ASCRIBED TO NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

On the 1st day of June, 1866, there was a dog going at a sling trot along the outer beach at Mantanzas, in Florida. He was making his way southward. At this moment he was nearly opposite that semi-deserted hotel which stands on the inner side, overlooking the inlet and the ruin of the Spanish fort which once guarded the southern approach to St. Augustine.

But the ridge of sand concealed all that might be on the river coast. From this wide and desolate beach, where one should be able to look over to Africa, there is absolutely nothing to see but sky and water. But such sky and water! That heavens might steal your very heart out of you. Remember it is a Florida heavens, and the gates of Paradise are open more widely on a Floridian coast than at almost any other spot in the world.

But it is very warm here on the first day of June. The sunlight is not only beautiful but ardent. Still, as every breeze must come across more or less of the ocean, one may endure, nay, may be happy in this heat.

The dog changed his trot for a slow lope, then back again to a trot. He was absolutely the only living thing visible on the earth. But the white wings of flying creatures gave a sudden glitter here and there low down toward the sand. Sometimes there was a clear, ringing call from a bird's throat in the direction of the unseen marshes on the "inside."

When this call came the dog would stop, draw in his lolling, swollen tongue for an instant and listen. Then he would go on again.

Several times he paused to investigate certain footsteps which had been imprinted on the sand since the last high tide. These footsteps strolled in a desultory manner, as if the feet which had made them had often paused, sometimes that their owner might look off over that enchanting ocean, or up at that enchanting sky. Perhaps, also, this person had picked up shells and bits of odd live things that seemed to take a pleasure in strewing themselves on this beach. The footsteps were those of a woman; evidently of a woman who was shod elegantly.

When the dog reached the inlet where the shore turns to the west that it may curve immediately back to the north along the Matanzas river, he looked forlornly about him, nosed rapidly here and there on the compact, damp sand, then sat down on his haunches with his face toward the south.

The footsteps he had been following appeared to have ceased. He was contemplating the advisability of plunging into the water and swimming across; and he might have been thinking that a bath would be refreshing; but the thought of refreshment was swallowed in his sense of perplexity and sorrow.

He put his long black muzzle up into the air and howled twice. As the second howl was lost in the noise of the rollers that were coming in from Africa, a prolonged, piercing whistle sounded from somewhere. It is one of the peculiarities of a whistle that you cannot decide from whence it comes.

For the first moment even the dog could not tell; but the sound changed him from the most despairing of animals to something made of hope and joy. He stood for an instant with head and tail held high, tense and listening. At the second whistle he seemed to fly up the slope of dry sand, which dashed behind his feet in glittering white sprays.

He went a quarter of a mile at that gait; then ahead of him he saw a large white umbrella; protruding from beneath this canopy was a pair of small feet, in white canvas shoes.

The dog dashed at the umbrella, knocked it over, and then seemed to be devouring the person who had been sheltered there. This person threw aside a pamphlet novel, a fan, a pair of gloves and a handkerchief, which latter article, as it fell, unfolded and dropped from itself a small opera glass. Having thrown these, the woman tried to protect herself somewhat from the demonstrativeness of the dog, who was nuzzling and licking her face and hands, and making little whining noises of delight.

As for the woman, she gurgled and laughed, and every now and then uttered a word:

"Oh!—you silly fellow!—It's all—your—own fault! You shouldn't have—gone hunting—and lost me! Oh, Romeo! there won't be—anything left of me."

By this time she had captured the dog. She held him firmly at arm's length by his collar. He blinked, and writhed, and made dives at her, but there was strength in the grasp upon him.

"Aren't you a kind of fraud, Romeo? Or are you really as glad to see me as you pretend? And it's not an hour since you left me to try to catch that thing. Did you catch it, and kill it, and eat it? Now, you may give me just one more kiss on the very tip of my chin."

She advanced her chin so that her companion could just reach it with the end of his tongue. Having accomplished this caress Romeo withdrew himself for the space of about one foot, sat down and immediately became apparently perfectly calm. From his position he could see the ruined and ragged top of the Spanish fortification. He gazed intently at this ruin, his tongue out, his eyes narrowed in the smiting glare of the light.

The woman who had just sustained this greeting now planted the long handle of her umbrella again firmly in the sand. From the shade thus cast she began reaching forth for her scattered belongings. She talked to herself as she did so.

"I shall want the gloves and the fan; yes, I shall want everything but that novel. I shall never have strength to finish that. It's a miracle that I had strength to begin it. I do not like what might be called lush heroines; they make me sick." She put her head back on a mound of sand over which she had some time before spread a large silk handkerchief. She closed her eyes. "Now if I could go right on with that dream," she said.

It is impossible to tell whether or not she went right on with the dream; but it seems certain that she almost immediately fell asleep again.

After a few moments Romeo changed his position so that he was shaded as to his head and shoulders by the umbrella, but the rest of his body, covered with long, black hair, was so hot in the sun that it almost seemed ready to start into flames.

For an hour there was no sound, and no movements, save Romeo's uneasy nestlings—that is, no sound save the rushing noise of the southwest wind and the long, regular beat of the rollers coming in from Africa.

It really seemed as if there had never been any other human being on this spot since that day when Menendez made here his slaughter of enemies and heretics.

Footsteps do not make much noise coming over thick sand. Perhaps it was for that reason that a man came within a few yards of this small encampment before even Romeo heard him.

The dog shoved himself suddenly back from the umbrella and growled.

"Oh, dear!" said the girl, with her head on the sand pillow; "can't I be allowed to rest at all? It's not the day for the 'Mabel F.,' so Romeo must be growling at a gull. Sweetheart, be quiet, I tell you."

As if in acknowledgment of that term of endearment the dog wagged his tail and then he growled more loudly than before.

His mistress groaned. Then she lifted her head and, with extremely indolent action, brought herself to a sitting posture. After a moment's further pause she peeped out from the umbrella. In doing this she looked directly into the eyes of a man. This man took off a wide-brimmed straw hat and smiled. He was dressed in white and he carried a green silk umbrella. He looked cool and comfortable, having a dark face which heat made pale.

"I hope I am not intruding," he remarked."

He glanced with the utmost calmness at Romeo, who was grinning belligerently, but not thinking it worth while to make any more violent demonstration until his mistress should give the cue.

"Not in the least," replied the girl. "Unfortunately I don't own this beach."

"And if you did?"

"I should put a barbed wire fence about it."

"I understand."

The man wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, then he fanned himself with his hat.

Romeo turned an eye to his mistress and wagged his tail; then he turned an eye to the stranger and grinned. His canine teeth suggested the ease with which they might sink into the calf of a human leg.

"I know I ought to go away," remarked the man.

When he made this assertion he sat down and carefully poised his umbrella toward the sun.

"When a person knows he ought to do a thing and does not do it," began the girl. Then she paused as if she had finished her remark.

"And I should go away," went on the man, "if I did not have something in my pocket which makes it perfectly proper for me to remain—proper as well as agreeable."

"Are you going to keep this object in your pocket?"

"Only for a moment. While I do so this interview will have a flavor, almost, of something not strictly within the rules of society. And only when one gets without those rules may one expect something stimulating, like this interview."

"Thank you. I suppose it is the sight of Romeo's teeth which stimulates you."

"Perhaps. But I should not wish to explain that fully. I was told to come without fail to Mantanzas. Having arrived, I was not to look for anybody in the old barrack yonder. I was to walk the sands until I came to a girl and a dog. The dog would, perhaps, fly at me, but the girl would not. If I escaped the fangs of the beast I was to present this to the beast's mistress."

He extended an unsealed square envelope. The girl took the missive. "It's from Margaret," she said.

"Yes, from Margaret."

She was reading down the lines:

"Mr. John Geer will present this. He doesn't look very interesting, but you will be surprised to find that he knows quite a good deal. And he has 'the gift of gab,' as Aunt Jane so truly remarked concerning him. He also has nervous prostration just now. They've sent him to vegetate in a warm climate. As you had nervous prostration when you left home last January and were to vegetate also, I thought you two might like to compare symptoms. Don't be too sympathetic. Mr. Geer weeps easily. I almost forgot to add he is that cousin Jack of whom you have heard me speak—cousin twice removed. You may remember that you said when you saw his photograph in my room that you should adore a man who looked like that. But that was before you had nervous prostration—and he doesn't look in the least like that. Devotedly, MARGARET."

Having read this letter, the girl smiled rather broadly into it; at the same time she blushed even through an atrociously thick coating of tan. Instataneously, however, she looked up with great apparent self-possession and said:

"How do you do, Mr. Geer?"

Mr. Geer rose and bowed.

"Pretty well, thank you, if it were not for that trifle of nervous prostration. You see our meeting is perfectly proper now. And you may possibly feel like asking your dog to stop doing that at me with his teeth."

"Certainly; Romeo, stop it. This gentleman has been regularly introduced. Give him a paw, Romeo. Mr. Geer, if you feel as if you could, just hold out your hand, and, as a great favor, Romeo will put his dusty paw in it."

Mr. Geer held out his hand, and the large paw was deposited in it.

"Did you come in the Mabel F.?" now inquired the girl, whose name it would be advisable to give. It was Juliet Story, and that was why she had named her dog Romeo.

"No. You must have learned that the Mabel F. is too erratic to depend upon. I came in a little naphtha launch, not much longer or wider than a peanut shell. Indeed, I felt like one of those wise men of Gotham who embarked in a bowl. But, fortunately, the Matanzas river is smooth, so the shell was steady, and here I am. The launch belongs to a friend of mine who is in St. Augustine. He volunteered to bring me down. He said also that I would find this locality a brisk, bustling kind of a place. Do you find it brisk and bustling, Miss Story?"

"Very," with gravity.

"How many inhabitants? And where is the settlement? It doesn't seem to be near the wharf."

"You are not very observant. The wharf is the settlement; that and the hotel, and the custom house, and that platform where they used to sell coffee and ice cream, but where they don't sell them any more. You can't sell ice cream to marsh ponies and gulls, and fiddler crabs; they are not yet sufficiently developed."

Mr. Geer, watching his companion as she talked slowly, noticed that she had a curious little way of pausing now and then with her upper lip raised very slightly, and with something in the corners of her mouth as though she were going to smile, only she did not smile; at least not then, when an observer might have expected that she would do so.

He thought over this first interview later, in what seemed to be the immense privacy of a room that appeared to cover acres in extent.

In this leisure hour it occurred to him that it was rather remarkable that he had so quickly formed the habit of watching for that expression to come upon Miss Story's face. He did not know whether he liked it or not. But certainly it was different from other looks. Now he repeated:

"And the inhabitants?"

"Since you have come the inhabitants will number five, not counting Romeo. I have been in the habit of counting him, but I will put you in his place in the census."

"Thank you. But don't hurt Romeo's feelings."

"I never do that. There is my mother and there is me, there is Mrs. Judson Briggs, and there is Aunt Sally. Now there is also you, Mr. Geer. If what you want to do is to vegetate, this is the best place in the world. Here you are obliged to vegetate; you cannot do anything else. I have gained almost twenty pounds in weight since I came and my mind is getting fallow. That is what the doctors wanted; that my mind should lie fallow. Is that what they want your mind to do, Mr. Greer?"

Miss Story looked at the man sitting on the sand before her, looked with a scrutinizing calmness that was a little irritating.

"I think it amounts to the same thing. They said I must be stupid. That advice pleased me because it carried the inference that there were times when I was not stupid."

"I'll guarantee you'll get stupid here. And the more stupid you get the better you'll like it; that is, I do. It is now almost two months since I have had a thought. It's delightful. I suppose you do something with your brain, don't you? You have a look as if you did."

"I am a lawyer; or rather, I was one before I left home."

"Yes, I remember, Margaret did say a good while ago that you meant to be a lawyer. She hasn't said anything about you for years. But she doesn't tell me so many things as she used to tell."

Here Miss Story suddenly raised and then dropped her lashes, apparently as a preliminary to the statement that she thought it was too bad of Margaret to have sent that letter of introduction open, even though that was the custom.

"I suppose you read it, Mr. Geer?"

"No; she advised me not; said it would hurt my self-esteem; and I never wittingly do anything to injure that. I gave my promise. She said she hadn't time to write a private note just then. You see I called on her ten minutes before starting, and I had resolved ten minutes before that to start. What is that? Is there a bell here?"

A long, cracked peal rang out from the direction of the only occupied building in the place, which building was still called "the hotel."

"That is for luncheon. Aunt Sally is ringing it on the back porch. Mrs. Judson Briggs is putting on a linen collar; mother is laying down her novel and yawning. Are you hungry, Mr. Geer?"

"Very."

"It is the kind of air that comes from the Atlantic, mingled with the air from the Florida pines. I haven't stopped being hungry from the moment I came. But I have stopped picking up oysters at low tide and pounding open their shells that I might eat what was inside. I did that incessantly nearly all last winter; and I had a sneaking feeling all the time as if I were some kind of a cannibal. Did you ever have that feeling, Mr. Geer?"

"Not that I remember. I suppose it was because I thought of what Thackeray said."

Miss Story rose.

Mr. Geer picked up several of her belongings and carried them, after tacit permission from the dog. Not being a great lover of dogs, Geer felt that he could have wished Juliet had been without her Romeo.

The two plowed their way through the heavy, dry sand to the smooth, compact, wet sand close by the river. Innumerable fiddler crabs scuttled away into little holes with every movement of the two pairs of feet. It was astonishing how anything could be so active beneath such a sun.

Mr. Geer conversed about the crabs. He asked if there were rattlesnakes in the old fort, which now was quite near, across the narrow water. He inquired if no one ever caught and rode one of those marsh ponies—there was a group of five of these independent little creatures just cantering into sight among the deep green of the meadows on the mainland. They made a pretty picture.

"Who should catch them, and who should ride them after they were caught?" responded Miss Story. "Mrs. Judson Briggs has no time; Aunt Sally has the rheumatism, or rather she did have it once. There would be left only my mother and I to catch and ride ponies; and I am forbidden all kinds of excitement."

"So am I."

The two laughed. They began to walk up the rotting plank which had long ago been laid from the front piazza of the hotel to the water's edge. Every time any one walked on this plank it seemed as if it would reach that pitch of rottenness that it would never be walked on, as a plank, again. But here it was still.

As they approached nearer a woman came out from the immense, open hall on to the spacious veranda.

This woman had grayish, yellow hair, looped loosely on each side of her face; her face was thin; her cheeks bagged a little, and her mouth drooped with a constantly bored expression. The wrinkled, ringed hand which hung at her side held a pamphlet, with her finger between the leaves. Her other hand was slowly waving a palm-leaf fan, so large that it almost seemed like a sail which wold propel the holder of it if a brisk wind should spring up.

It was an appreciable space of time before this lady, for a lady she undoubtedly was, had the strength or the interest to look even down toward the water. When she did look she started perceptibly; then she put up a long-handled eyeglass.

"Good heavens! A man!" she whispered. And she added, "The Mabel F. hasn't been down."

Presently her daughter and her attendants had reached the piazza. The canine attendant instantly sat down. The human attendant advanced, while Miss Story said:

"This is Mr. Geer, mother. Margaret's cousin, you know."

"Twice removed," supplemented Mr. Geer, as he made his bow.

"You couldn't have come in the Mabel F.," immediately remarked Mrs. Story.

As he heard her, Geer wondered if he should soon acquire such a deep and apparently insane interest in that little steamer which was named Mabel F.

He explained about the naphtha launch. Whereupon Mrs. Story said that accounted for Aunt Sally having thought that morning that she had heard some kind of a noise not made by birds. The yellow woman had asserted that "it was folks talkin'," but nobody had believed her; and it was now almost certain that the Mabel F. would not come down any more. All the Northern visitors had gone home long ago.

"How do you expect to get away from here, Mr. Geer?"

The gentleman explained that his friend had promised to come in two days and take him off, dead or alive.

"Well, at the end of two days you will probably be still alive," responded Mrs. Story. "It's a strange place here. If you are ill when you come, you will get well. But if you are well when you come, you will grow ill. So I hope you are ill, Mr. Geer."

"Thank you; that's what I thought when I left home," said Geer.

Miss Story had immediately sat down on a long wooden bench. She was pulling out the fingers of her white leather gloves.

"It's just like 'tobaccory hick,'" she now remarked, without looking at any one, "Mantanzas is:

"'Make you well when you're sick,
When you're well make you sick.'

Mother has been sacrificing herself for me now for a good while."

As she finished speaking there passed a very expressive glance between the two women. It was a glance so involuntary and so full of affection and sympathy that the man who saw it felt a sudden, keen sense of pain and almost of indignation. It was a feeling that a third person, who is shut out, will understand.

Mrs. Briggs, a small woman from Mann's Corners in Massachusetts, now came forward from a place where something seemed to be frying. This odor of frying was so strong that the woman almost had the appearance of being wafted in upon it. She had a broad linen sailor collar pinned at the neck of her calico gown. She shook hands with Mr. Geer when he was introduced, and immediately remarked that she didn't see how he could have come in the Mabel F.

Then he told Mrs. Briggs about the launch.

She carefully explained to him that if he stayed there he must put up with what he could get, for sometimes they ran out of most everything, in spite of her calculating; that is, everything but oysters, and sometimes folks wanted something besides oysters, especially in the summer.

Mrs. Briggs also carefully explained that she had come to Florida originally for her health, but now "she'd got kind of wonted," and did not wish to rejoin Mr. Briggs at Mann's Corners. It was just quiet enough for her here.

It seemed to be just quiet enough for John Geer also. When his friend came for him on the third day he went away alone.

All the inhabitants of the place witnessed from the veranda the arrival and departure of the launch.

When Geer walked up the rotten plank to rejoin these people Juliet Story said to him that she hoped he knew what he had done; that it was just like being shipwrecked on a desert island, and that Mrs. Judson Briggs had managed to bring off a few stores from the ship before it went to pieces.

Mrs. Story looked up from her novel to say that they had no mail; that an acquaintance in St. Augustine had instructions to receive any telegrams and to move heaven and earth to get down with such messages. Mere mail matter could wait. The last had come in a sailboat with some flour, over six weeks ago.

Mr. Geer, in that large privacy of his vast room that night, could not conceal from himself that he felt a wonderful exhilaration quite out of proportion to any cause for such an emotion. And the exhilaration continued to increase every day.

Perhaps the young man did not know that at the end of a week his one absorbing occupation had come to be entirely connected with Miss Juliet Story. He was watching to see that little look come to her face. It was an extremely singular fact that a slight movement of the muscles of the mouth should have such an effect on him, when that movement occurred in a woman's face.

He was disappointed and angry if a whole day passed and he had not seen this movement of the facial muscles. He began to experiment in different kinds of talk, so that he might know what kind would be most likely to call forth that expression. But he was not very successful in these attempts, for what he hoped for came unexpectedly and always caused an extravagant and unreasoning emotion. At first he made some ridiculously unsuccessful efforts to analyze this emotion. He was sure that, in the case of another man, he could have given an accurate explanation, with recipes for the entire extinction of the feeling.

It was not until the third week that he began, in his own mind, to call himself an unmitigated donkey for having fallen into such a state as this.

"It is only just that cursed 'propinquity,'" he said, as he sat on the sand looking at the Atlantic ocean. It seemed to him that he had never looked at anything so much in all his life as he had looked at that ocean within the last few days.

On this particular day he was interrupted by the appearance of Romeo, now grown quite friendly. This individual came up and offered to rub his nose on Geer's cheek.

"Don't be too familiar, sweetheart," said the voice of Romeo's mistress, not far behind him.

Geer rose to his feet. He glanced somewhat scowlingly at the speaker.

"I wish you wouldn't call that dog sweetheart," he said, viciously.

Miss Story looked at him with that little look for which Geer was always longing. He had not in the least expected that such a remark would call it forth.

Then she glanced out at the Atlantic ocean and said that she was afraid that Mr. Geer's nervous exhaustion was worse, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it is," he answered.

As each had an umbrella the effect was something like a guard about each.

Geer reached forth and took Miss Story's umbrella, furled it and deposited it on the sand. He made a step forward so that his own umbrella should shade them both.

There was a significant decision in his movements. They could hardly be disputed. He evidently did not intend that they should be disputed.

Miss Story stood looking down for an instant. But she immediately resumed her usual manner and informed her companion that his friend had just stopped at the wharf and had left letters and papers for everybody.

"I knew you would be sure to be out here with the Atlantic ocean, so I came round to tell you. Your friend would not stay; he has gone on to visit somebody further down the coast."

"I don't care for papers or letters," said Mr. Geer.

He had now recklessly fastened his eyes on the girl's face. A faint color deepened slowly upward toward her forehead. She made another effort. She moved a step, but still remained in the shadow of the umbrella Geer held.

"Mother and I are not so indifferent about letters; and we have decided that I am perfectly well, and that we will go home. We asked your friend to send a man down here with a boat this week."

"Did you?"

"Yes. I wish you would let me have my umbrella, Mr. Geer. I will go back."

"No."

He did not move his eyes from their gaze as he answered.

A silence. It was broken by the girl's saying just above her breath:

"Do you think this is gentlemanly, Mr. Geer?"

"Miss Story you must know how I love you."

Geer had never experienced such an intense and almost savage satisfaction as he found in speaking these words.

She raised her eyes and gave him a swift, clear look. Then she stooped, took her umbrella and walked as rapidly as possible back through the heavy sand to the house.

It was several hours later before Geer entered his room. He went directly to the table where his letters had been put. He went as if he were much interested; he opened them in the same manner, and appeared to be reading them. But his mind did not take in a word nor an idea until, in an epistle from a friend in California, he came upon this sentence:

"I told you I was engaged. I did not tell you the lady's name, I think. I knew you had never heard of her. I shall start for home now in a week or two. Miss Story has been ill—something about nerves, of course. She has been stopping in some hole in Florida, she and her mother, for months past; some beastly place where you can neither send a letter nor receive one. I feel as if I had lost all track of her, and I don't like the sensation. Somebody said you had nerves, too, Geer, and had broken down after that famous suit you won. I saw in a Boston paper that you had gone to Florida to recuperate. Odd if you should see Juliet. The world is such a small place, after all. I'm in a peck of trouble about a Spanish woman here, who has made eyes at me, and who seems to think I have made eyes at her. It certainly was a temptation.

"About the engineering of that road"—

Geer laid down the letter. He rose to his feet. He wandered about the room. He frequently passed his hand over his eyes. He went to the window and gazed intently out at the Spanish fort which was now red, almost as with blood, in the hot sunset.

"Curse the idiot!" he said, suddenly, aloud. "Making eyes at a Spanish woman when he might"—

He left the sentence unfinished.

Juliet Story and Romeo were walking down the plank to the beach of the inlet.

Mr. John Geer, though a lawyer, was a person of direct methods, and direct methods are sometimes wonderfully effective.

He took his hat and followed her. He was careful not to overtake her until they were so far around the curve of the beach that they could not be seen from the hotel. Then he strode up to her side. She blushed distressfully as she met his eyes for an instant.

"Miss Story," he said, "you must pardon me; and you must tell me if you are going to marry George Hayden."

She controlled her surprise very well.

"I cannot," she said; "a letter which came in the launch tells me he has married a Spanish woman in Los Angeles."

"And you loved him?"

"I had a kind of attachment, the attachment of habit, for him."

"Miss Story, will you marry me?"

He put his hand on her arm to detain her. His hand trembled violently.

She turned and looked at him. It was a look which contented him.

There are sometimes advantages in being on a lonely Florida coast.

—Maria Louise Pool, in the Independent.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

According to measurements given in the Bible, Noah's ark was a larger vessel than the Great Eastern.

At the present rate of increase there will be 190,000,000 people in the United States in fifty years.

A midshipman in the United States navy receives pay equivalent to that of a lieutenant in the British navy.

In 690 the King of Northumberland gave eight hundred acres of land for one book, containing the history of the world.

There are 110 women lawyers in the United States, and eight of these have been practicing for three years without a flaw in their career.

According to the last English census there are five thousand women gardeners in that country and six women looking after town drainage.

The Sclavic countries, Russia, Roumania and Servia, are the most illiterate in Europe, 80 per cent. of the population being unable to read or write.

To prevent boots creaking the soles should be soaked in linseed oil by letting them stand in it on a plate; this also makes the soles resist water.

Several of the leading florists in New York agree in saying that the amount of business done yearly in New York in potted plants and cut flowers reaches $2,000,000.

The number of people who attend St. Paul's, London, on a Sunday, may be put down at eight thousand, thus: Morning service, 2,500; afternoon service, 2,500; evening service, 3,000.

Brooklyn boasts of two women who are employed as blacksmith and decorator, respectively. Mrs. Bridget Dugan is employed in the former trade and Miss Mary Leaf in the latter.

Quick steps are indicative of energy or agitation. Tiptoe walking symbolizes surprise, curiosity, discretion or mystery. Turned-in toes are often found in preoccupied and absent-minded people.

The universities and colleges of this country have $8,635,385 worth of scientific apparatus and appliances; their grounds and buildings are worth $64,250,344, and they have $74,070,415 in productive funds.

South American ants have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length, a labor for them proportionate to that which would be required for men to tunnel under the Atlantic from New York to London.

The word Pharoah was not, strictly speaking, a name of an individual, but of a class or race. For ages all the Egyptian kings called themselves Pharoahs, just as the Roman Emperors were each styled Augustus.

Afghanistan has 6,000,000 of population and no missionary, India one missionary to 275,000, Persia one to 200,000, Thibet one to 2,000,000. If 40,000 missionaries were sent to India there would still be only one to every 50,000.

The temple of Ypsambul, in Nubia, is cut from a solid rock, and its entrance is guarded by four statues, each sixty-five feet high, twenty-five feet across the shoulders, the face seven feet long, the ear over three feet.

There is a theory now that appendicitis is a germ disease, and some support is given to the belief by the extraordinary prevalence of the disease in Chicago, where one physician has operated on 108 cases since the fair opened.

A locomotive is being constructed in England to run one hundred miles an hour. It is 2,000 horse power, the driving-wheels 12 feet in diameter. The three cylinders are 40, 28 and 18 inches diameter with a 30-inch stroke. The boiler pressure is 200 pounds.

The maxim "murder will out" is disproved by statistics. In the ten years ending with 1886 there were 1,766 murders committed in England and Wales, and in 1,094 of these cases no trace of the criminal was ever found that led to his apprehension.

Contrary to the general belief that Ireland leads the world in its fondness for "praties," statistics show that the people of Germany and Belgium are the greatest potato eaters; the consumption in these countries annually exceeds 1,000 pounds per head of population.

The largest family is that of the King of Siam. He has two official wives, eighty-eight of the second class and seventy-two children. He has fifty brothers and sisters and 226 uncles and aunts. They all board with the King, so that there are more than two hundred cooks in the royal kitchen.

The Gila monster has only recently been recognized as a useful animal. Its skin is utilized for making a fancy leather. The Gila monster is one of the most repulsive looking of the lizard tribe, and is the only member of its order known to be venomous. It receives its common name from the Gila river in Arizona.

The telephone is said to be in more general use in Sweden than in any country in the world, and in no other is the service so cheap. It has been proposed recently to connect by means of a submarine telephone cable the Norwegian and Swedish capital with Copenhagen. King Oscar is a telephone enthusiast.

The longest day of the year at Spitzbergen is 3½ months. At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22, without intermission. At Tornea, Finland, June 21 is 22 hours long, and Christmas has less than 3 hours of daylight. At St. Petersburg the longest day is 19 hours and the shortest is 5 hours.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A Refreshing Change.

New York Weekly.

Miss Beenthere—You evidently enjoyed Miss Prettie's conversation this evening.

Mr. Wearie—Yes. She hasn't been to the world's fair.

How Those Girls Love One Another.

Truth.

Minnie—Oh, dear! I feel about fifty years old to-day!

Jennie—Why, I didn't know this was your birthday, Minnie.

Like Church Congregations.

Good News.

Little Boy—The preacher said there is no marryin' in heaven.

Little Girl—Of course not. There wouldn't be enough men there to go 'round.

A Careful Boy.

Good News.

Mother—How in the world did you get your coat sleeves so dirty?

Little Boy—Walkin' 'cross the puddles on my hands, so's not to get my feet wet.

Consoling.

Harper's Bazaar.

Hicks—Jove! I came near giving you one of Mr. Barton's cards instead of my own.

Caesar—Dat's all right, sah. Ef yo' sen' up Mr. Barton's card, Miss Polly sho' to come down.

Sarcasm.

Puck.

Mr. Beacon (of Massachusetts)—You say your friend was born near the boundary of Rhode Island; what boundary do you refer to?

Mr. Spotter (of Texas)—All four.

Posthumus Advertising.

Puck.

Professor—To what did Xenophon owe his reputation?

Student—Principally to the fact that his name commences with X and came in so handy for headlines in alphabetical copy-books.

What Ailed Him?

Bloomington Eye.

"What on earth ails Pitkin? Is he having a fit?"

"No; he has a boil on his finger and wants to pay his fare, and he's trying to use his left hand to get a nickel out of his right-hand trousers pocket."

Needn't Be Chummy.

Good News.

Old Bramble—Want to marry my daughter, do you? Let me say, sir, that you are not exactly the sort of a man I would like for a son-in-law.

Young Gentleman—Well, you are not the sort of a man I would like for a father-in-law; but, then, you know, we needn't be chummy unless we want to.

Sanitary Item.

New York Weekly.

"You are very fond of coffee," said a New York landlady to the new boarder when he passed up his cup for the third time.

"Not at all," he responded cheerfully, "but my doctor has recommended me to try the hot water cure for dyspepsia."

Innocent Enough.

Good News.

Mother—Phew! Horrors! You've been smoking.

Little Boy—Only corn silk.

Mother—The odor is abominable.

Little Boy—Yes'm. Corn silk smells worse than tobacco, but it's only corn silk.

An Ingrate.

London Million.

Jack—Did you see that girl cut me then?

Frank Wilcox—I noticed she didn't bow.

Jack Ford—And yet I saved her life.

Frank Wilcox—How?

Jack Ford—We were engaged, and finally she said she'd rather die than marry me, so I let her off.

Began Work at Once.

Good News.

Fond Mother—And so my little angel joined the Little Defenders to-day, and will always be kind to dumb animals?

Little Angel—Yes'm. Comin' home I met a man wif a bag full of kittens 'at he was goin' to drown, and he promised to bring them here for us to be kind to.

Cunning Old "Chug."

Chicago Tribune.

"I thought you said you were going to bring a friend home to dinner with you," said Mrs. Chugwater.

"He couldn't come, Samantha," replied Mr. Chugwater as he sat down with great satisfaction to the first good dinner he had had a chance to eat for a long time.

How the Estrangement Began.

Truth.

She—Oh, Willie; do you really, truly love me?

He—Yes, dearest. By the way, have you that little memorandum book I gave you?

She—Yes, love.

He—Well, then, just make a note of it so you won't need to ask me about two dozen times a day.

Not Much of a Remedy.

Texas Siftings.

Professor Snore is very absent minded. His wife rushed into his studio and exclaimed:

"Just think! I've swallowed a pin. What shall I do?"

"Ah, well," he replied, "don't worry about it. Here is another pin," taking a pin out of the lapel of his coat and handing it to her.

WORLD'S FAIR,

101-7 W. Washington St. INDIANAPOLIS

Worth a Guinea a Box.

A trifling dose from a 25-cent box of

Beecham's Pills (Tasteless)

will frequently prove as effective as a doctor's prescription. 10

EUROPE

Magnificent Twin-Screw Express Steamers, 13-16,000 horse-power, Fuerst Bismarck, Columbia, Normannia, Augusta Victoria, from NEW YORK EVERY THURSDAY for SOUTHAMPTON (London) and HAMBURG.

FAST LINE TO LONDON And the EUROPEAN CONTINENT, holding the record for fastest time on this route.

Mediterranean Express Line to ITALY

Twin-Screw S. S. Winter Service from New York to NAPLES and GENOA via Algiers. Also from New York to ALEXANDRIA, Egypt.

Grand Winter Excursion to the ORIENT

S. S. Fuerst Bismarck from New York Feb. 1, '94, to Gibraltar, Algiers, Genoa, Corsica, Alexandria (Cairo and Pyramids), Jaffa (Jerusalem), Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Malta, Messina, Palermo, Naples, Genoa, New York. Duration 65 days. Send for illustrated pamphlet and travelers' guide

Hamburg-American Packet Co.

37 Broadway, New York. 125 La Salle St., Chicago. Local Agents: FRENZEL BROS.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

P. L. CHAMBERS. JOBBER OF TOBACCO, Manufacturer of the celebrated JUDGE : CIGAR 59 NORTH PENNSYLVANIA ST.

JOB PRINTING.

PRINTING — MILLER PRINTING CO., 18 and 20 Circle St.

BRASS FOUNDRY AND FINISHING SHOP.

PIONEER BRASS WORKS. Mfrs. and Dealers in all kinds of Brass Goods, heavy and light Castings. Car Bearing a specialty. Repair and Job Work promptly attended to. 110 to 116 South Pennsylvania street. Telephone 618.

Sunday Journal, by mail, $2 a Year

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

SAWS AND MILL SUPPLIES.

ATKINS E. C. & CO., Manufacturers and Repairers of CIRCULAR, CROSS-CUT, BAND and all other SAWS. Belting, Emery Wheels and Mill Supplies. Illinois street, one square south Union Station.

SAWS BELTING and EMERY WHEELS, Specialties of W. B. BARRY Saw & Supply Co. 132 S. Penn. St. All kinds of Saws Repaired.

MILL SUPPLIES AND OILS Opp. Union Station. Saws, Belting, Emery Wheels, Files, Wood and Iron Pulleys, Oil Cups and Greases, Roofing. Telephone 1332. THE MILLER OIL CO.

Nordyke & Marmon Co. [Estab. 1851.] Founders and Machinists. Mill and Elevator Builders, Indianapolis, Ind. Roller Mills, Mill-Gearing, Belting, Bolting-cloth, Grain-cleaning Machinery, Middlings Purifiers, Portable Mills, etc., etc. Take street cars for stock yards.

ABSTRACTS OF TITLES.

THEODORE STEIN, Successor to Wm. C. Anderson, ABSTRACTER OF TITLES 86 EAST MARKET STREET.

ELLIOTT & BUTLER, Hartford Block, 84 East Market Street. ABSTRACTS OF TITLES.

PHYSICIANS.

Dr. J. H. MANVILLE — OFFICE—78 North Illinois street. Calls promptly answered day or night. Special attention given to diseases of women, electricity and massage treatment. Lady assistant. Hours—9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5, and 7 to 8:30 p. m.

DR. J. A. SUTCLIFFE, Surgeon. OFFICE—95 East Market street. Hours—9 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., Sundays excepted. Telephone 941.

DR. ADOLPH BLITZ, Room 2, Odd Fellows' Building. PRACTICE LIMITED TO Eye, Ear and Throat Diseases.

DR. BRAYTON. OFFICE—26 E. Ohio; from 10 to 12 and 2 to 4. RESIDENCE—808 East Washington street. House telephone 1279. Office telephone, 1454.

DR. E. HADLEY. OFFICE—136 North Pennsylvania street. RESIDENCE—270 North Delaware street. Office hours, 8 to 9 a. m.; 2 to 3 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Office telephone, 802. House telephone, 1215.

DR. SARAH STOCKTON, 227 NORTH DELAWARE STREET.

DR. C. I. FLETCHER. RESIDENCE—670 North Meridian street. OFFICE—369 South Meridian street. Office Hours—9 to 10 a. m.; 2 to 4 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Telephones—Office, 907; residence, 427.

DR. REBECCA W. ROGERS, HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN. DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN. OFFICE—19 Marion Block. Office Hours; 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m.—Sundays—2 to 4 p. m. RESIDENCE—630 North Illinois street.

STEEL-RIBBON LAWN FENCE.

PRICES REDUCED.

Champion Iron and Steel-Ribbon Lawn Fences, Wrought-Iron Fences and Gates, Iron Fence Posts. ELLIS & HELFENBERGER, 162 to 168 South Mississippi street.

TYPEWRITERS.

DENSMORE, "The World's Greatest Typewriter." Supplies for all machines. WM. M. BIRD, JR., & CO., General Agents. Telephone 1549. 66 North Pennsylvania street, Indianapolis.

OPTICIANS.

GLASSES FITTED SCIENTIFICALLY — LENSES GROUND TO ORDER — LEO. LANDO, OPTICIAN, 62 EAST MARKET ST., INDIANAPOLIS-IND.

SAFE DEPOSITS.

SAFE-DEPOSIT VAULT

Absolute safety against Fire and Burglar. Finest and only Vault of the kind in the State. Policeman day and night on guard. Designed for the safe keeping of Money, Bonds, Wills, Deeds, Abstracts, Silver Plate, Jewels and valuable Trunks and Packages, etc.

S. A. Fletcher & Co. Safe-Deposit. John S. Tarkington, Manager.

DYE-HOUSES.

BRILL'S STEAM DYE WORKS. Portieres and Lace Curtains and Fancy Dress Goods cleaned equal to new. 36 Massachusetts avenue and 95 North Illinois street, Indianapolis, Ind.

DENTISTS.

DENTIST. E. E. REESE, 24½ East Ohio St., bet. Meridian and Penn.

SEALS AND STENCILS.

GEO. J. MAYER, SEALS, STENCILS, STAMPS, CATALOGUE FREE. BADGES, CHECKS &C. TEL. 1386. 15 S. MERIDIAN ST. GROUND FLOOR.