THE FAMILY STORY

A FOOTBALL HERO.

IT WAS a great cross to Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett that Roger was apparently quite devoid of any worthy ambition. Their two older boys were so utterly different. Fred had been graduated from Yale with highest honors, and Horace was making remarkable progress at the Scientific School; in fact, they were both exceptionally fine students, which made the contrast all the more striking.

For Roger was sadly unlike his brothers. He seemed to labor under the impression that he had been sent to college simply and solely for the purpose of learning to play foot ball. Apparently nothing else had power to kindle the slightest enthusiasm in his sluggish breast, and his father and mother argued and expostulated with him in vain.

"You are frittering away your valuable time," they argued again and again, "and are letting slip golden opportunities which, once gone, will never come back to you; and what have you to show for it all but a broken nose and a fractured collar-bone?"

"Is there any prospective benefit to be derived from these hours spent in scrambling after a foot ball?" his father questioned, severely; to which Roger merely responded in his usual off-hand style: "Why knows but I may be elected captain of the 'varsity team next year?"

"Is that the height of your ambition?" his parent returned bitterly. "I am terribly disappointed in you, sir. Are you to go on playing foot-ball forever and ever, or what do you propose to make of your life? Perhaps you think that your reputation as a foot ball player will prove an 'open sesame' to all desirable positions? Do you suppose that anyone wants a fellow who has willfully wasted his best opportunities? I had hoped to make a professional man of you, not a professional athlete, and had even aspired to seeing you some day in our leading law office with my old friend, Wilkinson Smalley, but it's no use. Smalley wants only young men of the highest promise," and Mr. Bartlett sighed wearily.

"It does no good to talk to Roger," he confided to his wife afterward, "for hardly ten minutes had elapsed after I had been remonstrating with him about the evils of foot ball before he inquired if I wouldn't bring you down to see the game on Saturday, and informed me that he had saved two tickets for us."

Mrs. Bartlett regarded her husband helplessly. "What did you say to him then?" she queried.

"I told him 'certainly not,'" Mr. Bartlett exclaimed warmly, "and I expressed my surprise at his daring to suggest such a thing. Show me some lasting benefit, or any abiding good, that is to be derived from this ridiculous game, I told him, and then come to me to abet you in such folly, but not till then."

And so Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett failed to witness that memorable game in which their youngest son gained for himself such enviable laurels. Once in the field, Roger was like one transformed. Keen, alert, cool, rising splendidly to every emergency, no one would have known him for the same slow, indifferent, easy-going specimen of humanity who grieved the ambitious souls of his parents by his small aptitude for Greek.

Not that Roger was by any means a dunce, for his class standing was fairly good, but what pained his father and mother was the recognition of what he might have accomplished had it not been for the arch-enemy, foot ball.

The great game over, the victorious team hastened back to their gymnasium with all possible speed; they had some little distance to go, as the gymnasium was not very near the ball grounds, so that in order to reach it they were obliged to traverse the center of the town and cross the railroad tracks.

Roger, who had been detained a moment or so longer than the others, reached the station a short time after they had crossed, and found the platforms crowded with people who were returning from the game, mingled with those who were alighting from incoming trains. As he stepped upon the platform he became conscious that something unusual was going on, and he immediately perceived that the eyes of the multitude were riveted upon a figure half-way across the tracks, a figure pausing there in bewilderment.

"There's a train coming each way," somebody gasped; "why doesn't he get off the track?"

The station agent and one or two other officials were shouting loudly, but the man, who was old and very deaf, appeared thoroughly dazed. As he was preparing to step upon the track nearest him he caught sight of one train coming down upon him, and he now staggered back and was about to plunge in front of the other down-coming express, when suddenly something very unexpected happened.

As the crowd of bystanders shrank back with horror-stricken faces, convinced that they were about to witness the horrible fate which must instantly overtake the old man, a figure in a much-begrimed canvas jacket sprang out from among them, and clearing the tracks at a bound alighted beside the swaying form of the other.

A shudder, and a wave of pitiful regret swept over the motionless crowd. "He can never drag him back in time," they breathed; "they will both be killed—oh, the pity of it!"

But our football man had no thought of dragging the unsteady figure in front of either approaching engine. In an instant he had tackled the man and thrown him flat upon the ground between the tracks, for all the world quite as if he had been an opponent on the football field; then he dropped lightly on top of him and lay there motionless, while the two trains thundered past on each side of them, and the crowd stood waiting spell-bound.

In much less time than it takes to describe the episode it was over, and what might have been a tragedy had proved to be only a bit of melodrama after all; yet as Roger jumped up and pulled the old man on to his feet, applause and cheers louder than any that had greeted him on the football field rang in his ears.

Abashed and quite overwhelmed by such an ovation Roger made haste to elbow his way through the crowd, and in so doing nearly overthrew his own brother Fred, who happened to be standing directly in his path.

"For heaven's sake was that you, Roger?" he cried, confronting him in astonishment.

"Do let me get out of this," his brother responded impatiently, "they needn't make such a fuss because I knocked the old duffer over," and he bolted in the direction of the gymnasium.

Saturday night generally brought the scattered members of the Bartlett family together, as the collegians always made a point of coming home to spend Sunday under the parental roof tree.

On this particular Sunday evening all were assembled before Roger came in. Fred was all agog to describe the scene that he had witnessed, but he unselfishly held his tongue. "I'll not spoil his story for him, but will give him a chance to do justice to it," he mentally ejaculated, as he watched his brother swallowing his soup with unruffled composure.

But Roger said nothing about the vital subject, and Fred looking at him with increasing surprise as he judicially set forth the respective merits of the opposing football teams, and called attention to their most vulnerable points.

"I'll turn in early to-night, I think," he yawned, as he withdrew from the dining room. "I put pretty solid work into the last half of that game," and he leisurely wended his way upstairs.

"I wish that Roger would put a little solid work into something else," his father volunteered, as he disappeared from the room.

At this Fred, who had in times past repeatedly scoffed at his brother's athletic proclivities, instantly fired up.

"Father," he burst forth, "you're making a big mistake about Roger. He's got more genuine stuff in him than all the rest of us put together, and if it's football that's done it, the sooner we all go in for the game the better;" and then he proceeded to give a graphic account of the afternoon's experience, which caused his father to blow his nose loudly and repeatedly, while his eyes glistened with happy pride, and sent his mother weeping in search of the sleepy athlete, who couldn't understand what he had done that was worth making such a fuss about.

A few days later Mr. Bartlett received a note from his old friend Wilkinson Smalley, which ran somewhat as follows:

"Dear Bartlett—I hear that your Roger is going in for the law, and if so, I want him. When he gets through with the law school you can hand him over to me, for he's just the material that I'm on the lookout for, and you may well be proud of him.

"He scared me out of a year's growth the other afternoon, at the station, the young rascal, but in spite of that, I wish you would tell him to come round and take dinner with me some night, for I want to talk to him.

"With kind regards to Mrs. Bartlett, believe me, ever your friend,

"WILKINSON SMALLEY."

When Roger came home the following Saturday, his father handed him the note, remarking: "I'm afraid I haven't appreciated your football, old man, but I'm going to do better in future; and, by the way, Roger, I hear that you're to play in the game at Springfield next week; is that so?"

Roger nodded.

"Very well, then," Mr. Bartlett continued, "your mother and I would like to have you get us the best seats that can be bought, for we've set our hearts upon going up to see you make the first touchdown."—Toledo Blade.

Fireproof Paper.

L. Frobeen, of Berlin, Germany, shows the production of a valuable article for industrial and other purposes. Ninety-five parts of asbestos fibre of the best quality are washed in a solution of permanganate of calcium, and then treated with sulphuric acid, which bleaches the fibre. After treating the fibre thus, five parts of ground wood pulp are added and the entire mass put in the agitating box, with the addition of lime water and borax. After being thoroughly mixed the material is pumped into a regulating box and allowed to flow out of a gate on to an endless wire cloth, where it enters the usual paper-making machinery. It is reported that paper treated thus will resist even the direct influence of a flame, and may be placed in a white heat with impunity. Ordinary paper may be made fireproof by treating with a fluid composed of 33 parts manganate of chloride, 20 of orthophosphoric acid, 12 parts carbonate of magnesium, 10 of boric acid, and 25 of chloride of ammonia to a quart of water. Paper saturated thoroughly with this solution will resist great heat.

A New Industry.

Restaurants in New York have grown so numerous in the last few years that what may be called a wholesale restaurant has been evolved. In these establishments meat is bought by the carcass and vegetables by the barrel. In this wise the proprietor can sell a great piece of roast beef or a shoulder of mutton, thoroughly cooked, to a small restaurant keeper for less than the latter would pay for the material if purchased at retail. There are three institutions of similar character here. Close on to these people are the three or four men who make a living in buying up the remnants from big dinners, wedding receptions and similar social affairs, assorting them so as to be presentable and then selling them to cheap restaurants, boarding houses and saloons. This new industry was started only four years ago, but has prospered so well that it has probably come to stay.

A Projected Railway.

The survey of the volcano Popocatepetl, Mexico, for the purpose of determining the best location for an aerial cable railway to the summit, has just been completed. This new railway will be a great attraction to the tourists, who will now be able to make the ascent to the summit, 18,000 feet above the sea, and also descend to the crater, where the process of extracting sulphur is being carried out.

"Why does a woman always call her purse a pocket-book?" "I don't know, unless it is because she carries in it a memorandum telling her where to find her pocket."—Chicago Record.

No wonder bees are profitable; they steal all they eat from the neighbors.

A SPANISH FETE.

One No Longer Hears the Guitar and the Castanets.

Another time we went down to a fete in the Plaza Nueva, the square in front of the governor general's palace at the foot of the hill. It was held after dark, which was an inducement for us to go. The waiters, from whom we got all the gossip we ever heard, said that it had something to do with Columbus; it might be the little affair of the egg, the discovery of America, or his own death, or anything else, for all they knew or cared. The celebration itself did not help to explain matters. Lanterns hung from every tree in the plaza. There was a crowd of water-carriers, and donkeys, and women, and priests, and children, and soldiers, and men selling big round cakes that looked like undersized New England pies with nothing inside. Rockets were let off at rare intervals, and a band, all drums and cymbals, played with just such a brazen, barbarous beating and clashing as the Moors must have made as they marched past to one of their periodical musters in the Vivarrambla. That was all, so that the connection with Columbus was not very obvious.

But the prettiest part of the pageant was on our way back, when at the top of the Calle de los Gomeres, we saw a group of girls in the gateway, a white barricade against the darkness of the wood. They broke away, dancing as we came, and we followed them up the steepest of the three parting roads in pursuit of a distant sound of music. The scene held out promise of the traditional Spanish night attuned to the click of castanets and the thrumming of guitars. But within the Alhambra's inclosure we found nothing more romantic than a man with an accordion, and a few couples waltzing under the trees. For the national dance and song the stranger must go to the show held by guides and gypsies somewhere on the Albaycin; it is supposed to be improper, though it is at the most only stupid, and for this you must pay in pesetas.

But never once in Granada's open streets and courts, or in those of any other Andalusian town, did we hear the castanets and guitars that play so seductively through the Andalusia of romance and Murray. That they should still be expected really shows how hard tradition dies. "Am I, then, come into Spain to hear humstrums and hurdy-gurdies?" Beckford asked indignantly a hundred years ago. But every new traveler goes to the country, sure that for him, at least, there will be the sweet strumming and mad fandango all the long Southern night under the stars.—Century.

A Father's Sacrifice.

In former days it was the ambition of a Scotch peasant, poor as he might be, to see one of his sons in the pulpit. Sir Walter Scott relates a pathetic instance of the intensity of this ambition.

Scott, while attending lectures at the University of Edinburgh, made acquaintance with a youth who so interested him that he frequently invited the lad to a stroll in the country. One day they met a venerable "blue gown," a beggar, clean and ruddy, whose traditional outside garment, whence the name of the mendicant class, was worn as though it was the toga of a Roman senator.

Scott gave the beggar alms, but his companion exhibited restless confusion.

"Do you know anything to the dishonor of the old beggar?" asked Scott, seeeing the nervousness of his fellow-student.

"God forbid!" said the youth. "He is my own father! He stands bleaching in the wind that he may get means to pay for my education."

Scott kept the lad's secret and held on to his companionship. For several days the youth's seat was vacant, and on Scott again meeting the "blue gown," the old man said:

"God bless you! You've been kind to Willie. He has often spoken of you. Come to my roof and see him, for he has been sick."

Scott went to the beggar's cottage, and found Willie sitting on the bench before the door, enjoying the sunshine. The voluntary beggar welcomed him, and they sat down to a dinner of mutton and potatoes. During the conversation the old man exclaimed, with much emotion:

"Please God, I may live to see my bairn wag his head in a pulpit yet!"

Scott told his mother about Willie and the old "blue gown," and through her influence the mendicant's son was appointed to a tutorship in the north of Scotland.

Reason Enough.

The quality of a man's work depends greatly upon the mood in which he does it, and his mood, in turn, is influenced more or less sensibly by his surroundings. An anecdote borrowed from the New York Sun shows how true this is, even in so prosaic a place as a thread factory.

A party of women once had the privilege of inspecting a factory devoted to the manufacture of spool thread. Their cicerone was the proprietor of the factory, one of the largest and most complete in the world.

What most impressed the visitors, however, was not the size and evident prosperity of the plant, but the beauty of the place. Not only was every hygienic and commercial comfort attended to, but so far as possible every aesthetic consideration was observed as well. Around each wall of the spacious well-windowed apartments where the work was done ran a broad, exquisitely painted frieze. The figures upon the frieze were a dainty dancing company, beautiful in colors as well as in form, and fit to grace the walls of a dwelling rather than a mill.

Finally one of the women, a practical, plain-spoken dame, asked the owner why he made beauty such an object.

"I don't see the use of a frieze like that in a factory," she said, bluntly. "Why do you have it?"

The mill-owner smiled. "Well, come to think of it, it is a very practical reason," he said. "I find that it makes better thread."

Loneliness of Arctic Ice Fields.

On these island hunting trips an ominous silence reigned. We were then having alternate day and night, and the spirit of the approaching months of darkness seemed to hold the day in thrall. The weird desolation and loneliness of the great peaks; the interminable ice-caps, lustrous and cold under the gray waste of cloud; the wide, mossy stretches, thick-set with irregular boulders of many hues, and thickly starred with white, pink, purple and yellow flowers; the absence of life; the windless hush—all these wove a web of awe about one's mental perceptions, and made the world in which we walked seem a part of strange dreams.—Century.

In hot weather it is as much work as any man should do to carry an umbrella and take off his hat to women.

LAST IMPERIAL VICTORY.

Napoleon's Battle Against the Allies at Dresden.

On the 25th, as he passed Bautzen, he learned that Oudinot had been defeated at Luckau; but he gave no heed to the report, and next day he reached Dresden at nine in the morning. An hour later the guard came up, having performed the almost incredible feat of marching seventy-six miles in three days. Vandamme, with 40,000 men, had reached Pirna, a few miles above the city, and St. Cyr was drawing in behind the temporary fortifications of Dresden. The head of Napoleon's defensive line was to be kept at any cost. The enemy, too, was at hand, but they had no plan. In a council of war held by them the same morning there was a protracted debate, and finally Moreau's advice to advance in seven columns was taken. He refused to "fight against his country," but explained that the French could never be conquered in mass, and that if one assailing column were crushed the rest could still push on.

This long deliberation cost the allies their opportunity, for at four in the afternoon, when they attacked, the mass of the French army had crossed the Elbe and completed the garrison of the city. For two hours the fighting was fierce and stubborn; from three different sides, Russians, Austrians and Prussians, each made substantial gains; at six Napoleon determined to throw in his guard. With fine promptness Mortier, with two divisions of the young guard, sallied forth against the Russians, and, fighting until midnight, drove them beyond the hamlet of Striefen. St. Cyr dislodged the Prussians and pushed them to Strebla, while Ney, with two divisions of the young guard, threw a portion of the Austrians into Plauen, and Murat, with two divisions of infantry and Latour-Maubourg's cavalry, cleared the suburb Friedrichstadt of the rest. Napoleon, alert and ubiquitous, then made his usual round, and knew when he retired to rest that with 70,000 men or boys he had repulsed 150,000 of his foe. His inspiriting personal work might be calculated as worth 80,000 of his opponents' best men. That night both Marmont and Victor, with their corps, entered the city; and Vandamme in the early dawn began to bombard Pirna, thus drawing away forces from the allies to hold that outpost.

The morning of the 27th opened in a tempest of wind and rain, a fact which is considered as having been most advantageous to the French, since it enabled them to hide their movements, and interfered with their enemy's guns and ammunition. In any case, the second day's fighting was more disastrous to the allies than the first. At six both sides were arrayed. On the French right Victor and Latour-Maubourg; then Marmont; then the old guard, and Ney, with two divisions of the young guard; next St. Cyr, with Mortier on the left. Opposite stood Russians, Prussians and Austrians, in the same relative positions, on higher ground, encircling the French all the way westward and around by the south to Plauen; between their center and left was reserved a gap for the Austrians under Kleinau, who were coming up from Tharandt in the blinding storm, and were overdue. At seven began the artillery fire of the young guard, but before long it ceased for an instant, since the gunners found the enemy's line too high for the elevation of their guns. "Continue," came swiftly the Emperor's order; "we must occupy the attention of the enemy on that spot."

The ruse succeeded; at ten Murat dashed through the apparently unnoticed gap, and, turning westward toward the Elbe, killed or captured all who composed the enemy's extreme left. The garrison of Pirna stood firm until afternoon, and then retreated toward Peterswald. Elsewhere there was continuous fighting, but the French merely held their own. Napoleon lounged all day in a curious apathy before his camp-fire, his condition being apparently due to the incipient stages of a digestive disorder. Early in the afternoon Schwarzenberg heard of Murat's great charge, but he still held firm. When, however, the flight from Pirna was announced, he prepared to retreat, and at five his columns were slowly withdrawing from the conflict. By six Napoleon was aware that the conflict was over, and, mounting his horse, he trotted listlessly to the palace, his old gray overcoat and hood streaming with rain.—Century.

Bursting Fly-Wheels.

The bursting of a fly wheel is almost unheard of in England, notwithstanding the high speed engines we now have running, yet in the United States fly wheel casualties have become a matter of weekly report. In England we have many thousands of high speed cast iron fly wheels and very large wheels up to sixty tons weight running with very high periphery speed, and they all run safely, and yet in the States they say: "The sudden advent of the electrical apparatus and its high speed found people making fly wheels of cast iron, with a narrow factor of safety, or, indeed, no factor of safety at all, if we consider the impossibility of detecting inherent strains and imperfections in this material. No one can know the value of material molded into form at a temperature of 2,000 degrees and then cooled down to a 40th of this temperature, nor can they judge internal structure by surface indications. The fact is that cast iron is not suitable material for fly wheels that are to be driven at high speed, nor is it necessary to make them of this material. There is not even the claim of cheapness in their favor, if the methods of making such wheels of wrought iron and steel were once worked out."

Twenty years ago a Scotch firm, who had to make a large fly wheel for a spinning mill, riveted up a box rim, made from rolled plates, and filled it with cemented masonry or "grout," and did a very sensible thing.—London Engineer.

Why Southern Towns Do Not Flourish

"Southern towns do not flourish, in a great many instances, merely on account of a selfish and old-fashioned government," says the West Point Forum, and it contends that city officers should comprise the most vigorously progressive business men of a town—men who realize that anything that is a public benefit is readily appreciated by an investor, consequently enhancing the value of all properties in the entire community. Many Southern towns are ten years behind what they should be, merely because officials try to be economizing, and are not of sufficient brain capacity to realize that a few hundred or thousand dollars spent would be a most economical measure.

Fire Burns Thirty-Eight Years.

There is a burning coal mine at Summit Hill, near the Town of Mauch Chunk. The fire, which was started by a tiny accident, has raged in this mine since 1858, and all the trials at extinguishing it have failed.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Escape from a Meteor.

A meteor, weighing nearly four and a half pounds, fell in an orchard near Namur, in Belgium, on April 13, narrowly missing a young workman. The meteor penetrated twenty inches into the ground.

Electro-Magnetic Velocity.

Recent experiments by Monsieur Blondot on the rate of propagation of an electro-magnetic disturbance along a wire showed, according to one series of tests, a velocity of 184,183 miles per second, and according to another series, in which the distance traversed was nearly twice as great, 185,177 miles per second. The velocity of light is about 186,300 miles per second.

The Swinging Earth.

It is known that the poles of the earth, instead of remaining fixed in position, revolve in small circles, or curves which are nearly circles, in a period of 427 days, and that another motion of revolution, considerable shorter, also affects the position of the poles. The cause of this "wobbling" is not known, but Prof. Simon Newcomb has recently suggested that it may be due to currents in the oceans and in the atmosphere affecting the equilibrium of the globe.

The Traveler's Tree.

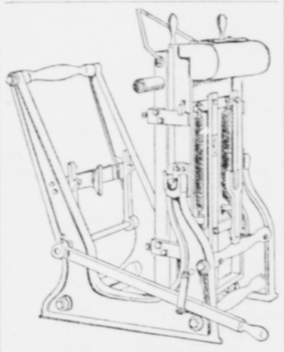
Monsieur Bureau, a French traveler, disposes of the old stories about the "traveler's tree," in Madagascar, which has been represented as a great boon to thirsty wanderers on account of the water stored in its cup-shaped leaf-stalks. He says the tree grows only where there is a plentiful supply of water, and where rain falls frequently all the year round, and that since the leaves are situated at the top of the trees, which are very tall, the thirsty traveler would have difficulty in reaching them, even if it were necessary to do so in order to find water.

The Color of Water.

The fact is generally known that pure water appears blue when light is transmitted through a sufficient thickness of it, and that when opaque particles are suspended in it the hue of the water is greenish. But while pure water looks blue when light passes freely through it, yet when it is contained in a deep, opaque receptacle, like the basin of a lake or the ocean, it ought to absorb all light and look black. Experience shows, however, that the deepest parts of the Mediterranean, for instance, appear not black but intensely blue. This has been supposed to be caused by minute particles held in suspension, but the recent experiments of Prof. Spring at Liege suggest a different explanation. He has found that warmer currents passing through pure water interrupt its transparency, even when the difference of temperature is very slight. Such currents may cause deep water to appear blue by reflecting light back from its depths through the transparent layers above. This, it is suggested, explains the fact that fresh water lakes are more transparent in winter than in summer, because in winter currents of heated water are not traversing them. Even the shadow of a mountain falling on a lake may increase the transparency of the water by cooling the surface.

Stereotype Casting Apparatus.

Chas. M. Conley, for years an expert stereotyper and at present foreman of the stereotype foundry of the Chicago Newspaper Union, has perfected and patented an invention to automatically operate means for locking together the cover and matrix-bed of a stereotype-casting box preparatory to the casting operation, and in like manner automatically to unlock the parts when the cast plate is about to be removed. Provision is made at different portions of the box against springing and warping of the parts in use, thus not only avoiding the danger of leakage of the molten metal, but also insuring a perfect cast-plate product. The invention is one of great value, as it not only saves time, but protects workmen from injury and makes possible a better grade of work. The accompanying cut will clearly illustrate the improvement to the skilled mechanic.



THE CASTING BOX.

A Steam Bird.

Prof. S. P. Langley, the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, has constructed a flying-machine, driven by a steam engine carried by the machine, which made two sucessful flights at Occoquan, Va., on May 6. The machine is not large enough to carry a man, and is only intended as a model for experiment. It is called aerodrome, meaning "air-runner." Its framework is of steel, and the length of its wings, or aeroplanes, from tip to tip is fourteen feet. No gas is used to lift the machine, the ascensional force being derived from propellers driven by the portable steam engine; and this force is made effective through the shape and pitch of the wings. In the air the aerodrome resembles an enormous bird sailing in broad, regular curves and gradually rising. When the steam gives out the machine, instead of tumbling headlong to the earth, settles down gently and right side up. The engine used at present is capable of driving the aerodrome about half a mile. On account of Prof. Langley's high standing in the world of science great interest has been aroused in his experiments.

Nature Worked Backward.

An interesting story of a reversal of the ordinary course of nature, which cost a market gardener dear, is told by Miss Ormerod, the English naturalist. Watercress is eagerly devoured by caddis worms, but caddis worms are a favorite food of trout. The trout in turn have a voracious enemy in herons, which ordinarily catch the fish after they have grown fat on caddis worms. Recently it happened that a large grower of watercress had three-quarters of his crop ruined by the ravages of caddis worms. On investigation it was found that the trout, which ordinarily protected the plants from the worms, had been devoured, ahead of time, so to speak, by a flock of hungry herons, which in thus reversing the course of events, had brought disaster to the owner of the watercress.

IN A "BULLA-CARTA."

The Peculiar Vehicle in Use in the Island of Maderia.

The master-at-arms went out into the Plaza, and hired a bulla-carta. A bulla-carta is in reality a covered sled provided with curtains, and drawn by two oxen. For the proper management of these vehicles, according to Portuguese ideas, two men are necessary. One goes ahead, in order to check any ambitious intentions on the part of the oxen, and apparently does the guiding. The duties of the other are harder to define; he receives the fare incidentally, and urges on the oxen in those plaintive, wailing tones which he who has been to Maderia can never forget, and which incline him to believe that the Portuguese language is one of lamentation. As Mr. Keegan tersely remarked, everything is "on skates" in Madeira. The streets of Funchal are paved with small lava blocks, set on end, and polished to a degree that makes walking dangerous to people who wear the shoes of civilization. Hence the owners of the bulla-cartas do a thriving business with foreigners, especially up the slope, where a false step is fraught with no inconsiderable consequences.

It was up the hillside, or rather up the first slopes of the mountain, that the villa to which the master-at-arms was going was situated. Few visit Madeira who do not take that delightful ride up the mountain on horseback, and experience the delirium of the coast down, over the polished stones, in a wicker sled. Ascending, the traveler looks from his saddle over the high yellow walls on each hand into inviting gardens of tropical luxuriance, their shade-trees often completely arching the way over his head. But the master-at-arms cared nothing about looking into the gardens, and had a sailor's prejudice against horses; he discreetly preferred the bulla-carta. Even the picturesque procession of wine-growers which he met coming down the mountain, with skins slung over their shoulders, made no more of an impression on him than if they had been a draft of new hands. He sat back behind the curtains of his bulla-carta, and smoked brown-paper cigarettes, and meditated in the gravity of his mission; and he wondered whether the senhora would look with favor on the plan. Only once, when he had to turn out for a fat ecclesisatic from the convent above, was he aroused from these reflections. The priest was descending at a pace which would have defied a trolley-car, but he sat in his sled with as much equinimity as if he were pronouncing a benediction, his guide deftly balanced on the runners behind.—Century.

Freaks of Photography.

I have read, with the comments thereon, the account of the spirit photographing of a child's foot upon a window glass. I have something equally strange to offer. My father-in-law, Emanuel Ryder, lives a trifle over two miles north and east of here. He and his family are stanch spiritualists. In the fall of 1879 they had a valuable horse called Nellie, which was quite a favorite. It took sick with colic, I think, and just before it died sat upon its haunches with the forelegs hanging down, then dropped over dead. Although the day was clear the sun did not shine on that (the west) side of the house, a few rods from which, in front of a window, the horse died.

About five months afterward the lower right-hand pane of glass in the lower sash of that window began to look smoky, and when the sun shone direct on the glass the correct picture of the horse was depicted in the sitting posture mentioned. This remained so for ten years. In the fall of 1889 the glass became clear and the picture faded away, and in place were five diagonal lines, which remained about six months and disappeared. The glass began to look cloudy or smoky again, and the profile of the horse appeared as before, and is there to this day. It does not look like a flaw in the glass, but as if pictured in the glass. When the sun does shine in a direct line on the glass the image cannot be seen, but in the night, if a light is held against the window, it can be seen by a person on the outside, and vice versa. This picture has been seen by hundreds and is apparently a mystery to everybody. The fact of this phenomenon remains just the same, but the query is open for answer: How, why and by what was the picture of that dying horse photographed on that window pane?—Nye, Ore., letter to the Progressive Thinker.

Childish Diplomacy.

We all know the child's apiness in "easing" the pressure of commands and prohibitions. If, for example, he is told to keep perfectly quiet because mother or father wants to sleep, he will prettily plead for the reservation of whispering ever so softly. If he is bidden not to ask for things at the table, he will resort to sly, indirect reminders of what he wants, as when a boy of five years and a half whispered audibly, "I hope somebody will offer me some more soup," or when a girl of three years and a half with still greater childish tact observed on seeing the elder folk eating cake, "I not asking." This last may be compared with a story told by Rousseau of a little girl of six years who, having eaten of all the dishes but one, artfully indicated the fact by pointing in turn to all the dishes, saying, "I have eaten that," but carefully passing by the untasted one.

When more difficult duties come to be enforced and the neophyte in the higher morality is bidden to be considerate for others, and even to sacrifice his own comfort for theirs, he is apt to manifest a good deal of skill in adjusting the counsel of perfection to young weakness. Here is an amusing example: A little boy, Edgar by name, aged five years and three quarters, was going out to take tea with some little girls. The mother, as is usual on such ocasions, primed him with special directions as to behavior, saying, "Remember to give way to them, like father does to me." To which Edgar, after thinking a brief instant, replied: "Oh, but not all at once. You have to persuade him."—Prof. Jas. Sully.

Watts—Been reading anything about these Cuban atrocities? Potts—No. I've got a box of them at home yet that my wife bought three months ago from an alleged smuggler.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

We would hate to be a summer girl and visit in Topeka, and be compelled to kiss all the women over there.

WIPED CLEAN OFF THE EARTH.

Before the War Sumner, Kan., Was Quite a Place, but Now Exists Not.

When Kansas first began its Territorial existence numerous "cities" sprang up along the Western bluff of the Missouri River. Among the more pretentious of these were Duindaro, Kicapoo, Doniphan, Palermo, Elwood and Sumner. All of these, and all are of historic interest, have vanished and are but traditions to the present generation.

Sumner was located three miles south of Atchison and the first citizens were pioneers of the New England Emigrant Aid Society. They named the city Sumner in honor of Masachusetts' Senator. In Atchison the negro was a slave; in Sumner he was a fetich. There was intense hatred and rivalry between the two towns until Sumner was absolutely citizenless.

In its most populous and prosperous days, from '56 to '58, Sumner was a city of about 2,500 people. It was a great outfitting point for those who transported the merchandise and machinery of the East across the great American desert to the gold seekers of the Rocky Mountains. Sumner was the home of John J. Ingalls, who afterward served Kansas for eighteen years in the United States Senate. Mr. Ingalls was then 24 years old. He suggested the motto on the city seal, "Pro lege et grege." The Senator still retains this seal among his relics. He also owns a building in Atchison built of materials from the Sumner Hotel.

Sumner was the home of a number of other people who became conspicuous in after life. Among these were Albert D. Richardson, the brilliant author and journalist; Walter A. Wood, the manufacturer of agricultural implements; John E. Remsburg, author and lecturer and vice president of the Free Thought Federation of America; Paul Hull, a New York journalist; Lovejoy, the "Yankee preacher;" the Newcombs, the zealous Methodists; and Minnie Hauk, the famous prima donna.

In the fierce fight between Atchison and Sumner the former won the county seat and then began to grow and prosper. Sumner entered upon its decadence. Its citizens one by one went away; its houses were torn down and the material removed to other places. But one citizen remained. He was Jonathan Lang, alias "Shang," whom Senator Ingalls made immortal in his "Catfish Aristocracy." "Shang" clung to Sumner. He claimed the title of Mayor of Sumner. But one day "Shang" died, and then Sumner was Mayorless and citizenless. Not long after his death lightning struck his tenantless cabin and it was destroyed. Literally not one stone upon another has been left in Sumner, and its very site lies hidden beneath the shadows of mighty oaks and sighing cottonwoods.

Heat as It Is in Australia.

A letter from a man living on the borders of New South Wales, about 300 miles from Broken Hill, gives some particulars of the terrible effects of the heat wave that recently passed over the colony. The record for the week ended Jan. 20 is given as 115, 116, 117, 119, 115 and 120 degrees. "We are all done up," he wrote, subsequently. "Thermometer at 122 degrees in the shadiest spot we can hang it! We have had many sad deaths, among others our poor gardener. I heard he was ill, and ran down to his hut, to find him lying insensible. The manager and I did all we could for an hour, but I saw it was hopeless from the first. He died at nightfall. We dared not wait to make a coffin; indeed, the exertion of digging his grave was as much as we could do, so we laid him in the earth in his 'bluey,' with a sheet of galvanized iron off the roof under him and another over him. We could not even read a prayer, as it was dark and too far to go for book and light and return. The sheep are dying by thousands; horses are knocked up for want of water; the mail coach cannot run, and we have to depend on a camel or two that are being sent. So C—— and I have determined to start to walk to Broken Hill, as if we wait longer we may not have the strength. Many squatters here are quite ruined, the millions of rabbits own the country, and this drought has finished their ruin. Even the blacks have prickly heat, a fact hitherto unknown."—Birmingham Post.

Anecdotes of Bulow.

Social rank did not count in his estimate of values. He broke up an audience of titled personages assembled to enjoy one of his rehearsals, by causing the bassoon players to perform their parts alone until the listeners all left in disgust. "Now," said he, cheerfully, when the last of his noble hearers had departed, "we'll go to work." He kicked the name-board of a certain piano off the stage because it degraded the artist into an advertisement. In the presence of an enthusiastic audience he once noticed two laurel wreaths on the piano. He picked them up, looked at them, and then kicked them under the instrument. He did this because he resented the idea that musicians should be treated differently from other men. He wished music to be a manly calling. He would not have it degraded into a matter of patronage. "Go, take that laurel wreath to Herr Franz Lachner (his predecessor in Munich), who is on the pension list," he exclaimed to an usher. "I am not superannuated.—Century.

Power at the Earth's Center.

The philosophers who have figured on the condition of things at the earth's center give opinions which vary widely. Some think that the earth's interior is composed of white-hot molten matter; others are of the opinion that the pressure is so great that all substances have been condensed beyond our powers of conception. Dr. Young goes so far as to say that a block of steel ten feet square would be pressed into a block only two feet square if taken 4,000 miles below the earth's surface.

Colors from Coal Tar.

Coal tar, formerly considered a waste and a regular nuisance to gas workers, is now carefully saved and utilized as one of the most valuable color producers. The chemists have extracted from it sixteen shades of blue, sixteen shades of yellow, twelve shades of orange and nine of violet, besides shades of other colors too numerous to mention.

Unprecedented.

She—We were so disappointed, doctor, that you did not call Tuesday evening.

He—I was disappointed, also. The fact is I was suddenly called to visit a patient——

She—Ah! That was it. Nobody could think of any reason for your absence.—New York World.

Mrs. Wallace—That wood is ready for you to saw as soon as you see fit to go about it. Perry Patetic—Pardin me, mum, but instead of sayin' go about it, you should of said go around. I will now go around it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

It is said that the best husband in town is treated like a dog.

Congress Should Act

The St. Joseph, Mo., News sa[illegible] If Congress would turn its atte[illegible] country roads instead of stre[illegible] make these great appropriati[illegible] their building, it would answer [illegible] pose of the politicians bette[illegible] every district could call f[illegible] roads, while not every one [illegible] stream that gets by Co[illegible] courtesy can be called navi[illegible] appropriation, if made fo[illegible] roads, would do some goo[illegible] beside those employed, wh[illegible] money spent on harbors an[illegible] nine cases out of ten, are of [illegible] benefit, it being consumed i[illegible] out snags and dredging bars o[illegible] that are not navigable by an[illegible] larger than a row boat.

Value of Good Roa[illegible]

An exchange says: "Do [illegible] good road sermon when [illegible] If you do, here is one in a [illegible] the poorest of earth roads, [illegible] but sandy, a horse can drag [illegible] much as he can carry on his [illegible] a fair road, three and a half [illegible] much; on a good macadam [illegible] nine times as much; on a sm[illegible] road, twenty-five times as mu[illegible] stone trackway, thirty-five ti[illegible] much; and on metal rails, fif[illegible] times as much. Those who, [illegible] can therefore make money by [illegible] ing the roads rather than by [illegible] horses every year."

Yes, and further, if you [illegible] roads you may possibly g[illegible] settler per year; if you have [illegible] two; good smooth stone o[illegible] or more! One little city in [illegible] has recently completed mile[illegible] tiful roads about the city, and [illegible] ber of ten thousand-dollar [illegible] ing up in that town this yea[illegible] ing. Good roads work all [illegible] for the benefit of all.—News, [illegible] gustine, Fla.

Good Roads and Patriotis[illegible]

It has been suggested, apropos [illegible] ceremonies of Flag Day, that [illegible] W. should be required to sa[illegible] flag. The league will never [illegible] self wanting in respect to the [illegible] It is quite fair to ask that li[illegible] flag shall have some sig[illegible] particular for the wheelm[illegible]

The roads of the United [illegible] almost as great a source of w[illegible] European travelers as our [illegible] politics, and their mire is abou[illegible] Patriotism is a plant which [illegible] in emergencies. For the [illegible] drum of every-day life [illegible] vation. The wheelman [illegible] our midst, if he realized [illegible] to exert his power. He is [illegible] bear certain burdens, and [illegible] tain tokens of respect not [illegible] his fellows. In return it [illegible] too much when he insists [illegible] ed States ought to furnis[illegible] good roads as those of [illegible] Caesar's legions 2,000 years [illegible] wheelman pays a tax on [illegible] gets next to nothing in ret[illegible] does more than his share in p[illegible] good roads, and works out [illegible] the course of the year qu[illegible] tively as the farmer who "se[illegible] plow in spring by plowing up [illegible] dle of the road, and then repo[illegible] the commissioner that he has [illegible] out his road tax." Nearly ev[illegible] in the year the wheelman dis[illegible] removes wires, cans and de[illegible] the road. Sometimes he does [illegible] than this, and no one is more [illegible] to do all that is possible to aid [illegible] ling the roads, bridges, etc., in [illegible] pair.—News, Denver, Col.

Tweaking the Tsar's N[illegible]

Paul, the eccentric Tsar o[illegible] assassinated in 1801, was vo[illegible] lar as to his dress, and consi[illegible] fling matters as of supreme [illegible] This peculiarity was once [illegible] vantage of by an officer of the [illegible] Major Vaksel, to win a bet [illegible] the wildest joker in the ar[illegible] several hundred rubles that h[illegible] "tweak" the tail of the emperor [illegible] on parade. Says Temple Bar:

The very next day the emperor [illegible] p