

LOVE'S SEASONS.

The wall flowers to the frolic wind.
Do dance their golden angels.
And if made dead the harvest buds...

THE MOUNTAIN OF GOLD.

While I was in Europe, nearly twenty years
teaching the world that there was some-
thing else than grizzly bears and centipedes...

sight. The flames leaped up in my face, as a
dog leaps up to lick your face with his red
tongue when you have been long absent.

I understood. I leaped up the white and
light and abundant wood. The fire took her
in its arms; and she floated on top of the
water.

The sudden and stuporous flame that had
leaped far up against the mighty granite
wall before me had shown a narrow, almost
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
light and life above; and surely I could
climb where either bear or mountain lion
could climb.

The moon was getting far around. But I
felt that this could be a climb up for a 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 cer-
tainly: I could not remain where I was. Bear
with me; we now come to the gold.

Tightening my belt, trying 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.

One hundred feet! 200 feet! And then my
breath began to fail a little, and, hanging on
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 bed. The fire had come
and my friends and bed. The fire had come
and my friends and bed.

It was smooth as oil to the touch, this precipi-
tous overhanging path of mine; and I won-
dered what beast could find pleasure or profit
in passing up or down this frightful route.

I began to think of returning. Then I
shuddered at the thought. It was so dark, so
desolate, so deadly there. When I felt of the
smooth rock under my feet, and I knew that
there was less peril in going ahead than in
attempting to descend.

Death was before me, death was behind me,
and the stars! I shall never have them so close
about me again on earth.

But the path was so narrow now! So steep
and so very narrow that my body could
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 end entirely here!

I had now made at least 300 feet. At an
angle of 45 degrees you can calculate with
precision how far above the dark waters I was
hanging.

I did not dare look down. I did not dare
dream of turning back now. I hardly dared
breathe. Out on! on! Slowly, steadily, up!
up! My fingers were numb. My
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 in the heart of this
niche in the awful overhanging precipice.

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, how fragrant! Then reaching my
right hand out and over the dark waters
I threw them with all my might down
and away toward where a heap of ashes lay.

The moon was going behind the steep wall
very suddenly now. Soon it would be dark.
Would wild beasts come down the pathway
then! It was not wide enough for two of us
to meet anyone on this one narrow
way now resting place where these flowers were.

Suddenly I began to wonder why those
fragrant little flowers had grown in such un-
favored perfection. How could these flowers
grow there under the passing feet of the wild
beasts?

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
been broken. No foot mark had ever been
made on this smooth rock by either man or
beast.

No living thing had ever passed this way
before. This seam of old and decaying
quartz had been fashioned out by the rains
of heaven and the melting snows. Where
did this little water course come from!

Would it end suddenly and leave me thought-
less on the face of the precipice and in mid air?

I gave up, and, determined to know the
work, it was hard work getting on and up.

but I was refreshed by my rest. I was also
made to operate by my surroundings.

I had known from the first that this old
decayed seam of quartz was a gold bearing
vein; but there was nothing new or of special
interest in that; for I had galloped my horse
many a time over mountains of gold, and
never had once cared to get down and pick
it up.

Gold was abundant here all up and down
this precipitous vein. I could see it in seams
wherever I turned my eyes. I could feel it
with my hands as I climbed. It has a softer
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
found another little resting place. I had not
gone far this last effort. Yet I was entirely
exhausted. And how far to the summit now!

I was in utter despair. The place where I
rested was almost precipitous, and I could
not rest long here. Besides, being so very
steep, and so slippery from the smooth
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-
mained. But could I go on? I attempted it,
and a few feet further on I found my way
literally barred with bars of gold that
were so heavy that I could not move them
down and fall away, and the waters had
washed and rounded and smoothed these
bars of gold while they deepened the narrow

little vein where the decayed rock had been.
These decayed prison bars of gold had only
been washed smooth and beautiful and
bright to shut me from the upper world for-
ever. These bars and cords of gold were
strung across like the golden cords and
strings of some mighty mountain harp of
gold.

And now I knew that I must fall. Nor
did I despair even now of life. In fact I re-
member perfectly well how precise and how
careful I was in my calculations. I esti-
mated the distance, the depth of the cold
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
longest bars of gold which blocked my
progress. I felt certain that they could not
be very firmly fixed in the narrow vein of
rotten 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 giv-
ing way. My feet were slipping from under
me. This would throw my whole weight on
the bars of gold. They were surely, cer-
tainly, fast giving way. When they no
longer held me I should drop; 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-
low like an arrow, and that was my hope.

When once deep and far down in the waters
I should let go the gold, dart 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
not save myself! Down! down! down! The
stars looked me in the face, full and tranquil,
as if I fell!

I struck the water straight as a shot. I
felt the cool, sweet waves in my face. I
heard the waters crash above my head as I
went down, down, down, with my gold.

I retained my senses. I am perfectly cer-
tain of that. I did all things just as I had
decided to do.

Say, I did all things as I had intended to
do, except just one thing. And that was my
fatal mistake. I did not like to let go of my
gold. I would not, I could not let go of my
gold. And so I was drowned.—Joaquin Miller in The Golden Era.

A Drummer Squeaked.

It was in the old days, when traveling
by stage coach was more common than
it is at present, that the then archbishop
of Paris, Monseigneur Affre, voyaging to
a nearby parish, took place in a dilige-
nce with a number of gentlemen of
different social stations. Among the
passengers was a young drummer for a busi-
ness house who, like his successors of a
later era, was ever on the lookout for a
good story in his own mind and practical
joke. The clerical standing of the
archbishop did not exempt him even
from attempts at banter or witicism,
but with the consideration he thought
due to the company present he passed
the youngster's efforts over with merely
an indulgent smile. Waxing bolder in
this apparent immunity, the young trav-
eler at last went beyond all bounds of
proper respect.

"Can you tell me, your grace," he
asked spiritily, "the difference between
the archbishop and an ass?"

The reverend gentleman, with his cus-
tomary courtly manner and without the
least appearance of offense or resent-
ment, replied that he could not.

"Because," replied this clown in his
own little circle, "the one bears a cross
on his breast and the other on his back."

The sally, such as it was, was met by
the most frigid silence by all the pas-
sengers save the archbishop, who smil-
ingly inquired:

"Now, in my turn, I'd like you to tell
me the difference between a commercial
traveler and an ass?"

As though it were a mystery as deep
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."

The smart drummer got off at the next
changing of horses.—Washington Star.

The Conversational Circle.

The circle must not be too large. I
say nothing of public banquets of strangers.
They are a contradiction in terms.
Big dinner parties of ill assorted guests
also are failures from a conversational
point of view. A fireside, or a table,
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 The
reun, "at Walden three chairs 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.

An unhappy husband, living in Port-
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 circles must not expect the great
men amongst them to talk well. She
must have been a most unreasonable
person who was disappointed with Napo-
leon because, when a lot of ladies were
presented to him, he only remarked to
each of them how hot it was.—Gen-
tleman's Magazine.

Poison by Absorption.

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.

The effects of ammonia upon the com-
plexion are directly opposite from that
of arsenic. The first symptoms of am-
monia poisoning which appears among
those who work in ammonia factories is
a discoloration of the skin of the nose
and forehead. This gradually extends
over the face, until the complexion has
a stained, blotched and unsightly ap-
pearance. With people who take ammonia
into their systems in smaller doses, as
with their water and food, these striking
symptoms do not appear so soon.

The only effect of the poison that is vis-
ible for a time is a general wholesomeness
and sallowness of the complexion.—St.
Paul Globe.

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
alter its attachment yonder to the past—
nor yonder to the unrolling years.—
Thomas Hughes.

The Service Is Civil.

Bunting.—In Japan the servants in-
variably treat their employers with def-
erential consideration.

Larkin.—Japan has a civil service law,
I suppose.—Mansey's Weekly.

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 ac-
cident 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 lead-
ing companies doing an accident busi-
ness 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 com-
panies issued policies for \$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 FEET.

"I present," said A. N. Lockwood,
president of the Accident Insurance
Provident Fund society, to a reporter,
"that in every single claim received by
us the indemnity asked for was for the
maiming or loss of the left hand. This
naturally excited our suspicion. The
claimants were all found to be persons
peculiarly embarrassed, such as men
out of work, men who, rather than work,
preferred 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
\$1,350, since which time we have not had
one claim for the loss of a hand.

"This, however, did not end our
troubles, for immediately claims for
'foot indemnities,' which had remained
at \$2,500, grew more numerous. Other
companies have had the same experi-
ence. A president of one of the accident
companies told me yesterday that he was
satisfied that not one claim had been
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
astounding, and there are more fraudu-
lent insurance cripples in the United
States today than war cripples. Why,
you have no idea of the business of self
mutilation that is being carried on for
the purpose of beating insurance com-
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 NEWS.

"He was insured in thirteen different
companies. He intended making a trip
west, taking his fowling piece with him,
and on the day before he proposed start-
ing on the journey he let his gun fall and
shot off one of his great toes. The com-
pany hearing of the accident, sent their
best doctors to his assistance. They
think they have evidence to show that
he 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
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 grip of his left hand the other se-
vered his hand with a hatchet. The wood
upon which the hand rested when chop-
ped off showed plainly the marks of the
center of the blade only, proving that the
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 got 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
free 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' Ac-
cident Insurance company, "that since the
accident companies offered an indemnity
of \$2,500 for the loss of a hand or a
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 have chop-
ped them off to get the insurance."—New
York Times.

The Notices Are All Right.

Visitors to the clerk's office of the su-
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-
stands" are about the size of the average
bat, and are kept filled with ink, the
warning seems quite as gratuitous as it
would be to placard notices to people not
to walk off with a red hot stove.

A lawyer who took offense at these
notices got one of the office veterans in
a corner the other day and asked him if
he did not think such a notice was car-
rying a joke perilously far. The veteran
shook his head, and in saddened tones
thus answered:

"In the mistakes of the past we should
seek our guidance for the future."—New
York Times.

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 outsiders that they
contemplated matrimony, that the man
can be sued for breach of promise, and
that no further proof shall be needed by
the plaintiff.—Detroit Free Press.

Somewhat Trying, Nevertheless.

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 spilling a globe
and boot; but oh! the things that women
think and don't say when at every step
a misty overshoe drops down at the heel
would make a volume for the govern-
ment to suppress.—Boston Common-
wealth.

It should be remembered that the
deeper 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
appeared in several plays in the Louis-
ville theaters. She was born in London,
and was advertised in her youthful days
as an "infantile phenomenon."

A PIANO TUNER TALKS.

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

Rats Play Havoc with the Felts—Children
Poke Cakes Under the Strings—Finding
a Lost Pocketbook—Results of a Man's
Carelessness.

"Look out for that rat!" was the ex-
clamation of a piano tuner to a reporter, a
few days ago, as he stood watching him
take a piano 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 nests were not so hard to get rid of
very frequently did the instrument much
damage. Rats play havoc with the felts
in the action, and he had repaired pianos
where the felts had all been eaten away.
Occasionally a hungry rat is discovered
that shows fight, and the wielding of a
broomstick, with the accompanying
screaming by the women folk, is neces-
sary to get rid of the animal.

Children oftentimes cause pianos 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 comes
over them, and a cane or a book is poked
in under or among the strings. The
owner returns to play on the piano, and
then finds it at sixes and sevens. As
everything was all right but a few min-
utes before the cause of the trouble can-
not be understood, and then there is
blister 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 piano 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
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
\$30 richer, that being a present from its
owner. It had been missing for a year,
and contained \$600. Detectives had been
hunting for thieves who, it was supposed,
had stolen the money. The discovery of
the pocketbook brought back the recol-
lection that it had been laid on the top
lid of an upright piano, and that it had
no doubt 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
\$300, and like the other one, having been
carelessly left on top of the instrument,
it fell inside. Being missed while I was
in the house, and the owner of the money
a country justice, remembering where he
had laid it, suspicion rested on me as the
one who had taken it. When I remarked
the mysterious actions of the justice, his
wife and two daughters, he told me of his
loss and what he suspected, and threatened
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
the 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 I 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 sealed 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 note 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. Envoys, which has
such a deep interest in Prince Bismarck's
continued life and good health, would do
well, if possible, to secure for informa-
tion a daily return of the weights re-
corded in the chancellor's little diary.—
London Figaro.

Coffee as a Disinfectant.

Coffee is a handy and harmless disin-
fectant. 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 sulphurated 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,
castoreum and asafetida. As a proof
that the noxious smells are really decom-
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 chemi-
cally absorbed, while the other smells
gradually diminish as the fumigation con-
tinues. The best way to effect this fumiga-
tion 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 system-
atic robbery of their nests, mocking
birds are never heard this year in Florida
than ever before.

The newspaper requires the very best
of the brains and brawn of its followers.
The newspaper man is a soldier in a
great army. Always ready must be his
motto. It is not for him to reason why.
It is for him to obey—to do or die. And
who ever knew him to hesitate?

Lord Aberdeen is one of the most pop-
ular noblemen in Great Britain. He is
a democrat by sympathy as well as
principle, and has been known to ride
down to his club in a milk wagon when
a cab was not handy. He is much sought
after in Edinburgh society.

IF ONE MUST WEEP.

To meet life's lonely path along—
To part and meet 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
As if it were a day of pain;
While one will never feel a pain;
Since one must weep and one forget
'Twere better far they had not met.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

If I were you and had pink shells for ears,
And eyes like violets gliding in dew;
Or 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 dower's own grace to hold it close,
I'd be as gracious as my grace was,
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.

The Oldest Family.

In matter of antiquity Mohammed
most yield precedence to the Chinese philo-
sopher, 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 nobility was
due, not to any connection with Con-
fucius himself, but to his descent from
one of the four chief disciples of the
great teacher.

There are, however, very numerous
living descendants of Confucius; and al-
though 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 de-
scendants. 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 in-
vestigation of the career of her ances-
tor, which resulted in the discovery that
the world 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 latin-
ized into that form.—Chicago Times.

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 belt rope at the
next court banquet. Accordingly, when
the czar took his seat at the table, sur-
rounded 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 ball. The
emperor uttered a cry of pain and turned
round in a desperate rage. Everybody
trembled; only the little page stood there
cool and impassive.

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

"I did," said the youth; "that queue
is always away; 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 Flies Multiply.