AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

REDG tor every act of love and duty to angel in the path of life should lay brely rose of sweet perfume and eply to the the eren then, how bare would be the lution. WES

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se for every kindly word unspoken, for every fault which careless hands GRANTE had done. every resolution made and broken. a thorn beneath our erring feet had

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atthen the way would be one stretch of auguish. With only here and there a flower to

-Secreta cheer. the sense feet would faiter and our spirits llar

request languish. and life would be a burden hard to department bear.

nits for gui ant sellom are we outwardly rewarded or grants a According to the deeds which we have nert of th

done. The pure in heart" are by the world discarded; WAT OF AD

The wicked harvest where the good have sown.

n given m and set to every heart in darkness hidtrch 3, 188 Id at point

There comes an angel, whom we cannot \$60.

Who strives to keep us from the paths forbidden. And in the narrow way where faith

may be.

igned solely fis name is Conscience, and he brings us tion, it has roscs-

Sweet rones, borrowed from the brow of Peace. or thorps on which remorseful thought

reposes. Regrets whose sharp tormentings never cease.

Then let us strive temptation's storm to weather.

Let every thought and every deed improve TIl Conscience finds no cruel thorns to

gather, But crowns the soul with joy, and peace, and love.

-flichmond Religious Herald.



OR three days Ford Ashcroft, editor of the popular Now-a-Days Magazine, has been kept at home by a wretched cold. To-day he felt almost himself again. but a whistling.

driving snowstorm. 8 fierce blizzard. such as sometimes strikes New York in

the latter part of February, was raging and forbade him to venture out. fired with the unwonted inaction of the past two days, the editor's thoughts urned to his work, and he began to sasider the make-up of the number law in preparation.

"I'm not quite satisfied with the May sumber," he murmured. "It's a little heavy for May; there ought to be more of the light and life and blossoming of May in it. Now, those 'Pastelles'we haven't any really good spring story in them."

The "Pastelles," a new department of the magazine, were short sketches. with hardly plot enough to be called

who read might almost see the pretty picture of the girlish Faith, with her pure, trustful eyes, and the boyish lover who bent to kiss her check beneath the orchard boughs. Then the story of the young lover who went away, who grew older and sterner, who struggled and won-and forgot.

After a while he took the pen and wrote again. . • .

A month later the editor was startled to find among his personal mail at the office an envelope bearing the postmark of Raynor.

"My Dear Ford: I have read the story, 'Under Orchard Boughs,' in the Now-a-Days, and though you have changed the names of the people and Reynolds falls asleep in the little rail-

more in the old orchard; when he veldt stretches out to the horizon. wakes to find it but a dream, and knows at last the one thing his life has lacked in the midst of its seeming prosperity; when, seized with a sudden heartsick longing for a sight of the Faith he had known, he rushes to the ticket office and asks for a ticket to the

little village; ab, Ford, why did you not let him carry out his first impulse. why did you make him besitate and turn his back on the hope he might have made his own? "I cannot say more than this-if you

care to come to Raynor you will find me walting in the old orchard, and you will find me still

"FAITH THORNE." Ford Ashcroft crushed the letter in "Coward!" he said to himself flercely.

And now-" hall. The next moment the door was thrown open and two children rushel in, the older one exclaiming breathlessly, "Papa, papa, the carriage has

come, and mamma is ready, and you 'cause it's my birthday, and I'm 6 years old."

gave her half a dozen kisses in honor army. He is an ideal soldier and brave of the day. Then he went for a drive as a lion. with his wife and little ones, the pathetic letter from Faith Thorne still juba Hill, says an English writer in

The Land of Windmills.

Great flapping sails all over the land make Holland look as if a flock of huge sea birds were just settling upon it. There are said to be at least 10,000 of these windmills in Holland. They are employed in sawing timber, beating hemp, grinding corn and many other kinds of work; but their principal use is for pumping water from the lowlands into the canals and for guarding against the inland freshets that so often deluge the country. Many of the windmills are quite simple affairs, but some of the new ones are admirable.

They are so constructed that by an inthe right direction to work with the





GRAVES OF THE BLACK WATCH (HIGHLANDERS) KILLED AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

en with their general, were buried. The between Cape Town and De Aar juncbodies of Gen. Wauchope and other offitions. Next morning the train with the way station, where he is waiting for cers were interred in front of the graves body, its escort and many mourners movhis train, and the young girl comes in graves is picturesque. To the west lies The situation of the ed out of the station to travel to the seque. To the west lies cemetery, which is situated foar miles with her armful of apple blossoms, the broad river fringed with trees, to the whose fragrance, stealing into his east he the neights held by the enemy, a run of but a few minutes, and then herself was faint and exhausted. away from the little town. It was only dreams, makes him fancy himself once while north and south the unduisting the procession started across the Karroo. The Karroo is often said to be dreary

and dull. To some, however, it is far otherwise. The desolate, flat-topped hills Gen. A. G. Wauchope, lately commanding the Highland Brigade with Lord Me-



thuen's force, who was killed at the bat

the of Magersfontein, was first buried on the battlefield by the side of his brave Watch to the church. The first part of the service was conducted by the Rev. B. Price, chaplain to the volunteers along his hand with a muttered imprecation. men who also fell in the battle. How-"Coward!" he said to himself flercely. ever, the Hon. J. D. Logan, M. L. A., of the lines of communication, and the see "Couldn't I have found enough literary late general's family would be anxious, chaplain to the Highland Brigade (who Matjesfontein, thinking rightly that the ond portion by the Rev. Mr. Robertson, at some future date, to arrange for the first found the general's body). Three Faith into print? It was a dustardly reinterment of the body, offered to have volleys were fired over the grave, which thing to do, but who would have it transferred to his own cemetery tem-

some officers, including Capt. Rennie, A. D. Edgecombe, Beaufort West, in the He hastily put the letter in his pocket as the sound of voices was heard in the D. C. to the late general, and Mr. Logan, D. Edgecombe, Beaufort London Illustrated News.

> "FIGHTING MAC." trips to South Carolina and Georgia,

is a keen observer of people and cus-New Commander of the Highland toms. "The most incomprehensible be-Brigade Is a Fearless Soldier. ing in the world," he remarked the "Fighting Mac" is the name by which said you'd go to wide wiv us to-day. Brig. Gen. Hector Macdonald, who other day, "is that peculiar type of person who describes himself as a succeeded Gen. Wauchope as the com-

'Southern gentleman, sah.' The simple mander of the Highland Brigade, is word 'gentleman' has no meaning to Ashcroft pleked up the child and known in the annals of the British him at all. But a 'Southern gentleman is quite another matter. On my last visit to Atlanta I met an old chap Macdonald has never forgotten Mawho was as garrulous as he was proud

in his pocket.-Chicago Times-Herald. giving a summary of the Scotch soldier's characteristics. Though taken prisoner on that day he remained to sation he said so much about Souththe end unbeaten, for when after a desperate resistance he was at last un-

armed and a couple of Boers ran at him, Macdonald met them with his naked fists and his assailants went reeling back. Finding him so hard to tackle, they were for putting a bullet

through his head, but a Boer with an appreciation of pluck intervened. "No." he said. "this is a brave man. and we shall spare him. Let us take

him prisoner, at all hazards."

Bennett Burleigh holds that Macdonald has just that touch of genius which distinguishes the great soldier from the

REIG. GEN. HECTOR MACDONALD.

In spite, however of the warm liking

he inspires in those above and under

him, it is on record that some of his

dusky Soudanese once mutinied against

him. Macdonald's method of dealing

with the outbreak once again illus-

trates the man. His regiment had of

necessity to make long forced marches

under the fierce desert sun, and the

conditions were so hard that the men

Macdonald's power over half savage

soldiers. There was no more grum-

bling, and the same men and others

A YOUNG HEROINE.

Giri's Work at a Fire Refutes the Peusimist's Wail. "In these days," General Gordon once

said, sadiy, "the race is for honors, not honor, and for newspaper praise." is it true? The most hopeless among us must admit that if true there are exceptions.

In New York a few weeks ago, Miss Minnie Swarts, while out seeking work for the support of her younger brothers and sisters, came upon a great fire. and learned that a number of firemen had just been disabled.

She ran to a neighboring grocery bought a gailon of milk, had it heated, changed the names of the people and of the place I knew at once that it was our story. But, dear, you should not 13, some fifty Highianders, who had fall-Magersfontein is on the line of railway Magersfontein is on the line of railway Magersfontein is on the line of railway and carried it to the exhausted firemes. to drag in their hose, and then, discovering two wounded firemen slipping

each by a leg till help came and she

the important assistance of this 18. again-aloive or decad." boldly cut out from the horizon and overlooking the silent plains below, have a grave majesty of their own. A more imstuffed with bank-notes. posing background to that mournful pro-

ssion following the body of the High-Tears came to the girl's eyes, but she land chieftain could not well be imagined. The body was placed on a gun carriage. touched and grateful, but she could and was escorted by 195 officers and men. not take money for doing what was neluding some of late general's brigade. and attended by the band of the Duke in this resolve she has ever since perof Edinburgh's Own volunteers and the sisted. sipers of the Cape Town Highlanders.

It is said by spectators at the fire When the procession began to move the that while Miss Swarts worked so stillness of the Karroo was broken by the strains of the band. At length the cemetery was reached, and the coffin was carried by men of the Second Black curiously looking on.

A quick eye to see where one may be place.

VANILLA AS A POISON.

Danger Lurks in the Use of the Com mon Household Article. Ordinary vanilla extract is poisonous in some cases. A certain fearful interest attaches to accounts of poisoning by substances in common use, and the interest becomes almost painful when we learn how difficult it is to provide

against its occurrence. Vanilla is a case in point. Fortunately, thanks apparently more to luck than anything else, cases of poisoning from this cause are rare. Nineteen persons-one of whom subsequently died-suffered severely, Wassermann tells us, from the effects of eating some vanilla cream. This was composed of milk, eggs, sugar and flavored with vanillin (the commercial article prepared from coniferin). The dish had been cooked in the evening and allowed to stand, uncovered, in the dining-room till noon next day. Investigation showed that the eggs and sugar were good, that the milk alone was harmless and that the vanillin was pure. The fact that the cook and landlady, who had merely tasted the dish, had also become seriously ill, suggested the idea that the polsonous agency might have undergone further development after being swallowed-that is, that it was bacterial. Wassermann boiled three flasks



At a reception in London a pompous literary man said to Charles G. D. Roberts: "I live upon manuscript. My house is a book, and my evening suit Monthly. As for my last poem, it is Here he paused for a word, which Prof. Roberts supplied: "A ci-

garette, I suppose." While on one of the crowded Isle of Man boats an Oldkam man, who sufan axe made an opening for the men fered severely from sea sickness, was overheard to say to his sen: "Jimmy, I've getten a stick, wi' a silver knob Into a water-filled cellar, she held them ou't a-whoam; tha can have it. There's two or three quid i' t' bank, and it's far t' buryin'. An', Jimmy, bury me in The fire commissioner, learning of th' Isle o' Mon. 1 can't stand this trip

year-old heroine, invited her to call at In a murder trial in Dallas, Tex., the his office. In a heartfelt little speech other day, the counsel for the defense he presented her, in the name of the was examining a venireman regarding dollar and a few managed to polse the grateful department, with a purse his qualifications to serve. The candidate admitted that he had once been

a member of a jury which tried a neput aside the purse. She was deeply gro for murder. It is not permissible in such cases to ask the result of the her duty, and a privilege as well. And that negro now?" "I don't know," was dollar that rolled into a crack. Next the reply; "the sheriff hanged him at the appointed time."

Upon one occasion, at Vienna, a Bavarian noble was uttering a philippic vallantly for hours, scores of able- against the Hungarian spelling and the teller over the bills, "but none of bodied men stood outside the fire-lines orthoepy. Dr. Maurus Jokal, who was present, listened with grave attention say it takes steady nerves."

until the noble had concluded. Then useful, an ability to act wisely in an he rose, bowed, and remarked: "We do emergency and sturdy refusal to be spell badly, and pronounce even worse, paid for it; these are refreshing attrib- but, your excellency, that is a part of utes in either nan or woman, and lift our national courtesy; we do it to give office immediately thereafter was highthe humblest life out of the common- foreigners an excuse when they try to speak in our beautiful language."

The good advice of the Laird of Waterton, in Aberdeenshire, to a sheep

stealer, reads like a very practical joke He had himself sent the man to jall; and in those days sheep stealing was a capital offense. Visiting the prisoner the night before the trial, he asked him what he meant to do; to which the prisoner replied that he intended to confess, and to pray for mercy. "Confess?" said Waterton; "what, man, will ye confess and be hanged? 'Na! na deny it to my face." He did so, and was acquitted.

The following is told by the granddaughter of an old lady who lived in one of the Southern States, and had been known throughout the neighborhood as one who had a keen sense of the ridiculous. After a long illness her final hour was supposed to have come, and her children and grandchildren gathered round her for a last farewell, when suddenly she opened her eyes, and, on seeing the mournful expres sions of those about her, remarked with all her old-time vigor: "The watched pot never boils."

In the course of an address delivered one afternoon at Mount Hermon, Mr. Moody referred to a wooded elevation as "Temptation Point." One of the trustees remarked that he had never heard the spot called by that name before. "Neither have I," the speaker replied. "Why did you hit upon such a name as that?" came the inquiry. effloresces with acid, anyhow.' "Oh!" said Mr. Moody, "because 1

Orleans Times-Democrat, presented check at one of the banks the other day. and while the money was being counted out amused himself by balancing coins on the marble ledge in front of the paying teller's window. Finally be performed an astonishing feat. He first balanced a silver dollar so it stood up on edge, then placed a half-dollar edge to edge on top of it, and completed the pyramid with a bright new quarter. His manipulation as he deposited the coins one on the other was beautifully delicate, and the spectacle of all three is an essay I wrote for the Blank standing without support made the teller's eyes protrude from their sockets.

> "Why, that's perfectly amazing!" he exclaimed. "I wouldn't have believed It could be done!" The other attaches looked and marveled.

"It takes steady nerve to do it," said the young man carelessly, and sweeping the coins with a dexterous grab he dropped them into his pocket, picked up his money, and strolled out. It was not a busy hour, and after he was gone all hands began balancing silver, or rather trying to. The thing was as fascinating as the old "pigs in the clover" puzzle, because one could come so near without doing it. Nearly everybody succeeded in balancing the first 50-cent piece for an infinitesimal, breathless instant, but it always fell down again, and that was as far along as any one could get. For an hour or so there was silver all over the floor, trial, so the counsel said: "Where is and the bookkeeper had to make good a day the dexterons young man sauntered in with another check.

"We were all trying that balancing trick of yours yesterday," remarked us could do it. You're right when you

"Y-e-es," replied the young man, grinning, "and it's also facilitated by a little shoemaker's wax on the edge of the coins." The language used by the ly picturesque, but would not have sounded well at a Chautauqua meeting.

Instructing the Professor.

Sir Walter Scott used to say that much of his knowledge came from the most unexpected quarters. He rarely lost an opportunity of talking to a chance acquaintance, and his friendliness was generally repaid by some interesting glimpse of human nature or a bit of odd information. An incident in the life of the late Professor Dana, the distinguished geologist of Yale University, shows how hard it is to judge of a man's knowledge from his appearance.

"One day," says a younger scientist, who accompanied Dana on several of his expeditions, "as we were driving through the Berkshire Hills, we came to an abrupt turn in the road where what appeared to be granite was exposed by the roadside. Limestone was to be expected here, and Professor Dana, jumping from the buggy, examined a bit of it through a pocket-lens.

"He was just saying, 'Yes, that is certainly gueiss,' when a countryman came along in a wagon, and with an unmistakable Yankee accent, said, 'I reckon you call that there rock limestone, don't you?

"Professor Dana looked up, and said, 'No, it's a kind of granite.' He was very careful to say 'granite' and not 'gueiss," the scientific name for a kind of granite rock.

"'Wal,' said the countryman, 'It "I have a very vivid picture

'A Southern gentleman, sah,' he remarked with great pomp, 'is a man who has never permitted anybody else to shave him and who has never blacked his own boots." "-Philadelphia Record.

DEATH'S HEAD MOTHS.

of his lineage, and who was as poor

as he was proud. During our conver

ern gentlemen that I made bold to ask

him for a definition of the term.

Superstitious Dread with Which They Are Regarded in Poland.

Butterflies may mean much in the way of auguries. The variegated ones, of bright coloring, are fortunate, especontaining, respectively, plain milk, genious contrivance they present their good one. Undoubtedly he has the ca. cially if fluttering near the wayfarer. milk flavored with vanillin and a solufans or wings to the wind in precisely pacity for taking infinite pains. The But the bronze butterfly, or moth, is tion of vanillin in water, then let them grind of work he has been through in not lucky. Of all the race, however,

It transferred to his own cemetery tem-porarily. Accordingly, the body was ex-humed, and was sent down, in charge of illustrations are from photographs by E. thought she would have seen the thing. porarily. Accordingly, the body was ex-

stories; sometimes a light character study-a delicate word painting of some aspect of nature.

Mr. Ashcroft took an art calendar from the wall by his side and turned the leaves until he came to the May page. The picture was an excellent copy of a water color painting. It represented an orchard of apple trees, covered with their pink and white bloom. A young girl stood under one of the trees, leaning gracefully against the gnarled trunk, her hands clasped loosely before her. The whole was delicately tinted, and seemed almost to carry with it a faint fragrance of the blossom-laden May.

His thought went back to the village of Raynor, where he had spent a few nonths years ago. Some college prank had brought him into touble with the faculty, and he had been suspended for four months. His father had sent him to the little Connecticut village to spend the time with an old college classmate.

One of the vilinge girls, shy little Faith Thorne, had from the first held captive his boyish fancy. As he came to know her better, her influence in creased, and he said to himself that he had found the pearl among women. Brought up in a Quaker household, for Faith was an orphan and lived with her grandparents, a certain quaintness. a child-like simplicity and directness, made her seem unlike the other merry. chattering country lasses.

Little by little he and Faith came to be more and more to each other; the wild rose flush in her cheeks deepened when he was by, a sweet shyness made the blue eyes droop before his.

She would not let him blod himself by any promise; they were both too young, she said. He must go away now, finish his college course with honor, and then, when he had taken the place waiting for him in his father's office, he might come again to Raynor, and he would find her waiting for him. So, on this afternoon, with the February storm raging without, Ford Ashcroft's thoughts went back and lingered on the springtime idyl of those long ago years. Could it be twelve years-Faith would be 29 now, but somehow he could not think of her as looking much older than the young girl he had left in the orchard. Surely she had not lost that pure, child-like face-a little older, perhaps, a little sadder, but still with those innocent, wistful eyes. And he-well-he was 34; he had lived in the midst of the rush and whiri of city life.

"It would make a good 'Pastelle,' he finally remarked, and turned to his desk, took up his pen and began to write. Slowly at first, then, as the past seemed to come nearer, his pen moved thore rapidly over the page. He told of the college youth in the little village. of the shy maiden who won his boyish heart; he described the old orchard with its glory of apple . blooms: be seemed almost to inhale their delicate fragrance as he wrote. The whole pretty idyl was old in simple words, but with such exquisite art that one requisite power. In other words, the miller may indulge in a quiet little sleep and leave his mill to study the winds and make the most of them

without his assistance. If there is only a little wind every sail will spread itself to make the most of it; but if a big "blow" should come, they will all shrink up and give it only half a chance to move them. If you want to see windmills in all their glory, you must pay a visit to the land of windmills.-Pittsburg Dispatch.

To Make Cloth Fireproof.

The American consul at Freiburg. Germany, reports an interesting discovery by German scientists, the application of which will render cloth and wood fireproof. The material used to bring about this result is now being manufactured by a German firm, and great things are expected of it. The American consul declares that he has experimented with the discovery, and

has found that curtains, carpets, cloth- mud," probably no one but himself ing, draperies and wood to which the knows. It is to him and to men like liquid has been applied refuse to yield him that the new Egyptian army owes to flame. Even when cloth was covered its existence to-day, and the results with kerosene and the oil burned out were for all the world to see at the the fiber of the goods was only charred. Atbara and at Omdurman while the piece remained intact. It is claimed that with the use of this chem. no man, himself least of all, but he is ical application hotels may be made absolutely fireproof, and that it will reduce fire risks on inside property very greatly. The chemical is soluble, and own hearts.

is therefore impracticable for outdoor use. Garments, curtains or carpets that pass through a laundering process must be treated again. It is claimed, bowever, that the scientists who have worked out the process believe they can render it waterproof in time.

The Umbrella Bird.

The umbrella bird, which has some became mutinous. One day during the resemblance to a crow both in size and march Macdonald heard two or three plumage, is so called from a wide crest of the native soldiers saying: "Wait which spreads out above its head like till the next fight and I will take care a parasol. This crest is composed of that this slave driver of a colonel does long siender feathers, rising from a not come out alive. I myself will shoot contractile skin on the top of the head. him."

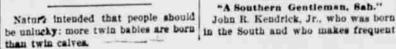
The shafts are white, and the plume | Macdonald recognized the men by glossy blue, hair-like, and curved out- their voices, called a hait and sternly ward at the tip. When the crest is laid ordered the culprits to step out from back the shafts from a compact white the ranks. Facing them he cried: mass sloping up from the top of the "Now, you are the men who are going head, and surmounted by the dense to shoot me in the next fight. Why hairy plumes, but when fully spread wait so long? Why do not do it now? the top forms a perfect, slightly elon- Here I am, shoot me--if you dare!" gated dome, of a beautiful shining blue The rebels grounded their arms in color. The length of this dome from sullen silence. "Why don't you shoot?" asked their front to back is about five inches, the

breadth four to four and a half inches. colonel. "Because you don't seem to care This bird is a native of the islands of whether you die or not," and that rethe South American rivers, being seldom if ever seen on the mainland.

A Gigantic Moth.

inches.

The largest insect known to entolike them followed him devotedly mologists is a Central American moth, through the battles of Gemalzah, Toscalled the Erebus Strix, which expands ki, Afafit, Ferkeh, Athara and Omdurits wings from eleven to eighteen man.



the most dreaded as an augury is what the Soudan, "making riflemen from

is commonly known as "death's head moth." People who are very firm of nerve in other matters have often been much agitated in finding one of these in a room. The villager does not simply augur death from the likeness to

the skull in the marking of the back. but various minor misfortunes. This moth (whose scientific name, Acherontia atropos, is sufficiently grim) is a very large one, and, flying into cottage rooms and making for the candle, often extinguishes it, which doubles the terror of omen. It is worth while recalling to mind, in view of the gloomy auguries which in many places accompany the moth's appearance, the fear It excited in parts of Poland in 1824. It swarmed in the potato fields-these and jasmine plants being its favorite haunts-and at dusk into open cottage windows.

The noise peculiar to the moth be came to the terrified peasantry a volce

of angulah, and when it flew into the light and extinguished it they anticipated war, pestilence, hunger and death to man and beast; in fact, the wildest horror, as described in the

contemporary accounts, overspread in that year a very wide district. Even He is a stern disciplinarian, sparing now, however, so many decades later. and in much less impressionable rura adored by every black Soudanese and England, the aspect of the moth and brown "Gippy" who ever followed him its sounds are seen and heard with into battle; for he is a leader after their dread. From the yellow and brown

tailed moths, too, similar, though less terrible, omens are deduced. Possibly the markings on the back of the death's bead moth, which are sufficiently startling to a nervous person or invalid when unexpectedly seen, account in some degree for the ill omen which its appearance is deemed to be. -Gentleman's Magazine,

Insuring Railway Employes.

The New York Central Railway Company has made arrangements with two large casualty insurance companies to insure the lives of its employes. Spe cial rates have been secured and the railroad company has so arranged that in event of any employe so desiring the amount of the premiums will be deducted from his wages each month and turned over to one or the other of the insurance companies which have the privileges of insuring the employes.

An Extremist.

"I always believe in giving every

man his due." "Yes, but you carry it to an extreme. "How so?"

"You never give men anything but due bills for what you owe them."luctant answer explained the secret of Cleveland Leader.

> Not Yet Entirely Germanized. Even at this late date a number of the men of Alsace and Lorraine oppose service in the German army. In the thirty-nine districts of Metz eightynine persons on Jan 1 were before the court on this account.

When a school teacher bakes a cake, in the South and who makes frequent everybody wants to taste it.

stand eighteen hours at a temperature of 37 degrees C. (98.6 degrees F.). Some of the contents of each flask were injected into mice. The milk flavored with vanillin was polsonous, the other two harmless.-British Medical Jour-

Struck by Bullets. If you take a dozen soldiers as like

each other as peas so far as height, weight, strength, age, courage and general appearance, and wound them all in precisely the same way, you will aped him in everything. Peter so lovfind that scarcely any two of them are ed his master that he grew to talk like affected alike.

nal

him, act like him and almost look like One man, on receiving a bullet in his him. He lives to-day, the heart of hosleg, will go on fighting as if nothing pitality, the soul of honor. One Sunhad happened. He does not know, in day two white men drove up to the fact, that he now contains a bullet. door of his cabin and asked if he had But perhaps in two or three minutes any liquor in the house. He said he he will grow faint and fall. had about a quart. They offered to

Another man, without feeling the slightest pain, will tremble all over. totter, and fall at once, even though the wound is really very slight. A third will cry out in a way to frighten his comrades, and will forget

everything in his agony. A fourth will grow stupid and look like an idiot. Some soldiers wounded in the slight est manner will have to be carried off the field. Others, although perhaps fatally injured, can easily walk to the ambulance. Many die quickly from

the shock to the nervous system. A very curious case is recorded in the surgical history of our civil war, who had come over from Abbeville, in which three officers were hit just at the same time. One had his leg from for his former slave. The general took the knee down carried away, but ne the stand and his son said: rode ten miles to the hospital. Another lost his little finger, and he became a raving lunatic. While a third was shot through the body, and, though he did not shed a drop of blood externally, dropped dead from the shock.

Ride on a Cowcatcher. But few bystanders at the arrival of train 10 at the Eric station Wednesday evening noticed that the pilot of the locomotive contained a passenger, says the Meadville (Pa.) Star. Standing on the little step or footboard, at the hottom of the cowcatcher was a man, hatless and with his hair blowing in the wind. All the way from Greenville, twenty-six miles, he had occupied that have meant instant death. He had been stealing a ride on the train and was reached Greenville, losing his hat in the affray. He had just time to reach the front of the engine, where he correctly judged that no one would molest him. He stated that he was a railroad man by profession and had learned the business on the Erie road. When last seen he was inquiring the way to the railroad offices, where he hoped to secure a job.

Makes a Clean Hole.

The Mauser bullet makes a clean per foration of bone and muscle. Soldiers shot through both cheek bones have lost the sense of smell and taste, but are otherwise quite well. Most of the wounds are in the hands and arms.

thought that some day some one might memory of the way Professor Dana be tempted to erect a chapel for us on whipped out his lens anew and glued that point." The remark was duly rehis eye to it. After a moment or two peated, and his wish has since been he look up, laughed, and acknowledged gratified, for a beautiful stone chapel the 'beat.' now adorns the little hill.

Slave, Wrongly Accused.

Gen. Barnum of Abbeville, S. C., had

"It turned out that the stranger was well acquainted with the rocks of the THEY LOVED THE NEGRO. region, having made a tour as assistant to another geologist many years be-Father and Son Defend Their Former

Dainty Thimbles,

a body servant before the war who Ladies of high class in China use the daintiest thimbles imaginable, some of them being carved from enormous pearls, ornamented with bands of fine gold, on which all manner of quaint and fantastic designs are engraved. A mother-of-pearl case is always made to keep the thimble in, and with it the Chinese lady has a pair of delicate scissors of finest steel, inclosed in a buy. He refused to sell, but, just as sheath of mother-of-pearl, with a neehis old master would have done, indle-case to match. The Queen of Slam rited them to have a drink. Having owns a thimble which was a present drunk they handed him a half-dollar from her royal husband. It is made in Of course, like his master, he declined the shape of a lotus band, of the finest the coin. The scoundrels went to town gold, and is studded with diamonds, and swore out a complaint that he was which are so arranged that they form her name and the date of her marriage. I happened to be in Greenville the

Marriage a Lottery.

In Cripple Creek a sturdy miner drove up to the minister's house with a young eral of the State under Gov. John woman to whom he desired to be mar Gary Evans, and the chief witness for ried. When the ceremony was concluded and the minister's fee came up, the happy man discovered he had left his money in his other trousers. "What's your usual fee?" he asked. "Some times we get \$2, sometimes \$5," said the parson. "Then ther ain't no usual about it." decided the happy man, quickly adding: "Tell ye what I'll do. mister; I'll gamble with yer. I'll wait a year, an' if this pans out O. K. Fill give ye ten, an' if it doan't-" He smiled.-San Francisco Wave,

Destroying Railroads.

A small contingent of Boers has realized the uselessness of merely tearing up a section of railway and throwing the rails into a stream-the usual Boer method of destroying a line. What they now do is to heat the center of a section to a white heat, and carry the rail by its two cool ends to the nearest tree or telegraph pole, round which they twist it in such a way that it is absolutely impossible to use it again for railway purposes.

Tes and Coffee.

An eminent doctor says that no person should be permitted to drink ten or coffee until he or she has attained the age of 18 years. In the young those beverages unduly excite the nervous system, and have an injurious effect upon the digestive organs.

An Immense Match Factory.

The largest match factory is in Austria, and each year it uses 22,000 pounds of phosphorus, turns out 2,500,-000,000,000 matches, and for the boxes, 160,000 feet of wood.

Boll down the conversation of some people and you have nothing but condensed air.

position, where a loosening of his hold or an unusual jolt of the engine would put off by the conductor when the train

I'm afraid we Yankees don't understand the "nigger" question yet .- New York Press.

But You Must First Understand the Virtue of Shoemaker's Wax.

A young man from a wholesale house down on the river front, says the New

the defense was the general himself, distant about 100 miles, to say a word "What is your name?"

"I am General Barnum, sir." "Where do you reside?"

"In Abbeville, sir." "How long have you known the de

violating the dispensary laws.

other day when the trial took place,

and saw a revelation. Peter's counsel

was Gen. Barnum's son, adjutant gen

fendant?" "Sixty-five years, sir."

"What is his reputation?" "As good as any man's in this court

room, sir."

"Would you trust him?"

"Trust Peter? Why, I'd trust him with my life, my honor!" The jury didn't leave their seats. The scene "sorter touched me up," met young Barnum and asked if he received anything for his services. "Ac-

cept a fee from Peter?" he said in amazement. "Why, sir, I'd as soon

"You and your father came 100 miles

"Yes, and we would have come 1,000 or 10,000. Old Peter was a second father to me. He raised me. When was well he played with me; when I was ill he nursed me. When I was a boy I'd rather sleep in Peter's cabin than in my own bed at home. I'd rath-

er take a snack with Peter in those days than dine with the President."

EASY TO BALANCE COINS.

think of charging my father.'

to clear this old negro?"