I am sitting by my fireside, In its warm and ruddy glow, While the day is slowly dying And the shadows come and ge; And within the glowing embers Shadowy forms I seem to see— shadows that bring back to memory Friends and days once dear to me.

And although this firelight dreaming Pleasant is, yet still there run hrough it all deep tones of sadne Like to shadows o'er the sun; For the dear ones whose sweet faces Made my heart so glad and gay.
They with whom I talked and jourse
On each happy summer day
Now are absent; and I miss them
As I sit alone to-night,
As I see their dreamland faces
In the dim and flickering light.

Yet some day in the far future.

If our Father wills it so,
I shall meet the friends I dream of
In the firelight's ruddy glow.
But to-night, when they are absent,
It is pleasant just to see,
In the glowing light before me,
Faces of those dear to me.
So I sit and dream and wonder,
In the fire flame's ruddy glow.
While the day is slowly dying.

While the day is slowly dying,
And the shadows come and go.

-Good Housekeeping

A Deep Hole.

For the last 200 or 300 years there has been much speculation among scientific men as to the exact cause of the phenomenon of earthquakes, which has incidentally added new interest to the query: How thick is the earth's crust? In discussing the earthquake problem different schools of scientists have taken different views of the matter, one branch of them supposing the "quake" to be the result of an effort of the great internal heat to escape through a weak portion of the earth's crust; the others declare that it is caused by shrinkage of the outer strata on account of the cooling process going on deep down in the bowels of the earth.

About ten or twelve years ago the German government made a gigantic effort | ror of the employes of the company, to settle this perplexing question for all time to come by sinking a shaft near the city of Schladebach, with the object especially of obtaining trustworthy data concerning the rate of increase of the earth's temperature with each succeeding 100 or fraction of 100 feet of descent. At last accounts the shaft had reached a depth of 1,392 meters, which is believed to be the greatest depth to which man has yet penetrated the substratum of the globe. The temperature of the shaft at the 1,300 meter level was 48 degs. centigrade, or 120 Fahrenheit. If this percentage of increase is maintained the boiling point of water will be reached at about 3,000 meters, and at 45 miles the heat would be sufficient to melt any known substance. - St. Louis Republic.

Deceived by Appearances.

On a Philadelphia train that came through here the other day the passengers derived considerable amusement from the actions of a handsome young man and a worried looking but still pretty woman. They were so entirely absorbed in each other that they were not separated for a minute the whole trip. When she wanted to walk on the platform in Baltimore he promenaded up and down at her side, yet they never spoke only when necessary, and the people concluded that a honeymoon quarrel was in progress.

Nobody doubted for an instant that they were bride and groom. When they got out here to change cars for Richmond, their destination, the conductor who knew the man well, said: "Well, so long. Hope you get her there all right." "Oh, I guess so But she's a mighty slippery customer, and I have to watch her like a cat." The good looking man was a deputy sheriff, and was tako Richmond an unusually clever shoplifter that he had tracked to Philadelphia and arrested. - Washington

Afraid of Being Buried Alive.

I for one am not at all surprised at the rather startling instructions in the will of the late Duchess Pozzo de Borgo that in order to make quite sure of her death her heart should be removed from the body. The dread of being buried alive in a condition of trance or coma is spreading curiously, and I have heard quite a number of people express a desire to be cremated, not upon hygienic grounds, but simply through a horror of being buried alive. The supposed necessity of such strong measures is not very flattering to the doctors, but that it is a growing idea is obvious.—Lady's Piotorial.

A Gentle Voice. home, papa! Mamma has been awful

mean to me today. Mr. Skyflatt-Ah, I am afraid you have been a naughty boy Did she spank you?

Tommy-No; but she scolded, and her voice sounded like it does when she talks at the ice man down the dumbwaiter shaft.—Puck.

Ex-Governor Long, of Massachusetts. possesses the remarkable ability of recollecting what he has written without speech he has in his mind's eye a vivid knows where every page and every line ends, and even where there are inter-

Fowls have undoubtedly a larger vocabulary than any of the other domestic animals; yet in half a day you will probably hear from them all the sounds that they use in ordinary life. But anything out of the ordinary is instantly expressed in unusual sounds.

Possibly the most expensive cigars ever made were the 20,000 Havanas made for Spanish Marshal Prim as a present for Napoleon III, each cigar being stamped with the imperial N. in gold. They are said to have cost \$12,000,

Soundings in the Black Sea show that beyond a depth of 600 feet the water is so impregnated with sulphureted hydrogen gas emanating from decaying ani-mal and vegetable matter that living erganisms are not found there.

Three members of the Episcopal congress sat in a corner of the Lafayette writing room talking over some important subject. All were men ranging from 50 to 65 years, all were dressed in black, and the face of each wore a look of intense interest. Those who noticed these gentlemen were aware that they were discussing some important church question, and nobody heard what they said but one young man who appeared to have fallen asleep in a chair near by. As he half opened his eyes the western bishop gravely said:

"Gentlemen, I wish to ask a question." The others drew nearer as the bishop, carefully adjusting his spectacles, continued: "Gentlemen, why is grim death like a tin can tied to a dog's tail?"

A silence ensued. The two clergymenthus addressed mused for a while and then shook their heads. "Give it up,"

they said. A grim smile spread over the bishop's face as he added, "Grim death is like a tin can tied to a dog's tail because it's bound to a pup." Then he burst into a roar of laughter, and the others made feeble efforts to join him and appreciate

Late that evening the three met again in the Lafayette corridor, and the bishop, a little embarrassed, said: "Gentlemen. I told that story wrong this afternoon. What I really meant was this: Grim death is like a tin can tied to a dog's tail because it's bound to occur-not to a

The others laughed this trip.—Philadelphia Press.

As Others See Us.

'A funny story is told at the expense of Sir Richard Moon, chairman of the board of directors of the London and Northwestern Railway company. Sir Richard is one of the most energetic railway magnates known, and for they never know when he is about to pounce upon them. He makes a point of visiting every station on the line at least once a year, and has an odd habit of overhauling the books and accounts of station masters at inconvenient times. He knows the price of everything, and is said to have rowed an unfortunate freight agent for giving too much for a packet of carpet tacks.

One day he dropped in at Crewe station about 5 a. m. and saw a couple of porters hard at work cleaning up things generally. Sir Richard was delighted. "This is the right way, men," he exclaimed. "I like to see such painstaking industry begun so bright and early in the morn-"Industry be blowed!" said the man addressed tartly, who of course did not know who the fussy old gentleman was, "We don't commence work at this unearthly hour, but we've just heard that old nuisance. Moon, is on the road somewhere and we're getting ready in case the old hunks should drop in on us unexpected." In justice to Sir Richard be it said he took no notice of the opprobrious remarks, but quietly slipped away and gave the men the go-by that time.-Philadelphia Inquirer.

He Had a Wife at Home.

"I have a little Bible at home," said the bad man, "that in 1868 I wrested from a Sunday school class of nineteen. I haven't opened it since, and it is as new and clean as the day I got it."

"Bring it down some day; I'd like to see it," said his friend carelessly. The next day the bad man came into his friend's office, and, throwing a little. half wornout book on the desk, he said:

"There she is, old man, but I was a little wrong about its condition.' "I should say so," said the other; "how 18 SO

badly worn, when you thought it was clean and all right at home?"
"Well," said the bad man, and his voice was a bit husky, "the truth of the matter is I've got a little wife up at the

house and a couple of young ones. They sometimes runmage through my things.

Presentation to a Canine Hero.

At a public meeting in Morecambe a handsome collar, bearing a suitable inscription, was presented to a dog for saving the life of a child. The dog, a fine specimen of an Airedale terrier, the property of Cab Inspector Lamb, was accompanying two young men on a walk in the country, when by its excited manner and actions it attracted their attention to a large dike. In the bottom of this they found the body of a child about formula of the auctioneer. 3 years old, lying face downward in the mud, there being only a few inches' Tommy—Oh, I'm so glad you've come depth of water at the time. On being ome, papa! Mamma has been awful extricated the child was found to be almost suffocated and was with difficulty restored. The dog has on other occasions given evidence of unusual sagacity.-London Tit-Bits.

A Barefoot Rothschild.

The spectacle of one of the rich Rothschilds going daily barefooted can be witnessed in the village of Waereshofen, near Munich. But the sight of great people going in their bare feet in that town is so common as to excite little rereading it over even by himself. It is mark. It is one of the requirements of said that during his most animated Father Kneip, the nerve doctor, of his patients. They are also required to take impression of his manuscript, so that he a morning plunge in ice cold water and eschew all meat and intoxicating drinks, but they are particularly required to run barefooted.—Paris Letter.

Muscular Power of Insects. The muscular power of some insects is simply enormous. A French ento-mologist had a pet beetle that could lift 350 times his own weight. If the human species were as strong in comparison a large sized man could lift a freight engine from the track and carry it 200 miles between sun up and sun down.-St. Louis Republic.

The London Clearing House.

The daily average at the London clearing house for 1888 amounted to £22,250,000. If these transactions for a single day were settled in coin it would require 175 tons of gold or 2,781 tons of silver, while probably the documents actually used did not weigh more than a hundredweight.-Gentleman's Maga-

DEAD PAUPERS' GOODS.

BELLING AT AUCTION THE ODD PROPERTY OF SUICIDES.

A Grewsome Scene-What Becomes of the Effects Which Paupers Leave Behind When They Take Their Own Lives. They Find Their Way to the Bowery.

"Misery's auction sale" took place Thursday. It was held at 5 Duane street, and though that is not its official name it occurred to a reporter who heard it called so as a most appropriate one.

The auction has an odd and grewsome origin. When a man commits suicide by pistol or knife the coroner takes possion of the weapon. If the man has no friends or relatives, and leaves no will, his ciothes and any personal effects

that he may have go with it. After the unfortunate is laid beneath the sod of Potter's field, and all the legal formulas have been observed, the coroner hands all these things over to the public administrator. The large number of suicides in this big city, the mysterious deaths of unknown men and women and the deaths in the poor garrets serve to swell this official's interesting collection of estates and heirlooms to such a size that a special man is kept busy looking after them.

Should any of these articles be valuable they are placed in the office safe or else sent to a safe deposit company. But the bulk of the stuff that falls into the administrator's hands is of little value, consisting mostly of cheap furniture, clothes, bedding, revolvers, knives and odds and ends, of which every man possesses his share. These things are sent to the storehouse at 5 Duane street, adjoining the Newsboys' Lodging house, and there they accumulate until the pile grows too big for the place, when they are auctioned off to the highest bidder. THE AUCTION ROOM.

When the reporter entered the place the sale was in progress. The auctioneer's pulpit like stand was in the middle of the room, and that functionary, in a silk hat, was deeply engaged in overcoming the objections of a poorly dressed, stout Irish woman to buying a cheap watch that might have been silver or steel. The room was filled with a motley gathering of men and women. It was a poor looking crowd, although here and there a scintillating spark betrayed a diamond on the person of a Chatham street "curiosity" dealer. Many people who daily pass the curiosity shops on the Bowery have wondered where all the odds and ends displayed in the windows come from. Had they attended this auction they would have known. There were perhaps a dozen of these Convenient to the Passenger dealers present, and they bought largely.

Then there were many women, poorly dressed creatures, who stopped bidding when the article passed the dollar point. Where they came from, or what they wanted the stuff for, nobody knew save themselves. The auctioneer got his money-he didn't care. The curiosity dealers shrugged their shoulders-it was none of their business. The stock offered was scattered about the room. It included knives, umbrellas, old clothes. bedsteads, rusty bayonets, billiard balls, carpenters' rules, peddlers' outfits, chromos, revolvers, chairs, tables, stove pipes, etc., all mingled in rusty, dusty confusion. The sale proceeded after this manner, the auctioneer saying:

"How much d'ye bid? Forty, forty, forty-forty-five? Fine silica umbrella. Maybe a duke owned it; maybe a duchess; maybe a bum stole it. Fortyfive! Once, twice, down she goes. Mrs. Mulligan, that's the name, isn't it? Forty-nve cents Now we have lot No. 258-a saber. How much d'ye"-and SO OIL

There was a story connected with every one of these articles, a romantic one undoubtedly in many cases, but no one there knew it or evinced the least desire to learn anything about it. UNROMANTIC BIDDERS.

A suit of clothes was held up by the

"How much d'ye bid?" Those nearest the stand felt the cloth and examined the clothes carefully, then a bid was offered, and another, and so store, for she bought a great deal of in this paper. clothing.

"Lot No. 347-one coat and vest. How much d'ye bid?" came the monotonous

"Lemme see, cheviot or what? What's it made of?" asked Mrs. Mulligan. She examined it closely for a moment with an eager face. Then she said in a disappointed way: 'It's got a hole in it."

Yes, sure enough, there was a small hole in the coat, right above the upper outside pocket. The auctioneer presse his finger on the spot for a moment and then remarked in a matter of fact voice: 'I gness that's where the bullet went

through. The coat and vest were sold, and when some poor fellow buys them he will never know that a bullet once pierced his coat and reached a man's heart. "Where's lot 380?" asked the auc-

The assistant handed up a package wrapped in a dirty piece of yellow paper. It was untied, and with a clattering noise a lot of revolvers and knives fell out on the table. Big revolvers, little revolvers, old fashioned ones, self cocking affairs. Colts, Smith & Wessons. bulldogs, American and European makes, daggers, bowie knives, stilettos, bright, rusty, all kinds and in all conditions. and the sight was enough to send a chill through a man. The people who were gathered in that room, however, did not see anything suggestive in this, and of-fered their bids on each weapon as it was put up as though it were an every day occurrence with them.

Then pawn tickets, for small amount generally, were sold for twenty-five and thirty cents apiece. When the last article had been sold the auctioneer said: "The sale is ended, ladies and gentle-

men. Thank you for your courtesy. 1 hope to see you soon again."—New York

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