LOVE'S SEASONS.

wall flowers to the frolie wind Do dance their golden aigulets, d elf malds steal the hawthorn beads to wear for fairy anulets. e spring is here, the spring is here— e love time of the year, my dear;

heavy hang the apple boughs, Weighed down by balls of yellow gold; e poppy bods, so flery bright, as would burn the hearts they hold. summer's here, the summer's here-kiss time of the year, my dear!

birds are winging for the south, he elf maids haste them to their howers d dandelion bells do float like silver ghosts of golden flowers. autumn's here, the autumn's he wife time of the year, my dear!

r are the heavens not more gray han are the eyes of her I love; re dainty white than her sweet breast snow lies not the earth above. vinter's here, the winter's here-

love time lasts the year, my -Amelie Rives in Harper's Magazine

Y MOUNTAIN OF GOLD.

else than grizzly bears and centipedes in min, and inducing English travelers ke the circuit of the globe by way of es instead of going to and from Ausdirect-I say while engaged in this no some enterprising newspapers discovthat the secret of my life on Mount among the savages was not for the purposes of writing poetry from na-but for the purpose of robbery and

I did not deny it. So far from that I the facts, as furnished me by the newsof the time, and wrote out a full and ate confession. But I stopped short of eret source of my wealth; the vast which paved my way to the first steps thrones of Europe. And now again same enterprising historians of my are pushing their inquiries as to the my present great fourtune. For deed can a man build a castle and be d of so many acres in the suburbs of a city without a mountain of gold, or at yons of buried treasure, at his back? that another delegation of old miners untaineers, who got all their facts he same source, have come down from nowy beights to gaze on the secrets of Lost Cabin," "The Buried Treasure," Mountain of Gold."

I am growing old: and remembering money that has been spent in ng for the lost treasure of Capt. Kidd companions, I have resolved at last up the narrative where I left off in k, and give The Golden Era the story scovery of my mountain of gold and acident connected therewith up to the ment I beheld it. And in return for ret I only ask that you who underperusal of this narrative will read it nd. For all the point, all the purthe real secret and solid truth and of the matter lies in the last paranot in the last line. In fact I feel tain that if we could only get at the athbed confessions of some of our men-as the world estimates greatday-we would find something not idely different from this I have here

know you are eager to hear of the I f proceed at once. In my narraetofore published, after the escape old adobe prison, I record the fact rode and rode night and day and day ht, and were now near to the borders iver in the dear old mountains. The rirl had brought the best men of her so her father and her three brothers, the escape and flight. Be patient, hurriedly on over the bloody event t me entirely alone. I must, I see, once to the mountain of gold.

et the soldiers who had been set to or us at the steep and wooded cross-deep, wide river. We did not athanging turn back on our weary and half ses; but, dashing to one side, we esperate and reckless, down the pre-bank and struck out bravely for the altic precipice that frowned to the uds on the other side. , the rain of deadly lead that fold that fell from the soldiers as they the high bluff above and fired down so weary! Slow, so slow! The the dark and the cold blue waters eternal mountain of waters before cheerless and so chill! The rain rom above, the steep and inaccessi-before, the deep, dark waters below, mb to many now. A shot would orse in the spine, the back of the where, and he would then drift wn, the hot blood bursting from ils and reddening the blue water L A shot would strike an Indian in on the head. He would slip from the tly, and down, down and away; boughs of the mighty pines and first and tamarack leaning darkly over. down, down, one after anothe at rain of deadly lead, till only I dian girl, as if we had been too death to find there in the dark -we alone survived as we neared nd snow crowned bluff before us. a last farewell, shot from the the bank behind us, and I climbed retdy, grassy, desolate and lonely

red man's fire and the white man's fire, the strings of some mighty mountain harp of northerner's fire and the southerner's fire, gold.

are the same. Patience: the gold soon!

light and abundant wood. The fire took her in its pure embrace; and she mounted on stairs of fire to the stars. The sudden and impetuous flame that had leaped far up against the mighty granite

precipitous path leading crosswise up the perilous pass to the world above. And when I had laid a circle of white

stones about the ashes of my dead I went up to this narrow little path and examined it closely. It was smooth to the touch. I was thrilled with delight. May be it was smooth from the touch of human feet. At least it was a path of some wild animal; some sort of

life was surely in the habit of passing from this awful depth and narrow spot to the hile I was in Europe, nearly twenty years light and life above; and surely I could aching the world that there was some- climb where either bear or mountain lion could climb, The moon was getting far around. But I

felt that if I could climb up for a few hun-dred feet I could then get her light full on the steep rocks before me, and then know whether or not to proceed. One thing certask, and with what success let the land tain: I could not remain where I was. Bear with me; we now come to the gold.

Tightening my belt, tying my moccasin strings so that my feet might be certain as the feet of the wild beasts of the forest about me, I sprang desperately up the ledge.

breath began to fail a little, and, hanging on

The narrow path had not been quite perpendicular. It ran up the river, as it were, but steep, so steep! Another struggle forward; but now my narrow little path, which the track of an old and decayed quartz vein. It was smooth as oil to the touch, this precipitous, overhanging path of mine; and I wondered what beast could find pleasure or profit in passing up or down this frightful route. me, behind me. I tightened my belt again with my left hand as I held on hard with my right to a jutting crag on the edge of my steep, smooth path, and then again, with clenched teeth and set lips, I struggled up and on.

about me again on earth. But the path was so narrow now! So steep

hardly be drawn between the smooth hard rocks. And at the last this steep and narrow groove began to grow shallow! What if it should come entirely to the surface? What

if it should end entirely here? I had now made at least 300 feet. At an angle of 45 degs, you can calculate with pre-cision how far above the dark waters I was

sight. The fiames loaped up in my face, as a little vein where the decayed rock had been. dog leaps up tolick your face with his red tongue when you have been long absent. Oh, the kindly, friendly, familiar fire! It bright to shut me from the upper world forwas as if I had known it a thousand years ever. These hars and cords of gold were this friendly fire leaping in my face. The stretched across like the golden cords and

And now I knew that I must fall. Nor And now the fire spread and ran to the dead. It reached out its arms to her where she lay pallid and alone on the white and rounded drift wood. ounded drift wood. mated the distance, the depth of the cold I understood. I heaped up the white and dark waters below, where I should strike in my fall, how deep I would sink, how soon I should rise, how far I should have to swim, and all the terrible details. We think very

fast at such times. I had laid hold of the two strongest and wall before me had shown a narrow, almost longest bars of gold which blocked my progress. I felt certain that they could not be very firmly fixed in the narrow vein of rotzen quartz. I shook at them as I had shaken at my prison bars when in a terrible prison. I felt them surely begin to yield! Cool, calm and deliberate, I decided not to attempt to leap, but to hold on fast to the bars of gold which I felt were gradually giving way. My feet were slipping from under

me. This would throw my whole weight on the bars of gold. They were surely, certainly, fast giving way. When they no longer held me I should drop; down, down, down! I had decided to hold my hands straight

and hard and fast and firmly above my head, as I was holding them at that moment. This would keep my body stiff and straight in the descent. I should pierce the water be-

as I fell!

decided to do.

ler in The Golden Era.

I struck the water straight as a shot.

felt the cool, sweet waves in my face.

went down, down, down, with my gold.

A Drummer Squelched.

low like an arrow. When once deep and far down in the waters I should let go the gold, dart up like a cork to the surface and be saved. I did not have long to wait. I did not have to wait ten seconds. The bars of gold gave way! I could One hundred feet! 200 feet! And then my not save myself! Down! down! down! The stars looked me in the face, full and tranquil,

to the rocks in the narrow little pass, I began to look out and above and over the great, deep waters below. Not a sound; not even a single object in

sight below. Death had come and death had taken my friends and fled. The fire had come and gone. The fire had come out of the rocks below and taken my life, my love, the beautiful Indian girl, and gone away. How alone I was now! Listen! We come to the gold now! But the moon was with me, lingered with me a little still. I had overtaken her in her flight. And the stars were close about me now. I was companioned with worlds I shall see hereafter. I was set apart, as it seemed to me, and belonged to space, Patience; one moment more, then the gold!

I could see by the moonlight, was made in to a nearby parish, took place in a dilibegan to think of returning. Then I shuddered at the thought. It was so dark, so good story in his own mind and practidesolate, so deadly there. Then I felt of the cal joke. The clerical standing of the smooth rock under my feet, and I knew that archbishop did not exempt him even there was less peril in going ahead than in from attempts at banter or witticism, attempting to descend. Death was before but with the consideration he thought

The path wound out and still further over proper respect. the dark abyss below. But the moon was there, close about me, closer than before; and the stars! I shall never have them so close the archbishop and an ass?"

tomary courtly manner and without the and so very narrow that my body could least appearance of offense or resentment, replied that he could not. ""Because," replied this clown in his

aly inaminal.

MUTILATION FOR CASH.

HANDS AND FEET CUT OFF TO GET ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

> Extraordinary Attempts at Fraud by Men in Pecuniary Distress or Too Lazy. to Work-The Left Hand Is the Most

Frequently Severed-One Man's Claim. Everybody has read in the newspapers

from time to time of the many alleged frauds attempted upon the life insurance companies, but few, probably, are aware of the claim which is made by the acci-dent companies that the fraudulent claims against them, in proportion to the number of persons insured, outnumber those against the life companies ten to one.

Recently there was held a meeting of the representatives of some of the leading companies doing an accident business for the purpose of devising means of relief in the matter.

Some insurance men advocated the strict enforcement of the law punishing self mutilation, while others say that legislation could be enacted against the companies, who, in their eagerness to get business, invite fraud by the large indemnities offered and the liberal time limit given. In 1889 the accident companies issued policies giving \$2,500 for the loss of a leg, arm, foot or hand.

This has been worked, it is claimed, so extensively by persons who did not mind maiming themselves in order to secure the insurance money that it has become one of the greatest evils in the business. LOSS OF HANDS AND FEFT.

"We found," said A. N. Lockwood, president of the Accident Insurance Provident Fund society, to a reporter, heard the waters crash above my head as l that in every single claim received by I retained my senses. I am perfectly cerus the indemnity asked for was for the maiming or loss of the left hand. This tain of that. I did all things just as I had naturally excited our suspicion. The Nay, I did all things as I had intended to claimants were all found to be persons do, except just one thing. And that was my fatal mistake. I did not like to let go of my pecuniarily embarrassed, such as men out of work, men who, rather than work, gold. I would not, I could not let go of my gold. And so I was drowned.-Joaquin Milpreferred losing their left hand for \$2,500, and men who had seen better days and who had large families to provide for. We reduced the indemnity for a hand to It was in the old days, when traveling \$1,250, since which time we have not had one claim for the loss of a hand.

by stage coach was more common than it is at present, that the then archbishop "This, however, did not end our of Paris, Monseigneur Affre, voyaging troubles, for immediately claims for 'foot indemnities,' which had remained at \$2,500, grew more numerons. Other gence with a number of gentlemen of companies have had the same experidifferent social stations. Among the ence. A president of one of the accident group was a young drummer for a business house who, like his successors of a companies told me yesterday that he was satisfied that not one claim had been later era, was ever on the lookont for a genuine in all the claims presented against his company in a year. As a rule, the other companies pay \$2,500 for the loss of either a hand or foot, and the number of people who are willing to lose a hand or foot for that much money is due to the company present he passed the youngster's efforts over with merely astounding, and there are more frauduan indulgent smile. Waxing bolder by lent insurance cripples in the United this apparent immunity, the young trav-States today than war cripples. Why, you have no idea of the business of self eler at last went beyond all bounds of mutilation that is being carried on for "Can you tell me, your grace," he the purpose of beating insurance comasked spiritedly, "the difference between panies.

"There is a case before the courts which is exciting the interest of every accident company doing business in this city. It is the case of a professional man who, it is believed, maimed himself deliberately to recover \$32,500 insurance. HORRIBLE NERVE.

"He was insured in thirteen different The sally, such as it was, was met by the most frigid silence by all the pasand on the day before he proposed startsengers save the archbishop, who smiling on the journey he let his gun fall and shot off one of his great toes. The companies hearing of the accident, sent their best doctors to his assistance. They think they have evidence to show that the man intended to have the foot amputated to avoid blood poisoning and collect the \$32,500 indemnities. "Another case is that of a man who lives in Broome county, this state, who

foot, there has been a great increase in

the number of accidents to the left

hand, and it was found that people were

maiming themselves to get the insur-

ance. In the preferred class of risks,

though, these cases are extremely rare.

There have also been cases where people

with shriveled feet and hands in which

there was no life or feeling havs chopped them off to get the insurance."-New

The Notices Are All Right.

perior court who have occasion to use

the writing table that stretches across

the room have been startled recently by

large placards tacked about two feet

apart informing whom it may con-

cern that "these inkstands must not

be taken away." Since "these ink-

"In the mistakes of the past we should

A Thought.

Live up to the level of your best

thoughts; keep the line of your life tense

and true; it is but a thread, but it be-

longs to the great republican warp where

Time is weaving a nation. You cannot

Visitors to the clerk's office of the su-

York World.

What a Sportsman Says.

I once neeped in upon the meeting of a society for the protection of wild birds, or something of the sort, and noted that nearly

fox fur ornaments, and every woman had on a sealskin. Poor little soft furred animals, why are they so cruelly treated? I suppose there is a difference of a radical sort between for and feathers. Up in the far north they beat seals to death with clubs and dressy men everywhere are glad of it; down it Florida they shoot herons with guns, and the

ird cranks wail about it from the depths of their luxurious furs. Oh, humanity, thou art a delicious fraud! If sealskin were ugly would not be fashionable; if plumes were not beautiful herons would not be killed Ah, do you know my beautiful young lady,

how many murdered silk worms your resplendant gown represents? Poor little creatures, they had to be killed in order to get their cocoons! Let's get up a society for the protection of silk worms. Don't you feel rather mean when you reflect that each time you twang your guitar or scrape your violin you are torturing the bowels of a crucified sect? What cruelty for the mere luxury of music! Take that transparent comb out of your hair this minute; it's made of a shell torn from the back of a murdered tortoise By the way, there is a heron plume in your hat. Your gloves once covered the delicate flesh of a kid; your shoes, too, once bleated and kicked up and played in the sunshine of France, as lively a goat as the one that ran away from good M. Seguin in Daudet's charming story. Let those who reside in transparent houses refrain from peeping through other people's windows. There's no telling where the peeping business is going to

An Old Bullet. Bob Lockhart dropped in to renew his subscription.

Ocean.

"I have something in my inside pocket which I want to show you," he said, and after searching for a few seconds Bob produced the half of a large round leaden ball

"I was sawing up a fat lightwood log, and you will see where the saw passed through the center of the bullet. Well, I got to thinking afterward how old this bullet must be. The log was fat heart pine two feet thick. Evidently the bullet was shot into the tree when small or else it could not have pierced to the center, and the tree was evidently 100 years old when it fell to the ground. It may have laid there 100 years or more. You know fat pine never decays. 1 am

satisfied that old man Ponce de Leon, on his tour through this country, must have fired a fancy shot at a skulking savage, and plugged the tree instead of the Indian. You see it's a round ball, and as it is so large 1 judge it to be of Spanish make.

Bob is quite an antiquarian, you know -Atlanta Journal

The palmiest day of the tableau enter tainment has rather gone by. Sacrod and profane history, ancient and modern customs have been faithfully worked for varieties in tableau representation and their freshness has pretty well departed. An entertainment of pretty and pictu-

resone scenes, unvaried by action or movement, is a somewhat mild form of run of favor. Tableaux, represented by good folks that they all know, are something that the strictest church people can look upon without a feeling of sin, and a great deal of money for good causes has been realized in this way. They flourish best in home soil and pre-

natured puffs of amiable editors and the family pride which loves to see Sis on

A PLANO TUNER TALKS.

SOME OF THE STRANGE THINGS EN-COUNTERED IN HIS TRADE.

Poke Canes Under the Strings-Finding a Lost Pocketbook-Results of a Man's Carelessness,

"Look out for that rat!" was the exclabroomstick, with the accompanying screaming by the women folk, is neces-sary to get rid of the animal.

Children oftentimes cause planos to get out of order, but while the trouble caused by them is usually quickly repaired there are times when they do more damage than rats. Left alone in the room with an open instrument the spirit of mischief co over them, and a cane or a book is poked in under or among the strings. owner returns to play on the plano, and then finds it at sixes and sevens. As everything was all right but a few minutes before the cause of the trouble cannot be understood, and then there is bluster about the house. Should the piano be a new one the maker is blamed, the instrument is condemned, and a sharp letter is forwarded to the seller. The repairer with fear and trembling hastens to the scene, the trouble is found, and after apologies, the whipping of the small boy who did the mischief, and the payment of the bill for repairs, the plano is left to its fate.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

Picking up a five cent piece lying on the action, the tuner said: "Here is something, too, I find as well as rats' nests and the work of children. To be sure money is not found frequently, especially in any considerable amount, but the finding of two fat pocketbooks and a ten dollar gold piece I will never forget. The gold had been placed in the piano for safe keeping been placed in the plane for sale keeping by a young lady, and its hiding place for-gotten, and my finding it, of course, made the owner happy. The bringing to light of one of the pocketbooks made me \$50 richer, that being a present from its loser. It had been missing for a year, and contained \$600. Detectives had been year. hunting for thieves who, it was supposed had stolen the money. The discovery of the pocketbook brought back the recolamusement. For obvious reasons this kind of entertainment has had a long run of favor. Tablance removed to the fallen in the inside, where I had found it. "Instead of getting a reward I came

near being arrested, and perhaps sen-tenced to a term of imprisonment for finding the purse. Its contents were over \$200, and like the other one, having been carelessiy left on top of the instrument. it fell inside. Being missed while I was companies. He intended making a trip west, taking his fowling piece with him, not a little have they owed to the good a country justice, remembering where he had laid it, suspicion rested on me as the one who had taken it. When I remarked

To meet life's loady path along-

To part and neet again no more, Yet, ere they vanish 'mid the throng, Perchance one heart may never more Regain the peace it knew before; If one must weep and one forget 'Twere better far they had not met.

The fleeting hour so quickly fled One never will recall again, But one shall mourn the moment sped And peace of heart no more regain^{*} While one will never feel a pain; Since one must weep and one forget "Twere better far they had not met.

-W. E. Hunt.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

If I were you and had pink shells for ears, And eyes like violets dipped in dew; Of having my love's love I'd have no fears, If I were you.

If I were you, with such flower like face, And all a flower's own grace to hold it too; I'd keep my heart at flower pure in its place. If I were you.

If I were you and looked to be a queen, I'd keep myself, as though I knew, That what's beneath should equal what is If I were you.

If I were yon, and God had made me fair, So fair that I seemed made to woo; I'd be as gracious as my graces were, If I were you.

If I were you-but no, alas! I see-I could not love you as I do Nor tell you all I'd strive to be, If I were you.

-Brooklyn Life

The Oldest Family.

In matter of antiquity Mohammed must yield precedence to the Chinese philsopher, Confucius, who died 479 years before the Christian era. There is no known race that can boast of an antiquity like his. On the occasion of the death of the Chinese statesman, known in Europe and America as the Marquis Tsang, we learned that his title of noblility was lue, not to any connection with Confucius himself, but to his descent from one of the four chief disciples of the great teacher.

There are, however, very numerous iving descendants of Confucius; and although he has been dead 2,370 years, superior rank is conceded to them in China solely from their relationship to him. Moreover, when Confucius was born, 550 B. C., his family was already among the most ancient of the empire, and had a recorded history of more than three centuries. Tradition goes still further back, extending the probable duration of the family to little less than 8,000 years.-Chicago Times.

Vespucius' Descendant.

It is rather remarkable that so many men identified with the early history of this continent should have living descendants. Many of us remember the lady who visited New York some years ago who claimed descent from Americus Vespucius, and had a conviction on her mind that the Congress of the United States ought to bestow some kind of pecuniary recognition on the name. Congress was not in a pensioning frame of mind and she returned home no richer than she came.

Her visit, however, led to a close investigation of the career of her ancestor, which resulted in the discovery that the word America originated in a name given by the natives to a portion of the coast which he visited. Nevertheless the lady is believed to have been lineally descended from Americus Vespucius, or rather the person whose name was Latinized into that form. -Chicago Times.

The Tableau.

Rats Play Ravoe with the Felts-Children

mation of a plano tuner to a reporter. a few days ago, as he stood watching him take a plano to pieces. The words had barely been said when a large, lean rat jumped out of the instrument and scam-pered across the room and out of an open door. While he was dexterously remov-ing the rat's nest from inside the piano the reporter asked if rats were usually part and parcel of pianos. The tuner re-marked that while probably two thirds of the instruments in residences were free from the rodents, the other third were infested with them, at least that had been his experience during twenty years of his life. Those in the country, especially in well to do farmers' houses, were gener-ally inhabited by rats, and in dozens of cases fully half a bushel of small scraps of paper that had been carried there by the pests had been discovered. The paper and the nests were not so bad, but rats very frequently did the instrument much damage. Rats play havoe with the felts in the action, and he had repaired planos where the felts had all been eaten away. Occasionally a hungry rat is discovered that shows fight, and the wielding of a end .-- Maurice Thompson in Chicago Inter

wanted to die! To die and float the great watery tomb with those ilently died for me. I arose at last to the water, and there saw two clinging to the grass roots, two to arms reaching up from out the weak to climb up, too weak to er, just letting go, the warm blood waters red around her!

ther up and with all my strength ck and up against the steep bluff varm with sunshine gone away! red her to speak. But she could me, her lips quivering, her little is clutching, her life blood tricka on the grasses. Be patient; gold scene scont

th the curious moon came out from tree tops on the other side, and wn at this child of the woods in der. And then the stars, larger lilies, they too came down to see girl was dead. I laid her down on ds, pine cones and drift wood, and alone, so alone!

desolate life widened and widened ed away till it touched and took res of death, and I was even then man. Patience; I come to the gold

re now! What next! We had be river, far below the crossing. precipice, where no human feet

washed and whitened wood, the the kelp, the weeds, the thousand of bark and leaf and cast away

river when full and raging. But ch crickets were here. to sing; came clad in black, on the rocks and on the edge of her, as if singing on some And they knew they were safe, ckets clad in black. Her little had never harmed anything. They were still and cold now.

s on soon to the gold! slowly sinking. The moon was was going to leave me She dead. The very stars seemed uncertain, and kept wheeling nd the crown and summit of efore me. I canght up two fints little sandbar, and engerly, ick a fire. It was a friendly

I did not dare look below. I did not dar dream of turning back now. I hardly dared breathe. On! on! on! Slowly, steadily, up! My fingers were benumbed. feet also had almost failed me! At last! suddenly my outstretched hand

struck a level spot, and I drew myself up and into a little resting place. And with such thankfulness as few can ever know! The moon was full in my back now, and looking straight into the rounded narrow little level resting place before me. There

was a pool of water here in the heart of this niche in the awful overhanging precipica, And around this little pool of water, with all the order of nature undisturbed, there was growing a little garden of yellow flowers. As if this fissure of the earth was some angel's own perfect little garden.

I gathered these flowers. They were only a few, and, oh, so frail! Then reaching my right hand out and over the dark waters below I threw them with all my might down and away toward where a heap of ashes lay. Be nationt: the cold now! The moon was going behind the steep wall

very suddenly new. Soon it would be dark. Would wild beasts come down the pathway theaf It was not wide enough for two of us to meet anywhere except at this one narrow little resting place where these flowers were. Would they comet Suddenly I began to wonder why those

frail little flowers had grown in such untroubled perfection. How could these flower grow there under the passing feet of the wild wasts!

I looked up. The path was nearly precipi-tous now; and it literally hung above the waters. To my horror I now saw trickling down the deepest trench and groove of the cleft

in the overhanging rock a feeble stream of water! Ah, then I knew why the flowers had not

benst1 No living thing had ever passed this way before. This seam of old and decaying tleman's Magazine. quartz had been fashioned out by the rain of henven and the melting snows. Where did this little water course come from! Would it end suddenly and leave me hanging

on the face of the precipice and in mid air? I grew desperate at the thought of it.] spran; up and on, determined to know the worst. It was hard work getting on and up,

made d sperate by my surroundings. I had known from the first that this old de-

never had once cared to get down and pick

down, after having been forced it up. Gold was abundant here all up and dow od face front to a steep and this precipitous vein. I could see it in seams with hands as I climbed. It has a softer

found another little resting place. I had no changed. And how far to the summit now I was in utter despair. The place where rested was almost precipitons, and I could not rest long here. Besides being so very

steep, it was very slippery from the oily gold, made more smooth and oily by the little rivulet that trickled down under my feet. I should certainly slip and fall if I re-

and a few feet further on I found my way literally barred with bars of gold that crossed the groove! The quartz had de cayed and fallen away, and the waters had washed and rounded and smoothed these bars of gold while they deepened the narrow

"Now, in my turn, I'd like you to tell ns the difference between a commercial traveler and an ass?" As though it were a mystery as deep

The reverend gentleman, with his cus

as the Sphinx the young wit pondered for some time and then gave it up. "I don't see it," he confessed.

"Neither do I," replied the archbishop "there isn't any."

changing of horses .- Washington Star.

The Conversational Circle

say nothing of public banquets of strangers. They are a contradiction in terms.

round if possible, and, say, four or half a dozen guests, are sufficient. More will break up into separate knots, and fewer

mean a tete-a-tete. "I had," says Tho reau, "at Walden three chairs in my house, one for solitude, two for friend ship, three for society." The hermit Thoreau in his hut at Walden was wiser than the man who looks for society in a crush.

land place, whose wife inflicted huge parties upon him, was standing in a very forlorn condition leaning against

the chimney piece. A gentleman came up to him and said: "Sir, as neither of us is acquainted with any of the people here, I think we had best go home." Social crowds must not expect the great

made on this smooth rock by either man or poleon because, when a lot of ladies were presented to him, he only remarked

Poison by Absorption.

but I was refreshed by my rest. I was also

caved scam of quartz was a gold bearing vein; but there was nothing new or of specia interest in that; for I had galloped my horse many a time over mountains of gold, and

wherever I turned my eyes. I could feel it

the spot of sand and stone, with touch than stone, and seems smooth and oily. At last, when almost ready to abandon all hope, when almost ready to let go my hold and fall to the dark deep waters under me, I goue far this last effort. Yet I was entirely

mained. But could I go on? I attempted it Bunting-In Japan the servants in

The smart drummer got off at the next was known to have deliberately chopped off his left hand with a hatchet, striking it two blows. The man's explanation was

that he had been attacked by two thieves, and that while holding one of them in The circle must not be too large.

the grip of his left hand the other severed his hand with a hatchet. The wood upon which the hand rested when chop-

Big dinner parties of ill assorted guests ped off showed plainly the marks of the also are failures from a conversationis center of the blade only, proving that the point of view. A fireside, or a table, hatchet had been brought down straight

and deliberately. "Cases like this are coming up right along. A man recently lost a foot on a railroad. He claimed that he had fallen

off the train and had get his foot caught under the wheels. He was subsequently found sitting beside the track with his hat on. There was nothing to indicate

that there had been an accident except the loss of the foot. His clothing was An unhappy husband, living in Portfree from dirt or grease, and there was testimony to show that he had walked up to the train and thrust his foot under

> the wheels." "There is no doubt," said Richard M. Johnson, agent of the Travelers' Accident Insurance company, "that since the accident companies offered an indemnity of \$2,500 for the loss of a hand or a

men amongst them to talk well. Sh must have been a most unreasonable been broken. No foot mark had ever been person who was disappointed with Na-

to each of them how hot it was .- Gen-

The slow absorption of many poisons changes in some more or less modified form the complexion, but arsenic and am monia show their effect about as quickly as any. The popular belief that arsenic

clears the complexion has led many silly women to kill themselves with it in small, continued doses.

It produces a waxy, ivorylike appear ance of the skin during a certain stage of the poisoning, but its terrible after effects have become too well known to make it of common use as a cosmetic.

stands" are about the size of the average The effects of ammonia upon the com hat, and are kept filled with ink, the plexion are directly opposite from that warning seems quite as gratuitous as it of arsenic. The first symptoms of amwould be to placard notices to people not monia poisoning which appears among to walk off with a red bot stove. those who work in aromonia factories is A lawyer who took offense at these a discoloration of the skin of the nose notices got one of the office veterans in and forehead. This gradually extends a corner the other day and asked him if over the face, until the complexion has a he did not think such a notice was carstained, blotched and unsightly appearrying a joke perilously far. The veteran ance. With people who take ammonia shook his head, and in saddened tones into their systems in smaller doses, as thus answered: with their water and food, these striking symptoms do not appear so soon. seek our guidance for the future."-New The only effect of the poison that is vis-York Times. ible for a time is a general unwholesome-

ness and sallowness of the complexion -St. Paul Globe.

The Service Is Civil.

variably treat their employers with defgrential consideration. Larkin-Japan has a civil service law, 1 suppose .- Munsey's Weekly. Thomas Hughes.

the stage in a fancy costume, looking as pretty as a peachblow vase.-Springfield Homestead.

How Foolscap Was Named.

Everybody knows what "foolscap" paper is, but everybody does not know how it came to bear that name. In order to increase his revenues Charles granted certain privileges, amounting to monopolies, and among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain par ties, who grew rich, and enriched the government at the expense of those who were obliged to use paper. At that time

all English paper bore the royal arms in water marks. The parliament under Cromwell made

sport of this law in every possible manner, and among other indignities to the memory of Charles it was ordered that the royal arms be removed from the paper, and that the fool's cap and bells should be used as a substitute. When the rump parliament was prorogued these were also removed, but paper of the size of the parliamentary journals, which is usually about 17 by 14 inches. still bears the name of "foolscap."-Harper's Young People.

Proving Polarization

The polarization of the human body can be proved by allowing a strong current to flow through the body from one end to the other, the hands being placed in two basins connected with the poles. The hands are then dried and placed in two other basins of water, connected with the wires of a delicate galvanome ter. A current in the reverse direction to the original one is then found to flow from the body .- Boston Transcript.

Settled at Last.

It has finally been settled in Scotland that after a single man and woman have kept company for fourteen years, and have not denied to ontsiders that they contemplated matrimony, that the man can be sned for breach of promise, and that no further proof shall be needed by the plaintiff .- Detroit Free Press.

Somewhat Trying, Neverthaless

Do not suppose that a young woman is necessarily in an unamiable frame of mind when you meet her bearing a muddy overshoe in hand. The relief that she experienced when she gave up trying to keep the thing on more than balanced her vexation at spoiling a glove and boot; but oh! the things that women think and don't say when at every step a misfit overshoe drops down at the heel would make a volume for the government to suppress.-Boston Commonwealth.

It should be remembered that the leeper the well the larger the area from which the rain water finds its way into it. No discharges or other secretions from the room of a sick person should be thrown on the ground or buried in it within at least 100 feet of the well.

Mrs. John Drew has been on the stage for sixty-two years. She is seventy-one years old, and when a child of nine she sppcared in several plays in the Louisville theaters. She was born in London, alter its attachment yonder to the past- and was advertised in her youthful days nor yonder to the unrolling years - as an "infantile phenomenon.

the mysterious actions of the justice, his wife and two daughters, he told me of his loss and what he suspected, and threatened my arrest unless the money was immedi-ately produced. It was a bad predicament to be in, and what to do puzzled me. The finding of the other pocketbook flashed across my mind. I suggested a search in be interior of the piano, and there it was found to my joy. The old man took it without as much as saying "Thank you," and to this day 1 think he holds the opinion that I hid it away in the piano." -Chicago Journal.

Bismarck's Weighing Machine.

Close by the side of Prince Bismarck's bath is a weighing chair, covered with red velvet, of the most modern construc-tion, and the great German minister never fails to "try his weight" at least once a day, or to record the result of his trial in the small diary he keeps attached by a string to the arm of the weighing chair for the purpose. There was a time when the prince scaled the somewhat Gargantuan weight of 247 pounds; but 'much has happened since then," as his late friend Lord Beaconsfield once re-marked. And, among other things, the prince has taken not to "Banting," but to a more recent system of dealing with one's "too, too solid flesh." Thanks to deter-mined perseverance in the system, the German chancellor was last Friday able to announce at the breakfast table, in a tone of triumph, that he that morning only weighed 190 pounds. Europe, which has such a deep interest in Prince Bismarck's continued life and good health, would do well, if possible, to secure for information a daily return of the weights re-corded in the chancellor's little diary.-

Coffee as a Disinfectant.

London Figaro.

Coffee is a handy and harmless disinfee tant. Experiments have been made in Paris to prove this. A quantity of meat was hung up in a closed room until de-composed, and then a chafing dish was introduced and 500 grammes of coffee thrown on the fire. In a few minutes the room was completely disinfected. In an-other room sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia were developed, and ninety grammes of coffee destroyed the smell in about half a minute. It is also stated that coffee destroys the smell of musk, casterum and asafetida. As a proof that the noxious smells are really d posed by the fumes of coffee and not merely overpowered by them, it is stated that the first vapors of the coffee were not smelled at all, and are therefore cheme ically absorbed, while the other smells gradually diminish as the fumigation con-The best way to effect this fumitinues. gation is to pound the coffee in a mortar, and then strew it on a hot iron plate, which, however, must not be red hot.-Globe-Democrat.

Owing, as it is supposed, to the syste-matic robbery of their nests, mocking birds are heard less this year in Florida it originally had a rifled barrel, and is still in good condition. than ever before.

is an apron. Stout old Gao, the Persian blacksmith, raised a revolt that proved The newspaper requires the very best of the brains and brawn of its followers. successful, and his leathern apron cov-The newspaper man is a soldier in a great army. Always ready must be his ered with jewels is still borne at the van of Persian armies motto. It is not for him to reason why. It is for him to obey-to do or die. And The best talking parrot is the gray bird with scarlet tail that comes from

who ever knew him to besitate?

the Congo. A few of these have a scar-Lord Aberdeen is one of the most popular noblemen in Great Britain. He is let breast as well as tail, and are known a democrat by sympathy as well as a king birds. They are very rare principle, and has been known to ride down to his club in a milk wagon when bundred of the minute scales of the hu-man skin, and yet each of these scales in a cab was not handy. He is much sough after in Edinburgh society. tarn covers from 200 to 500 pores.

The Page of the Czar.

Little Kapioff had made a bet with his fellow pages that he would pull the Em-peror Paul's pigtail (which was held in respect by the highest persons in the realm) like an ordinary bell rope at the next court banquet. Accordingly, when the czar took his seat at the table, surrounded by the members of the imperial family and the dignitaries of state, Kapioff took hold of the queue and gave it a jerk as if he were pulling a bell. The emperor uttered a cry of pain and turned round in a desperate rage. Everybody trembled; only the little page stood these cool and impassive.

"Who did that?" inquired his majesty in a passionate tone.

"I did," said the youth; "that queue is always awry: I put it straight down the middle."

"Why, you scamp, couldn't you do it without pulling so hard?" and there the matter ended.-Le Petit Moniteur.

How Files Multiply.

From where do all the flies come? The mestion is often asked, and seldom reeives so satisfactory an answer as has been given by a contemporary. The common fly lays more than a hundred eggs, and the time from egg laying to maturity is about two weeks. Most of as have studied geometrical progression. Here we see it illustrated. Suppose one fly commences "to multiply and re-plenish the earth" about June 1. June 15, if they all lived, would give 150. Suppose seventy-five of these are female July 1 would give us, supposing no cruel wasp or other untoward circumstance to interfere, 11,250. Suppose 5,625 of these are females, we might have July 15, 843,720 flies - Rarehits

A device is used by traveling men for the name strap on their valises. A card bearing their name and address is slipped into the leather card pocket in the usual way, but now in addition a piece of mics is slipped in on top of the card, keeping it neat and clean, and at the same ti permitting it being read by reason of its transparency.

A grim relic of the Maxwell murder. preserved at the Four Courts in St. Louis, is the dilapidated trunk in which the murderer stored the remains of his mur-dered friend Preller. The interior of the trunk is covered with bloodstains.

The first gun made for the Confeder acy is now in the possession of Mrs. H. L Miller, of Chattanooga, whose father

The royal standard of Persia, it is said.

A grain of fine sand would cover one

A good did the