

As most things mortals did their hearts
As that day when he was here
Through the green aisle of honeyed time

I heard thee not, nor cared to hear?
And thou wert in his ear
And from him all the words of men
And knew the awful secret of the scene

A VERY PECULIAR CASE

My people in this world who
Pursue health and in the full pos-
session of all their faculties, have yet un-
known to themselves or anybody else
the person of some fatal disease lurking
within them. I was totally ignorant that
there was anything the matter with me
till several months before a doctor
diagnosed my malady before I did know
it, but it is doubtful, seeing that it cer-
tainly must be a wholly unusual if not
unique case, at any rate the way I found
it out for myself. This phase of it alone
appears so peculiar and incredible that I
conceive it must have opened a new field
for speculation among the pathologists,
psychologists, or whatever the special
sciences are who study those matters.

I ever placed as a bait disappeared. The
depressions were confined to such ob-
jects as I hadn't been thinking about
till I wanted them. I hesitated, as I have said, to tell my
landlord, so I now determined to con-
sult a physician, for, during the sleepless
nights which at the London season
waxed grew longer, the subject assumed
far greater importance than it did in the
day. It became an intolerable night-
mare, and I would sometimes get out of
bed and search for any object I might
suddenly remember I had not seen for a
long while. Sometimes I found it some-
times I did not sometimes I did not set
eyes on it again—it was clean gone.

Indeed, at last, it was in this way, and
at these untimely hours, that I discovered
most of my losses. Thus, what with
them and my sleeplessness, I grew quite
dejected, but I entirely refused to think
of myself ill. It absolutely never oc-
curred to me, so I walked down to Scot-
land yard and confided my troubles to
an inspector in what is now called the
"criminal investigation department." This
resulted one Sunday morning in my
entertaining at breakfast a certain
gentleman named Bunter. An odd look-
ing person, who had a prying propen-
sity for peering and stryng about, and
appearing to take a great fancy to the
house. It was just the sort of place he
wished.

On this pretext I introduced him to the
landlord, with a view possibly of mak-
ing it worth that individual's while to
attend him over the house. In this way
he managed to go all over the establish-
ment and converse with every body living
in it—every body except the gentleman
who occupied the top story—the one per-
son I did not know. My friend from
Scotland yard was particularly inqui-
sitive about his sins he could not see
him, and when I told him that his habits
were irregular, coming home very late,
and occasionally not going out at all for
days, the official looked grave, finally
winced at me and said he would call
again shortly.

But he never had the occasion to do so,
for it was during the night following the
visit of this distinguished guest that I
discovered who was the thief and ar-
rived at the secret of the mystery. The
month was August, the nights hot
and sultry, and less than ever conducive
to sleep. I had nothing to do that
evening, and although I turned in early
it was with the usual result. The clock
had just struck I, and I had been in bed
since it without closing my eyes. It
was the old story; I was accustomed to
it. Suddenly, amid the host of perplex-
ing and often awe inspiring thoughts
whirling through one's brain under these
conditions, I remembered that pocket
letter case containing the two £1 Scotch
bank notes. Where was it? I had not
seen it for weeks. After restlessly driv-
ing up and down the desire to get up
and search for it mastered me, and out
of bed I went. For fully an hour I
carried on the quest, but all in vain.

Every conceivable and inconceivable
corner, drawer and pocket was rat-
sacked. The key of the escritoire had been
found, but I knew it contained little else
than papers. At length, entirely exhausted, irritated
and fevered, and with the chamber
candle expiring with a sputter, I flung
myself on a couch in the drawing room.
Dawn had not yet broken, but in a few
minutes, as I lay there coiled up in my
dressing gown, I unexpectedly fell asleep
—a restless, dreaming sleep, full of fan-
tastic, weird, and indescribable shapes.

WALKING IS FASHION

HOW HEAVY NEW YORKERS TRY TO
REDUCE THEIR WEIGHT.

Central Park's favorite place for health
and beauty to walk as well as to ride
Good Natural Exercise on the Daily
Promenade as It Enters By.

Podiatrist is quite the proper thing
nowadays. Even when the streets are
in a filthy condition, the daily constitu-
tional is quite as necessary to the aver-
age man as his daily bath or his evening
recreation. He takes a walk on the
avenue perhaps to limber up his joints
and meet his friends. Perhaps, if he is
inclined to reform, he does it to re-
duce his weight.

Ex-Judge Paxson. He Surprised His Friends by Resigning an
Honorable and Lucrative Office.

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL. MONEY AND THE VARIOUS TERMS
USED TO DESIGNATE IT.

THE IMMORTAL SOUL.

Victor Hugo's Memorable Imprints Re-
ply to the Atheists.

At a dinner given to Victor Hugo in
Paris some years ago he delivered an
impromptu address, in which he gave
expression to his faith in the infinite and
in the soul's immortality. His friend,
Thomson, who was present, says: "Hugo at that time was a man of steel,
with no sign of old age about him, but
with all the agility, the suppleness, the
ease and grace of his best years." He
was contradicting the atheists, and his
friend says "this face was bright with
the heavenly halo, and his eyes shone
like burning coals."

It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a
fairly tale, and it is historic. For half a
century I have been writing my thoughts
in prose and verse, history, philosophy,
drama, romances, tradition, satire, ode
and song. I have tried it all, but I feel I
have not said a thousandth part of what
is in me. When I go down to the grave,
I can say, like many others, I have fin-
ished my day's work, but I cannot say
I have finished my life. My days will
begin again the next morning. The
tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thor-
oughfare. It closes on the twilight to
open on the dawn."—L'Univers.

THE FAULTY LIGHT OF DEATH. Those who have
admired the phosphorescent glow of certain species
of crustacea will be interested to learn that
a startling discovery respecting it has
been made. Formerly it was supposed
that such creatures emitted the light of
their own creation, and that they used it
in a variety of ways. It is now known
that the light is a disease as deadly to
the infected individuals as cobra poison-
ing is to the human species. M. Girard
has traced phosphorescent light in tal-
itrus and other crustaceans to exceed-
ingly minute bacteria in the muscles.
On inoculating healthy specimens with
glowing bacteria, the same luminous ap-
pearance was transmitted. He also notes
that the disease runs a regular course,
and that those infected die within four
days, the phosphorescence lasting but
a short while after death.—St. Louis Re-
public.

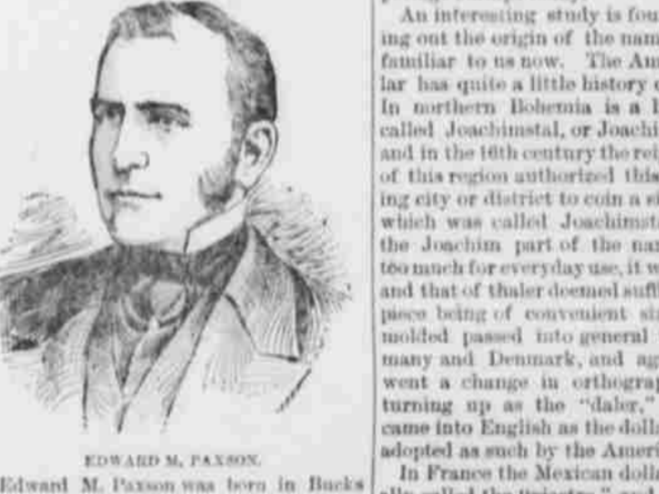
WORRIES OF LETTER WRITING. Of course you never had
important letters ready to mail and went
down town without them? Or did you take
the letters and carry them around all
day and bear them safely home
with you at night? Did you ever post a
letter that you would have given almost
anything to recall after it had passed out
of your reach? You never delayed to
send your letter until you were outside
the house and then found that the en-
velope wouldn't stick or needed a stamp
beyond anything when there was none
to be had?—Boston Commonwealth.

A BIRD WITH FIFTY-FOUR WINGS. Professor Adler, of Paris, an electrician
of international reputation, has built a
flying machine in which electrical motors
play an important part. He has simulat-
ed the form of a bird in his ship. The
wings have a spread of fifty feet, and
are made of wicker, with a silk covering.
The propeller is in front. M. Adler
says he has traveled several hundred
feet at a distance of sixty feet from the
ground; that he steered without trouble,
and that he descended simply because
the accumulator feeding current to his
motor was exhausted.

How long I lay prostrate, face down-
ward on the floor, I know not; but in

that position I found myself when my
bewildered senses slowly returned. For
awhile, of course, I could remember
nothing—how I came there or what had
brought me to such a pass. Only very
slowly did the circumstances recall
themselves. What on earth did they
mean? My forehead was unmistakably
cold and still bleeding; indeed, there is a
patch of congealed blood on the carpet
plainly visible in the broad flood of early
sunlight now streaming beneath the half
raised blind. Had I been drinking?
More than likely I had had a bit any-
how, I was so utterly bewildered that it
was some time before my thoughts be-
came coherent. Then, alarmed and fully
conscious for the first time in my life
that I must be seriously ill or laboring
under some mysterious mental altera-
tion, I rose from the floor and sat down
in an adjacent chair.

At length, the words of the old Scotch
poet came back to me. I was not drunk,
but I was ill, and the illness was of a
serious nature. I had been drinking,
but I was not drunk, and the illness
was of a serious nature. I had been
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EDWARD M. PAXSON.

Edward M. Paxson was born in Bucks
county, Pa., Sept. 4, 1830, and was ad-
mitted to the bar in 1850. He was a high
reputation in Philadelphia and in 1874 was
elected to the supreme bench for a term of
21 years. In 1890 he became chief justice by
seniority of commission. The bar of Pen-
nsylvania was taking action for the ap-
pointment of Chief Justice Paxson as
Chief Justice Bradley on the supreme bench
of the United States when another was ap-
pointed.

A Remarkable Collection of Newspapers. One of the most curious museums in the
world is that containing hundreds of thou-
sands of newspapers at Aix-la-Chapelle.
This quaint museum library was founded
some seven or eight years ago by Oscar
Forckenbeck, who collected newspapers as
other people collect stamps or autographs.
The whole of his income for a number of
years was devoted to the purchase of news-
papers, and he received every morning
dishes published in 20 languages. By the year
1888 he found himself the happy owner of
10,000 files. He then hit on the excellent
idea of founding a newspaper museum, and
with this object in view sent a circular
round asking the great newspaper world
to assist him in his great work. The con-
tinental press seemed to have responded
with enthusiasm, and now there is cer-
tainly no such collection of newspapers ex-
isting in the whole world. Mr. Forcken-
beck has been librarian in chief, and both
he and three assistants are busy indexing
and arranging the ever increasing collec-
tion.

Horse's Names to Identify Millionaires. Similarity of names is often a source of
much annoyance to the owners, but when
the cognomens are identical in every respect
the difficulty of identification increases. A
case which pointedly illustrates this fact
has caused much amusement. Nathan
Strauss, partner in a widely known general
store, and Nathan Strauss, wholesale mer-
chant, are both residents of New York, both
owners of fast horses and both members of
the Driving Club. One owns the trotter
Majolica, the other the trotter Souler, and
each is distinguished from the other, when
named by third parties, by the addition of
his horse's name. He well recognized in
this distinction that even his subjects have
accepted it, and official notices on the bal-
loting board of the club sometimes appear
signed "Nathan Strauss (Majolica)" or "Na-
than Strauss (Souler)" as the case may be.

Powdered Foods. Many artificial baby foods are manu-
factured and sold in concentrated form.
For example, products advertised as
"substitutes for mother's milk" are
made from cow's milk, to which is added
a sufficient quantity of sugar to corres-
pond with the constituents of mother's
milk. The water is removed from the
mixture in vacuo, leaving a fine white
powder, which is put up in packages.
Finely powdered wheat flour and other
nutritious vegetable elements are added
in more elaborate preparations.—San
Francisco Examiner.

A City in a Mountain. The city of Basle, in Bohemia, is cut
in the side of a mountain. There are
22,000 inhabitants, some very large,
and two stations—nos. 96, the other 30 feet
high—such built from a single stone.—
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

My first mission was to see if I could
find any of the lost property. I went
down to the street and searched for
hours. I found nothing. I went back
to the house and searched for hours. I
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