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A SUBLIME SPECTACLE.

South Africa's Great Natural Wonder, Victoria Falls.

Just as every visitor to the United States heads straight for Niagara, so every visitor to South Africa purchases forthwith a ticket to the Victoria falls of the Zambesi, the mighty cataract in the heart of Rhodesia, which is the greatest natural wonder in the dark continent and perhaps in the world.

The natives call the falls Mosi-oa-tunya, which means "Thundering Smoke," and you appreciate the name's significance when your train halts at daybreak at a wayside station sixty miles away and you see above the treetops a cloud of smoky vapor and hear a low humming like a million sewing machines.

It is so utterly impossible for the eye, the mind and the imagination to grasp the size, grandeur and beauty of the Victoria falls that it is futile to attempt to describe them. If you can picture an unbroken sheet of water forty city blocks in width hurtling over a precipice twice as high as the Flatiron building you will have the best idea that I can give you of what the Victoria falls are like.

They are unique in that the level of the land above the falls is the same as that below, the entire breadth of the second greatest river in Africa falling precipitately into a deep and narrow chasm, from which the only outlet is an opening in the rock less than 100 yards wide.

From the Boiling Pot, as this seething caldron of waters is called, the contents of the Zambesi rush with unbridled fury through a deep and narrow gorge of basaltic cliffs, which, nowhere inferior to the rapids at Niagara, extends with many zigzag windings for more than forty miles.

My first glimpse of the falls was in the early morning, and the lovely, reeking splendor of the thing, as the great, placid river, all unconscious of its fate, comes suddenly to the precipice's brink and plunges in one mighty torrent into the obscurity of the cavern below; the crash as of unceasing thunder, the rolling clouds of spray, the trembling earth, the somber rain forest on the opposite bank and a rainbow stealing over all, made a picture which will hang on the walls of my memory as long as I live.—E. Alexander Powell in Scribner's.

FULTON'S FIRST FARE.

An Incident Which the Steamboat Genius Never Forgot.

There was one little incident in Robert Fulton's life which Fulton never forgot. It took place shortly before the return trip of the famous boat's voyage by steam up the Hudson river. At the time all Albany flocked to the wharf to see the strange craft, but so timorous were they that few cared to board her. One gentleman, however, not only boarded her, but sought out Fulton, whom he found in the cabin, and the following conversation took place:

"This is Mr. Fulton, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you return to New York with this boat?"

"We shall try to get back, sir."

"Have you any objection to my returning with you?"

"If you wish to take your chances with us, sir, I have no objection."

"What is the fare?"

After a moment's hesitation Fulton replied, "Six dollars." And when that amount was laid in his hand he gazed at it a long time, and two big tears rolled down his cheeks. Turning to the passenger, he said:

"Excuse me, sir, but this is the first pecuniary reward I have received for all my exertion in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the occasion with a little dinner, but I am too poor now even for that. If we meet again I trust it will not be the case."

As history relates, the voyage terminated successfully. Four years later Fulton was sitting in the cabin of the Clermont, then called the North River, when a gentleman entered. Fulton glanced at him and then sprang up and gladly shook his hand. It was his first passenger, and over a pleasant little dinner Fulton entertained his guest with the history of his success and ended with saying that the first actual recognition of his usefulness to his fellow men was the \$6 paid to him by his first passenger.

The Origin of Dentistry.

Dental therapeutics dates from a very remote epoch. It is not known when this art commenced, but it is well known that the Egyptians practiced it to a considerable extent. On a papyrus scroll estimated to date back 3,700 years before Christ, which was found buried at the feet of the god Anubis, there were found written remedies against painful molars and a way to alleviate other troubles of the teeth by means of pulverized drugs. The art of "filling" is very remote. Egyptian mummies have been found with molar cavities very carefully closed. Others have artificial teeth, which show that in very ancient times this dental process was known. The Chinese cured toothache 2,700 years before our era. One of their methods was to put iron rust in the cavities.—Harper's.

A Confusion of Names.

Although Scotia is now known to mean Scotland, it once was the name of Ireland. Two centuries before the birth of Christ Ireland was known to the Greeks as Juvenca. Caesar called it Hibernia, as did also Ptolemy in his map of that island. It is said the Phoenicians first gave Ireland the name of Hibernia, meaning thereby "utmost or last habitation," for beyond that land westward the Phoenicians never extended their voyages. Toward the decline of the Roman empire the country began to be called Scotia, a name retained by the monastic writers until the eleventh century, when, the name Scotia having passed to modern Scotland, the ancient name of Hibernia began to be again used.

Killing Time.

To read for either instruction or amusement is commendable, but it is not so for the sake of killing time. Late in life, after his fortune had been made, a successful merchant, Mr. S., took a young man into partnership. Entering the office on a dull day in the dull season, the millionaire found his partner yawning over a book. "What's that you're doing?" Mr. S. asked. "There's nothing else to do, so I'm reading," was the answer. "Nothing else to do? Reading?" the great merchant repeated in a tone that expressed wonder, amusement and scorn. "When you've nothing else to do don't read. Think!"

The Same Advice.

"Do you give your son good advice?" said the solicitous friend. "Yes," answered the somewhat sardonic person. "I give him the same good advice that my father gave me and that my grandfather doubtless gave him. If we keep passing that advice along from generation to generation perhaps we shall eventually find somebody who will take it."—Washington Star.



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AN ABSENT PART.

The Budding Actor Was a Success as Carlos the Fiddler.

"The son of a wealthy old friend of mine, being stagestruck, joined out with a traveling opera company. I met him loafing and strutting about a hotel in a small town," said the veteran actor.

"Come over to the opera house and see the show," said he.

"I went, but I saw no signs of this young man on the stage, nor was his name on the program. Afterward I met him in the lobby of the hotel.

"I did not recognize any of the characters as you," I remarked. "What part are you playing?"

"Why, I am playing the part of Carlos the Fiddler," said he.

"There was no such part."

"Oh, yes, there was. Didn't you notice how they talked about him?"

In the first act, in order to get the chorus off stage, didn't the sous-brette put her hands over her eyes, look off L. & E. and say, "Oh, girls, Carlos the Fiddler is going to have a dance on the green; let us hasten or we will miss it," then burst into song and skip off? You bet she did.

"Then, again, in the second act, when the bell is tolled without, doesn't the prima donna say: 'Hark that bell! That bell can stand an awful lot of harking, for who is pulling the rope but Carlos the Fiddler?'"

"That is true, young man, but they only talk about you. You do not show yourself on the stage during the whole performance."

"I am aware of that, but you must remember I am as yet a raw recruit. Still I feel I am on my way to fame and glory, though the path may be strewn with thorns."

"Oh, if the hope and optimism of youth could be with us in our later years!" sighed the veteran actor.—New York Telegraph.

Unwritable English.

"Did you know that there is at least one sentence in English that can be spoken, but that it is impossible to write?" asked a University of Pennsylvania senior. "Yes, it's correct English, I suppose, and then again it isn't. Here is the sentence, although I swear I don't know how you are going to write it: 'There are three twos in the English language.' You see, if you spell it t-w-o the sentence is incorrect, as it is if you spell it either t-o-o or t-o. Catch the point? Really, it is incorrect to say it, al-

though it certainly should be possible to express the thought. This thing has got me going, and it simply goes to show what a mess the English language is. There certainly is a word 'two' and a word 'too' and another 'to,' and they are all three pronounced alike—two, too or to—which makes it correct to say there are 'three twos' or 'three toos' or 'three tos' in the English language. But what's the use?"—Philadelphia Record.

Mothers and Husbands.

Once I was young, now I am old, and I have never seen a girl that was unfaithful to her mother that ever came to be worth a one-eyed button to her husband. It is the law of God. It isn't exactly in the Bible, but it is written large in the miserable lives of many unfortunate homes. I am speaking for the boys this time. If any of you chaps ever come across a girl that, with a face full of roses, says to you as you come to the door, "I can't go for thirty minutes yet, for the dishes are not washed," you wait for that girl. You sit right down on the doorstep and wait for her, because some other fellow may come along and carry her off, and right there you lose an angel.—Bill Arp.

A Dubious Tribute.

The young theological student who had been supplying the Bushby pulpit for two Sundays looked wistfully at Mrs. Kingman, his hostess for the time being. "Did you like the sermon this morning, if I may ask?" he inquired.

"You done real well with the material you selected," said Mrs. Kingman, with much cordiality. "As I said to Zenas on the way home, 'I've heard a dozen or more sermons preached on that text, and this young man's the first one that ever made me realize how difficult 'twas to explain.'—Youth's Companion.

When one is using the eyes for close work it is wise to change the focus at intervals and gaze off at a distance. If the distant view is of green mountains and fields it will be most restful. If the air in the room can be frequently changed that will rest the eyes also. One should never use the eyes for study or work before breakfast or after the strength has been reduced by disease or a nervous strain. A book should be held about eighteen inches from the eyes. The light for work should be steady and for an entire room diffused rather than spotty.—Harper's Bazar.

Getting Around It.

A Washington official was talking about a certain resourceful corporation.

"They can get round anything," he said, a touch of admiration in his voice. "They remind me of a Narragansett girl."

"A Narragansett girl, driving a sixty horse power gray roadster, admitted:

"Yes, I've accepted David."

"Why," said the girl beside her, "you told me positively that, if David proposed to you, your answer would be a word of two letters."

"The other girl, blushing a little, said softly:

"But I answered Dave in German."—Los Angeles Times.

Her Compliment.

Sam Jones, the evangelist, was leading a revival meeting in Huntsville, Tex., a number of years ago, and at the close of one of the services an old negro woman pushed her way up through the crowd to the edge of the pulpit platform. Sam took the perspiring black hand that was held out to him and heard the old woman say: "Brudder Jones, you sho' is a fine preacher! Yes, suh; de Lord bless you. You's de white folks' preacher, and de niggers' preacher, and everybody's preacher. Brudder Jones, yo' skin's white, but, thank de Lord, yo' heart's des as black as any nigger's!"

What Surprised Him.

The minister of a certain church was greatly exercised by the drowsy habits of his people. Taking them to task on this score on Sunday afternoon, he remarked: "I see a great many of you overcome with sleep. I do not wonder at it, for the weather is oppressive, your work is hard, and many of you have come a long way. Therefore," he added, "I am not surprised to see many of you sleep, but what surprises me is to see many sleeping who have such a comfortable sleep here in the morning."—Pearson's Weekly.

Sydney Smith's Sharp Tongue.

Sydney Smith was at a party one evening when, seeing Mrs. Grote, wife of the historian, enter, wearing a rose colored turban, he suddenly exclaimed: "I now know the meaning of the word grotesque!" He professed his cordial liking for both her and her husband, saying: "I like them. I like him, he is so lady-like, and I like her, she's such a perfect gentleman."

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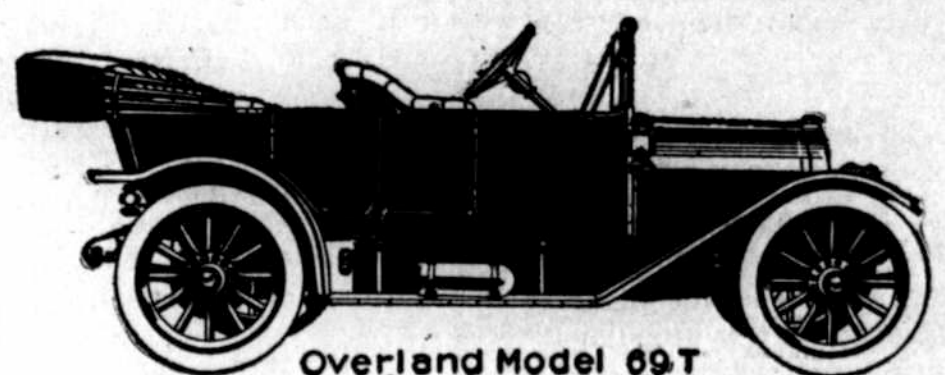
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