

THE LAST EQUALITY.

The rich man breathes the atmosphere
The same as you or I;
He cannot see a deeper blue than we do
In the sky;
He hears the piping of the birds—a music
Sweet and clear—
But maybe money-clinking dulls the music
To his ear;
And yet he has pleasures that possess
A tempting guise—
But he can't die any deadlier than the
poor man dies.

The rich man cannot eat more than
one meal at a time,
Nor more than his ten pennies will ex-
ceed the poor man's dime;
One suit of clothes is all that may at
once his form adorn,
And he's just as honest as the poor
man, when he's born;
His truth is just as honest, and his false-
hoods are plain lies—
And he can't die any deadlier than the
poor man dies.

There may be some philosophy in lifting
up a moan
Because the rich man rides the while the
poor man walks alone;
Because the rich man has his gold to buy
his goodly cheer—
And yet there'll come a time when he
will have to leave it here.
Old Death's a spirit level that will brook
no compromise,
And no one dies any deadlier than the
next man dies—
—Baltimore American.

THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

AMONG the sixty-three professors
with whom I am acquainted, it
is natural to suppose a variety
of religious beliefs are to be found, and
it will not, therefore, appear surprising
if he should be a Buddhist, or, as his
Irish servant expressed it, "a blooming
hoodist, begorra," of the bluest creed.
This was Professor Markman, professor
of Japanese literature, with whom
circumstances threw me into closest
intimacy.

He was not a man to thrust his con-
victions on any one, but being sat-
urated with the theories of Oriental
speculation it came to the surface in
innumerable expressions in every top-
ic of conversation.

I see, now, the professor expressing
his views, standing in his beautifully
yet inexpensively adorned parlor, his
daughter busy with some tasteful work
by the shaded light, and I comfortably
lounging in a chair in the shadow.

"The mind, the thought, and all the
senses are subject to the law of life
and death. With knowledge of self
and the laws of birth and death there
is no grasping and no sense perception.
Knowing one's self and knowing how
the senses act, there is no room for the
idea of 'I,' or the ground for framing it.
The thought of 'self' gives rise to
all sorrows, blinding the world as with
fetters; but having found there is no
'I' that can be bound, then all these
bonds are severed."

"What do you say to this, Fusa?"
The professor stamped his foot im-
patiently.

"Fusa, how often must I warn you
against the danger of such medita-
tions?"
The girl rose abruptly and left the
room. I suspected there were tears in
her eyes, and half guessed the painful
subject in dispute. The professor pres-
ently enlightened me. Throwing him-
self into a chair, he said, with a sigh:

"We are in a condition of antagonism,
'I' and my daughter and I. I do not know
how it will end—rather, I know too
well. One life will be cut short—hers.
The relation of parent and child is one
for life; that of wife and husband, for
two lives; that of master and servant,
for three lives. If I lose her I shall
save her from a worse fate. What has
happened? There is a young man here,
a master mechanic he calls himself, a
metal worker, but a mechanic just the
same, who wishes to marry her, and
Fusa is willing to yield herself to him."

"Who is he?"
"Jarbraw. You know him?"
"Yes, I remember seeing him at the
laboratory. A steady, industrious fel-
low enough."
"That may be. It is likely he is, for
he is making his way. But what is
his way to the way I would have a
child of mine follow? Why couldn't
he have found one of his class to ask
for in marriage?"

"He is not bad-looking," I returned.
"Not according to Western ideas of
beauty," replied Markman. "But that
quality you admire, that evidence of
force, power, is most detestable to me."
"Do you wish Fusa to marry at all?"
"Certainly, but not with such a brute
as Jarbraw will grow to be—as any
man absorbed in mechanical pursuits
is sure to become. I will save her at
any cost from the degradation she
meditates. Why could she not have
attracted a man of whom I could ap-
prove?"

I thought he looked at me mean-
ingly, but took no notice of it.
"I intend to take away her life. Do
not shrink. She will live again. I shall
merely what you call hypnotize her for
awhile." He rose to his feet, moving
toward the door. "Come, I wish you
to witness my act. You understand my
motives, whether you admit their just-
ness or not."

We passed to his daughter's chamber.
Fusa was reclining upon the bed. Her
father poured some liquid into a cup
and handed it to her.

"Drink, sleep, and wake after a year,
when I or our friend here shall give the
word."
Fusa took the draft without other
resistance than an appealing glance at
me. Then her head fell back upon the
pillow and she lay rigid, motionless,
with closed eyes, as one dead.

Her death was announced in the
usual form and the funeral took place
in the regular way.
A few months later Professor Mark-
man gave up his position and went
away. I understood, to Japan, though
after this episode our intimacy was in-
terrupted. Jarbraw found another
lady love, one of the class to which he
belonged—one who, it seemed to me,
was better fitted to be the wife of an
artisan than Fusa would have been.

"The months flowed on. At last, one
night the professor rapped at my win-
dow."
"A year has passed. Shall we awak-
en Fusa?"
"What answer shall I give him?" I
asked myself on rising. * * *

In telling this story I was accus-
tomed to pause here and look around
the absorbed listening circle with an
expression which I hoped would im-
ply my belief in some profound mys-
tery. Sometimes one of the audience
would say to my wife:
"And so you were in a hypnotic sleep
for a year?"

"To which the lady would reply de-
demurely, with a glance from half-closed
eyes in my direction:
"It appears so from the narrative."
"And you did not know what trans-
pired during all that time?"
"O, I had full possession of my
senses, I heard all that was said in
my presence—"

The professor would give a warning
cough and turn the conversation.
One day, when we were alone, Fusa
said:
"I am tired of that fairy tale. It
seems to amuse you—you always did
love a jest and to carry it to an ex-
treme—but I do not, and I am going to
put an end of it if you bring it up
again."

"Why, you do not mean to deny that
you vanished from human sight for a
year?"
"Fiddlesticks!"
"That you died and were inclosed in
a tomb?"
"How do you escape the imputation
of conniving at a crime? Why did you
not inform against my father? What
I shall say is this: 'I was a foolish
young girl, infatuated with a man
whom it would have brought me un-
happiness to marry. I would not be
convinced by words, but agreed to test
his faithfulness by going away for a
year. He did not stand the test.' I
should think you would be ashamed of
yourself—both of you! And I shall ex-
pose you if you do not stop it."

We stopped it. But this only shows
that Fusa is quite unaware that she
did lie for a year in a hypnotic sleep—
Waverly.

THE MODERNIZED MIKADO.

He Has Abandoned the Ultra Ecclu-
siveness of His Ancestors.

The Mikado is the first Japanese sov-
ereign to emerge from the dignified re-
tirement in which his predecessors
lived. This step has only increased the
passionate loyalty of his subjects to-
ward him, and people are already com-
paring him with the Kaiser as regards
the prominent public role he seems dis-
posed to play.

During the army maneuvers his Maj-
esty, who followed events with the
greatest interest and enthusiasm, or-
dered two privates to be brought before
him, and questioned them through the
medium of his chief aide-de-camp. His
questions were of the paternal kind,
such as the following:

"How did they get on with the hard-
ships of barracks life? Did they long
to go home whenever they thought of
their nearest relatives? Did they not
thing their lot a hard one each time
their thoughts wandered back to the
ease and joys of their home? Were they
not feeling the effects of their daily
exertions in the maneuvers? Did not
the exactions of the military service
sometimes make them cry in secret?"

The young soldiers answered that
they were quite happy in the army,
and that their only desire was to do
their duty toward their beloved sov-
ereign.

A few days before the Mikado, while
traveling by rail, was cheered by a
number of very old people at Shirasahi
station. He sent them all presents
through the local government, an act
of kindness which moved the old peo-
ple to tears of gratitude.—Yokohama
Correspondence London Mail.

THE ELEPHANT TREE.

Worcester, Mass., has a strange freak
of nature in its "elephant tree," a
mammoth elm, with a peculiar growth
upon the side, resembling perfectly the
trunk of an elephant.

The tree stands in the heart of the
city, beside the common and at the
rear of the City Hall. Its age is be-
yond the recollection of the oldest in-
habitants, and it has been an object of
curiosity for a hundred years or more.
The strange growth was undoubtedly
caused by some accident to the tree
when it was small, but it has in no
way affected the health or beauty of
the elm, for it is one of the most ma-
jestic in the city.

The General—Was Colonel Bragg
conquered when the bullets began to fly?
The Major—Cool? He was so blundered
could be shivered like a leaf.—Judge.



THE WHITE CAPS.

Old Organiza-
tion of Lynch-
ers Has Given
Placeto a Mu-
tual Benefit
Society.

THERE is said to be in certain
parts of Southern Indiana an
outlawed mutual benefit so-
ciety which has grown out of that fa-
mous and infamous organization
which in days gone by struck terror
into the hearts of all who came under
its ban—the dreaded Whitecaps.

The society has its secret meeting
places, its signs, grips, passwords, etc.,
and is a direct descendant of the or-
ganization which for years killed men
and whipped women in Southern In-
diana and Ohio. It is claimed that its
members elect men of their own stripe
to all the important offices, so great
is the society's strength; that when a
trial is on in which any member is
interested, his fellows are always
present on the jury; that it is a society
formed for mutual protection in any

way which may be imagined, but es-
pecially when its members are in
trouble.

Where the meeting places of the so-
ciety are, no one will tell. The organ-
ization's members are found in the
political conventions of city, town-
ship, county, district and State,
though holding the interests of its
members above the interests of any
politician. It never sells its votes, but
it has developed, has been many a
time a power which has turned the
political scale one way or the other,
greatly to the mystification of the
bosses.

As a rule, though coming of an or-
ganization which was nothing unless
a violator of the law, the present so-
ciety is not composed of lawbreakers,
at least in the ordinary sense. How-
ever, when one of its members is in
trouble, his fellows stand by him until
the last, a fact which has often been
demonstrated in law courts. Frequent-
ly, in trials, it has been noticed that
there was some mysterious influence
at work on the jury, but what it was
could not be discovered.

Origin of the White Caps.
The beginning of the institution dates
back many years to the early settle-
ment of Indiana, at a time when the
State was overrun with desperate
characters who had fled from Ohio and
Kentucky, the southern part, from its
contiguity to the Ohio, being especial-
ly the haunt of horse thieves, robbers
and counterfeiters. In the river coun-
ties of Indiana there was for years a
continuous reign of terror. When the
residents of these counties finally band-
ed together for protection, the crim-
inals fled further to the north, where
their advent was met with the organ-
ization of a number of regulators, of
which every decent citizen was a mem-
ber. There was little law in those
days. Might made right and there was
no one to gamsay the right of the reg-
ulators to take the law into their own
hands. There are those yet living who
have often seen men ride by at night
with white sacks, in which were eye-
holes, over their heads. It was never
known in one locality from what other
locality these men came. It was
only known that they were "on the
march," but the next day a ghastly
character with his back slashed up
with hickory gads, or the tale of some
person missing would solve the mys-
tery. People who had no business out
of doors stayed inside when the regu-
lators were out. No questions were
asked and no comments were made.

This was the original Whitecap or-
ganization. It served its purpose well
and when the thieves and thugs were
all driven out of Indiana it ostensibly
disbanded.

It was in 1857 that the Whitecaps
again became prominent, but their
character was decidedly changed. Ed-
ward Bingham, a constable who had
been in some way incurred the ill-will
of the gang, was the first victim. He
was called out of his home at night,
tied to a horse and carried into the
woods, where he was stripped. He
was then bound to a tree and each
member of the gang took turns in ap-
plying hickory switches until he be-
came unconscious. Then the man was
carried back to his home and thrown
brutally over the fence into the yard.
Bingham died next day, and the com-
munity arose in rage against his mur-
derers. Indictments were brought
against several men who were known
to be in the gang and three of them
were sentenced to imprisonment. The
Whitecaps had such powerful influ-
ence that the convicted men served
but a small part of their sentences.

From 1858 to 1874, there were occa-
sional whippings of both men and
women, but nothing of a nature as to
call for special action, but in the lat-
ter year a lynching by Whitecaps once
more drew attention to the organiza-
tion. Fear of the gang was so great,
however, that nothing was done. In

1876, the Whitecaps broke into a jail
and lynched a man awaiting trial on
charge of murder, of which his inno-
cence was later proven.

In 1883 a prominent farmer was
whipped. He had the gang arrested,
but the jury disagreed and the men
escaped. From that time on for many
years Whitecap outrages were fre-
quent. They became so common that
at last the people of both Indiana and
Ohio were aroused and an attempt was
made to root out the organization.
Whipping and tarring parties were
of the most nightly occurrence, and the
people were worked in a perfect frenzy
of terror.

Members of the original gang of
Whitecaps were rarely arrested and
more rarely convicted. If a White-
capper fell into the hands of the law,
it was almost invariably because of
doing business independent of the or-
iginal organization.

NOVEL WRITERS' PAY.

EASY TO PROVE THAT IT IS NOT
GROWING.

A Few of the Most Popular Novel-
ists Are Making Fortunes, but the
Work Hardly Pays the Rank and
File—Some Authentic Figures.

Novel writing as a trade has not
shown any material financial improve-
ment in the last fifty years, says the
London Mail. The enormous increase
in the number of readers has been
counterbalanced by the extraordinary
increase in the number of publications,
and also in the number of writers.
Thackeray, for example, received 50
guineas a pair for the periodical issue
of "Vanity Fair." It appeared in nine-
teen numbers, one of them being a
double part, so that altogether this is-
sue brought him 1,000 guineas. Now-
adays, though Mr. Kipling received 50,
000 pounds for the serial rights of
"Kim," few writers receive as much
as Thackeray, although it must be re-
membered that his publisher held the
entire copyright for a certain short
number of years.

For "Esmond" Thackeray had 1,200
guineas, and "The Newcomes" yielded
about 4,000, while his editorial con-
nection with the Cornhill is said to
have been worth 44,000 a year—an in-
come that will certainly compare with
that of the editors of any twentieth
century monthly publication.

"Pickwick" brought Charles Dickens
£2,500 and a share in the copyright
after five years. "Nicholas Nickleby"
was worth 44,000, and "Barnaby
Rudge" 53,000 for the copyright till six
months after publication. It is inter-
esting in view of the 500,000 copies
sold of "The Master Christian," the
100,000 of "The Eternal City," the 500,
000 of "Richard Carvel," and the 500,
000 of "The History of Sir Richard
Calmady," to note that the original
sale of "Great Expectations" was 30,
000 copies!

In four years George Eliot received
£1,600 from "Adam Bede," "Romola"
brought her 77,000, from the Corn-
hill, and "Middlemarch" was, on the
whole, even more profitable, the Amer-
ican edition alone being worth 11,200
to the authoress. Charles Reade re-
ceived £30 for "Peg Woffington," but
that was at the beginning of his care-
er, and "Griffith Gault, or Jealousy"
attained to £1,500. Anthony Trollope,
a steady and persistent writer, made
from his books a gross sum of 70,000,
or some £2,000 a year. "The Claver-
ings" brought £2,800. "The Small
House at Allington" £3,000, and "Can
You Forgive Her?" £3,525.

Charles Kingsley sold "Alton Locke"
for £150 to Messrs. Chapman and Hall,
a sum certainly less than a twentieth
of the financial return his daughter,
Mrs. St. Leger Harrison (Lucia Malet),
will receive for her latest novel. In
1855 Messrs. Routledge gave Bulwer
Lytton £20,000 for a ten years' copy-
right of the cheap edition of his nov-
els, and at the end of that period they
paid 45,000 for another period of five
years, and made a contract on the
same terms at the end of the second
period.

Going back to the beginning of last
century it is interesting to remember
that while Scott received large sums
for the Waverley Novels, Jane Austen
earned during her lifetime less than
£700 in all for the work of her pen.

Macaulay was one of the first au-
thors to receive payment on the roy-
alty system, that being his arrange-
ment with Messrs. Longmans for his
history, and George Eliot also had a sim-
ilar arrangement with Blackwoods for
some of her novels.

An author now receives as a rule
from 10 per cent.—in the case of an un-
known writer—to 25 per cent.—in the
case of an established favorite—on the
gross retail price of his books. He also,
of course, receives large sums for the
serial rights. As a matter of fact, in
the case of many writers the receipts
from the serial rights often exceed the
royalties on the complete book. Ap-
proximately it may, therefore, be con-
cluded that in the case of a novelist
like Miss Marie Corelli, with an enor-
mous and constant public, one book,
though she never serializes it, will
bring at least £20,000 in all, a figure
which is also probably reached by
many of the books of Mr. Kipling and
the "Caine."

When one reads the statement that a
successful book is selling at the rate
of between 1,000 and 2,000 a week, it
is safe to assume that the author is
receiving between £100 and £150 a
week for it, and so on. Of course
these figures only apply to at the most
half a dozen novelists. Another twen-
ty, however, will receive from £400 to
£500 for the serial rights of their
books, and make on an average half
as much more by their royalties. It
may be felt that this is a very small
side of the ranks of the first thirty writ-
ers novel-writing nowadays, hardly
pays.—Chicago Record-Herald.

OVERLAND TO CALIFORNIA.

Stripping for the Conflict with Forces
of Nature.

Our last glimpse of civilization was
"Grand Island City," a village of six
or eight houses, on the Platte, in what
is now Hall County, Nebraska. This
was on the 6th of June, and a few
days before we had passed through Col-
umbus, another paper city. Columbus
boasted an inn, a blacksmith shop and
a trading post. The passage of the
Loup at that place was accomplished
by means of a rope ferry, for which
service the ferryman, before landing
us on a sand-bar near the farther bank
of the stream, exacted a fee of a dol-
lar and a half for each team; the cat-
tle were swum across. The tide of
travel was so great that they were
obliged to wait all day for our turn to
cross. I asked the proprietor of the
ferry if he had had any touch of the
California fever. With a twinkle of
his eye he surveyed his ferry and his
smithy, and said: "Waal, I allow this
year is California enough for me."
Our trail, after leaving the last set-
tlements, was strewn with lame and
abandoned cattle and the discarded
material of those who had preceded
us. As large companies passed on, they
found their burdens lightened by the

REAL THING IN BLIZZARDS.

The Montana Man Was Acquainted
with the Genuine Article.

"I've been steaming in your semitropi-
cal climate all winter," said the man
from the wool-growing West to the
dressed-in-the-wool New-Yorker, "and ev-
ery now and then, when the thermom-
eter drops a little below freezing point
I hear strange talk about blizzards."
"It's a nice-sounding name, I admit,
and it looks well in the newspaper
headlines. But, bless your benighted
souls, you're just as likely to have a
Kansas twister on 5th avenue or a
South sea simoon off the battery, as a
blizzard in Manhattan."

"I'll admit you had a good imitation
of it a good many years ago in the
storm that cost Senator Conkling his
life, and once again about three years
back. The New Yorker who's never
been much farther west than the Har-
lem river might be excused for calling
those two little blows "blizzards." We've
a big country out there, and, of
course, a busy man in New York will
naturally get the Yellowstone park
tangled up with the Yosemite, as an
evening newspaper here did some time
ago, and we don't mind your dramatic
critics referring to Missouri as the oc-
cident. Yes, that has been done, too.

"What is a real blizzard like? My
dear sir, to talk in that way, I never
went in real heavily for words, and
maybe you'd better put a stamp
on your inquiry and send it to the pa-
per published by the great plebeian in
Nebraska. He knows all about frosts
and such things, and likely as not he
could spare you two or three columns
telling you what a blizzard is like.

"A blizzard, did you say? Why, the
very word sends cold chills creeping
up my spine. Why, the last time I
was in a blizzard in Montana, I was in
the act of drinking. It was just lifting
the glass of milk to my lips—what's
that? I say I was just lifting the glass
of milk to my lips when the air grew
suddenly dark and the thermometer
fell 60 degrees quicker—I could count
'em. I never did drink that milk."
"No, of course, it wasn't too dark to
drink it. That's foolish. Any child
can feel his way to his mouth with a
drink—at least, any Western child can.
But the milk just naturally froze hard
on top and the wind—I'd forgotten the
wind. Well, maybe, it's enough to say
it was the wind that blew the snow
about and made it so dark. Now, in
the Dakotas there isn't much snow, be-
cause the wind doesn't give it a chance
to light."

"But it's got to light somewhere,
hasn't it? So when the snow that's
really comin' to Montana gets a chance
to settle down, it starts in again and
sues in great chunks till the Dakota
product is all piled up. But that's not-
thing. A chinook wind comes along and
in twenty minutes the ground is ready
for spring plowin'."

"Well," said the New-Yorker, admir-
ingly, according to the New York Mail
and Express, "I'll try to be careful and
never exaggerate any more. It's a bad
habit. I remember that some time ago
an adventurous New-Yorker penetrated
beyond the Bronx, even to the wilds of
the northwest, and when his friends
asked him for a description of the
scenery, he said, 'found every bit of a
mountain peak, every good pond a lake,
every dry run a river, every irrigating
ditch a canyon and every man a liar.'
So I suppose you're right."

Iron can be drawn into thinner wire
than any other metal except gold.
Thirty-two million tons of water roll
over the cliff at Niagara every hour.
A snow wall four feet thick is a per-
fect protection against a rifle bullet at
fifty yards distance.
A small grass seed which has ger-
minated while in a patient's eye, has
just been removed by a Japanese oculist.
The first steamer on the Rhine—a
Dutch one—was in 1822, fifteen years
after Fulton had started a steamship
service on the Hudson.
The greatest bay in the world is that
of Bengal. Measured in a straight line
from the two enclosing peninsulas its
extent is about 420,000 square miles.
Switzerland has, at Bex, salt mines
which have been worked for 248 years.
The galleries are twenty-five miles in
length, and the profit \$75,000 a year.
The peat beds of the German empire
are estimated to cover 9,942,000 acres.
To make use of this fuel in a profitable
way is a problem for science to solve.
A wine cask which holds ninety-seven
thousand gallons, and is the largest
ever built, may be seen at Maltermo-
ra, Cal. The steel hoops around it weigh
40,000 pounds.
The Sacred Land, long given over to
barren desolation, may yet blossom as
the rose. Rich deposits of phosphates
have been found in the regions of the
Jordan and the Dead Sea.
One of the English astronomers, J. J.
Atkinson, who visited Sumatra to ob-
serve the total solar eclipse last May,
made the acquaintance of an old Malay,
living on a little island near the
Sumatra coast, who owned a large
monkey which he had trained to work
for him in gathering coconuts. The
monkey's business was to climb the
gigantic cocoanut palms and throw
down the nuts, "which he did," says
Mr. Atkinson, "in the most artistic
manner, by screwing the nuts off with
his powerful arms while he hung by
his legs seventy to one hundred feet
from the ground."

QUEER STORIES

Painted on a Grain of Corn.
A Finnish artist has produced what
is said to be the smallest painting in
the world. It is the picture of a miller,
mounting the stairs of his mill, and
carrying a sack of grain on his back.
The mill is depicted as standing on a
terrace. Close at hand are a horse
and cart, with a few groups of peas-
ants idling in the road near by. All
this is painted on the smooth side of a
grain of ordinary white corn. It is
necessary to examine it under a micro-
scope, and it is drawn with perfect ac-
curacy.

Weight of the Water.
Water sufficient to cover one acre
one inch deep will weigh 101 tons.
The question of sex never appears
so gigantic to a man as when he starts
out in search of a servant girl.

A man never poses as a hypocrite
when he is alone.

Silenced.
Those who make light of religion and
morality seem sometimes, by the very
energy of their attack, to be getting
the best of it, but now and again they find
themselves worsted by the ready wit
of some quiet listener, who turns the
tables upon them. Such was the case
with the French students of whom Peter
Lombard tells an amusing story in the
Church Times.

An omnibus full of Parisian students
was making its way along the Rue de
Rivoli when a priest in his robes of
office joined the party. The students
began the newcomer with delight, and
halted at once to tell all the objection-
able stories they could recall. The
priest spoke not a word till he rose to
get out. Then he said, politely:
"An revoir, messieurs."
"The French 'au revoir' means liter-
ally, 'fill we see each again.' One of
the students evidently had this in mind
when he replied.
"Um," he said, "we don't want to
meet you again, old dismal!"
"But, an revoir," repeated the cure;
"we are sure to meet again. I am the
chaplain of the Mazas prison."

A Scotch Sahara.
The fact is not generally known that
there is in the north of Scotland, a
miniature Sahara, some 20 square
miles in extent. From Nairn to the
River Findhorn there is a great ex-
panse of shifting sandhills, known as
the Culbin Sands, which show all the
great peculiarities of a great desert,
and which successfully resist all at-
tempts at cultivation. Three centuries
ago the place was a smiling garden
with several farms and a village, all
of which were overwhelmed in a single
night by a great storm of sand.
The remains of the buildings can still
occasionally be seen when the sand
shifts, and many old domestic articles
have been picked up. Some tragic
stories are still current in the locality
of the wonderful escape of the inhabi-
tants from the blinding sand-drift on
that terrible night.

Six Historical Ages.
Ecclesiastical authorities divide the
history of man into six ages: (1) From
Adam to Noah; (2) from Noah to Ab-
raham; (3) from Abraham to David; (4)
from David to the Babylonian captivity;
(5) from the captivity of Judah to the
birth of Christ; (6) from the birth of
Christ to the end of the world.

Water sufficient to cover one acre
one inch deep will weigh 101 tons.
The question of sex never appears
so gigantic to a man as when he starts
out in search of a servant girl.
A man never poses as a hypocrite
when he is alone.