THE SUNSET CITY.

There's a city that lies in the Kingdom of Clouds,
In the glorious country on high,
Which an azure and silvery curtain enshrouds,
To screen it from mortal eye;

A city of temples and turrets of gold,
That gleam by a sapphire sea,
Like jewels more splendid than earth may behold,
Or are dreamed of by you and by me.

And about it are highlands of amber that reach
Far away till they meet in the gloam;
And waters that hem an immaculate beach
With fringes of luminous foam.

Aerial bridges of foam there are,
And belfries of marvelous shapes.
And lighthouses lit by the evening star,
That sparkle on violet capes;

And hanging gardens that far away
Enchantedly float aloof;
Rainbow pavilions in avenues gay,
And banners of glorious woof!

When the summer sunset's crimsoning fires
Are aglow in the western sky,
The pilgrim discovers the domes and spires
Of this wonderful city on high;

And gazing enrapt as the gathering shade
Creeps over the twilight lea,
Sees palace and pinnacle totter and fade,
And sink in the sapphire sea,

Till the vision loses by slow degrees
The magical splendor it wore;
The silvery curtain is drawn, and he sees
The beautiful city no more!

—Henry Sylvester Cornwell.

Three Girls and a Man

Mrs. Seton-Hall had three pretty girls stopping with her.

Majorie Blake, tall and fair, with lovely wide eyes and an indescribable way of wearing her clothes.

Eunice Adair, sallow and olive-skinned, with glorious dark eyes and lips like crushed cherries.

Lastly, Anice Hart, gray-eyed, with brown hair; not so beautiful as the other two, but more distinguished-looking and a genius for selecting the right thing in frocks.

Mrs. Seton-Hall was proud of her young guests.

'Bob will have to lose his heart to one of them," she confided to Penelope Chalmers.

Penelope agreed with her. She always did agree with Mrs. Seton-Hall, which was why the older woman liked her so well.

"Is Mr. Waldersea very handsome?" inquired Penelope.

"You have seen his portrait, and he is my brother," said Mrs. Seton-Hall.

Penelope blushed.

"But I do not know whether he is tall or medium, or indifferent or masterful," she hastened to explain, apologetically.

"You romantic little goose," said Mrs. Seton-Hall. "To me Bob is just a nice, pleasant fellow, who would make any girl a good husband. I wish you would observe him well this evening, and let me know how he looks to you. After all, my dear, you have considerable sense, even if you are stupid about some things. Run and dress now; you have admired me long enough, and, Penelope, do put on something becoming, I want everyone to look their best —Bob is so critical."

"As if it made any difference how I looked," thought Penelope, but, nevertheless, she donned a rose-colored crepe, the only nice frock in her wardrobe, and went downstairs looking like a wild rose.

Mrs. Seton-Hall sent her brother in with a girl on either arm, selecting Majorie Blake, the blonde, and Eunice Adair, the brunette.

Anice Hart sat directly opposite the young man, where her superb figure and magnificent frock showed to the best advantage.

Bob Waldersea was not easily impressed, being something of a man of the world, and much traveled. A pretty girl more or less did not make his pulse tremble. He was quite a his ease, and in a most entertaining mood.

Penelope Chalmers, tucked away at the far end of the table, watched him in fascinated admiration, and wondered how those other girls could laugh and chat with him so calmly.

Majorie Blake and Mr. Waldersea had been engaging in a merry war of words when Miss Adair protested. "I claim Mr. Waldersea's attention," she pouted. "It is as much as five minutes since he has given me a glance."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the young man, in mock horror. "Think what joy I have been missing all that time. Tell me something, quick, quick, or someone else will speak and I shall have to look away again," he said, in a half whisper.

"What shall I tell you?"

"Tell me who the tall girl is with green eyes at the other end of the table."

"Why, that is Penelope Chalmers."

"Indeed! Well, Penelope is a very quaint name for a very odd-looking girl. Who is Miss Chalmers, anyway? Where does she come from?"

"Don't you know? She is Mrs. Seton-Hall's companion and secretary; comes of some very old and poverty-stricken family, I believe. Awfully sweet girl; we are tremendously fond of her, and so sorry for her, you know. It is too bad she is not pretty, don't you think? She might marry well if she had more style."

When Bob Waldersea had been at Dream Vale, his sister's country home, for three weeks, he discovered that Penelope Chalmers was the power behind the throne. It was Penelope who was always ready to join in a game of tennis when necessary, and she excelled at the sport. It was Penelope who read aloud, while the women embroidered and the men smoked lazily on the broad veranda. It was Penelope who went up to town on the warmest day of the season to execute commissions for everybody.

One day Bob came across the useful young woman outstretched in a hammock. He stood for a moment staring down at her, and she seemed to feel his gaze and looked up.

"Miss Chalmers in a new role," he said, lightly; "laziness personified."

Her serious eyes sparkled, and a dimple dented her cheek. "I will confess something," she whispered; "I am the laziest person you ever met."

"What airs you do put on, then; why, sometimes you have pretended to be almost energetic."

"It is all pretense, I just hate to move. I should like to have a little slave boy follow me around to move things out of my way and pick up articles I might drop."

"Lazy people are usually sympathetic," said Bob. "I wonder if you are."

"You might try and see," she suggested.

Bob seat down on a long chair beside the hammock.

"Do you know why my devoted sister invited me down here?" he said.

Penelope flushed.

"I suppose I can guess the reason," she said.

"Well, do you know, I have made up my mind to behave myself and please all my relatives at last."

"Really!"

Penelope sat up in her excitement.

"Which one is it?"

"Guess."

Penelope thought for a minute. He had carefully spent more time with Marjorie than with either of the other girls. "Miss Blake," she said.

Bob Waldersea threw back his head and laughed.

"I would as soon marry an iceberg. Blondes are good to look at, but the Sphinx would be more companionable in daily life."

Then Penelope recalled that although they had not gone about so much together, she had often seen Mr. Waldersea and Eunice Adair in earnest conversation. She remembered the latter's quick sympathy and wild, emotional beauty.

"LAZINESS PERSONIFIED."

"Oh, it is Eunice!" she exclaimed.

"Pshaw!" said Bob, "you are not a bit clever. I would just as soon live in the house with a hurricance."

"Penelope! Penelope!" called Mrs. Seton-Hall's well-trained voice.

"Coming!" answered the girl.

"I've been searching everywhere for you," said Mrs. Seton-Hall.

"Ssh! He's made his choice," said Penelope, "and just gave me to understand it was Anice Hart!"

"It is just like a man to pick out the plainest-looking girl. I suppose her dignity appeals to him. There is a registered letter at the post-office, and you are the only one who can sign for me. Would you mind walking over—all the horses are out or disabled?"

Penelope tied up a broad sun hat.

"By the way, dear, after I get this affair of Bob's off my mind, I mean to take a bit of a holiday—a little trip abroad, and, of course, I shall not need a companion, so you might be on the lookout for some other position. I am sure I shall miss you terribly; but one's expenses do mount up so these days."

"Of course," said Penelope. "Is there anything else I can do for you in the village?"

"No, thank you."

Penelope started off, and Mrs. Seton-Hall sighed resentfully. "She has no feelings, that girl. I have become quite attached to her, but she is altogether matter-of-fact."

Meanwhile, Bob Waldersea, from his corner of the verdanda, was also watchinf Penelope, and suddenly he started up and followed her.

"Where are you going now?" he asked, as he caught up with her.

There was no answer.

Then he peered benath the big hat.

The lovely eyes were dewy with tears, and the long lashes glistened.

"Poor child, what is the matter?"

Penelope's pitiful attempt at calmnes was scatered, and she broke down and sobbed.

"Mrs.—Mrs. Seton-Hall is going away, and—and—"

"And she will not want you?" he asked.

Penelope sobbed harder than ever, so that he knew his surmise was correct.

"What are you going to do?"

"I—I don't know."

"Where are you going now?"

"To the postoffice."

"She has sent you to the village this broiling day?"

"I—I don't mind that; only afterwards I have no place to go to. Oh!"

"Yes you have, Penelope; I want you to come and live with me."

Penelope dropped her arms at her side and stared at him.

"As companion to Arnice?" she asked.

"Companion to nobody—as my wife."

"You—you said it was Anice. You cannot care for me."

"I will show you whether I can or not. You are the most attractive, the most graceful, the most accomplished, and the most fascinating girl I have ever seen in my life."

"Nobody has ever said such things to me before," said Penelope.

"But many people will say them in the future. You will create a sensation in my world."

When they told Mrs. Seton-Hall she said, coldly:

"I am very glad, I am sure; but I might have saved myself the trouble of having all those silly girls around, and now I suppose you will put on airs and not be willing to wait on us any more."

Bob lifted his eyebrows.

"My wife will certainly never wait on anybody—not even herself," he said decidedly.—Spare Moments.

PASSING OF THE DINOSAUR.

Giant Reptiles Exterminated When Other Animals Ate Their Eggs.

Never in the whole histofy of the world as we now know it have there been such remarkable land scenes as were presented when the reign of these Titanic reptiles was at its climax. It was also the prevailing life picture of England, Germany, South America and India. We can imagine herds of these creatures from fifty to eighty feet in length, with limb and gait analogous to those of gigantic elephants, but with bodies extending through the long, flexible and tapering necks into the diminutive heads and reaching back into the equally long and still more tapering tails. The four or five varieties which existed together were each fitted for some special mode of life, some living more exclusively on land, others for longer periods in the water.

The competition of existence was not only with the great carnivorous dinosaurs, but with the other kinds of herbivorous dinosaurs (the iguanodonts), which had much smaller bodies to sustain and a much superior tooth mechanism for the taking of food.

The cutting off of this giant dinosaur dynasty was nearly, if not quite, simultaneous the world over. The explanation which is deducable from similar catastrophes to other large types of animals is that a very large frame with a limited and specialized set of teeth fitted only to certain special food is a dangerous combination of characters. Such a monster organism is no longer adaptable; any serious change of conditions which would tend to eliminate these great animals as a necessary consequence.

There is an entirely different class of explanations, however, to be considered, which are consistent both with the continued fitness of structure of the giant dinosaurs themselves and with the survival of their especial food; such, for example, as the introduction of a new enemy more deadly even than the great carnevorous dinosaurs. Among such theories the most ingenious is that of the late Professor Cope, who suggested that some of the small, inoffensive and inconspicuous forms of Jurassic mammals of the size of the shrew and the hedgehog contracted the habit of seeking out the nests of these dinosaurs gnawing through the shells of their eggs and thus destroying the young. The appearance of evolution of any egg-destroying animals, whether reptiles or mammals, which could attack this great race at such a defenceless point would be rapidly followed by its extinction.

He Has Two Signatures.

There is one New York business man who is reasonably proof against the forger, as he has two signatures and the forger must first get hold of one of his bank checks to get any action. Seeing the signature on a letter or hotel register would do the forger no good. The bank would not recognize it. "I don't particularly fear the forger," the business man admitted, "but my two signatures make me feel safer just the same. I am surprised that everybody doesn't hit on the same plan. It's very easy after you get the knack of signing your name two separate and distinct ways."—New York Globe.

Description Not Flattering.

An Irishman once described the human head as "a bulbous excrescence, of special use to many as a peg for hanging wigs—as a target for shooting at when rendered conspicuous by a shining helmet—as a snuffbox or a chatterbox—as a machine for fitting into a halter or guillotine—as a receptacle for freaks, fancies, follies, passions, prejudices, predilections—for anything, in short, but brains."

Bank Note.

First Director—That new cashier don't seem to take any interest in the business.

Second Director—Heavens; you don't want him to clean up everything, do you? We ought to be glad if he takes nothing but the principal.—Toledo Blade.

City people will feel awfully homesick in heaven if the golden streets are not torn up occasionally.

Old Favorites

The Miller of the Dee.

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the River Dee;
He wrought and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be,
"I envy no man, no, not I,
And no one envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old King Hal,
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the River Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap;
"I earn my bread," quote he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three.
I owe no one I can not pay,
I thank the River Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me!"

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell! and happy be!
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;
Thy mill my kingdom's fee!
Such men as thou are England's boast,
Oh, miller of the Dee!"

—Charles Mackay.

The Spanish Cavalier.

A Spanish cavalier stood in his retreat,
And on his guitar played a tune dear;
The music so sweet they'd ofttimes repeat,
The blessings of my country and you, dear.

Chorus—
Say, darling, say, when I'm far away,
Sometimes you may think of me, dear;
Bright, sunny days will soon fade away,
Remember what I say to be true, dear.

I'm off to the war, to the war I must go,
To fight for my country and you, dear;
But if I should fall, in vain I would call
The blessings of my country and you, dear.

Chorus—
And when the war is o'er, to you I'll return;
Back to my country and you, dear.
But should I be slain, you may seek in vain
Upon the battle-field you will find me, dear.

Press Agent to a River.

The editorial staff of one of the popular magazines of New York were gathered in the publisher's office one day in December, discussing plans for the new year.

"One thing we must have," said the publisher, emphatically. "We must have a lot of stuff about water—power, navigation—everything about water."

"Well," said the editor, cautiously, "of course a timely article on the subject—not too technical—"

"Timely article nothing" interrupted the publisher. "If I had my way we'd have a long article every number. We must have at least six in the year. It's the greatest subject going."

"Bill," said one of the staff, "who or what set you crazy on water?"

The publisher looked at him and laughed.

"I'll tell you what it was," he said. "It was a long, lank Arkansas traveler named John Fox. He came in here one day, so quietly I hardly heard him enter. Said he wanted to talk about water, and especially about rivers. I told him to run away, as I was busy. He sat down by my desk and began to talk. Well—he's one of those Southerners you read about. courteous, soft-voiced, the kind you can't shut up and send away. In a few minutes I was listening in spite of myself. He sat there three hours, telling me things I had never dreamed of before about the rivers and harbors of America. Then he picked up his hat, and said he must be going.

"'For goodness sake don't go yet,' I begged. 'I'm just getting interested, Tell me the rest.' But he wouldn't say another word. Out he went. I tell you he's a smooth one! He knows just when he has said enough. Ever since then I have been plumb crazy over waterways."—Success Magazine.

Old Missouri State Road.

One of the oldest landmarks in this part of Missouri is the old Bloomington road, also known as the old State road. This road began in the eastern part of North Missouri, running west through Bloomington. It didn't run on section lines as the roads now run, but ran as the crow flies. The highway was the main thoroughfare through North Missouri long before and after the Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad was built and has a history not well known to the younger generation. Over this old time highway the early gold seekers traveled in ox wagons with their little earthly belongings, going to California and Oregon.—Brooklyn Gazette.

Something New.

Mrs. Nurich was in the jewelry store. "Here are some new souvenir spoons we have just got in," said the clerk, placing a tray for her inspection.

"Oh, ain't those lovely!" she exclaimed. "I must have some of those! Our cook makes such lovely souvenir!" —Argonaut.

Agree with people more. It is a good way to get rid of an argument. Besides, the people you agree with always like you better.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Berlin has adopted luminous street signs.

The pay roll of American railroads amounts to a billion dollars a year.

If each individual in New York City owned an equal portion of its real estate he would be worth in land $1,520, according to the assessed valuation.

While the British send on an average two telegrams a head each year, according to government statistics, the Americans send only one and one-tenth and the Germans nine-tenths.

Money is accumulating in New York City more rapidly than at any time in the last two years. Banks are receiving much faster than they are paying, and good investments are being diligently sought in every direction.

The new catalogue of Columbia University shows the total number of officers of the administration and instructors to be 670; the total number of resident students 5,683, as against 5,159 last year. Since the last catalogue was published eight special funds have been created by special gift or bequest.

Briquettes composed of calcium carbide have been prepared by H. K. Koffer of Vienna, and are claimed to be non-hydroscopic, keeping indefinitely and do not continue to give off gas after withdrawal of water. They are made by intimately mixing finely granulated carbide with a binding material and compressing in molds.

Dr. William S. Bigelow, who is responsible for the cutting of the new United States gold coins in intaglio instead of in relief, a new departure in coinage, is neither a sculptor nor a numismatist, but the author of the recent book on "Buddhism and Immortality." He has given years of study to the literature of the Far East.

Discussion arose at a meeting of the Ballycastle (County Antrim) Board of Guardians on a letter from the local government board asking what order the guardians had made on a former letter from the board requesting that the paupers should be supplied with forks at meals. It was decided to inform the local government board that the guardians did not consider forks necessary.—London Globe.

A counting machine that is reported to be an improvement over anything of the kind yet produced, the invention of a Swedish engineer, was recently supplied to the counting house of the Bank of England for experimental purposes, and its performance was highly successful in point of rapidity. The machine is operated by electricity, and is capable of counting up and sorting money into paper bags or tubes at the phenomenal rate of 72,000 coins an hour. The coins are placed in a receptacle at the back of the machine, and are mechanically sorted, stacked and inserted into paper tubes.

Two Russian sailors, wishing to desert from their ship lying in the Tyne, England, took a boat and rowed for the open sea. They took with them food and clothing and $300 in cash. The flood tide set them ashore again and they tried to land, but the sea was running too high. For many hours they drifted helplessly about, and finally their tiny craft was pitched upon the beach of Manhaven, near South Shields. Here they took refuge in a cave, where they lived four days and nights, until their food became exhausted. Hunger drove them into the open, and eventually they were arrested.

In times past a fashion lasted, with slight modifications, for years. Much the same fashion continued through the long reign of Louis XIV., and another through that of Louis XV., while the ladies of the middle ages never thought of varying their costumes. As for the Greeks and the Romans, generation succeeded generation with little change in female dress; and yet all these ladies of the past were more artistically dressed than those of to-day. Many, no doubt, spent more than they could afford, but when they had a costly dress they kept it, and did not throw it away to replace it with another.—Truth.

Some curious thermometers were made. Otto de Guericke, burgomaster of Magdeburg, made one which was twenty feet long and gorgeous with blue paint and gilt stars. It consisted of a large globe fastened to a tube, both of copper. The tube was bent upon itself into the form of a very narrow U, in which was placed the requisite amount of alcohol. One arm of the U was shorter than the other and open at the top. On the liquid was a float, to which was attached a cord passing over a pulley. At the other end of this cord was hung a gilt angel, its finger pointing to a scale on which the degrees were painted.

Poseidon, the newest Australian gold field, is producing some remarkable nuggets. One, shaped exactly like a cricket ball, was recently found there lying on the surface, the finder at first mistaking it for a mushroom. And now, from the same place, comes news of a nugget of 103 ounces closely resembling a nautilus shell. This was found by an Irishman, and on the adjoining claim a Scotchman named MacKenzie almost simultaneously impaled a thirty-eight-ounce nugget on the point of his pick. Furthermore, a boy driving a baker's cart over the Poseidon field saw the gleam of gold in the grass. He got down and picked up a nice little nugget of four ounces.

FACTS IN TABLOID FORM.

Soldiers of Berlin built a pontoon bridge across the river Spree in forty minutes recently.

The most approved design of storm door construction represents an investment of no less than $2,400.

The famous Lachine rapids of the St. Lawrence are to be spanned by a bridge and the channel widened.

A $40,000 wireless telegraph plant is being erected at Newport, which will have a working radius of 1,250 miles.

An attempt to establish a municipal brewery in Berlin resulted in a dismal failure. It did plenty of business, but lost money.

As a proof of the lasting qualities of cypress, a coffin recently was excavated at New Orleans which had been buried since 1803, yet the wood was as sound as when new.

A new ice cream freezer, by using a glass can, claims to do away with the arduous labor of turning a crank and freezes its contents by packing in crushed ice and salt.

By placing small cylinders containing compressed carbon dioxide, with fuse plugs, melting at 200 degrees, in coal bunkers, spontaneous combustion, it is said, will be prevented.

In a once famous tea district of India, the cultivation of rubber has driven the production of the former to second place, nearly 17,000 acres being devoted to rubber plantations.

One of the greatest leather belts in the world recently was completed at a Philadelphia factory. Three-ply, it was 150 feet long by five wide, and required 300 hides in its manufacture.

The foundation for the recently completed harbor of refuge lighthouse, Delaware bay, is a solid block of concrete, 18 feet deep, 40 feet in diameter at the base and 36 feet at the top.

The unofficial and authorized jury of outsiders has decided that the award for personal pulchritude among the eleven governors and next governors is to be divided evenly between Draper, of Massachusetts and Prouty, of Vermont.—Boston Record.

W. B. Haggins, better known as Peanut Bill, has bought a lot in the Ponca city cemetery and had erected thereon a handsome marble monument to himself. The only inscription on the monument is this simple statement: "Bill Haggins is gone."—Ponca City (Okla.) Courier.

After an active service of more than twenty years, Bishop Cyrus D. Foss has resigned the presidency of the Methodist Episcopal Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, assigning as the reason his ill health of the last year. Bishop Luther B. Wilson has been chosen to succeed him.

One hundred and fifty different languages are spoken in India, most of them unwritten, and this fact frequently leads to trouble in the courts of that Oriental country. Strangely enough, Indians frequently drift into that capital who can find no one able to understand some of the litigants and witcourt nor the court interpreters understand some of the litigants and witnesses involved in some of the lawsuits.

One of the best of Arab characteristics is that of filial piety. Sons and daughters of deceased parents take upon themselves all sorts of irksome tasks accounted as explatory of the minor faults committed by the departed ones during their lifetime, and discharging faithfully every payment or obligation left unfulfilled by dead parents, for has not the prophet said that martyrdom even will not atone for an unpaid debt.

There are several species of fish, reptiles and insects that never sleep, during the whole of their existence. Among fish it is positively known that pike, salmon and goldfish at no time sleep; also that there are other members of the fish family that sleep only a few minutes during the course of a month. There are various species of flies that never indulge in slumber, and five species of serpents also that do not sleep.

Parliament House, Melbourne, which has been rushed by "the unemployed" of the commonwealth capital, is the costliest legislative palace in Greater Britain. A million has been expended on it, and it is not yet completed. It belongs to the Parliament of Victoria, but since federation it has been the meeting place of the Parliament of the commonwealth, its owners moving to a wing of the exhibition building close by.—London Chronicle.

At the recent meeting of the national suffrage convention in Buffalo a letter was received from the Socialist Woman's Society of New York urging the convention to give its support to socialism. The letter pointed out that both the Democratic and the Republican parties had refused to put a suffrage plank into their platforms, while the Socialist party had not only adopted such a plank, but had appointed a committee to work for it.

"At the sound of the shot," says a writer in the Strand Magazine, describing alligator hunting in Egypt, "the whole of this bank of the river, over the extent of at least a quarter of a mile, sprang into hideous life, and my companions and I saw hundreds of crocodiles, of all sorts and sizes, rushing madly into the Nile, whose waters along the line of the shore were lashed into white foam, exactly as if a heavy wave had broken. It could be no exaggeration to say that at least a thousand of these saurians had been disturbed at a single shot."