

# Second Cousin Sarah

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FATHERS," "LITTLE RATE KIRBY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

Tom was the man whom she had seen at the father's house, who had lodged with them at the button factory, and of whom she had caught a glimpse even at Sedge Hill. Tom and John Jennings were in the main thoroughfare of Holborn, both interested in the shops, when he touched Tom at the arm.

"Don't you know me?" he asked in a husky voice.

"You gave a little scream, and clung more closely to John Jennings."

"Oh! don't let him take me away!" she cried at once.

"I don't want to take you away, because I only want to see you once more, after all these months," said Thomas Eastbell, offering a very dirty hand to the child to shake.

"Come, you let her alone, will you?" said John Jennings sharply. John did not admire the looks of the man who had forced himself upon the notice of Reuben's adopted child, John held Tom's hand, and was watchful of his charge. The man before him was a vulgar specimen of humanity, ragged and dirty. John did not know Thomas Eastbell, at first sight, but he was a judge of disagreeable bills—he had seen an image of it in Hope street—he had become so disagreeable himself.

"I have as much right to the child as you have," said Tom in a surly tone, "or as your master has, for the matter of that. The child's whole, and you know it."

"And its father will come to claim it presently, too—see if he don't—and you can tell Mr. Culwick, too, directly you get home. Say Tom Eastbell told him so—or Vizzadoni. You ought to know Vizzadoni of the Saxe-Gotha."

"You are Thomas Eastbell, then?"

"Yes, and I don't care who knows it. You can give me in charge if you like—say for nothing, but for the matter of it myself in an hour or two, if you don't—I hate the works, and it's a awful cold outside the prison. Where's Mally?"

"Your sister, do you mean?"

"Yes, of course I do," answered Tom, "she ain't at Sledge Hill any more."

"Never mind where she is."

"Oh, I don't mind. She won't help me—I'm her only brother, and starting in the streets. But you can take my compliments to her, Mr. Jennings, and I'm to be heard at the 'Magpie.'"

Reuben was here, and Tom Eastbell work when John Jennings and Tom arrived home with the news of their meeting with Thomas Eastbell. He was working against time somewhat, but he set his pen aside to listen to John Jennings' account and Tom's account, and he was paying particular attention to Mr. Eastbell's information that the child would be fetched away presently by her father.

"And he said that Sarah might have of him at the 'Magpie.'"

"Yes," answered John Jennings.

"John," he said suddenly, "you must take a letter to Sarah at once."

"Very well, Mr. Reuben."

"Don't say anything of my meeting with her brother."

"Trust me for that," said John knowingly.

"She is not strong enough for any fresh trouble," said Reuben, as he drew a sheet of note paper toward him and wrote very reluctantly an excuse for not being able to see her as he had promised. He signed it no reason—he would explain when he saw her, he said—and he read the letter; somewhat critically after he had finished the writing of it. It was a brief epistle; he should see her tomorrow, he hoped, and that would be time enough for explaining the facts of the promise. Sarah trusted him implicitly, and would know that only business of importance could keep him from her. She did not expect a long letter from him, and a heap of reasons, at that busy hour of the day. It was a letter, and it was in the evening, somewhat late, Reuben cutwick, not so fashionably attired, was at the "Magpie." It was eight o'clock or later, when Thomas Eastbell's peck-marked countenance peered round one of the swings down the "Magpie." It was Tom's father's hope. He had sent a message to his sister, and she might attend to it. Who knows? He caught sight of Reuben Culwick, and his first impulse was to back into the street. Then he saw a man who was hesitating, Reuben came from the public house and confronted him.

"You need not run away, Tom Eastbell," said Reuben.

"I haven't done you any harm," he returned; "I haven't done nobody any harm—none. All that you've done is to abuse me has been a pack of lies. I've been as honest as I could be, and this is what comes of it. I'm hard up—I'm starving, Mr. Culwick. I haven't tasted food to-day."

"Where are your friends?"

"They turned me out of their house. They said I was a blundering fool. One of them kicked me, last time I saw him."

"The Captain?"

Tom Eastbell laughed scornfully.

"No, he can't tell him. I was very poor. He was in the country, jumping from a window of the button factory to get out of the way of the police. He can only swear and curse me now."

"Is this Edward Peterson the father of the little girl you met this morning?"

"He says he is, and he gave me money to take care of her altogether. But it wasn't enough, so I lost her," said Tom coolly—"or rather," he added, interpreting Reuben's look of disgust correctly, "my old woman lost her. It was her fault. She never had a bit of feeling in her for anybody save herself."

"And I found the child when she was lost."

"And then Peterson turned up, and stormed and raved at me, till I told him where the child was, and he stole it from me back again. He was fond of that child when he was in a good temper, which wasn't often though."

"His wife—is she dead?"

"Long ago, he tells me."

"Where is Edward Peterson now?"

"He's Worcester in the 'Magpie' place, near the river—and you can put the bobbies on to him, if he're not taking care of him already. He has treated me bad enough."

"Who is with him?"

"An old sweatheart, who will marry him when his legs get better."

"Is it Mary Holland?"

"That's her name. The woman who was at Sedge Hill. You know her well enough."

"And she is with Edward Peterson at Worcester?"

"Yes."

Reuben Culwick waited for no further news; he had learned more than he had anticipated; he thought he saw all very clearly to the end now, and where his duty lay. He turned from the friendly shelter of the "Magpie," and hurried into Holborn, and from Holborn through sundry back turnings into Drury Lane, where he met John Jennings, who passed

We were legally married years ago, upon my soul, I swear it—it's easily proved—let it easily proved. Mary? Tell him so—don't stare at me like that."

"Yes, I am his wife," said Mary, then she appealed to "I am not Mary Holland."

"Oh, that makes no difference," cried Reuben; "you were Mary Holland, you have always been known by that name to old Culwick, and it's your money—I know law enough for that. All yours—and all your husband's—why, it's as clear as daylight. This brings me back to—life! Where is the will?"

"I have brought it with me."

"Give it to me," said Peterson; "I don't care in what hands it is—I will keep it till I'm stronger."

"Let him have it," said the wife, carelessly; "it will calm him, and rest is necessary."

"I would prefer your taking it, Mrs. Peterson," said Reuben, producing the will, "better still to leave it with a trust-worth solicitor to act upon. There will be no opposition to it in any way from Sarah Eastbell."

"It will be safe enough in my husband's keeping," said Mary, with strange listlessness.

Reuben gave her the will, and she crossed with it to her husband's side and placed it in his hands, which with great difficulty began to unfold the paper on which Simon Culwick's last testament was written.

"I shall be glad—when I'm better," Edward Peterson whispered at last; "you can put it under my pillow—now."

"And the child?" asked Reuben, curiously.

A gesture, quick and deprecating, from Mary Holland came too late to arrest the question, or to check the excitement of the prostrate ragabond, who half raised himself in bed in his vehemence.

"I'll never let the child again—I'd rather die than see her. She shall never be father than the beggar's brat she is!" he shouted.

"What has she done?"

"She turned against her own father—when there was a chance of making money, it was she, that cursed child, who betrayed me."

The color vanished from his face again, and once more the leaden bed sufficed him, and the eyes closed, as by the pressure of the hand of death itself upon them. Mary was at his side, when he seemed coming slowly back again, she said to Reuben:

"Leave me now. You see what he is—what he has ever been. I would prefer to be alone—to die."

Reuben passed from the room and left the dying man to his strange wife's care. He had done his duty, he had surrendered his father's will into the hands of those it was to benefit, and it had been coldly, almost unthankfully received. Let him get back to Sarah Eastbell and to the brighter life which she moved.

(To be continued.)

## DOCTORING IN IRELAND.

A physician in the out-of-the-way corners of Ireland has many opportunities to laugh, although his amusement must be mingled with anxiety, for his ignorant patients do strange things. They have great faith in the doctor, a superstitious faith in his drugs and appliances, but they often make nonsense of his orders. Mr. Michael MacDonogh, in his "Irish Life and Character," gives some instances of Irish simplicity in dealing with the physician.

A dispensary doctor once prescribed two pills for a sick laborer, which he sent by the man's wife in a small box, bearing the direction, "The whole to be taken immediately."

On visiting the patient a little later, the doctor was surprised to find that the pills had not helped him. He asked the man's wife if she had given him the medicine.

"I did, doctor," replied she; "but maybe the lid hasn't come off yet." The sick man had swallowed box and all.

Mrs. Murphy's husband was extremely ill, and she consulted the physician. He prescribed a bottle of "good old summer-time" for his "good old summer-time" is not—herbs like the spearmin of old-fashioned gardens, that readily parts with its essential oil, the blue flowered, hairy-leaved borage, which is cool as any cucumber, and the bitter wormwood, all appeal in a subtle manner. After a little experimenting the "good habit" of view.

"No tender-hearted lover of cats can fail to plant in some odd corner the catnip, that very common weed which fills pussy with such delicious joy. No owner of a well-fitted linen chest but will wish to perfume her shining treasures with the sweet lavender, cherished by all worthy dames, be they colonial or of more recent growth."

If to these herbs of varied uses we add lavender, whose strongly aromatic root, when candied, makes a delicious sweetmeat, coriander caraway, whose sugared seeds from the heart of the pink and white "confidit" dear to all children, and tarragon, greatly prized by the French as a flavoring in vinegar and salads, our list of some twenty herbs—out of a possible 200 and more—will include perhaps the most desirable herbs for domestic use.—Country Life in America.

## PERU HAS A HIGH ALTITUDE.

One of the most interesting trips afforded by the present transportation facilities of Peru is that over the Dreyfus railroad, which runs from Callao to the gold fields of Cerro de Pasco. It is considered one of the wonders of the Peruvian world and the original contract was taken by Mr. Meligas at \$27,000,000 in bonds at 70. It is certainly the greatest feat of railroad engineering in either hemisphere and as a specimen of American enterprise and workmanship it suffers nothing by comparison. It was begun in 1870 and finished in 1875, and additional work has since been done on it. Commencing in Callao, it ascends the narrow valley of the Rimac, rising nearly 5,000 feet in the first forty-six miles.

Thence it goes through the tortuous gorges of the Sierras Hill till it reaches the Andes at an altitude of 15,345 feet, the highest point in the world where a train of cars moved by steam. The wonder is not in the elevation, but in the fact that the elevation is reached in seventy-eight miles. One of the most remarkable things in connection with this road is that between the coast and summit there is not an inch of down grade. The difficulties encountered in its construction were extreme—landslides, falling boulders, scroches on the difficulty of breathing in high altitudes and vermin, a disease known only along the line of this road, characterized by a species of warts breaking out all over the body and bleeding. About 8,000 workmen were engaged at one time and between 7,000 and 8,000 persons died or were killed in the construction of the road.—Engineering Magazine.

## BORE TEN TONS OF FRUIT.

Enormous Product of the Famous Santa Barbara Grapevine.

The largest grapevine in the world was one growing at Santa Barbara, Cal. There is no record of its age at the time it withered and died a few years ago, but from events connected with the family upon whose ground it grew it was believed to be 75 or 100 years old. The measurement of its trunk is given as three feet ten inches in circumference and the arbor was about seventy-five feet square. Its death was believed to be premature, the result of changing the course of a small stream that had flowed near its roots. But another vine nearby, a cutting from the original, had attained to nearly this size, so that Santa Barbara could still boast of having "the biggest grapevine in the world. In 1890 this vine succumbed to a disease of the roots, perhaps invited by age, and its body now rests in the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce. Its regular trunk attained a girth of four feet four inches at eighteen inches above the ground or five feet seven inches at forty-two inches, and its maximum yield was four tons in a season. It was believed to be seventy-five years old.

In the Carpinteria valley, a few miles further from the city, a third vine has surpassed both of the others in size. It was planted in 1842 by Joaquin Lugo de Ayala and has, therefore, just completed its three-score years. The first election in Santa Barbara county under American rule was held beneath its ample shade. This latest candidate for the world record is double from the surface of the ground up; the two parts are knit together in a David-and-Jonathan-like embrace to a height of about five feet seven inches, where they separate into huge branches, the largest having a circumference of three feet. Six inches above the ground the vine measures eight feet five and one-half inches in circumference and it covers an area of 115 feet square (the whole back yard), sixty posts supporting the framework. The owner says that, were provision made, it would spread over a great surface, but it is pruned every year. Fabulous tales are told of the grapes this vine produces. That it did actually yield ten tons in a recent season seems to be authentic.

## Had a Fuel Supply.

The 7-year-old grandson of William Dudley Foulke, the Civil Service Commissioner, went with his grandmother to the Senate to hear Senator Tillman's speech. They had fine seats in the front of the member's gallery, and the little chap made a brave show in his velvet suit and long curly hair. He listened intently, but didn't make out much of it until Senator Tillman referred, with much emphasis, to "Joyn-tricite coal." Then he piped up joyously, so he was heard all over the chamber:

"We've got some; we've got some."—New York World.

## Extremely Improbable.

"Another thing about those apples," the dealer said, opening the barrel for his inspection, "is that if you put them in a cool place they will keep all winter."

"I am quite positive they won't," said the customer, who happened to be the father of a half grown boy, "but I'll take them."

Every one desires to live long, but no one would be old.—Swift.

## Locating New Guinea.

Having returned from British Guiana to England, Rev. Mr. Crookall, as he relates in his book on his missionary experiences, visited a public school to tell the children of the foreign land.

"Now, children," he said, "first of all, where is British Guiana?"

A number of hands went up, and the missionary called upon the nearest pupil.

"On the map of the world, sir," was the ready answer.

"A man whose impuduous conduct is chronic, and who borrows with the airy grace of a beau in an old comedy, recently approached an acquaintance, all smiles and geniality.

"You're just the fellow I wanted to see," he said. "Could you lend me \$5 for a minute?"

"I could," said the acquaintance, dryly, "but let me tell you how to save that \$5. Wait a minute and you won't need it."

## What Started It.

First Awful Punster—Who is that slab-sided man with the board look?

Second Awful Punster—Why, he's a lumberman. I know that as soon as I saw dust on his clothes and the way he planked down his money when the hotelier thought he had him stumped with his charges."

And when the policeman found who they were he let them fight it out, in the hope that one or the other might be killed.—Philadelphia American.

## How to Manage It.

Lady Calver—But I thought children were not tolerated in these apartments.

Hostess—Ah, but you see, we named the baby after the janitor.—Town Topics.

## SWEET HERBS.

Don't Forget to Plant Catnip for Delight of Puss.

In any garden, save one of very limited dimensions, indeed, a small space may well be devoted to the cultivation of sweet and medicinal herbs. They are easily grown, and once well established require little care beyond the keeping free from weeds. Any thrifty housewife who has once stuffed her Thanksgiving turkey, her Christmas goose, her every-day ducks and chickens with a fresh blend of aromatic sage, summer savory and sweet marjoram grown in her own kitchen garden will be heartily ever after to employ the dust of herbs sold in paper packages of uncertain date and doubtful origin.

Some of these herbs make a novel bouquet or give an added sweetness to a bunch of roses or sweet peas. Excellent for such a purpose are the pale pink blossoms of the thyme and the French marjoram, the fragrant stalks of ambrosia and lemon balm, the bright yellow umbels of the sweet fennel, the finely cut velvet leaves of the rue and the long, glossy oval of the bergamot.

Again, to those who are interested in the brewing of refreshing pick-me-ups—and who, in the "good old summer-time" is not—herbs like the spearmin of old-fashioned gardens, that readily parts with its essential oil, the blue flowered, hairy-leaved borage, which is cool as any cucumber, and the bitter wormwood, all appeal in a subtle manner. After a little experimenting the "good habit" of view.

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## OLD FAVORITES

The Moneyless Man.

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth  
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue  
batheth, Where honest men in merry and kindness  
will leave,  
And the poor and the wretched shall ask  
and receive?  
Is there no place at all where a knock  
will bring the kind angel to open the door?  
Oh! search the wide world, wherever you  
can,  
Go there at no open door for a moneyless  
man.

Go look in your hall where the chandelier's light  
Drives off with its splendor the darkness  
of night;  
Where the rich hanging velvet, in shadow  
very fold,  
Sweeps gracefully down with its trim  
mirrors of silver take up and  
renew  
In long lighted vistas the "widering  
view";  
Go there at the banquet and find if you  
can  
A welcoming smile for the moneyless  
man.

Go look in your church of the cloud-reach-  
ing spire,  
Which give back to the sun his same  
look of fire,  
Where the arches and columns are gorge-  
ous within,  
And the walls seem as pure as a soul  
without sin;  
Walk down the long aisle—see the rich  
and the great,  
In the pomp and the pride of their world-  
ly estate;  
Walk down in your patches and find if  
you can,  
Who opens a pew for a moneyless man.

Go look to your judge in his dark flowing  
gown,  
With the scales wherein law weigheth  
equity down;  
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles  
on the strong,  
And punishes right while he justifies  
wrong;  
Where jurors their lips to the Bible have  
said  
To render a verdict they've already  
made;  
Go there in the court room and find if  
you can  
Any law for the cause of a moneyless  
man.

Go, look in the banks, where Mammon  
has told  
His hundreds and thousands of silver and  
gold;  
Where safe from the hands of the star-  
ving and poor  
Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore,  
Walk up to their counters—ah, there  
you may stay  
Till your limbs shall grow old and your  
hair shall turn gray,  
And you'll find at the bank not one of  
the clan  
With money to lend to a moneyless man.

Then go to your hotel—no raven has fed  
The wife who has suffered too long for  
her bread;  
Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the  
death frost  
From the lips of the angel your poverty  
lost;  
Then turn in your agony upward to God  
And bless while it smites you the chast-  
ening rod;  
And you'll find at the end of your life's  
little span  
There's a welcome shore for a moneyless  
man.  
—Henry Thompson Stanton.

## WEIGHT OF HUMAN BRAINS.

Intelligent Men Have the Heaviest and Most Delicate.

It has been for a long time asserted that the weight of the brain of educated persons is greater than that of the common crowd. Some results having appeared to shake this belief, if had begun to be assumed that the quality of the brain, and not its quantity, has its share of importance in this respect.

It certainly appears rational to take quality into account in certain special cases, but generally speaking, the first named statement appears to be correct. In other words, the greater intelligence of the man corresponds with the weight of his brain. M. Mathiegn, an anthropologist of Prague, has just settled the matter beyond all doubt.

Having first ascertained that the male brain weighs on an average 1,400 grammes and the female brain 1,200 grammes, between the ages of 20 and 80, he has gathered the following statistics, based on the study of the brain of 235 persons, differing widely in their occupation and intellectual culture:

Day laborers	1,400
Workmen and unskilled laborers	1,433
Porters, guardians and watchmen	1,430
Mechanics	1,450
Business men and professional assistants	1,465
Physicians and professors	1,500

From this table it will be seen that the weight of the brain increases in gradual progression.

It appears, moreover, from M. Mathiegn's researches that the manufacturing or sale of alcoholic drinks is not favorable to cerebral development.

Judging by the light weight of the brain of brewers, beer shop keepers and waiters in cafes. The average weight among this class is only 1,419 grammes, whereas it rises to 1,442 among cabinet makers, 1,449 among shoemakers, and 1,447 among blacksmiths, locksmiths and other workers in iron and steel.—New York Herald.

## RELIC OF BEN FRANKLIN.

Toledo Woman Has Silver Cup Once Owned by Him.

One of the most interesting relics owned in Toledo is a silver cup belonging to Mrs. J. Entwistle of No. 629 Bush street, and the object of her Benjamin Franklin, says the New York Herald. It was made under his supervision in Europe about 140 years ago, the date, as near as can be ascertained, being the year 1768.

Mrs. Entwistle is the widow of Two Stickney, son of Major Stickney, one of the first settlers, in whose family the name of Toledo was first suggested.

The cup is about six inches high and of solid silver. On it is this inscription: "Legacy by the will of Benjamin Franklin to Anthony S. Stickney, Anthony S. Stickney was the father of Major Stickney. The cup has descended from father to son and is now the property of Mrs. Entwistle, who has the precious relic in a safety deposit vault in one of our local banks.

The workmanship of the cup is very fine and the wear of two centuries seems to have made no perceptible difference in its appearance.

A fact concerning the naming of Toledo was brought to light when the history of the old cup was looked up. Many historians say the city was named Toledo by a man named Daniels. Records in the Entwistle home show that Toledo was named by the Stickneys. The history of Spain was being studied, and when the name of Toledo in Spain was reached Two Stickney suggested that the settlement be called Toledo and Port Lawrence be named Toledo, as there was no other Toledo in the United States. From this, it is said, the name of Toledo came.

## FOREST FIRES.

Warning Issued by the General Land Office at Washington.

Every summer and autumn large areas of public and private forests are devastated by fire. This destruction is a universal injury. It not only destroys a valuable asset in the list of the country's resources, but is productive of floods. The forest is the most effective means of preventing floods, and producing a more regular flow of water for irrigation and other useful purposes.

To prevent the mischievous forest fires Congress has enacted a law which forbids setting fire to the woods, and forbids leaving fire (camp fires and others) without first extinguishing the same.

The law provides a maximum fine of \$5,000, or imprisonment for two years, or both, if the fire is set maliciously, and a fine of \$1,000, or imprisonment for one year, if the fire is due to carelessness. It also provides that the money from these fines goes to the school funds of the county in which the offense is committed.

Commissioner W. A. Richards of the general land office has issued circulars, warning the public of the danger of carelessness, inasmuch as many fires start from neglected camp fires, and makes the following requests:

1. Do not build a larger fire than you need.
2. Do not build your fire in dense masses of pine leaves, duff and other combustible material, where the fire is sure to spread.
3. Do not build your fire against large logs, especially rotten logs, where it requires much more work and time to put the fire out than you are willing to expend, and where you are rarely quite certain that the fire is really and completely extinguished.
4. In windy weather and in dangerous places dig a fire hole and clear off a place to secure your fire. You will save wood and trouble.
5. Every camp fire should be completely put out before leaving the camp.
6. Do not build fires to clear off land and for other similar purposes without informing the nearest ranger or the supervisor, so that he may assist you.

As hunters, fishers and campers will soon haunt the woods and streams, it is hoped that newspapers everywhere will circulate this warning and information.

## SOME SWEARING DEFENSIBLE.

According to the Anti-Profanity League the swearing habit is "the national evil." Undoubtedly the use of profanity is extremely prevalent; a person needs merely to keep his ears open on the street to learn this, says the Boston Transcript. But whether it is so general as to justify one in terming it the national evil is a matter of opinion. Not all swearing, moreover, is wholly indefensible. There are various kinds of swearers and it will not do to lump them in one class with a single label. Besides the habitual and commonplace swearers, whose profanity is mere redundant and colorless verbiage, and the vulgar and diffuse swearers, whose oaths are rank and obscene, one must recognize also as a distinct category the discreet and moderate swearers who employ an occasional oath with fine emphasis and artistic effect.

Many great and good men belong to the last class. Even the father of his country is said to have sworn vigorously when the emergency seemed to require departure from his customary rule of unvarnished speech. This sort of discriminating profanity is vastly different from the careless and gratuitous swearing of habitual and vulgar oathsmongers. Indeed, the man who now and then vents his emotions in an oath is rather preferable to the one who always bottles up his feelings, however strong the provocation to break forth. A robust ebullition is better than ingrowing profanity. Silence may be as profane as words under certain circumstances. A saying of Joseph Choate occurs to the settler in this connection. A noted prelate was once playing golf with Mr. Choate, and after fooling a tee shot egregiously, stood looking at the ball for several moments. After waiting for the bishop to say something, Mr. Choate remarked: "Bishop, that was the profaneest silence I ever heard."

As for the Anti-Profanity League, the purpose of the organization is certainly worthy, but somehow the settler cannot develop a high degree of enthusiasm in such a cause. He is a bit weary of anti crusades of all sorts. Movements for the suppression of this and that and what not fail to interest him profoundly. It seems to him that what is needed in the field of social reform is not so much the suppression of bad things as the promotion of good things. Reformers should concentrate their energies on positive and constructive work, rather than purely negative and restrictive undertakings.

If a man loses all his money he also manages to lose nearly all his enemies.

## NO SENTIMENT ABOUT IT.

Some one heard that De Wolf Hopper sported a hair ring. From being a dainty gold circlet with a tiny lock, it grew to a wide band with large twisted strands. There was considerable excitement about it.

Finally a friend said to him: "Say, haven't you lost any of your immediate family?" pointing to a ring on the actor's hand.

"Not that I know of, Why?"

"Well, it's whispered on the Riatta that you wear hair in your ring, and I thought you might carry a curl around with you for sentiment."

"Oh, no," Hopper looked sadly at his friend's head, covered with baseball hair. "The hair in that ring came from the front side of my own head years and years ago, and I keep it so that I may have some to stand on and during first nights, as of old."

## GERMAN SOLDIERS AS SWIMMERS.

All German soldiers must learn to swim. Some of them are so expert that, with their clothing on their heads and carrying guns and ammunition, they can swim streams several hundred yards wide.

## QUEER STORIES

The velocity of the wind at the height of one mile above the earth is four times as great as at the surface.

A man worth \$5,000,000 to-day is no richer, as related to the aggregate wealth of the United States, than a man worth \$370,000 in 1850.

It is not generally known that the fur seal was once a land animal. The baby seals are actually afraid of the water, they would drown, if thrown into it, and have to learn to swim by repeated efforts. When once they have been taught to swim, however, they soon forget to walk.

The largest room in the world, under one roof and unbroken by pillars, is at St. Petersburg. It is 650 feet long and 150 feet in breadth. By daylight it is used for military displays, and a whole battalion can completely maneuver in it. By night twenty thousand wax tapers give it a beautiful appearance. The roof is a single arch of iron.

There have been thirty-three Speakers of the national House of Representatives. Eleven of them became United States Senators and one of them, James K. Polk, of Tennessee, President of the United States. The position has been filled by only one merchant, one physician, one preacher, three editors, while twenty-four of them have been lawyers.

Koreans wear full mourning for their fathers. The dress is of hemp cloth, with hempen girdle. A face shield is used to show that the wearer is a sterner and must not speak to any one unless addressed. The costume is worn for three years, the shield for three months. This is worn for a father only; secondary mourning is worn for a mother, and no mourning at all for a wife. The hat is of wicker.

Most animals are afraid of fire and will fly from it in terror. To others there is a fascination about a flame, and they will walk into it even though tortured by the heat. A horse in a burning stable goes mad with fear, but a dog is as cool in a fire as at any time. He keeps his nose down to the floor, where the air is purest, and sets himself calmly to finding his way out. Cats in fires howl piteously. They hide their faces from the light and crouch in corners. When their rescuer lifts them there, as a rule, quite docile and subdued, never biting or scratching. Birds seem to be hypnotized by fire and keep perfectly still, even the loquacious parrot in a fire has nothing to say. Cows, like dogs, do not show alarm. They are easy to lead forth, and often find their way out themselves.