THE TIMID KITTEN.

There was a little kitten once
Who was of dogs afraid;
And being by no means a dunce,
His plans he boldly made.

He said: "It's only on the land
That dogs run after me,
So I will buy a cat-boat, and
I'll sail away to sea.

"Out there from dogs I'll be secure,
And each night, ere I sleep,
To make assurance doubly sure,
A dog-watch I will keep."

He bought a cat-boat, hired a crew,
And one fine summer day
Triumphantly his flag he flew,
And gayly sailed away.

But in mid-ocean one midnight—
'Twas very, very dark—
The pilot screamed in sudden fright:
"I hear a passing bark!"

"Oh, what is that?" the kitten said.
The pilot said: "I fear
An ocean greyhound's just ahead,
And drawing very near!"

"Alack!" the kitten cried, "alack!
This is no paltry pup!
An ocean greyhound's on my track—
I may as well give up!"
—Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas.

SAVED BY ELEPHANT.

Little Girl Is Rescued from Embrace of Ugly Bear by a Blow from His Trunk.

A traveling circus and menagerie had come to town in the early morning, and the men had set up the tent in a big vacant lot, and were now at work getting things ready for the afternoon performance. A good many men and boys—and some little girls, too—were in the lot nearly all the forenoon, watching what was going on, but they were particularly interested in an elephant and a bear that were chained each to a stake out-

ELEPHANT DEFENDED HER.

side the tent and not very far apart.

While they stood about looking at the beasts a girl eight or nine years of age came out of the tent, and, approaching the elephant, began to play with him. She would hold a wisp of straw out to him, and when he thrust his trunk toward it she would jerk it away and jump back out of his reach.

Then she would run all around him and he would try to touch her with his trunk, but always in a gentle way, as if he enjoyed the sport as much as she did.

The people who were standing around looked at all this with staring eyes, as if they expected to see the little girl caught up and crushed to death by the great beast, but they found out later on that she was the daughter of one of the managers, who allowed her to play with the elephant whenever she pleased, as it was very fond of her, and seemed never so much delighted as when she was near it.

Meanwhile the big bear was watching them, and soon began to show signs of not liking their play. He was evidently in a bad humor, but the girl was so full of her fun with her friend the elephant that she paid no attention to the bear.

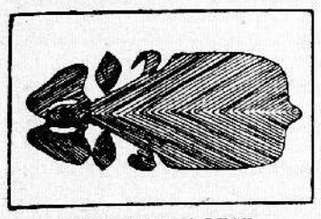
Presently, in jumping back to get out of the way of the elephant's trunk, she got within reach of the bear, and he seized her with his paw and would no doubt have killed her, but the elephant saw him, and struck him a blow with its trunk that laid him on the ground severely injured.

Then there was great excitement; men yelled and boys and girls screamed, and a dozen circus men came running to see what was the matter. They found the little girl only slightly hurt, while the old elephant rocked himself to and fro in unmistakable delight over what he had done.—D. B. Waggener, in Chicago Record-Herald.

LEAVES THAT WALK.

Insects in Java Counterfeit Plants So Remarkably That the Eye Is Cleverly Deceived.

No, it isn't vegetable matter, although the closest scrutiny only disproves it. This is one of the most wonderful of all insect imitators, the



THE WALKING LEAF.

"walking leaves" of Java, bugs that counterfeit green leaves so remarkably that the eye is deceived, even on the closest view.

Equally extraordinary, the coloring matter in these insects has been proved by analysis to be practically the same substance as the chlorophyl, which gives the green hue to real leaves.

In Java the natives believe that the bugs are actually transformed leaves, having originated as buds on the trees.

There is a so-called "leaf butterfly" which resembles any other butterfly when fluttering about, but when it alights upon a branch it holds its wings in such a manner that they look exactly like a leaf, even showing the "ribs" thereof.—Detroit Free Press.

JACK AND DOROTHY.

How the Circus Came to Two Industrious Children Who Couldn't Go to It.

Jack and Dorothy were very sad. The reason was that the circus was coming to Globeville, and they could not go. They could not even go to see the street parade in the morning. Jack and Dorothy lived out in the country. Their father was dead, and they were very poor.

Jack and Dorothy were willing to give up going to the circus, but they did feel that it was hard that it had to come in strawberry time. All the farmers round about raised strawberries, and there was a cannery which bought all they raised. The berries were just ripe now, and Jack and Dorothy could each make a dollar a day picking them. They began as soon as it was light in the morning, and picked till it was too dark to see any longer. It made them very tired, stooping over in the hot sun all day, but a dollar a day is a good deal of money for such a little girl and boy to earn, and they were glad to get it. If they went to Globeville to see the parade, it would take half a day's wages from each, and that would mean a dollar lost.

Their mother felt as bad over it as they did. She told them just how it was, and then said that they should settle it themselves. Jack and Dorothy talked it over that evening, out behind the barn, and decided that they could not afford to go. They cried a little over it, but they wiped away their tears before they went in to tell their mother.

Jack had a very strange dream. He thought he was in a great forest, and that he could hear all the animals in the world, each making its own particular kind of noise. The lions roared, the elephants trumpeted, the camels brayed and the panthers screeched. It seemed to Jack that he was wandering in this forest for hours and hours. The noises grew louder and louder and nearer and nearer, till suddenly Jack woke with a start. He thought for a moment that he was still in the forest, for there were all the noises he had heard, mixed with the voices of men shouting. He leaped from his bed and ran to the window. There, in the bright moonlight, were elephants and camels, horses and dogs, and great red wagons, pouring through the big gate into their yard.

"Dorothy! Dorothy!" he shrieked wildly, and in another instant the children were tearing madly into their clothes and rushing barefoot downstairs. Their mother was already up and calling them, and she told them that it was the circus, on its way to Globeville, which had stopped to water the animals at their well.

It took more than an hour to water all the animals. The elephants had to have the washtub to drink out of, and they sucked up a tubful of water at one gulp. The doors of the big wagons were opened, and the children saw the men water the lions and tigers and leopards inside; and the lion roared, just as Jack had heard him in his dream. A little pony found a pail of milk that had ben set out for the chickens, and drank it all up. Then he stood up on his hind legs and begged. He was a trick pony.

Jack and Dorothy ran here and there, bringing pails to water the animals and cups for the men to drink from. So at last a good natured man said:

"Those little chaps have worked hard. Give them a ride."

Then a keeper called the children over to the biggest elephant and said: "Stand quiet now, and don't be afraid. He won't hurt you."

Then he spoke to the elephant, and the elephant softly and gently put its trunk around first Jack and then Dorothy, and lifted them both on to its own great back.

"Hang on, now," said the man, and then he led the elephant all around the yard.

Then they all went away, and Jack and Dorothy could hear the noise for a long, long time down the Globeville road.

"Oh, mamma," said Dorothy, "we couldn't go to the circus, and so the circus came to us."—N. Y. Tribune.

NORTHERN HOSPITALITY.

Good Qualities of the Eskimos Shown in Their Treatment of a Shipwrecked Crew.

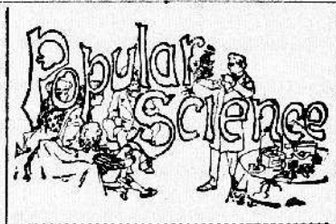
Late in the year 1866 the ship Japan, under command of Capt. Barker, while trying to make her way out of the Arctic ocean during a severe snowstorm and gale, was driven ashore on the north side of Cape East. The officers and crew were rescued by the coast Eskimos, who at once distributed the shipwrecked persons among the villages along the coast, and kindly shared with them, during the long winter, their huts, clothing and food. In describing the good qualities of these people, Mr. Middleton Smith tells, in "Superstitions of the Eskimo," what this generous treatment meant in the way of self-sacrifice among the Eskimos.

"As the summer of 1866 had not been favorable for the capture of the walrus, and the ice during the winter had hindered the taking of seal, the food-supply of these people was unusually small, and to take care of and feed a whole shipwrecked crew of 32 men, at a time when they could scarcely obtain provisions sufficient for their own families, was a heavy task. When probable starvation stared them in the face, a council of the little settlements was called to see whether they should endeavor to keep these strangers through the winter, or simply to save their own people.

"It was decided by this council that as the strangers were thrown, by no fault of their own, upon their shores and, as it were, placed under their care, they should have an equal chance for life with themselves.

"Capt. Barker, of Japan, testifies that the Eskimo women, in apportioning the food among his men, frequently shed tears on account of the smallness of the amount, and often would increase the quantity by adding portions of their own shares.

"Capt. Barker did not learn until the plenty of the following spring made further fear unnecessary that there had been any council, or any question among the Eskimo in regard to supporting him and his crew through the winter."



STRANGE INSTRUMENT.

It Is Called the Acousticon and Enables Deaf Persons to Hear Quite Well.

The acousticon is really an artificial ear. It takes the place of the outer ear, which collects the sound; the tympanum, or drum; the little bones, the liquid that connects the bones with the inner drum, which is attached to the cochlia, as the 3,000 nerve terminals are known.

The receiving instrument, which is about two and a half inches in diameter, and half an inch thick, collects all manner of sounds. This is placed in a woman's corsage or in a man's waistcoat pocket.

Its business is to sort and emphasize sounds. It acts inversely, inasmuch as when a speaker shouts the instru-

THE ACOUSTICON.

ment transforms the sound into a whispers, and when the speaker whispers, the receiver transforms it into a shout.

The receiver is selective, just as is the normal ear. It picks up and accentuates the important sounds. Its chief business is to catch the important sounds—the aspirants, the sibyllants—and deliver them to the ear-pieces as distinct, articulate sounds. There are 75 different pieces in this disk. The receiver is connected with a dry storage battery three inches long, two inches wide and half an inch thick. This merely furnishes the power. It is carried in a pocket in the corsage.

It is the business of the ear-piece, which is held against the ear by the hand or by a mechanical arrangement, to receive the sounds selected and emphasized by the receiver, and drive them to the nerve centers in those cases where drum and bones are missing. The instrument is capable of 280 major adjustments and 2,800 minor ones, so that it can be fitted to that many conditions of deafness. It has to be fitted to a deaf person just as spectacles have to be fitted to eyes. The acousticon is sold only upon a physician's prescription.

When the children at the opera house placed the ear-piece against their ears, the instrument was regulated so that it performed the work of normal ears. The sounds most difficult to hear because they were not articulated distinctly were emphasized, although they were not necessarily made louder, and those which were loud and easily heard were softened. The inventor has found some means of making metals, gases and rubber to do the work of the ear, but the device must be regulated by hand. It cannot do that which the normal ear does automatically. If the drum is destroyed and the remaining parts of the ear are still capable of performing their functions, the acousticon stirs the sluggish mechanism so that it transmits articulate sounds. If only the nerve centers remain the sounds are delivered to the cochila, as they are called.

If the auditory nerve is destroyed, the acousticon cannot make a person hear. In some cases it is found that the part of the brain of deaf mutes which has to do with hearing is undeveloped or paralyzed. Their cases also are hopeless.

But there are very few such victims. The instruments used by those who attended the opera were all adjusted differently, and yet the sounds they heard were practically the same. Like all persons who have long been deaf, their untrained brains could not eliminate the sounds they do not want to hear. Wherefore they were confused much of the time.—N. Y. World.

Mosquitoes Enjoy Music.

A doctor, writing from Port of Spain, Trinidad, to a medical journal, tells of his experiments with mosquitoes. He says that one of his childish amusements, when playing with his companions in the early evening, was to strike a note that would attract the insects. As he remembers, the most alluring sound was a continuous "oo," sung in a medium key, which was quickly changed to "ah," in a lower tone, and dwelt on in the same way. The effect on the mosquitoes was magical. Their singing would quickly increase in volume, and they would immediately attack the faces of the children, who strange to say, enjoyed the sport. But the mosquitoes did not enjoy it long, for their love of music afforded an excellent opportunity of killing them.

Strange Disease of Glass.

It is reported that a peculiar affection has appeared in the glass windows of York cathedral, England. The glass has become dull and fragile and filled with holes. Windows that have been in place for 600 or 700 years have lately been removed to arrest this curious form of deterioration. The trouble, which may properly be named a "disease," is ascribed to a fungus, but in what way it attacks glass is not yet definitely known. Possibly it dissolves the silica in order to form a shell such as those of the microscopic diatoms that make up the fine siliceous deposits found in Germany and other countries. Glass is not the only hard substance that may succumb to such attacks, for a species of bacteria is known to disintegrate the hardest cements, and has thus wrought havoc in water reservoirs.

PERNICIOUS PRACTICE.

Inhaling Tobacco Smoke Subjects the Victim of the Habit to Very Serious Risk.

On the labels of some boxes of cigarettes at present being sold to the public is a statement to the effect that the cigarettes are made of the purest tobacco and paper obtainable, and that, therefore, the smoke from them may be inhaled safely and without irritating the respiratory passages. We do not hesitate to say that such a statement is highly mischievous and that the practice of inhaling smoke into the lungs is attended with considerable risk to the health of the smoker.

It is to be feared that the cigarette is responsible largely for the prevalence of this objectionable habit of inhaling tobacco smoke; the pipe or cigar smoker is, as a rule, not addicted to it because probably the smoke is too strong or too irritating. But the fact that the smoke of a cigarette may be unirritating does not minimize the evil effect of drawing smoke into the lungs, for by this method the absorption of the poisonous constituents of tobacco smoke (and all tobacco smoke is more or less poisonous) is very rapid, these entering quickly into the circulatory system by way of the pulmonary capillaries. Even in the mouth and nasal passages there is some amount of absorption, but this is trifling compared with that which takes place in the lungs. The practice of inhaling tobacco smoke is, therefore, strongly to be discountenanced, and venders of cigarettes should refrain from printing on the boxes mischievous statements such as that to which we have alluded.

The sequel to the habit of inhalation may indeed be dire, the heart and nervous system being chiefly affected. Yet many cigarette smokers inhale the smoke into the lungs, as may be seen from the fact that very little of the smoke which they draw from the cigarette is afterward ejected.—London Lancet.

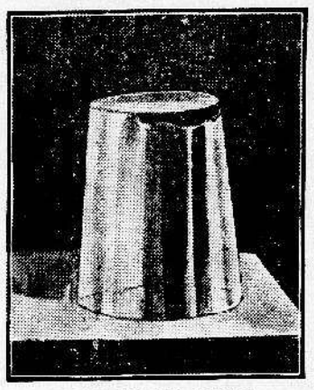
CHORD BROKE GLASS.

Recent Accident in New Jersey Household Proves Truth of an Ancient Theory.

The photograph here is of an ordinary water glass owned by R. C. Kennedy, of Metuchen, N. J., which was broken in a peculiar manner and one which seems incredible, but the truth of the following statement, says the New York Herald, can be vouched for by reliable witnesses.

It will be noticed that the bottom of the glass is held to the rest of it for a short distance only, the rest of the side being broken in an irregular line made up of curves of varying lengths.

The history of this glass will help to prove the theory of the "Chord of the Mass," or, in other words, that objects can be broken by musical



BROKEN BY A CHORD.

sound or chord if the right one can be found.

This glass partially filled with water and holding a spoon, was standing on a mantel. Two children were standing at opposite ends of the room, which was long and narrow, with the mantel between them. One of the children was striking chords upon a zither. Suddenly, as a chord was struck, a sharp click was heard in the room.

The empty glass was found, and neatly arranged on the mantel were the little semi-circles of glass, in their respective places, just as they had dropped out.

HELD ONLY PAIR OF THREES.

How a Little Man Bluffed the Late Tom Reed in a Poker Game.

The late Thomas B. Reed was without the fear of man, but he never did have much nerve at poker, according to a New York Times writer. A few may still recall a little game in a back room in Portland, when the limit was a dollar and a certain sharp-faced little man sorely vexed the great speaker of the house. The little man seemed to be getting all the bad cards, which he threw down with exclamations of disgust. At last he made a bet and all the players dropped out except Mr. Reed, who eyed his own three aces complacently and raised him heavily. The little man snickered and came back with an equally heavy raise. Mr. Reed opened his round little mouth, blinked his little black eyes and gurgled with uneasiness; but he shoved his chips onto the pile and put an extra red on top. The little man covered the red, then deftly swept the whole of his stack on the board and eyed the great man with a superior smile. Mr. Reed lurched back in his chair, looked at his opponent severely for a moment, and—quit. Then the little man spread out a pair of trays and gathered in his winnings.

"Why, confound you, sir," roared the speaker of the house, "you ought to join the senate lobby!"

"Water-Clad" Battleship.

The Russians are experimenting with a "water-clad" battleship, which has an upper deck of cork and a second deck of armor. The space between the two can be filled with water; then the ship floats a foot under the sea's surface.—Chicago Tribune.

The Most Deadly Disease.

Pneumonia now kills as many as measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria and typhoid fever combined.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

THE SMALL FARM ERA.

The Day of the Great Plantation is Passing Away and Small, Well-Tilled Farms the Rule.

The small farm era has come and is firmly established among the agriculturists of modern times. Old plantations, covering hundreds and thousands of acres, have been divided and sub-divided among the children and grandchildren until the farms are down to the right size.

The familiar grange motto about making two blades of grass grow where but one had grown before is being exemplified in many of the best fields of agricultural activity. It has brought along an age of trucking and general gardening, which is really as a ray of sunshine in the musty old clouds of ancient farming, of large fields to corn and corn, until they became worthless.

Many important lessons have been learned by the farmers since the incoming tide of small farms. They have been taught this, that a little farm well tilled and a little wife well willed, are two good properties. The latter possession often depends much on the size of the former. A woman can not be good natured when she is constantly over-worked, waiting on hired men, threshers and extra help necessary on large farms. The small farm period has changed this condition and made women more healthy and good natured. This has brought rays of happiness in homes once dark and dismal because of overwork and worry. The small farm is responsible for hundreds of roses painted on cheeks that once were pale and without color. It has brought contentment.

The small farm idea prevails to such an extent that many who have dropped their old notions and adopted intensive soil culture could not be induced to return to former methods. Intensive farming brings results. It compels men to study condition of soil and crops. The poor land must be enriched and the rich land made better. Every system for the increase of fertility is given careful consideration by the small farm owner. The crops are more diversified and the income made to cover every month in the year. To do this the farmer must be a student of nature. He sees the demands made upon his fields and assists the land in producing good crops by feeding it the elements of plant food needed.

Plant food is a most important subject for the small farm owner. The orchard trees become sickly, the tips of the limbs have a pale, yellow color and appear to be dying. The remedy is suggested at once. The roots have exhausted all the plant food in the soil by building up the tree. Something must be added to make fruits. The up-to-date small farmer fertilizes the trees by using some complete commercial fertilizers, containing potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen in good proportions. He uses this because experience has taught the truth that soil fertility can not be maintained without applications of the elements making up that fertility. When the large farms were in operation a piece would be abandoned when it failed to yield good returns. The small farmer can not afford to let his lands lie idle. He supplies the required fertilizers and reaps abundant harvests. Small farmers have learned to diversify their products so that no possible failure of a certain cereal or fruit can bring serious results. The land is rotated and worked up from year to year by systematic fertilizing. A good application of potash insures safe returns for one year and leaves the soil in fine condition for the succeeding crop. In some fields there is too much clay for certain crops. By the mixing of specially prepared fertilizers the land may be reclaimed and made to produce abundantly. The small farm does not necessitate so great outlay for machinery and fertilizers at any time. The expenses are small and the income correspondingly large.

One small farmer and fruit grower says he gets more money off five acres planted to fruits, vegetables and mixed truckers' crops, than he formerly harvested from 100 acres in general farming. He uses good fertilizers, properly mixed and keeps up the fertility of his soil. Another by the aid of commercial fertilizers has a greater income from ten acres than he formerly had from 160 acres of similar soil. He can afford to purchase and apply soil fertility to the small acreage, but could not do so for the large farm. Men harvest products to the value of $200 to $500 an acre from small, well-tilled farms today. Under the old system those same men did not secure to exceed $50 from an acre, and depleted the soil treasury every year. Small farming has solved the intricate problem of how to make the farm pay.—Farmers' Home Journal.

STOCK-RAISING IN THE SOUTH.

An Industry that Holds Out Excellent Possibilities For the Farmer of the Southern States.

The raising of stock is a profitable industry in the south and holds out most excellent possibilities. In climate, soil, pasturage, forage crops, and water supply this section is admirably adapted to this interest, and the best markets are at its very doors.

The climate is such that there is no loss from stress of weather, and but little expense is incurred in the erection of adequate buildings. Rough lumber is cheap and in easy reach of every farmer, and shelters from winds and rain are comparatively inexpensive. In the more northern districts there is but little snow to contend with and blizzards are unknown factors. There is no chopping of ice from frozen water courses and the stock grower works in comfort in the care of his cattle in winter, as during the other months of the year.

The director of the agricultural college of Mississippi, states that the state, well set with Bermuda and Lespedeza, will carry two head of cattle to the acre, during the summer months, and that it is not especially difficult to obtain good grazing for ten months of the year.

In the great wire-grass region of Georgia, which is a part of that portion of the state south of Macon, thousands of cattle run at will, requiring no shelter and no care beyond yearly branding. Here the wild grass is luxuriant and abundant, good water is plentiful, and nature seems to have especially fitted this as a cattle section. In this section there is great interest in the stock industry, which is also being fostered by reason of the valuable qualities which cassava and velvet beans possess as cattle food. These crops are very productive in that part of the south and are very cheaply raised.

At a recent convention of cassava growers at Brunswick, it was shown that a steer which had been fed on velvet beans and cassava for 70 days, at an actual cost to the farmer of about ten cents a day, gained on an average of four pounds a day. Roasts and sirloin steaks taken from beef fattened on these products were served to the members of the convention and were pronounced as excellent meat products. Land in this section of Georgia adapted to the raising of velvet beans, cassava, etc., can be had from $1 to $5 per acre.—Southern Field.

The Money Value of Good Roads.

Some interesting and valuable calculations have been made by an Indiana civil engineer as to the money value of good roads to a community—what they save in transporting products to and from market.

He has taken into consideration all kinds of roadways, from the sandy road to asphalt streets, and his figures furnish a strong argument for modern highways.

The cost of moving one ton by horse power over one mile of any sandy road, according to his estimates, is 64 cents; over wet sand, 32 cents; over ruts and mud, 39 cents; over broken stone ruts, 26 cents; over an earth road that is dry and hard, 18 cents; over a broken stone road in good condition, 8 cents; over a compact gravel road 6.8 cents; over paving, 5.33 cents; over asphalt, 2.7 cents.

While the average farmer has never tried to figure the matter out with this exactness, he will, no doubt, see at a glance that there is much reason in what this Indiana engineer says.

If we apply these estimates to a wide section of country—say the state of Georgia, for instance—and take into consideration the vast amount of hauling that is done, the money saved to the people, especially the farmers, by good roads would be enormous. There is no reason why Georgia farmers might not have compact gravel roads on which to transport their products to and from market at an average cost of 7 cents per ton—instead of from 39 to 64 cents, as is now the case in most counties.

We believe the time has come when the farmers themselves are inclined to look at this good roads proposition from a dollars' and cents' standpoint. Here, then, are some figures that will help them.—Atlanta Constitution.

Girl a Success as Planter.

Only a few months ago Miss Jessie Mae Hall, who owns one of the largest pineapple plantations in southern Florida, was nightly appearing as a member of a chorus behind the stage footlights. The transition from the gay life of a frivolous but hard working chorus girl to her present one among the pines of Florida was made with the quickness of stage transformation.

The opportunity was offered her while she was playing in New York of becoming for a mere song the owner of a pineapple grove of 244 acres. She was quick to seize the chance, invested her savings of several years, and, abandoning the stage, came here from New York. Since she has taken charge of the plantation she has managed it with unexpected business ability. She is now in prosperous circumstances, and living with the assurance of a steady income as the result of her past efforts.—Cor. Chicago Inter-Ocean.

HERE AND THERE.

—One of the best things to do with the skim milk is to feed it to young stock on the farm.

—The wagon that may be easily kept in motion is hard to start again when it stops. So it is with the calf; don't let him stop growing.

—If the pigs root out, dig a trench one foot deep beside the fence and tack poultry net to the posts. Their sensitive noses will avoid it.

—Where animals have not had free access to salt it is best to work them up to it gradually, as they are apt to overeat and produce scouring.

—If skimmilk be fed to pigs that run to grass, 100 pounds will make one-third more increase in weight than when fed to pigs not on grass.

—Every farmer's home should be supplied with a barometer. When understood, they reliably foretell weather and storms for from 36 to 40 hours ahead.

—The chief barriers in the way of the adoption of a generally improved system of agriculture are ignorance and prejudice. Too many men still think old ways good enough for them.

—The body lice which afflict poultry will be taken care of by the fowls themselves if given a chance. Dust is of the same use to a hen that water is to humans—something to bathe in.

—Three years ago a keg of nails, a hundred pounds of pork, a cord of wood and a ton of soft coal each brought about the same price, about four dollars. To-day the nails are worth $2.75 and the wood $5, the pork $7 and the coal $5.

—Weeds in a fence corner don't do as much harm as those in the corn row, but they are far more unsightly and create larger eyesores. The farms with the most tidy fence rows are those which have a grass headland around the fields.

—Cleanliness is the best method of removing bad smells from the poultry building. If the house is thoroughly clean from what source can any impurities arise? Give the house a general cleaning up, by the use of plenty of carbolic acid and whitewash.

SADDEST SPOT IN LONDON.

The Little Cemetery of St. Peter's Chapel, Where Mangled Corpses Have Been Entombed.

St. Peter's chapel, at the Tower of London, has probably more sad memories than any place in London. It was there that the head and body of the duke of Monmouth were placed under the communion table after his execution in 1865. Within four years the pavement of the chancel was again disturbed, and hard by the remains of Monmouth were laid the remains of Jeffreys. Macaulay, in recording the fact, wrote an eloquent description of the chapel. In truth, there is no sadder spot on earth than that little cemetery, says the Sphere. "Death is there associated—not as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's with genius and virtue, with public veneration and imperishable renown; not as in our humblest churches and churchyards with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities—but with whatever is darkest in human nature and human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried through successive ages by the rude hands of jailers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guilford Dudley. Edward Seymour, duke of Somerset and protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has moldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, bishop of Rochester and cardinal of St. Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, duke of Northumberland, lord high admiral; Thomas Cromwell and earl of Essex, lord high treasurer. There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valor, grace, genius, royal favor, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard—Thomas, fourth duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh earl of Arundel. Here and there among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen lie more delicate sufferers: Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled." In a note he adds: "I cannot refrain from expressing my disgust at the barbarous stupidity which has transformed this most interesting little church into the likeness of a meeting house in a manufacturing town."

NOTHING BUT TREES.

Wonderful Woods of the Great Northwest Extend to the Length of a Continent.

Nowhere else in the world is there such a forest as this. A few steps in any direction from the roads of the loggers bring one at once to the primeval wood, writes Ray Stannard Baker in "The Conquest of the Forest," in Century.

Turn to the north. A thousand and five hundred miles you may wander, if you will, and never escape the inclosing silences of this wood. Across the British possessions, through endless reaches of mountains, snow-capped, inaccessible, and onward to Alaska, nothing but trees and trees—cedar, fir, hemlock, pine, spruce. Turn to the south. For a thousand miles of Sierra, through the heart of California, where grows the sequoia, the monarch among trees, to the very deserts of the Mexican border, and you will find this forest still covering all the hills, thick, silent, and all but undisturbed. A continent long is this wood, facing the Pacific, here 200 miles wide, from the water's-edge across the heights of the Cascades and the Sierra, there narrowing to a thin, straggling, yet persistent growth along the mountain tops.

This tree before you, rising 250 feet in air, straight and strong, thick-coated with brown bark, its mighty base setting firmly in the earth, its roots gripping deep, was growing before Columbus saw America. Five hundred years has it been standing here, raising its head to the sky. What storms has it bent before; under what ages of sunshine has it gained strength; what lightning strokes have threatened it, what sweeping fires! And still it stands with the sublime majesty of age and strength, fearful of nothing—and the sound of axes knocking in the valley below!

But long before the seed of this hoary giant was sown in the wind, forests were old on these hills. For 50,000 years and more have these mountains been forest-clad, one forest rising 500 years from youth to maturity, sinking away in ripe old age, and giving room to another generation of trees. Deep in the earth to-day lie some of these ancient forests, changed by the slow chemistry of the ages into coal, and now at last beginning to give out for men the sunshine which they stored up centuries before the beginning of history.

No Plumbers in Heaven.

Rain had fallen almost steadily for several days. Johnny, the plumber's son, was displeased, as the dampness kept him in the house. One evening he said to his father:

"The angels can't be very thoughtful of the people down here, or they'd have their leaky pipes fixed."

Then the lad's business instinct asserted itself: "Pop, why don't you go to Heaven?" he asked, after a moment's cogitating. "Maybe there ain't any plumbers there, and you'd get the job."—N. Y. Times.

The One He Got.

"So your pickle of a brother is a sober, married man? Do you know, I put him down as a confirmed bachelor ever since he carried on so dreadfully with that monkey-faced, forward little minx with the squint eyes at Sloshington-on-Sea some years ago. You remember?"

"Yes; he married her, dear. She's upstairs now taking off her hat, and will be delighted to see you, I'm sure."—London Tit-Bits.