dark blot, above the sharp horizon. With a quick, impulsive movement, Sarah's hand stole into her husband's.

"How good you are!" she said, almost solemnly. "And while I have you what do I care about other things?"

Far off in the big wagon a little woman sat with her round cheeks pressed against a shabby coat sleeve, and the cry of her heart was like that of Sarah. "What are other things," she was whispering, "while I have you, dear?"—Facts.

HIS NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS.

How This Druggist Preached a Sermon to No Avail.

A melancholy looking young woman rushed into a drug store yesterday. Her hair was disheveled, her eyes red from weeping, she had a wet handkerchief in one hand and her fur boa hung from the other. That she was in a fine state of excitement was plainly evident, says the Baltimore News.

"I want some prussic acid," she said, breathlessly. "Give me a small quantity just as quickly as you can. Not too small, though. Oh, do hurry!"

"Have you a prescription?" asked the druggist.

"Of course, I haven't a prescription or I would have given it to you long ago," rejoined the young woman crisply.

"I can't let you have the prussic acid, then," said the man behind the counter, apologetically. "You know, it's a poison, and the law——"

"Bother the law," interrupted the girl, disrespectfully. "Then give me chloroform, or—or—corrosive sublimate, or paris green, or something of that sort, for I cannot stand this any longer." And two tears trickled down her cheeks.

The face of the man behind the counter blanched. "I can't give you any of those things without a prescription," he said, firmly. "Besides, circumstances may not be as bad as you think. Cheer up—cherries are ripe. It's always darkest before the dawn and it's a wicked thing to try to shirk trouble. Just clench your teeth and"—but the young woman who had listened with amazement to these opening sentences now laughed and cried at the same time.

"Oh, I'm not going to commit suicide," she said, hysterically. "I want to kill my dog. He was run over by the cars and he's suffering dreadfully. You can hear his howls a block. If you don't believe me send one of your clerks with me to give the poison, but please hurry and do whatever you are going to do."

So a nice young man was forthwith dispatched with the young woman to administer the chloroform to the animal, while the druggist drew a long breath and wiped his face.

"Gracious, but that might have been an awful tragedy," he said.

How Japanese Conduct Auctions.

Japanese auctions are conducted on a plan which gives rise to none of the noise and confusion which attend such sales in the United States. Each bidder writes his name and bid upon a slip of paper, which he places in a box. When the bidding is over the box is opened by the auctioneer, and the goods declared the property of the highest bidder.

Things are seldom what they seem; imagination is the rule of the world.

NOW WED AT HOME.

FASHIONABLE BRIDES TABOO CHURCH FUNCTION.

Simplicity of Arrangements Contrasted to Former Elaborateness—Society Leaders Say Home Wedding is a More Sacred Event—Guest Still Numerous.

The weddings of the fashionables are no longer "brilliant functions," says the Chicago Chronicle. The elaborate affair of the past few years has been replaced by a quiet home wedding, which does not lend itself to long descriptions. "And why have a home wedding?" some people ask. "Wasn't the old way the best?"

These fashionables who have planned and executed the change have many reasons for it. In the first place they say a home wedding is so much more sacred. One is inclined to ask them why they did not think of that long ago, before Mrs. So and So or Mrs. Somebody Else thought of it. Why didn't they have a plain home wedding when their first daughter was married. Why was the church so much better then than it is now? Not that it would do any good to ask all these things, for the fashionable mother of the fashionable bride would look at you in grieved wonderment if you did. "A house wedding is so simple and pretty and my husband likes it so much better, really, we never could think of having another church wedding," she would repeat, much impressed with the words. All of these reasons are an avoidance of the point in question, which is simply that home weddings are now fashionable and are, therefore, generally observed. Within the past three months there have been thirty weddings among the ultra fashionable of Chicago, and of this number but three were church functions.

But there is more to it than the mere fact that the home has succeeded the church as a place for such affairs. With the change the whole tone of the function has changed, the bride is no longer so elaborately gowned, the decorations are not so extravagant, the bridesmaids and groomsmen are not so numerous and the guest list is essentially much reduced. The wedding is still a pretty affair, but it is not gorgeous and the efforts of the most imaginative society editor could not make it so. One maid of honor and one bridesmaid are at most the attendants of the party and frequently the maid of honor alone accompanies the bride, while the groom has no attendant. The bride is gowned simply yet with all the adornments necessary to the proverbial bride and the costume of her maid is likewise simple.

In spite of all its apparent simplicity, the home wedding is not a small affair. 200 or 300 guests are frequently in attendance and the reception which follows is always largely attended. Take it all in all, the home function is no less brilliant, though less showy, than that of the church and even when it is announced as simply a family affair there is a reception afterward for friends. There is still the "Lohengrin" wedding march and the "Oh, Promise Me," played softly through the service, and there is always the bride, a happy and altogether charming person, who is after all the center of general interest. And there is still a wedding ring, although there is no page in white velvet to carry it on a cushion, and there is still a bride's bouquet to be thrown at her girl friends after the ceremony, although there is no small flower girl to hold it. And there is always the rice and the old slippers to be thrown at the departing couple, for happily the wedding journey is not as yet tabooed.

Home Wedding Is Better of Two.

Take it altogether, there are a great many people who will agree with the society matron that the home wedding is the better of the two, although it is noticeable that they are in every case the people who will be guests at the affair wherever it is held. Yet if there is to be a change in the style of marriages, and it has undoubtedly been deemed necessary, it is perhaps wisest that the wedding should be celebrated at home, "quietly," as the society columns say, and in the old-fashioned way. The church wedding has held sway for more than ten years and it certainly was getting to be a bore to have a whole family of daughters married in exactly the same way. The first could have a pink wedding and the second a blue one and so on to the end, but as for any further individuality it was simply impossible. A bride could be a bride after just so much fuss and flurry and running to the church and back again. There was a strict code for the arrangement of such an affair and no one dared to depart from it. For all these years society has been a slave to this code and when it did finally rebel it was to the great satisfaction and relief of numerous brides-to-be.

Now that it is not only proper but properest to have one's wedding at home and to have it a simple, unpretentious affair, the ordeal is no longer so trying. The preparation and celebration of her wedding will not leave the bride in a state of nervous collapse and her entire family exhausted. The last of the church weddings were eight-day wonders for splendor and no one would have dared to outdo them. They had worked themselves out of novelties as a means of display and it only remained to repeat the wonders that had already been accomplished. The home wedding is a kindly respite from th[illegible] and a respite for which t[illegible] and the newspaper reader [illegible] is thankful.

CHURCH WEDDINGS ARE NOW OUT OF DATE.

[illegible]VED TO BE FORGERIES.

[illegible]ra Figurines in the Boston Museum Are Base Imitations.

[illegible] discovery that twenty-five of the [illegible]ty-eight Tanagra figurines in the [illegible]ston art museum are forgeries has [illegible]tracted much attention from artists and art critics, largely because the Boston figurines were the best specimens of the peculiar Tanagra potteries in this country and have been widely copied, cheap imitations of some of them being found in the shop of almost every dealer in art goods and bric-a-brac. The collection has been valued at $30,000 and was given to the museum in 1879 by Thomas Appleton, whose authority on art subjects was so great that the genuineness of his gift was never questioned. It is not believed that Mr. Appleton knew that the figurines were forgeries, as the museum judges at the Louvre, at Berlin and New York were also deceived by forged figurines made by the same persons who are now known to have faked the Appleton pieces.

The first intimation that the Boston figurines were forgeries was the statement of John Marshall, an English authority, that he believed them to be spurious. Later a Greek shopkeeper from New York told the museum authorities that the figurines were part of a lot made in Athens in 1874, and that he knew the maker. He produced proof that fifteen of the men engaged in the manufacture of the fictitious figures were now in prison for the offense. Curator Robinson of the museum, after hearing the Greek's story, recognized the man named as the principal maker of the forgeries as one known to him for similar work in other lines. The man is now dead. To the credit of the museum authorities, they at once decided on an investigation of the figurines themselves, and Mr. Marshall, who had called their attention to some of the evidences of forgery, was called in to assist Curator Robinson. The figurines were scraped and the forgery at once revealed.

MADE A GREAT RUN.

Mrs. Grenfell Is Chosen Superintendent of the Colorado Schools.

Mrs. Helen Grenfell, the fusion candidate for superintendent of schools in Colorado, ran far ahead of her ticket at the recent election, and was chosen to the office. She is well qualified for the position and is universally admitted to be one of the most capable educators in the Centennial State.

Mrs. Grenfell is the incumbent of the office to which she has been re-elected, and the splendid run she made is a well-deserved tribute to her efficiency. Before her renomination, after a term of two years, the educators of the State, including the President of the State University and all the State institutions, regardless of party, signed a petition to Mrs. Grenfell to accept a renomination because of the value of her services to the educational interests of the State. This was a tribute never before paid to a superintendent of public

MRS. HELEN GRENFELL.

instruction in Colorado. The renomination of an incumbent of this office has happened only two or three times before in the history of the State.

Mrs. Grenfell was a farmer's daughter in Boulder County, Colorado; then a teacher, then a county superintendent and, finally, a State superintendent, acknowledged to be the best Colorado ever had.

How Many.

Jonesby and his wife took the family tandem with them on their summer vacation, and in due time returned home, greatly refreshed by the outing.

"You are not as much tanned up as I expected to see you, Jonesby," remarked Brownson, meeting him the next day after his return. "Tell me candidly how far you traveled on that tandem."

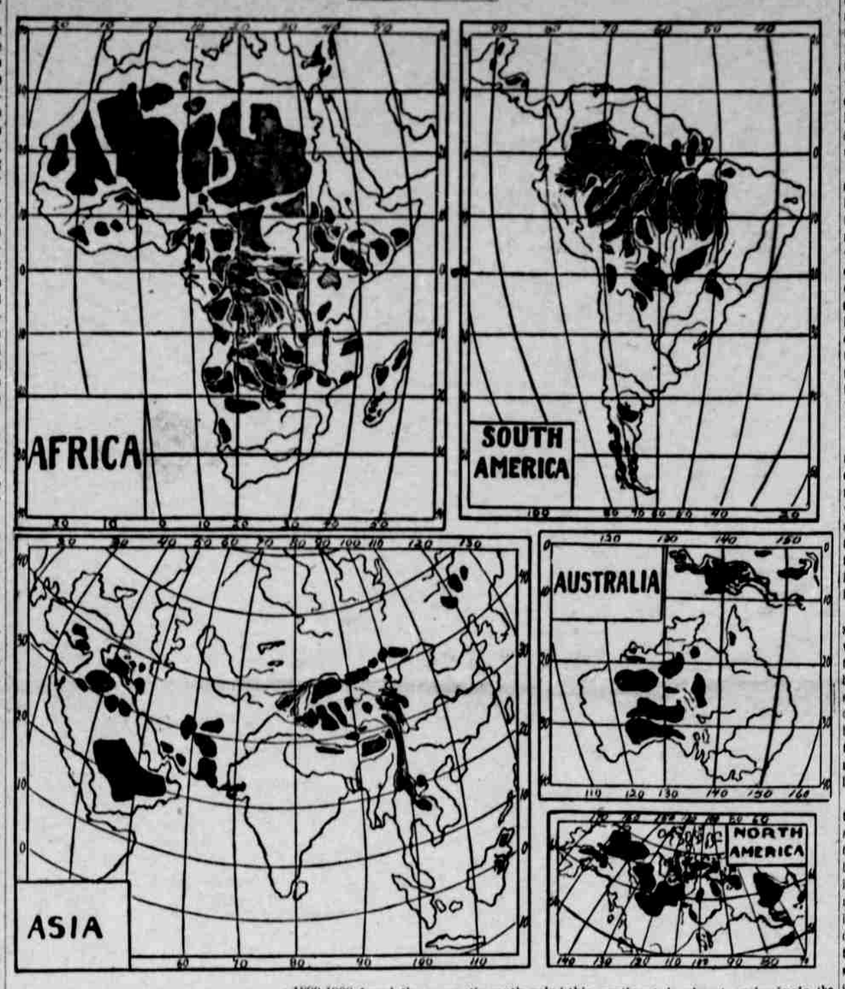
"Well," he replied, lowering his voice, "I have hired a boy to turn the front wheel just one hour. As soon as he has finished I'll look at the cyclometer and tell you exactly how many miles we made on it."

Wonderful Telegraphy.

Two Hungarians, Messrs. Pollak and Vlang, who some little while ago discovered a system of very rapid telegraphy, are now said to have invented a system by which 60,000 words per hour can be transmitted and, what is more wonderful, printed in ordinary characters on a slip of sensitized paper at the receiving end. The slip comes out of the receiving instrument ready to be gummed on to a form for delivery.

Her Sole Support: "Miss Stagestruck is starring now," said Collingwood to Throckmorton. "Who is supporting her?" "Her father."—Detroit Free Press.

VAST REGIONS OF THE EARTH AS YET UNEXPLORED BY WHITE MEN



IN an exhaustive article in the Globus, a well-known German periodical devoted to geography, Dr. Rudolph Andree sums up the achievements of the country in regard to geography, and while he claims that the nineteenth century may well be termed the century of discoveries, he comes to the conclusion that it will still be the work of many years before the surface of the earth is known. The unknown parts of the globe are illustrated in a series of charts in which the "terra incognita" is represented in black.

Concerning the regions around the north pole about which nothing is known, the tasks of future explorations may be briefly indicated as follows: In the Asiatic-European Polar Sea, from Wrangel Land in the east to north of Spitzbegen in the west the unknown is bounded by the drifts of the Jeanette in 1881 and of the Fram in 1894-1896. In north Greenland geographical knowledge does not extend, generally speaking, beyond Lockwood's farthest point in 1882. Cape Washington, and Peary's searches in the vicinity of Independence Bay, 1892, but beside these that part of the eastern coast from Cape Bismarck (Rayer, 1870,) to Independence Bay, with the ocean in front of it, is unknown. Nearly determined is the extent of Grinnell Land toward the west, while of the extent of the Ellesmere Land south of it and about the ocean north of Parry archipelago absolutely nothing is known. Large parts of the coast of Baffin's Land also need exploration. In this respect the next few years are likely to add materially to the geographical knowledge of the north polar region, for not less than four expeditions on a large scale are nearly ready to start.

Search for South Pole.

The south polar region, where the most extensive unknown territory is located, will also be attacked next year all along the line. Most of the land in this region is fixed by supposition upon the maps. Actual knowledge of land around the south pole reaches only at six points beyond 70 degrees latitude; at 170 degrees east longitude, where James Ross in 1840 discovered Victoria Land and its volcanoes and Borchgrevink in the winter of 1899-1900 found the magnetic south pole and reached the highest southern latitude so far, 78 degrees 50 minutes; at 160 degrees west longitude, where Ross in 1842 found land which is probably a continental mass; at 110 degrees west longitude (Cook, 1774); at 90 degrees west longitude, where the Belgian expedition under De Gerlache, during the winter of 1898-1899 drifted beyond 71 degrees 30 minutes south latitude; at 35 degrees west longitude, where Weddell penetrated to 74 degrees 30 minutes south latitude, and finally at 15 degrees west longitude (Ross, 1843). The enormous extent of the unknown south polar region can best be illustrated if its limits are transferred to a map of the north polar region. It will then be found that the boundary would include Norway, Siberia and North America down to 65 degrees north latitude, taking in the entire northern half of Alaska.

Thibet Still a Mystery.

For the completion of the map of the Asiatic continent the researches of the nineteenth century have established new and exact bases, yet there are still smaller and larger regions which are entirely unknown. Much remains to be done in Thibet, despite the successes of Russian, English and French travelers and Indian surveyors. This is particularly the case of the land north of the route of Nain Singh (1874-1875), south of the Kwenlun and west of the route of the journey of De Rhins in 1893. North of the Kwenlun and of the routes of Przchewalski and Hedin, stretching to the Tarnlo, are extensive unknown deserts. The eastern half of the Himalayas is known only in incomplete outlines. The highest peaks of the earth in this region have been measured by trigonometry from the flats of the Ganges river, but their bases nor their tops have not been reached.

Unknown in the sense of modern research is also the territory east of Bhutan across the Tsangpo, Bramaputra, and the Yang-tse-Kiang. In the southern part of Arabia is the so-called "vacant quarter," as will be seen from a glance at the map, an area more than twice the extent of the German Empire.

Activity in Africa.

In Africa the researches have been particularly active, and what is known of this continent is almost exclusively the result of work in the nineteenth century. But there is still much darkness in regard to this continent, and the classic question Quid novi ex Africa? will probably be repeated for many years. A territory little known is between the Niger in the south, the chain of oasis of the Tidikelt in the north, the route of Lenz in the west, and the routes of Barth and Duveyriers in the east. Much remains to be done in the Congo State. Here the courses of the larger rivers have been surveyed, but the vast territory between the water courses is unknown. Hard work for courageous travelers also is required to explore the region of the sources of the Congo and the adjoining part of British central Africa, Portuguese west Africa and British east Africa. The south of Madagascar is also unknown.

It may be surprising to many people that explorers have a wide range of work in North America, yet a glance at the black spots on the chart will show this to be the fact. Researches in the far Northwest and in Alaska, caused by the gold finds, only begin to show how much remains to be done here, despite the energy with which the government of the United States and of Canada push surveys year after year. Much territory in Labrador and in the regions between the great rivers and lakes of the North is also still unexplored.

Much in South America.

A glance at the chart of South America shows that this part of the western hemisphere is almost as unknown as "Darkest Africa." Of the Andes in Peru, the peaks in Bolivia, and the central mountain chains in the south of Venezuela and Guiana nothing is known. A large number of rivers have been explored within the last twenty years, but others still are waiting for the courageous traveler.

Of Australia, Arnhem Land in the north and the extensive deserts in the east of West Australia are unknown, and the north and south of South Australia have only been crossed by few routes at great distances from each other.

The face of the earth is known in great outlines, but to portray it in its detailed features is still impossible.

NEW CABLE TO PHILIPPINES.

Uncle Sam Will Soon Have Connection with the Islands.

The United States will soon have cable communication with the Philippine Islands and the people hereabouts may learn with greater facility than is now possible details of Aguinaldo's efforts to win the sprinting championship of the world. For some time the difficulty of communication between the islands has seriously hampered American operations in the Philippines and has been the subject of complaints to the government from Gen. Otis, Gen. MacArthur and other officers. It was obvious that some method of quick communication must be put into operation, as the dispatches carried by the warships were in many cases too slow of delivery to be practicable. As soon as this important undertaking of laying a cable had been decided upon the War Department set about finding a suitable vessel in the transport service. The transport Burnside was chosen on account of her large capacity and her shallow draught in proportion to her size. She is the first cableship ever owned by the United States.

The Burnside was formerly owned by Spain and named the Rita. She was captured during the war by the Yale while trying to run the blockade off Porto Rico with a cargo of arms and ammunition, towed to Charleston, S. C., and there taken charge of by Capt. Lafin, her present commander, renamed and put into commission, first as a transport carrying mules and general government stores to Cuba and afterward as a troopship. Taken to the Morse iron works in Brooklyn, the Burnside was there reconstructed and transformed into a cable steamer. The cabins and saloon were refurnished with a view to accommodating army officers and their wives en route to the Philippines. Three huge tanks made of copper were placed in her hold, each capable of holding 250 miles of cable. These tanks are twenty-five feet in diameter and fifteen feet in depth, with an iron core in the center to keep the cable in position when being paid out from the ship.

Laying the cable is going to be a difficult and delicate job. A crew of more than twenty men will have the handling of the cable and their duty will be to see that it is paid out properly and that it runs smoothly from the great tanks to the deck and thence out into the water. If the ocean bed were fairly level cable laying would be a comparatively easy operation. But in the Philippine Islands region the sea bottom is extremely rough, full of high mountains and deep chasms. Moreover, the charts are few and what there are are mainly unreliable. Consequently the cable layers will not know until they find out for themselves when the slender strand is stretching up the side of a submarine mountain and when it is descending into the depths. After the Burnside has done her work there will be some new information regarding the ocean bottom between the more important islands that will be valuable to navigation.

On reaching the point whence the cable is to be laid the crew proceed to land the heavy shore ends, this being done by hauling from the beach with ropes and supporting the cable with rubber air balloons until sufficient length is landed. Connection having been made with the signal station on shore, the Burnside will set out for the shore with which communication will

U. S. CABLE SHIP BURNSIDE.

be established, going at a rate from four to eight miles an hour. She must proceed cautiously, as the rate at which the cable is paid out depends on the depth of the water. In 2,000 fathoms of water, for instance, the length of cable from the ship to the point of contact with the ocean bed is twenty miles. A sudden shallow from very deep water, as in the case of a submarine mountain, is likely to break the cable by too sharply shortening the slack. Then the tedious work of grappling for the broken end must be undertaken.

Beautiful Cora Livingston.

"Under the John Quincy Adams administration Cora Livingston was recognized as one of a trio of the foremost beauties of the United States," writes William Perrine in the Ladies' Home Journal. "'During the period from 1820 to 1830,' said Josiah Quincy, who had a critical eye for pretty girls, 'who has not heard of the three great belles of this country—Miss Cora Livingston of New Orleans, Miss Julia Dickenson of Troy and Miss Emily Marshall of Boston?' Indeed, he observed that he would need to know how to paint the rose to describe Miss Cora. 'In the first place,' he went on to say, 'she is not handsome; I mean not transcendentally handsome, but she has a fine figure, a pretty face, dances well, and dresses to admiration. It is the height of the ton to be her admirer, and she is certainly the belle of this country.'

"The beauty of Cora Livingston Barton had ripened early and it faded early. Long after the days of her supremacy as a belle were gone Josiah Quincy was taken to her home at Montgomery place, on the Hudson. He had not seen her for thirty years. 'Will you come into the house and see Mrs. Barton?' he was asked. He assented, and he saw an old lady in cap and dress of studied simplicity. 'You would not have known me,' she said, and he could not make reply. 'Come into the next room,' she then said, 'and you will see the Cora Livingston you knew in Washington.' There he saw the full-length portrait of the beauty to whom he had paid homage a generation before, and he could gaze upon it only in silence."

Bibles for the Heathen.

Over 5,000,000 copies of the Bible were sold by the British and Foreign Bible Society last year. This is an increase of 1,000,000 over the sales of the year before, says a London newspaper. Sixty thousand "parts" of the testaments were printed and bound for the use of the troops in South Africa. But for this number the sale of Bibles in England has remained for two years at 2,000,000 copies. The missionaries are responsible for the additional million in the output. The heathen has more Bibles than ever before. Most of the books were printed in China and in Chinese characters. Many were printed in Hindostan. If the present rate of increase is kept up and each Bible represents a converted heathen, the world may be all Christianized about two centuries hence.

Age of Big Trees.

Referring to the age of the big trees of California, Prof. C. E. Bessy records in "Science" that he once counted with much care the rings of growth of the tree of which the stump constitutes the floor of the so-called dancing pavilion. This count was made from circumference to center, and every ring in all that distance was counted, no estimates or guesses being made. The result was that 1,147 rings were counted and accordingly it is safe to say that this tree which was fully 24 or 25 feet in diameter, and considerably more than 300 feet in height, acquired these dimensions in eleven hundred and forty-seven years. Prof. Bessey doubts whether any of the existing trees approach the age of two thousand years.

There is a great deal of satisfaction in being able to deceive the deceiver.

Woman is a complication of contradictions.

GREAT DAM MADE OF SODA.

One of the Most Wonderful Natural Freaks in a Montana Canyon.

Probably few people ever heard of a soda dam, but such a freak of nature really exists in an unfrequented part of the great West. A. O. Wright of the Indian service, who travels extensively through that section of the country west of the Missouri River, in speaking of strange things he has encountered in his tours alluded to this soda dam. Asked what he meant by a soda dam, he said:

"In Box canyon, just above the hot springs of the Jemez River, Arizona, is a dam extending from one wall of the gorge to the other. This dam is nothing more or less than a massive wall of pure soda, rising to a height of 100 feet, and probably 600 feet from end to end. Nature's forces, of course, started their work of construction away back in the dim and distant past, when deposits of soda contained in the water thrown off by the springs were made at the base of what has since developed into one of the natural wonders of the West. Those deposits must have been made with remarkable rapidity.

"Just ten years ago the Jemez River rose to an unprecented height, and under the abnormal pressure of the torrent a lower section of the dam gave way, leaving a breach in the wall of soda about twenty feet high. When the water subsided the lake formed by the dam was of course destroyed, leaving the upper eighty feet of the dam high and dry.

"I passed through that section of Arizona this last summer and purposely visited the soda dam. I was most astonished to see that the twenty-foot breach had been nearly filled in. The soda from the springs had made fresh deposits and gradually patched up the hole made in 1890. At the present rate the breach will be entirely closed in another year and the lake will resume its former proportions.

"Previous to the break in the dam the lake above was fully 600 feet wide and extended up the canyon for at least three-quarters of a mile. Scientists who have examined the dam are of the opinion that it will never attain a height much above 100 feet, for the deposits in the water seem to sink in that great depth before the brink is reached. As they fall, however, they will tend to strengthen the base of the dam and will gradually decrease the depth of the lake at its lower end."—Washington Star.

QUEER STORIES

The crust of earth under Japan must be comparatively thin, judging by the number of earthquake shocks in that country. They average over five hundred a year.

Philadelphia was the largest of American cities at the time the first census was taken, 110 years ago, and New York was second, Boston was then third, Charleston fourth and Baltimore fifth.

The typhoon of the Orient is an own sister of the West India cyclone. It is generally in low altitudes, late in the summer or early in the autumn, at the western edge of the Pacific, not far from the Philippines. It begins its career by moving westward, but in time returns to the coast of China and Japan.

The Charter Oak is in Hartford, Conn., and concealed some [illegible] colony for[illegible] 1687, [illegible] a commander of the army under an elm tree in Cambridge. The treaty elm, under which William Penn signed the famous treaty with the Indians in 1682, was upon the banks of the Delaware. It died in 1829.

The largest hothouses in the country devoted exclusively to the cultivation of orchids are in New Jersey. Four hundred varieties may be found there from Colombia, Venezuela, Brazil, Ecuador, Bolivia, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras and Mexico, the principal supply sources; also from other tropical and sub-tropical countries, including one from the Philippines, which has taken kindly to American soil.

Something Like a Hint.

A worthless old vagabond had annoyed the good people of a Western town for several years. He had been arrested for drunkenness and vagrancy times without number, but to no purpose. Moral suasion had been tried upon him without effect. He steadily grew worse.

An impromptu vigilance committee was formed one day by a lot of citizens whose patience had become exhausted, and while they deprecated mob violence they agreed in the opinion that it was time to shift the burden of this particular vagabond upon some other place.

Accordingly they went to his lodgings one night, lifted him up, put him on a rail, rode him to the outskirts of the town, dumped him into a shallow creek, and left him there, with the injunction that it would be safest for him to get out on the farther side and keep moving.

"By gum!" he mumbled, as he crawled out on the bank, scraped the mud from his clothes, and looked back at the vanishing "regulators." "I don't b'lieve they want me to live in this town any longer!"

Properties of Sulphate of Quinine.

Sulphate of quinine has some very curious properties, one of them being its power to impress an image of itself on a sheet of sensitive paper in the dark. If a design be drawn on a sheet of paper with sulphate of quinine, exposed for a few minutes to the sun, then placed on a sheet of sensitive paper, put in a book and left for a few hours, a perfect image of the drawing will be found impressed on the sheet of paper. Writing may be copied on sensitive paper in this way, but it must be reversed, or the writing will be reversed on the sensitive paper.

Odd Story of Remenyi.

When Remenyi, the late famous violinist, was a young man he was engaged by a parvenu to play at a dinner, the agreement being that he was to furnish music from 8 until 11 o'clock. He opened the program with an andante movement from Mozart, a composition commencing very slow and soft. The host turned to his guests, and in a petulant tone said: "That's just like those musicians. I hired him by the hour, and see how slowly he plays."

Comforting Poor Papa.

A well-known business man whose head is bare, yet who wears a luxuriant growth of whiskers, was being railed recently for being bald by some of his intimate friends in the presence of his small daughter. Little Mabel didn't understand that it was all in jest, and crawling upon her parent's lap put her arms about his neck and turned defiantly toward his tormentors: "My papa w'ud ruvver hav' his top hair on his chin, w'udn't you, papa?"