Chear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shirule and foaming weir;
Under the crag where the curel sings,
And the lyied wall where the church bell rings,
Undefiled for the undefiled;

Dank and foul, dank and foul, Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf, and sewer, and slimy bank;
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow;
Who dare sport with the sin deflied;
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free, The flood gates are open, away to the sea; Free and strong, free and strong, Cleaning my streams as I hurry along To the golden sands and the leaping bar, And the taintiess tide that awaits me afar, as I have myself in As I lose myself in the infinite main, oul that has sinn'd and is pardon'd again Undefiled for the undefiled; Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

THE DEVIL'S SCRAUGH.

In the year 187- I was quartered at Athlone in the County Westmeath, Ireland. It is not a bad military station—for an Irish one—especially for a man who cares for outdoor sports. There are good fishing and boating on Lough Ree; and by the kindness of the landowners of the neighborhood, many a day's good shooting of a miscellaneous kind may be had over the interminable bogs that lie all around. I enjoyed myself greatly, having a taste for solitary shooting excursions, and liking that uncertainty as to what bird or quadruped would next rise from the heather, hich is chiefly to be found in Irish sport. Generally, I started on such expeditions alone, save for the company of a smart young gossoon of the town, Peter Farrell by name, who, having been born with the national love of shooting and flahing. was only too glad to accompany me for a nominal consideration, and make himself useful in pointing out the "mearnes" which divided the property of different owners, sometimes consisting in a narrow trench running for miles through a bog, and somerunning for miles through a bog, and some-times of an imaginary line, which I had to accept in faith, not being able to see a trace of it for myself. He also carried my game bag, and would think nothing of a twelve mile tramp over spongy bog land with a couple of hares over his shoulder and a full bag at his side.

One November afternoon we had gone

farther abroad than usual, and reached a bog on which I had never been before. Peter declared he knew it well, but I rather doubted the statement. We had had a very fair day's sport, and it was getting time to think of returning home, as the short winter daylight was drawing to a close. I had an idea that a short cut might be made to reach the high road by holding a due northwest course, but Peter inclined to a southwesterly one. argument ran high, when at length we discerned a cottage with a thatched roof at the bottom of a hollow where the high bog land sloped downwards to the bank of a stream.

I sent Peter down to the cottage to in

quire the way, and meanwhile directed my steps toward a little pool of water, some 100 yards in diameter, which I perceived at a few furlongs off, and on which I hoped to surprise a stray teal or wild duck. enough there was a flock of the former birds feeding in fancied security near the edge. I selected a stunted thorn bush growing on the margin as a good shelter behind which to approach them unperceived, and began steathily advancing under its cover. The pond was surrounded by a large patch of light green moss; and as soon as I stepped upon it I be-came a vare that it was what is called, in Irish parlance, a "shaking scraugh;" that is to say, the water was here covered only by a floating mass of weeds and peat moss, closely interlaced and forming a curious combination that was neither bog nor yet terra firma. As you walk upon such a place it sinks be-However, there is generally little danger of breaking through, so closely matted are the fibers, and I advanced with caution, beut on baving my shot. Buddenly, without the least warning, my foot went through, and in an instant I was up to my nock in the black, peaty water beneath, just keeping my head above the surface by the bearing my outspread arms had on the moss. It was a terrible situation! If once I sank, no power on earth could save me-it would be like drowning under ice, only that, ice being transparent, there would be some hope of being cut out in that case; and here, under the mossy blanket, absolutely mone. I shouted at the top my voice for help, but with a painful conviction that if it did not come within three minutes it would be too tate, as I felt myself slowly sinking.

Suddenly I felt something thrust through the color of my coat from behind, and heard a man's voice saying coolly: "I have a good hold on ye with the graip now, your honor; if you make a good offer at it, you can scramble out!"

Most comforting were the words, in my desperate case. I made a violent struggle, vigorohsly assisted by my unknown friend with his "graip" ia sort of three pronged drag, which he had inserted under my col-The cloth held; and I scrambled on to my knees, and in that ignominious position, with my clothes streaming with black water reached the comparatively firm ground of

"Musha, then, your honor is badly off for sport, when you must look for it in the Devil's Scraugh!" said my preserver, as I turned to look him in the face

He was a strong, burty, Irish peasant, clad in the costume that is now rapidly becoming extinct—a chimney pot hat, a friese coat, knee breeches and gray worsted stockings. His features were striking. I thought—bushy black evelrows meeting each other over the nose; gray keen eyes; a mouth that seemed like a straight line drawn across the face, so tightly were the lips compressed; and a square chin, with a week's growth of bristly black beard upon it. Altogether, not the sort of man you would care to have for an enemy. "I am realy very grateful to you," said

I. "If you had not pulled me out when you did, I could not possibly have kept my head above water five minutes longer. It seems like a special providence that you should have been there with your grain, My preserver scowled, and his face became

less inviting than ever. "I saw your gossoon going down the hill to the cottage beyont," he said. "I suppose it was to ask the way. There's no one lives there but myself, so be won't get much by his walk. If you want to get back to Athlone, just cross over the bog there where you see the tree growing its lone, and you'll strike the road. No!"—as he saw me drawing my purse from my saturated from no man; God forbid! When you see shaking scraugh again, maybe you won't be Whereat he gave a ghastly sort of chuckle and walked off, with

his graip over his shoulder, just as Peter came

up. The action surprised me, as the irisu have their full share of curiosity, and rarely

resist the opportunity of asking questions

when they get a chance. Peter's face of dis-

may when he saw my wet clothes, the lake, and my new sequaintance, was a study. I wanted to look for my gun, which I had lost in my immersion; but he drew me away in "See now, sir-never mind the gun. lt's

gone for ever and ever, and it's well you're not gone with it. Murther'n Irish! did ever any one see the like! And sorra a bit of me knows if we'll get home to night at all at all, after this!"

"I've just found out where the road is," aid I. "It is exactly where I told you—over the bog there."

"The road, is it?" said Peter, "Ah, then, if that were all, sorra much ma ter it would be But we must only make the best of it, now we're here; and may the Holy Virgin have a care of us and be betune us and evil?" And devoutly crossing himself he drew me away. Needless to say that, on the way home,

demanded an explanation of him; and after a great deal of cross-examination drew from him as curious a story as I had ever heard, and which I here give, divested of the many digressions from the point, and the rich vo cabulary of Irish phrases with which it was

John O'Brien, the original owner of the cottage we had seen, had two sons, Patrick and Turlough. No one knew whence he himself had come, or on what terms had purchased the land on which built his modest dwelling; but appears to have been shunned by the people of the neighborhood, chiefly on account of his living in such close proximity to the Devil's Scraugh, a place of which many wild legends had been told, and which was the favorite spot chosen by the priests wherein to confine, "between the froth and the water," evil spirits exercised by them. Probably, with the exceptions of John O'Brien and his sons, there was not a man in the county who would have ventured near Lough Galliagh, as the pool was called, after dusk; and the temerity of the owners of the farm was universally ascribed to familiarity and friendship with the powers of evil.

To add to the bad reputation of the locality, a young girl, betrayed and deserted by her lover, had drowned herself in the lough some years before the time of which I write; and the lover himself, having with tardy repentance joined eagerly in the efforts made for the recovery of the body, was himself drowned also in the same spot, and in the presence of many of his neigh-bors, who were unable to rescue him, and who only succeeded in recovering the two corpses several days afterwards. There was a "wise woman" living in a little cabin on the outskirts of Athlons, who, when she heard of the occurrence, mumbled something in Irish, and then informed her awe struck listeners that she had had a revelation, and had learned that the pool was under a spell, and would infallibly cause the death of the enemy of any one who had the courage to drown himself therein, repeating the name of the man he would doom as the black water silenced

his lips forever.

O'Brien and his sons were more shunn than ever after the event just related; but when the old man died and it was found that he had left the whole of his small possessions to his eldest son Patrick, and that Turlough was quite unprovided for, popular opinion veered round, and set in strongly in favor of the younger brother, all the dislike due to him being added to the sham of Patrick. From what Peter told me of the latter man, I do not think he deserved the opprobrium which fell upon him; he seems to have been kind enough to Turlough, giving him a share of his house and of the proceeds of the land; though declining, perhaps wisely enough, to make them over to him by legal document Turlough said little, lived in apparent friend-ship with his brother, and bided his time. It came earlier than he expected.

Patrick, like most Westmeath men at that date, was a thorough Fenian at heart, and managed to get greatly involved in the plots which led to that most abortive attempt at a rebellion, in which the government appears to have known quite as much as the conspire tors themselves of the secret councils of the latter. As a natural consequence, Patrick "wanted," and equally as a matter course, he before you just as when you shake a carpet. by the police who invaded his donicile. No one was there but Turlough, who was politeness itself, gave them a glass of whisky all round, and showed them with some pride a deed of gift from Patrick, which, in due legal form, made over to his brother Turlough the former's interest in the farm. Clearly, nothing was to be done, and the disappointed police had nothing for it but to return to barracks.

In what part of freland Patrick lay hidder during the years that followed Peter could not tell me, but it was on a spring day in 1870 that he came again, attended by certain friends of his as witnesses, to claim back the deed of gift from his brother. The seven days' wonder had passed, Ireland was quieter than usual, and there was no more talk of prosecuting ex-Feniaus. The farm had only been made over to Turiough that he might manage it till better times came, and that there might be no danger of confiscation. What could be simpler than that the rightful owner should now reclaim possession! But he had reckoned without his brother. Turlough sat unmoved by the passionate invective that was poured upon him, and stolidly reiterated his assertion that he had given Patrick full value for the farm, and had no intention whatever of giving it up. Words ran high, and doubt less blows would have followed, had not Turlough at last produced an American revolver from his pocket, and threatened to shoot every man in the house-his house-if they did not at once leave it. Against such a practical argument there was nothing to be urged, and the men left the but, carrying with them the frantic Patrick, mad with rage and fired with a true Irish thirst for

Their road home lay by Lough Galliagh As they neared is Patrick broke away from his friends, rushed across the quaking Devil's Scraugh, and plunged into the peaty water with a scream of his brother's name, mingled with a ban. The party he had left stood still a moment in horror, and then hurried cau-tiously toward the margin of the pool. But the desperate man never rose again. Some thought that he must actually have swum under water till he was beneath the scraugh, so as to render rescue impossible and make sure of the anathema.

From that time forth no living man, could he avoid it, would approach Lough Gallin; a or speak a word to Turlough O'Brien. The latter was cut off from all human companionship, and driven to subsist on the potatoes he grew on his farm and the milk of a cow which he kept there. Whether his terrible penance did him good or not, Peter could not say, but I hoped it had done so. A man whose heart was wholly bad would have left

me to perish in the scraugh. No one had dared to attempt the finding of the corpse of Patrick O'Brien; but, almost daily for years past, Turlough had been seen working with his graip here and there along the margin of the lough and in the Devil's Scraugh itself, so the probability was that he was endeavoring to find his brother's bodywhether a hope of avoiding the ban pronounced on the pool, or with the better object of giving Christian burial to the remains of his victim, no one could say, though, of course, the peasantry inclined to the former preserved by the strange antiseptic there be blots they are so little that I don't belief. No doubt I had met with my acci-

dent in one of the holes he had dug In the scraugh, which had had time to cover itself with a treacherous layer of weed. The popular opinion was that Turlough himself some day be drowned in such a hole, and thus fulfill the weird of the

We reached Athlone that evening long after dark, but in safety, to Peter's great surprise and self congratulation. He had been thoroughly frightened by finding himself in proximity to the dreaded spot, and for some time afterward boasted less than usual of his knowledge of "every hole and corner in the bogs from Moate to Athlone."

I am an drishman by birth and education, and have heard many weird stories in my native land, but seldom one which impressed me so much as that which Peter had told me. It kept my mind buty and my body wakeful that night till far into the small hours. I did not know which to pity the most—the desperate man hurrying into the presence of his maker with anathemas on his lips and a purpose of vengeance in his heart, or the living one who "dreed his weird," solitary amongst his fellows, unhelped and unpitied by them. Ere morning I had resolved that, so far as I was concerned, the matter should not rest there, but that I would at once pay Turlough O'Brien a visit, express my gratitude to him better than I had been able to do it in the hurry of the moment, and try to help him, at least by sympathy, if in no other way. He had refused to accept the money; but he could scarcely decline a few articles, of use to a man in his circumstances, if brought to him as a present and not as a reward, and these might be my excuse for intruding upon him. Truth to tell, I was rather doubtful as to the reception I might meet with at the

"Man proposes, and God disposes." It is a trite saying, but a practical one. When I rose in the morning I saw the sky covered from zenith to horizon by a leaden pall of cloud, whence descended an unbroken torrent of rain, turning the streets to rivers of mud, and splashing on the pavement from every gutter, as if the deluge were come again. Bogtrotting was, in such weather, out of the question, and I resigned myself to the inevitable, though reluctantly, as I knew well that when steady rain begins in the County Westmeath in November with a falling barometer, no man can say when it will stop. But I was scarcely prepared for the rainfall of that November. Ten whole days it continued without a symptom of cessation; then came a break of sunshine late one afternoon, a fine night, and again rain in the morning. When, on the fourteenth day, the mercury in the barometer that bung in the anteroom showed signs of rising steadily, in place of jumping up and down every few hours, and the clouds thinned away and let a watery glimpse of sun come through, we were all thoroughly tired of inaction and indoor confinement, and half the country was under

Next morning was a glorious one, with a cloudless sky; and I started on my expedition -alone this time, as I did not think it fair to ask Peter to accompany me, knowing his feelings on the subject of my destination. I found locomotion very diffcult, as the bogs were ankle deep in water in some places, and once I thought seriously of turning back; but my good intentions were too strong for me, and I struggled on. About noon I passed the "lone tree" and came in sight of Lough Galliagh. It had become a respectable sheet of water by this time. The Devil's Scraugh was quite covered, and evidently my friend Turlough's engineering operations must have been suspended for some time past by the laws of nature. The cottage still stood where I last saw it, and a thin wreath of smoke rose from the chimney, proving that the owner was at home. The stream below it had become a swollen river, moving sluggishly onward close to the walls of the but, having evidently flooded the potato garden and fields adjoin ing. I was pleased to think that I had brought few luxuries with me, a pound or so of tobacco and so on: for evidently the outcast had need of something to keep his spirits up, in view of the desolation around him

Having thus reflected I looked again towards bit off more than I could chaw. life. Curiously enough, it seemed larger than when I had viewed it a few minutes before. As I tried to account in my own mind for this phenomenon, I felt a trembling of the ground beneath my feet; and, with a dull, sullen roar, the whole bog, from Lough Galliagh downward, split away, opening a vast chasm, filled with black foaming water, and alid away bodily toward the stream below. A few yards it thus moved unbroken, and then split in every direction into a maze of islands, all borne downward by a resistless rush of water, that had accumulated twenty feet beneath the bog upon the impervious marl subsoil, and now bore away its load triumphantly, in a roaring torrent, directed

straight upon the cottage by the stream. At the first dull roar, I had seen-I seemed see everything at once—the door of the but open and a man standing on the threshold looking toward Lough Galliagh. Then the flood broke, and cottage and man vanished like a dream in the stream beyond, followed by the great masses of peat, which choked up the bed of the channel and piled themselves on the further bank like chaos. I am not ashanied to say that I turned and ran for my There was no saying whether my part of the bog would not follow the other. ever, the release of the water had saved the remainder of the peat; and I was able, by making a long detour, to avoid that chasm where once was Lough Galligh, and to strike the bed of the stream about a mile farther down, where already a crowd of country people had collected, and were gazing in bewildered astonishment at the devastation around them. One or two of the most practical-or perhaps most apathetic—amongst them were groping in the rapidly diminishing waters of the stream, and fishing out relics of the furniture of the cottage, which had been struck by the first force of the released waters and carried down the stream in fragments, before the mass of peat had dammed the channel.

"Hurroo, Johnsen!" shouted one stalwart fellow, holding on to a long pole with a sal-mon gaff at the end of it. "I have a hoult of something weighty this time. Lend me a hand, and we'll have it out."

I knew instinctively what was coming, and shrank from the sight. The women scream and the men crossed themselves as the body of Turlough O'Brien was raised from the water and drawn toward the bank. His stern face with its black hair looked set and ghastly in death; and it had a great gash across the forehead, caused, no doubt, by some timber of the but striking it in the water. There seemed some difficulty in getting the corpse out of the water, and it soon appeared that the right hand held a death grip of something which looked like a bit of smoke browned rafter. The salmon gaff was again used, and the men

raised the body and its prize together. "God be betune us and all evil!" shrieked an old woman. "Sure, it's his own brother he has a hoult of! Throw him in again, boys, or bad luck will follow yez!"

dent disposition on the part of the men to comply with the injunction. "Surely that thing can't be a body!"

It was one, however, shriveled and dried up like a mummy, but nevertheless preserved by the strange antiseptic

were perfectly recognizable. A man in the crowd identified it at once as what remained of Patrick O'Brien. Clearly it had been carried out of its resting place by th

descending water. As a suicide, the priest refused to bury Patrick O'Brien is consecrated ground, and the public opinion against Turlough was so strong that they did not dare to lay him in the graveyard. After the inquest the bodies were claimed by some man in the neighborhood, who declared himsel:—falsely, I believe -to be a relative of the deceased. No one cared to dispute his claim, or ask what he did with them; but I have reason to think that the country people buried him somewhere near the old site of Lough Gallingh, by advice of the "wise woman," who declared that such was the only way to remove the ban that hung over the place. - Chambers' Jour-

White Horses and Warm Weather. "Did you ever see a white or a gray horse overcome by the heat?" asked a well known

livery stable keeper yesterday.

The gentleman to whom the question was directed put on his thinking cap. The rarity of such an occurrence had never before suggested itself to him, and although he was among thousands of horses every day and had seen hundreds overcome, he could not recall a single instance in which a white or gray horse had been prostrated by the sun's rays "The cases of prostration among white or gray horses are very rare," continued the horseman. "We have forty or fifty of them among the 150 we employ, and I never knew of but one that gave out from the effects of the heat in my experience of twenty years in a stable. This, too, was hardly a fair case, as the horse was pulling a heavy coupe, which was overloaded, up one of Fairmount's steep hills. His illness was only momentary, and as soon as he received a little care he was all

right again."
"Can I account for it?" "Well, not exactly. But I suppose that white or gray does not attract the heat like larker colors. You have probably noticed this in your dress. A black, shiny surfaced coat seems to burn into your very flesh, while a garment of light colored cloth appears cool and breezy. This is probably why white or gray horses stand the heat better They are not so susceptible to the sun's rays. "Keep a sharp lookout after this, and you will see that cases where white or gray horse

succumb to the heat are as rare as the 'dead donkey' in England." A veterinary surgeon, speaking on the same subject, said that the liveryman's theory that the light colors did not attract the heat so

readily as the darker ones was correct. "This is well known," said the surgeon, "in many of the countries where the climate is very warm, and for this reason alone horses of dark colors are rarely seen. In Cuba white, gray or sorrel borses bring high prices, while blacks and dark bays can be bought for a song. The people of the wealthier class will not buy them at all, and, as a consequence, no dark horses are brought into the country. -Philadelphia News.

Edison's First Speaking Phonograph. As illustrating the versatility and fecun dity of Edison, the inventor, Mr. Edward H. Johnson, president of the Edison Electric

Light company, tells a good story: 'I was traveling through the west for Edison," he says, "giving exhibitions of and lectures on the telephone. Edison had previous ly told me, in a casual way, that he believed could make a talking machine, and meant to do it some day. In a burst of enthusiasm at Buffalo I boasted that the wigard would astonish them still more as soon as he could find time to perfect his talking machine. The audience went wild over the announce and it was some minutes before I could proceed with my lecture. At its conclusion I was besieged and congratulated by an eager crowd, who extorted from me a promise that would hurry up that talking machine and exhibit it first in Buffalo. I abandoned the remainder of my trip, packed my gripsack and started for Newark that night. All the

"you must let everything else go and finish that talking machine without delay. The em in Buffalo, and the whole audience

called me down. "All right," said Edison, unconcernedly,

"In three days he received from New York the metal cylinder, and before nightfall the phonograph was an accomplished fact."-New York Evening Sun.

A Funeral in Mexico.

A curious feature of Mexican life is the manner of conducting funerals. The rich go to the cemeteries in carriages, as elsewhere; the middle classes go on the street cars, coffir and all, while the poor walk and carry their dead upon their shoulders. When horse cars were first introduced into the Mexican capital the manager of the line conceived the idea of buying and retiring all the hearses. Then he put funeral cars on that branch run ning to the cemetery, and the result was that everybody wishing to bury in consecrated ground was at his mercy. It soon became the fashion to visit the panteon in the horse cars, and all except those two extreme classes. the very richest and the very poorest, now avail themselves of the privilege

One frequently encounters a funeral procession of this kind en route to the grave, the car draped in black if the corpse be that of a man, or in white if it be that of a woman or child; the coffin exposed to the full glare of the sun and the gaze of the populace; the borses, with their nodding plumes, driven by a spruce young man in conventional uniform, and the car containing the "mourners" gliding gayly over the rails. The price of this service is graduated to suit the taste or necessities of the bereaved, and ranges from \$3 to \$300, depending upon the hearse equip-ments, the number of horses and liveried attendants.-The Argonaut.

Whittier and Robert Burns.

The poet Whittier once narrated to the Rev. Robert Collyer this episode in his early This is something like what he said in his old quaint style: When I was on the farm in New Hampshire, and was quite young, an old friend who was visiting the meetings came to stay one night. After supper he said to me, "John, lad, I've something for thee," and then brought out of his saddle bags two little volumes, which turned out to be Burns' poems. "I think thee'll like the book," he I had never read any poetry before except Friends' poetry, and thee'll know what that be. I began to read Burns' and was lost in wonder. It seemed as if the sky had lifted and the world widened, and I saw mankind outside the narrow bounds of the Friends. I read on till mother came down and told me to

Next day, when the gray light was dawning I crept down and got the volumes, and read as ion; as I could. The old Friend came and said, "Thee seems to like it; I'm going further, and I'll leave it till I come back." "Nonsense," said I, hastily, seeing an evimay be and do. A good many folk find fault with Burns. They say that his poetry is impure. Does thee believe me when I tell thee that I have not detected the least impurity in it! His genius is so great and noble that if DEATH PENALTY IN COREA.

Peculiar Manner of Killing Criminals is the Oriental Peninsula.

The manner of killing is peculiar and is especially obnoxious to the Catholic Christians, who are abundant in this country. An ordinary Roman cross is set up on a huge cart drawn by oxen. The man is tied to this with arms extended, and he is thus drawn through the streets. A crier recedes the procession, announcing the crime for which the man is being punished. His friends are allowed to follow and protest his innocence and bewail his sad fate, but as the punish ment is usually visited upon the family if the treason has been glaring, the following of friends is apt to be rather small.

There are two places of execution at the capital. One, selfom used, is in the city, while the chief place is just outside the west gate, on a hillside, where the immense crowds upon the city wall and other high places can get a good view of the interesting sight. Whether the prisoner, in his exhausted state ans succumbed to the torture on the cross of not, on arriving at the place of execution be a placed face downward, with his neck upon a block, when, by one stroke, if it is a good one, the heavy sword severs the head from the body. The hands and feet are then cut off, and the mutilated body is carried back into the city and laid, chest downward, in one of the streets, where it must lie for three

It is refreshing to note that the people, and even the dogs, avoid that street for the time being, and the adjoining shops are closed. They count from the evening when the body is laid out till daylight of the third day, so that the body only lies there one day in reality. The foreigners resident in the capital juring the time following the emeute of 1884, when so many political criminals were exeented, often stumbled upon these horrible sights in their journeyings about the streets. On one occasion when the bodies were near the legations the representatives combined and asked for their removal.

It should be mentioned that the humans king is opposed to this practice, which custom seems still to demand. In case the accuser should be proved an impostor and to have acrused the man falsely, the prisoner or his friends have the right to demand an eye from aim. Their method of obtaining the organ s quite novel, and if well performed it is nore expeditious than is the modern surgical nethod of eneucleation. The culprit is made o stoop over and is then hit with the loaded end of a flexible stick upon a spot on the back of the head, when the eye protrudes sufficiently so that it may be cut off. If, however, the scople who wish the eye are not prompt in loing the cutting operation, the prisoner may mickly replace the eye and possess it there after in peace, all of which is said to have sen done many times, but unfortunately has iot been witnessed, as yet, by foreigners.— seoul Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Poisoned by Mummy Eyes

A weird interest attaches to mummies, and heir coming to life, or exerting an occult inluence when resurrected in one day, has arrished the foundation for several ronances. Here is a prosaic and true story, with the scene laid in matter of fact New York, which goes far to relieve the romancers rom the charge of romancing. Some time igo Messrs. Tiffany & Co. received an invoice of mummies' eyes. I do not go so far as to ay that they were the actual eyes of leading titizens of Thebes and Memphis, but they were taken from the eye sockets of 1 .ummie xhumed from Egyptian tombs. To y may save been the actual eyes reduced to the pardness of stone by the process of embalinng, or they may have been only false eyes ike those used by modern taxidermists in erpetuating the life semblance of some pet 7ido or Tabby. At all events they were lubbed "mummy eyes," and the jewelers set shout getting them ready for the market. hey were amber colored, opaque and luster-

It was thought best to polish them before etting, and a workman was set at the task way home I was wondering whether I hadn't Before he had been long at the work he beame ill of a fever, and another man was put aind of a fever before he had spent much time on the job, and three or four other workmen people are crazy over it. I made a bluff at who succeeded him were taken with the same ymptoms and suffered a similar illness, al hough others, working on other jobs amid he same surroundings and under the same conditions, were enjoying their usual good lealth. Here is an excellent opportunity for he Society for Psychical Research. Were hese illnesses simply a coincidence, or did the nummy eyes really exert some occult and aneful power for their own protection!-

Why Corn Bread is Scarce.

Corn bread, once a staple and common arice of food, is coming to be regarded as a uxury. Not only is this true of the north out also of the south, where Indian corn was it one time preferred to wheat for making oread. A Georgian said in explanation of be change: "The complaint that a really wime article of corn or Indian meal cannot be obtained in towns and cities is general. A country miller told me that he could not proluce good cornmeal by the use of modern grinding machinery. The softest and best layored meal is made from new corn. This he proprietors at large mills refuse to grind. To get good cornmeal the grinding must be lone slowly, and it must be given time to cool properly before it is moved. This can only be done in country mills, and the supply s far behind the demand.

"Besides this, cornmeal cannot be kept long without deteriorating. It is not in the matter of bread making alone, however, that cornmeal has fallen into disuse; it is less used for cooking purposes generally. The great in crease in wheat growing and the improve ments in the flour making line, together with the high price of corn and low price of wheat, is in part responsible for this state of things. Few persons now use corn for economical reasons. Many, however, would prefer it for a considerable portion of the time, if a good article could be procured. The southern corn is preferred to all others, although the flint corn raised in New England is an excellent article; but it requires a large amount of cooking. Corn that grows in the prairie regions of the west is the most undesirable. and as this represents most of the cereal that is for sale it is not used to any great extent."-New York Mail and Express.

High Priced Peaches Abroad. An American who recently returned from England says that before sailing he noticed one day a plate of fine peaches among the fruit of the dining room at the hotel. inquired their price, and was told that the peaches were sixty cents apiece, and that they were "all or nothing" for Englishmen. as the fruit has not yet been brought in quantities which insure cheapness.-Chicago

Tax Collective in Morocco. Muley Hassan knows how to collect taxes

anyway. Recently many of his subjects nifested a tendency to be delinquent. Thereupon he cut off the heads of a dozen or so and stuck them up in front of his pulace, to encourage prompt settlement on the part of the others. It worked splendidly. Every belinquent taxpayer in Morocco settled up in full, next day .- New York Tribune.

LIGHT AND AIRY.

A Great Problem. A Great Problem.

There are problems in arithmetic
That pale a fellow's gills,
And algebraic corkers
And geometric pills.
But the toughest of all problems,
That with dread a husband fills,
Is to buy the earth "at special sale"
For two small \$ bills.
—Chicago Inter-Ocean,

Change of Base. Kansas City Reporter-I have an account of a fellow guilty of all sorts of brutalities which ought to send him to the penitentiary

for life.
Able Editor-Write him up and I'll de nand of the authorities their reason for not

arresting him. Who is he! Mulligan, the three card monte sharp," "Eh! That slugger who licked the three ditors across the way f" "The same.

"Remember the golden rule, my boy, 'Deal gently with the erring.'"—Omahr A Christmas Carol. We loathe, abhor, detest, despise The man who does not advertise.

And when he finds after New Year's Enough to justify his fears That he laid in too large a stock, That to his store folks didn't flock, And half his goods are still on shelf, He'll loathe, detest, despise himself.

—Lowell Courier

A Good Yearly Average. "But, Mr. Superintendent, you will admit, suppose, that your street cars are outrage

"Well, yes, in winter they are pretty cold, of course, but you ought to be willing to take a reasonable view of the matter." "Reasonable view?"
"Why, certainly. Now, if you should put

thermometer in our cars and leave it there the year round you would find that with the 110 degrees above zero in the summer and the 10 degrees below zero in the winter we strike a pretty good average in the entire year."—Buffalo News.

The Inevitable End. Although he covets it from birth, And covets it through life's brief span, Man never, never gets the earth, It is the earth that gets the man

-Boston Courier A Lover of Candor.

Impecunious Man-I wish you would be so kind as to lend me \$5. I'll pay you back in a few days. Candid Friend-If you and asked me for the loan in a candid and draightforward manner I would have lent you the money, but asking me in the way you lid causes me to distrust you. "I don't understand you." "You asked me to be so kind as to lend you \$5." "Yes." "If you had been candid you would have said to me: 'Be so stupid, be such an ignominious ass, such hopeless idiot, as to lend me \$5,' and you might have got it."-Texas Siftings.

A Traveled Man.

Mr. Overtherhine (a Cincinnati drummer) Yes, I've been an extensive traveler, Miss Waldo. For the past ten years I don't believe I have spent more than one month out of the twelve at home. Miss Waldo (a young lady from Boston)-

Oh. I think traveling is so interesting, and it improves one so much, you know. You have isited Paris, Mr. Overtherhine. Mr. Overtherhine-No, we have another

man for Kentucky; my route all lies north of the Ohio river.—New York Sun. The Cigarette.

I am only a small cigarette. But my work I will get in, you bet, For the stern coffin maker And grim undertaker Will declare I bring fish to their net, -Boston Budget

Science Is Everything. interested at all in matters of a scientific nature, Miss Waldof

Miss Waldo (of Boston)-Oh, very much, Mr Wabash!" Mr. Wabash-You think, then, that every one should possess some knowledge of

Miss Waldo-Yes; I attribute much of our Mr. Sullivan's phenomenal success to his scientific ability."—The Epoch.

Good Taste Misplaced.

Fair Visitor (to convict in for life for murlering his grandmother)-There is a bunch of sweet violets for you, sir. Have you anything to complain of?

Convict-Well, yes, Miss. I'm a very tall nan, as you see, and this striped suit unpleasantly emphasizes my stature. I ought to have something in a pronounced check. The Enoch

Fashion Note. A sacrificing wife is dear. Her husband well should prize her, But the best wife this time o' year Is a sealskin sacrificer.

-Detroit Free Press

All Up With Him. Wife-I am afraid, my dear, that Clara's quarrel with young Mr. Sampson is a very erious matter.

Husband-Nonsense; they will be as de oted as ever in a few days. Wife-No, John, I think you are mistaken. No girl will quarrel with her lover just before Christmas unless there are good and sufficient reasons for it.-New York Sun.

Of Not Much Interest. Lady (to husband)-You don't tell me, John, that eleven cities were overflown and millions of people left homeless and starving!

Husband-Yes, in China. Lady (disappointed)-Oh, in China. Interesting matters of that kind always happen such a provokingly long distance away!-New York Sun.

Live in the Present. "Live, live today!" the sage has said; The present's ours, the future isn't; Regret not Christmases now fied; Content be with the "Christmas present."

A Misunderscanding.

Father (who has given his consent)-I pe, young man, that you know the value of the prize you will get in my daughter! Young Man-Well-er-no, sir; I don't know the exact value, but as near as I can find out it's in the neighborhood of \$50,000.-New York Sun.

St. Nicholas and Culture Clash-American Youth (aged 6)-Now if the effect of eighty bolts of electricity is equal in applied force to-Santa Claus-Holy Grail! is this the youngster that I've brought a yellow monkey on a red stick for !- Judge.

> And He Gets It. When ice is thick and deep's the snow, And winter days are drear O! Man wants but little here below -Boston Courier.