FAIRYLAND.

You need not travel to a star;
The way is easy, and not far—
An hour's walk, a mile from town,
The herons of the old lagoon
Lead you along the path; for sign
Are arrowhead-blossoms, frail and fine,
Beside the water; then the wood
Takes you; but only by the blood
Leaping, and by the sudden start
Of the overfull and thrilling heart,
You know you see it face to face.
The greenwood bowers a sunny space
For song-sparrow tinkling; and below
July's green lap is full of snow,
Is drifted rich with white and pink;
Of bouncing-bet from brink to brink;
The haunted air resounds between
With humming-birds, obscure and keen,
Like burnt-out stars that dart and float,
With but a last fire at the throat.
You saw but common summer flowers?
Heard but a hum that drowsed the hours?
Your blood leaped not, nor shook your heart?
Ah, well; I know no other chart.
The path is for your feet as far
As that which lessens to a star.
—Century.

Cobb's Love Story.

CORNWALLIS COBB—Corn Cobb, he was familiarly called by his associates—was undoubtedly a more ludicrous than elegant name.

Katherine never knew why he should be so burdened, except that Cornwallis was an old family name, "as though that were any reason," she once remarked, indignantly, "to mark a man through life."

She remembered vividly when she had considered it the most ridiculous name in the world, but somehow today, as she thought of a tall, handsome man she had met on Regent street, in the morning, the absurd side did not appeal to her so strongly.

Before that chance meeting it had been four years since she had seen him in a small town in New Jersey, where, after leaving Princeton, he had laid his heart and worldly goods at her feet.

In the interval the Cobb exchequer had been materially increased through the death of a near relation. Cornwallis, tall and ungainly in those days, smarting under Katherine's ungracious refusal, shook the dust of his native town from his feet, and sailed to Germany to study.

For the first time, in looking back over the episode, Katherine realized how disdainful had been her refusal. When pressed for a reason, she had replied with unblushing candor that she never could care for a man whose name was Corn Cobb, no matter what merits he possessed.

But that morning, when he had almost stumbled over her in a depressing London fog, he seemed to feel nothing but the utmost pleasure in the unexpected meeting.

In a delicate way he drew from her the account of her father's death and the necessity now laid upon her of earning her own living, all of which was news to him. Her voice and powers of mimicry she told him were her only gifts, and on the advice of a friend who had lived abroad she had come to London and found employment in singing coon songs in the drawing-rooms of people of wealth and title.

Katherine Whitney had come to London six months before with eager relief, to escape the poverty which faced her in her own country, but though well received, she never forgot her position; she was hired at so much to entertain my lady's guests, and when that was over they had no further use for her.

In former days she had looked upon the Cobbs with amused tolerance at their lavish display, feeling an inborn sense of pride that though poor, she was a Whitney, and one of her ancestors had signed the Declaration of Independence.

From childhood she had hated poverty; it meant to her a cramped, narrow life; desires that could not be fulfilled, generosities that could not be gratified, and yet when a way of escape had presented itself in the person of Cornwallis Cobb, she had decided that there could perhaps be more distasteful experiences than poverty.

That night Katherine amused herself by reading the society news in the Queen. The high-sounding titles interested her and beguiled the time, for she made few friends in London and found people not eager to welcome a stranger.

Suddenly among the names that met her eye, she saw one that she recognized—it was Cornwallis Cobb. The item read: "Mr. Cornwallis Cobb, one of America's young millionaires, is being entertained by Lady Henry Clayborne, at Clayborne manor, Yorkshire. Rumor has it that a marriage has been arranged between Mr. Cobb and Lady Clayborne's eldest daughter, Lady Marian Clayborne."

Katherine could not help a regretful feeling. It was like finding a friend and then losing him suddenly. Lady Clayborne was evidently not averse to the name of Cobb, and Katherine laughed a little to herself at her former feeling of condescension to the Cobbs.

It was nearly ten days before Cobb called, as he had promised. When day by day passed without any sign from him Katherine was conscious of a distinct sense of disappointment, and she concluded his other social duties had made him forget her.

But one morning there arrived a big bunch of violets. The maid who brought them to her was overcome by the size.

"Laws, Miss," she exclaimed, with delight, "they must have cost a 'eap!"

That evening Cobb called, and explained that he had been summoned to Paris suddenly the day after he had last seen her, and had just come back.

It was wonderful how many things they had to talk about as they sat there in the shabby little back drawing room. Katherine seemed to forget, she had never shown him so much of herself before, it was so natural to be talking to him about things that interested her most.

It was a fortnight later that she was engaged to sing at Lady Leeland's reception. Her head ached, and her eyes were dazzled by the blaze of lights and jewels.

Suddenly she saw moving across the room Cornwallis Cobb, on whose arm leaned a tall, pretty girl. Some one nearby whispered it was Lady Marian Clayborne.

For a moment her heart beat violently, and then Lady Leeland moved over and motioned her to sing. It was a catchy little coon song, and when she finished it was greeted with well-bred applause. Lady Marian had come so near that she could hear her remark to her companion:

"Clever little thing—quite an air about her!"

Katherine took elaborate care not to look in their direction, and did not hear his reply, but the patronizing tone of the girl's voice filled her with indignation. The evening seemed terribly long drawn out, and Katherine thought it would never end. She found herself sitting in a corner alone just after refreshments were served, when she heard her name mentioned by two rather dissipated-looking youths, who stood ogling her not far away. That their conversation was meant for her to hear she had not the least doubt, and her face burned.

"She looks a jolly sort," said one. "I have half a mind to ask her out in the conservatory. Those Americans do anything."

"Aw, quite so," assented the other. "Go and ask her and I'll join you later."

At this moment Sig. Maroni, the little man who played the 'cello, came forward and pompously offered his arm to conduct her to a small retreat where members of the profession were served by themselves.

She rose with relief at his appearance, when, to her surprise, Cobb suddenly stepped forward, and with a slight bow to Maroni explained that Miss Whitney had promised him the honor of serving her, and before she knew what to say, Cobb was bending over her in the conservatory.

"Confound the impertinence of those idiots!" he said angrily. "Did they frighten you?"

"O, no," replied Katherine faintly, "I had a headache, that was all"—and with energy—"I hate this sort of thing!"

"You mean——"

"Yes, I mean this amusing people," she interrupted. "Their insults madden me."

"O, Katherine, let's run away from it all," he began with sudden eagerness. "I would be so good to you, but——" a long pause.

"But what, Wallis?" she asked softly.

"O, my confounded name," he replied bitterly. "You know you told me once you would never marry a Corn Cobb."

"Yes," she said, with a proud little gesture, laying her hand on his sleeve. "I know I said it once, but that was before I cared; now"— her voice was very low—"there is nothing in the world so sweet to me as to be Mrs. Cornwallis Cobb."

ODD TOWER MADE OF FRUIT.

Here is a castle, not made of stone, like the medieval structures of England, but composed entirely of fruit. The turrets at the top are of red apples, likewise the borders of the windows. The walls are constructed of large green apples, the fruit being glued to a light framework of wood. The castle was constructed at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, and the top of the turrets was twenty feet from the floor, while the interior was large enough to hold a score of persons. Altogether nearly 10,000 apples alone were used in its formation and in the construction of the guns, the muzzles of which protrude from each side.

BABY WAS AN ARTIST.

Messenger Boy Puzzled Over Admiration for Her Charcoal Drawing.

Dockerty, the district messenger boy, was just in from a dash through the rain recently, when he was hailed by his reporter friend with a request for a story.

"Well, dey ain't much doin'," said Dockerty, closing one eye meditatively. Tossing off his rubber coat, he fixed his sharp little gray eyes on the reporter.

"I'll tell youse a yarn wot ain't wild er woolly, if youse'll tell me de name of it afterward. Dat goes, does it?"

Slipping his palm under his legs above the knees and swinging his thin little trotters vigorously, Dockerty said:

"'Up by St. Patrick's cathedral's a house wid a man an' wife an' a little girl 4 years old. Dere wuz a boy kid, but he wuz took wid spiner mengeetus. Well, dis little girl's mudder is a swell lady, an' 'er hubby is swell, too, an' she calls him 'Bub,' 'cause I hears her. Well, I wuz t' de house on Monday wid a message, wich fuz werry perticular, inwitin' de swell lady down t' d' Waldorf-Astoria t' set in de gallery at de Prince Henry dinner.

"I wuz down in de basemen' an' dere wuz de kid, wich has de run er de house. Well, de baby wuz on de floor wid a piece er charcoal an' de house dog wuz in front er de range. De baby takes a piece er pape wot comes 'round de groceries, an' makes a lot o' black scratches on de pape. Den she comes over ter me an' sez kinder soft like: 'Baby give oo boofer pictur' doggie.' Say," said Dockerty, excitedly, "dern me if 'twasn't a purty good dog picture. Jes' den de baby's mudder she comes in an' sees de baby's black hands, an' den she looks at the charcoal dog. Den she makes a dive fur me pictur, an' de baby yells, 'No, mamma—no. Ittle boy's doggie.'

"Well, dere wuz a arbitration over dat piece o' pape. De swell lady w'ispered ter me, an' I t'anks de baby an' goes out into de westibule. De lady follies me out 'n' wot yer t'ink? She says: 'You dear boy, here's $5 fur dat piece o' paper.' I takes der money, o' course, an' den I wonders wot kinder gol' mine I'll run into nex'. Well, I goes t' dat same place to-day, an' de same lady takes me in de parlor wot wuz full er swell ladies, an' hangin' on de wall, in a gold frame, wuz dat charcoal terrier. All de folks wuz sayin, 'It's jes' too lovely,' an' 'How did the darlin' ever do it?' an' t'ings like dat."

Dockerty paused and looked at his newspaper friend, says the New York Tribune. Then he bluntly demanded:

"Now, youse make good an' tell me de right name fur goin's on like dat. Wot's de k'rect name fur it?"

England's Resident Aristocracy.

It is curious how many members of the aristocracy and upper classes reside in the colonies and in America, says the London Express. Lord Charles Fitzgerald has for many years past made his home beneath the Southern Cross. He resides at Fernlea Villa, Riddell's Creek, in Victoria. The Earl of Seafield has resided for many years in New Zealand.

Sir Norman Campbell, of Auchinbreck, resides in New Zealand, as do also Sir Kenneth Mackenzie Douglas and Sir William Forbes, at Pitsligo. Sir Alexander Cockburn-Campbell, of Gartsford, lives in western Australia, and Sir William Brown, of Colstoun, resides in New South Wales.

Lord Fairfax makes his permanent home in New York, and Lord Ffrench has taken up his abode in Bulawayo, Rhodesia. The Hon. Claud Anson, who married Lady Susan Beresford, has a ranch in Texas, as has also his brother, the Hon. Francis Anson.

Sand Pillars.

Travelers in the celebrated Death Valley of California have described the wonderful contortions of the sand pillars that small whirlwinds sometimes send spinning across the hot plain. Even more remarkable are the "dust devils" seen by H. F. Witherby, the English explorer, in the valley of the White Nile. Sometimes two of these whirling columns, gyrating in opposite directions, meet, "and if they be well matched the collision stops them and a struggle ensues as to which way they shall twist. Gradually one gains the mastery, and the two combined begin to gyrate alike and then rush on together." Some of these whirls will strip the clothes from an Arab's back, or twist a goat round and round like a top.

New Line of Torpedoes.

The Portsmouth (England) torpedo school has devised a line of torpedoes to prevent submarine attacks.

Many a man who is capable of giving good advice isn't capable of earning his salt.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

The illustration is a reproduction of a photograph of the first British submarine boat coming to the top of the water after its inaugural trip. The boat is patterned somewhat after the Holland submarine boat. For more than a year the British government has been experimenting secretly with submarine craft, having been stirred to this action by the success of the French submarine boats, Gustav Zede, Gymnote and Norwal and our own Holland boats. No one knows what the Admiralty has accomplished, but it is certain that soon the world's greatest navy will be greatly re-enforced by vessels of the new type.

WAS AN EMPEROR HIMSELF.

Why a Freeborn Kentuckian Refused to Uncover Before Dom Pedro.

Just after the close of the civil war Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil visited the United States. One of the places he visited was the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. On his arrival at Cave City, the nearest point on a railroad to the cave, he stopped, with his suite, at the village hotel and sent his interpreter to get a conveyance to take the party to the cave. The interpreter found all the public conveyances had already gone to the cave. The landlord told him the only suitable private conveyance in the village belonged to Jack Thompson, who was not in the habit of driving his Kentucky horses and his fine canopy-topped, three-seated rig except for his own family. However, a price was named that suited Jack and the party was soon under way to the cave. The emperor's party consisted of six persons.

After a pleasant ride of six miles the party arrived at a grove of maple trees, where they stopped and alighted for refreshments, of which a bountiful supply had been brought. One of the party filled a golden cup with fine spirits and handed it to Dom Pedro. Upthe emperor's taking the cup the party all removed their hats—all except Jack. Dom Pedro called the attention of the interpreter to the fact, told him to say to the driver that he was the emperor of Brazil and that it was the custom that when the emperor drank all present remove their hats. The message was conveyed, the interpreter adding: "You will please remove your hat." Jack, holding his lines in one hand, straightened up and replied: "Sir, say to your emperor that as an act of politeness I would remove my hat to the most humble peasant in his country, but as a command I would not remove it for no damn man on earth. I am an emperor myself."

The interpreter told Dom Pedro in his own language precisely what Jack had said, whereupon the emperor ordered another golden cup filled from the same decanter and handed it to his interpreter, telling him to present it to the "other emperor." Jack took it and Dom Pedro said, through his interpreter: "This is the first time in my life that I have had the opportunity and pleasure of drinking with an emperor. Here is to your health and long life."

During the rest of the visit, which was three days at the cave, Dom Pedro and Jack and the interpreter were the best of friends, the emperor never drinking without clinking cups with Jack. Dom Pedro paid all bills, and at parting with Jack Thompson shook both his hands, many, many times.—Kansas City Star.

WORLD'S LARGEST CRAB.

In the American Museum of Natural History is a wonder of marine life in the shape of a gigantic Japanese crab, measuring twelve feet, making it the largest crustacean in the world. The specimen is a type of the spider crab, which inhabits the waters of the group of islands forming the empire of Japan.

The size of the crab is strikingly shown in comparison with the ordinary sized type shown in the center, together with the outstretched arms of the man holding the frame. The body portion is the size of a half bushel measure, while its two great arms, containing saw-like teeth called "pinchers," could easily encircle the figure of a man. Its eight arms, or legs, resemble huge bamboo poles and are extremely elastic, and if strung into one line they would reach to the top of a four-story apartment building.

One of the extraordinary peculiarities of this crab is the faculty of assuming a disguise by affixing pieces of seaweed and sponges to the body.

Far Reaching Policy.

One of the New York department stores has recently opened under its own roof a school for its cash girls, thus giving them a chance to obtain a fair education while earning their needed pittance. The girls have desks, blackboards, books, et cetera, in a well lighted room, with pleasant teachers who know their needs. They are first taught the essentials, and when sufficiently advanced in these are then aided to develop any individual bent or real ability. Classes in dressmaking are formed and each girl is carefully trained to appreciate and secure tidiness in dress and general appearance It is said that a great majority take much interest in their studies, and the fact that they are so much together and have so much in common would naturally lead to this result. Another feature of the plan deserving special commendation is the weekly social gathering where attention is paid to the study of good conversation. The girls bring newspapers and read aloud editorials and articles approved by the teachers; and they receive instruction in good manners and the restrictions of social codes. The whole scheme would seem almost the acme of philanthropic work in that line, and shows a far reaching policy that should commend it to other stores.

This Governor Is a Skyscraper.

Gen. T. M. Buffington, the governor of the Cherokee Nation, measures 6 feet 6 inches in his stockings and weighs 275 pounds, and is not overburdened with superfluous flesh. He wears a No. 8 hat, No. 12 shoe, and dresses after the most approved business fashion. His one-eighth Cherokee blood gives him the ruddy appearance characteristic of the race of which he is so proud.

Peterborough Cathedral.

The restoration of Peterborough cathedral, which has been in progress for eighteen years, has cost over $400,000.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who wore a long gold chain around her neck?

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

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

Doctor—Nothing serious, I assure you. Your wife merely has a small ulcer on the end of her tongue.

Enpeck—Say, doctor, is that a fact?

Doctor—Certainly, sir! I hope you don't think I would misrepresent the case?

Enpeck—No, but your discovery that her tongue really had an end seems too good to be true.

Hung Up His Ulster.

"Were you at Mrs. DeStyles' reception last evening?" asked the bud, as they met downtown.

"No," replied the young man, "but I was at three balls."

"Why, how delightful!" she exclaimed. "Where were they?"

"At my uncle's," replied the youth, with a strenuous sigh.

Bravery Handicapped.

The Big One—Aw yer afraid to fight.

The Scared One—I ain't afraid, but if I lick him me mudder'll whip me fer fightin', and if he licks me me father'll whip me fer gettin' licked!

Masculine View of It.

Mrs. Wederly—What impossible things one sees in the newspapers! For instance, here is an account of an angry woman who wept scalding tears.

Wederly—What's impossible about that?

Mrs. Wederly—What's impossible? Why, the idea of any one's weeping scalding tears!

Wederly—Oh, that's all right. In this case the woman was probably married.

Mrs. Wederly—What would her marriage have to do with her weeping scalding tears, I'd like to know?

Wederly—Well, a married woman, you know, seems to think it is up to her to keep her husband in hot water all the time.

Her Ups and Downs.

She—Doesn't Miss Snubbleigh's nose turn up awfully?

He—Yes. But I understand her noes have turned several young men down this season.

Doing Their Best.

Father—Now, remember, I have forbidden you to go out with young Tomkins; don't let me catch you together again.

"No, papa; we'll try not to."—Life.

Another Great Discovery.

Gyer—A new brand of hay fever has been discovered in Kansas.

Myer—So? What made the discovery?

Gyer—A physician who was simultaneously engaged to five grass widows.

Pat's Mistake.

"Hello, Pat! Have you seen Mike lately?"

"Yes, begorra! Oi thought Oi saw him across the street t'other day, and he thought he saw me, but when we got up to one another, bedad, it was neither of us!"

Gaucherie.

"What a clumsy creature this new executioner is!" exclaimed Tsi An.

"What's the trouble?" asked the court official.

"In order to satisfy public sentiment, I ordered the decapitation of two of my favorite attendants."

"The order was strictly carried out?"

"Of course. He wasn't content with publishing the news of their execution. He actually cut their heads off."—Washington Star.

A New Phase.

"Beware, sir, how you order me not to see your daughter again. I belong to the Lovers' Union and one word from me will boycott her."—Life.

To One About to Step Off.

The Daddy—Let me give you a bit of advice, my dear. To a man the heart of the woman he loves is like an oil country.

The Daughter—How can that be, pa?

"The interest is intense only so long as there is a prospect of new discoveries."—Life.

Rather Egotistical.

"I wouldn't marry the best man on earth," said the fair female, who had been up against a game of solitaire for some forty odd summers.

"Huh!" growled the old bachelor, "I see no reason why you should have permitted that remark to escape. I didn't ask you to make my life a burden."

Born Diplomat.

"John," exclaimed the indignant other half of the combination, "do you see this blond hair on your coat just where one of the buttons is missing?"

"Yes, my dear," meekly replied John.

"Well, sir?" she queried, in a tone that demanded an explanation.

"Oh, it's all right," answered the head of the house, as he winked at the cat. "I put the hair where you found it for the purpose of attracting your attention to the button which has been missing for nearly a week."

The View Masculine.

"I tell you, sir," said the sad-eyed passenger with the bargain-counter tie, "all women are born gamblers."

"That's right," observed the jewelry drummer. "I know of several who played hearts to catch diamonds."

A Useful Lesson.

Mrs. Pusher—Thank heaven, that visit is over. How rude the woman was to me!

Mr. Pusher—But what took you there? You knew——

"James! She was born a Valancey; she goes everywhere. Besides, now I know how it is done."—Life.

More of Our Nobility.

Mrs. Hy Drillem, wife of the well-known oil magnate, will attend the coronation, ranking as an oil Baroness.

Mr. Richasmudd, who purchased a Count for his daughter last year, has demanded a front seat at the coronation, claiming the rank of a Count by reversed inheritance.

Hank Dubbs, the potato king, of York County, Pennsylvania, is preparing for a trip to London. He expects a royal box at the coronation.—Baltimore American.

A Preliminary.

"Then those pugilists are going to fight?"

"Yes; they've reached an amicable agreement."—Puck.

Save the Pennies.

"Here's a begging letter," said Russell Sage to his stenographer. "You may answer it with a refusal."

"Yes, sir," answered the key manipulator.

"You will observe," continued the financier, "that there is a two-cent stamp attached for reply; so use a postal card in answering the communication."

Proof Positive.

The Judge—According to the evidence, Mrs. O'Hoolihan, you threw a flat-iron at your husband.

Mrs. O'Hoolihan—Yis, you honor; an' accardin' t' his face Oi hit him, b'gory.

Posted.

Teacher—William, find the square root of any number.

William—I thought they found them all last term.—Exchange.

Right in the Solar Plexus.

Ping—Goff strikes me as being a remarkably good judge of human nature.

Pong—Sure he is. Why, only yesterday he told me you were the biggest fool it was ever his misfortune to meet.

Willing to Work.

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "I'm willin' to work fur me dinner."

"You are?"

"Yes'm. Dat dog o' yours has nipped me two or three times a season reg'lar fur the last three years. I'm ready fur revenge, an' I want to make it somet'ing disagree'ble, somet'ing dat'll harrow his feelin's; somet'ing dat would humiliate me furever if I was him. Lady, if you'll gimme a bar o' soap an' a pan o' water I'll wash de dog."—Washington Star.

Felt It.

"How long was I up in the air?" asked the victim of a subway explosion.

"Oh, about a minute. Why?"

"What a long time to be away from New York!"—Life.

A Horrible Suspicion.

Blowitt—A man in North Carolina recently bought a farm for $90 and sold one walnut tree on it for $700.

Wisewell—There is one thing about that story I really admire.

Blowitt—What's that?

Wisewell—The tree, at least, wasn't a chestnut.—Chicago News.

The Length the Thing.

"Do you believe in the efficacy of prayer?"

"Well, I believe that if you pray for rain it's bound to come, if you pray long enough."—Philadelphia Record.

Accounted For.

Gladys—Why is it that ministers usually marry so young?

Harold—Oh! That's the only game of chance they're allowed to play!—Puck.

"Duck and Ducklings."

When a glacier dislodges itself and sails away over the Arctic Ocean, it never travels alone. In the wake of every large one floats a line of smaller companions. The Eskimos call this phenomenon "the duck and ducklings," and any one who has watched the progress of the elder duck followed by her brood will appreciate the aptitude of the name. Strange as it may seem, plants grow and blossom upon these great ice mountains. When a glacier is at rest moss attaches itself to it, protecting the ice beneath it, just as sawdust does. After a time the moss decays and forms a soil, in which the seeds of buttercups and dandelions, brought by the wind, take root and flourish. Those who have traveled in Arctic lands say they have found no point yet where the poppy does not bloom during the brief northern summer.

Wire Fences Cause Accidents.

Accidents due to the increasing use of wire fences have done much to cause a decline in the popularity of fox hunting in England.

DETECTIVE PHOTOGRAPHY.

Cases In Which the Camera Has Come to the Aid of Justice.

Photography is every year proving its usefulness as a friend of justice and enemy of crime. A writer in Tit-Bits describes a case of diamond theft in Calcutta, in which no evidence against the arrested person could be found. A policeman familiar with the artifices of the native criminals suggested that an X-ray photograph be taken of the man's throat. The test revealed the hidden diamond. By a trick which Hindu jewel thieves learn after severe practice, the fellow had "side-swallowed" the stone.

A little more than a year ago some evidence that smugglers in Buenos Ayres were receiving gems through the mails put the authorities on the watch. Postal matter in transit could not be legally opened, but on suspicion sixty-six registered letters and parcels were examined by the X-ray, and found to contain twenty thousand dollars' worth of precious stones. The dishonest traffic was stopped, and a large sum was saved to the customs revenue.

A person taking long-distance views from one of the upper windows of a tall building in Rochester, N. Y., caught the picture of a passing market-wagon with a man behind in the act of lifting a tub of butter from the load. The thief got away with his booty unnoticed by the driver or any one on the street, but the photograph, when sufficiently enlarged, identified and convicted him.

A marine view taken by a passenger on a foreign steamer in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro included a small yacht. Two men, Grayson and Linares, had gone out in the yacht that morning. Only Grayson returned alive. He said his companion had fallen from the mast and been killed; but his story was not believed, and he was tried and sentenced as a murderer. The trial had been pretty fully reported in the papers, and one day it occurred to the photographer to apply a powerful glass to his picture, in order to discover the character of a small dark mark on the sail. Under the magnifier the spot on the sail proved to be the figure of a falling man. He reported his discovery, and as soon as it had been officially verified Grayson was released.

A similar timely discovery was made after the village tragedy known as "The Cooper Murder," in Lancashire, England. Cooper, apprentice to McKenna, a blacksmith, was found dead on the floor of the latter's shop, and the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of suicide. An amateur photographer who had been through the village taking "snap-shots" on the day of Cooper's death, developed his films, and one of them showed the smithy with a partial view of the interior through the open door, revealing evidence which caused McKenna's arrest—and his final confession of the murder.

Complaints are heard against the camera as a nuisance, and undoubtedly the owners sometimes abuse their privilege, but cases multiply in which its use is beneficent, and even its accidental work proves valuable.

Natural History

Dogs are to be used as river police on the Seine in Paris. Twenty Newfoundlands, warranted to save the apparently drowning, are allotted to as many gendarmes, and it is hoped that in consequence the rate of suicide will decrease in the French capital.

Giraffes in zoological gardens seem to be aware of their pecuniary value and ready to take advantage of it. Failing their natural diet of leaves, which they strip from the trees with their long, black prehensile tongues, they eat only the finest clover hay. Moreover, they are lazy, wasteful brutes, spilling the hay on the floor of their paddock and rarely troubling to recover it. For this reluctance, however, their proverbial fastidiousness may be partly responsible. Only an occasional onion, apple or lump of sugar pleases them apart from their hay and there is even a belief that, fond as a giraffe is of a whole apple, nothing will induce it to eat one from which its keeper first takes a bite.

An instance of the possibility of living under a snowdrift is recorded during severe storms in England. On Dec. 9 a large flock of sheep belonging to a cattle dealer of Garsdale were out on the open moor. The shepherds with their dogs collected the sheep and drove them to a more sheltered locality, dreading a threatening storm which soon followed: One sheep, however, escaped and made its way back to the pasture, where it was overtaken by the heavy fall of snow and imbedded in it. There it remained until the snow melted, when the shepherds were astonished to find it alive and well. It had stayed under the snow for twenty-two days. On its release it was found perfectly able to walk home, a distance of a mile and a half. It is curious to note that this same animal had undergone a similar burial in November, when it was "snowed up" for ten days.

No Sensation Intended.

Among the printed and posted regulations of one of the New York public schools are these instructions for the fire drill of the pupils:

"Fire drill—(A) 3 Bells—To the sidewalk and return, with clothing.

"(B) 4 Bells—To the yard and return, without clothing."

As a matter of fact, this performance is not as sensational as this principal's ambiguity might suggest, for the clothing referred to is only the outer wraps and hats of the children.—New York Mail and Express.

Defense of Mosquitoes.

A defender of the mosquito says the great majority of mosquitoes never taste either human blood or that of any animal, not having the opportunity. They live upon vegetable juices and decomposing animal and vegetable matter, found in the localities where they are most numerous, and thus perform a valuable service as nature's scavengers.