



A SERIOUS AFFAIR.

It is always an inscrutable mystery to everybody why other people quarrel. For our own little arguments there is always, of course, good sound and sufficient reason; for the disputes of other folks the excuse appears ever absurdly inadequate. Why, for instance, young Greig and Miss Elsie Norman, both returning from India on the Bengal, should break off with amazing suddenness their engagement just as the Bengal was nearing the Bay of Biscay it was not easy to see.

But they did.

"And I suppose," said young Greig, with a face that looked less bronzed than usual, "that nothing I can say will alter your decision? Your mind is quite made up?"

"It always is," declared Miss Norman.

She held tightly to the brass rail and looked away at the spot in the distance which represented Spain. It is best when quarreling with anyone you have cared for not to look at that person's eyes.

"I particularly wish that, for the time that we shall have to travel together, we shall see as little of each other as possible. We can easily say 'good-by' at Plymouth."

"It will not be easy for me," said Henry Greig. "I am not used to saying good-by to anyone that I—that I have loved."

"You should be glad of a new experience, Mr. Greig. It's a precious thing nowadays."

"You're not yourself this morning, Elsie."

"I wish I were not!" she exclaimed, with a sudden change of manner. "If I were some one else I wouldn't be so unhappy. Here is Mrs. Renton. She mustn't see my eyes. This is the last time we shall speak to each other. Good-by!"

"But, I say, isn't there some means?"

Elsie Norman held out her hand. Greig pressed it and she turned and went below. Mrs. Renton sank into her deck-chair carefully, as stout ladies do, and seemed gratified when the deck chair only creaked complainingly and did not give way.

"Mr. Greig, pray come here at once. Miss Norman monopolizes your time to such an extent that we poor women see nothing of you. Sit down here at once and tell me all about yourself."

"It is an uninteresting subject," said Greig, pulling another deck chair to the side of Mrs. Renton.

"Tell me a secret, then. I'm exceedingly fond of secrets. When are you going to marry Miss Norman?"

"Never."

"Never? Of course you're both young, but that seems a long time to wait, doesn't it? Mr. Van Straaten said—"

"Van Straaten is an old fool of the kind they make in Germany. I shall have to ask Van Straaten not to interfere with my affairs."

"His servant Hans is a queer youth. He looks after the diamond samples, I suppose."

"I haven't seen Hans. But Van Straaten is the sort of old nuisance that ought to be labeled, like some of the luggage, 'Not wanted on voyage.'"

"He always speaks very highly of Miss Norman," remarked Mrs. Renton, thoughtfully.

"Why shouldn't he?"

"Precisely. She is very charming, no doubt. But she should remember that she is only a girl after all."

"That fact has not escaped notice, Mrs. Renton."

Mrs. Renton looked complacently down the undulating scene that her plump figure furnished, and lifted first one small foot and then the other from under the hem of her yellow skirt. The number appeared to be correct, for Mrs. Renton, having mentally audited them, sighed with satisfaction.

"There is such a thing," said the widow, confidentially, "as common sense."

"I know. Cheap eau-de-cologne and—"

"No, no. Sense. Sense."

"I wonder where, Mrs. Renton?"

"It is not for me to tell you where," answered Mrs. Renton, modestly; "all that I can say is that you don't find it with young girls. At the age of, say 30, sometimes, now, you find a girl—or, perhaps, I should say a woman, admirably fitted to be a companion for a sensible man."

"The popular prejudice," remarked Greig, "is nevertheless, oddly enough, in favor of girls of 20, sometimes." He looked up. "What in the world is the matter with Van Straaten?"

The old German, with his pince-nez awry pinching the end of his nose, was coming excitedly up the gangway.

"Here is the captain!" he screamed. "I insist. Pring me all at once the captain."

The captain of the Bengal hurried up. In a few words of mangled English Mr. Van Straaten explained. A group of interested passengers stood around.

"I talk to Miss Norman for leadle time," cried Mr. Van Straaten. "I go then to my cabin; I find there my precious diamonds—vanished."

"They can't have gone far, sir," said the captain.

"They have no need to go at all. Eight thousand pounds' worth at once. I must know how queerly who has stole them alretty."

"Any suspicion?" asked the captain.

"I am not so sure. I am not so sure."

"Any person on board see them?"

"Von pessen only, Mr. Greig, if you please, come here. I show you my precious diamonds, ain't it, two days after we leave Calcutta?"

"That's so," said Greig, cheerfully.

"And very magnificent diamonds they were. I remember telling you that I wished one or two were mine, so that I might give them to—"

He stopped.

"I suppose we shall have to search the cabins," said the captain of the Bengal. "It's a fearful nuisance, ladies and gentlemen; but it can't be helped. May we begin with yours, Mr. Greig?"

"I really don't know," protested Greig, "why I should have my cabin upset and turned out just because—"

"I desire that Mr. Greig's cabin should be searched," said Mr. Van Straaten, insistently.

"That settles it, then," said Henry Greig, carelessly. "Fire away. I'll come down with you."

The crowd went below and stood in the corner while the examination was progressing. Elsie Norman, hearing the noise, left her aunt, and, rather red at eyes, came forward. The captain, Mr. Van Straaten, the chief steward and Henry Greig reappeared at the door of the cabin. The old German bore a leather case very carefully in his arms.

"The diamonds have been found," announced the captain of the Bengal, seriously. "We shall not have to trouble you, ladies and gentlemen."

They were only ordinary folks, rather bored by the tediousness of the journey from Calcutta, and they could not help showing a certain relish over the diversion.

"Most painful affair, really."

"Case found under the pillow in the berth."

"Seemed such an honest fellow, too."

"My dear," said Mrs. Renton, bitterly, "it don't do to trust any one nowadays. You never know who's who."

"But you'd think really on a P. and O. steamship—"

"I'm sorry for that poor Miss Norman. She was engaged to him, you know."

"Oh, that's broken off quite definitely. I heard her tell the old German so. The old fellow asked her what was the matter, and she told him. He was a partner of her father's, you know, and he seemed much concerned about it. You see, dear, I wasn't exactly listening, but—"

"But you heard, dear—that's the main point. Come into my cabin and see my new dress."

They went aft, leaving Greig at the door of his cabin. He was holding the sides to prevent himself from falling. Other passengers went past his cabin, keeping carefully to the other side of the narrow corridor. None of them spoke to him, but they all spoke to each other.

"What does this mean?" cried Henry Greig. "Do they suspect me of—"

"Harry!"

A soft, white hand on his arm, with a kindly pressure. He turned and seized it gladly.

"Elsie! Aren't you, too going to follow them?"

"Tell me first what it all means."

"It don't take him long to put that girl into possession of the facts. Her face flamed red with indignation."

"And they dare to think that you would do a thing like that?"

"Well," said Greig, uneasily, "they found the things there, you see. It's circumstantial evidence of rather an awkward kind. But I needn't tell you, Miss Norman—"

"My name is still Elsie."

"My dear girl, I needn't tell you that I shouldn't dream of taking poor old Van Straaten's diamonds, nor anybody else's."

"I'm quite sure of that, Harry. I must see him about it." She repinned her straw hat with a decided air. "We two must stand together now, whatever happens."

"Elsie, hadn't you better let me fight it out alone? The truth is nearly sure to come out sooner or later, and—"

"In the meantime, dear, you will have to forget our stupid quarrel of this morning. I was quite wrong."

"So was I," said Greig, promptly.

A man has no business to kiss a girl as she is ascending the gangway of a P. and O. steamship. It has been done, no doubt, on more than one occasion, but it is nearly always an act to be condemned by right thinking people who have not had the chance of committing the crime. Nevertheless, if it is at any time to be pardoned, it was in the instance at present in question.

"But," said the astonished Mrs. Renton to her companion, "I thought you said, my dear, that their engagement was all off."

"She certainly said so. Why should she be so affectionate with him now, after this scandalous affair, goodness only knows."

"Ah, my dear! Girls are queer creatures."

There were a few hours of mixed feelings for Mr. Greig of the Eastern bank. It was terrible to feel this suspicion hanging over him, to watch the looks cast at him by the passengers, to ob-

serve Mr. Van Straaten's almost comic appearance of injury. On the other hand, it was delightful to feel that close to him, at this time of stress, as he sat on deck or strolled up and down, was a cheerful young person in her very best spirits. The boy meanwhile sympathetically behaved in a manner quite exemplary.

"I am astonished, my dear," said Mr. Van Straaten, severely, "that you should be friendly with Mr. Greig after what has happened alretty. I strongly advise you to git him up. You told me you had decided—"

"I've changed my mind," she said definitely. "Women folks are not good at a lot of things, but we do know how to change our minds."

Mr. Van Straaten lifted his hat and turned away. The old gentleman, when he was a few paces off, seemed agitated—so much so that he had to put his eyes gently with his scarlet handkerchief. He called to one of the sailors:

"Dell my man Hans to come up instantly."

Much commotion after the appearance of the stolid-faced Hans. A rush toward that part of the ship by all the passengers on deck. Swift talking in German. Considerable temper on the part of Van Straaten; penitent words from Hans.

"Mr. Greig," cried the old German, "come here directly. And Miss Norman. Listen to this horrible man of mine. I haf lost also my hatbox. I ask him where it is, and he replies that he think he place it by mistake in Mr. Greig's cabin. Is it not so, Hans?"

Sorrowful acknowledgment from the profusely penitent Hans. Mr. Van Straaten raised his voice:

"Then I say to him: 'Is it possible that you garless shoundered you placed also by mistake the diamond box in Mr. Greig's cabin?' And he say, 'Yes.'"

Quite a noisy cheering from the assembled passengers. A pressing forward to congratulate Greig. He, delighted beyond question, turned to Elsie Norman:

"You don't regret being counsel for my defense, young Portia?"

"You are just the client I like."

"And respecting this morning?"

"Sir! I do not respect this morning. Let's look forward."

They walked forward.

"Dot was a good drick of mine," said Mr. Van Straaten, as he watched them. He wiped his glasses carefully. "I knew it would answer. I was once, a long time ago, in love myself."—St. James Budget.

The Indian Swell.

A long-skirted tunic or frock of white muslin, close-fitting white trousers, and a rose-colored turban with a broad band of gold lace and tall, flashing plume of gold feathers and gold filigree, were the salient points. Other accessories were the sword belt, crossing his breast and encircling his waist, of dark green velvet, richly worked with unalloyed gold, and thickly studded with emeralds, rubies and brilliants; a transparent yellow shield of rhinoceros hide, with knobs of black and gold enamel; a sash of stiff, gold lace, with a crimson thread running through the gold; bracelets of the dainty workmanship known as Mysore enamel thickly jeweled, which he wore on his wrists and arms; and there were strings of dull, uncut stones about his neck.

The skirts of his tunic were plaited with many folds and stood stiffly out, like the skirts of a "premiere danseuse" in ballet, and when he mounted his horse a servant on either side held them so that they might not be crushed. Four valets had charge of this costume, and it took them some time to array the master. The trappings of the horse were scarcely less elaborate; his neck was covered on one side with silver plates, and his mane, which hung on the other side, was braided and lengthened by black fringes relieved by silver ornaments.

White yak's tail hung from beneath the embrodered saddle cover on both sides, and his head, incased in a headstall of white enameled leather and silver, topped with tall aigrettes, was tied down by an embrodered scarf in order to give his neck the requisite curve.

Beyond His Means.

The Chicago Herald tells an amusing bit of experience which one of that city's benevolent men had with a beggar. The gentleman has a regular staff of "visitors," to whom he gives alms according to their needs and his ability. There is one old fellow whose calls are as punctual as the sun.

On a recent occasion this man accosted Mr. G. as usual, and received from him a half-dollar.

The beggar took it, thanked the donor, and turned toward the door. Before reaching it, however, he seemed to be considering a matter very seriously. He hesitated, stopped, and then turned to Mr. G. again, saying, "Excuse me, sir, I would like to ask you a question."

"Well, what is it?" asked Mr. G.

"It is this. Every month for years past you have given me a dollar, but to-day I come, and you give me only fifty cents. How is that?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Mr. G., smiling good-humoredly. "I have had some unusually heavy expenses this month. My eldest daughter got married, and the outlay for her trousseau, etc., has compelled me to retrench in every direction."

"Ah, yes, I see," said the beggar. "But, Mr. G. I really can't afford to contribute toward your daughter's wedding expenses."

Science Versus Custom.

In Hungary, where it is the custom for school children to kiss the hand of their teachers on coming and going, the Board of Education has forbidden the practice for the future. Their decision is based on a declaration of the Sanitary Council to the effect that kissing is a dangerous proceeding always, from a sanitary point of view, and should not be practiced unless absolutely necessary, as it is a certain means of carrying infection, especially in the case of small children.

Consistency.

"Now, you must not repeat this," said Jones to Smith, after retelling a choice bit of scandal. "Oh, certainly not," said Smith. "How did you happen to hear it?" "My wife told me. She is just like any woman—cannot keep a secret of course."

Preserving the Eyesight.

Rules That May Be Useful to Those Threatened with Blindness.

A few simple rules carefully obeyed will do much to preserve the eyes in health. Light and color in rooms are important. The walls are best finished in a single tint. Windows should open directly upon the outer air, and light is better when they are close together, not separated by much wall space, not distributed. Light should be abundant, but not dazzling. It should never come from in front nor should sunlight fall upon work or on the printed page. Never read or sew in the twilight after an exhausting fever nor before breakfast. Look up frequently when at work and fix the eyes upon some distant object. Break up the stretch of wall by pictures that have a good perspective. These rest the eye, as does looking out of the window.

When at work on minute objects rise occasionally, take deep inspirations with the mouth closed, stretch the body erect, throw the arms backward and forward, and step to an open window or out into the open air for a moment. Two desks of different height are valuable for a student or writer, one to stand by and the other to sit by. Plenty of open air exercise is essential to good eyesight.

The general tone of the nervous system has much to do with the eyesight. Prolonged or excessive study frequently has pain or poor vision as symptom. The use of tobacco may bring about defective vision and alcohol sometimes destroys it utterly, owing to nerve inflammation that it sets up. City life, with shut-in streets and narrow outlook, favors the production of errors in vision. When looking at distant objects the normal eye is at rest. To see near by, muscular effort is required. This effort, when constant, changes the shape of the eyeball. After the eighteenth or twentieth year parts of the eye that earlier showed signs of bulging or becoming near-sighted may acquire new strength, and those who escape myopia up to this time are usually free from it after that. The children of near-sighted parents are in special danger. They require constant care. It is best to have all children's eyes examined for defects when they are 10 years old.

Near-sight and color-blindness are barriers to the army and navy, to certain fine and mechanic arts and to many industrial pursuits. Their early recognition saves time and money and often prevents the discouragement of defeat. Ounces of prevention are better than tons of cure. There are but few forms of partial or total blindness that were not at one time the reverse of hopelessness. In view of this fact the duty of parents and guardians is clearly manifest. Ignorance must be replaced by knowledge, carelessness by enlightened forethought. Precaution in the way of type, light, color and rest and exercise, together with occasional calls upon the oculist, will probably secure fair eyesight for life.—Outlook.

Adopted by a Newspaper.

Willie and Oscar Mannerstrom are the legal wards of the Grand Rapids Evening Press.

The paper is a great friend of the poor boys of Grand Rapids, and has done a great deal to help them in different ways, but it has eclipsed even itself by the adoption of these boys, who last winter were homeless and friendless in Chicago. And what a success the venture has been!

The first thing to do was to find some way for the boys to earn a livelihood. Such little fellows they were, only 12 and 10 years old, that it was impracticable to think of their doing anything very hard. Some one suggested establishing a messenger service in connection with the Press, to be run by the boys. Neat uniforms were bought for them, they were furnished with bicycles, given the use of the office telephone and lots of advertising in the paper, and the thing was done.

The kind-hearted people of Grand Rapids patronized them at first because they felt sorry for them, but now they do so because they know them, like them, and trust them. Before long Willie, the oldest, found he could make enough money by himself to support both, so Oscar began going to school, and his teacher says he is a remarkably bright boy.

Both boys are brim full of energy and ambition, and will, no doubt, when grown be successful men of whom the Press need never be ashamed.

America's Frostless Belt.

What is supposed to be the only frostless belt in the United States lies between the city of Los Angeles and the Pacific Ocean. It traverses the foothills of the Calhuela range, and has an elevation of between 200 and 400 feet. Its breadth is perhaps three miles. The waters of the Pacific are visible from it, and the proximity of the ocean has of course something to do with banishing frosts. During the winter season this tract produces tomatoes, peas, beans, and other tender vegetables, and here the lemon flourisheth, a tree that is peculiarly susceptible to cold. Tropical trees may be cultivated with success, and in connection with this fact it is interesting to know that a part of the favorite territory has been acquired by Los Angeles for park purposes and it only a question of time when the city will have the distinction of possessing the only tropical park in the United States. Strange to say, only the mid-way region of the Calhuela range is free from frost, the lower part of the valley being occasionally visited.

Rivers of Buttermilk.

There is more than one way of turning the tables on a person who indulges in the practice of "drawing a long bow." One of the most effectual methods was recently employed by a slow-spoken Vermontor on an "accommodation" train.

Several persons were listening in open-mouthed, wide-eyed astonishment to the talk of a loquacious young man, whose stories increased in size and general incredibility as time went on. He was a resident of a town adjoining that in which the elderly Vermontor had spent all his days; but the old man watched the narrator in silence, though with none of the interest displayed by the other listeners.

At last the young man mentioned one of the citizens of his native town, and

remarked incidentally that the man had an immense dairy, from which he sent out over a million pounds of butter, and an equal quantity of cheese, every year.

At this, several of his hearers looked decidedly incredulous, and one of them, turning to the elderly man, said:

"You come from round his way, I believe; did you ever hear tell of that dairy?"

"Wal, no," drawled the person addressed, with a perfectly grave face; "I don't recall hayin' heard of it till now, but I have heard that there's a man over in that town that has ten sawmills, that are worked an' kep' a-go'in' by buttermilk, an' I presume to say it's the same man, an' if one story's true, like as not the other may be."

Poe's Earliest Efforts.

A Poem Not Included in His Works Recently Discovered.

"The 'Greek Letter Societies' of the University of Virginia, called 'Corks and Curis,' which has just been issued, contains a never-before-published poem by Edgar Allan Poe. We regret that we cannot reproduce the lithographic facsimile of the last verse and the signature 'E. A. Poe,' which is clearly shown in 'Corks and Curis.' The story of its discovery is thus told: The poem was discovered by H. Dalton Dillard Feb. 23, 1895, in volume 1 of Rollins' Historic Aeneid, in the University of Virginia library. A search of the records by the librarian, F. W. Page, showed that the book had been borrowed by Poe while a student here in 1826, and had not been taken out since his time.

In this poem the peculiar genius of Poe may be seen at first glance, and traces of the philosophy that marks 'The Raven,' 'Dreamland,' and other productions of his 'lonesome latter years,' are clearly apparent. As the poem must have been written when the boy poet was only 17 years old, it is interesting in that it disproves the statement of his biographers that there was nothing cynical in the tendency of any of his earlier poems. The manuscript is not particularly neat; in the third stanza especially, several alterations and erasures occur. The verses are as follows:

MY SOUL.

Sailing over seas of agony,
From a world of shame,
Once a vessel, strange and dismal—
Phantom vessel—came
Toward a fairy isle and olden,
Where ill angels embolden,
Tenant Fate's ghostly golden
Fane of Doom and Fame.

Fane of Fame! by seraphs builded,
In the days of yore.
Here a temple chafed and gilded
From the earthly shore,
Up to heaven rose it gleaming,
All with Hope and Beauty beaming—
(Like a dream of Aiden seeming—
Had it seem'd no more)

But the pilot nearing, steering
For that temple bright,
Ever found the island veering
From his aching sight.
Till, from mighty shores appalling
Came the solemn darkness falling—
In his hungry clasp entralling
Land and sea and light.

Then, the vessel, sinking, lifting
Over hopes sublime
(Perished hopes) came drifting, drifting
To a wild, weird clime;
Here a visitor undaunted,
That desert land enchanted,
Still is seen the vessel haunted,
Out of Space and Time.

Sounds Like a Scotch Story.

A case of unusual strictness in Sabbath observance is reported from West Auburn, Me. A farmer was waited on by one of his neighbors who asked for the loan of his team the following Sunday to take his wife and children to the cemetery. At first he flatly refused to let the team, arguing that it would be a sin to receive money for such a thing on the Sabbath day, but he finally said to the neighbor that he would think it over and let him know Saturday, remarking that he would pray over it in the meantime. Saturday the neighbor called and the farmer said that he pondered and prayed over the matter, and came to the conclusion that it would be no harm to let the team, but that the neighbor must not pay for such a thing on the Sabbath day, but he finally said to the neighbor that he would think it over and let him know Saturday, remarking that he would pray over it in the meantime. Saturday the neighbor called and the farmer said that he pondered and prayed over the matter, and came to the conclusion that it would be no harm to let the team, but that the neighbor must not pay for such a thing on the Sabbath day, but he finally said to the neighbor that he would think it over and let him know Saturday, remarking that he would pray over it in the meantime.

Not Unwholesome.

Many people believe that it is an injurious practice to drink with meals. A prominent sporting man is of an opposite opinion. He says that drinking nothing during or for an hour and a half after meals is the best of ways to train down weight, but he cannot do it because it always brings on rheumatism—probably from the solid food producing over-concentrated salts in the circulation, and consequent deposits in the muscular fibre. The same writer says that the notion about animals being injured by giving them a drink when heated is a stupid and cruel piece of barbarism; that it only does them harm when the drink is very cold, by producing nervous shock as it would to a man; while if the chill is taken off at first, it refreshes a heated horse to take a good drink just as it does a heated human being.

Do You Know.

That many a poor typewriter could make a good servant girl.

That it takes a long time to decide whether "Tribly" is or is not immoral.

That geese are intelligent compared with women who try to cheat nature.

That golf offers better facilities for flirtations than any outdoor recreation.

That it is a splendid law of etiquette in Japan that ladies cannot talk of their servants.

That families not going to Europe this season are almost mortified.

The vacation days spent in "riotous living" are never beneficial.

That the caprices of some society women are insane enough to suggest an asylum.

That those draw social lines closest who ought not be within them themselves.

The World's Highest Tree.

No tree has yet been measured which was taller than the great eucalyptus in Gipsland, Australia, which proved to be 450 feet high.

You can select a man from any set to be a guide and philosopher, but it takes a Quaker to be a guide, philosopher and friend.

OUR FARMERS.

Some of the Resources of Uncle Sam's Agriculturists.

The total acreage of all the farms in the United States is 623,215,619, of which 357,618,755 are improved or under cultivation, and 265,601,864 acres remain uncultivated.

According to the details furnished by the eleventh census, the estimated value of all the farm products raised in this country in 1890 was \$2,400,107,454.

In the value of stock, the State of Iowa stands first, having \$206,436,242 invested; Illinois is second, with \$180,431,662; Missouri is third, with \$138,701,173.

The total number of cattle in the United States in 1890 was 51,363,572, of which 1,117,494 were working oxen, and 16,511,950 are milch kine, the remainder being classed as miscellaneous.

In the estimated value of farm products, according to the returns of the eleventh census, Illinois is first, with \$184,759,013; New York is second, with \$161,593,009; Iowa is third, with \$159,347,844.

Ohio has the greatest number of farms, 251,430, having 23,952,408 acres; Illinois is second, with 240,681 farms and 30,498,277 acres; Missouri being third, with 238,043 farms and 30,780,290 acres.

New York has the greatest amount of capital invested in farm implements and machinery, the sum total being \$46,659,465; Pennsylvania is second, with \$39,046,855; Iowa is third, with \$36,695,315.

Kentucky stands first in tobacco, having 274,587 acres, producing 221,880,303 pounds; Virginia is second, with 110,579 acres and 48,522,655 pounds; and North Carolina is third, with 97,077 acres, producing 36,375,258 pounds.

The first corn-producing State is Iowa, with an acreage of 7,685,522 and 313,130,782 bushels; next comes Illinois, with 7,863,025 acres and 289,697,256 bushels; the third being Kansas, with 7,314,765 acres and 259,574,568 bushels.

According to the statistics furnished by our consular service, the farmers of this country are better clothed, better housed, better fed, give their children a better education, and have more money in bank than the rural population of any country in the world.

Floor Covering Out of Old Shoes.

A new use has been found for old boots and shoes. This is how they are treated in the process of conversion into a novel kind of house carpet: The shoes are thrown promiscuously into a large tank into which steam and dissolving compounds are run, thereby causing old shoes to take a thick liquid form. Certain proportions of tallow, borax and glue are then introduced, and the pulp is then run into moulds. The moulds are shaped and may have the form of flowers, leaves, figures or geometrical designs. The pulp is run into these moulds and the figure hardens in the cold air. These casts are arranged in the proper figure or design, when a cementing process begins. The cement is a compound made from the leather pulp and glue, and is run between the figures. The figures soften a little with the compound, and the whole hardens together. In the casting of each figure a different colored pulp is used—red pulp for red roses, white pulp for white flowers, green for leaves, and so on. Thus elaborate designs may be carried out. Then comes the pressing by the use of rollers, and polishing with varnish. The result is a nice-looking floor covering. The cost of which is less than straw matting, and less than oil-cloth; in fact, an economical and durable carpet covering.

An Odd Pavement.

E. Turke, the head chemist of a sugar refinery at Chino, Cal., has recently been making some experiments which have resulted in the completion of the oddest pavement ever laid. It is made mostly of molasses, the kind used having been a refuse product hitherto believed to be utterly worthless. It is simply mixed with a certain kind of sand to about the consistency of asphalt, and laid like an asphalt pavement. The composition dries quickly, and becomes permanently hard. The heat of the sun, instead of softening it, makes the pavement harder and drier. A block of the composition successfully withstood repeated blows of a machine hammer and showed no signs of cracking or bending. Should the pavement prove to be all that is claimed the sugar planters of the south may find a profitable market for the millions of gallons of useless molasses which they are said to have on hand.

Wet Boots.

When boots are wet through, do not dry them by the fire. As soon as they are taken off, fill them quite full with dry oats. This grain will rapidly absorb every vestige of damp from wet leather. As it takes up the moisture, it swells and fills the boot like a tightly fitting last, keeping its form good, and drying the leather without hardening it. In the morning shake out the oats and hang them in a bag near the fire to dry, ready for use on another occasion.

The Team Question.

The worst thing one can do is to feed horses for which he has no use. But when the farmer only needs the two horses, what kind should they be? This depends a great deal upon the soil of his farm. If his soil is loose and easy to farm a pair of horses weighing from 1,100 to 1,200 is the kind he should keep, while, on the other hand, if his soil is not easy to farm, and it requires a big, strong, steady team to do his plowing, this is the kind he should have.

Coke as Fuel.

Tests in the use of coke as a fuel for locomotives in place of coal have been made by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad on some of its Virginia lines during the past few weeks, and have proved very successful. With the heaviest freight trains equally good results have been obtained from coke as from coal, with the great advantage of an avoidance of the smoke and cinders attendant on the use of coal.

Tobacco-Growing States.

Tobacco is grown in forty-two States and Territories, but nearly half the crop comes from Kentucky, Virginia, Ohio, North Carolina, Tennessee, Pennsylvania and Connecticut.



High Noon.

Time's finger on the dial of my life
Points to high noon. And yet the half-
spent day
Leaves less than half remaining! For
the dark,
Bleak shadows of the grave engulf the
end.

To those who burn the candle to the
stick
The spluttering socket yields but little
light.
Long life is sadder than an early death.
We cannot count on raveled threads of
age
Whereof to weave a fabric; we must use
The warp and woof the ready present
yields.
And toil while daylight lasts. When I
berkink
How brief the past, the future, still more
brief,
Calls on to action, action! Not for me
Is time for retrospection or for dreams;
Not time for self-adulation or remorse.
Have I done nobly? Then I must not let
Dead yesterday unborn to-morrow shame
Have I done wrong? Well, let the bit-
ter taste

Of fruit that turned to ashes on my lip.
Be my reminder in temptation's hour.
And keep me silent when I would con-
demn.
Sometimes it takes the acid of a sin
To cleanse the clouded windows of our
souls
So pity may shine through them. Look-
ing back
My faults and errors seem like stepping
stones
That led the way to knowledge of the
truth
And made me value virtue! Sorrows
shine
In rainbow colors o'er the gulf of years
Where lie forgotten pleasures. Looking
for
Out of the western sky, still bright with
hope
I feel well spurred and booted for the
strife
That ends not till Nirvana is attained.

Battling with fate, with men, and with
myself,
Up the steep summit of my life's fore-
noon,
Three things I learned—three things of
precious worth
To guide and help me down the western
slope.
I have learned how to pray and toil and
save;
To pray for courage, to receive what
comes,
Knowing what comes to be divinely sent;
To toil for universal good, since thus,
To only thus, can good come unto me;
To save by giving whatever I have.
To those who have not—this alone is gain.
—The Arena.

Consolation.

Thou wondrous world!
To-day how brightly fair thou smilest!
In despite of thy despair of yesterday!
Thy tears then gathered with the morning
dew,
All somber was thy mantle,
And the chill of sunless sky.
Snatch thy young soul
And bade thee weep a last farewell to
gladness.

Noon came—
And darkness still the shadows wrapt thee
round,
When on thy pallid face
A light resplendent should have shone,
Closer the veil of sorrow pressed thine
eyes.
The thunderous elements fierce fought
And struggled to enchain thy soul,
And in their mightiness weighed heavily.
Dense darkness stifled and oppressed,
Through weary, groaning moments des-
perate thou
Till midnight tolled and seemed thy knell
of doom.

Then chaos came—
Thy heavy breast sank motionless,
Struck with a sudden, awful fear;
Cold damped ozone from every pore,
Thy misery was extreme.
Earth! 'Twas thy purgatory, not thy
death—
For at suspense, that blackest hour ere
dawn,
The chiming spheres exulting rang from
heaven
Arousing every chord of thy numbed
faith.
Soft radiance spread o'er all thy fading
senses.
Thy new-lit soul responded with great
glory.
And quivering shafts of hope and joy
Showered o'er all creation.
Tumultuously retreated the spent shad-
ows,
Vanished the darkness,
Shone the morning star!
O mighty God of earth and heaven,
That canst thy word so torture and sub-
due
And yet restore again to sweeter beauty.
How infinite, sublime, incomprehensible
Must be the resurrection of our souls!

A Song of Need.

When you shall dwell in Tranquil land,
Where sweet the summers be,
Lean in the light and kiss your hand,
And kiss your hand to me.

For I, who dwell in Lonely land,
By that sweet sign shall see
That love to you is kind and grand—
So kiss your hand to me.

When you shall dwell in Midnight land,
Where tears and moanings be,
Fold on your heart the unloved hand
And sigh your soul to me.

And I, though lost in Lonely land,
Will send an answer true,
And groping blindly for your hand,
Creep in the dark to you!

Profitable Rivalry.

Topsam, Maine, has a very satisfac-
tory way of settling a town quarrel.
Owing to the appointment of a chief
engineer of the fire department who
was not acceptable to some of the fire-
men the latter formed an independent
company and bought a new hand tub.
The town now has two companies, and
there will be a hustle to see which can
get to a fire first and do the most effec-
tive work.

No one laughs harder at a poker joke
than the man who wants the bystand-
ers to believe that he understands it.