AN UNCONSCIOUS THEFT.

The Watch Changed Pockets Seemingly with No Help.

"Did you ever pick a man's pocket unintentionally?" asked a young man about town of a party of acquaintances with whom he was chatting in a theater lobby, says the Philadelphia Record. "Well, I did. It happened a few days ago, and if my 'victim' hadn't been a particular friend of mine it would have been decidedly embarrassing, to say the least. You will probably say that the accident could never have happened in the way it did, but I can bring witnesses to prove what I say. I was standing in a saloon on South Penn square talking to an acquaintance, when I felt a tug at the back of the long frock coat I wore. I paid no particular attention to it, for the place was crowded and many people before had pushed me. In a moment, however, somebody touched me on the shoulder and said: 'Give me my watch, Jack.' I looked around and found the speaker to be a great friend of mine. 'I haven't got your watch, Jim,' I said. 'Oh, come off,' said he, 'you pulled it out of my pocket as I passed you.' He was very serious about it and so I became serious, too. I protested that I couldn't possibly have taken the watch, and my first friend bore me out. Finally Jim said he thought his chain might have caught upon one of the buttons at the back of my coat. I put my hand back and felt something in the tail pocket, whose opening was just under the two useless buttons which tailors tack on there. I reached in and there was Jim's watch sure enough. The timepiece had been yanked out of Jim's pocket into mine. Fact, s'help me."

LIFE IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

It Calls for Ceaseless Watching and Patient Heroism.

Lieut. John M. Ellicott, U. S. N., contributes to St. Nicholas an article about lighthouses, which he calls "The Lights That Guide in the Night." Lieut. Ellicott says: One seldom thinks, when he watches the brightly cheering and safely guiding light of a lighthouse, what ceaseless watching and patient heroism it takes to keep the light burning year in and year out through all weathers. Generally there is for each light only a keeper with two assistants, and often the keeper is assisted only by his wife, sons or daughters. Even the most comfortably situated lighthouses are generally on lonely headlands, with no human dwellings near. Others are on outlying rocks, or islands swept by the sea, and wholly cut off from land except in fair weather. There are even a few which, built upon sunken reefs, seem to rise from the very bed of the ocean, and against which storm-driven seas break with shocks which shake them to their foundations. Such are the Eddystone lighthouse, off the coast of England at the entrance to the English channel, and our own Minot's Ledge light, near the entrance to Boston harbor. These two are the most isolated and exposed lighthouses in the world. They were built at the utmost peril to human life. Each was swept away by storms after completion, and had to be rebuilt.

SCENES OF EXCITEMENT.

Feelings of Members During a Division of the House of Commons.

I do not know how there can be in ordinary civil affairs a sense of keener excitement than is brought up by one of those thrilling divisions in the house of commons, writes Justin McCarthy, M. P., in the New York Independent. All personal feeling is lost and drowned in it. One's only thought, one's only feeling, is for even the momentary success of the cause he has at heart. Life seems to have been worth living if only to be a part of that great scene of struggle and of passion. Such a moment seems really, in the words of Othello, to "make ambition virtue." For the ambition of the vast majority of the members has nothing personal in it. Most of us have not the slightest expectation of being invited to become members of a new government, and never had any possibility of a place in the old government. Therefore, the ambition is, for the moment, entirely pure and manly and wholesome. It is an ambition for the success of the party, the measure, the policy, the cause to which one is attached. The excitement caused by a great division never wears out. The emotion caused by a great division in March does not in the least degree discount the excitement of a critical division in June. It is one of the few experiences in life which can be renewed time after time without palling on those who are privileged to take part in it.

COUNTING AHEAD.

He Wanted to Be Remembered to a Friend in Heaven.

A well-known literary man whose identity may as well be lost in the fictitious name of Prof. K——, but who lives in an eastern city, affords his friends no little amusement by reason of his forgetfulness and the "wool-gathering" state of his mind to have his wits about him, says the Detroit Free Press. This failing leads him into doing and saying some very funny things.

One day recently he was talking to a party of his friends, and he said:

"Do you know that I have been to the funeral of four of my old friends within ten days, and it—well, it rather depresses me, you know. Now, on Monday, I attended the funeral of old Mrs. L——, a good soul she was, a good soul. Then on Wednesday I went to the funeral of another old friend I thought the world of, and later in the week I went to old Mr. B——'s funeral. Then I went to Mr. M——'s funeral on—dear me, dear me, what am I talking about? Mr. M—— isn't dead yet; but then he's very low and I'm going to his funeral, which will make four in a very short time!"

At another time the professor was at a reception when he was approached by a lady who evidently knew him, but whom he could not remember having met before. Too kind and polite to acknowledge his ignorance of the lady's name he said, in his most affable manner: "Delighted to see you, delighted! Is your husband here?"

"My husband?" said the lady, soberly. "My husband is in Heaven."

"Oh, to be sure; to be sure," said the professor, with his thoughts far away. "Remember me to him, won't you, please?"

A MAGNETIC MOUNTAIN.

Almost a Duplicate of an Arabian Nights' Story.

In the Arabian tales a story is told about a magnetic mountain which attracts irresistibly all ships, and when they come near extracts every particle of iron from them, even to the nails. Such a mountain exists in reality, although not quite as dangerous in its activity as the one mentioned in the oriental fairy tale. The island of Bornholm, in the Baltic, belonging to Denmark, consists almost entirely of magnetite, and its magnetic influence is very well known to the navigators of those waters, and also much feared by them, not on account of the possibility of its extracting the nails from their ships, but because of its influence on the magnetic needle, which makes the steering of a ship almost impossible. This influence is felt even at a distance of miles, and when this island is sighted all mariners on the Baltic discontinue steering their course by the needle, but turn to the well-known lighthouses and other helps to direct their course. Between Bornholm and the mainland there is a bank of rock under water which is very dangerous to navigation; because of it being constantly submerged vessels have been frequently wrecked at that point. The magnetic influence of that ore bank is so powerful that a magnetic needle suspended freely in a boat over the bank will point down, and if not disturbed will remain in a perfectly perpendicular line.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

WORSE THAN DISEASE.

Woes of a Dutch Physician Who Built a "Hygienic House."

What is called a "hygienic house" has just been built by a Dutch physician and illustrates rather forcibly the possibility of preventive measures being worse to undergo than several maladies, says the New York Times. The walls of this extremely modern and scientific dwelling are made of parallel plates of ground glass several inches apart, with a concentrated solution of alum or salts of soda between them. These plates are fixed in metal frames, by which they are built together. The roof is not translucent and is made of materials which are impervious to heat, thus keeping out the sunshine and holding in the warmth of the rooms. The house is entered by an underground door, to which a stair leads. The air also enters underground and passes through a microbe filter of cotton, wool and glycerine. It circulates through the rooms by means of gratings and escapes under the roof. The house is heated by the sun, except when a stove is found to be necessary. The salt solutions between the panes absorb the heat by day and give it forth by night. In summer the air is cooled by its passage underground and tempers the tropical warmth of the climate. The illumination inside is diffused from all parts of the walls, but there are no windows out of which the inhabitants can look, and it is difficult to see how they will be able to endure life in a place so horribly wholesome—and dull.

LEGACY FOR A BAVARIAN TOWN.

Eccentric Count Dornberg Leaves It 15,000,000 Marks.

By the recent death of Count Ernest Von Dornberg the town of Regensburg, in Bavaria, comes into an unexpected legacy of 15,000,000 marks. The author of this benefaction was the last of one branch of the Dornberg family, which holds great estates in Austria, Prussia and Baden. In his younger days he cut a brilliant figure at the court of Vienna, and as captain of hussars distinguished himself highly on the field of Magenta. He then took up horticulture with extravagant ardor, his park and gardens in the environs of Regensburg eclipsing the gardens of Schonbrunn. Suddenly, for reasons unknown, he dropped all interest in his favorite pursuit and withdrew altogether from human society.

His castle was allowed to go to rack and ruin, his conservatories fell to pieces from neglect and his costly plants moldered away. Every morning the solitary gardener retained for indispensable work used to see a bent figure with haggard features issue from a side door and wander over the forlorn domain. Some months ago his former self revived for a moment. He bought a quantity of young trees for planting, and as he walked up and down the rows of saplings he broke silence for once to his solitary attendant, exclaiming: "God be with you!" He then returned to the house, where he was found a few hours later dead from heart disease.

WONDERFUL LAMP SNAKE.

Emits a Dazzling Light That Can Be Seen Two Miles.

The natives of Natal, South Africa, have an implicit faith in the existence of the lamp snake, which they call "umningi." This reptile is supposed to frequent swamps or lakes and is of a size so vast that on an occasion when one of the species was attacked and killed by a Boer hunting party its carcass filled a couple of wagons. In fact, the umningi's proportions are almost unlimited. The light emitted by this monster is bright and dazzling in the extreme, and can be easily discerned from a distance of a couple of miles or more. Naturally this radiance is visible by night only. Many natives call the lamp snake ivimbela, but usually this name is applied to a serpent whose dwelling is in the sea, and whose powers, though great and marvelous, are not displayed in rivers or fraught with magic light. A native says he has often seen the lamp snake in the pools of the Umvoti river, where it passes through thorn country. He says it is not uncommon and in color is very pale, almost white, with brown patches about it; it is rather a large snake. On a dark night it "makes" a light in the pool, which shines so brightly that when one first sees it one's eyes blink.

THIEVES WHO STOLE MILLIONS.

Vast Defalcations and Embezzlements Recorded in the Year 1895.

The aggregate stealings of men who violate public and private trusts, by defalcation and embezzlement, are probably much greater every year than those of the burglars and highwaymen put together, says the Cleveland Leader.

The record of such stealings during 1895, as compiled by the insurance companies which guarantee employers against the dishonesty of their employes, and the public against the dishonesty of officials, shows that the sum of $9,465,921 was obtained. The cases of embezzlement reported numbered 240. Of these 14 stole more than $50,000, $20 more than $100,000, one more than $500,000, and one more than $1,000,000.

City and county officials stole $1,393,975, banks lost $3,996,970, agents embezzled $1,045,875, forgers obtained $341,500, building and loan associations $497,578, postmasters stole $32,815, and the miscellaneous defalcations amounted to $2,175,782. New York leads, with defalcations amounting to $2,388,816, while the stealings of that sort in Delaware were the smallest, amounting only to $1,100.

WHITE HOUSE SILVER.

The Silver of the Executive Mansion Was Bought from a Nobleman.

It seems that when the executive mansion was again occupied by Mr. Monroe, after its destruction, the United States purchased at an appraisement his private furniture, and with it a "small service of plate," writes ex-President Harrison, in the Ladies' Home Journal. In 1833 the most important purchase of silver plate was made for the executive mansion, and at second hand. The pieces constituted the outfit of a Russian nobleman—M. le Gen. Baron de Tuyll, who had been the resident minister of Russia at the court of Portugal. The total cost was $4,308.82. The silver service consisted of 338 pieces, and there was a gold-plated dessert set of spoons, knives, forks, etc., consisting of 140 pieces. These 'gold spoons' were perniciously active in the campaign of 1840. Much of this old silver is still in use—and a piece or two has been added now and then; but the white house plate is now meager compared with what is to be found in the house of many a private citizen who, at the time it was bought, was playing in his bare feet about the cabin door of a pioneer. The silver service recently presented by the citizens of Indiana to the battle ship of that name cost $7,785.10—much more than the service used in the white house.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

QUEER KEY WEST.

First Impressions Received by a Visiting Stranger.

The People Are Principally Spaniards Who Favor Cuban Independence—A Great Market for Fruit.

A man who recently has returned from Key West, Fla., says the first impression a stranger gets of that place at the present time is that the city has gone on a perpetual holiday spree. Bunting flies from almost every housetop, and the colors are about evenly divided between "old glory" and the emblem of the Cuban republic. People of all classes and ages wear pins or other symbols bearing the motto "Cuba libre," and if Uncle Sam would only nod consent or say nothing at all about it the 15,000 patriotic inhabitants of this seagirt isle would skip across the channel and tack the queen of the Antilles to the star spangled banner without any more fuss. "Castillo del Morro," or Morro castle, is only 87 miles from the government dock at this point, and our swift cruisers could cover the distance in a little more than four hours. The defenses of Havana are obsolete and out of date, and a Cuban colonel, a member of Gemez' staff, openly declares that anyone of our armored ships could pass the fort and take the city without difficulty; that is, as far as the land defenses are concerned.

This far southern city, lying almost within the tropics, is the only town of importance below Mason and Dixon's line that was never under the stars and bars of the confederacy. The population is about evenly divided between white Cubans, colored Cubans and white Bahamians. There are not more than a score of real American families resident on the island, but notwithstanding this fact the great mass of the people are loyal to the union first and to Cuba next. It is curious, though true, that of all the houses, dwellings, stores, hotels and other buildings that dot the island from one shore to the other, not one of them has a chimney or anything that will answer the purpose of a chimney. Handsome residences and lowly hovels are alike in this respect, and from an eminence, gazing out over acres of roofs on all sides, one is at once struck with the want of something to complete the symmetry of the picture. Wood and coal or fuel of any kind are unknown quantities, as the tropical atmosphere furnishes at all times of the year all the heat required, and for cooking purposes sticks of carbon are used, which are sold by peddlers, who hawk their wares about the streets.

There are few stores, as we understand such things, and no markets. Signboards in Spanish will tell you where a barber shop is located or where to buy coral ornaments. There are not more than half a dozen real stores conducted on the American plan in the whole island.

Instead of a market there is a daily auction near the government dock, where everything in the way of provisions, furniture and fruit is knocked down to the highest bidder. Bananas, alligator pears and pineapples are the commonest articles of purchase, and here ships from Jamaica, Cuba and Nassau, in the Bahamas, unload their cargoes and dispose of them at ruinous rates rather than risk a voyage at this time of year to more northern ports. Quick sales and small profits seems to be the prevailing idea with them. As a consequence Key West is, perhaps, the greatest banana and pineapple market in the world. On almost any day one can secure an enormous bunch of bananas, ripe or green, at from ten to fifteen cents, and can cart away all the luscious pineapples he cares to purchase at one, two or three cents each. Directly opposite to the harbor docks, on the farther side of the island, and facing Cuba, is a large dancing pavilion called La Brisa, where Monday and Friday nights and Saturday afternoons public dances are held. It has large broad verandas overlooking the sea, which make ideal promenades, and a commodious dancing hall within, where those who desire can trip the light fantastic to their hearts' content upon the payment of a small fee. The very best people attend these dances, and many go simply for the promenade or to smoke or chat with friends, but should anyone step even so much as a toe upon the dancing floor a dark-skinned Cuban is immediately at hand with a proffered hat into which a coin must be dropped.

There must be at least 5,000 refugees in Key West, noncombatants and exiles from their homes, who dare not return under the present Spanish rule, and who must await the solution of the war problem one way or the other before they can return and resume their peaceful occupations.—Chicago Chronicle.

WHERE RHODE ISLAND LEADS.

The Little State Has 318 People to the Square Mile.

In 1800 only the country between the Atlantic and the Mississippi belonged to the United States. Since that the Louisiana purchase in 1803, the Florida in 1821; the Mexican acquisitions in 1846, 1850 and 1853, and Alaska in 1867, have been added.

The increase, excluding Alaska, has been from 827,844 to 3,025,600 square miles, or 3⅘, but the growth of population has been from 5,308,483 to 62,622,250, or nearly twelvefold.

In 1800 the inhabitants were a little less than seven to a square mile (in 1790 they had been less than five); in 1890 they were over 21.

The place where the population is densest is the District of Columbia which has 3,839 to the mile; the next is Rhode Island, 318, then Massachusetts, 278; then New Jersey, 193; Connecticut, 154; New York, 125; Pennsylvania, 116; Maryland, 105.

The other states and territories run below 100, down to Montana, Wyoming, Arizona and Nevada, which have less than one inhabitant to the square mile.

The census commissioner notes that in Rhode Island and Massachusetts the density of population is as great as in many of the most densely settled European states, and that the entire North Atlantic division, preeminently the manufacturing section, has an average of over 100 inhabitants to the square mile.

But it may be a surprise to some that among the old states Maine has only 22; New Hampshire, 41; Vermont, 26. —Philadelphia Ledger.

An Animal Census.

The latest enumeration of the animals known to science includes no less than 386,000 recognized species. The real number is believed to be very much larger. It has been estimated that of insects alone the earth harbors 2,000,000 species, but the late Prof. Riley regarded even that estimate as far too low. According to his opinion 10,000,000 would be a moderate estimate of the number of insect species! The number of individuals is, of course, incalculable.—N. Y. World.

WHEN.

When every line by mortals penned
Shall only good and pleasure lend;
When every word that e'er is said
To gentle courtesy is wed;
When every hand is skilled in work,
And none is idle or a shirk;
When every mind is filled with thought,
And all with beauteous wisdom fraught;
When every human heart shall beat
Except with impulse pure and sweet;
When truth shall govern every life,
And peace shall overmaster strife;
When every deed in all the earth
Shall be of kindness and of worth;
When every soul is brave and white,
With aspirations high as light;
When love shall rule from sea to sea,
And dwell with all humanity;
Then in such joy the world shall bask,
"Is life worth living?" none will ask.

—Emma C. Dowd, in Congregationalist.

SOLOMON HOLT, TWIN.

BY WILL LISENBEE.

"I 'low that this slavin yer life away on a pra'ry claim is perty hard on a man of your years," said Doc Pitkin, removing his sheepskin gloves and warming his brawny hands over the fire.

"Jes so," replied Solomon Holt, carefully brushing the dust from a cheap crayon portrait which hung on the cabin wall. "'Tain't goin ter be fer long, though. When I git ter be guard—"

"I've heard tell as how you're goin' to git an office. I'm glad of it, Sol; you desarve it."

"Thank ye—thank ye. 'Tain't much uv er office—jes' guard up at ther pen'tent'ary. I've already writ ter the gov'nor."

"Perty sure of gettin' the office, you think?"

"Ain't no doubt about it. This picter, now—"

"Who is it?" asked Doc, surveying the crayon portrait, critically.

"That's Lige. Mebby ye didn't know Lige?"

"No."

"Nearly everybody knowed Lige. He knowed the gov'nor an' the gov'nor knowed him. 'Tain't every man that can have that sed uv him."

"That's so."

"Lige war in the legislater; he war one uv a pair uv twins."

"He war?"

"That's a fact. I'm the other twin."

"You don't say!"

"They did say we looked a power alike. Would you take that to be me—say, five years ago?"

"Well, there's a family resemblance, only the clothes—"

"That's a fact; I never thought uv the clothes. Lige always would spruce up—had ter do it, ye know, bein' a legislater. Yas, as I war sayin', Lige he knowed most everybody, everybody knowed him, an' that's goin 'ter help me in gittin' ter be guard."

"No doubt of it. What's your brother Lige now?"

"He ain't nowhar—he's dead—bin dead these five years. People come fer miles ter go to his funer'l. It war a powerful blow ter the state when Lige died—he'd 'a' been gov'nor 'fore this, like as not."

"Like as not," repeated Doc Pitkin.

There was no doubt in the mind of Solomon Holt that he would receive the appointment which he had asked, and he set to work making preparations to go to his post as soon as he should be called.

Squire Spludford, who was something of a local politician, was going to the capital to attend the inaugural ceremonies of the newly-elected governor, and he had promised to present the claims of Solomon Holt for appointment, and if possible to see the governor in person.

"I'll see that your claims are presented to the governor," said the squire, "and there isn't any doubt that you will get the appointment, that is, if some one don't get in ahead of us."

"I've been in the state fer 35 years, an' that ort ter count for somethin'," said Solomon.

"Yes, I've no doubt it will."

"You'll be shore an' tell the guv'nor about it?"

"Yes."

"An' about Lige?"

"Of course."

"He'll know Lige—least the other gov'nors did."

"Yes."

"An' about the twin—tell him I'm the twin brother of Lige."

"I'll do that, and as soon as I learn about the appointment I'll let you know."

In due time the squire went to the capital, where he expected to remain for two weeks. After a few days Solomon began to pay daily visits to Benton's store at the crossroads, where the post office was kept.

"I'm lookin' fer a letter from the squire," he explained. "He's goin' ter let me know when I git the 'pointment."

Solomon Holt was almost 65, and age and the hardships of life were already telling upon him. His frame was very spare, and his thin hair was thickly streaked with white. He wore a suit of faded blue material that was threadbare in many places, and he made a grotesque appearance as he hobbled across the wind-swept prairie.

"I must git me some new clothes when I git ter be guard," he said, casting a glance at the pile of cheap, ready-made clothing at the store.

His frequent visits to the store soon became the source of comment among the idlers that frequented the store, and more than once Sol and his expected appointment were made the butt of rude jests. But of these he took no notice. The time would come, he felt sure, when he would be in position to "put the joke back on 'em," as he expressed it.

But the days went by without bringing any tidings from the squire. The uncertainty of the issue kept Sol in a state of restless anxiety, and every day found him at the store, waiting for the arrival of the mail which the stage brought daily from Stoper's station.

One evening the postmaster handed him a letter in a large, official envelope. He stared at it a moment in bewilderment. Then he glanced at the postmark and next at the printed words on the corner, his heart giving a great bound. "Governor's office," were the first words that caught his eye, and thrusting the letter into his pocket he walked toward the door.

"What's the news, Sol?" asked the postmaster, whose curiosity was raised to a high pitch by the sight of the letter.

"It's only er letter from the gov'nor," he replied, loftily, and opening the door, he went out.

"It's my 'pointment," he muttered to himself, as he hurried across the prairie in the direction of his little cabin. It was getting dark when he reached home. He replenished the smoldering fire, lighted a small kerosene lamp, then seating himself in one of the low splint-bottomed chairs, he drew the letter from his pocket. He gazed at it for some time in fond anticipation before venturing to break the seal.

"Yes, it's from the guv'nor," he said, as he opened the missive and spread it out under the rays of the lamp. "I reckon he thought he'd give me a surprise by sendin' the 'pointment by mail. It's a good thing I tol' the squire ter mention 'bout Lige, an'—the twin. But let's see what he sez."

He read as follows:

"STATE OF K——.
"Executive Department.
"Governor's Office,
"January 17, 189—.

"Mr. Solomon Holt, Benton's Post Office, K——.—My Dear Sir: Yours of January 3 received. We note your application for position as one of the guards at the penitentiary. In reply, the governor directs me to say that the same will be filed and carefully considered with other applications. Yours very truly,
"J. L. BRINGTON,
"Private Secretary."

The letter fell from Solomon's hand, while a look of deep disappointment came over his face.

"'Tain't the 'p'intment after all," he muttered, then relapsed into silence.

The disappointment was a severe one to him, but he did not lose hope. He reread the letter many times, studying its every word. How cold and formal it all seemed. It was not even written by the governor himself as he would have wished. Perhaps the governor had not seen his application at all. He could hardly believe that such a formal note would have been written to him had the truth been known. Perhaps he would hear from the governor later on.

"The gov'nor don't know nothin' 'bout this, like as not," he muttered. "I kent b'lieve he'd have sich a letter as that writ ter the twin brother uv Lige."

Three days later the squire returned from the capital and came over to Sol's cabin.

"I didn't have time to write after learning of the appointment," said the squire, "and as I was coming home I thought it best to wait till I got here and come over and see you in person."

Sol nodded.

"I'm a thousand times obleeged ter ye," he said. "I reckon I'll hafter be goin' ter the capital 'fore long."

The squire shook his head.

"I'm sorry it turned out the way it did; but you didn't get the appointment."

"What! didn't git it?" said Sol, his face growing a shade paler.

"No; you didn't get it after all. It was given to Bill Shucker, who lives over on Soap creek."

Solomon Holt sat as if stupefied, gazing into the smoldering fire. It was several moments before he could find voice to speak.

"Ye seed the gov'nor in person?" he asked at length.

"Yes."

"You tol' him about Lige?"

"Yes."

"An'—an' the twin?"

"Yes; but there were so many applicants for office—"

"I reckon he never knowed Lige," said Sol, in a sort of hopeless, dejected way, as if speaking to himself. "No, he couldn't a-knowed Lige."

He sat there gazing gloomily into the fire long after the squire had taken his departure. The darkness deepened around him; the fire died out and the cabin grew bitterly cold. Still he sat motionless, his chin resting in his hands. He was thinking of—well, no matter; his lot had been a hard one; his life had been a fierce struggle with poverty and want—yes, want. He had not always had even the necessaries of life. If he had got the appointment he expected he might have got along; but now—

He shivered like one with a chill, and rising, he groped his way to his cold, hard bed.

Three days later some of the neighbors came to the cabin, to find him in a dying condition. Pneumonia, the doctor said. He had but a short time to live, that was the verdict of all who looked into his pinched and wasted face.

They gathered about him as the end drew near. He lay as if he were already dead, save when he would murmur some incoherent sentences.

"Yes, the gov'nor'll know Lige," he said, in a faint whisper, his mind wandering. "Tell him — I'm his twin brother."

He lay silent for a long time, his breath coming faintly. Presently he spoke again.

"It's a long, dark road," he said, feebly, "but I ken see the light now. It's gettin' closer an' closer! I see 'em comin' ter take me up thar— How bright it is—the 'p'intment's comin' now—thar ain't no mistake this time—they—they knowed Lige—tell 'em the —twin!"

He fell gently back on his pillow. He was dead.—N. Y. Ledger.

Feigned Deafness.

In a regiment in India a private wanted to get home and saw no other way than shamming deafness. He reported himself sick and was sent to the hospital. The doctors tried all sorts of ways to find him out, but he was too sharp for them. One day the doctor determined to try him by firing a pistol off just behind him, but he got to hear of the experiment and of course was prepared for it. As he and his chum were sitting on their cots opposite each other smoking the doctor stole into the room unawares as he thought, and fired the pistol close to his ear. He, however, took no notice of the report, but on seeing the smoke he turned to his chum and said: "Put your pipe out, you fool, the doctor will be round directly." His ruse worked.—N. Y. Post.

Not Always.

"He seems to take after his father," said the visitor.

"I don't when there is apple dumplings," volunteered the little boy. "He don't leave none to take."—Indianapolis Journal.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

Over 200 men and boys engaged in the annual jack-rabbit hunt at Lamar, Col., and in five hours slew more than 15,000 of the animals.

The gray wolf is very destructive to cattle in Montana, and sometimes overpowers and devours the strongest steer. It instinctively shuns every form of trap.

During a flood in western Tacoma, Wash., numerous salmon were seen swimming over the farm lands many miles from their home in Puget Sound.

A well-known citizen of Westbrook, Me., has occasional severe attacks of rheumatism, and asserts that he always cures himself by eating plentifully of fried salt pork.

A generous gentleman in Bangor, Me., was asked for a donation to a hospital, and the convalescing patients smiled when they learned that he had sent 2,500 cigarettes for their use.

A barber in Lincoln, Neb., became interested in a cigar cutter which was on a hotel counter. An accommodating lawyer directed him how to ascertain the way it worked, and the barber put his finger in the opening intended for a cigar. The tip of his finger was smoothly cut off.

The Wild Ox.

The ox is found in every country of the world in a wild state. Even in the United States there are herds, on the western plains, of wild and often dangerous cattle.

An Old Proverb.

John Heywood, the playwright and epigrammatist, once wrote a book the object of which, as disclosed by the title page, is singular: "A dialogue, containing in effect the number of all the proverbs in the English tongue, compact in a matter concerning two marriages." When the marquis of Winchester, lord high treasurer, was presented with a copy of this book by the author, he inquired what it contained, and being answered: "All the proverbs in English," replied: "What all? No, no. 'Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton'"—a form of speech once much in vogue. "By my faith," said Heywood, "that is not in." It happened that the marquis had casually uttered the only proverb not in the book.

Well Paid for Being Jolly.

A jovial old lady of Paris, after providing liberally for some distant relatives, left by will $400,000 in small sums to a large number of casual acquaintances that she picked up in the streets. She was an invalid and had been left without near relatives or connections, but, being determined to have jolly people about her, she gave balls and parties to which she invited any person whose face attracted her in omnibuses or shops. When she died she remembered all in her will.

The Cat's Religion.

The late Father Stommel, of Doylestown, Pa., who died recently in Philadelphia, was something of a wag, and many instances of his wit are told by his friends. One of his neighbors, it is related, who was not of the same faith as the reverend gentleman, once presented him with a very pretty kitten, being very emphatic in her avowal "that it was a good Catholic cat." A few days later, when out for a walk, she was hailed by Father Stommel after this fashion: "Mrs. B——, I thought you told me the feline you gave me was a good Catholic cat. I beg to assure you that you were mistaken. It is a bluestocking Presbyterian, and eats meat on Friday!"

Negroes Who Talk Irish.

The Irish language still lingers in the Bahamas, among the mixed descendants of the Hibernian patriots banished by Cromwell to the West Indies. One can occasionally hear, it is said, black sailors in the London docks, who cannot speak a word of English, talking Irish to the old Irish apple women whom they meet, and thus making themselves intelligible without a knowledge of the Saxon tongue.

An Island and a Peninsula.

At a school the other day a teacher, having asked most of his pupils the difference between an island and a peninsula, without receiving a satisfactory answer, came to the last boy. "I can explain it, sir," said the bright youth. "First, get two glasses; fill one with water and the other with milk. Then catch a fly and place it in the glass of water. That fly is an island, because it is entirely surrounded by water. But now place the fly in the glass of milk, and it will be a peninsula, because it is nearly surrounded by water." The boy went to the top of the class.

Living Pictures for Posterity.

The lively optical instrument with many names, but known in England as the animatograph, is to be used to preserve for posterity living pictures of Princess Maud's wedding, the Derby won by the Prince of Wales, the coming jubilee of the queen and several types of London street scenes. The celluloid films bearing the views will be inclosed in several tubes, and ought to be good for many reproductions a thousand years from now.

Marvelous Mechanism.

The human body is an epitome in nature of all mechanics, all hydraulics, all architecture, all machinery of every kind. There are more than 310 mechanical movements known to mechanics to-day, and all of these are but modifications of those found in the human body. Here are found all the bars, levers, joints, pulleys, pumps, pipes, wheels and axles, ball and socket movements, beams, girders, trusses, buffers, arches, columns, cables and supports known to science. At every point man's best mechanical work can be shown to be but adaptations of processes of the human body, a revelation of first principles used in nature.—William George Jordan, in Ladies' Home Journal.

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