The Means and the End.

STRATHMORE'S striker was a superior article in every way. His respect for constituted authority was as un-American as his face. He was tall and fine-looking, his English was quite as polished as Strathmore's own; and—which was of infinitely more importance—he never touched whisky and cigars, nor went on a pay-day spree. So Strathmore felt himself justified in supposing that he had murdered, or stolen, or forged, or something, at one time or another, and he shrewdly guessed that Chester was not his real name. But that was no one's concern, that he could see, and everybody knows that enlistment in the army of the United States, even more than baptism, is a new birth.

Throughout the department Strathmore was known by the striker he kept. This had its disadvantages, but the advantages outweighed. No one could have realized this better than Strathmore himself, and yet sometimes he was moved in the bosom of the mess, to complain. "It is telling on me," he would insist; "I am slowly breaking down under the strain. I came across something in a French book the other day about how few masters are worthy to be valets. That's what I am striving to be, and the failure is telling upon me. They used to," he explained complacently, "they used to say—when my name was mentioned from Dan to Beersheba—'Strathmore, Strathmore of the 'steenth. Big, good-looking chap' " (Strathmore had picked up Chester's manner of speech), "'one of the Strathmores of Boston, isn't he?' Now it's 'Strathmore? That's the chap Chester's striking for? Oh! yes; I think I'll send Chester back to the troop."

Which, of course, he never did. Apart from the fact that he could never have done without him, he could not have had the heart.

Chester had been as good a soldier as he was a striker, but he had languished under barrack rule. Exactly for the reason that he never said so, it was plain that he had been used to better things. It was so plain that Strathmore would never have thought of suggesting to him to become a body-servant, had not Chester himself—when a desperado's bullet had left the position vacant—volunteered. As a striker Chester had many little luxuries that he had lacked before—his own room, his own bath-tub, and the run of his master's small but choice library. With the help of draperies and blankets that Strathmore let him have, and with that of some potted plants he managed upon his own account, he transformed the room into quite a sybaritic retreat, and his literary discrimination was a thing to wonder at. He tacked up colored supplements of the London Christmas papers, and there was a photograph—just one—on his mantel-piece. It was of a woman who had soft eyes and hair and a lovely mouth. Strathmore ventured to ask who it was, one day, and Chester told him that it was "an Englishwoman, sir."

Now, this was in Texas, in the early days shortly after the war, in the State of the Lone Star's primiest time. There was much drinking in the land, and much poker, as well, no pious general having as yet arisen to bid gambling cease. There was also some shooting, but of unattached women there were sadly few, and those that there were, were, generally, not very nice. This condition of affairs led to a good many unfortunate things. Any man prefers even a second-rate woman to none at all, and any man—being deprived of a standard of comparison for a length of time will come to think that an exceedingly poor article is superior enough, after all.

That was what happened to Strathmore. He should have known better, because his youth had been spent among women who were lovely in every way; but the memory of man is short—and he was lonesome. There should be provision for this in the regulations. When a man gets any of the ills that frontier service is apt to induce, they bundle him off back East on a sick leave; yet when—which is infinitely more prejudicial to the standing of the service—he reaches the stage of loneliness where he would marry the Witch of Endor herself rather than continue to be alone, there is no one to indorse his application to be sent somewhere where he can find the proper sort of girl.

Strathmore had been in the wilderness a matter of five years, and he was gradually, very gradually, lapsing from civilization. The first intimation of this that Chester had was that the lieutenant made unnecessarily frequent calls at a ranch-house some ten miles from the reservation. Chester knew that a girl lived there—a dreadful girl, who had a plumply pretty figure and face, but whose speech was a thing to shudder at, and whose name, besides being Halloran, was Mamie Pearle. He also knew that if that were not enough to set Strathmore's teeth on edge, he must be in a very bad way.

All this worried Chester a great deal. Frequent contemplation of his one photograph had furnished him with the standard of comparison which Strathmore lacked, and he could see what the outcome of things as they were going was bound to be. He explained it to the photograph, standing before the mantel-piece with his hands jammed deep in his trousers pockets and a pucker on his brow, which was fair to the line of the cap and quite crimson from there down. "If he marries that freckled-face Halloran girl," he said, "he'll want to shoot himself and her the first time he goes East"—Chester cherished a cynical kind of regret that he hadn't done as much himself some time before—"or he'll compromise and take to drink instead. No," he nodded his head decisively, "he shall not marry Mamie Pearle, not"—he looked at the picture a long time—"not if I have to marry her myself. Which heaven forefend!"

The next afternoon he found Strathmore in the sitting-room and proffered a most unprecedented request. "I shall like, sir," he said, "to be given a furlough for a week." Strathmore considered and frowned. "What'll become of me, Chester?" he asked plaintively; "what will I do?"

"O'Toole has promised to take my place, sir. He was Captain Lacy's striker for several years, and he knows his duties, sir."

Strathmore sighed. "Very good," he agreed, with sufficiently poor grace. "I expect I'll make out somehow. Put in your application with the morning report."

Chester went away, feeling contemptible and small, and Strathmore sat and reflected dismally that it was emergencies of this sort that drove a man to matrimony. He ought to have realized that when a man marries because he thinks the woman can be of use to him, rather than he to her, he is making a grave mistake. But he fancied the vague dissatisfaction with his present lot was the yearning of affection, and believed more than ever that he cared for Miss Halloran quite a creditable deal. Before Chester left the next day he stood in front of the photograph again. "She'll wear curl-papers and his forage-cap and cape," he reflected aloud. That was his notion of the point beyond which vulgarity could not go. "It's a devilish contemptible business, I know it is. But then—my future's all behind me; and his is all ahead. He's only a boy. He has all sorts of pull"—what a striker does not know about his master is not worth considering at all—"he will be able to get anything he asks for in Washington. Not," he mused, "that the American army offers much for a young man just now. But he can get all it can give. If he behaves himself and marries the right kind—or better yet, doesn't marry at all—he may rise to the soaring height of an attaché-ship. All things are possible with pull."

He stopped and bent down to knock the ashes from his brier-pipe into the fire-place. Then he took the photograph in his hand and started to put it in the grip that lay on his bunk. But he changed his mind and tucked it into the tray of his trunk instead. And he gave it a last look as he closed down the lid. "In which case," he finished, as he turned the key, "he would be very likely to meet you."

A hunting leave is only a week long. But a great deal can happen in a week to a soldier who has cut loose and is accountable to no one, or to a lieutenant madly determined to become just the other way. What happened to Strathmore was, in sum, this:

The day after O'Toole took charge he rode over to the Halloran ranch, and when he came back he was engaged to marry Mamie Pearle. When it was done and he sat down to think, he found that he was not radiantly happy as he had expected to be. But the way the sitting-room had been dusted that morning had disgusted him, once and for all, with single life. The next day he was officer of the day and couldn't leave the post. The day after that he had a cold which he had caught making his rounds, and it confined him to the house.

As for Chester, the way he put in his time never did become quite clear. But for a period of six days there was a strange Englishman in a town some fifteen miles the other side of the Halloran ranch; some twenty-five miles that is, or more, from the post. It was a mud town, and its hotel was as bad as its reputation, but the Englishman stayed there. He wore a conspicuous suit of clothes, and spent money ostentatiously. He let it be understood that his name was Lovatt, and that he was a lord; also, that he was traveling through the West, and might, if he fancied the country, buy a ranch. It was probably with that end in view that he rode almost at once to the Halloran place and explained to the hacienda that he would like to be shown how a ranch was run. He met Miss Halloran, and her father told him that she was engaged to a lieutenant at the neighboring post, but that a severe cold was confining the officer to his house. He expressed a wish that Lovatt might meet the lieutenant some day, and Lovatt hoped that he would. It was possibly in this hope that he called at the ranch for six successive days, but always—had he known it—at an hour when it was quite unlikely that any one would be coming over from the post. After that they saw him no more.

On the evening of the seventh day Chester was in charge of Strathmore's quarters again. Strathmore was recovering from the cold, and he told Chester that he had missed him profanely much. Everything had gone wrong. He asked what the striker had been doing with his time.

Chester threw an armful of wood upon the fire, and stood up, brushing the chips from his sleeve. "Well, sir," he answered, "I have been getting engaged."

Strathmore's jaw fell. That meant that he would have to hunt up a new striker, of course. Then he remembered Mamie Pearle. "That's rather a coincidence, Chester; so have I."

Chester's congratulation was respectful, but not so cordial as it might have been. "I shall ask your permission and the captain's to marry, sir," he said.

Strathmore accorded his own. "But I shall be sorry to lose you, Chester, very sorry. What is the girl's name?"

Chester grew red all over his nice, boyish face. He was finding out that saving another is not all heroism, necessarily. He produced a piece of paper from his pocket—a piece of flimsy, ruled, pink paper stamped with a white dove. Strathmore gave a little start. But Chester was doing this because he thought it best to deal the final blow at once, not to mince matters in the least, and he did not hesitate. He smoothed out the sheet. "That's the name, sir," he said.

Strathmore read it. It was Mamie Pearle.

"The last name," Chester explained, "is Halloran. She's the daughter of Halloran of the ranch."

"Oh!" said Strathmore, dryly. His eye had caught a misspelled assurance of enduring love. "Oh!" he repeated; "and may I ask if she knows who you are?"

Chester grew more red still. "Well"—he reflected that an entirely honest intent could never be prefixed by that Yankee word—"well, sir, I began by letting her think that my name was Lovatt—part of it really is, sir—and that I was titled and rich—which I am not—but"—he plucked up courage as he went on—"if she loves me, of course it will be all right."

Strathmore handed him back the note. "And if she doesn't."

"It—it will still be all right."

Strathmore did not try to understand. His opinion of Chester had fallen very low. As for his opinion of Mamie Pearle he realized, suddenly, that it had not dropped half so far.

* * * * * * *

It was almost retreat, on the following day, when he took to Chester's room a bundle of London papers that had just come by the stage. He cast a quick look around. "I see you've got the photograph of the girl out again," he commented.

Chester nodded, but added, with the faintest shadow on his face: "She's a married woman, sir."

"Yes?" said Strathmore, and turned to leave the room.

"Oh, lieutenant!" Chester called. Strathmore stopped. "I thought you might like to know, sir, that I'm not engaged any more."

For a full half-minute Strathmore looked into the Englishman's impenetrable blue eyes; then there came a twinkle in his own. "It seems to be another coincidence, Chester," he said, quietly, "for neither am I."—Argonaut.

BABY ALLIGATORS.

They Are Hatched Out in Job Lots in Steam-Heated Sand.

Up in the reptile-house of the Bronx zoo something unique in the way of a hatching of young alligators was on exhibition yesterday, and will be to-day just as long as the supply of saurian eggs holds out.

The young 'gators were being turned out in job lots in a large, glass-inclosed, steam-heated cage in the northwest corner of the main reptile-room. The floor is covered with warm sand, in which several dozens of alligator eggs are huddled. The eggs are about seven inches long, oblong in shape, and of a dingy, leathery white color.

About the center of the cage is a large shallow pan full of water, sunk to the level of the floor. In and about the pan are several dozen young alligators, from six inches up to ten in length, scrambling about, climbing all over each other, splashing about in the water, and seemingly happy and contented. The baby 'gators are bright blue, green, and black spotted in color. In general color and appearance they look more like lizards than anything else.

The hatching process is quite interesting. Every now and then an egg will begin to squirm and roll about. One end works more actively than the other and swells up like a mushroom head. Then it cracks and spreads out from the slit, through which a little long-pointed muzzle begins to work out. A lot of energetic wriggling, which flops the eggs about in all directions, sets the youngster free. Out he pops, and after a shake or two, by some wonderful instinct of nature, away scuttles the infant to the pan of water, into which it plunges without any fear.

Alligator, Jr., splashes about a while, and then joins his brothers and sisters, following the universal alligator habit of crawling on top of as many of his relations as he can and resting his head on the nearest back.

Mrs. Alligator was not present at the hatching. Alligator experts say that after she has laid the eggs her part of the manufacture of young 'gators is finished. She pays no more attention then to them, and confines herself, in the South, to lying low in the swamps, waiting for dogs, pigs, or tender young colored infants to wander her way. As to Alligator pere, those same experts assert that if there is one thing he likes better than another it is young alligator fresh from the shell, without any dressing. He is said to swallow them up by the dozen, and then complain because there are no more.—New York Mail and Express.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

Annual crops raised by labor on land held by a tenant for life are held, in Noble vs. Tyler (O.), 48 L. R. A. 735, to be assets of the estate, whether severed or not at the time of his death.

Right of a stockholder to inspect books of the corporation is held, in Cincinnati Volksblatt Company vs. Hoffmeister (O.), 48 L. R. A. 732, not to depend upon the motive or purpose of the stockholder.

Lack of barriers on the side of approaches to a bridge is held, in Bell vs. Wayne (Wash.), 48 L. R. A. 644, not sufficient to make a municipality liable for injuries in case a team goes off the bank when the roadway is wide enough for two teams to pass without difficulty and the fright of a horse was the proximate cause of the accident.

A will which consists of four pages in one sheet folded lengthwise down the middle is held, in re Andrews (N. Y.), 48 L. R. A. 662, not to be subscribed at the end as required by statute, where the signature is on the second page after a portion of the will, while there is another portion on the third page without anything to connect it with that part which is above the signature.

A camp-meeting association which has made perpetual leases of cottages on its grounds without any restrictions, except that they are "subject to such rules and regulations as the association may from time to time adopt," and which also owns a store on the grounds which it has leased for a rental, is held, in Northport Wesleyan Grove Camp-Meeting Association vs. Perkins (Me.), 48 L. R. A. 272, to have no power to impose a revenue tax on the business of taking orders for fruit, groceries and provisions from cottagers upon the grounds of the association.

DIANA AND THE BEAR.

Here, at Least, Is One Woman Who Can Shoot Straight.

Mrs. E. H. Moore, of Roxbury, Mass., is one of the few women in the country who can boast of having killed a bear—a real wild one, with teeth and claws that could easily have rent her to pieces if the opportunity had offered. The killing took place in the woods near Katahdin, Me., says the Brooklyn Eagle. Mrs. Moore tells the story of her adventure:

"I went out that morning with my guide, an aged hunter, while Mr. Moore went off, as he likes to go, all by himself. We found the woods pretty thick, as the leaves had not begun to fall, but it was all so beautiful that I did not mind the difficulties, and was willing to sit down to still hunt and watch all the glorious colors about me. My guide finally decided to leave me and went out to drive, if he could. I waited for a long while, sitting on a knoll, when suddenly I heard a noise and looked up and saw Mr. Bruin coming toward me.

"He looked very tempting as he trotted along, and I knew that I ought to get him. I had a 30-30 and waited with it up to my shoulder. The wind was blowing from the bear, and I knew that he could not scent me. So I took no chances till I was sure that a bullet would lay him if it hit him. When he was about eight rods from me I fired. He dropped and I started for him.

"I wasn't a bit excited, but I knew enough about bears not to take any chances, for they are apt to play possum till one is near them and then strike out and cause some injury. I saw that my rifle was in shape, and I then walked up with it on him and waited for my guide. It was twenty-five minutes before he came back and examined Bruin and told me that he was dead. I was pretty happy, I tell you, when we started back to camp. He weighs 200 pounds and Mr. Moore is going to have him mounted."

When some people have a new house, they are willing to entertain all their kin in order to show it.

ONLY ONE TRAIN BOY

SOLE REPRESENTATIVE OF HIS CLASS IN ALASKA.

Candy Butcher on the Klondike Limited Does Not Need to Dig Gold—Enormous Prices Given for Everything He Has to Sell.

The old query as to whether or not you would like to be the iceman will be rapidly forgotten as soon as song writers and balladists learn about the train boy in Alaska. There is a train boy in Alaska. Just one. Or rather there was a few weeks ago, but by this time he may be somewhere in the Mediterranean on his private yacht blowing rings from his 50-cent cigars, and swearing at his $5,000-a-year sailing master because he cannot whistle up a breeze.

Think of being the only train boy on a railroad that brings miners with thousands of dollars' worth of gold out of the greatest mining camp in the world. There is only one railroad in Alaska—that is the White Pass and Yukon Railroad. On that railroad there is a train called the Klondike Limited.

The Klondike Limited! Isn't the sound of that name enough to make a common candy butcher on the run between Peoria and Lafayette, Ind., stick his head into his basket of salted peanuts and strangle himself to death? For there is a trainboy on the Klondike Limited. On the Klondike Limited, that brings prospectors and miners and adventurers weighted down with golden nuggets back to the States civilization, and the girls they left behind them, there is a candy butcher. And all these prospectors and miners and adventurers on the Klondike Limited are bubbling over with joy that the days of their exile are over, and that soon they will be back to their boyhood homes again. Think of turning loose a candy butcher in such a crowd as that. To quote another popular song, "It seems like a shame to take the money."

The trainboy on the Klondike Limited, like his brothers on the Kenosha local, deals in peanuts, candy, books, papers, and magazines. But more than that, he sells shirts and collars and bright red neckties. He also has a full line of plug tobacco and cigars of the finest cabbage selected leaf. The trainboy does not like to sell cigars. He only gets 50 cents apiece for them, and they cost him 75 cents a hundred. He sells the cigars to show he's a good fellow. He didn't originally deal in shirts and haberdashery, but he found that the miners returning to civilization yearn madly for a "biled" shirt. So after he had sold the shirt off his back, together with his collar and red necktie for $100 he decided to carry a stock of shirts and ties.

There are stringent restrictions in Alaska in regard to selling whisky, and so the trainboy doesn't sell it. He gives it away, and lets the man tip him for his trouble in pulling the cork. If the man were to give him a nugget any smaller than the size of the cork the trainboy would haughtily refuse to let him buy any more cigars, and would charge him at least $5 for a two months' old newspaper, which he ordinarily gives away for only $1.50.

Then the trainboy sells playing cards, and the passengers are always wanting a game. He puts up the table, too, hands around the matches, and, of course, a large and substantial "kitty" is maintained on one side of the table for the sole support of the obliging trainboy. If anybody was to put a quarter or a silver half dollar into the "kitty" the trainboy wouldn't be angry. He uses those things to pay storekeepers for fresh goods for his next run.

A Seattle newspaper man interviewed the trainboy on the last trip from Alaska. Quoth the trainboy: "Am I it? Am I? Say, ain't I a naughty boy? I know it's wrong to take the money, but I need it in my business, and, besides, as soon as I get enough I'll buy the railroad and give some other good deserving boy a chance to fasten on to a little honest money. But $1 for a sack of peanuts. Say, that's a penitentiary offense in Illinois. But I need the money."—Chicago Tribune.

Science and Invention

Honey dew has been a subject of recent investigations which show it to be a sugary substance obtained from the juice of the trees—such as a sycamore, ash and lime—on which it is found. The statement that honey dew is sometimes produced by other insects than aphides seems to be ill-founded, as reports indicate that the insects noticed are prisoners that have been caught by the sticky honey dew.

The sun's heat raises from the earth every minute thirty-seven billion tons of water, or say a weight equal to six times that of the Great Pyramid. Such heat could only be produced on earth by burning eight million cubic miles of coal per second—that is to say, a nice little block two hundred miles long, two hundred miles high and two hundred miles broad, weighing twelve thousand millions of tons.

The bones of three mastodons have been discovered in Death Valley, California, and their discoverer, a miner, has taken out a claim for the purpose of excavating them. Another indication of the popular appreciation of the money value of the remains of prehistoric animals is the fact that a mining claim has been filed in Southern California to cover the excavation of a fossil whale of the Pliocene epoch.

An electric railway is to be constructed between Liverpool and Manchester, intended especially for the swift transportation of passengers. It is said that the system adopted will be that of the single elevated rail, the cars being suspended from the rail. The projectors talk of sending trains from one city to the other, a distance of about twenty-nine miles, in fifteen minutes, or at the rate of 115 miles an hour.

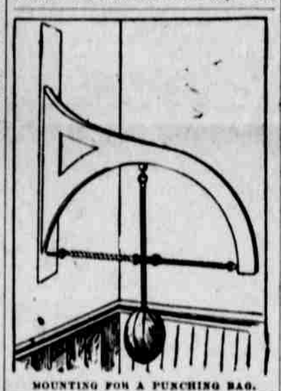
Several years ago, members of the Geological Survey suggested that in former times the Tennessee River, instead of joining the Ohio, as at present, flowed into the Gulf of Mexico through the channels of the Coosa and Alabama Rivers. This conclusion has recently been corroborated in a singular manner by Charles T. Simpson, of the Smithsonian Institution. The original suggestion was based on the appearances of the land, but Mr. Simpson's confirmation depends upon the distribution of a particular form of fresh-water mussel which, although it is peculiar to the Tennessee River, is also found in the Coosa and the Alabama. As these creatures cannot traverse the land, the inference is that formerly the waters of the Tennessee flowed southward into the streams above named.

The search for convenient ways of transportation by which the products of the Sudan may reach the outer world has called attention to a remarkable phenomenon of vegetable life on some of the head waters and tributaries of the Nile. This consists of enormous growths of papyrus and other plants, completely covering the streams and forming carpets of vegetation two or three feet thick, beneath which flows the water. Navigation by small boats is, of course, entirely interrupted by this obstruction, which is in places supplemented by vines and clinging plants which arch the streams from bank to bank. Heavy floods occasionally sweep away the accumulations of plants, but they are quickly reformed.

PUNCHING-BAG SUPPORT.

Improved Mounting Designed by a New Yorker.

One of the objections to the punching bag as a method of exercise in gymnasiums has hitherto been the racket occasioned by the bag striking against the overhead shield after each blow, and there is also danger of dislocating the frame when the ball is violently moved. To eliminate these objections



MOUNTING FOR A PUNCHING BAG.

and provide an improved mounting for the bag George McFadden, of New York City, has designed the apparatus illustrated in the accompanying cut. A semi-circular arm is attached to the side wall or suspended from the ceiling, and at the center of the arch is swiveled a vertical rod, to the lower end of which the bag is securely attached. To prevent undue motion of the bag when struck the inventor provides a pair of flexible rubber bands, which are twisted and attached to the opposite ends of the arch, the rod which supports the ball being passed between the twists. The use of these bands gives a quick return and renders the exercise almost entirely noiseless by preventing the ball from striking the overhead portion of the support.

Hanged Two Men at Once.

Ex-Sheriff Knapp, of Wyoming County, was in town a few days ago, which recalls the fact that he is the only official of that county who ever hanged two men at the same time. The men in question were Rosenwig and Blank, who were convicted of murdering a peddler in the mountains not a great way from Tunkhannock. At 11:30 o'clock the night before the execution I visited the Wyoming County jail, where the condemned murderers were preparing for the grewsome ordeal which would send them to eternity. While seated in Sheriff Knapp's office Deputy Dan Thompson entered. He carried two pine boards, probably 8 feet long and 15 inches wide, and at both ends of each were straps running through a mortice. "Will there be anything more?" asked Thompson of the sheriff. "Yes, one thing more," replied Knapp; "get a boiler of hot water, for the men want to finish up by taking a bath." There was a peculiar suggestiveness about the arrangements of the boards and I asked Knapp for what purpose they were to be used. His reply was: "Well, I have an idea that both Rosenwig and Blank will get shaky in the knees just at the last moment, and if they do I'm going to strap them on these boards, and I guess that'll stiffen them up. All I want is to get them to stand long enough to get the rope around their necks and the black caps on, and I'll show up an execution that will be done up to the queen's taste."

Fortunately, the boards were not required for the purpose intended, for Rosenwig and Blank met their fate on the gallows with a courage that was remarkable.—Scranton Republican.

Senator Davis' Views.

The keynote to the success of Senator Davis is found in these sentences from his own lips:

"I believe in superfluous knowledge. I have little faith in the thing called genius. I think any young man can attain success, and great success, by good, hard, studious labor, not intermittent labor, but conscientious, constant effort. The men who have achieved success are the men who have worked, read, thought more than was absolutely necessary, who have not been content with knowledge sufficient for the present need, but who have sought additional knowledge and stored it away for the emergency reserve. It is the superfluous labor that equips a man for everything that counts most in life."

He himself began life first as a farm boy and then as a telegraph operator. Of this latter occupation he said: "I believe I was proficient in my line of work, but I was not content with being merely a good telegraph operator. I wanted to be a good citizen, and I qualified myself for that position by doing what I have called superfluous work. There is no such thing as making an opportunity—circumstances make the opportunity."

Accommodating.

Peddler—Will you buy a mouse trap ma'am?

Lady—No; I haven't any mice in the house.

Peddler—I can get some for you, ma'am, for a small consideration. It's rare sport catchin' 'em.

Lady—Then they might necessitate my having a cat.

Peddler—Well, I could provide you with one for a trifle, ma'am.

Lady—But it might prove a nuisance.

Peddler—I could sell you a dog to kill it, ma'am.

Lady—The remedy might prove worse than the disease.

Peddler—Well, I'd poison the dog cheap for you, ma'am.—Pick-Me-Up.

Celery for Rheumatism.

A diet of nothing but celery is said by some physicians to be a sure cure for both rheumatism and neuralgia. Free use of this vegetable is always recommended to rheumatic patients.

When doctors say that an operation is successful, they mean that they found what they looked for and cut it out; they don't mean that the patient has recovered, or will recover.

GARDEN OF EDEN FOR RENT.

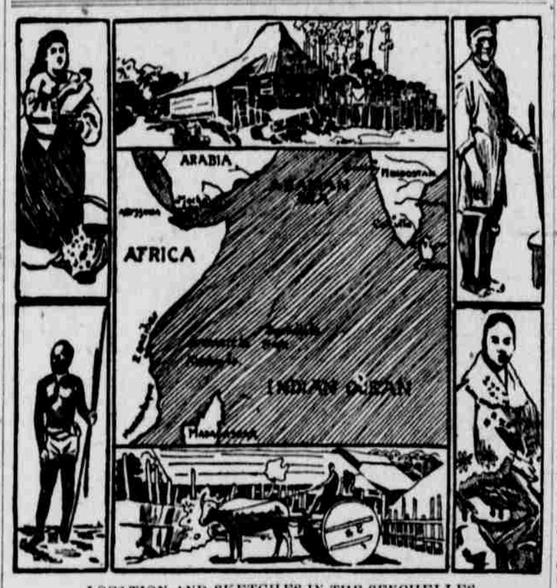
The British Government Offers the Seychelles for Lease.

Somebody, having the price and being so disposed, may take a long term lease on the site of the Garden of Eden. The British government of the Seychelles in the Indian Ocean has given notice that bids will be received for periods of nine, twenty-one and thirty years on the islands of the Aldabra group proper, the Cosmoledo group, and the islands of Astove and Assumption. As to just which one of the islands was the home of Adam and Eve, however, the man who takes the lease must determine.

According to travelers almost any of these islands might easily fill the fanciful conditions that may have existed with the first man. There "every prospect pleases," and on many of the islands there are no men to be vile. The lessee of these islands will take them for purely commercial purposes, but their settings are considered to be ideal for dreamer or painter.

Fixing upon the Seychelles group as having contained the site of Eden, the archaeologist has had little more to guide him than has one who chose the South Sea Islands. The four quarters of the globe have been settled upon by one or another as the place of this garden described in Genesis, but in the Seychelles selection the beauties of the islands have been emphasized as lending color to the belief.

There are eighty of these in the general group, having an area of about 102 English square miles. Of these eighty islands only eighteen are inhabited. They rise from a bank, submerged from ten to forty fathoms, and lie almost on the equator, in the blue of the Indian Ocean. Aden, on the Suez Canal, is 1,400 miles northwest, and Zanzibar is 1,000 miles west. The islands were discovered by the Portuguese at the beginning of the sixteenth century, but



LOCATION AND SKETCHES IN THE SEYCHELLES.

they made no efforts to occupy them. The French took possession of the group in 1742, calling them after Count Herault de Seychelles of the East Indian fleet. The British wrested them from the French in 1794, taking Mauritius also. Mahe is the largest island and has the seat of government, called Victoria. This capital is an admiralty coaling station, about thirty days' travel from London.

Most of these islands rise deeply from the sea. Those of the Aldabra group and the islands of Mauritius and Reunion are of volcanic origin. The Seychelles proper are of granite formation, and from them to the west the sea deepens rapidly until soundings have been taken from 9,000 to 12,000 feet.

Most peculiar of these island groups are the Seychelles, with their towering mountains, crowned with castellated blocks of gray granite and even the valleys studded with them. The mountains rise from 2,600 to 3,000 feet above sea level and are sources of many of the rapid streams that course through the islands. The rainfall in a year may aggregate 100 inches or more, and these wash down the granite fragments from the hills, cutting gorges and canyons in the rock formation. The rocks, however, serve the purpose of retaining the rich soil of the islands and most of them are jungles of tropical vegetation.

It is a land of ease and plenty. Creoles from Mauritius and Reunion effected a settlement of the main islands about 150 years ago. In 1850 negroes were imported as laborers from Mozambique. Europeans, Indians and Chinese have followed until the population of the eighteen inhabited islands is about 20,000 of all shades, most of them speaking the French tongue, in spite of the 100 years' occupancy by the British.

Until the English commissioners took up the government of the Seychelles piracy was one of the evils of that portion of the Indian Ocean. The British broke this up, however, and for many years the islands have been the home of the indolent. To-day the island industries are fishing and the growing of tropical fruits and vegetables. The cocoa palm is one of the chief sources of revenue to the island. Sugar cane, vanilla, cloves, pepper, coffee and sweet potatoes are produced in great quantities.

Leprosy has a foothold in the islands, and Curieuse has been set aside for them. This disease is not marked by the average visitor, but it is said that 10 per cent of the population is afflicted with it.

WAS NOT LYING THIS TIME.

Story of an Office Boy that May Contain a Moral.

"There was a strange thing happened in connection with our office boy," said the private secretary of the head of one of the big downtown establishments the other day. "About a month ago this youngster was late in reaching the office, and when I hauled him up for it he had tears in both his eyes as he announced that he had been detained at home by the death of his uncle. Of course, I felt sorry for the little chap and told him he should have notified us by telephone and remained at home, as I would willingly have allowed him to do. That very day I happened to meet the man through whose instrumentality he had secured the place in our office. So I asked him if there was anything the firm could do to help out the lad in his troubles. The boy's sponsor seemed surprised, and wanted to know why I asked. Then I told him the story of the death of the boy's uncle. He seemed annoyed and wanted to know if I had not made a mistake. Assured that I had not, he then told me that he had just left the boy's uncle on the street, and that he seemed a very lively sort if a corpse.

"Having caught him in this lie I watched the boy carefully, but could find nothing else objectionable against him, nor could I find that he had lied to me again. But just three weeks from the day he had lied to me he came to the office and asked to be away for a day to attend the funeral of his uncle. This was too much, and I then told him that I had found him out in that lie once before, and that it would not go again. He protested so vehemently that he was not lying this time that I went to his sponsor and told him that the boy had given me the dead uncle yarn again, protesting that it was true this time. Sure enough it was. The uncle had been taken with a sudden illness and died just three weeks from the day on which the young liar had first told me he had died, though he was at that time in perfect health. I don't draw any conclusion from the fact and only mention it as one of the queer things that happen in life."—New York Times.

Penny Savings a Success.

A penny saved is a penny earned seems to be the motto upon which the Penny Savings Society of Chicago, organized June 15, 1897, has been proceeding. The object of this society is to teach thrift and frugality. Through the medium of purchasing bright, attractive stamps from one penny upward, children have been taught the lesson of economy and saving. A total of 1,875,050 stamps from 1 cent up to 50 have been purchased since the organization of the society, and its influence is widely extending through the co-operation of the schools, the social settlements, the bureau of associated charities and other organizations. Whenever a sufficient sum has been saved in this way the saver is advised to deposit it in a saving bank, and thus habits of saving are inculcated.

In this way pennies that formerly went for cigarettes, candy, gum and various other artices have found their way to the society, where they have accumulated until by their aid shoes, clothing, books, etc., were purchased with them, or a bank account was opened. Self-help and the inculcation of right habits of economy are what the work of the society represents, and it has now become a factor of importance in the training of the young.—Chicago News.

Tit for Tat.

A wearied Clevelander stepped from a train at Pittsburg the other morning at an early hour and rushed into the depot lunch room to get breakfast. He was extremely tired from a long ride and consequently not in the best of moods.

"What do you want?" snarled one of the waiter girls. She had a get-up-too-soon expression on her face and spoke savagely.

"A little courteous treatment," responded the traveler.

"We don't keep it here," rejoined the girl.

"I thought so," was the laconic reply of the Clevelander. "Give me some regular eggs."

"We only keep fresh eggs," replied the girl.

"Everything fresh around here?" queried the Clevelander.

"Yes," she hissed through her teeth.

"I thought so," the traveler replied. As the traveler ate his breakfast in silence he wondered who had the best of the skirmish. From the look on the girl's face she, too, was pondering over the same question.—Cleveland Leader.

China's Coal Fields.

China contains some of the richest coal deposits in the world. Last fall Prof. Drake, of Tien-tsin, visited the coal fields in the province of Shansi, which were examined by Baron von Richtofen in 1870, and found that they are of immense extent. The coal area is said to be greater than that of Pennsylvania, and the anthracite coal alone contained in these fields has been estimated at 630,000,000 tons. The Shansi coal beds are so thick and lie so uniformly in a horizontal position that the practicability has been suggested of running long lines of railway tunnels through the beds so that the cars can be loaded in the mines all ready for distant transportation.

Problems of the Ages.

The lecturer on occult science clasped her hands and leaned forward on the stand in front of her.

"I have endeavored," she said, "to make this subject as plain as its inherently mysterious nature will permit. Before I take my seat, however, I will wait a moment to answer any question you may like to ask for the purpose of clearing up whatever points may still seem obscure to you."

"I wish you could tell me, ma'am," asked a hollow-voiced, cadaverous man, rising up in a distant corner of the hall, "why women kiss each other."—Chicago Tribune.

Or Start an "Ideal" Daily Paper.

She—"Just imagine! Suppose you were so immensely wealthy that you couldn't possibly spend your income. What would you do?"

He—"Marry you."—Harper's Bazar.

Nodd—"How do you like your country home?" Todd—"It's a great place. The only drawback is that I can't sell it."—Harper's Bazar.

When a woman gives a man a pipe, she means it to be hung on the wall as a decoration.

Some people never get beyond a house and lot in prosperity.

Flashes of Fun.

Foote Light—"I see a fellow has written a play and called it 'Vaccination.'" Sue Brette—"I'll bet it won't take."—Yonkers Statesman.

His Recommendation: She—"Would you recommend any particular method of learning golf?" He—"Decidedly! Co-education."—Boston Gazette.

Nellie—"Charlie says I grow more beautiful every time he sees me." Maude—"If that's the case you ought to have him call twice a day."—The King.

"Say, Burroughs, how about that 'fiver' you've owed me for the last two years?" "Oh, come, old man, why can't you let bygones be bygones."—Philadelphia Press.

Madge—I think I'll get measured for a rainy day skirt. Marjorie—Don't you think, my dear, you would better get measured to see if you'd look all right in one?—Puck.

Her Method: Mistress—"Bridget, I hope you don't light the fire with kerosene?" Cook—"Divil a bit, mum! Oi wets it down wid werosene an' loights it wid a match."—Judge.

Ethel—Count Grafterino, who is engaged to Maud Gottrox, seems to be a very fragile looking man. Thomas—Yes, they say the slightest "touch" would break him.—Boston Herald.

Claude—Claire, I'm much interested in the strides science is taking toward the manufacture of diamonds. Claire—You are just wasting your time, Claude. What would I look like in home-made diamonds?—Life.

Rivals: Little Hortense (proudly)—"My aunt, over in England, has armorial bearings." Little Robert—"Huh! I don't care. My uncle, down in Indiana, has a chicken with three legs!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

At a fashionable ball a lady said to her partner: "Do you know that ugly gentleman sitting opposite to us?" "That is my brother, madame." "Ah, I beg your pardon; I had not noticed the resemblance."—Le Gaulois.

Father—"I think I've scared Bobby out of smoking cigarettes." Mother—"What did you say?" Father—"I told him no boy 7 years old who used tobacco would ever grow big enough to be a policeman."—Indianapolis Journal.

Customer—"They say young Woodby is married at last?" Tailor—"Yes, he's been married some time; I helped make the match." Customer—"That's interesting; how did you manage it?" Tailor—"I pressed his suit for him."—Ex.

Rev. Mr. Saintly—"I was very sorry that I couldn't fill my pulpit last Sunday, but I hope you liked my substitute?" Mrs. Witherby—"Oh, yes; he was fine; and I told my husband that he little knew what he had missed."—Life.

"Every man," quoted the thoughtful one, "is the architect of his own fortunes." "Yes," returned the observant one, "and the character of the structures put up shows that few have taken the necessary course in architecture."—Chicago Post.

"Evalina, if we are going to elope don't you think we would better be off before your father awakens and follows us?" "Oh, no, Algernon; there's no great hurry. He said he'd be sure to give us a good two hours' start."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

"He's talking of going over to London to live. He's become quite an Anglo-maniac." "Goodness! How did that happen?" "Oh, he discovered recently that he could wear a monocle without twisting his features into a hard knot."—Philadelphia Press.

Her father—"And what are your prospects?" Her lover (with dignity)—"I don't know, sir. I am not so mercenary as to inquire." Her father—"What do you mean by that?" Her lover—"I mean that it never occurred to me to look you up in Bradstreet's."—Philadelphia North American.

Too much: Gusher—My wife has promised to wait for me at the gate of heaven, if she is the first to go. Flasher—Tut, tut. You shouldn't be so revengeful as to make her wait through eternity, simply because she made you wait while she fixed up sometimes.—Life.

Robbins—"There's a good deal to be said in favor of early marriage. Upon the whole, I believe it is a good thing for a man to marry before he is five and twenty." Dobbins—"H'm! I notice that when a man marries at that age he never marries so young again."—Boston Transcript.

One of the ancient and honorable: Carrie—I suppose all the girls will wonder why I accepted him. But if they only knew what a hero he has been! He has courted death in a hundred shapes. Edith—What a flirt! But, then, I suppose that does make him interesting.—Boston Transcript.

The Minister—I hope this rumor that I hear going about, that you are contemplating getting married for the fourth time, is not true, William? William—Weel, I don't see that you've any cause tae objec'; ye aye get the job o' marrian' an' berrian' o' them; an' it's no every man in parish pits as muckle business in yer way.—Moonshine.

From long experience: "What are you sealing up in that envelope so carefully, Jones?" "Important instructions that I forgot to give my wife before I came to town this morning; I am going to send it up home." "Will your wife open it at once?" "Rather! I have made sure of that." "How?" "I have addressed it to myself and put a big 'private' on the corner of the envelope."—Collier's Weekly.

Horseshoes for Luck.

The custom of keeping horseshoes for luck is said to have originated at the time when in every home was the picture of the patron saint. About the head of the saint was the distinguished halo, which was frequently made of metal, sometimes the shape of a horseshoe. When anything happened to the picture the halo was kept and remained fastened to the door, in order that the saint's influence might still prevail. As the bit of metal was the most substantial part of the picture it soon became the custom to make a charm of this part only, and the horseshoe followed logically as a prevention against evil.

Guards the Chickens Well.

According to an American the best guardian for poultry is a Scotch collie. It is readily taught to guide ducks, geese, etc., to their feeding grounds and bring them back. The collie, it appears, takes a lively interest in the work and his courage makes him a good protector.

We imagine that kissing a girl wearing glasses would be a good deal like kissing a man with a baseball mask on.