

AN IMMORTAL

By James Barnes.

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Now, I speak French—that is, the French of the stranger—but I could no more follow the conversation than I could follow the debate of an Indian council. The drinks were ordered, and Charlie drank half a hand's width of absinth as if it were the lightest French wine, and the older man measured glasses with him. I observed them as if they were characters in a play. I even studied the reflection of the back of Verlaine's head in the mirror—a great head, broad and noble.

At last I caught the substance of their talk. I am neither squeamish nor old-fashioned, but I declare, upon my soul, I shuddered. I could stand it no longer.

"Are we dining together?" I interrupted, pulling my friend by the elbow. "I'm beastly hungry."

I feared Cummings was about to make some rude remark, but he checked himself.

"Of course," he said. "Come."

Verlaine arose. He bowed politely to Charlie, as if somehow the latter had obtained command of his respect. I was forgotten in the parting, at which I much rejoiced.

"You are very chummy," I said to Charlie as we seated ourselves at a table.

"Well," he said in answer, "to me he touches his hat, although they call him 'master.' You see, I told him a story once."

I knew well if I showed my curiosity I would defeat myself, so I began to talk about old times. We drank champagne with our meals and afterward brandy, such brandy as you can get nowhere else except at this particular cafe. It was smooth as the purest olive oil, but it produced a fever that rashed the skin as might incipient pneumonia.

I touched it sparingly, but if it had been the last bottle on earth and Charlie the thirliest man he could not have gone about it with more fierce delight.

His tongue was gradually loosened, and before we had lit our cigars he was rambling slightly, jumping from one subject to another. Carefully I sought to bring him back to the last days in New York, but without success. He parried all my attempts with skill, and I gave it up at last and pushed back from the table. Then Charlie looked up at me over his coffee.

"Did you ever see a man guillotined?" he asked suddenly, apropos of nothing.

"No, but I was a surgeon witness at an electrical killing at Dannemora," I returned.

"I say, tell me about it," Charlie put in eagerly. "I've been to all the executions here." He called at least six off on his fingers.

I had seldom talked on this subject, but Charlie's interest appeared so earnest that I began.

I described the process of placing the electrodes, strapping the arms and feet, testing the current, and so forth, and as I looked across the table I saw that Cummings had assumed the position of the victim in the great wooden chair, his head thrown back, his muscles stiffened, the jaw dropped and the eyes beneath the half lowered lids shifting from side to side. It was quite horrible.

At last I stopped, leaned over and shook him.

"Enough of this grewsomeness! Come, talk of yourself," I said.

"He aroused and, leaning both elbows on the table, spoke in a low voice, half inarticulate.

"If you'll listen and afterward forget, I'll tell you a little tale. It may be strange or new or old. It may amuse you. Think what you choose, you know. But one thing, don't interrupt or make comment. Promise me?"

I nodded.

"You know, after I left college," Charlie went on, "I tried to settle down." It might be fair to state I had not known this.

Then followed a silence of a minute. Charlie rested his face in his hands and placed the tips of his little fingers over his sunken eyes about midday.

I had to lean forward to catch what he was saying.

"I was very fond of my brother. We were much alike, save the speech—I mean in feature—and when I heard that he had been murdered, damnably murdered, I could not sleep. I drank for it. My arms from wrist to elbow were seared with the markings of the needle. I ran the gamut—cocaine, landannum, morphine. One day I awoke, so to speak, in a hospital. I was strapped down, much as the man you were telling me about just now. I staid there for some time and slowly regained my strength. You see," said Charlie parenthetically, "and I was afraid he had side tracked his ideas, 'my will has never left me. I could start tomorrow and sit with a fishing rod in my hands on the banks of the Seine, a bottle of cold tea beside me for the rest of my life. Man, I could do it and never touch a thing but bread and cheese. I could live in a tub if I made up my mind to do it. Well, listen. I determined when I left the hospital to give up everything. The doctors told me I must if I wished to live—they know little about that, but he sneered—'so I went to the Adirondacks. I rowed and paddled and lived in the woods. I grew strong and keen on life. I built castles to no end. I imagined returning and showing people what I could do. For six months I touched nothing in the way of stimulants. I had put morphine away forever. I wish now to God I had not."

"Well"—Charlie was speaking slower now and breathing harder—"I turned to town. It was late in the spring or, better, early summer. I went to my hotel. You know the one I mean." Indeed I remembered it and how often we had sat there on our college vacations and watched those wonderful nymphs trying to draw the sun-browned satyr down into the water.

"It was a beautiful day, and I went up in my room to dress. I had not had a black coat on my back for months. I observed in the glass that I was looking very well, and suddenly I crossed my mind that my abstinance on drink was not a pledge, you know—was up this very day. I rang for a cocktail. It tumbled me to the end of my fingers,

and so I took another and another and a fourth. Denny, when I stepped out on the sidewalk I owned the world and would have given half of it for one kindred spirit who would understand my mood. I went into Delmonico's, hoping to find a familiar face. No one was there but some fools gabbling in the corner. I longed for some place in the fresh air, but longed still more for some one to talk to, to rhapsodize to, for I was alive from pulse to brain. "The Claret!" I thought, and I went outside. The driver of a hansom cab held up an interrogating finger. "I wondered if Charlie had borrowed this from Walt Whitman. 'He had a nice horse and a nice trap. I called him across. 'The Claret! up the river,' said I.

"As we drove up Broadway I owned it all. We passed under the elevated, and as I looked out I saw a figure standing at a corner."

Charlie had now begun to talk through his teeth and merely with a movement of his lips. He was breathing hard. "It was a tall woman in shabby gray silk. I leaned forward and looked out the corner of the window. She bowed, or I bowed first, I forget which. Well, you know, it was about time that I had got over my foolishness. But why not? I threw open the little trapdoor in the roof of the cab with my stick. 'Stop,' said I. 'The driver or drop up to the curb. Strange to say, as I came down the sidewalk, waiting to get my cue, you know, the woman stepped to meet me. 'Ah, Mr. Cummings,' she said, with a slightly foreign accent.

"'Pon my word, I was knocked almost off my feet. There was nothing for it, however, but to pretend that I had known her.

"It was the same old stereotyped way. 'Haven't you seen for some time. Where have you been?' 'Will you ever forget the last time,' etc.—noncommittal phrases, word fencing and all that, you know—rank nonsense.

"Well, the upshot of it was I asked her point blank to have dinner with me. She laughed, accepted, and in a minute we were up the avenue. Let me give you a hint of what she looked like, old chap. You may have read about it." I said nothing. "Her face was as clear as wax, without a bit of color. Her eyebrows were straight and narrow, and her hair rose from her white forehead as even as a charcoal line. Her eyes were so pale that the black dots of her pupils could be seen a dozen feet away, but her lips were as red as blood. Blood!" he repeated. "She was the strangest and

most beautiful thing alive. God! I see, she was."

"Well, do my best, I could not find out how she knew my name. I grew serious, but she laughed that off. Then I grew interested. I could have sworn that I had never met her, you see. Suddenly she turned to me and spoke in French, and although there were a few conversational hitches, we talked on in that language. She was clever, she was bright, she was uncommonly placed, and insensibly she made me keep my distance. At last we stopped at the frame house on the hill overlooking the Hudson. There were a number of cabs and carriages waiting. The veranda was filled with well dressed people. Wine was being opened. Silks and satins and bad English—you know that set.

"We dined together at a little table in the corner. If ever a man made love, I did. I didn't know myself. I was swept away. Den, I believe I scintillated. I could see nothing but gray eyes looking at me across the cloth. I could hear nothing but the low purring laugh and the cooing tones of her answers. My heart beat so fast I almost smothered. I was wild—crazy, if you like. Suddenly I noticed she had gone light on the wine I had ordered. The bottom of my own glass had seemed to go farther and farther away. The bubbles would rise at a little tune of pleasure. Never had I felt so in my life. I was the hero of a fairy tale. Life was great and grand and given to enjoy. A river steambot swept up against the dark shadow of the Palisades. It gleamed like a great opal. I felt that I could have waved my hand and stopped it; that she and I could have gone on board and sailed away to some country where—'Charlie paused—'where there never was a hell,' he added.

"Now follow. We came to go, and I had paid my bill. She had laughed at all my attempts to find out who she was. I was in despair, and yet I had the sensation that there were only two persons on earth, that woman and myself, and what should we care for the rest? It was late. I had dismissed the hansom, and nothing but a solitary four wheeler stood in the driveway near the shed. I called the man to me, and we got inside, and there I told her how I loved her; there I asked this creature that four hours before I had never seen, whom I did not know—this sphinx—this—'he stopped—'this—God, I know not what to marry me, as if she'd been a princess whom I'd served. I could not distinctly understand, but she allowed me to put my arm about her shoulders; she allowed me to kiss her upon the lips! I was crazy mad, wild, and yet, I thought, victorious. Oh, how I lived in that one moment!"

"I had noticed what a lovely throat and neck she had, round and full, with

that little crease across it beneath the chin. Her head was on my shoulder, or better, on my chest. What perfume it was in my nostrils I could not fathom. She was making a strange chattering sound, attractive, but like the noise of some beast or, maybe, bird and yet like laughing.

"We passed by an electric light. It flashed for an instant through the cab window, and I saw what made me almost die as I sat there. There was something gleaming at my chest. She held a narrow bit of steel grasped in her right hand!

"Have you ever seen a mechanic fit a plunger in its place? She was adjusting the point above my heart with her fingers! At once the murder of my brother came to my mind, the stab wound and the story of the woman, all the horrid scandal it was so hard to hush. I was strong. My months of padding on the lakes had given me a grip. I moved softly and slowly. Raising both my hands, I caught her by the throat. She made a strike at me, and something tingled at my feet. I could feel my fingers sink under her flesh. It rose under my nails. They almost met. She struggled strongly, but not a sound did she utter, nor did I. I held her there until everything went black and I was so tired that my arms ached from thumb to shoulder, and I flung her back, dead, dead! Do you hear me—dead!"

Cummings was panting so hard I feared some sudden trouble with his heart. But I remembered it now—the strange woman found murdered in a four wheeler, the half drunken driver the mysterious dinner party of two at the Claret, the man who disappeared, the ten days' mystery. But I remembered nothing of the finding of a knife. A man's silver watch chain was found on the door of the cab, however, and a roll of bills. No motive had been assigned for the crime, and the woman had been traced to a hotel frequented by foreigners. She was known to the police for various reasons, pocket picking among them, and the reporters had described her as being beautiful. That was all I recalled.

Charlie had poured himself out a copious drink of the smooth brandy.

"The rest is easy," he said, as if relieved at getting over that part of the recital and yet speaking intently. "I opened the door of the old rattler and got out on the run. The next day I sailed for Europe. There you have it."

"What do you think?" said I.

"Think," repeated he. "I don't wish to think. You see—I loved her voice—I love her yet. Curses it, man, she rises between me and all other women! Verlaine thinks me an immortal."

I looked at him again. He had taken the position in the chair which he had held when I had told him my own grewsome story. Somehow I was feeling so uncomfortable that I could not stand it longer. I began to gather up my hat and cloak. Charlie watched me without a movement or sound, and without speaking to him again I walked away.

The pretty cashier as I passed the desk looked at me curiously and then back at the silent figure at the table.

"Is he a poet, your friend?" she asked.

I glanced back into the room. "Yes, madame," I answered. "He dreams."

Ancient Chinese Bridges.

Suspension bridges which were built in the time of the Han dynasty (202 B. C. to 220 A. D.) are still standing, striking examples of oriental engineering skill. According to historical and geographical writers of China, it was Shang Lieng, Kaen Tsu's chief of command, who undertook to construct the first public roads in the flowery empire. At that time it was almost impossible for the province of Shensi to communicate with the capital. Lieng took an army of 10,000 workmen and cut great gorges through the mountains, filling up the canyons and valleys with the debris from his excavations. At places where deep gorges were traversed by large and rapidly flowing streams he actually carried out his plan of throwing suspension bridges, stretching from one slope to the other.

These crossings, appropriately styled "flying bridges" by early Chinese writers, are high and dangerous looking in the extreme. At the present day a bridge may still be seen in the Shensi which is 400 feet long and is stretched over a chasm more than 1,000 feet deep. How those early engineers erected such a structure with the tools and appliances at their command is a mystery which will probably never be explained.

Honor at St. Peter's.

You would not look in St. Peter's for a practical joke, but one was perpetrated by the unknown artist that carved the tomb of Pope Innocent XII, who reigned from 1691 to 1700. His family name was Pignatelli, which is the Italian for a small jug, and the artist has introduced tiny jugs at every opportunity among the embellishments.

The toe of the famous bronze statue of St. Peter has been worn away by the kisses of the faithful, which practice has given rise to the absurd but widely believed idea that pilgrims kiss the actual toe of the living pope. It is the ugliest thing in St. Peter's. The figure is of rude workmanship, and one is ready to believe the story that it was never intended for St. Peter at all, but is an old statue of Jupiter Capitolinus unearthed in excavations of the sixteenth century. The church authorities admit that it was cast from the bronze of a pagan statue, but claim that it was always intended for St. Peter.—Rome Letter in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Lunatic's Advice.

Mr. Lionel Brough once played a game of billiards in an asylum with one of the patients. He conceded his adversary twenty-five points, with the result that he was hopelessly beaten. Then the patient took him quietly on one side and said:

"Look here! If you go on giving points so recklessly as that you'll be in this asylum instead of me!"

The London Chronicle quotes a naval officer as saying that during the war of 1812 the British admiralty sent out to Kingston, Canada, where the British fleet was then stationed, a large number of water casks in the belief that Lake Ontario was a salt water lake.

BREAD AND BRIDES.

THE PARTS VIANDS PLAY IN MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

Sweetheart Cakes of a Dutch Damsel—Egyptian Bridegrooms Must Work For Their Supper—Wine in China—Married by Candy.

The important part which different viands play in marriage ceremonies makes rather an interesting story.

For example, the Swedish bride fills her pocket with bread, which she dispenses to every one she meets on her way to church, every piece she gives away averting, as she believes, a misfortune.

On the threshold of her new home a bride in Serbia is presented with a plate of buns, one of which she and the bridegroom share between them, the divided bun signifying that no bitterness shall divide them. A sieve of wheat corn is also given to the bride. Of this she takes three handfuls, throws it over her head, emptying the sieve upon the ground. The scattered corn denotes that the bride brings joy and prosperity into her new home. The bride is still outside the door, nor can she enter until she has placed two loaves of bread beneath her arms and taken a bottle of wine into her hands.

With these emblems she at length crosses the threshold of her future home. At the first meal of the newly married pair bread and wine must be taken by both to denote that thenceforward all they have shall be equally divided between them and that their married life shall be passed in unity and fidelity.

A Russian wooing culminates in the betrothal feast, at which the bride elect in return for a long tress of hair which she has given to the bridegroom receives bread and salt and an almond cake.

In Holland if a young man is in love with a girl and wishes to ask her hand in marriage he buys a small sweet cake and, wrapping it up in soft paper, proceeds to the house of his innamorata. He is ushered into the midst of the family circle. Without a word he walks up to the young lady and lays the cake on the table before her. The rest of the family affect not to notice anything unusual and continue their work or their reading. The young man turns aside and talks to the father or mother on some very ordinary subject, keeping his eyes eagerly fixed on the girl while he is conversing. If she accepts his offer, she takes up the cake and eats it. If she is a coquettish damsel, she tortures the young man by turning it over and playing with it before she decides to taste it and then enraptures him by eating it to the last crumb. If, on the other hand, she wishes to have nothing more to do with her admirer, she puts it back on the table. The young man takes up the cake and, with a "Vaarvol byzant," leaves the house. The matter is then kept a profound secret by both families, and the outer world never hears of it. In place of a wedding cake in Holland wedding candles are given to each donor with a glass of wine. They are passed around by children and are served in flower trimmed baskets.

Bride pudding is the name of the piece de resistance served at a Norse peasant wedding. This is not brought on the table until the last day of the festivities, three or five days being given up to feasting and merrymaking. The appearance of the bride pudding is the signal of dismissal, and at the close of the feast the guests say farewell, presenting at the same time their gifts, which consist of cash. This the bride receives, the bridegroom presenting each donor with a glass of wine.

Partaking of two tiny glasses of wine in all the ceremony necessary to make a marriage in some Chinese provinces, provided a quantity of fireworks are set off. These are to wake the "great joss" from his sleep that he may witness the ceremony.

At a Hebrew wedding man and wife sip from one cup of wine, symbolizing participation in the joys and pain of earthly life. The emptied goblet is placed on the floor and crushed into a thousand pieces by the bridegroom, who thus shows that he will put his life on all evils that may enter the family circle.

At an Egyptian wedding feast meat is not eaten because of the belief that it would lead to future bickerings between them. Eggs, fruits and sweets are served. The first meal in the new house cannot be touched until, after every device known to the bridegroom, the bride has been at last induced to speak. Once she utters a word, he claps his hands, and supper is brought to them.

Married by candy is the plan in Burma. Of all marriage rites this takes the palm for coarseness and sweet simplicity. Here the dusky lady takes the initiative. Seeing a youth who pleases her, she offers him a sweet. If he accepts her proposal, he promptly eats the token of affection, and they are thereby made man and wife. In the act of eating alone this most primitive rite consists. If the youth be not favorably disposed, he remarks with all gallantry that that particular candy is not to his taste, and the matter is ended. In Mandary three weeks after a marriage kinsmen bring the bridegroom a bowl of rice, a vessel of wine and a fowl, much of which colation is sacrificed to the spirits of ancestors.

A Bagoda bride—in the Philippines—if she be good looking and the daughter of a warrior, is sold by her father for about \$30, which sum is not given in money, but in vegetables and chickens. One way of estimating such things is at the price of a brass gong. Such a gong is worth thirty silver dollars, and it is a valuable maiden indeed who will bring two brass gongs.—What to Eat.

Onnannuvered.

The Lady—Did any one call while I was out?

The Maid—No, ma'am.

The Lady—That's very strange. I wonder what people think I have a day "at home" for anyway.—Indianapolis News.

Since the establishment of the gambling tables land on the Riviera fifty miles from Monaco which was formerly only worth \$25 an acre has been sold for \$10,000 an acre.

HEALTH VERSUS STRENGTH.

A Good Stomach Is Worth More Than Muscular Power.

The strong man was doing some of his most sensational "stunts." Evidently his performance was free from trickery. The muscles spoke for that, and there were ease and enjoyment in all his movements.

"What a splendid fellow!" exclaimed a college student in a front row to his older companion. "I'd give all I expect ever to know of the classics in exchange for that physique. Just think what it means—unlimited endurance and strength. With that and a fair share of brains, there isn't anything a man couldn't accomplish."

The older man smiled at the youngster's enthusiasm.

"You're doing very well as it is," he said. "The battle will generally be between the strong and skillful, but it isn't just muscular strength that counts. To tell you the truth, you've inherited something that is worth more to you than all the mere muscle you could put on in a lifetime. I mean your stomach."

"Yes, of course; that's important, but—"

"It's everything, my boy. Now, suppose I should tell you that that big fellow up there is in greater danger of collapse than you are likely to be if you take fair care of yourself and exercise in moderation."

"How is that possible? He is the picture of health and strength."

"And what do you say to this fellow?" asked the physician, drawing a photograph from his pocket. It was the likeness of an athlete not much the physical inferior of the strong man.

"This chap," continued the medical expert, "came to me for treatment recently. He needed it. The flesh was literally falling off him. He was losing a pound a day. You see, he had suddenly collapsed."

"What was the trouble?"

"Stomach. I'm not telling you anything new, but it's astonishing how much an elemental truth is overlooked. A man is no stronger than his stomach."

"If your stomach isn't far better than that of most Americans, look out! This patient of mine had changed his food, and it came near costing him his life. So don't be too quick to envy the strong man, and go ahead with your classics, not forgetting twenty minutes or so a day of well directed exercise."—New York Herald.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Onions may be readily transplanted if growing too thick.

Weeds should not be allowed to grow or crusts to form around young fruit trees.

Do not buy any kind of fruit trees or plants simply because they are cheap.

With all transplanting it is important to see that the soil is well filled in around the roots.

Prune spurs to one developed bud, for the nearer the old wood the higher flavored the fruit.

A weak solution of poultry droppings is a wonderful stimulant of plant growth. It may be used weekly with good effect.

Only well rotted manure should be applied around the grapevines. Fresh manure excites the growth, but does not mature it.

Quince trees should be mulched as a protection against extreme heat and cold, as the roots are small and usually near the surface.

In selecting trees to grow as a wind-break it is quite an item to have them of a close growing habit and of as nearly perpetual foliage as possible. Plant a double row.

Turkish Delight.

The oriental sweet called "Turkish delight" that travelers in the east are sure to taste is not difficult to make. Have ready an ounce of gelatin, preferably the clear imported sheet variety, which has been soaked for two hours in a very little cold water. Bring to a boil in a porcelain pot a pound of granulated sugar and half a cupful of cold water, adding the gelatin, and boil till the mixture dropped in cold water can be held in the finger. After it has boiled steadily for fifteen minutes add the juice of one lemon and a table-spoonful of brandy. Pour to cool in a clean tin which has been wet in cold water, cutting the mixture as it stiffens into squares like caramels. Each piece is dusted with powdered sugar or rolled in waxed paper.—New York Post.

No Proof Necessary.

Colonel C. L. Colquhen of Louisiana was halted on the street one day by a gentleman who evidently did not know him.

"Can you tell me," asked the unknown, "who is the best lawyer in town?"

"I am, sir," replied the colonel without hesitation.

The man looked surprised.

"Excuse me," he said; "I should like to have you prove it."

"Don't have to prove it, sir," thundered the colonel; "I admit it."—New York Times.

Deceived.

She—'I'd never have married you if you had not deceived me about yourself.

He—'Rather you never would have married me had I not deceived myself about you.'—Boston Transcript.

It is well enough to make hay while the sun shines, but if there were no rainy weather there would be no hay to make.—Saturday Evening Post.

Every man barked at by a dog is not a thief. Every man talked about by a gossip is not guilty.—Athenian Globe.

A Malicious Exposure.

Emeline—How I should love to overhear the conversation of several highly intellectual men!

Edgar—'Poo! I've been with them. They always begin on books, but soon get to talking about something good to eat.'—Detroit Free Press.

Right, James!

Teacher—James, you must tell where the Declaration of Independence was signed.

James—Please, ma'am, at the bottom.—Indianapolis News.

VAGARIES OF THE TIDES.

Curious Currents in the Ocean and Its Offshoots.

There are as many vagaries in the waters as in the winds. Why, for instance, should three great ocean currents send their warm waters across the wide Pacific, Atlantic and around the Cape of Good Hope? There have been many theories advanced to solve the problem of their origin, but all have proved fallacious. Other and equally mysterious currents exist in well nigh all parts of the world. The tides are so erratic in different parts of the world that one hesitates to accept the theory that the moon controls them in all cases.

It is on record that the sea has run for weeks out of the Java sea through the strait of Sunda and thence back again for a like period without any perceptible rise or fall during those times. Then there is the equatorial current that flows into the Caribbean sea, the ever flowing current to the eastward around Cape Horn, the cold stream flowing from the icy regions of the north past Newfoundland and Nova Scotia and along the American coast to the extreme end of Florida, the continual current running with a velocity of from four to five knots an hour through the strait of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean sea, the swift current running across the rocks and shoals off the end of Billiton island, which apparently starts from nowhere and ends somewhere in the vicinity of the same place, and the current which, starting half way up the China sea, runs from two to three knots an hour to the northeast and finally ends abruptly off the north end of Luzon.

Then we have those tidal vagaries known the world over as bores. Residents on Severn side are familiar with them, and those that run up the Hugg and Irrawaddy rivers from side to side in a zigzag shape till they reach their limit, often tearing ships from their anchorage, originate nobody knows where or why. The rush of waters in the bay of Fundy is nothing but a huge bore sweeping all before it, have risen to the height of fifty or sixty feet. Off Southampton we have the double tides, while at Singapore it has been observed for days at a time that there has been but the one rise and fall in the twenty-four hours. The tides may be and very often appear as though they were "moonstruck," but they certainly are not controlled with hard and fast rules by that or any other body.—London Shipping World.

Private Gambling in Russia.

There is a good deal of gambling in what goes on in Russia, says the London Candid Friend. Vint, preference and roulette are the principal games. The second is the most popular in army circles, while many ladies of the highest rank keep roulette tables and have regular "evenings," on which play goes on for very high stakes. As is usually the case at roulette, the bank mostly wins, and the hostess takes good care to keep the bank.

One of the most notorious of these private dens is run by two ladies of the highest rank and connections. Only the fine flour of the society of St. Petersburg are admitted, and the entrance is eagerly sought. The stakes are high, the plunging often desperate, and men have been known to leave these salons in a financial condition which approaches ruin. The princesses, however, make a handsome income out of the bank, and no one thinks the worse of them.

How High Can a Balloon Rise?

The altitude that may be attained by a balloon depends, first, upon its size; secondly, upon the filling of gas, and, thirdly, upon the weight being carried. A balloon of ordinary size, 43,000 cubic feet, carrying the smallest weight—that is, one person—when filled with illuminating gas may reach 20,000 feet, but when filled with hydrogen 27,000 feet. In order to ascend higher we first of all need a bigger balloon.

One may say it was a happy chance that the Royal Meteorological institute of Berlin was provided with a balloon of the unusual dimensions of 300,000 cubic feet. The German emperor furnished \$500 for making experiments with it, and the Meteorological institute decided to make use of this opportunity for studying the highest regions of atmosphere.—Harper's Magazine.

A Bad Way to Feed Birds.

It is quite a common practice for persons owning pet birds to teach them to take bits of sugar or other food liked by the bird from the lips. It has been discovered that the trainers of young birds in Europe frequently contract in this way a peculiar parasitic growth on the throat and lungs that is frequently fatal, and a warning has been issued by French physicians which may well be heeded by any one feeding birds from mouth to beak.

A Psychological Deduction.

"My dear," said the wife of the eminent professor, "the hens have scratched up all that eggplant seed you sowed."

"Ah, jealousy," mused the professor. And he sat down and wrote a twenty page article on "The Development of Envy in the Minds of the Lower Grade of Bipeds."—Baltimore American.

Emotion Wasted.

"It was terrible even to see the villain die," said the emotional girl at the melodrama.

"Oh, well," consoled the old lady, "he would have died anyway. Did you notice how many cigarettes he smoked?"—Exhibition.

The plots they have in the mint are nearly all money making schemes.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Somnambulism.

Farmer Jones was awakened by a suspicious noise in his barnyard, and going out with a club and lantern, in an angle between the chicken coop and barn he saw a colored neighbor standing bolt upright, with his eyes closed. After receiving a sharp blow on his head the intruder opened his eyes.

"Where is it?" he asked. "Is that you, Farmer Jones? I spect I've been walking in my sleep again. I often does walk in my sleep