HE TOOK THE HINT.

He staid and staid and staid and staid. She thought be'd never go. He was a "transient"—that was all— And not her proper "hean."

He staid and staid, she played and played, From symphocy to song, While wishing in her inmost heart That he would go along. At last he said: "Piny Home, Sweet Home.

I'm very fund of that."
While she rejoiced, in tones of gies, 'You really do not seem to be!' And then he teck his hat.

-Poliy Pry in New York Recorder.

Age of the World.

Over 2,000 years ago the Greek schools treated the world as of indefinite antiquity, and they speak of traditions 10,000 or 14,000 years before their time as facts not questionable from their antiquity. Buck land, from geological conclusions, says it is millions of years since the world was created, and the only question is. How many million years? Different views have been entertained as to the earth's formation, one being that it has cooled down from a fluid to a solid mass. Sir William Thomson investigated the question of the cooling of the earth and regards the increase of temperature from the surface downward as proof of the constant loss of heat from the globe, the heat radiating into space without sensibly elevating the temperature of the upper crust through which it passes. The continuance of such a loss of heat involves belief in the occur-rence of a period at which the earth was a fluid mass, and the same scientist has fixed that period at not less than 200,000. 000 nor more than 400,000,000 years ago. the probability being that 100,000,000 of years is the limit of geological history, and that prior to that time the earth's sur face was unfit for the maintenance of ani mal or vegetable life. Our knowledge is not sufficient to fix the period when the earth became habitable or when it shall cease to be so. The organic world does not fornish any guide to the solution of the problem, and therefore it is only a speculative question so far. Hugh Mil "As certainly as the sun is the center of our system must our earth have revolved around it for millions of years. The earth is of an antiquity incalculably vast. The 6,000 years of human history form but a portion of the geological day which is passing over us. They do not ex tend into the yesterday of our globe, far less touch the myriads of ages spread out beyond."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Fete Day In Spain. A correspondent of the Boston Tran

script thus describes a fete day of the Virgin in the Spanish city of Orihuela: Towers and castles, bombs and rock-

ets of well combined colors fill the big square with a golden rain. The pyrotechnist hangs over the roof of a three story house and cries to the crowd below, 'Well. how does she got' And everybody yells back, 'Bully! 'Then, 'Hurrah for the Virgin of Mon-

Viva-a-a-a!' (Whish, fizz, fizz, boom!) " 'Hurrah for God!'

" 'Viva-a-a-af' (Boom, fizz, whis-st) "'Hurrah for the inhabitants of Ori-

hnela-n-n-a! 'Viva-a-a-a!' (Whish, whish, whish, whish boom? 'Hurrah for the strangers within our

gates!"
'Viva-a-a!"(Boom, boom, boom, boom,

Hurrah for the strangers within our gates?' Can we let that pass? Never! Off with your bats, America

"Here's to Orihuela! Here's to the Spaniard! A better nation never walked the earth! In matter of wealth and boasted civilization behindhand in the race perbaps, but in the sterling qualities of chiv-alry, generosity and hospitality leaving the rest of Europe hull down at the horigon. Viva Espana!"

The Ingoldsby Legends

Barham is not much less good in prose than in verse, and he manages his after nations of grave and gay in verse itself with a skill almost equal to though less delicate than that of Praed, who probably gave him some lessons. His beautiful last lines "As I Lay A thinking" do not re quire the not very authentic antiquity of their spelling to give them charm.
He had scholarship, which, when it does

dom without effect on the quality of what he writes. He had the wide, vague reading which scholarship nowadays too often ex cludes. He had good humor, good feeling. good breeding, an immense fun and an inexhaustible fund of rhymes and rhythms just suited for his purpose. Macmillan's Magazine.

Amusement Scarce, But-First Small Boy-Mamma has gone out and locked us in the room. Wot shall we do to 'muse ourselves? Second Small Boy-Where's the match

"We don't have matches any more This flat has 'lectric lights, you know. "I forgot. There's no stove or fireplace,

Nothing but steam heat.' "I'll tell you wot we'll do. Let's play seesaw with the folding bed." — Good News.

Mrs. Huntington's Baths

Mrs. C. P. Huntington recently got a new maid. She instructed her about the arrangement of her bath. "You will prepare my bath every morning and every night," she began. "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the new maid, "two baths a day! Why, my last lady took one in a week, and the little children only took one a week too." "Poor little wretches!" exclaimed the new mistress. And she tells the story in the same spirit, but she does not tell whom her maid lived with before she got her. The two baths a day are supposed to have an effect in keeping down her flesh .- Philadelphia

In Venice a number of thieves, who managed to get themselves locked in the church of the Barefooted Friars, during the night broke open the tabernacle and stole the golden capsule with the commun ion wafers, 200 of which were strewn in the neighboring streets. No one dared to touch them, and the priests went out in procession to pick them up. The patriarch offered penitence services in all the churches in Venice, and a telegram was sent to Rome to communicate what had been done

The skeleton of a snake 4 feet long was found in a partition in the Diamond block, Youngstown, O., the other day. It recalls redy which is said to have occurred in the block many years ago, when a mu-seum held forth there. A snake charmer, a young woman, was bitten by one of her erpents and died in a few minutes. Her lover died of a broken heart a few minutes later. In the meantime the reptile escaped into the building, and it is supposed it be-

A Youthful Father. A French conscript has broken the rec-ord by claiming exemption on the ground that he is, at the age of 20, the father of four living children.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT.

E. V. Smalley Describes the Sensations a Bullet Wound In Battle.

"I don't suppose that many of you have seen a field of wheat cut down by bullets. It's bad form to cut wheat that way, bu on the day that I left the service the enemy was doing just that for the farmer whose field my regiment was whose field my regiment was occupying," said E. V. Smalley at a social gathering in St. Paul, as reported by The Pioneer

"It was in the valley of Virginia," continued Mr. Smalley. "The din of battle—and how few know what that really is was terrific. There were above all the tre mendous roar of the cannon and the shrill detonation of the rifles, but these things were perhaps forgotten in the incidental happenings of the battle. The shriek of the shells, the sharp whistle of the minis-balls and ping of the bullets as they found their billets, the screaming of the horses and the groans of the wounded men-these mingled with the sights that accompanied them, the plunging of the horses and dropping of men, the sudden accumulation of pools of blood in the wheat and the throes of the wounded and dying—these were the things we saw, and as we noticed them we forgot them, for there was in it all the exbilaration of battle and the sense that ev-

erything was beyond one's control. "There was no appreciation of personal merit-just a series of mad rushes and equally mad repulses, and the scent of battle was in it all, and we knew and cared little for the details. It was in the heat of a fray that had banished all thought of personal harm that I came to a standstill, caused by a bullet.

"A detachment of the enemy was sent In force to turn our left flank, and we were sent to repel the assault. I remember distinetly that I was in the act of climbing a fence when I was put out of the fight. I was full of the enthusiasm that had comwith the heat of battle, and I believe that I was on top of the fence shouting, as were the rest of our fellows, when I suddenly felt that it was due to my feelings to shut

"I felt a heavy blow on my right thigh. I was right on the top rail of the fence and felt no attendant pain, yet, after balancing there for a fraction of a minute I pitched headlong to the ground and lay there. There was yet no sense of pain, but some thing of a sickening sensation and then I felt that my right leg was becoming paralvzed and looked at it. The blood was flowing freely from a bullet wound and as



it dawned on me that I had been shot I grew to know that I was oppressed by a great sense of pain which nearly overwhelmed me.

"But presently I regained my presence of mind under the imminence of greater danger than I had yet incurred, and I was seized by a desperate resolve to get off the field as soon as possible. It was not that I cared to have the wound attended to so much as that I wanted to escape being taken prisoner. I had heard much of what escaping capture, for I felt that imprison-ment, in my condition, meant death. That we were bound to be defeated by strength of numbers there was no doubting and I wanted to be off the field. couple of comrades passing attempted to take mowith them using their muskets to lay me on. This was found to be impossible and I was agonized by the pain of my My friends laid me down on a pile of rails, and I lay there for I don't know how long with the bullets flying around me and whistling with their wicked little 'zip' into the ralls about me. Dozens of stragglers were getting to the rear as fast as they could and I knew that the end was not far off. And just as I was looking for the Confederate uniforms the resene came.

"I looked up with the glance of despair and saw, coming toward me, a youngster in the uniform of a Federal artillery bugler. He was mounted and was leading a horse. I shouted to him with all my strength and he rode up. There was no room for conversation and the boy dis-mounted without a word. He helped me up until I stood on my good leg and then I made the effort of my life and got astride of the led horse. Words would not de scribe what I suffered as the bugler started the horses on the trot for the rear, but we got there safe enough. It was only a mile away that we found a number of ambulances and surgeons, and they took me off the horse and loaded me into the third story of an ambulance, that was already loaded two deep and—well, here I am, and that is how it feels to be shot."

A BAD MARK FROM GOD

A Little Girl's Original Definition In Cour of "What Is a Sin?"

An incident worth recording occurred before Chief Judge Sedgewick of the superior court in the trial of the action rought in behalf of Ida Goldberg to recover \$15,000 damages from Edward Ridley & Sons for injuries received in being knocked down and run over by one of the wagons of the firm. The girl had her arm fractured. The defense was that she was responsible for the accident by her own negligence.

Lottie Goldberg, a sister of the plaintiff, who is only 11 years of age, was called to the witness chair to testify to the circumstances of the accident. She was such a little child that she was questioned as to her understanding the nature of an oath, in order to ascertain whether she should be allowed to testify.

Do you understand the nature of an

"Yes, sir." "What is it?"

"It is a swear."

On cross examination the little girl was asked: What do you mean when you say it

is a swear?"

"Well, it is that I have to tell the "If you don't tell the truth, what

"That would be a sin." "What is a sin?"

"A bad mark from God," answered the little one.

The venerable chief judge was visibly touched at this answer of the child and remarked, "This is a very intelligent child and perfectly understands the ob-ligations of an oath." She was then allowed to give her testimony. - New York

MYSTERY OF DREAMS.

THEORIES AS TO THE ACTION OF THE MIND DURING SLEEP.

cientific Men Who Believe That They Afford Proof of the Soul's Independent Activity-Calquboun's Claim That Dreams

Always Accompany Sleep. "Breams," says Homer, "descend from fove." There are thousands of intelligent people who still entertain that belief. The epinion commonly held by physicists is that, if the whole brain is locked up in sleep, there is no dream. If a portion of it is emancipated, thoughts peculiar to that portion arise, and those thoughts are dreams. According to Dr. David Hartley, they are nothing but the imaginations, fancies or reveries of a sleeping person. and are due to some peculiar state of the each or brain, to impressions received while awake, or to the effect of associa-

In the same vein Andrew Baxter declares that most of the representations offered to the soul in sleep are not only not produced by it, but there is no conscious ness of any action of the will to introduce them. They are involuntarily obtruded upon it. He cannot conceive of any thing more absurd than to suppose that the soul, as in a nightmare, would lay a plot to frighten itself. In reply to the argument of those who contend that dreams ndicate the activity of the soul separate from and independent of the body, Dr. Priestly asked: Why does not this independent entity contemplate the state of the body and brain during sleep, which might well afford it matter enough for ason and reflection?

So, too, Dr. Cromwell, in his work on The Soul and the Future Life." asserts that dreams take place only when the sleep is unsound and arise from partial returns of activity of the brain itself. These views fairly reflect the consensus of opin on regarding the origin and character of the phenomena.

On the other hand, there is authority as eminent for the belief that all dreams cannot be satisfactorily explained on the grounds above stated-that there is a something left out which it is of the highest consequence to understand before a positive judgment can be pronounced. The student of Xenophon will recall the remarkable passage which the historian puts into the mouth of the dying Cyrus the Elder: "Nor do I feel convinced that the soul will be devoid of sense when it is separated from the senseless body, but it is probable that when the mind is separated, unmixed and pure, it is then also most intelligent. When the frame of man is dissolved, every part of him is seen returning to that which is of the same nature as itself, except the soul, which alone is seen neither present nor departing. Reflect too, that nothing more closely resembles the death of man than sleep, but it is in sleep that the soul of man appears most divine, and it is then that it foresees something of the future, for then, as it seems, it is most at liberty."

The letters of the great Euler to a German princess contain the following state-ment: "Sleep furnishes something like an example of the state of the soul after death, as the union of the soul and body s then, in a great measure, interrupted and the soul ceases not from activity, be ng employed in the production of dreams. These are usually disturbed by the re-maining influence which the senses exercise, and we know by experience that the nore this influence is suspended, which is the case in profound sleep, the more regular and connected are our dreams.

Blakewell affirms that to be able to see without the eye, to hear with the car and to feel without touching objects, as we do n dreams, are facts which afford direct proof that the percipient principle is indeendent of the organs of sense and lead o the inference that the material organization of the brain, by which the impressions of external objects are originally conveyed to the mind must be distinct m the power that receives and retains these impressions; otherwise it would be impossible to account for the activity of perceptive power during the time when the brain ceases to hold any direct comnunication with the material world. Lord Brougham cites the inconceivable rapidity of the mind's operations as a proof of its independence of matter and capacity to exist without it, and after adducing a cultitude of facts chiefly connected with the phenomena of dreams says that "nothng can be conceived better calculated than these facts to demonstrate the extreme agility of the mental powers, their total diversity from any material sub-stance or action. Nothing better adapted to satisfy us that the nature of the mind is consistent with its existence apart from

There is no denial by the advocates of the latter view that dreams can ordinariy be accounted for on the hypothesis generally accepted by medical men. Impaired igestion, a feverish condition of the body. intense nervous strain, and other physic al causes, it is admitted, may be reasonably adduced to explain the phenomena But there are well authenticated cases of freams of a character so remarkable as to ender the theory of physical causes wholy inapplicable to them. They seem to demonstrate the power of the soul, during sleep, to evolve clear ideas and new denents of thought which are not the result of automatic or unconscious wellex

Coleridge tells us that "Kubla Khan" was composed entirely while he slept, "the images rising up before him as things with a parallel production of the corresponding xpressions, without any sensation or conciousness of effort." For a man of his pe uliar temperament that does not seem so strange an experience, but that the famous mathematician and philosopher, Condorcet, saw in his dreams the final stage of a difficult calculation which had puzzled bim during the day is a most extraordinary fact and one that is scarcely to be ex-plained by a reference to any abnormal bodily conditions. But if we admit the soundness of Colquboun's doctrine, we shall have an adequate means of explanation. He maintained that dreaming is exercise of an original spiritual energy: that it is an effort of the soul to man ifest itself free from material trammels; that all sleep is accompanied with dreaming, and that, in the case of the soundest sleep, dreams are not remembered because the soul has not notified the sensorium of them. Therefore we only catch glimpses of the soul's activity in sleep when the sensibility of the corporeal organs is not altogether suspended, and these glimpses are called dreams. - New York Times

A Uhlan Deserter's Adventures.

At the time of the Franco-German war a uhlan belonging to the Fourth Uhlan regiment deserted. He was apprehended recently in Alsace and taken to his regiment. The uhlan has just been tried by court martial at Thorn for deserting the colors and sentenced to five years' incarceration in a fortress. He has been sent to siege of Paris, fled to China and entered the Chinese army, in which he served for 14 years. Ten years after that he returned to Germany and obtained a situation as overseer in a manufactory in Alsace, which he retained up to the time he was arrested

Lost Chords Recovered Several Egyptian harps have been recovered from tembs. In some the strings are intact and give forth distinct sounds after a stience of 3,000 years.

LO'S FANCY DRINKS.

When Denied Whisky, He Gets Drunk on Cologne, Lemon Extract and Red Ink.

At best the Indian is a poor judge of whisky. Anything that produces an in-toxicating effect satisfies him. If he cannot get whisky, he will accept any substitute, and the result is that a large number of intoxicants have been discovered which are popularly supposed to be innocent of that which produceth redness of the eyes and contentions without cause. The favorite stimulant in the territory, says the St Louis Republic, is a beverage called Choe-taw beer. It was introduced by the Welsh coal miners working at the Lehigh mines, and in its pure condition is a nonintoxi-



A RED INK DRUNK.

cating, unfermented hop brew. To produce intoxication it is spiked with navy tobacco and pure alcohol. A "jag" acquired by this decoction brings out all the nate cussedness in a man and fills him with diabolical inspirations and murderous tendencies.

It does not curtail his capacity for meanness by making him drunk in the legs. It transforms him into a giant physically and a maniac mentally. While in this state he generally runs amuck and is given the right of way by people who are wise enough to consider discretion the better part of val-Many of the numerous murders com mitted in the territory during the past ten years were committed by persons under the

influence of Choctaw beer.

An iron tonic or stomach bitter drink roduces an opposite effect, as it is stupeying in its effects and dulls the mental and physical energy of the bibulous devo tee of Bacchus whose taste is so perverted as to allow him to drink such beverages. retail druggists in the territory at one time found it difficult to keep on hand a stock of tonic or stomach bitters large enough to supply the demand. The con sumption of these two drugs in the Indian Territory attracted great attention among the wholesale druggists in the country, and for a long time it was thought their popularity was due to their medicinal virtues, but when the United States deputy parshals served warrants on the retail druggists for retailing intoxicating liquors in the shape of drugs containing a large per cent of alcohol the real cause of the popularity of stomach bitters and tonics n the territory became known, and today they are contraband articles of commerce

in that part of the country.

After being deprived of the joys of an iron tonic drink the convivial natives cast about for a substitute and discovered that fruit and flavoring extracts would produce that joyful feeling. Jamaica ginger and emon extract immediately sprang into great favor, and retail dealers coined monsupplying the demand for the fluids Uncle Sam stepped in and deprived the red man of these luxuries also, and he was once more disconsolate.

The genius of discovery was aroused in the breast of the poor Indian, and it was not long before he was indulging in an resthetic drink produced by cologne. ery "two bits" many of them could lay hands on west for perfumery, and the suspicions of the deputy marshals were aroused, and they had the sale of cologne

The natives of the different tribes, who are not in favor of signing the pledge, have lately developed a literary taste, and they gratify it with red ink. They do not use the lnk for writing purposes, however. It is too precious, in their opinion, to waste in that way. It will produce a much more agreeable "jag" from an aboriginal point of view than any other liquid. A red ink drunk is as vivid as the color of the ink. It brings forth and develops every element of latent "cussedness." The person who indulges in it exemplifies the vices of the unregenerate. Its inspirations are of the same order as those produced by Choctaw beer. An Indian on a red ink drunk is a flend incarnate. He will mount his pony and lope up and down the streets of a town and discharge his pistel at anything he sees, animate or inanimate, and is not particular as to who it is or what it is either.

The Indian police and deputy marshals have found it well nigh impossible to stop the sale of ink, as it is regarded as a neces sity, and while the supply holds out the Indian is bound to enjoy a unique drunk produced by this fluid.

Nobody likes being managed. The secret of management is not known to all, but those who have learned it from the good fairies who preside over domestic tranquillity have attained brevet rank among the fortunate of the world. There is everything in taking people at the right moment and in suggesting an arrangement instead of ordering an arbitrary change of base. "My cousin Cornelia," said a lady, "always has her own way, without ever seeming to want it. Jabez, her husband, constantly proposes things in a masterful fashon, which he imagines first occurred to his own brain, the truth being that he is merely carrying out what Cornelia determined upon before the good man had so much as had a glimpse of the situation."

A secret of successful management in the home campaign is briefly stated in a sentence, "Keep your temper and do not antagonize any one," "I am leaving home for a week," a mother observed, "and I have given Phyllis charge of the house, her father and the

But Dorothy is the older daughter, is she not?" was the inquiry of the person addressed.

Yes, Dorothy is the older, but not the wiser in this particular instance," said the mother. "Dorothy never conciliates. She asserts and endeavors to enforce her wishes. The result is strife and bitterness. Phyllis is gentle and patient. She yields in minor matters and only makes a stand where something worth struggling for is involved. I go away with a light heart when it is Spandau to undergo the sentence. This a question of dropping my cares into uhlan descriter made off at the time of the the bands of Phyllis."—Harper's Bazar.

Japa Going In For Watchmaking. The enterprising Japs, ever on the okout for the chance of turning a few honest pennies, have just gone in for watchmaking. A large company with headquarters at Yokohama has beer started, and as labor in Japan is cheap and the Japanese possess in a remarkable degree the mechanical skill which is so essential in the business its prospects ought to be good. - London Figuro.

THEDUTCHONSKATES

THE CHIEF ENJOYMEN | AMONG THE PEOPLE OF HOLLAND.

Canals Bun Everywhere, Which Makes Visiting Lively-Skating In Slippers-The Famous Dutch Roll-A Dozen in Line With a Swift Leader.

If you have lived in Holland, in a village, we will say, you know how the first rost seems to quicken everybody. have been asleep all through November; thick heavy mists all day; quiet, quiet, no sound save the drip from the moisture laden boughs and the sad fall of leavesall the world dying. But on a sudden everything is changed. You awake one morning. Outside your window a warren is singing a song with but two notes. The sun has come out; the mists have gone; it is crisp and cold; the water crackles in the jug as you pour it out. Down stairs everything is warm; the

maids are singing and attentive. "It froze last night, Mevrouw," they say.
You know now the frenzy is beginning. The man comes in from the stable. "It

froze last night, Mevrouw." The post-man comes. "It froze last night, Mevrouw, the pot is full, now we will have All of which means that the canals are full, the holders are covered with water, and now a good, bard frost will make life

worth living.

If you miss the maids, you may know they are trying the ice on the most with pebbles. Out on the one village street the ittle boys are whistling around the blacksmith's shop, where the big boys are hav-ing their skates sharpened or bargaining for new ones. By the canal—and what Dutch village is without its canal?—there a a crowd. If it were not Holland, you might think something dreadful was happening, and indeed there is, for the skip er who goes to the market town with his rekschipt every day is being harangued nd scolded because he had some thought of spoiling the ice by pulling his boat through. "It is closed. Let it stay closed, they cry, and be gives in, whether to public

pinion or his own desire who shall say? And so it freezes steadily for a week, quietly and smilingly, without wind, the one and only enemy to skating in Holland. Several boys, in the meantime, too venturesome, have been lugged out of the anal and kicked and cuffed for spoiling the ice. And then one morning it is fro-zen solid, and all the Hollanders are hap-

In the summer, for the peasant, it has been nothing but grind, with the exception of a few days' kirmess, which leaves an aching head and empty pocket. Now there is pleasure without paying. You may go to the uttermost parts of the earth or Holland, which is the same to them, for nothing, and so there are happy junketings on the ice, distant friends and relatives to be visited-else never seenand engagements to be kept which were made the winter before. The whole country is a network of ca-

nals, and they serve three purposes-no, four-as means of communication, one canal leading into another; as drains to keep the land dry and habitable; in place of walks or fences or hedges, and, the fourth purpose, to skate upon.

Herein lies the fascination of skating in Holland-you can go somewhere, any-where, everywhere. And incredible is the speed and endurance of the Dutch on skates — although Donoghue did beat hem. Donoghue, like Ohmns, is a genius -all Dutchmen cannot win the diamond sculls-but I doubt if in long distances any American can outspeed the Holland-We skate better-that is to say, we do things on our skates a Dutchman would never dream of doing, but for long disances the Dutch would outlast us.

Near the village it is like a scene from a comic opera. Girls and boys, men and women, all gay and boisterous, all in a maze of delightful color-gold and silver, lace covered head dresses-surmounted, -bright skirts, gaudy aprons and colored cloaks among the women. The men more somber, but none the less picturesque. Most of the men are in slippers. If you are new to the sight, you will look with amazement-red velvet and black, embroideries and carpet cut slippers-slippers everywhere. You wonder if they are going to skate in this footgear. Watch them and you will see that they are. You will see them bind on, some with straps and some with strings, skates so long and low that they must have descended from the Finnish snow, Skates-and all so loose you wonder how they can skate on them. They are on their feet now, trying them and as you watch you see the real Dutch

Near by a lot of young people are wran gling over a long pole, like a barber's pole and as gayly painted, with a knob on one end of it. They are trying to decide which is the strongest. They are all the strongest, apparently, but finally the owner of the pole is elected leader. He takes the pole under his right arm, his left hand firmly grasping the knob. Behind him to or th -men and women-are ranged, all grasping the pole in the same manner, with a strong man in the middle and another on the end.

The end man gives the signal, "Ready, away!" And away it is, with one great curve to the right from one side of the canal to the other. Then for a little while you hear the leader's "rechts, links!" and watch the line of swaying bodies gliding farther and farther down the canal until it becomes merely a gray wriggle.

As we have said, the only enemy to

skating in Holland is the wind, which almost always blows. Going with the wind is of course delightful, but it is the returning in the teeth of it that is uppleasant. It is in skating against the wind that the long poles are especially useful. The leader of course takes the wind and bears the buffet, while those behind get little or none, and the combined impetus sends

them on almost without effort. It would not do to tell the speed the Dutch say they attain with these poles, but it is very great. If you take a long trip with a lot of good skaters, you will find, moreover, a delight in this manner of skating which no other can give, but you will need great power of endurance. There is no falling out of line, and you will have learned at the end of the day that it is best when you are in Holland to do as the Hollanders do and wear Dutch Your own you will find, as they say, heavy. The chiefest objection to Dutch skates is not that they are too long, but they are too low, for unless the ice is very dry they collect the shavings, and the feet get wet and cold.

Many foreigners come to Holland in the inter to skate. The fact that there is winter very little snow and so muck ice makes it a paradise for skaters, and the abandon and gayety of the winter season add to the pleasure, -Cor. Louisville Courier Jour-

Tramps Walk.

Johnny-Papa, where do tramps get all their money to make European trips? Papa-Who said tramps made Europeau trips?

Johnny-Nobody I know of, but there's so much in the papers about tramp steamers that I thought they all did. - Roxbury (Mass.) Gazotte.

It was "Poor Richard's Almanae" which first made Franklin famous, and it was out of the mouth of Poor Richard that Franklin spoke most effectively to his fellow countrymen.

THE COBRA'S JEWEL.

An Incident Which Led to an Explanation of the Superstition

In India there is a common superstition to the effect that the jeweled cobra, a most onous reptile, can never be found without its precious stone. The natives assert that as soon as a cobra loses its stone or has it taken away it eventually dies a lingering death or commits suicide

These snakes are rather rare; otherwise this superstition would have ceased to exist. However, an entomologist of an inquiring turn of mind and a dabbler in elec tricity, recently returned from India, tells the following incident, showing how electricity can even serve the double purpose of exploding mines and false theories:

It appears that he was auxious to catch a number of Indian fireflies, and as a decoy he used a half candle power incandes cent lamp, current being furnished by small sulphate of mercury primary bat-The lattery and lamp he deposited tery. upon the ground in a neighboring thicket or jungle and awaited developments. It should here be mentioned that only the male fly is provided with the brilliant light, while the female gives but a faint glow and does not leave the ground.

The first night that the lamp remained on the ground very few of the male flies came near it. This he surmised to be due to the fact of the light being so intense. So the next night he set the decoy again dimming the lamp, however, by covering it with some tissue paper. He laid this down by a tree, and net in hand awaited the coming of the male flies.

They came, too, in short order, and in quite a little while he had secured a lot of specimens. Suddenly, however, the air was free from files. They disappeared as if by magic. Just then the entomologist, thinking that the cause of their sudden departure must be due to something unusual, looked down to see if the lamp was still burning. It had gone out. Stooping down in the darkness, he placed his hand where he thought the lamp ought to be, and to his great horror he found that be had touched the moist skin of a living cobra. The reptile had swallowed the amp, thinking it to be a cobra's jewel.

It is almost needless to say that there was a mutual surprise, but it was comparatively easy to tell which was the more ightened. The snake slurred off, and as the battery was a little too heavy for him to drag along, the wires being strong, the lamp was forcibly removed from his

This incident led to an investigation. and it was found that the cobra while young makes a search for a phosphores cent pebble, composed probably of barium sulphide, which, upon being slightly heated, produces a light which resembles that emanating from the female firefly. This he lays upon the ground immediately in front of his mouth, and as the winged insects approach they become an easy prey to this most venomous reptile. - Electrical Review.

A Curious Custom.

A curious custom prevails among the street peddlers and small storekeepers of lew York that has its origin with the Russian Hebrews. In Baxter street the clothing men and in Division street the milliners insist that a sale must be made before 9 o'clock on Monday morning. No matter what the price and regardless of profit or loss, some piece of goods has to be turned into coin by that hour. Other-

wise the week will prove an unlucky one This explains why shrewd coreligionists hang around these places on the fateful They may have had their eye on morn. a pair of trousers, a coat or a bennet for weeks, and they patiently await the chance to secure the coveted article at their own If they see that no business has been done with uninitiated patrons, they jump inside a few moments before 9 and fix the price on what they want to suit themselves.

I learned of this superstition through match peddler. He entered the barber shor where I was being shaved last Monday forenoon at about 8:30. He offered the proprietor a package of a dozen boxes for cents. give you a nickel." The fellow pleaded until the hands of the clock pointed to 3 minutes of 9. Then he took the 5 cent piece and departed, while the barber ex Later I met the peddler on the street and asked, "How much for match-"Fifteen cents a package," he replied. "Will you sell me two packages for a quarter?" "No, sir," was the auswer. He had made his first sale, and after that cut prices "didn't go."-New York Her-

The alchemists of the middle ages were incessantly occupied with the endeavors to transmute metals. Many alloys were known to them which are lost to us, and their recipes contain many useful hints worthy of the attention of modern scientists. There is a curious book in the Bibli-otheque Nationale entitled "Liber Sacer dotum" ("The Book of the Priests"), is supposed to have been written by the Jewish priests, but probably dates from the eighteenth century. Here is one of the curious recipes contained in this book: Mix a quantity of iron filings with a quar ter of its weight of red orpiment, the mixture in a linen cloth, inclose in a smelting pot and leave it for a whole night in a heated furnace. Next add some oil and natron and just as much copper filings as there is iron. Melt all together, and the result will be a fine material for hammers.—New York Ledger.

Aqueous Precipitation

The general law of aqueous precipita-tion may be briefly stated. Whatever lowers the temperature of the air at any place below the dew point is a cause of rain. Various causes may conspire to effect this object, but it is chiefly brought about by the ascent of the air into the higher regions of the atmosphere, by which, being ubjected to less pressure, it expands, and In doing so lowers its temperature. These ascending currents are caused by the heat-ing of the earth's surface by the sun's rays, or, in fact, by anything which raises the temperature of the superincumbent air, and it is very obvious that the con-tinual discharge of large pieces of ordnance will have a considerable effect in raising the temperature of the air lying on the earth's surface, which will ascend, expand and discharge in aqueous particles in the form of rain for the foregoing reasons.— Brooklyn Eagle.

Replenishing a Wardrobe She (coaxingly)-Your little wifey is very

anxious to see her mother again. He-Yes, of course-er-very natural. She-I cannot go to visit her, you know vithout a complete new traveling outfit, and a few new dresses for extra occasions but if you feel very poor, my love, I can stay at home and have mother come here,

you know. He-Poor! Nonsense, I'm making money right along. Here's a check.—New York Weekly.

First Suicide In Great Salt Lake.

Mrs. Ada Andrews, aged 28 years, who was deserted by her husband, Eugene An-drews, plunged into the bosom of the Great Salt lake and was taken out a few minutes later a corpse. Her body was found floating face downward about 250 feet from where she entered the water. Mrs. Andrews is the first person who has ever committed suicide in the lake, as the water is so buoyant that the body will not sink.

Paris was the first great city to have a ublic morgue for the reception of dead bodies. In London, each parish along the Thames cares for the people who are drowned or die friendless in the streets. A CUTE LITTLE MAN

HAPPY CHANCE ENABLED HIN TO FOIL THE ROAD AGENTS

He Kept His Own Counsel Until the don-ney Ended and Then Saved His Net by Explaining—The Old Lady With Non In Her Shoe Had to Give Up. "One day in 1879," said an old stage

driver to a newspaper man, "the Ban Hills coach left Cheyenne for Dealway with eight passengers—seven were no one was a woman. As they journed toward Deadwood they conversed and themselves. Each expressed different spinions as to the probability of a had up. Some said they would hide many contract the engineers of her would be the property of the contract the contract of the con ander the cushions, others would as render what bills or gold they me possess, while two or three men erbs ited revolvers and vowed that the would make resistance. The work said she had only \$100 in the world She had come out west to make a living by keeping a restaurant in the mining camps and had done very well notil fire destroyed her property and bers vestment. She was going back to be son in New England to spend the a mainder of her days upon the fara The safest place imaginable, in he opinion, was the sole of her left far and she had accordingly placed two fa bills inside her shoe.

"There was a small man seated h the corner next to the driver. Hata was pulled well over his eyes, and is kept constantly in his lap a small blai valise. He took no part in the conssation, and it was not long until the passengers, who received rather on responses to such questions as they at dressed to him, began to regard his as tions with suspicion. "Well, the coach rolled on towns Deadwood. Next morning toward 1

o'clock the expected robbers appeared

The messenger was shot and slighty wounded, the horses were held and kn driver and messenger compelled to de-mount and put up their bands. The passengers were ordered out of the coach, and it is needless to say that the obeyed with alacrity. The three me who were to resist the robbers were awed by the presence of several land revolvers thrust in their faces that he gave up their treasures with little smonstrance. Said one of the robben 'It's agin our rules to bother women so, old girl, we won't search you' While two of the desperadoes were through the pockets of the men anothe happened to see the small man in the corner. 'Hello,' said he, 'bere's one is the coach. Come out of there.' The man appeared, but without his little black value. He was very porty dressed, thin, pale and affected by i backing cough. Said he: 'Boys, Ihan't got much-only a few dollars. I sa going back east to die. If you take what little I got, I won't have no mose to get meals. My railroad ticket ant any use to you. If you will let se alone, I will tell you where you can pt \$100.

"At this the poor old woman tonal pale and some of the passengers began to mutter.

'All right,' said the spokesman if the bandits, 'we'll search you, and I you ain't lying we'll let you go if you'll tell us where we can get that \$100." 'So they searched him and found f

or \$8 in silver in his pockets, which they let him keep. " 'Now,' said the consumptive locking man, 'if you'll make this an take off her left shoe, you will fat

next to the sole two \$50 bills." "The robbers compelled the old wonan to loosen her shoe and found the money. Upon this they took their departure, the passengers mounted the coach, and the journey toward Desi-

wood was resumed. "Scarcely had they entered when a torrent of abuse was poured upon the small man. 'You villain,' said on 'you ought to be hung,' One of the mit called to the driver to stop. The mess man in the corner was dragged out of the coach, and the excited passengen were about to string him up to the near-

est tree. 'One minute—just one minute pleaded he. 'It is only 10 or 12 miss to the next station, and it is customat in this country to give a man a lim show for his life. I beg of you just s that far, and if I can't properly explain you can bang me.

"The driver told the passengers that the men at the station would not intefere if the suspect could not make proper defense, so they all re-entered the coach and proceeded upon the journey. There was little said during the next hour and a half. The mess man was closely watched by the mais passengers, and escape for him was inpossible.

"As the buildings of the station cam into view upon the coach sudden swinging around a bend in the road the small man brightened up considerably 'Now, said he, I will tell you. are perfectly safe here, as this end of the line is free from robbers. I have \$25,000 in my grip, and the only wif that I could save it was by divertist the attention of the robbers to someon in the party. Unfortunately that out had to be the lady. That is why I have kept my own counsel during the jost

"As the coach rolled up in frost the postoffice he opened his valise, presented the old lady with six \$20 bills and in addition gave each of the other passengers sufficient money to cover in expenses to Deadwood."-San Fran cisco Examiner.

Old Time Legislators.

The Rev. Zephaniah Willis, who had been a minister of Kingston, Mass., nearly 50 years, was a member of the Mss sachusetts legislature of 1831, and in a letter he wrote to his family at that the occurs the following: "There are only for members who retain and wear the shot clothes - Melville and Williams of Rosts Farris of Newburyport and myself." Boston Transcript.

In a Spanish book of travel, "Costan res Yankees, Viajes por la America de Norte," by Jose Sauchez Somoeth following account of the origin common: "A great philanthropist use Common had the happy idea of present the children of Boston with a leafy grant of great trees."—San Francisco Argons

A proconsul was originally a Roma sul, who at the close of his term of offer was sent to govern a province. Exceptions were often made, however, and is later times it was not required that its proconsul should have been a consul-