

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. He feels the money-clinking dully the music to his ear. And yet he has some pleasures that possess a tempting guise— He can't die any dearer than the poor man dies.

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

There may be some philosophy in lifting up a man. 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 dearer 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 I will not, therefore, appear surprised if he should be a Buddhist, or, as his friend expressed it, "a blooming Buddhist, 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 convictions on any one, but being saturated with the theories of Oriental speculation it came to the surface in innumerable expressions in every topic 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



"I AM TIRED OF THAT FAIRY TALE."

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, binding 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 impatiently.

"Fusa, how often must I warn you against the danger of such meditations?"

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 presently enlightened me. Throwing himself into a chair, he said, with a sigh: "We are in a condition of antagonism, my daughter and I. I do not know how it will end—or, rather, I know how well. One life will 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?"

"Jarbaru. You know him?"

"Yes, I remember seeing him at the laboratory. A steady, industrious fellow 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 like 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 Jarbaru will grow to be—as any man abused 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 approve?"

I thought he looked at me meaningfully, 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 justness 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 Markman gave up his position and went away. I understood, to Japan, though after this episode our intimacy was interrupted. Jarbaru 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 window.

"A year has passed. Shall we awaken Fusa?"

"What answer shall I give him?" I asked myself on rising.

In telling this story I was accustomed to pause here and look around the absorbed listening circle with an expression which I hoped would imply my belief in some profound mystery. 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 demurely, with a glance from half-closed lids in my direction:

"It appears so from the narrative."

"And you did not know what transpired 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 extreme—but I do not, and I am going to put an end to 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 unhappiness 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 expose 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 Exclusiveness of His Ancestors.

The Mikado is the first Japanese sovereign to emerge from the dignified retirement in which his predecessors lived. This step has only increased the passionate loyalty of his subjects toward him, and people are already comparing him with the Kaiser as regards the prominent public role he seems disposed to play.

During the army maneuvers his Majesty, who followed events with the greatest interest and enthusiasm, ordered 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 hardships of barracks life? Did they long to go home whenever they thought of their nearest relatives? Did they not think 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 sovereign.

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 people 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 beyond the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, and it has been an object of veneration 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 majestic in the city.



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



THE WHITE CAPS.

Old Organization of Lyncers Has Given Place to a Mutual Benefit Society.

THERE is said to be in certain parts of Southern Indiana an oath-bound mutual benefit society which has grown out of that famous—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 organization which for years killed men and whipped women in Southern Indiana 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 placed on the jury; that it is a society formed for mutual protection in any way which may be imagined, but especially when its members are in trouble.

Where the meeting places of the society are, not one of them will tell. The organization's members are found in the political conventions of city, township, 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 organization which was nothing unless a violator of the law, the present society is not composed of lawbreakers, at least in the ordinary sense. However, 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. Frequently, 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.

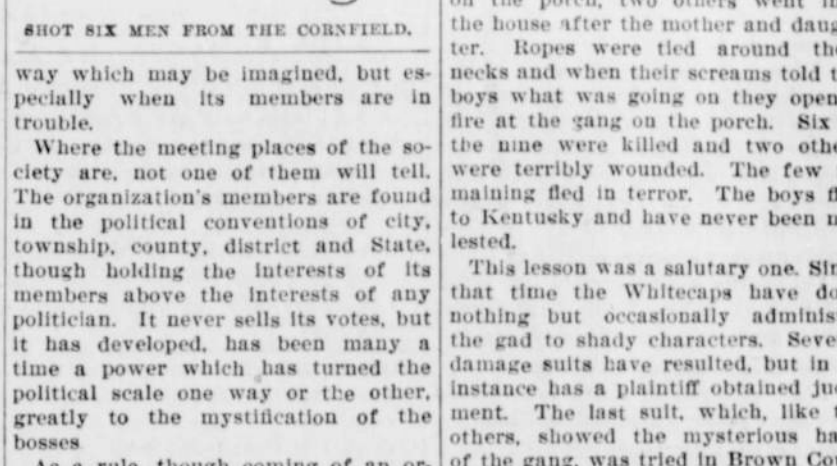
Origin of the White Caps.

The beginning of the institution dates back many years to the early settlement 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 especially the haunt of horse thieves, robbers and counterfeiters. In the river counties of Indiana there was for years a continuous reign of terror. When the residents of these counties finally banded together for protection, the criminals fled further to the north, where their advent was met with the organization of a band of regulators, of which every decent citizen was a member. There was little law in those days. Might made right and there was no one to gainsay the right of the regulators to take the law into their own hands. There were those yet living who have often seen men ride by at night with white caps, 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 body hanging from a limb, or a shady character with his back slashed up with hickory gads, or the tale of some person missing would solve the mystery. People who had no business out of doors stayed inside when the regulators were out. No questions were asked and no comments were made.

This was the original Whitecap organization. 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. Edward Bingham, a constable who had 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 applying hickory switches until he became 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 community arose in rage against his murderers. 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 influence that the convicted men served only a few days in prison.

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



SHOT SIX MEN FROM THE CORNFIELD.

1870, the Whitecaps broke into a jail and lynched a man awaiting trial on charge of murder, of which his innocence was later proven.

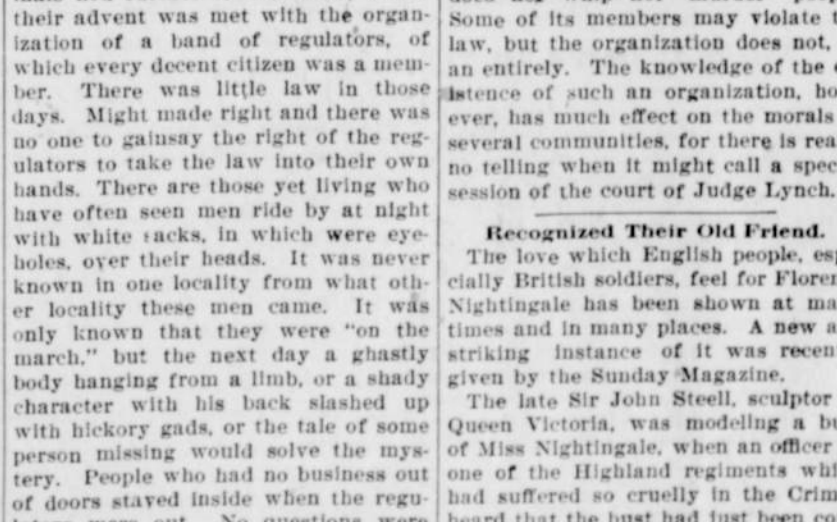
In 1883 a prominent farmer was whipped. He had the gang arrested, but the jury disagreed and the men escaped. From that time on for many years Whitecap outrages were frequent. They became so common that at last the people of both Indiana and Ohio were aroused and an attempt was made to root out the organization. Whipping and tarring parties were of almost 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 Whitecapper fell into the hands of the law, it was almost invariably because of doing business independent of the original organization.

It was in Harrison County, Ind., that Whitecapism, as such, sustained its death blow. In the hills near Corydon lived a family of poor whites from Kentucky—father, mother, two sons and a daughter. One day the father was found dead in the woods and the sons were arrested on the charge of killing him. An examination showed their innocence and they returned home. Soon came a warning telling the family that unless they left the county within ten days the Whitecaps would visit them. The warning was ignored and word was received that on a certain night the Whitecaps would make their appearance. The boys got several shotguns, loaded them heavily with slugs and hid in a corn patch near the house. The Whitecaps came, and while nine of them stood on the porch, two others went into the house after the mother and daughter. Ropes were tied around their necks and when their screams told the boys what was going on they opened fire at the gang on the porch. Six of the nine were killed and two others were terribly wounded. The few remaining fled in terror. The boys fled to Kentucky and have never been molested.

This lesson was a salutary one. Since that time the Whitecaps have done nothing but occasionally administer the gad to shady characters. Several damage suits have resulted, but in no instance has a plaintiff obtained judgment. The last suit, which, like the others, showed the mysterious hand of the gang, was tried in Brown County.

The brotherhood now in existence



THE WHIPPING OF BINGHAM.

does not whip nor murder people. Some of its members may violate the law, but the organization does not, as an entirety. The knowledge of the existence of such an organization, however, has much effect on the morals of several communities, for there is really no telling when it might call a special session of the court of Judge Lynch.

Recognized Their Old Friend.

The Whitecaps which English people, especially British soldiers, feel for Florence Nightingale has been shown at many times and in many places. A new and striking instance of it was recently given by the Sunday Magazine.

The late Sir John Steel, sculptor to Queen Victoria, was modeling a bust of Miss Nightingale, when an officer of one of the Highland regiments which had suffered so cruelly in the Crimea heard that the bust had just been completed, and was in Sir John's studio. Many of the men in his company had passed through the hospital at Scutari, and he obtained permission from the sculptor to bring some of them to see it. Accordingly, a squad of men one day marched into the big studio and stood in line.

They had no idea why they had been mustered in so strange a place. Without a word of warning the bust was uncovered, and then, as by impulse, the men broke rank, and with cries of "Miss Nightingale! Miss Nightingale!" surrounded the model, and with hats off cheered the figure of their devoted nurse until the roof rang.

So spontaneous and hearty and so inspiring was the whole scene that in after days Sir John Steel declared it to be the greatest compliment of his life.

Volcano Dwellers.

There is no more interesting or curious sight than that of the crater Aso San about 30 miles from the city of Kumamoto, in Japan. The crater has long since ceased to belch forth cinders and lava, and is now inhabited by 20,000 people, who live and prosper within its vertical walls, 800 feet high. The inhabitants rarely make a journey into the outer world, but form, as it were, a little nation by themselves.

"Dr." is an abbreviation frequently used to express the relations of a patient to his physician.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Old, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

"I suppose you are workmen out of a job," said the kind lady, as she divided a homemade pie between three tramps.

"Not so as you could notice it," replied the spokesman of the gang. "Just at the present writing we are working women for interior department supplies. So long, ma'am."

Had the Karmarks.

Cynicus—I read your poem in the last issue of Blank's Magazine. Scribbles—That wasn't a spring poem.

Cynicus—Of course it was. That tired feeling got a strange hold on me before I had read half a dozen lines.

As Old Wood.



Auctioneer—What will you give me for this fine piano?

Musical—Four dollars and half, sawed, split and delivered.

A Misunderstanding.

Hicks—I thought you said there could be no question as to Brown's veracity.

Wicks—Well, there can't. He is an unmitigated liar.

Meant the Same.

"The doctor recommended long walks."

"Did he use those words?"

"Not exactly; but he offered to sell me an electric automobile."

In Charley's Vest.

Ida—My beau smokes. Are you against cigars, dear?

May—Well, sometimes. Last night I was against two or three.

Matter of Sex.

"This is one of the spiciest books I ever read," remarked the hardware drummer, as he turned over another leaf.

"So?" queried the hotel clerk.

"What's the name of the authoress?"

Inside Information.

Gyer—I have an office coat that I've worn for fifteen consecutive years.

Myer—Isn't it nearly worn out?

Gyer—Certainly not. An office coat is never worn out.

Comparisons Are Odious.

Miss Upperton (laughingly)—My great-grandfather was a Virginia Taylor.

Miss Newrich (unaffected)—Indeed! And my grandfather was a Chicago butcher.

Among the Nobility.

Mr. Upperton—I suppose you saw a great many old ruins while in Europe?

Miss Newrich—Yes, indeed! And several of them had nerve enough to propose marriage.

Not That Kind.

"Well, did you have a heart-to-heart talk with your uncle about your future?"

"O, no, there was nothing in the least disagreeable about it."

Willing to Try.



Miss Highflatter—Mary, if Mr. Money-bill comes, hold him until I return.

Mary—All right, mame; an' if he tries to break away shall I hang him?

As Explained.

Space—How it is that humorists are always writing a lot of stuff about cheap boarding houses and financial distress?

Quads—Oh, I suppose it comes natural for people to write of the things best known to them.

A Raging Belle.

Dolly—Polly, how many men have you been engaged to?

Polly—Oh, Dolly, I've lost count!

All in Chicago.

"They say that a person on the verge of delirium tremens dreams of creeping and crawling things."

"By Jove! I must be going to have an attack."

"Why so?"

"Last night I dreamed of nothing but messenger boys, cassettes and cable cars."

Acquired Wisdom.

Husband—What is that stuff you are drinking, my dear?

Wife—Sage tea. I'm training for a visit to my cousin in Boston.

Feminine Point of View.

Husband—I see that a German scientist says idiots invariably cross the left leg over the right.

Wife—Nonsense! Any man who crosses his legs at all is an idiot.

Another Pipe Story.

Museum Manager—Where's the living skeleton? It's his turn to go on.

Middle. Fatema—He lost his balance while washing his hands at the sink a moment ago and slipped down the waste pipe.

He Knew Her.

"In your story of this wedding," criticised the city editor, "you say 'the bride led to the altar.' You should have written that she 'was led to the altar.'"

"Is that so?" retorted the new reporter, conscious of being on firm ground. "It happens that I know that bride. She is 28 years old, and it is a cinch that she led all the way."—Baltimore American.

It Sounded Bad.

Mrs. Newliwed—George, where did you meet that young girl you just spoke of?

Mr. Newliwed—I picked her up on the street.

Mrs. Newliwed—Why, George, I'm shocked!

Mr. Newliwed—So was she. She had fallen off her wheel.—Philadelphia Press.

Ordinary Effort Wasted.

Clara—Is it true that Mabel is suing her husband for divorce?

Maude—Yes; and I don't blame her. She was handicapped right from the start.

Clara—Why, how's that?

Maude—Her husband had indigestion before they were married.

An Insinuation.

Softleigh—When I stand on my head the blood rushes to my head, doesn't it?

Hardleigh—Sure thing.

Softleigh—Now, when I stand on my feet why doesn't the blood rush to my feet?

Hardleigh—Probably because your feet are not hollow.

Mae's Originality.

"Mae was the original."

"Ah?"

"Yes, she sent old Bloatman a comic valentine by express."

"It must have been very heavy."

"Yes. It was a box of canned lobsters."

Practical Demonstration.

Frederick—I notice you have been associating with that young bard of late. Have you learned anything about poetry?

Van Albert—Oh, a little. Since he borrowed that X I understand what the true poetic touch is.

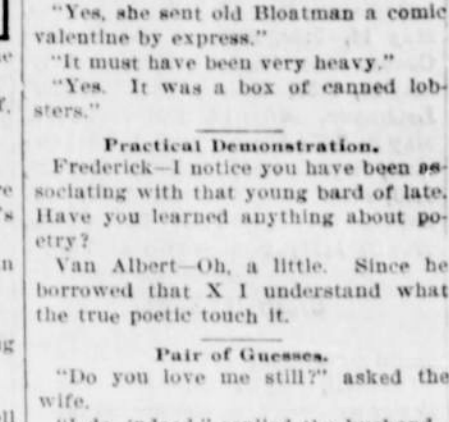
Pair of Guesses.

"Do you love me still?" asked the wife.

"I do, indeed," replied the husband.

Then she thought and he thought and she wondered if he meant it as she understood it and he wondered if she understood it as he meant it.

A Bad Admission.



Judge—Your face seems strangely familiar to me?

Prisoner—Well, your honor, two years ago I gave your daughter singing lessons.

Judge—Ten years.

His Excuse.

The Parson—Don't you know, my dear sir, that it is positively sinful to stand around wasting your time in this manner?

The Loafer—Yes, I know it is, parson, and I'm going to quit it just as soon as I find a comfortable place to sit down.

Sky Rapid Transit.

Dorothy—What became of that bashful man and bashful girl you were telling me about?

David—Oh, I introduced them; and in three weeks they were engaged.

Fatherly Insight.

Polly—Pa, don't you think I will be a success in business life?

Pa—No, Polly, not unless you get a situation where you can boss the boss.

Handicapped.

Mrs. Homer—Were you troubled by mal de mer while crossing the ocean?

Mrs. Newrich—No, indeed. I was so seasick all the way over that I didn't even have a chance to make his acquaintance.

The Exposition Craze.

Purchaser—Are you sure this exposition stamp is the last edition?

Stamp Clerk—Yes, sir; but there will be another edition in a few hours.

The Flaw.

Helen—Della wouldn't listen to anything but classical music for the world.

Judy—No; but look at the rag-time hat she wears!

Needed Dividing.

"I am going to make him eat his words," roared the bad man of the town.

"Then you had better give him a knife and fork," suggested the bystander.

"Why so?"

"Because he is from Boston and his words are so long that they will choke him unless he cuts them up."

Plenty of Real Money.

Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, of the Bureau of Ethnology, in speaking the other day of the Indian tribes of the Southwest, stated that the common notion and belief that they, like all other Indians, were lazy and improvident, is erroneous. "They are not only very industrious, but of recent years every Indian in the Southwest has been seized with a desire to acquire wealth, and to get rich in the shortest time possible. When I was among the Moquis last summer I could get a \$20, or, for that matter, a \$100 bill changed whenever I asked for it, every Indian carrying a roll of money about with him in his belt. Up until last summer the Moquis were strangers to small change, such as nickels and dimes, but now they have learned their value and usefulness, and the thing that I was asked for oftener than anything else was small change, for which they are exceedingly anxious."

The Sadness of a man who has loved and lost is frequently exceeded by that of the poor unfortunate who loved and failed to lose.

REAL THING IN BLIZZARDS.

The Montana Man Was Acquainted with the Genuine Article.

"I've been stewing in your semitropical climate all winter," said the man from the wool-growing West to the dyed-in-the-wool New-Yorker, "and every now and then, when the thermometer 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. 'It happens that I know that blizzard. She is 28 years old, and it is a cinch that she led all the way.'"

"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 accident. Yes, that has been done, too."

"What is a real blizzard like? My dear sir, to talk is not my trade. I never went in real heavily for words, and maybe you'd better put a stamp on your inquiry and send it to the paper 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. I 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, because 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 coming to Montana gets a chance to settle down, it starts in again and snows in great chunks, till the Dakota product is all piled up. But that's nothing. A chinook wind comes along and in twenty minutes the ground is ready for spring plowin'."

"Well," said the New-Yorker, admiringly, 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 hill a mountain peak, every frog pond a lake, every dry run a river, every irrigating ditch a canyon and every man a liar.' So I suppose you're right."

QUEER STORIES

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 perfect protection against a rifle bullet at fifty yards distance.

A small grass seed which had germinated 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. Measurably, it is 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 348 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 4,942,000 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 Malmora, 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 observe 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 coconut 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."

Painted on a Grain of Corn.

A Flemish 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 near a terrace. Close at hand are a horse and cart, with a few groups of peasants 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 microscope, and it is drawn with perfect accuracy.

When we have a great deal to do we usually compromise by doing nothing.