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Ursus in "Quo Vadis" was no impossible giant after all. The Mexican toreador who took a wild bull by the horns and tossed him to the ground is one of the many facts that vindicate fiction.

Professor Ricco of Italy states that Mt. Aetna is sixty-five feet shorter on the south and 130 feet shorter on the north than it was in 1868. The top of the mountain is supposed to have been blown away by the wind, a little at a time.

In referring to the visit of President Loubet of the Republic to Copenhagen, Le Temps of Paris says: "Denmark is not only a free country and its people most sympathetic, but, thanks to the numerous alliances of the royal family of Denmark, Copenhagen is little short of what may be called the 'Cradle of Dynasties.'"

Car fare on the Liverpool street railways is at present regulated according to the distance traveled. For two cents a passenger may ride three miles, the fare increasing thereafter proportionately. In Glasgow one cent is the fare for short distances, and the American Consul at Liverpool reports that it is probable the car fare in that city will be established soon at the uniform rate of two cents for all distances.

In its latest report the Interstate Commerce commission gives figures showing that 820 persons were killed in railroad accidents during the three months ending December 31, 1901. The government reports of Great Britain show that not a single passenger was killed in that country in the whole year. The absence of grade crossings in England does not account for the difference, but it may be that the laws and the courts of that country cause corporations to hold human life in a little higher regard, think the Minneapolis Times.

The human eye needs rest. It may hurt the business of the optician, but it is a good thing. High buildings and loud colors and the glare of many lights are conditions which simply force a majority of mankind to resort to artificial means of seeing, and these conditions are rapidly producing a race of spectacle wearers. The conditions are bad, states the New Orleans Times-Democrat. They should be corrected. Or at least the bad influences should be minimized so that the injury would not be so great as it is. The eye should be given sufficient scope. It should be given that range which would cultivate the finer qualities of this, the finest and most perfect of all human organs.

King Alfonso, says a new dispatch, is to make a tour of the European capitals with a view of making the acquaintance of matrimonially eligible and physically strong royal maidens, the frailness of the young Spanish monarch making it imperative for the good of the dynasty that his consort should be a robust princess of sound and healthy stock. King Alfonso will not, like the Prince in the story of Cinderella, set forth to find the owner of a foot small enough to fit the little glass slipper lost at the ball. His quest must needs be for a young lady with feet big enough to fill a pair of number seven shoes and to carry with comfort one and three-quarter hundredweight, or thereabout, of feminine sweetness.

The University of Chicago is said to be having some difficulty in finding students able to pay the rents in Hitchcock Hall. The fear is that the new dormitory is too luxurious and too costly to be popular. This conviction suggests a thought or two on a regrettable tendency of higher education in rich American colleges. The whole spirit of scholarship and learning implies a disregard for mere wealth, and assumes that every man is to be judged and placed, not by his riches, but by his brains. A college should be, and the average American college is, a democracy of intellect, asserts the Chicago Inter-Ocean. The permission or the provision by the college of any special privilege to the student of wealth which may not be shared by the poor scholar is an infringement of that spirit and an affront to the democracy of intellect.

A movement is on foot in Japanese naval and army circles to develop a mercantile marine system, somewhat after the order of the famous merchant-naval fleets of Russia. It is well known that Russia has a fine fleet of ships in the Black Sea and plying between home and far eastern ports. These vessels are something more than the partly subsidized passenger and naval ships of England, Japan and France. They are really naval vessels engaged in traffic, instead of being merely merchant ships with a remote possibility of naval service. In any war that Russia might be engaged in these ships would play an important part in transporting troops, destroying the commerce of the enemy, guarding the commerce of Russia, or augmenting the strength of different squadrons. These are some of the purposes in view in the proposed organizations of a Japanese mercantile marine.

EXPECTATION.

The man with expectations
In gloomy, dreary days
May still go hoping, hoping
Along the toilsome ways.
"Some day, some day," he murmurs,
"My own will come to me;
Some day I'll claim the fortune
That waits across the sea."

The hope he has may never
Be realized, but still
It gives him strength to labor
Up many a trying hill.

The man with expectations
Of glory in the skies
May still go hoping, hoping,
When woes around him rise.
"Some day, some day," he murmurs,
"Joy shall be mine up there,
Where sorrow never enters
And all the days are fair."

His eyes may never open
Beyond the grave, but still
He goes with faith to bravely
Face many a fearsome ill!

—S. E. Kiser.

A STRAIN OF ROMANCE.

It was late one afternoon as a man stepped from a small sailing boat on to the quay at Waterport, Gibraltar. He felt uncomfortable and disreputable. Earlier in the day, having nothing better to do, he had set out for a sail across the bay. They had run in on the sandy beach of a forsaken spot called Puenta Majorga. There the boatman had taken him on his shoulders and carried him through the surf, finally dropping him so that he got nicely wet. On the return journey the wind had freshened and it had come on to rain, with the result that he now stood a somewhat forlorn looking object, with clothes spoilt by sea water and wet sand.

It had just occurred to him that the next obvious thing was to change his attire, when the sound of voices caught his ear. Looking round he caught sight of a little group some fifty yards away—a girl, a middle-aged lady and a brawny looking man in a "brass bound" suit. Something in the girl's appearance attracted him, and unconsciously he moved nearer to the trio. He got within a dozen paces of them, and, standing behind a pile of crates, enjoyed a view at close quarters.

"By Jove!" he murmured, under his breath. The girl was tall and slim, magnificently good-looking. He could not take his eyes from her. There was a certain air of vigor and independence about her that fascinated him.

She raised her arm and pointed across the bay to where a large white yacht lay at anchor.

"You mean to say the Scud can't sail to-day, Captain Flint!" she exclaimed. Her voice sent a thrill through him. There was the slightest, most delicious suspicion of trans-Atlantic accent in it, and he was enraptured.

In a drawling tone the Captain gave an account of what had happened. It appeared that the Scotch engineer, McAllster, had gone off on a birthday frolic, and, as the result of a jovial little excursion in the vicinity of Algeciras, had managed to get hauled off to a local Spanish jail.

The girl was in despair.

"What shall we do? The cable was urgent—the Scud will have to get to Alexandria by the 22d. Can't we pick up another engineer in Gibraltar?"

The Captain shook his head.

"But we can't wait until he's released!" she cried with a little stamp of her foot. "Something will have to be done."

The man standing behind the crates had been drinking in every word, his eyes fastened on the girl's face. Suddenly an idea flashed upon him—it was a mad one, but it gripped him.

Without a moment's further consideration he stepped forward and confronted the trio.

"Beg pardon," he said, touching his hat. "I happened to overhear. I gathered you want an engineer?"

The girl looked at the figure before her in astonishment. She saw a tall, good-looking, clean-shaven man in wet, sodden clothes, with the collar of his coat turned up.

"Are you an engineer?" she asked, eagerly.

He nodded.

"I could take you to Alexandria in the time," he said.

Captain Flint was interested.

"Say, young feller, got papers to show?" he drawled. "And what's your name?"

The man looked him back square in the face.

"My name is Dennis," he said. "And I haven't got papers to show."

He turned to the girl frankly.

"You would have to take me on chance," he said. "I give you my word that I am capable of running the engines of your yacht, and getting her to Alexandria in the time, bar a breakdown—but more I cannot say. Will you risk it?"

The girl glanced at him hesitatingly. "The Scud must sail——" she began.

"Guess we can see in an hour or so whether he's up to the job," said Captain Flint, suggestively.

The man looked at the girl with an inquiring smile. She gave him one more glance—then made up her mind.

"You're engaged," she said, briskly.

Thus it was in a short time he found himself at work on the yacht. In another three hours he had the steam up, and the ladies having come on board, the Scud raised her anchor and slowly made her way out of the bay.

As engineer he was a complete success, and quickly earned the warm approval of Captain Jake Flint, from whom he gleaned a good deal of interesting information. It appeared that the yacht was the property of Mr. Silas Lewison, a rich American, and that the girl on board was his only daughter. Her father had left her in England, and, a few weeks ago, had made the journey to Cairo, leaving her to follow more leisurely in the Scud.

For the first two days he spent most of his time in the engine room. Once or twice, as he sat watching the movements of the big cylinders, he broke into a soft laugh. It was on the third day, when he happed to be on deck, that she spoke to him.

"We are getting on famously, Mr. Dennis. I think a good fate must have dropped you from the clouds!" she said, with a smile.

He looked at her and tried to hide the look of admiration that had crept to his eyes. She seemed more gloriously beautiful than ever. He made some vague reply, and she went on talking about the yacht. It was intoxication to him. He had fallen desperately in love at first sight, and he wondered what it would all lead to.

* * * * *

The next few days passed delightfully. He had several conversations with her—indeed, she seemed almost to welcome an opportunity of speaking with him. The more he saw of her, the more convinced was he that he had made no mistake. This was no fleeting fancy; he was really in love.

Then came a bitter shock of disappointment. They were within a day's run of Alexandria, and he was about to go on deck. As he raced up the companion something white on one of the stairs caught his attention. He picked it up and found it was a telegram. Glancing at it he saw that it was the cable that had been sent to her at Gibraltar by her father. Almost unconsciously he read the few words: "Get Scud to Alexandria by 22d without fail—Lord Hillmarch has promised to come with us to England."

He stood staring at it stupidly; then, as the meaning of the words dawned upon him, a fierce wave of unreasonable resentment swept over him. Old Lewison had run across Lord Hillmarch, and, considering him an eligible son-in-law, had schemed to bring the two together on the yacht. The old, stale arrangement—American heiresses and the English aristocracy. Would they never tire of it?

With a frown on his face, he made his way slowly on deck, the telegram still in his hand. A few yards away Miss Lewison was sitting in her deck chair, studying a book. She looked up as the engineer appeared and smiled. He crossed to her and held out the telegram.

"I found this on the stairs," he said, shortly. He caught sight of the book she was reading, and saw it was "Debrett's Peerage." He felt exceedingly bitter.

He remained down in the engine room the rest of the time—he felt almost sulky.

The next day they anchored off Alexandria and old Lewison with Lord Hillmarch came on board. The engineer kept out of the way until they went into the saloon for lunch, then he seized the opportunity and went on deck. He leaned over the taffrail and gave himself up to his thoughts. Another hour or so and she would have passed out of his life forever. In his fit of abstraction he had not noticed a torpedo destroyer that was out for practice. She was going at quarter speed past the yacht.

Suddenly a voice broke on his ears.

"Why, it's Kenyon, by Jove! How are you, old man?"

The engineer awoke from his reverie with a start. A few yards away the bronzed face of the lieutenant of the destroyer was laughing at him.

"Can't keep away from the old game, I see—lucky chap to be able to choose your own fancy boat! Will you come round and see us to-night?"

The destroyer was some distance away by now, and the last words came in a shout. The engineer nodded and waved his hand.

Then a slight noise behind him made him swing round.

He saw Miss Fay Lewison and Lord Hillmarch standing at the open door of the companion. The girl was watching him.

"He called you Kenyon," she said, wonderingly.

Lord Hillmarch stepped forward. He was an almost middle-aged little man, with a kindly face. He held out his hand to the engineer.

"That happens to be his name, you know—Dennis Kenyon," he said, with a smile.

Miss Lewison was still more bewildered. "You know him?"

"Slightly," he replied. "You see, his estate adjoins mine at home."

"But he has been our engineer!" she cried.

There was a pause. Lord Hillmarch shot a little alert look at Kenyon and stroked his mustache. The girl stood waiting for an explanation. Kenyon gave a nervous laugh.

"There isn't really much to explain," he said. "You see, before an uncle died and left me a bothering lot of money and an estate, I was an engineer in the navy—you just heard one of my old messmates hail me." He gave a jerk of his finger toward the destroyer. "You know the rest. I was idling about Gibraltar when I accidentally heard your trouble about the engineer. I did it on impulse—I suppose——" He hesitated. "I suppose I must have a strain of romance somewhere in my composition," he added lamely.

She did not speak. He moved his head slightly and her gaze met his. Lord Hillmarch looked from one to another critically, then a slight smile crept over his insignificant little face. He pulled out his cigarette case.

"Supposing," he observed, dryly, "we all be delightfully frank with one another."

The two turned to him with a start.

"I just love frankness!" said Miss May.

Lord Hillmarch lighted his cigarette.

"Then, as a beginning," he said coolly, "I'll remark that I don't think I'll come to England in the yacht with you. I rather fancy, you know, that being thirty-eight, and somewhere about five feet two in stature, with a bald head into the bargain, I will adhere to my old resolution and admire nothing but my own charming self! How's that for frankness?"

"Gigantic!" said Kenyon.

The little lord smiled.

"Then I'll leave you to do your share," he observed, and strolled away.

The two stared at one another blankly; then suddenly they both laughed.

"It's all very ridiculous!" said Miss Lewison.

Kenyon grew sober again.

"I suppose," he said, slowly, "I must be leaving the ship now, unless——" He paused and looked at her intently. "Unless by a remote chance you also have——" His voice died away nervously.

"What?" she said, with her eyes on the deck.

"A strain of romance somewhere in your composition." He finished in almost a whisper.

She lifted her head and saw him looking at her pleading. There was a vague something that appealed to her. And he was undoubtedly very much in love with her. Her lips parted in a half smile.

"I'm not certain," she said, doubtfully. Then her eyes met his. "Why not give me a little time to find out?" she said frankly.

He did—and eventually discovered that there was.—Mainly About People.

It has been discovered that mosquitoes are susceptible to music and have been trapped by means of a device giving off a constant musical note. This has been noticed by a number of scientists, but the experiments have not been carried to a practical end.

The railroads are discontinuing the use of oil for the purpose of laying the dust along the tracks. Much was claimed for this method when it was first introduced, but evidently the experiment has not been successful. Rock ballast is being substituted on some lines.

Sar, a widely used and effective fungicide, derives its odd name from the fact that its ingredients are sulphur, alkali and resin. It consists chiefly of sodium sulphide, to which its fungicidal properties are due. It is much used for cleansing seed previous to its planting. One pint in thirty or forty gallons of water will cleanse four bushels of seed of all fungus without injuring its germinating properties. The grain is soaked in it for twenty-four hours. It can be made for from twelve to eighteen cents a pint.

Carbons, or black diamonds, are chiefly used in drilling for mining deposits—that is, in prospecting work. They have a combination of hardness and toughness possessed by no other material. They are used to point the steel bits used in rock boring by the prospector. They are found only in Brazil, where the natives collect them along the river beds. The finest grade costs the consumer about $42 a carat, and it is said that anything offered for a lower price should be looked upon with suspicion, as certain dealers have become very expert in coloring imperfect stones and otherwise treating them so that even an expert cannot detect their imperfection.

A way to make power users independent of the coal trust is suggested by a scientist. He proposes to sink two iron pipes into the earth a few feet apart, to a depth of say five miles. The pipes can be given a common connection at their lower end, he thinks, by firing a blast of dynamite. The theory is that water poured into one pipe will be converted into steam by the internal heat of the earth, and be returned to the surface as steam. The theorists have not figured how much it would cost to sink two pipes five miles deep. The drawback about the proposition—which is by no means a new one—is that the interest on the capital invested in such a plant would be much more than the power would come to at the present cost of other sources of power.

How He Got His Drum Out.

It was in the days when big bass drums were in vogue, and the bigger they could be made the more they were appreciated. It was a common thing then to see a great bass drum moving along behind the band, apparently on a pair of little legs, vigorously pounded by little arms and completely hiding the man. There was great rivalry among the bands to have the largest drum, and the makers would stretch the skin to the fullest extent to make it cover the barrel of the largest circumference.

One ambitious drum-maker, determined to outdo all previous performances, got his material together in a back room of his little house on a narrow street and built his drum. It was the largest, certainly, that had ever been constructed, and its tone was as deep and sonorous as a cathedral gong. There it stood, the pride of East Baltimore and a monument to the fame of the engineer who constructed it. But unfortunately the engineer had failed to take measurements of the door and window. The small room was nearly filled with the immensity of the product of his laborious zeal in a good cause. But it was of no earthly use there, and to land it on solid earth the maker was finally obliged to remove part of the wall, and the cost of this Caesarean operation greatly reduced the profits of the production.—Baltimore Sun.

Indians Eat a 120-Foot Whale.

The Neah Bay, Makah and Clallum Indian tribes are holding at Neah Bay the greatest whale barbecue of recent years. Sunday the tug Tyee ran across a whale in the ocean. The whale was dead, and had apparently been struck by a lumber schooner. On her return the Tyee hitched a line to the leviathan and towed it inside Cape Flattery. The Neah Bay Indians espied the whale ten miles off and sent several canoe loads of braves out to negotiate its purchase from Captain Bolong. He let them have it for $30. The whale was brought in close to the beach and from there the Indians succeeded in dragging their prize out of the reach of high tides. From the tip of its nose to the end of its tail the whale measured exactly 120 feet, and was pronounced by Captain Bolong to be the largest specimen he had ever seen. The barbecue continued for a week.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Lost in the Desert.

THE family of Mr. Godfrey Hughes, a member of the firm of assayers owning the customs assay office, recently went to spend the summer months visiting friends who own a large ranch about seventeen miles above Albuquerque. The family consists of the mother, two sons and a daughter. Last Saturday the children asked permission of their mother to go to a corral some 300 yards away from the house and on the other side of a knoll that obscured the corral from view to play. Permission was granted and the youngsters bounded away for their afternoon frolic. Soon the little sister wearied and the elder brother proposed that they take her to the house. To this the younger brother, Emerson, who was only six years old, demurred, as he wished to play more. So the older brother took his sister to the house. Upon arrival there the mother asked, "Where is brother?" "We left him playing at the corral," said the boy.

The mother then sent him back for the little truant. Shortly the messenger came back, panting from his hurried running, and exclaimed that his brother was nowhere to be found; that he was not at the corral. The frightened mother hurried over to the corral and there found the report of her boy to be true. She searched and searched but could find no trace of the missing child. At last she came upon some little footprints, showing that the child had taken a direction the opposite to what he should have taken, and the harassed mother became more and more alarmed as the fact that her child had strayed and was in all probability lost became apparent. She followed the footprints for three miles and only ceased because darkness was approaching and she was powerless and had to call for aid. As rapidly as her nervous and exhausted state would permit she retraced her steps to the house and alarmed the household. Immediately a search party was organized and despite the oncoming of night started out in quest of the helpless child.

Through that disheartening night the weary search continued. And the next day the trained services of seventy-five Indians were impressed, and all that long and trying day the search went on, and yet no clue to the wanderer. The grief and agony of the poor afflicted mother were beyond consolation. The continual discouraging reports that were from time to time brought her only added to accentuate her suffering. The tracks could be followed for a distance of twelve miles and then seemed to double upon themselves and finally became lost. Without rest the searchers continued in what seemed their hopeless quest. The thought of the poor little tot being out upon the dreary plains alone, without shelter or food, wandering on with the helplessness of the lost, crying possibly with fright, tormented by the pangs of hunger and thirst, was simply maddening to the poor mother and friends seeming so helpless to terminate the trying situation.

All of Sunday night the search continued, and early Monday morning the father, who had been ignorant of the tragedy, was wired. He arrived that day and added his untiring efforts to those of the large party already out.

To think of the dreadful pathos of it all! The poor child was not found until Wednesday morning. It was then found by a Mexican, who carried the exhausted little form to his cabin, where the child lingered for three hours and then passed away. The ordeal had been beyond the little one's endurance. The remains were taken back to the ranch and next day were interred in the cemetery of the neighboring village.—El Paso (Texas) Times.

Snake Chased Crew.

Captain William F. Jameson and the crew of the towboat Juniata, of the American Steel and Wire Company, related an exciting experience with a big snake above Lock 4 on the Monongahela River. When the steamer came to Pittsburg Tuesday afternoon to have her boilers inspected a number of rivermen, including Captain James Moren, Captain Isaac B. Williams and Captain George W. Atkinson and others, went aboard her, and it was in explaining to them the condition of the vessel aft, which gave every evidence of having been subjected to great heat, that the story was told, as follows:

The Juniata had been at work all day towing barges up the river, and on the return trip the members of the crew were taking things easy sitting around on the deck. Some one saw a strange-looking reptile swimming in the river near the boat. It is said to have been about six feet long and similar in appearance to a rattlesnake, except that it did not have rattles. The men on the towboat commenced to throw stones and sticks at it, everybody being attracted by the strange-looking reptile.

A lump of coal which struck very near it seem to enrage the snake, and raising its head two feet out of water, it made straight for the boat. It seemed to have a charmed life, for nobody succeeded in hitting it. The captain says it climbed the rudder to the rudder post and came on deck, plunging through a hatch into the hold of the boat aft. Most of the crew beat a hasty retreat, it is claimed, to the pilot house, when the snake was seen to be on the boat.

As soon as the reptile was in the hold the hatch was closed and a steam jet was turned into that part of the vessel. For three hours the place was steamed, to make sure that the snake would be killed. The heat was so intense that the tar of the oakum in the floor was melted. When an investigation of the hold was made there was no trace of the strange snake. The remains of a few scalded rats were all that could be found. Where the strange reptile went is a mystery, for it was thought by the crew that they had it a prisoner.

Captain George W. Atkinson says he thinks the snake was what is known on the lower Mississippi River as a cotton-mouthed moccasin, a very poisonous reptile. They are seldom heard of in the waters around Pittsburg, although they are known to have been carried long distances in barges loaded with fruit. They resemble a rattlesnake very closely. Their mouths are large and when opened are white.—Pittsburg Times.

A Thirst That Could Not Be Satisfied.

From the story of Chief Officer Scott, of the Roraima, in Leslie's Monthly: You read about that fellow down in Hades looking up and asking for water, says Chief Officer Scott, telling of the loss of the Roraima at Martinique in Leslie's Monthly for July, well, that is about as near as I can come to describing it, but everything that happened sticks in my mind like a nightmare. I can see now one of the passengers, a man, lying on the fo'c's'le deck, hideously scarred, crying for water. When we gave it to him he could not drink it. It would not pass down his throat. He was crawling around on deck on his hands and knees calling for water, and at last we were afraid he would fall overboard, so with the assistance of another man, I brought him down to the main deck. As soon as ever he got there he caught sight of Thompson with his water can and at once began to crawl after him for water like a dog. The man's tongue was literally burned out of his head. His arms were cruelly burned from his shoulders to his finger ends. As he lay there moaning aloud in mortal agony one of the sailors happened to put a bucket of salt water near him. The man plunged his right arm into it to relieve the scalding pain. At once his skin broke straight round his shoulder and stripped off his arm till it hung like a lady's opera glove turned inside out from the tips of his fingers. But the worst burns were internal. The fire did not seem to penetrate clothing, but burned the exposed flesh mercilessly.

Both Men Were Heroes.

Leaning over the roof of his house, lighted by the flames from a burning building next door John Walsh, of Chicago, passed to his wife, who clung to the edge of a window below, two little children whose lives he had saved from the fire at the risk of his own. Another John Walsh, a policeman from the Chicago avenue station, was leading two companions along a narrow passage under the burning structure to where he heard what were apparently the cries of a woman.

The cries came from a fox terrier almost suffocated. The three men faced death and rescued a dog from cremation, while the dog's owner, who is Walsh, was engaged with his work of rescue to save his neighbor's children.

Walsh looked out upon the narrow court separating the two buildings and saw two little frightened faces pressed against a window pane. He climbed to the roof of his house. This brought him on the side furthest from the burning structure. Between him and the imperiled children was the peaked roof. Grasping a ladder he made his way around the coping to the spot opposite the window where the children were. Planting one end of the ladder against the cornice of his house and the other on the window opposite he crawled across and managed to reach the window. He took a child under each arm and descended the leaning ladder, with his back braced against the rungs. His wife opened the window, stood upon a chair inside, and, clinging partly to the ladder and partly to the cornice, leaning against the edge of the roof, one at a time lowered the children.—New York Times.

Nearly Overcome by a Bald Eagle.

Alfred F. Eastman, of Tacoma, who has been living at Skagway during the past year, came near being killed by an immense bald eagle near Chilkoot, where he had been hunting and fishing. Eastman was accompanied by D. C. Stevens. While crossing a mountain divide they scared up the eagle, which Eastman shot. The bird fell to earth and lay motionless as if dead. Eastman rushed forward and tried to pick it up, when it suddenly became active. It attacked Eastman with beak and talons, lacerating his head and tearing the flesh on his breast and upper body. Eastman was in a fainting condition when Stevens rushed to his rescue. The latter caught the eagle by both wings and pulled it away by main force. The eagle was then killed, and was found to measure eight feet from tip to tip of its wings.—San Francisco Chronicle.

What the Basket Contained.

The thin man looked just as if everybody in the world imposed on him. Even his mustache grew crooked. He came into the car of the suburban train sidewise, deposited his basket gingerly and slid into the seat beside it. As soon as the train cleared the tunnel, the basket meowed. The thin man smiled back at the man across the aisle, and gave the basket a shake. Another meow. A little girl in the seat in front stood up on the cushion and peered at the basket.

"Like cats?" the thin man asked.

"Yep," the child answered.

"Lemme see it."

"No; it might get away," the thin man said with another smile.

The basket preserved silence for several minutes, then it began to cluck. The child's eyes opened wide.

"Like chickens?" the thin man asked.

Before the child could reply, the basket emitted a shrill whistle, and the man across the aisle, whose face was as puzzled as the child's, asked:

"What have you there, anyhow?"

"Mocking-bird," the thin man answered.—New York Post.

Had Been Used.

A boy baby arrived at a certain house and a visitor said to a little girl in the family: "Do you like the baby?" The little girl said she did, but would have preferred a lady baby. "Well," the visitor continued, "maybe you could exchange this one." "No, I don't think we could," said the little girl, "because we have been using it for seven or eight days."—Chicago Chronicle.

A firm in Germany controls a patent for extracting fibre from wood, and is spinning yarn from the material. It cannot be bleached easily, but is capable of being dyed with good results. It is asserted that cloth manufactured from this fibre is suitable for tailors' linings, bed tickings, curtains, etc. A factory to manufacture such goods will be established at Bilbao, Spain.

A very curious case of acetylene lighting is reported from Germany, at Stadtbach, in Augsberg. At this point there is a large cotton mill, which derives its power from a waterfall a little over a mile distant. The natural conclusion would be that electric lighting would be adopted, but, owing to the liability of the turbines being stopped at intervals during winter, owing to ice, it has been decided to employ acetylene, which can, at least, be depended on for continuous service.

One of the astronomers at the Brussels Observatory has taken several excellent large-size photographs of the sun when near its setting that show very distinctly the oval appearance it sometimes has at that hour. Everybody is familiar with the fact that the sun appears larger when near the horizon, by which the lower edge of the sun seems to be lifted with reference to the upper edge, giving the disk the appearance of being compressed. In one of the photographs referred to the oval shape is very noticeable, the ratio of the vertical to the horizontal diameter being as seventy-five to eighty-four.

In the city of Tacoma some scientific sharps have discovered a way to do in two days what it has heretofro taken nature 1,000,000 years to accomplish, according to geologists. Gypsum is what has been called for convenience "young marble"—that is, if left to itself some thousands or millions of years it would become marble. These Tacoma sharps are now shaping their gypsum with lathes and chisels—It is soft and easily worked—and then subjecting it to a secret treatment which makes it really marble of a very high quality. The gypsum is brought from mines in Alaska. It is said to be exactly the same substance as goes to form marble.

Photographic surveying is being used by the United States Government engineers in the work in Southeastern Alaska. Captain Pratt, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, in a recent paper before the Pacific Northwest Society of Engineers, called attention to the cheapness of this method, especially in surveying the mountainous coasts along Bering Sea. In many cases where ordinary surveys were absolutely prohibited by their cost, he said, the camera could be used for extensive surveys at a very small cost as compared with other methods. The Canadian Government has also adopted photographic survey methods in carrying out similar extensive work.

Gases in the Air.

When Lord Raleigh announced that the air contained other gases besides those which had for long been known to enter into its composition there was for the moment a gasp of almost incredulous surprise. If anything were well known by chemists, surely it was the composition of the air. One new constituent suggested, however, the gas argon, was proved by many observations to have a real existence. A little later other elements, some of them hitherto unknown, were found to exist in appreciable quantities in the atmosphere. Among them was the gas of metal helium, whose presence had been originally detected in the sun's atmosphere by means of the spectroscope. This metal received its name from its supposed existence in the sun alone, as no trace of it had ever been noted on the earth, yet it was now found to be present in the air we breathe. Ramsay and Travers have recently devoted their attention to five new gases in the air. These are, besides argon and helium, neon, crypton and xenon. The chemic relations of these substances are now being determined, and their atomic weight varies from that of helium, which is four, up to that of xenon, which is 128.—American Medicine.

Brain and Intellect.

The exact seat in the brain of the highest intellectual faculties has formed a moot point in science since the functions of the organ of mind began to be investigated with accuracy. The general opinion localized what we term "mind" in the pre-frontal lobes of the brain, but by another school of thinkers the hinder lobes have been credited with performing our highest cerebral duties. The balance of evidence is decidedly in favor of the former view, and recent researches and observations by Dr. Phelps, an American investigator, would appear to assist in strengthenin the opinion that the most important portion of the brain is its anterior region. In the course of the investigations in question some 295 cases of brain injury and disease were examined. In all save two it was noted that interference of extensive nature with the pre-frontal region resulted in serious disturbance of the mental faculties. Less severe injury produced less marked effects. These facts parallel the researches of other investigators, and they are further substantiated by what is observed in cases of idiocy connected with a want of development of the frontal lobes of the brain.—London Chronicle.

Parliamentary Frontiers.

On either side of the commons chamber of our Parliament House there is a distinct line along the floor, and any member who, when speaking, steps outside the line on his side is liable to be called to order. These lines are supposed to be scientific frontiers, and the neutral zone between is beyond the length of a sword thrust, and, although members no longer wear swords, except those who are selected to move and second addresses to the throne on certain occasions, the old precaution still lingers on.—Westminster Gazette.

PUPILS' ODD IDEAS.

Selections From Answers in Public School Examinations.

The World's Work prints these selections from answers in public school examinations:

"Apherbility is the state of being an apherbile."

"Afferbility is the state of being insane on one subject only."

"Serenade, a greenness as of grass."

"Reverberation is when it is made again into a verb."

"The equator is a menagerie lion running around between the North and South pole."

"They climbed Vesuvius to see the crator smoking."

"We celebrate the Fourth of July because Jesus bid us."

"Vengeance. Def'n, a mean desire to pay back. Illus'n, 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

"Ingenious, a stupid person, from in, not, and genious, a smart person."

"Discretion, a difference of sex between animals."

"The early Briton wore a skin, he tied it at the waist. He wore legions on his legs. He had eyes of a blue shade which plainly showed his semi-civilization. He wore on his feet moccassions or scandals."

"Grand Opera. The only Grand Opera know is Wang."

"The Te Deums is a Grand opra."

"The British museum is the principal building in Paris."

"Aristides was a god; he was the female god of Phoenicia."

"Hannibal was an early Greek explorer who wrote a book called Herodiuts."

"Virgil was a Vestal Virgin."

"As I roamed in the deep woods I saw a herd of greyhounds hunting for prey."

"Julius Caesar was the mother of the Gracchi."

THE CARP NUISANCE.

This Imported Fish Plays Havoc With Our Native Varieties.

One influence that seems to have a very material effect upon the bass fishing in Lake Erie is that of the German carp. It is very generally believed among sportsmen and fishermen alike that the carp is to out native fish as the English sparrow to our birds. No one accuses the carp of having sufficient enterprise to eat other fish—even small fry—but it roots among the spawning beds, and is believed to devour eggs by the million. I have heard this complaint about Lake Erie, at the St. Clair Flats, and along the bays of Wisconsin, showing that everywhere in the lake region the carp is held in the same disrepute. How much truth there is in the stories of his spawn eating would be hard to say, but it is certain that carp are to be found by thousands all about the Great Lakes. Some of them are monsters in size, and all root about the banks of bay and bayou and the bottom of every shallow place. Many small lakes have been entered and their waters turned from crystal to mud color by the rooting. There is no doubt that they disturb spawn beds and do an immease amount of harm whether they are egg lovers or not.—Outing.

WISE WORDS.

Three who help each other are as good as six.—Spanish proverb.

If a good face is a letter of recommendation a good heart is a letter of credit.—Bulwer.

Whosoever is out of patience is out of possession of his soul. Men must not turn bees and kill themselves in stinging others.—Bacon.

A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties. The divinest views of life penetrate most clearly into the weakest emergencies.—James Martineau.

The aim for which we give our best strength is everything; the visible success as nothing. True faith may be the greatest, goodness and fidelity at the highest, when visible success is at the least.—John Hamilton Thom.

Cheerfulness—enforced at first—by and by inspires a gracious contentment; and self-sacrifice—at first a conscious struggle—loses itself in the self-forgetfulness of love. In such ways as these the daily crosses of duty change into the many-rayed crown of life.—Brooke Herford.

True greatness, first of all, is a thing of the heart. It is all alive with robust and generous sympathies. It is neither behind its age nor too far before it. It is up with its age, and ahead of it only just so far as to be able to lead its march. It cannot slumber, for activity is a necessity of its existence. It is no reservoir, but a fountain.—Roswell D. Hitchcock.

It is the moral purpose, the fidelity, the sacrifice, which makes the small things great. There is no humblest task on which a man can put forth the strength there is in him which, measured by the moral law, is not more excellent, more wonderful, and more inspiring than the most brilliant things that an immoral genius can conceive or an immoral giant can perform.—John White Chadwick.

Storks Decreasing.

If the north German farmer looks with equanimity upon the gradual disappearance of the stork, the northern tourist in quest of the quaint and picturesque will hear of the vanishing of the long-legged, red-beaked bird with unmixed regret. And what will the children say, whom Hans Andersen has told stories so wonderful that the bird seems part and parcel of fairyland? But the facts are that within the last half century the number of storks in Schleswig-Holstein has steadily decreased. Villages which used to be the home of over sixty families of storks and where sometimes six stork nests could be counted on the roof of one farmer's buildings hardly show a single nest now. Yet the arrival of the story was always hailed with delight by the natives, and it was counted as much a sign of good luck if a stork built on a roof as in other parts of Germany it is to have a swallow build under the eaves.—Philadelphia Record.

Biggest Sheep Population.

The State of Utah has more sheep than any other similar area of land; her total is 8,700,000. New Mexico has about 6,000,000.