A MOTHER'S GOODBY.

Sit down by the side of your mother, my boy,
You have only a moment, I know;
But you will stay till I give you my parting advice,
It is all that I have to bestow.
You leave us to seek for employment, my boy;
By the world you have yet to be tried;
But in all the temptations and struggles you meet,
May your heart in the Saviour confide.

You will find in the satchel a Bible, my boy;
It is the book of all others the best;
It will teach you to live, it will help you to die,
And lead to the gates of the blest.
I gave you to God in your cradle, my boy,
I have taught you the best that I knew,
And as long as his mercies permit me to live,
I will never cease praying for you.

Your father is coming to wish you goodby;
Oh, how sad and how lone we will be!
But when far from the scenes of your childhood and youth
You will remember your father and me.
I want you to heed every word I have said,
For it comes from a heart filled with love;
And, my boy, if we never behold you on earth,
Will you promise to meet us above?
Hold fast to the right, hold fast to the right,
Wherever your footsteps may roam;
Oh, forsake not the way of salvation, my boy,
That you learned from your mother at home.
—Our Visitor.

A DILEMMA.

Mr. Bertram Lamar sat on the arm of a chair in the hall of the hotel at Scarborough and idly swung his foot. Mr. Lamar was bored. An extended acquaintance with this young man forces me to confess that he was not often afflicted in that way. We know that no man can aspire to be of the highest fashion without constantly experiencing the pangs of this distinguished ailment, and yet Mr. Lamar was unquestionably of the highest fashion. The most cursory glance would tell you this. Any one could see that he belonged to the best people, that he was used to the best people, that only the best people would be bearable to him. But now he was genuinely bored.

Ladies passed—old ones, who swept up the dust with trains, and who creaked as they moved, as if they wanted oiling; young ones in light frocks and wide, flowered hats cast a shadow over the clearest eyes. They kept banging open the glass doors and going out into the blaze of sun beyond, with a bursting into bloom of lace parasols, or coming into the cool of the hall, with the rustling, silken breathing of the parasols suddenly furled and the tapping of little heels on the hard floor. He never glanced at them. But they did at him—swiftly, obliquely—from under their hat brim, out of the shadow. He looked away, with raised chin and indolently drooped eyelids.

There was one girl—she kept going to and fro—and as he looked on the ground he could see the hem of her dress and her feet. They were pretty feet in yellow shoes, small and pointed. Mr. Lamar found himself ruminating. "Suppose the head is as pretty as the feet. But it never is. There's a law of compensating which prevents that. The head which belongs to those feet is thirty-five." And he looked up. The head matched the feet to perfection. Mr. Lamar felt that he didn't look bored any longer. Rather, however, than sacrifice this dearly bought and enviable condition of being, he turned his back on that enchanting head, and sauntered into an adjoining room. There would be no one to look at there.

The room was empty, cool and dim. It had oak chairs and tables and writing desks, sea green walls and a great window opening on the balcony. Outside there were ladies of uninteresting ages sitting under a forest of parasols. Beyond were velvety sweeps of close cropped turf, dappled with short shadows shrinking to the tree roots. Splinters of dusty sunlight crept down the boles of the stately elms and trembled on the white dresses of passing girls. Mr. Lamar felt that he might gaze upon this prospect for on infinitude of time and remain bored.

But fate willed otherwise. As he entered the room he saw something on the floor near the table. He picked it up. It was a band about an inch and a half wide, covered with puckered yellow ribbon, and with one end run through a clasp of dull silver showing a monogram in small diamonds. There was a bunch of narrower yellow ribbon besides the clasp, each end finished with a little tongueless silver bell. It appeared to Lamar from some hanging filaments of thread that the two ends had once been stitched together. He looked curiously at his find.

"What can it be?" he mused, staring at it.

We have said that he was young, and came of the best people, and with the best people there is always a doubt as to whether they wear such vulgar things as stockings or possess such unmentionable things as legs. "Wings, not legs and feet, shall move them," as the poet gracefully expresses it.

Lamar first thought he would take it to the office, but curiosity compelled him to study it. It might be worn round the neck; but no, it was not long enough. He drew the severed ends together and held it off from him, eyeing it dubiously and reflectively pulling his small moustache. Oh, yes, of course. Now he saw. How dense he'd been! A bracelet. Holding it together he pushed his hands through it and it swung on his wrist.

"I don't think I ever saw a bracelet just like that before," he thought, moving it around and looking at it with his head on one side.

And then, as he looked at it, came a sudden flash of wakening light, and for a moment he stood staring at it in stupefied horror as it hung over his wrist. With the return of consciousness he crumpled it up and crushed it into his pocket. What should he do with it? If he took it to the office the owner would never dare to claim it. If he found out who she was he would never dare to offer it.

He could imagine the scene. A lovely and youthful lady is discovered walking in the corridors. To her appears Mr. Bertram Lamar in full evening dress, with a white pink in his buttonhole. Then, drawing a package from his pocket, Mr. Lamar presents it to her, murmuring, "Yours, I believe," and vanishes through a trap door.

The Lamars were famous for their chivalrous attitude toward the sex. What should he do to spare her feelings and his own? And he turned the cause of his perturbation over in his pocket.

Just then he heard a step outside—a feminine step. With a guilty start he retreated from the table, fell into a chair and seized the morning paper, in which he buried his head. Any one noting this fact would of course imagine that he slumbered, and feel themselves safe from espial.

"It is she," thought Bertram, seized with guilty tremors. "She has come to hunt for it," and he remained motionless.

So did she. There was not the slightest vibrating rustle from her silent figure. Bertram rattled the paper, stabbed a little hole through it with his finger and peeped at her. She was standing in the doorway peeping about the room, and she was the young lady with the yellow shoes. She was charmingly pretty in a light dress of striped flannel and a loose shirt of thin silk made like a boy's. Under the turndown collar was knotted a four-in-hand necktie of white pique, and about her waist was a woven silk belt clasped with a silver S. She was slowly sweeping the room with a long glance, only her head moving, her figure firmly erect, her right thumb in her belt and her left hand hanging by her side and lightly clasping a little leather thong which wound about her knuckles. As to her head—that lovely head with strong brown hair curling up crisply under her sailor hat, delicately rounded cheeks and gravely pouting lips—it was an image of soft, delicious beauty. At her side sat a little pug dog on its haunches, gasping and rolling its eyes.

She cast a hurried glance at the gentleman reading the paper and walked into the room looking intently about the floor.

"What would she say," thought Bertram, as she passed him in her search, "if I were to innocently ask her what she was looking for and gallantly offer to help her find it? But I'll spare her that."

She was certainly hunting thoroughly. She moved several of the chairs, drew up the lace curtains and looked under them and peered into all the corners.

When she had searched everywhere she straightened herself with a sigh, threw one last reluctant look about the room, and calling to the pug, "Come along, dearest; it isn't here," departed.

Bertram laid down the paper and looked after her. She appeared to him to have a singular amount of sang froid, also a very graceful back.

Mr. Lamar was not bored that afternoon. He was consumed with perplexity. How could he return the lost treasure to the owner without causing her embarrassment, without making her his enemy for life? If it had been anything else how delightfully he could have broken the ice with it! But to break the ice with that historic emblem—impossible!

"I must give it to her this evening," he thought. "I'll wrap it up in paper and tie one of the ribbons round it that are on that handkerchief case Milly gave me. Then, if she asks me—as of course she will—what it is, I'll say carelessly: 'Oh, nothing! Just a little trifle I think belongs to you. Don't hurry to open it. Have you noticed what a beautiful night it is?' And so I'll engage her in absorbing conversation. But if the conversation is not sufficiently absorbing and she begins to open it I must flee from the wrath to come. And when next I meet her, dying to speak or even bow to her, there will be a wall of ice raised between us. She will turn her profile toward me and become engrossed in the beauties of the landscape. Such is the irony of fate."

At 7 o'clock Mr. Lamar came slowly down the broad stairs, looking as handsome as the young Dionysius, in his dress suit, his shining shirt bosom and a white pink in his buttonhole. The hall was full of moving figures and a blaze of light and color.

Mr. Lamar was too perturbed to mingle with the gay, loud voiced, laughing crowd. He wished for solitude and directed his steps toward the little writing room. He had not wrapped the treasure in paper, not tied it with a ribbon from his handkerchief case. He had not done anything with it. He did not dare. The sight of its owner might inspire him to the desperate pitch of boldly offering it to her or suggest to him some cunning way of returning it without betraying the identity of the finder. With these ideas in his mind he carried it still in his pocket in company with his keys.

The gas in the writing room was not lit. Mr. Lamar went to the open window. Just outside it on the balcony was the young lady who had worn the yellow shoes. She was reading and rocking, her pug in her lap, and if she was pretty in her flannel morning dress words cannot describe her in a mist of fine black gauze cut square around her neck, and showing her arms to the elbow. Her skin was as white and flawless as a blanched almond. There was the gleam of a gold pin from the shadow of her dark hair, and a jewel hanging around her neck rose and fell with her quiet breath. As she read she absently pulled the pug's ears, which lay with its eyes half open and its head against her arm.

Lamar looked. She turned the page. The pug, disturbed, rose to its fore paws, gazed at her with an expression of idiotic fondness, and tried to lick her chin. She avoided this demonstration of affection by moving her chin from side to side, keeping her eyes still on the book. The pug continuing, she struck it gently, observing:

"Don't, you bad, little, abominable dog!"

"I beg your pardon," said Lamar suddenly from the window.

The lady looked up with raised eyebrows of polite inquiry.

"I have something of yours," said the young man desperately and in a low tone.

"Yes? What is it?"

"I—I—don't quite know. Or rather—Well—But—Um! I didn't like to leave it at the office, I thought"— He leaned out of the window with his closed hand extended. "Here it is."

She held out her hand, and he dropped it in. She looked and gave an exclamation of joy that caused the pug to jump to the ground.

"Oh, how glad I am! Thanks so much. Thanks awfully. I was afraid it was lost. Isn't that lucky?" and she looked affectionately at the returned treasure with her head on one side.

There was light enough to see her face distinctly. She did not exhibit a sign of embarrassment, not the ghost of a blush. Lamar felt a sudden chill of disappointment and disapprobation.

"You found it in there?" she said, indicating the writing room, and looked at him with frank, candid eyes. "Yes, there's where it was lost."

"I—I supposed so," said Lamar, with a wan smile.

"I looked for it myself this morning all over," she continued, "under everything, but it was gone."

"Yes," said the young man, with a fatuously inquiring air. "If she knew I was behind the paper she'd ask me why I didn't give it to her then and there, and what the deuce would I say?"

"I value this very much," she went on, turning it over in her hand.

"I should imagine so."

"You see, there is only one like it. There is not a single duplicate anywhere."

She looked smilingly into his face. Lamar stared at her in stupefied horror.

"Only one—did you say?" he managed to articulate in a faint voice.

"Only one," she repeated, nodding her head. "It was made to order."

There was a moment of silence. Lamar made no comment, but continued to stare vacantly at her. He was thinking: "It must have been an accident. She can't be a veteran of the war."

"When you have only one, and that such a pet," she continued, not noticing his silence, "you like to have everything as pretty as possible."

"Yes, yes. Of course, of course," ejaculated Lamar, laughing idiotically. "If you have only one, I expect it must be somewhat of a treasure," he thought. Then he added boldly, but with the air of confiding a piece of news, "I have two."

"Two?" said the young lady, with vivacious interest. "What kind?"

Lamar looked askance at her in alarmed silence. Was she doubly afflicted? She was stroking the pug with the tips of her fingers, and there was nothing in her placid expression to suggest mania of any form.

"The same as everybody else's," he answered with some hauteur. "Are the people in this part of the country in the habit of managing with one?"

"As a rule, they have only one; it's so much less bother. Though, to be sure, I have a friend who has—let me see—yes, eleven."

"She must be a centipede," thought Lamar. "I seem to be encountering remarkable freaks of nature. There is a fortune waiting here for any one who wants to start a museum." Then he remarked aloud, regarding her with his head on one side, a tolerant, fond smile on his lips, "There must be quite an embarrass de richesse, especially when you're walking."

"They do get in the way," admitted the young lady, "but most of them are well trained."

"Very clever of them, I am sure," murmured Lamar, feeling that he was about to swoon.

There was another short silence, during which the girl continued to examine her restored treasure. Presently she said, musingly: "I see the threads are broken. She has broken them once before, though I don't see how she can possibly do it."

Lamar only stared and swallowed. She held his glance with a horrible, eerie fascination.

"You know she loves to run to me," she prattled on. "She ran away from me this morning, and when she came back it was gone. She must have crept under the table and not come out until she had got it off."

"Who is she?" asked Lamar in a troubled voice.

"She? Why, Bobo—my pug. Isn't she a beauty? Come up here, Bobo"—patting her knee. "I want to put your collar on, and show this gentleman, who was kind enough to return it, how pretty you look when you're all dressed up." She held the band around the dog's neck, and turning to Lamar, said with laughing archness, "Isn't it becoming?"

Lamar sat down on the window sill. He took up the morning paper and began to fan himself with it, though the evening had grown unmistakably cool.—Geraldine Bonner in New York Journal.

He Didn't Know Them.

"Yes," said the principal of the young ladies' seminary to the proud parent, "you ought to be very happy, my dear sir, to be the father of so large a family, all the members of which appear to be so devoted to one another."

"Large family! Devoted!" gasped the old gentleman in amazement. "What on earth do you mean, ma'am?"

"Why, yes, indeed," said the principal, beaming through her glasses. "No fewer than 11 of Kate's brothers have been here this winter to take her to the theater, and she tells me she expects the tall one with the blue eyes again tomorrow."—Tit-Bits.

Woman's Ready Sympathy.

Wearied Father—They say that no matter how one suffers some one has suffered more. All the same, they couldn't beat me in this business, for I have walked this child the entire night—for fully six hours.

Mother (calmly)—Yes, Henry dear. But suppose you lived up near the pole, where the nights are six months long?—Puck.

It Worked.

Pinchcash (excitedly)—What in thunder do you mean by publishing that obituary notice of me? I ain't dead, not by a long ways.

The Editor (calmly)—Well, well. It does look that way, doesn't it? You see, I sent you more than 20 letters asking you to come in and pay something on the 14 years' subscription you owe. I didn't get any answer or see anything of you, and I thought sure you must be dead. S'pose you settle, and I'll print a retraction free of charge. Thanks. That's just the right change. Come in again.—Fireside Companion.

Zealous.

A hush rested upon the whole village.

The converted cannibal woman had returned to her home the evening previous and eaten her husband and three children.

She was now relapsed into hopeless and defiant savagery.

"Poor thing!" they whispered among themselves. "Her zeal in her new relations was too great. This is the reaction."

They told in subdued voices one to another how she had attended 28 5 o'clock teas within a month and shuddered as they thought of her temptation.—Truth.

Realistic.

First Artist—I received a magnificent tribute to my skill the other day at the exhibition.

Second Artist—What was it?

First Artist—You know my picture, "A Storm at Sea!" Well, a man and his wife were looking at it, and I heard the man say, "Come off, my dear; that picture makes me sick."—Brooklyn Life.

FOUND ON THE TRAINS

A MAN WHO FOR FIFTEEN YEARS HAS BEEN PICKING UP THINGS.

A Few Items From the Notebook of Charlie—People Who Forget Portable Property—Umbrellas Head the List of Forgotten Belongings.

Whenever during the daytime a New York, New Haven and Hartford train rolls into the Grand Central depot a stoop shouldered, little man, with keen gray eyes and a beard that doesn't grow with sufficient luxuriance to require frequent trimming, strolls down to the end of the platform. When the train stops and while the most laggard of the passengers are still leisurely alighting, he hops nimbly on the rear platform of the last car and proceeds to literally "go through" the train. Sometimes a much excited passenger who has suddenly recollected that he has forgotten something rushes madly back into the train and discovers his portable property in the hands of the little man. Then, if he is of a suspicious disposition, he glares and scowls at the little man, and sometimes pounces upon him and indignantly demands to be told what he is doing with "that."

Then a tired look comes into the little man's face and he mildly explains that he is employed by the company to search incoming trains for articles left behind by passengers, which he conveys to the lost property room, where the owners can always get possession of them again by furnishing presumptive evidence that the things belong to them.

When Charlie—that is what the other employees about the depot call him, although he has another name which appears on the payrolls of the company—first began this work, his beard wasn't tinged with gray, and he wasn't a bit stoop shouldered. That was 15 years ago. All these years, from 6:30 in the morning until 6:30 at night each day, he has been picking up things that careless passengers have forgotten to take with them when they left the train.

It would make any man stoop shouldered to be continually looking for things that long. But his eyes are as keen as ever, and his honesty is still proof against all temptations. If that were not the case, he could have retired with a snug little capital. From the pocketbooks and purses and "wads" that he has found while pursuing his unique occupation he could have slipped enough into his own pocket to render him quite independent.

There are no blanks in his daily records. Never a day goes by that he doesn't find something that somebody has forgotten. He picks up fewer things on Sundays than on any other days, because on Sundays travel is comparatively light, and passengers are apt to be less preoccupied with business cares and therefore not so likely to forget things. On some days his list of articles found on the incoming trains is quite a formidable one.

This, for instance, is what he turned into the lost property room on Aug. 17: Thirteen umbrellas, two rings (one plain gold and one with diamonds), one overcoat, one package of legal papers, one satchel, one lady's jacket, one Derby hat, one valise, one cape, one cane, one package of underwear, one mackintosh and one pocketbook.

And this is what he found on Aug. 27: Seven umbrellas, one parasol, one shawl, one overcoat, one pair of shoes, one package containing a suit of clothes, one pair of spectacles, one purse, one flask of whisky and one smelling bottle.

When the articles are taken to the lost property room, they are labeled with the date on which they are found and the number of the train. Nearly all the articles that have any intrinsic value are redeemed. The rest are simply stored away for the gnawing tooth of time to prey upon.

Charlie is of the opinion, and surely he may be regarded as an expert on the subject, that everybody is liable to forget something at some time or other. Umbrellas are the articles that are most frequently left behind on the trains by travelers. The man who could devise an infallible system by which the owner of an umbrella would always be sure to remember it would reap a fortune. Charlie has tried his own wits at it, but was forced to give it up.

He has come to the conclusion that a state of ecstatic happiness, equally with one of intense preoccupation, is apt to produce forgetfulness of portable property. He has discovered that newly married brides and grooms are quite as apt to forget the little things they may be carrying with them as the man who has got so much business on his hands he can't think of anything else. The man who never travels without a flask of whisky seldom forgets it. Perhaps that is because the act of putting it into his pocket immediately after taking a nip has been so often repeated that it belongs to the category of unconscious cerebration.

It is not an infrequent thing for a man to leave a stovepipe hat on the rack and walk out of the car with a little skull cap on. But when he gets into the streets the small boys are sure to shout, "Shoot the hat!" or "Where did you get that hat?" Then he discovers the mistake that he has made, but the fact that he is never grateful to the small boys for reminding him of it and never rewards them must be regarded as evidence of that perversity inherent in human nature which so often puzzles the philosopher.

Charlie is of the opinion that some people would forget their own mothers-in-law if they had half a chance. There is one man whose umbrella he has picked up in the train so often that he has lost track of the number of times. And yet that same man has told him frequently that he never leaves the house with his umbrella that his wife doesn't say to him, "Now, dear, be sure you don't forget your umbrella."

Women, so Charlie has found, are even more apt to leave things behind them in the cars than men.—New York Herald.

A 100,000 Pound Chip of a Rock.

A stone quarry company of Bedford, Ind., has shipped the largest single block of stone ever quarried and shipped in the United States. The block was 12 feet 8 inches long, 6 feet 3 inches high and 6 feet 3 inches wide, containing 500 cubic feet, and weighed 100,000 pounds. The car on which it was shipped had to be ordered specially for it, and was the car that was built for the purpose of transporting the thirty-foot cannon sent by the government to the Pacific coast a few months since. The stone is perfect, not having a flaw or defect.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE CHARGE OF A RHINOCEROS.

It Comes Instantly When He Catches Sight or Smell of a Human Being.

William Astor Chanler, the intrepid young American Nimrod and explorer whose expedition was reported, a few weeks ago, stranded near Mount Kenia, in eastern central Africa, wrote under date of July 24 to the London Field as follows concerning the habits of the rhinoceros:

We have, at least in this part of the world, found the rhinoceros, male or female, small or big, to be a most dangerous animal. I have lost one man, had another seriously wounded, and now Lieutenant von Hohnel is being carried to the coast en route for Europe, suffering from severe injuries received from a small female rhinoceros. In the open a charging rhino is not to be feared. One may dodge or shoot him, but in long grass or thick bush it is another story.

The theory that the rhino charges from a motive of idle curiosity is not worth considering were it not for the fact that it

THREW THE MAN 20 FEET IN THE AIR.

might lead some people to disregard the brute's rush. My caravan has been charged, first and last, some 60 times. Nothing ever happened in the open. Our three accidents occurred in thick bush or long grass. Why the animal charges almost invariably at sight or smell of humanity I do not pretend to say. But I do say that when he reaches a human being he endeavors to kill him.

In the cases which occurred the rhino on one occasion—that of Lieutenant von Hohnel—not only struck his victim repeatedly, but trampled upon him. In the one which ended fatally he threw the man quite 20 feet in the air, and then, after smashing several boxes, dashed after another man and was only prevented from killing him by a lucky winchester shot, which broke his shoulder. While marching through bush or long grass sharp lookout should be kept, for the beasts are hundreds in number. Unless suddenly awakened they do not warn one of their approach by snorting, and the soft earth deadens their hoof beats. I consider them fully as dangerous as either buffalo or elephant.

Co-operation.

She was one of those tall, intellectual creatures who had never kept house before. She had been nurtured in luxury and protected from the rudeness of the world and the janitor.

Thus it happened that she contemplated her servant with a look of displeasure, not to say severity.

"You do not deny?"

The domestic shook her head.

"No," she answered with acerbity.

The mistress sighed.

"I don't know"——

She mused.

——"what to do with you."

The face of the menial lighted with pity.

"Poor thing," she murmured, "I will tell you. You turn the wringer while I rinse the clothes."

A sunbeam stole into the apartment at that moment and lighted her head with an aureola.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Another Labor Saving Invention.

Dusty Rhodes—For th' love of heaven! Weary, what you got there?

Weary Walker—Just swiped 'em from a dago down in the village. Greatest scheme I've struck yet—only have to use yer legs to steer by, and ye can go to sleep movin along.—Puck.

Aired Her Knowledge.

She was a Vassar graduate and didn't know a little bit about housekeeping when she married her last beau and settled down to domestic life.

Her first order at the grocer's was a crusher, but that good man was used to all sorts of people and could interpret Vassar as easily as plain English.

"I want 10 pounds of paralyzed sugar," she said, with a business air.

"Yes'm. Anything else?"

"Two cans of condemned milk."

"Yes'm." He set down "pulverized sug.," "condensed m'lk."

"Anything more, ma'am?"

"A bag of fresh salt—be sure that it is fresh."

"Yes'm. What next?"

"A pound of desiccated codfish."

"Yes'm." He wrote glibly "desiccated cod."

"Nothing more ma'am? Here's some nice horse radish just in."

"No," she said, with a sad wobble to her flexible voice; "it would be of no use, as we don't keep a horse."

Then the grocer sat down on a kit of mackerel and fanned himself with a patent washboard. Vassar had taken the cake.—Detroit Free Press.

He Knew Him.

Here is a little story against Chauncey Depew, the famous American raconteur: The genial gentleman had dropped in to see a friend at his private residence, and when he left an inquisitive lad, who had been playing in the next room, asked eagerly, "Who is that man, papa?" "He's the gentleman your mother and I were talking about this morning," was the reply—"Mr. Depew, the greatest story teller I ever heard."

A few days later the visitor came again. The boy was standing on the front steps, and as Mr. Depew rang the bell he said to him:

"I know you."

Mr. Depew is fond of children, and patting the little fellow on the head observed encouragingly: "Do you indeed? Well, who am I?"

"You are the gentleman," said the little boy, "that tells the biggest whoppers my pa ever heard."—Tit-Bits.

The Eyes of Marksmen.

According to Sir Henry Halford, "the grand old man of shooting," blue or gray are the best shooting eyes. That is why the Scots are so successful. An eye with a very small pupil is pronounced a great advantage. Brown eyes seldom come in.

Exercise For English Princesses.

Both Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice ride tricycles; but, says an uncourtly paragrapher, they are not good riders.

ACUTE IMAGINATION.

INSTANCES OF TRICKS THE BRAIN HAS PLAYED ON MORTALS.

Experiments Made by Doctors Which Were Cruel In Their Treatment and Resulted Fatally—Insanity Produced by Fright.

It is said that some 20 years ago a long wooden box, resembling a plain pauper's coffin, might be seen inside the north aisle of Westminster abbey. For two days it was passed without notice by the many people who visited the minster. Then complaints were made to the police officer at the door that the smell arising from the body contained in the box was not only disagreeable to pass near it, but that it was a disgrace to allow it to remain there. A strong sense of duty, said one of the complainants, impelled him to draw attention to the scandal. The policeman at once called a verger, who found on inquiry that the box was empty and had never been used to conceal a corpse. However, he had the box removed, and in this way prevented the recurrence of the horrid smells of which visitors to the abbey had complained.

A still more curious case of the way in which the imagination may usurp the senses of smell and sight is recorded of a hospital patient. Two Paris medical men interested in this subject of freaks and delusions of the imagination told the patient that in order to cure him both his legs would need be amputated. The man was thunderstruck. Until that moment he had imagined himself to be improving in health.

"Oh! good doctors," he exclaimed in accents of terror, "you have made some mistake. There is nothing wrong with me. If my legs are cut off, what will my poor wife and children do to get their daily bread?"

"I am very sorry, my good fellow," responded one of the medical men, "but your life depends upon the operation."

The patient was wheeled into the operating theater, and there, without chloroforming the man, the doctors pretended to proceed with the amputation.

"Ah," said the operator, with an assumed sigh of relief, "there's one leg off."

"Oh, holy Virgin Mary, the pain is frightful! I am dying," shrieked the patient.

Then the operator hurriedly "amputated" the second leg. The patient fainted. When he came to, the doctors were horrified to find that he had become insane. He actually believed himself to be legless. Two months after the pretended operation he died. Up to his last moments he believed that his lower limbs had gone. In this case there was no suspicion of hypnotism. It was simply a phase—exaggerated, no doubt—of madness produced by an imagination too cruelly played with by the medical men.

Few more striking instances of the force of imagination have been given than that in which a German physician tried an experiment on three criminals condemned to death. To complete the illusion he entered the large cell in which for the purpose the prisoners were placed, accompanied by the governor and other officials of the jail.

"Now, gentlemen," said the governor, addressing the condemned men, "the emperor has decreed that each of you are to be executed in different ways. You, ——," he pursued, addressing the first criminal, "are condemned to swallow a dose of poison, while you, ——," turning to the next, "will be bled to death, and you," speaking to the last man, who was trembling violently, "will die from an injection of poison in the arm."

Each criminal was placed in a chair, pinioned and blindfolded. Then said the governor, looking at his watch:

"Now, doctor, you may begin."

The physician solemnly poured into a cup an evil tasting but harmless liquid and held it to the first prisoner's mouth. The man clinched his teeth and refused to drink the poison.

"Kill me!" he cried. "Murder me in any way but this!" Before he could speak again the jailers seized him and forced the liquid down his throat.

"He will be dead in two minutes," whispered the doctor to the governor.

The criminal heard the remark and gave a blood curdling shriek. When the doctor turned round, he saw that the man apparently fainted. He turned to the next criminal, who tremblingly awaited his fate. He clinched his teeth, recovered himself and met the doctor's inquiry, "Are you ready?" with the "Yes" of a stoic. His arm was then pierced with a lancet, though no vein was opened.

"You see how pale he has become," said the doctor in the man's hearing. "He is losing blood rapidly." The physician went on describing the symptoms and at length pronounced the words, "Now he's dying!" For a moment the prisoner shuddered violently. Then he became still. The doctor looked at the criminal, bent his ear to the man's heart, and then to his dismay found that he had actually expired.

This unlooked for result, although it merely anticipated by a day the actual hanging of the criminal, at once caused the experiments to be suspended. By this time the first prisoner had recovered, as though from a bad dream, but the third man was heard slowly murmuring the Lord's Prayer ere he received the "poisonous" injection. He gave a mad cry of joy when he learned that his death would not occur until the morrow.

Another remarkable but less deadly trick played by the imagination is often noted. Many people conceive an aversion for some particular flower, perfume or color. One man, noted for this idiosyncrasy, hated green colors. He had a notion—how it orignated no one can tell—that green was dangerous to him. Accordingly he was rarely able to go out into the country except at night.—Million.

Cost of an Epidemic.

Dr. Thresh, the medical officer for the county of Essex, having obtained full returns of the late epidemic of influenza, estimates that no less than 540 persons died under the immediate attack, and that no fewer than 1,400 deaths occurred in the county from its direct or indirect influence. The monetary loss for the two months during which the epidemic prevailed he states at no less than £50,000, on the basis of the loss of wages of adults calculated at twelve shillings a week. He adds: "I am, however, afraid that had the county suffered from an epidemic among cattle, causing in the time the same number of deaths and indicating the same pecuniary loss, the alarm produced would have been greater and more permanent."

THE COLORS OF THE EARTH.

How They Affect the Light That Our Planet Gives to the Moon.

The wonderful difference between the same landscape in winter and in summer is a phenomenon familiar to all dwellers in the temperate zones. The two great elements of change are the presence of snow in winter and of leaves and grass in summer. If we could look at our globe from the moon, the variation in its aspect due to seasonal changes would perhaps be even more striking than it appears to those upon its surface.

In fact, we sometimes lose sight of the very important part which vegetation plays in giving color to what might be called the countenance of the planet.

It is not the highest forms of plants that always produce the greatest effect in this way. Some of the most striking scenes upon the earth owe their characteristic features to mosses and lichens. The famous "crimson cliffs" of Greenland, which extend for miles northward from Cape York, derive their splendid color from the growth of red lichen which covers their faces.

The cliffs rise between 1,700 and 2,000 feet straight from the water's edge, and being composed of gray granite their aspect would be entirely different from what it is but for the presence of the lichen.

Coming to less magnificent, but not less beautiful scenes, the rocky pass called the Golden Gate in the Yellowstone National park owes its rich color and its name to the yellow lichen covering its lofty walls, and the indescribable hues of the great hot spring terraces arise mainly from the presence of minute plants flourishing in the water that overflows them.

Considered as a whole, the vegetation of a planet may give it a characteristic aspect as viewed from space. Many have thought that the red color of Mars may be due to the existence of red instead of green vegetation there.

That its broad expanses of forest and prairie land cause the earth to reflect a considerable quantity of green light to its neighbors is indicated by the fact that at the time of the new moon a greenish tint has been detected overspreading that part of the lunar surface which is then illuminated only by light from the earth.—Youth's Companion.

Basque Is a Lonely Tongue Still.

The question, Who are the Basques? that mysterious people who give their name to the bay of Biscay, is always cropping up, and Professor von der Gabelentz has recently endeavored to show that the Basque language belongs to the African Berber family of speech—for example, the Kabyle and Taureg. His evidence, however, only amounts to a few culture words being identical in the Basque and Berber languages and certain analogies in the laws of phonetic change. Moreover, he assumes that the Basques and Iberians were the same people.

But, as Canon Isaac Taylor points out, the Iberian tongue, according to our highest authorities, was different from the Basque, and the French Basques are a different race from the Spanish Basques, who are a feebler people of the Iberian type. If we assume that the Basques conquered the Iberians, we can account for the resemblances noticed by Professor von der Gabelentz, because the Iberians of Berber origin in acquiring the language of their conquerors would retain their own phonetic tendency and also some culture words in both languages. As Canon Taylor remarks, we may still believe that the Basque language is allied to the Ural-Altaic type.—London Globe.

The Danger of Matches.

We wonder how our ancestors managed to get along at all before the invention of matches; they are so indispensably handy that we keep them in every room in the house; the "men folks" carry them in their pockets, leave them hanging in their "other clothes" in a dozen closets in all portions of the house; we have a handful resting within reach while we sleep, they are dropped here and there as we attempt to handle them; if it is light and we readily see them, they are picked up, otherwise they are left till a more convenient season—which generally does not come, simply because they are forgotten, being "only a match"—we can get plenty more for a halfpenny, and time is too valuable to be wasted over so insignificant a trifle.

Yet this "insignificant trifle" possesses the latent power to destroy the finest mansion, and with it lives of sweetness and beauty which the word can poorly afford to spare. The cause of the conflagration may not always be revealed, for the fire demon frequently covers or destroys his tracks most effectually. But how often is it apparent that only a simple match—that insignificant trifle—could have wrought the ruin!—Family Doctor.

Found Her Daughter In Tights.

An indignant mother who saw her 16-year-old daughter clad in gorgeous tights practicing a somersault has notified the police of a peculiar state of things. She says not only her daughter but a number of other girls of that age have been engaged to form a theatrical combination. These damsels, it appears, meet for rehearsals in barns and are under the instruction of a couple of men. They intend to make a tour of the small towns of the state. All wear tights, it seems, and this one girl's mamma was shocked at her daughter's appearance. The police are looking for the men who are training the tender maidens to feel at home in the skirtless costume.—Reading (Pa.) Dispatch.

And Mephisto Smiled.

Some years ago, when Irving was playing "Faust" at the Lyceum, in the part of Mephistopheles, he descended through a trapdoor in a cloud of flame. While doing so the trap jammed for some reason, and a voice from the "gods" immediately called out: "Hurrah, boys! Hell's full! There's no room for us!" Mephisto was forced to smile.—San Francisco Argonaut.

No Interest Expected.

This conversation occurred between two little Biddeford boys this week:

"What did you get for Christmas?" asked one.

"I got a dollar," said the other, "but father borrowed it of me before noontime."—Biddeford Journal.

What Saved Him.

Arthur—No; her father didn't kick me out.

Jack—I always said he was too much of a man to do a thing like that.

"That wasn't it; he wasn't man enough."—Brooklyn Life.