THE SHADOW OF THE CORDILLERA;

Or, The Magnolia Flower.

BY VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ.

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CHAPTER IV.

"So mother's going to bring home some hybrid, black little creature to be turned out educated and an ornament to society! What in heaven's name will she do next?"

De Witte Morris threw down the letter he had been reading and lounged in his chair. De Witte always lounged. The habit sprang from a large minded desire to counteract stiffness and primness in others. You would misjudge him if you deemed it due to laziness. He was the younger son of a prosperous Wall street broker, and since leaving college three years before he had been able to find no calling nicely suited to his particular line of ability. Therefore he had settled down, it appeared, to a life of gifted irresponsibility.

It was a February evening in New York, and in cheerful contrast to the raw cold of the outside air was the warmth of the Morris' heavily curtained library on Fifty-seventh street. Mr. Morris, Sr., who had just come in, stood on the rug in front of the open fire, straightening himself with appreciative satisfaction as the sense of comfort penetrated him.

"Certainly Eliza has taken a great deal upon her," he admitted in response to his son's remark. "The girl's education in English alone will be no slight task." He ran his fingers through his gray beard once or twice. "As to her training in domestic and social felicities—ah, well, Eliza always would have her way!"

He sighed a little, but somehow as he picked up the evening paper and settled in his armchair he didn't look particularly unhappy about that "way."

"For my part," said De Witte, with a yawn, "I don't know why the deuce mother didn't let the girl stay in that fair Land of Manana she writes so glowingly about. Or," he added wickedly, "she might have handed her over to Robert." Robert was the civil engineer and the elder son.

When at last, however, the young man of elegant lassitude was confronted by Liana Miguel's presence he found himself ready to change his mind concerning the hybrid, black little creature and to admit that perhaps after all his mother had introduced a lively and interesting element into the monotony of their home circle. The night of their arrival, indeed, he signified the measure of his welcome by remaining in the house and foregoing the French bal. Actually!

Liana presently began to fit in admirably with Venetian water colors, teakwood tables and French bound books. On the whole, there may have been

"Eliza always would have her way!"

some foundation for old Cristino's brag of relationship with the conquistadores; certainly here and there among her ancestors must have flashed the sword and waved the plumes of a Spanish cavalier! By virtue of her remarkably fine intuitions she learned early that to do as others do is the golden rule of society. Thereby she managed to save herself amazingly from glaring blunders. Occasions which were quite new to her she observed with outward passivity. Her gravity was ascribed to her lack of fluent English. It was in reality the speechlessness that goes along with a flood of new impressions at a critical moment of growth.

To be quite honest, she sometimes allowed herself to be surprised. Such things, for example, as the kaleidoscopic shop windows, polite social lies and some of the very decollete gowns she saw did at first call forth astonishment. But every day she learned.

She seldom spoke of the old Mexican life. She did not seem to wish to speak of it. In the beginning there were the fortnightly letters to Inocencio and the padre. "Dear padre," she wrote, "because that you gave me into the hands of the sweet American senora can I ever say enough aves for you?" And to Inocencio she wrote: "The senor De Witte does nothing with his hands, and they are white, like a padre's. I like a man who is strong and has brown hands, like yours, Inocencio. But tell this not."

By and by the letters became more infrequent. The friends who loved her so did not quite understand and felt hurt. Time moves so slowly and peacefully in that faroff Mexican land that one does not realize the breakneck speed it has in a vast metropolitan center.

It was Liana's third spring in New York. She was now nearly 19 and was considered sufficiently skilled in the amenities of civilization to be introduced to society early the following winter.

Anna Abbott, debutante of the previous year, had teased Mrs. Morris into allowing her protegee to spend the summer with her at the Abbotts' country place in Twyeffort-by-the-Sea. "It promises to be a jolly season, and, you know, it will give Liana a nice little foretaste," she had argued sagely. So, accompanied by Anna's maid, they set off for Twyeffort, whence the family had gone some weeks in advance.

They had something like two hours to travel and a compartment quite to themselves. The maid put her feet up comfortably and dozed at intervals. Anna was in high spirits. At last she had dear Liana quite to herself. Liana took her so thoroughly in earnest, which her other friends did not; she sympathized so fully and, above all, so quietly, making just the fun of her that was essential to prevent her brooding. Then she had the most original ideas about everything from the arrangement of a ribbon upward. Yes, decidedly, she was a dear!

"The Maitlands have been in Twyeffort for the last fortnight," Anna began tentatively. She held out a box of chocolate mint.

Peyrac sat down to talk by Liana's side.

"I have been thinking it," said Liana in her prettily deliberate English.

"Why, you witch? And how?"

Liana shrugged her shoulders slightly and reached for another chocolate mint.

"Why and how?"

"Well, then, you have been so—walking in the air!" She glanced at her companion merrily from beneath her long lashes.

"Tease! Anyhow you're going to find Margaret quite your style of girl. You will like Charles, too—for my sake at least?"

"Of course," replied Liana demurely as a nun. The Maitlands had been spending their summers at Twyeffort for several years and were neighbors to the Abbotts. By her own account Anna was deeply in love with Charles, the only son.

"Oh, look here," exclaimed Anna, sitting bolt upright with an energy that split the chocolates and nearly woke the maid. "The greatest fun in the world would be to have you lose your heart to that wonderful personage they have up there!"

"No doubt." Liana leaned back against the cushioned seat and laughed softly for a whole minute. "But what wonderful personage, goosie?"

"Oh, a painter or something. He's up with Charles for a month or so. They were chums in Paris, I believe. But, on the whole, I guess you won't like him. This is what Margaret says in a letter I got yesterday." Anna hunted in her pocket and pulled out an envelope. "I kept it on purpose to read to you," she explained. Then she found the place she wanted.

"M. Peyrac is a man of surprising beauty, and he has the face of an angel, but he's impossible. He remembers my existence every now and then and comes up to me with his gleaming eyes. He has eyes that make you think a declaration at the very least is coming. Instead of that this is what one gets: 'Have you bathed this morning, mademoiselle? I did not see you in the water.' Not very consoling when you happened to be in the water under his nose all the time. The first thing you venture to say that is not monosyllabic off goes his attention goodness knows where. You can see his eyes roving in every direction but yours."

The girls looked out of the car window and laughed. They were merry that morning.

Twyeffort was a pretty place, uniting the advantages of seaside and country. The Abbotts' home was built facing the sea, with its garden sloping in three wide terraces toward the beach. Back of the house and behind the winding white road that led to the little station there were green and shady walks. Charles and Margaret Maitland had driven to meet Anna and her friend.

Secretly Liana was disappointed in the nine days' wonder she had heard so much about. But she liked Margaret the moment she saw her. She decided there was a soul behind her dark, purple eyes and perhaps a trifle of sadness mingled with the sweetness of the unworldly mouth, as of one who yearned overmuch.

Liana went about for the first few days admiringly. The bowlder down on the beach was such a mighty one! That shadowy nook, further down, formed by the rocky overhang, was such a fine place to read in of a warm day! That spot in the woods where the overbranching was so heavy, leaving no more sky at your head than at your feet, was just like a tiny chapel! But the discovery that brought her most joy, touched, it may be, with a shade of pain, was a fine old magnolia tree.

The second evening after their arrival Charles fetched his artist friend over to call. He was, indeed, as Margaret had described him, a man with a face of surprising beauty, a clean cut, even profile, a clear, open air complexion, frank, innocent eyes and waving hair of the palest Saxon yellow. Charles had met him in the Bohemia of Paris, being fond of the same effects in literature which his Gallic friend secured with an indolent and facile brush. As a matter of fact, Peyrac knew Paris from the towers of Notre Dame to the debouchment of the sewers.

"What do you suppose we have been doing today?" asked Charles as they all sat on the old fashioned porch in the moonlight.

"Playing tennis? Smoking cigarettes? Getting into a tangle of talk?" suggested Anna accommodatingly.

"Not at all," replied Charles scornfully. "We have been improvising a studio in a building outside the house, where our friend here can work continually—except when he's doing one of those few things you just mentioned."

"I brought my canvases and colors with me," M. Peyrac explained. His voice was electric and deep, with a touch of Gallic accent so slight as to require a fastidious ear to notice that it was an accent at all.

Presently Anna discovered that she wanted to show Charles how high the vine had grown that he helped her plant last season. The vine was on the other end of the wide porch, of course. Peyrac, getting up from the steps where he had been sitting, pulled a low chair forward and sat down to talk by Liana's side. He said nothing much, but he put vivacity into everything he uttered. Unconsciously the girl contrasted him with De Witte Morris.

"The little vine over there seems to be large in its powers of attraction," Peyrac commented at last. And then he hummed:

Quand las canards vent deux a deux.
C'est qu'ils ont a parler entre eux.

"But that is not always true, monsieur," laughed Liana, tickled at the absurdity of the words. "We, for instance, can have nothing particular to say."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Pingree and Mosby.

When Hazen S. Pingree was coming into prominence in Michigan politics, he was in Washington one night and strolled through the corridors of Willard's hotel, which he had not visited since war times, when it was the popular rendezvous of the city, political, military and otherwise. A friend introduced him to Colonel Mosby, the old guerrilla chieftain.

"Why, hello, colonel," said Pingree in his bluff, offhanded way, just as if he was in the habit of meeting Mosby every day. "I have not seen you for 25 years, but I remember very well the last occasion when we met."

"Ah," said the Virginian politely, "what incident recalls it to your mind? I really fail to remember you, much to my regret."

"Oh, well," said Pingree, "you would not be so apt as I to remember the day. I was captured by your men, and, happening to be wearing a very good, nearly new uniform, you confiscated it on the spot and gave me your old ragged butternuts. But that's all right. All's fair in love and war, I know. Let's have a cigar."

Without a word of protest Mosby accepted, and a long friendly chat followed.

She Was the Ghost.

"A certain lady and her family," says Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff in his "Diary," "hired a place in Scotland which was haunted by the ghost of a woman who was to be seen constantly at night wandering through the rooms and passages. When the family arrived, the lady was much struck with the place and said, 'I must have been here before, for I know this place so well, only there ought to be two rooms here, and there is only one.'

"The agent replied that within a few weeks the owner had caused a partition to be taken down and made the two rooms into one. Still the lady was puzzled at her knowledge of the place, till she remembered that it was a house she used to go to in her dreams.

"Well, some time passed, and the agent was up at the house again, when the lady complained that one part of the contract had not been fulfilled. They had hired a house and a ghost for the summer, and no ghost had she seen. The agent replied: 'Of course not, because you are the ghost. We recognized you the moment we saw you.'"

Short and Sweet.

Perhaps one of the shortest courtships was that of an eminent jurist. He was on his way to hold court in a town when he met a young woman returning from market.

"How deep is the creek and what did you get for your butter?" asked the judge.

"Up to the knee and ninepence," was the answer as the girl walked on.

The judge pondered over the sensible brevity of the reply, turned his horse, rode back and overtook her.

"I liked your answer just now," he said, "and I like you. I think you would make a good wife. Will you marry me?"

She looked him over and said, "Yes."

"Then get up behind me, and we will ride to town and be married."

She did get up behind, and they rode to the courthouse and were made one. It is recorded that, brief though the courtship had been, the marriage proved a pre-eminently happy one.

A Remarkable Suicide.

One of the most remarkable cases of suicide was that of the king of Falaba, on the west coast of Africa.

The king was attacked by a Mohammedan force, and, finding resistance impossible, he assembled his family and principal officers, and after addressing them and intimating his determination never to accept Mohammedanism and inviting those who did not agree with him to go away he applied a light to a large quantity of gunpowder collected for the purpose and blew into atoms the palace and all who were in it.

Bottles.

In using bottles these two hints ought to be so borne in mind that the practice of them becomes habitual:

Always keep the label uppermost when pouring from a bottle, so that if any liquid trickles down the side the label misses it. Result—your labels keep clean and legible for much longer.

Secondly, if you want to deliver drops (or a very small quantity) of liquid just moisten the lip of the bottle with the finger.—Exchange.

Trouble Either Way.

Mrs. De Good—Why aren't you going to church?

Mr. De Good—Last Sunday the roof leaked, and three or four drops went down my back.

Mrs. De Good—The roof has been repaired since then.

Mr. De Good—Huh! Then they'll be wanting money to pay for the repairs.—New York Weekly.

Nothing at All.

Brown—There's a lady pianist at the circus who plays with her toes.

Jones—Umph! That's nothing; my baby does that.—Exchange.

HE COWED THE LION.

THE DARKY BELTED ALL THE FIGHT OUT OF MONARCH.

Laughable Manner In Which the Big and Ugly Circus Animal Was Returned to the Showman After a Railroad Smash Up.

"It's queer how animals will act in a railroad wreck," said the boss canvasman. "Now there wus th' Saberlee wreck. Six cars wus in th' ditch an half o' th' show's dens wus under 'em. There wus one cage o' monkeys mashed flat that we knowed of, an a lot o' th' other animals had took t' th' woods, little animals, zebras an wolves an deer an such like. Nothin t' do any harm exceptin th' big lion, Monarch. His den wus bottom up in a little puddle o' ditch water, with a hole stove in it big enough t' let out a cow, an Monarch himself wus gone with the little animals.

"Well, it wus all off with makin th' stand that day, so we put up th' runs, got th' cookhouse outfit down on th' ground, had breakfast an started in t' dig th' stuff out o' th' ditch. Th' railroad company's wreckin crew come along t' help us, an we'd got purty well under way when a tall, black buck darky come out o' th' woods an stood round rubberin.

"Nobody paid any attention t' him fer awhile, but by'n'by Mack, th' chandelier man, spoke t' him, kind o' kidded him about bein han'some, er some such guff. It wus Missouri, an he wus a real black buck. Didn't have anything t' say back—didn't say anything at all, in fact, fer awhile. Jes' shuffled round in his cowhide boots from one foot t' th' other an grinned bashfullike. By'n'by when he saw we didn't roast him hard he kind o' took courage.

"'Did any o' you gemmen losed a giraffe?' he says.

"'Giraffe?' Mack says. 'No; we never owned no such thing with this trick. Why?'

"'Well, boss, Ah done foun' somethin up in mah 'tato patch this mawnin, an Ah 'lowed as maybe hit 'longed t' you all.'

"Mack got interested. 'Wot does it look like?'

"'Lawdy, boss, hit's mos' monstrous. Nevah did see no sech ole thing befoh, sah. Big cat vahmint, with yaller eyes, an hit done come a-snahlin an a-spittin at me soon as Ah got out o' baid.'

"'Where is it?' says Mack.

"'Oh, Ah cawt hit all righty. Done put a rope roun' hits neck an tied hit t' mah cabin.'

"'Go an git it an fetch it down here,' says Mack. Then th' wreckin crew got a tackle roun' another den, an we forgot all about th' darky.

"Maybe it wus 20 minutes, an maybe it wus half an hour when we heard a noise over on th' road amongst th' trees—a noise kinder like a nigger drivin a mule or like somethin bein driven. It come nearer an louder an louder an nearer. Everybody stopped work an listened, an th' ole man himself come out o' his car with his napkin hangin roun' his neck.

"'What is that?' he pipes up in his snappy way. 'Who is that out there? Go an see what that racket is, some o' you boys. Hurry up, now.'

"Nobody paid any attention t' him, an th' noise got nearer an nearer. In a couple o' minutes a cloud o' dust sailed out from behind th' trees. When it got within a hundred yards o' th' track, it cleared up a bit, an there wus that big, black nigger with a rope in one mit an a piece o' fence rail in th' other. On th' other end o' th' rope wus Monarch.

"Of all th' mean, sneakin, underhanded cat animals that ever traveled with a circus Monarch wus th' worst an a powerful fighter when he had any sort o' show. Sometimes we'd put our hands on th' canvas cover o' his cage when he had t' run over th' train, an there never wus a time, day or night, that he hadn't a slap ready fer you.

"Well, that darky wus a-lammin him with his chunk o' fence an talkin mule talk t' him wuss than anything you ever saw in th' south.

"'C'm on 'long heah, you yaller eyed devil,' he wus sayin. 'Ah don' know what you is, but you ain' goin snahl ner spit at me, nohow. C'm on 'long theh, you big sassy vahmint,' an with that he'd lam him with his piece o' fence an let drive with his cowhide boots.

"An you kin bet your life Monarch wus a-comin. I never saw a critter so cowed as he wus. Why, when that nigger brought him right in amongst us there wus nobody that took th' trouble t' open up a gangway, an I reckon any young one could 'a' took him by th' scruff o' th' neck an turned him over on his back. He wus jest a great, overgrown pet tomcat, with all th' fight an meanness walloped out o' him.

"We'd yanked his den up on to th' road bed with th' hole in th' end butted against a wagon. Th' door wus open, an when Monarch saw his happy little home waitin there fer him he jerked th' rope out o' th' darky's hand an' bolted inside it. He couldn't get fur enough inside, either—went away up in th' fur corner an tried t' hide. Saberlee shut th' door an spoke to him, but Monarch wus th' worst whipped cat animal you ever saw."—New York Sun.

Suppressing Cruelty.

Many a man who would be ashamed to strike a brute beast with a bludgeon has no shame in making a bludgeon of his tongue to strike human beings in the tender places of their being—their social sensibilities and their self esteem. Cruelty in its gross and outward forms we have in good measure suppressed, but the refined cruelty of the bitter word, the unlo ing censure, the abusive harangue, is not yet extinct. Let us be as careful of men's inner skin as of their outer.—Exchange.

Cleanliness In Cooking.

Says a Chinese writer of the eighteenth century: "Don't cut bamboo shoots (the Chinese equivalent of asparagus) with an oniony knife. A good cook frequently wipes his knife, frequently changes his cloth, frequently scrapes his board and frequently washes his hands. If smoke or ashes from his pipe, perspiration drops from his head, insects from the wall or smut from the saucepan gets mixed up with the food, though he were a very chef among chefs, yet would men hold their noses and decline."

A TRUE FISH STORY.

The Peculiar Adventure of a Wedding Ring.

"About the queerest fish story I know of," said a highly truthful looking man—indeed, he was a clergyman—"happened to me at a little lake in Wisconsin, where I used to summer with my family. One day my wife was out in our boat with a party of friends. She was letting her hand trail in the water, without thinking about its shrinking effect, and when she finally took her hand in her wedding ring was gone. The lake was deep at that point, and although we made considerable effort to recover the ring it was not found.

"Naturally it worried her a good deal, and the next year she would not go back to the same place, nor did we go the following year, but the third year we went there again, and one day I was in the woods about a mile from the lake with my boy, trying to get a shot at some denizen of the forest or other. As we went peering around among the trees to get a squirrel we had seen I noticed something shining on a twig of a tree about 25 feet from the ground. I sent my boy up after it, and when he came back I was more than astonished to find that the shining thing was my wife's wedding ring.

"How it ever got there was a mystery at first, but I was not a believer in fairies and that sort of thing, so I began to investigate for material causes. The top of the tree had deadened, and with a suspicion in my mind I sent my boy up to see what signs might be above the green boughs. He called down to me presently that there were remains of a fishhawk's nest in the forks of the tree, and, putting this and that together, I came to the conclusion that the hawk had caught the fish that had gobbled up my wife's ring in the lake and had taken it to the nest for the young hawks. They didn't care for jewelry and had left that part of the fish in the nest, from which, as the nest was blown to pieces by the wind and beaten by the storms, the ring had dropped out and by chance had caught on the twig where I found it. In any event, if that was not the way it got there, how did it? For it surely was there, and my wife is wearing it today."—Exchange.

Rather Venomous.

A tenderfoot who visited the Yosemite in the old days thus related his experience: The stage driver found out that he was seriously afraid of snakes and immediately proceeded to make his hair stand on end.

"Venomous reptiles? You bet. I don't know what reptiles is, but them snakes you can just bet your life is venomous. Why, one day I was comin down here drivin a wagon, when I catches sight of a snake in the brush all ready for a spring. My horses starts, an I whips 'em up fast to clear the snake, don't you see, afore he could spring. He makes one clear spring, the snake does, an he misses the horses."

"That was lucky. But you—you"—

"Lucky? You bet your life it was lucky. He missed the horses, the snake did, but he stuck his fangs clean through the wagon."

"You don't say!"

"I do say, and maybe you don't believe it, but it's a fact. He stuck his fangs clean through that wagon, an that wagon is swelled up so bad that we had to leave it by the wayside and take the horses home."

Dogs and Somersaults.

As there is more than one way of cooking a goose, so there is more than one method of teaching a dog to throw somersaults. But the most practical and thorough manner is to fasten a cord around the body of the animal close to the forelegs, and two people should hold the ends of the cord on either side of the unfortunate dog.

A third party armed with a stout rope takes a position immediately in front of the canine acrobat and with a measured and masterly stroke flogs the floor at close quarters to the dog's nose.

At each stroke of the rope the dog springs backward, and that movement is the trainer's golden opportunity. As the dog spring backward the rope passing under its body is jerked upward, and, although the first few attempts may prove futile, the somersault is acquired in course of time. An intelligent dog soon sickens of this order of things and throws somersaults without the assistance of ropes.

A Blunt Query.

A good story is told of one of the dignitaries of the Scottish church. Before he became known to fame he was minister of a remote parish in Perthshire and was not considered a particularly attractive preacher. At his suggestion extensive alterations were made in the transept of his church, and these had the effect of sweeping away considerable seating accommodation. One day after the alterations had been effected he visited the church to see how it looked.

"What do you think of the improvements, John?" he asked of the beadle.

"Improvements!" exclaimed John in disdain. "They're no improvements at a'. Whaur are ye goin to put the folk?"

"Oh," said the minister, "we have abundance of room, John, considering the size of the congregation."

"That's a' very weel the noo," retorted the beadle, "but what will we do when we get a popular meenister?"

A New Excuse.

One of the men in a large pottery took two or three days' holiday now and again, and when he came back, on being asked what was wrong, he said he had been away burying his grandmother.

He did this two or three times, and then he thought he had better change his excuse, so, on being asked the next time, he replied:

"Well, my brother, the sailor, is at home just now, and he is so used to the sound of the waves that I had to lash pailfuls of water on the window all night before he could sleep, and then I had to sleep during the day."

Pin Money.

Spoiled Wife—Why are you dividing your month's salary in two heaps, Henry?

Indulgent Husband—I thought I ought to put this five in the bank this month, love. The other $95 is your pin money.—Ohio State Journal.

The Strike...

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Dozens In England.

Don't imagine that a dozen always means 12 things. In the Staffordshire potteries and in the earthenware trade a dozen to this day represents that number of any special article which can be offered at any fixed price.

For instance, the pitchers, which are called jugs in the trade, are sold as 2, 3, 4, 6, 9, 12, 18, 24, 30 and 36 pieces to each dozen, the price for a dozen being constant.

The ordinary pitcher holding a quart represents 12 to the dozen, while a pint pitcher is 24 to the dozen and is so called when dealing with that size.

Few of the articles of the trade are sold in dozens of 12, plates being almost the only ones and some of them being sold 60, 70 and even 80 to the dozen.

Besides these curiosities in figures the potters have peculiar names, such as cockspurt, twiflers, etc., that make up a trade language of itself.

The baker's dozen of 13 is a recognized figure in their trade.

A publisher's dozen is usually 13 copies.

Among fishermen in Cornwall a long dozen consists of 26.—London Answers.

Work of the Earthworm.

When we behold a wide, turf covered expanse, we should remember that its smoothness, on which so much of its beauty depends, is mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly leveled by worms. It is a marvelous reflection that the whole of the superficial mold over any such expanse has passed and will pass again every few years through the bodies of worms. The plow is one of the most ancient and most valuable of man's inventions, but long before he existed the land was, in fact, regularly plowed by earthworms.

It may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly organized creatures. Some other animals, however, still more lowly organized—namely, corals—have done far more conspicuous work in having constructed innumerable reefs and islands in the great oceans, but these are almost confined to the tropical zones.

Why the Mole Is Blind.

The creatures which dwelt in the darkness of the depths naturally lost their powers of vision after awhile. It is the same way with the mole, which is doubtless descended from progenitors which could see. Blindness in the mole is the result of a degeneration of the optic nerve, the consequence of which is that images formed in the eye itself are not transmitted to the animal's consciousness. Occasionally a mole can see a little out of one eye which has retained its communication with the brain.

It is not that the mole is born blind, but that it inherits a tendency to atrophy of the visual organs just as people derive from their parents an inclination to consumption or other diseases. Some day in the future there may be no such thing as a mole that is not entirely and hopelessly blind.

Heads Much Alike.

Most expert craniologists insist that it is extremely difficult to determine sex from the skull, but admit there are a few distinctions which taken together indicate sex. Perhaps the most marked distinction is the prominence of the bony projection over the nose. The skull in man is thicker and stronger, and the mastoid processes beneath the ear are larger. Broca is authority for the opinion that if the skull rests on the mastoid processes it is almost certainly a man's. In woman the top of the head appears flatter, while in man the curve from before backward is more smooth and even. Greek sculptors always recognize this.—Health Culture.

A Kick From Mexico.

Tourists come here and shout to waiters, hotel clerks, shopkeepers, etc., believing that if you only yell forth your English it instantly becomes comprehensible. And a common error in breeding and one not confined to tourist foreigners is to make unpleasant remarks about men, women and things in a tone of voice which conveys at once to the natives that something disagreeable is being said. So we acquire not without reason the reputation of being muy groseros, or very rude, and too often we are.—Mexican Herald.

Seeing Around Corners.

There are many insects which have a very much larger field of vision than we have. This is due to the greater concavity of their eyes, enabling them to see around the corner, so to speak, behind and at the sides. This development in man would have its objectionable points, but also its good ones, not the least of which might be the detection of pickpockets.—Chambers' Journal.

Running the gantlet as a military punishment was, it is said, originated by Gustavus Adolphus to punish thieves in his army. It was borrowed by the English from the Germans, who copied it from Gustavus, and, being employed in the British regiments in America, was readily taken up by the Indians of this country.

Never praise a woman's cake unless you are prepared to eat every slice on the plate.—Atchison Globe.

The path of glory leads but to the grave, but it is the most pleasant route.—Portland Oregonian.

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How High Was the Tower of Babel?

The actual height at which the last stone of that famous structure, the Tower of Babel, rested cannot, on account of the remoteness of the times at which it is said to have existed, ever become more than a matter of merest conjecture. Herodotus, who lived about 1,700 years after that "great spiral way to heaven" is said to have been attempted, says that he saw at Babylon a structure consisting of eight towers raised one above another, each 75 feet in height, but whether this ruin was the remains of the Tower of Babel it was even then impossible to ascertain. Herodotus, usually minutely exact in his writing, leaves us in ignorance as to how the upper level of each of these 75 foot towers was reached from the level below.

As might be expected, even in tradition, a wide difference of opinion exists as to the height of the tower. Most orientalists maintain that God did not put a stop to the work until the tower had reached a height of 10,000 fathoms, or about 12 miles. In Ceylonese tradition it is said to have been as high as 20,000 elephants, each standing one above the other. St. Jerome asserts on the authority of persons who had examined the ruins that it did not reach a height exceeding four miles. Other statements are still more extravagant.

Steered Straight.

"If I thought that any girl would accept me," casually remarked the bashful Mr. Dolyers, "I'd propose tomorrow."

"Why not this evening?" asked Miss Fosdick coyly.

The affair will take place in about a month.—Detroit Free Press.

First Public Pianist.

Of all the myriads who play the piano how many know that "Tom Bowling" Dibdin was the first man who played the instrument in public? That was in 1767, and the feat was performed at the first night of "The Beggar's Opera."—Invention.

A New York newspaper remarks that "ferries came and ferries go, bridges rise and bridges fall, but tunnels last forever." There is a scientific truth in the observation. Of all works of man earthworks, plain earth mounds sodded over, are about the most enduring. A properly constructed tunnel is essentially a work in earth and so almost as permanent as the great globe itself.