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A THUNDER-STORM.

The pulse of day since noon has beat
At fever heat,
The swooning winds are dead, and still,
Man has no will
To move, except compelled by toil;
For burning soil
Blisters the feet that on it tread,
While overhead
The sun pours down its fiery tide;
The cattle hide
In thickets deep, with rolling eyes;
The varied cries
Of birds that fly upon the wing,
And creeping thing,
Are hushed, as if with boding fear;
For on the ear
The roll of heaven's drums, that beat
Whenever meet
The storm clouds, breaks with solemn tones.
Through valley moans
The gale that rushes from above;
The tree-tops move,
The wind, long dead, has leaped to life,
To join the strife
Of elements; the hissing rain
Sweeps o'er the plain
And breaks upon the mountain's brow.
Before it bow
The giant trees, as if but reeds
Or earthborn weeds.
But suddenly as tempest came,
With lightning flame,
And heaven's war drum rolling roar;
Again 'tis o'er.
The sun comes out with blinding glare;
And yet the air
Has something lost of burning heat,
And bird songs greet
The world, all freshly washed, and sweet.
—John E. Huribut, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

AME DE BOUE

By F. H. LANCASTER.

THERE were wet gleams on the fallen needles and glowing gleams on the pine tops. For the sun had come up over the dew-wet forest and it seemed as if the whole world was aglow with glitter, and teeming with the soft, sweet smell of the woods. But the girl heeded all this not at all. She was a pretty girl, with large eyes and red lips—a very pretty girl. Her teeth were strong and white, her hands, though brown, were small and shapely. Her figure, slim. At 15 an Arcadian maiden has not begun to grow stout. And she was an Arcadian? Voila! Why should she not be pretty? More than pretty now that her dark eyes flashed and her small hand clenched. Her strong teeth ground against each other, then the full lips gave relief to her swelling heart. She spoke slowly, her voice tense with scorn:

"Ame de boue."

A soull of mud? A harsh saying, when applied to one's sweetheart. True; but the girl was angry and an angry woman weighs her words but carelessly at best. If she be an Arcadian—eh bein!

Presently the red lips spoke again:

"La maitress d'ecole."

It was indeed the school mistress and the tall boy walked close at her side.

They strolled along the crest of the hill; the girl stood in the valley and watched. Their heads came close together. People do not need to put their heads close together to talk about the multiplication table. The girl understood. The heads drew apart, it was as she expected. The wild flower had changed hands and

HE WAS A BORN LOVER.

now rested its dainty head upon the teacher's breast.

Comment! Those two upon the hill were not talking about the multiplication table? Mais oui, why should they? The multiplication table is a matter for hard benches and stiff desks. Why should they so much as think of it out here in the free, glad woods with the dew dipped flowers at their feet and mocking birds gone quite mad for joy, singing above their heads. And, viola! with the wine of youth warm in their blood.

They were of the same age, the young teacher and the tall pupil. Of the same age and good to look upon—comely of figure and fair of face. Why should they not be glad together? Why? Ah, it was a big question. It is a bad thing for a man to marry outside his own people—it is worse for a woman. Ah, a very big question! But the boy had asked himself no question, was therefore troubled with no answer. He liked to walk with the pretty teacher and to talk with her. So he laid skillful traps for talking and walking. He was a born lover; most Arcadian youths are. What then?

The teacher was young and liked to be talked to and walked with, especially if the voice that talked was rich and full, and he who walked swung at her side with a stride masculine and strong.

Eh bein! It is easy to be glad when one is young and not on the lookout for cloud specks that may grow to storms. When one grows older, one keeps a spyglass and sweeps the heavens by day and by night. One must have reason. Reason? Mais oui. But it is not so in youth. Therefore, the man and the woman strolled on together drinking in the sunshine and the singing, and talking. What matters the subject of their talk? They spoke to one another. And the other man?

Bah, it is not at such times as these that the teacher thought of the other man. While the glamour of this rich, manly beauty was upon her; while these full tones trembling into tenderness filled her ears and while these wonderful eyes slipped their shy caresses into hers; why should she think of a thin, energetic face devoid of beauty, of crisp, clear tones, of eyes that met hers calmly, coolly. Once she had thought of it and against the image had sprung that uncanny, French saying:

"Argent comptant porte medecine."

She had hated herself for the saying—for the thought. How can one be sordid of soul when one walks among the pines and has wet flowers proffered by slim, strong fingers. And if the fingers tremble a little in their eagerness? Voila l'argent! What is ready money compared to ready love?—if one be young.

And Nizile? The girl who stood watching? Did she weep when the strollers disappeared leaving her alone—utterly alone in the heart of the sweet-scented forest. Her teeth bit fiercely upon her quivering lip. Again and again she said it:

"Ame de boue, ame de boue."

Her eyes glittered. She was angry? Mais oui. Had he not spent every Sunday with her since she began to wear his ring, two years ago. And many Sundays before that? Had they not wandered through hours of sunshiny weather up and down this little valley, or sat hand in hand upon the fallen tree trunk? Speaking at long intervals—too happy to talk. Sunday after Sunday for two long years? And now it was Sunday and she was alone!

Nizile had risen early as her habit was, to do the cooking for the day and make herself fine and fair before he came, then she had slipped away to the trysting place to await his coming. He had come—gathering flowers for the teacher.

"Ame de boue! a soul of mud!" Those beads upon her lashes were tears of rage then, not loneliness?

Eh bien, women weep for many things. The great God made them so lest their hearts break in their breasts and they die.

Nizile wept. Face down among the ferns and flowers. Careless of her pretty dress and the bright ribbon at her throat. Forgetful of the bangs she had curled against his coming. She lay and wept. Why? Who shall say?

A swinging stride came down the hillside; a rich voice called her name caressingly. Nizile sprang to her feet. One hand smoothed her rumpled dress; the other flung out in scorn:

"Va!"

But he did not go. Why should he? Had he not seen the look in the other man's eyes. The look of a strong man proof against defeat?

"Cherie," he said, tenderly, "Ma petit."

He took her in his arms. He hushed her bitter reproach with kisses, slow, sweet kisses, that softened the girl's heart and made her forget her anger. Her head sank against his breast and his dark beauty mingled with hers as cheek pressed against cheek. By and by they sat upon the log, hand clasped in hand, and said nothing.

A woman walking upon the crest of the hill looked down into the valley and saw them sitting there. She started and stumbled. A strong hand caught her arm. A white hand large and well made. The right hand of a man who has sat much behind a desk and made many figures. The well-kept hand of a man who is neat because he was born so—because his father was so before him, and his grandfathers for many generations. The woman glanced at the steadying hand and smiled with sudden kindliness into the face above her. A plain face, indicative of great energy. And as she smiled she talked to herself. She did not say: "Argent comptant porte medecine," nor yet "Ame de boue." She spoke English, saying:

"He has broken finger nails."

C'est vrai. But, quel voulez-vous? A broken nail is better than a muddied soul.—National Magazine.

A JEW'S CHURCH HIS HOME.

The Deepest Roots of His Faith Rest and Are Nourished in Domestic Soil.

The Jew's salvation is in no wise dependent upon rabbi and synagogue, but upon wife and children. They are his congregation, to whom he ministers as priest in fulfillment of the great charter word of dedication: "Ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation." The deepest roots of the Jewish faith rest and are nourished in the domestic soil. The synagogue has nothing to offer to the faithful which he cannot find in his own tent. Ten men gathered together, with a Sepher Tora (scroll of the Mosaic law) in their midst, form a Kahal Hakodesh (sacred body). No man becomes a drunkard with wife and children and aged parents near him for guardian angels, says the International Monthly. The greatest difficulty the Jewish reformation has to face is what to substitute for the old ceremonials, where they have become impracticable, and thus to preserve the essentially domestic character of the ancient faith. Is it thinkable that the Jew would be less objectionable to his surroundings were he to lose his sturdy horror of intemperance, and thus "assimilate" more freely with his neighbors of different faiths? It is not thinkable when we consider the great efforts made by Christians everywhere to redeem their people from their bondage to strong drink and the misery resulting from it. The Jew is the natural ally of the temperance advocate; and if he is not found in their ranks it is simply because he never knew from experience the need of that reformation.

Lions Vs. Trolley Cars.

President Roosevelt is going to hunt lions in Colorado the latter part of this month. It is said to be a fine sport, and, although exciting, cannot be so very dangerous, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, considering that there are no trolley lines in the country where the Colorado lions abound.

Even Kings Differ.

The kaiser may not think an American girl good enough for his son, the crown prince, but, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, King Alfonso of Spain, who needs the money in his business, is said to be inclined to listen to the right kind of proposal.

A late legal decision is to the effect that a man who works nights and is trying to sleep daytimes is justified in throwing his boots at the door of a neighbor who disturbs him with his pans and kettles.

Lesson in American History in Puzzle.

DE SOTO'S DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI. FIND MOSCOSO, DE SOTO'S SUCCESSOR.

Hernando DeSoto, the discoverer of the Mississipppi river, followed the savage De Narvarez in the attempt to conquer Florida. He landed in Tampa bay on May 30, 1539, and began his march westward. He treated the Indians with great cruelty and soon earned their hatred and had to fight every mile in his way. He first saw the great waterway from the bluffs in what is now Tunica county, Miss., in May, 1541. Continuing his search for gold he marched westward almost to the foothills of the Rocky mountains, and then returned to the Mississippi, where he died in May, 1542, and was buried in the waters of the river he had discovered. Moscoso succeeded DeSoto in command of the expedition and led the few survivors back to Cuba.

FATE OF CHARRED LETTERS.

If Legible They Are Returned to Their Addresses—Redress for Lost Treasures.

The burning of the car does not necessarily mean the loss of everything in it. Every railway mail car is supplied with fie extinguishing apparatus, axes, etc., in the use of which the clerks are instructed, so that the best practicable headway is made against a fire, and time is often gained at least for throwing out that mail which is in such shape as to be handled in bulk. Of what is injured by the fire, part is of course ruined past all hope of identification, if it does not actually go up in smoke, says the New York Evening Post. Letters which are so charred as to be ready to drop apart, but are still legible, are put, envelopes and all, into fresh wrappers, sealed and forwarded to their addresses, so marked as to indicate what has happened to them. The fragments of those which are too nearly destroyed to be capable of treating that way are gathered up and sent either to the dead letter office in Washington or to the nearest inspector of the depredations division. The inspectors are scattered all over the country, having certain districts of territory under their jurisdiction, and it is their business to know their districts very thoroughly. Some remarkable rescues of letters so badly burned as to baffle all ordinary ingenuity have been made by these men. Burned remnants are preferably sent to them, other things being equal, because sending to the dead letter office involves the loss of all the time of a journey to Washington and back, to say nothing of the delay in the office there, where the work is always more or less congested. But where a wrecked car contains mail for a very wide section of the country, and the contents are so confused that there are no probabilities to proceed on as a basis, nothing is left but to send the burned pieces there and let them take their chances.

When it is finally settled in the mind of the writer of a letter that it has been desroyed, it depends on a good many circumstances whether he can get any redress. If the destruction of the car was due to culpable negligence on the part of the railway company, the latter is liable. Of old, the contracts between the government and a company for mail carriage used to stipulate that the company should be responsible for losses under certain conditions. Later this was made a part of the general law, so as to do away with the necessity of a clause in the contracts. The difficulty in most cases lies in producing legal proof of the loss itself, the question of culpability being decided by the regular inquiry into the cause of the disaster. Even in these days of universal postal conveniences not a few men of large affairs are still willing to take risks with the mails which they would not think for a moment of taking with anything else. They will enclose a considerable sum of money, in the form of government notes or bank notes, loose into a letter, without so much as telling a friend of it, drop the letter in a post-box and trust the rest to luck. Of course nothing but luck can ever restore that money to them if it is lost in transit. Registered mail is reasonably safe, if not of too high a value, for the government undertakes to insure the patrons of its registry service against at least a part of their losses, and the registry office receipt is prima facie evidence that something of value was in the package which has not reached its destination; the rest of the case consists in bringing satisfactory evidence of what that thing of value was. Safest of all the means of protection provided is the money order; for its documentary evidence is spread over four surfaces—the order itself, the letter of advice to the paying post office, the receipt and entry on the books of the issuing post office—and any three of the four may be destroyed and the government has still something from which to recognize its liability.

Minnesota's Legal Lacking.

The state of Minnesota has no valid inheritance law on its statute books, Judge Bunn, of the Ramsey county court, holds that the law of 1901 is unconstitutional and invalid, and decisions of other courts have already found irreparable flaws in the laws of 1897 and 1902, so that there is no inheritance law whatever.—Indianapolis News.

CHARACTER IN BANK CHECKS.

The Style of the Slips Are in Many Cases Plain or Ornamental Like the Signer.

Man shows a deal of his individuality in his bank checks. A "flashy" man will have a "flashy" check, and a man who wears "loud" clothes and big rings will have a check engraved on tinted paper, with pictures and his name covering the ends of it, with ornamental characters.

A plain, quiet, business man has a plain, quiet check. It does not follow because a man has his check made to order, instead of taking the ready-made kind that the banks furnish him, that he has a big bank account, any more than a cheap suit of clothes indicates that a man cannot afford to buy better. On the contrary, a man with a bank account who uses quiet checks usually has a bigger balance than the man who sends out specimens of engraving with his signature on them, says the New York Herald.

The Astors use checks with no engraving, being plainly printed. When an Astor draws a personal check the name is printed near the left edge, in the plainest manner. The numbers are not even printed on them, but when filled in at all are filled in with ink. The Astors use a good quality of pink colored paper.

The Vanderbilt checks are more elaborate than those of the Astors, though not much more. They are not so elaborate now as they used to be.

One of the first things that some men do when they go into business is to have their checks made to order. They think that it gives them a certain distinction, and it shows that they are of importance.

If there can be said to be a fashion in checks, small checks are the most fashionable checks. A big check is bad form. It is also bad form to carry a pocket checkbook. It has an air of display about it, and shows the character of a man, just as the wearing of many diamonds does. The proper thing to do is to have a big book, three checks wide, and to tear out two or three to carry around loose in the pocket.

Tellers and cashiers prefer the plain printed to the elaborately engraved checks. They are easier to read, easier to keep tally of, and rather hard to alter. An alteration or change shows easier on a plain check than on an elaborate one.

It is with banks as with men. A good deal about a bank can be told from the kind of checks it furnishes Country banks furnish more elaborate checks than city banks. Big banks have plainer checks and better paper than smaller banks.

The Chemical bank has plain checks on a fine quality of paper. Smaller banks have engraved checks on cheaper paper.

The Problem of Flight.

The earnestness with which the problem of mechanical flight is being attacked is attested by the elaborate equipment of the "laboratory of aerodynamics" recently erected at the Catholic University of America. Among the apparatus is a wooden tunnel 50 feet long with a cross-section of six square feet, in which a wind of any desired speed can be generated by means of a suction-fan placed at one end of the tunnel. In the wind-current thus developed are placed objects of a great variety of kinds and shapes, whose resistances, lift, drift, surface friction, etc., are to be determined. A pressure gauge that can be read to less than one ten-millionth of an atmosphere is used to determine the pressure at all points in the stream of air. The object is to furnish trustworthy data for calculations in aeronautics.—Youth's Companion.

Talent Versus Genius.

"How long did it take you to write that book of yours?"

"About four weeks."

"How much did you get for it?"

"One thousand dollars."

"Huh! I made that in four seconds the other day. I thought up a good name for a new health food."—Chicago Tribune.

They Admire Beards.

The women of Ainu, North Japan, admire bearded faces, and they tattoo their own faces to make them seem sprouting with whiskers.—Detroit Free Press.

WANTED A WIRE FENCE SPUN.

The All-Abounding Faith in Science Displayed by a Credulous Canuck Farmer.

"The average Maine farmer admits of no limitations to the possibilities of science," said Prof. Coyne, of the University of Maine, according to a New York exchange. "This summer, while passing my vacation in the northern part of the state looking for rare plants to add to the herbarium, a man who owned a large farm and who was making money fast asked me about the way we handled an electric plow. When I informed him that there was no such implement on the market he asked when I was going to invent one. He said that the farmers of his section needed a plow that could be run from a windmill on the roof of the barn, and whenever it went along to turn a furrow it would send the 'juice' through the soil in every direction to kill the seeds of weeds and insects.

"The marvels of cross-breeding among the species of plants and animals is another subject that is full of interest to the northern farmer. Scores of men place full faith in the reputed cross between the honey bee and the firefly. One man asked me for seeds of the plant that was a hybrid between a sunflower and a Jerusalem artichoke.

"'If I could plant some of that seed on my farm,' he asserted, 'I could grow three crops on the same piece of land. I keep pigs and hens, and by feeding the seeds of the sunflower to the latter and the roots of the artichokes to the former and training pole beans to the stalks instead of having to set bean poles, I think I could sell off half my farm and get a good living from what was left.'

"The farmer, whose faith was transcendent and unquestioning, was a French-Canadian, whose son was studying medicine with a local practitioner. While I was talking with him he pointed to a henyard that was fenced in with laths and said:

"'W'at time you bin geet ze mix-up 'tween ze wire worm an' ze spider? I'm bin goin' to make new fence pretty kveek, an' mon garcon say ze wire worm an' ze spider bin cross an' mak' ze big spider w'at speen ze screen wire an' ze chicken nettin.'"

WHO OWNS THE EYES?

An Interesting and Amusing Indoor Game with Which to Entertain Your Guests.

When your guests have played several games of an instructive kind, requiring some skill in word building or a knowledge of geography, of natural history, or something of that sort, give a brighter turn to the evening by introducing the game of "Whose Eyes?" This will give them amusement pure and simple, a kind of dessert after the more substantial dishes, says the Albany Argus

To prepare for the bgame get an old sheet, and in it cut four pairs of holes of the size and shape of human eyes, and at varying heights from the floor, to suit the stature of different persons. Hang the sheet in the doorway between two rooms, the wider the door the better; then, having divided the company into two parties, send one party into the room behind the sheet, the other party remaining in the first room. Lower the lights in the room and have a lighted candle ready.

The players in the room behind the sheet now choose four of their number to look through the holes, and when they are in position each person in the first room takes the candle, and, with only its light to aid him, examines the four pairs of eyes that are looking at him through the holes and guesses to whom they belong.

When all the players behind the sheet have had their eyes thus examined the parties change rooms and proceed as at first. A prize may be offered for the nearest correct guesses, in which case a tally sheet should be kept by some one named for that purpose.

It is not necessary for all the players to be well acquainted with each other; indeed, it makes the game more interesting and amusing if some are comparative strangers, for the more mistakes a guesser makes the more fun the company has.

SANG WHILE WALLOPING MULE

Negro Teamster Belabored His Obstinate Beast to the Tune of a Sacred Song.

A coal-black negro perched on a cart who alternately walloped a bay mule with a snake whip and sang snatches of hymns in a high key caused a stir and much merriment on Germantown avenue, at Wayne Junction, the other afternoon. The negro saw no incongruity in his double performance, and the mule, judging from the way in which he laid back his ears and essayed to kick the bottom out of the cart, saw no humor in the situation. But the onlookers, who were at first shocked by the sacrilegious aspect of the negro's conduct, finally succumbed to the ludicrousness of the affair, relates the Philadelphia Telegraph.

"Neahah, my God—" sang the ebony-hued driver, the sacred song being cut short by the "crack" of the snake whip smiting the mule's flank, "to Thee," rang out between two skillfully prolonged "c—r—a—c—k—s!" which were resented vigorously by the heels of the hybrid. "E'en though it be—" twanged the negro, scaring the animal into a run with a stinging blow on the elongated right ear—"that raiseth me—" continued the black-skinned Jehu, in the midst of a succession of reports of pistol-like sharpness which sent a mounted policeman clattering in pursuit of the fast-disappearing negro, the crackings of whose whip continued to drown alike the words of the hymn and the laughter of the spectators.

Favorite Pudding.

Put a quart of milk in a double boiler, and when near boiling add four eggs that have been well beaten with one cup of sugar and a little salt; after it thickens add one-half cup tapioca that has been soaking for about three hours, and stir occasionally until the tapioca is clear; flavor, and when cold cover with whipped cream, flavored with vanilla. For a small family one-half will do.—Boston Globe.

DRESS AND COLORING.

A Chapter on the Subject of Harmonizing Apparel with Complexion and Size.

In considering what is becoming to a woman in the matter of dress so many things have to be taken into account that opinion, advice or suggestion must necessarily be somewhat general in its character, says Harper's Bazar. There are so many different kinds of women as regards figure and coloring. You have the tall stout woman and the short stout woman; the tall spare woman and the short spare woman; you have the pronounced brunette and the pronounced blonde, with all the intervening grades, including the woman with red hair, which again means many variations by reason of its differences in "shade" and vivacity. Art and courage may enable a woman to disguise shortcomings in her figure, and even as to coloring, I believe cosmetics and hair dyes are not strangers to the dressing table of a belle.

Whatever her figure and coloring are when she is ready for her gown, it is evident that the paramount consideration in regard to this is that it shall harmonize with them. In painting portraits of women I look for simplicity and harmony in their attire as a very important condition for the success of the portrait. Ruskin says the acme of painting is brilliancy and quiet. I regard harmony, simplicity and dignity in nature, and the same qualities in the raiment with which woman adorns herself, as the elements of this brilliancy and quiet in art.

Very often women have not the right notion of what looks best on them. They like certain colors, and so they wear them, without enough regard to the question of whether they suit them. Many dark-haired women have a passion for pink. Dark-haired women should not wear pink. It makes their skin look yellow. Rarely do I find a dark woman who likes to wear blue; yet blue—or the right shade, bien entendu!—suits her complexion almost as well as red. As a matter of fact, no color goes so admirably with a dark woman as an old gold tint. Black hair and gold! Nothing could be more harmonious.

White is a very beautiful color for gowns, and quite safe. It is nearly always becoming, and, as a rule, very charming. There are numerous shades of white, and the quality of it in different fabrics affords many effectively contrasting nuances, while the trimming may soften it with distinction. A toilet in white may be the perfection of elegant simplicity, exquisite refinement and aristocratic character. It is possible to impart to its daintiness a sumptuous brilliancy by the garniture till it is appropriate for the most impressive function in point of richness and splendor. For a certain coloring and type, scarcely anything sets off better the grace and beauty of the wearer.

If a gold-hued gown is becoming to a dark-haired beauty, it is only natural that a blonde, delicately vivid in her tinting, with deep blue eyes and golden hair, should look her best in black. Though black is a severe color, it may be made soft or rich or sumptuous by its material and the adjuncts employed to enhance its effect.

The woman with red hair, especially when it is of certain shades, must be rather careful in selecting her colors. A wrong shade will emphasize defects, and a right one mitigate them for this type very notably. They will find, by experimenting, that some shades of blue are what they need, and may judiciously employ good browns or tan color.

It is when different colors are combined in a costume that correct taste counts for most, for the result of such combination may be highly effective or disastrously jarring. No one but an artist can know how powerfully one small color accent can tell, especially in the matter of contrast. A woman with unerring instinct for contrast and harmony in tones and hues can devise the most original and ravishing toilets for herself.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

Odds and Ends of Feminine Finery in Evidence with Devotees of Dress.

The newest buckle is made of platinum and some of the more elaborate designs in this metal are tinted and studded with coral.

Tiny gilt buttons are enjoying an exceptional degree of popularity as ornaments for tailored costumes, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

For trimming purposes lizard green, orange and old rose are the new colors and they dispute supremacy with the vivid blues and greens that have held sway for so long.

Paillettes of mother of pearl are utilized by Parisian designers for outlining the patterns of the guipure robes in cream, ecru and white now so much worn at the French capital.

Painted sashes, it is predicted, will be a feature of the bridesmaid's costume for fall weddings.

Matinees and tea jackets are made of Shantung pongees in the delicate new tints and embellished with trimming of yellow lace and black velvet ribbon.

At the French seaside resorts of fashion Sevres blue and scarlet are colors that have been noticeably in evidence this season.

Some of the new short coats are finished with short shoulder cape pointed at the back; others have Capuchin hoods.

Corn Patties.

Rub one tablespoonful of butter into one pint of sifted flour, to which has been added one-half teaspoonful of salt and one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Add one well-beaten egg to three-fourths of a cupful of sweet milk, stir it into the flour, and beat hard for a few minutes until it is perfectly smooth. Butter some patty pans, spread the batter over the bottoms and sides, and fill with nicely seasoned stewed corn. Cover with buttered crumbs, and bake for about half an hour.—Ladies' World, New York.

Oyster Plant.

Scrape one oyster plant, cut into small lengths, and throw into cold water at once to keep from turning dark. Cook in boiling salted water one hour. Serve with a cream sauce.—Boston Budget.

END OF A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER.

The Fatal Mistake That Was Responsible for the Loss of Four Daring Men.

Owen Glynne Jones, who was killed with three guides while climbing the "White Tooth" in the Alps three years ago, was one of the greatest of mountain climbers. The details of the accident which ended his life at 32 are recounted by Mr. Harold Spender, in McClure's Magazine. Jones was a safe and scientific climber, and his death was due to no fault of his own. The five men in the party, tied together with a rope 30 feet between man and man, proceeded in this order; the guides, Furrer and Zurbriggen, first, then Glynne Jones, Vuignier, another guide, and Mr. F. W. Hill, who was a schoolmaster like Jones, and who, like him, pursued mountain climbing as a sport.

Coming to a difficult buttress ten feet high, Furrer, who was in advance, could not find a hold. It was necessary for him to mount first, and then pull the others up when he had secured foothold; so Zurbriggen and Jones put an ice ax under him to stand on, and crouched down to hold it. As they could not see what Furrer was doing above them, they were unprepared for a sudden shock.

It is evident that these men were depending on Furrer's success in getting the hand-hold for which he was reaching. Mr. Hill, who was some feet below the group about the ice ax, saw Furrer slip. He fell upon the two oblivious men beneath him. All three went, striking Vuignier, who stood between Hill and the three falling men.

Hill had instinctively turned to the rock to get a firm hold, expecting to be carried away with the other men; but after a few seconds he realized that he was safe and alone. Looking round, he saw his companions sliding at fatal speed down the rock into the abyss. Between him and the unfortunate men, who were being hurled to sure death, he saw 30 feet of rope dangling from his waist. The faithful Vuignier had fastened it to some point in the rock to protect his master. The weight of the four bodies had broken the rope, and this saved Mr. Hill's life.

After two days of hardship, climbing alone, Mr. Hill arrived at the hotel.

The lesson here for all climbers, those who make a sport of it and jest with death, and those who, in unsought predicament, need to know how to climb, is this: Those men blundered by allowing the fate of three men to depend on one man's hand-hold. Again, so far as is possible, every man in a climbing party should know what the others are doing, in order not to be taken unawares, as were the unfortunate men who held the ax under Furrer's feet.

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.

How They Have Succeeded Where Means of Transportation Did Not Previously Exist.

The electric railway is to perform a service for mankind as notable and perhaps ultimately as great as that rendered by its steam-operated precursor, writes George H. Gibson, in the Engineering Magazine. Already it handles the bulk of interurban passenger traffic; it carries freight, mail, express and baggage; it operates at speeds reaching 60 miles per hour; its cars are operated on time schedules and dispatched by telephone; its roadbed is often as expensive and heavy of construction as that of the best steam lines; and, what is more interesting to the investor, it pays large dividends. At the present time $1,600,000,000 are nominally invested in electric roads in the United States and upon this sum $7,000,000 are paid in yearly dividends; 300,000 employes receive yearly in wages $250,000,000, and there are 20,000 miles of track on which 60,000 cars are run. In 1899, ten miles of electric road were built for every mile of steam road constructed. Still, it cannot be said that the electric roads have achieved their great success in competition with steam roads. They have opened a field of development which does not compete with and was not open to steam.

The peculiar advantages of the electric system of traction are frequent service, flexibility convenient location, clean, light and airy cars, and low fares. Of these, probably the most important are location and the ability to maintain a frequent service with small units. By these means electric roads have succeeded where traffic did not previously exist and could not have been produced by steam roads.

Doubt Dispelled.

She is a most dignified and staid matron, and her husband is deacon in a Maiden Congregational church. She was passing along a side street in the Back Bay when a well-dressed man suddenly stopped and addressed her:

"Madam, do I look tight?"

"What?"

"Do I look tight?"

"No! No!"

"You're sure I don't. I've been drinking, and I don't feel sure."

"Yes."

"I want to make a call, but I was afraid that I looked 'off.' I'll do?"

"Yes."

"You're quite sure I can make the call and not look wrong?"

"Yes."

"Madam, I am very greatly indebted to you."

And he went on his way, evidently rejoicing, while she pondered on the strange ways of men.—Boston Record.

Off to Newport.

First Naval Lieutenant—Isn't war howwid?

Second Naval Lieutenant—Yaas. It's so deuced smoky.

"And it's so stwaining to the eyes."

"Yaas. And it makes your back so dweadful lame standing wound so stiffly."

"And I know well enough that walking up and down the deck is just sufficient to make my feet so pwecious tender that I cawn't dawnce the german, don't you know, for souah gwapes."

"Don't you wish the beastly war were ovah?"

"Yaas."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.