I have feared for some time that his success might make him a presidential candidate, but I have just received news that he has no ambition in that direction. I feared that he might have the presidential grub in his brain. That is a curious worm, and if it once attacks a man it is hard to get rid of. I have suffered from it for four years and it still sticks to me. In order to learn how Grant stands I sent for Russell Jones, the marshal for the Northern district of Illinois. He is, you know, one of Grant's closest friends. I asked him if the presidential maggot had yet attacked Grant.

"'"No, Mr. President," was Jones's reply, "I can assure you that General Grant is free from that ambition. He has only two ideas. The first is to put down the rebellion and the second is to see you re-elected President of the United States. I know of what I am speaking and you can be sure I am right."' At this Mr. Lincoln threw himself back in his chair and concluded:

"'That statement of Jones's is a great relief to me.'"

GRANT AND THE THIRD TERM.

"Did Grant really desire a third term as President of the United States, Mr. Young?" I asked.

"No," replied Mr. Young. "General Grant had no idea that such a thing was thought of until after the movement was well under way. Before he went around the world I had a talk with him at Malaga, Spain, in which I asked him as to this matter. He then privately told me that he would not again be a candidate for the presidency, and that he had no desire for another term. He was so positive in his statement that I did not bring up the subject again, although I could see that he felt his experiences and observations during his trip around the world would have enabled him to do a vast deal of good for our country had he had these advantages before being President. I remember hearing him say several times upon noticing certain things in the far East: 'I wish I had known this ten years ago.'"

"Suppose Grant had been elected a third time, Mr. Young, would his administration have been of value to the country?"

"The loss to the United States by the failure to make Grant President a third time cannot be estimated," Mr. Young emphatically replied. "Roscoe Conkling, who, you know, delighted in striking expressions, said to me once in talking about this matter:

"'The battle of Waterloo put back progress in France at least six centuries. The defeat of Grant has put back the progress of this country just as much.'

"Had Grant been elected upon his return from his trip around the world," continued Mr. Young, "he would have not only kept the Monroe doctrine as to this hemisphere, but he would have applied it to the whole coast of east Asia. It would have been upheld from Peking to Singapore. The United States would have insisted upon the autonomy of China, Japan and Corea, and would have resisted every effort of Russia and England to make those countries merely trade appendages of themselves. It would have enormously increased our transpacific trade, and by reciprocity treaties the western part of our country would have had a large share of the trade of east Asia."

"How did you happen to go with General Grant around the world, Mr. Young? You were the only newspaper man of the party."

"General Grant asked me to go as a personal friend, and not as a newspaper correspondent. He did not care what the newspapers said. He was never a seeker after notoriety, and he was anxious to keep in the background rather than in the front. As it was, he had nothing to do with my newspaper work. He had no objection to my writing, and I wrote just as I pleased. He read much of my matter after it was published, and seemed to like it."

"What kind of a traveler was General Grant? Did he observe things closely?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "Grant was a careful observer. He studied the people and their customs, the governments and the public works. He often went about incognito as it were with me. We would slip out the back doors of the hotels and thus avoid the crowd. We were not known when away from the hotels and we took long rides and walks in nearly every foreign city we visited."

GRANT'S FOUR GREATEST MEN.

"It was you, Mr. Young, who asked Grant to name the four greatest men he had met during his tour around the world."

"Yes," replied John Russell Young, "I asked that question of him when we were crossing the Pacific on our way home. We were discussing the great men of the different countries, when I asked the general whom he thought were really pre-eminent among them. He replied:

"I have met four men during this trip whom I consider really great. They are Beaconsfield, Gambetta, Bismarck and Li Hung Chang, and," he added, "I am not sure but that Li Hung Chang is the greatest of the four."

"Grant's relations with Li Hung Chang were very close, were they not?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Young, "General Grant spent some weeks with Li while he was in China, and the two grew to be very intimate. They would sit for hours together, chatting of all kinds of things. You see, Grant was looked upon as a monarch in those foreign countries. He had all the honors of a monarch, and through his influence he was able to do a great deal of good for China. He settled the trouble which was then brewing between China and Japan. Had he not done so, the Chinese-Japanese war would have probably occurred then. It was through his friendship with Li and with the Japanese statesmen that he was enabled to reason away the causes of the war. Had Grant been elected for a third term I don't think there would have been a war between those two nations."

"Why did Grant choose Beaconsfield rather than Gladstone as the greatest English statesman that he had met, Mr. Young?"

"I rather think Grant's feelings turned more toward Beaconsfield on account of Beaconsfield's sympathy with the North during the war. General Grant had little friendship or admiration for those who sympathized or aided the South when our Nation was in peril. I thought I saw this with all of the noted people whom Grant met during his stay in England. He treated every one courteously, but he did not warm up toward such men as sympathized with the South, among whom were Gladstone and Salisbury."

THE MISSION TO CHINA.

"How did you like your work as minister to China, Mr. Young?"

"Very much," was the reply. "I had met Li through General Grant, and when I came back as minister I found him very friendly, and through him I was able to get much done for the United States."

"When you were sent out to China, Mr. Young, did you have any special instructions?"

"No," was the reply. "I was appointed by President Arthur. I thought he might have some such message to give me, and before I left I called upon him and asked him if there was anything he wanted me to do. He replied:

"'No: all I have to say is, don't get us into trouble, and do as you d—n please.'

"Secretary Frelinghuysen said the same thing, only in different language, and I was one of the few ministers who went out without any special instructions."

"Is the mission to China a very important one?"

"I think it is," replied Mr. Young, "and just now I believe it is a much more important place than any other in our whole diplomatic service. It should be filled by a man capable of understanding the situation and of taking care of our interests in the far East. The countries of east Asia are on the edge of a change, and the times are full of diplomatic possibilities. England, Russia, Germany and France are all plotting and working to get the Eastern trade, and you cannot tell what situations may arise. Not only China, but also Japan, Corea and Siam are involved in the struggle, and our ministers to these countries should be able men and such that they can work together for the good of America and American interests. It might be a good plan to combine them in some way, having separate ministers as now, but making the others subordinate to or in a certain way advisory with the minister to Peking."

"You were instrumental in bringing General Grant and Horace Greeley together, Mr. Young. What were the real relations of the two?"

"I don't think they ever really understood each other," was the reply. "I knew Horace Greeley right well, for, you know, I was at one time one of the editors of the Tribune. I thought Greeley ought to know Grant, and I believe had the two become thoroughly acquainted they would have been strong friends. Greeley, however, did not think that success in war should lead to political advancement. He was a man of many cranky notions, one of which, I remember, was that a college education spoiled a man for newspaper work. He did not want college-bred men about him, and he had other ideas of a similar nature. He was also a man of intense convictions, he was thoroughly honest, strenuous and bold, and when he thought he was right you could not move him."

GRANT AND GREELEY.

"Where did Grant first meet Greeley?"

"It was in New York. General Grant was stopping in the city at the time, and I was anxious that he and Greeley should become acquainted, so one day I asked him if he would object to meeting Greeley. He replied that he would not, and I then arranged to have the two come to breakfast with me together at Delmonico's. In the first place, I asked Greeley if he would object to meet Grant, and upon his saying that he would like to meet him, we fixed the hour for the breakfast for the next morning. When we met at the table Greeley opened the conversation by asking Grant some questions about farming in the West. I suppose he merely did this expecting to turn it later on to more important matters. At any rate, he first referred to Grant's stay on the Pacific slope, and asked him how deep the people plowed there. Grant told him, and this conversation was continued. Grant knew more about farming than did Greeley, and, to my intense disgust, for to this day I hardly know the difference between a calf and a heifer, they kept the farm talk up throughout the breakfast, and they left the table without being any closer together than before.

"I again attempted to bring the two together while Grant was President," continued Mr. Young. "General Grant was anxious to be Greeley's friend, and in speaking of this in the White House one day I told him that if he would write a letter to Greeley I would take it to him, and that Greeley would come over to the White House and see him. General Grant thereupon sat down and rapidly wrote a letter of three pages. He was a fast writer, you know, and rarely changed a word after it was written. This letter was a cordial invitation to Greeley to come over to the White House and talk things over. I presented it to Greeley at New York, and a few days later he came to Washington. He called upon Grant at the White House, and they spent an hour or so together, but somehow or other they did not get close to one another. They were both very modest men, backward and retiring. Had a third person, a mutual friend, been present they might have been drawn out and have become friends, but there was no one. Greeley said little. Grant was rather reserved, and Greeley went away evidently thinking him dull and not realizing the great capacity which he had."

GRANT AND STANTON.

"What were the relations between General Grant and Edwin M. Stanton?"

"I don't think Stanton appreciated Grant," replied John Russell Young. "Stanton was a very great man and a man whom the people did not understand. Grant looked upon him as his friend, and I think that Grant craved Stanton's friendship. Still, the two men did not get close together. Neither of them made friends easily. Grant's shyness was so great that it was hard to become acquainted with him. He felt that Stanton had treated him very well while the latter was secretary of war and he always was grateful to him. One of the first things he did when he was President was to show his appreciation for Stanton. Some of Mr. Stanton's friends had called at the White House. They said to Grant: 'Mr. President, Mr. Stanton is very ill. He has no money, and he has given his life to his country. He now needs rest, and if you could give him the mission to the Netherlands or to Switzerland or to Belgium the income from the place would be sufficient to support him and he might recover his health.'

"Upon this General Grant replied: 'I think Mr. Stanton deserves the highest honors that the country can give him. The places you have requested are of minor importance. There is, however, a vacancy on the bench of the United States Supreme Court, and if Mr. Stanton is willing I will send his name in for that place at once. I only wish I could do him still higher honor.'

"When the doctor told this to Mr. Stanton, he received it with tears. He was given the appointment of associate justice and was confirmed by the Senate. This was on the 20th of December, 1869, and four days later he died."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

MORE GOLD THAN EVER.

The Time May Come When It Will Be as Plentiful as Silver.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

Events are constantly giving the lie to the Bryanite contention that there is a dearth of gold, and, consequently, that the yellow metal is steadily increasing in value. Advices from Australia state that the output of gold in that country last year reached the unprecedented amount of 2,375,000 ounces. This is 16,000 ounces more than the output in 1895, over 350,000 more than the output in 1894 and 650,000 more than in 1893. In the United States an increase similarly enormous has occurred. Between 1892 and 1895 our gold production expanded from 1,600,000 ounces to 2,250,000 ounces. The rich mines of South Africa tell a like story.

But it is only by surveying the world at large that an adequate idea can be formed of the tremendous growth of gold production. During the decade ending with 1895 the total yearly output of gold practically doubled—in other words, increased from 5,100,000 ounces to 9,800,000 ounces. The United States and South Africa alone produced nearly as much of the yellow metal in 1896 as the entire globe, the United States and South Africa included, produced in 1886. Even these figures do not convey a full idea of the matter. Of the 425,000,000 ounces of gold which it is estimated that the globe produced from 1492, when the Western hemisphere was discovered, down to 1895, inclusive, nearly 290,000,000 ounces, or about 70 per cent., were produced since 1840, about half a century ago. And the gold yield in the present year and for the future promises to outstrip immensely that of any year or period of the past.

The Dear Girl.

Washington Post.

She was a sweet young thing and scientific. She rushed up to the dear old bald-headed professor after he had delivered a lecture upon some abstruse scientific subject, which had been illustrated with stereopticon views of retorts, crucibles, and distilling apparatus, to say nothing of diagrams and problems worked out in algebraic symbols. She grasped him warmly by the hand and murmured: "Oh, professor, you have no idea how I enjoyed your lecture. And the illustrations—they were—well, simply delicious." She was scientific, but above all she was a sweet young thing.

FLORAL DECORATIONS

EFFECTIVE VESSELS FOR HOLDING FLOWERS AND GROWING PLANTS.

Simple Arrangements by Which the Greatest Charm of Form and Color Can Be Fully Brought Out.

New York Evening Post.

The wealth of Easter bloom causes one to think, when these shops and stands are denuded of their bright contents, where will they go and how will they be arranged? The great art that some of the florists show in giving the highest possible advantage to color and form makes one sorry to think of these same flowers crushed into small and inadequate vases or placed in those whose coloring will destroy nature's delicate tints.

At this season there is a great charm in meeting flowers as you enter a house. There is a sense of gladness and welcome which one cannot define, though it is very positive in its influence. If the hall is light or the doorway opens into a spacious vestibule a group of azaleas, raised one above another on an ordinary green wooden semi-circular stand, with a few small pots of lycopodium or dwarf forms placed between, partly to hide the shelves and pots, is very decorative. They are especially charming if the single varieties are chosen and only two colors used; pure white and rose-pink are especially spring-like and full of cheerfulness. The large bushes of French daisies (Marguerites), with their starry flowers and yellow centers, also have the same air of brightness, and can be found of a size that makes them dignified and sufficient, used in single plants, even in very wide, high-ceiled halls.

In either drawing rooms or halls where the color is sufficiently subdued well-grown plants of the pretty yellow Genista, set in large Tokanabi-ware pots and on raised stands of the same faience, or any dark Oriental pedestal, give a very glowing and brilliant decoration. Very deep-blue jardinieres filled with growing plants of the dwarf Japanese spirea, with its dark, peculiar leaves and creamy, tapering spikes of bloom, are very lovely.

Shallow tins painted green, and containing wet mud or well-packed sphagnum, fitted on to an ordinary old-fashioned mantlepiece make an excellent basis for effective arrangement, especially if, as is so often the case in old houses, a mirror covers the chimney-piece. They should have a back five inches high and sides tapering down to two and a half inches in front. A coarse net-work of galvanized wire helps to support weak-stemmed or drooping flowers, and holes clipped in this netting at intervals will admit pots which vary the surface gracefully. Thus a double or treble row of white Roman hyacinths at the back, followed by shaded pansies, with their leaves, or other small foliage to keep from stiffness, letting the lightest ones touch the hyacinths and by delicate gradation carrying them down to the darkest purple and black at the outer edge and then breaking into the lines by two or three pots of mignonette in full blossom, setting them in the flower bank, just as you would put vases on an ordinary mantel, will give you a most beautiful spring picture which will last a long time if the sand is kept sufficiently wet and a little air is admitted at night.

The same plan of fitting as this can be carried out beautifully on the short Queen Anne shelves over the fireplaces, and they can be lifted off and set in a cool place, out of reach of gas, at night.

OTHER RECEPTACLES.

Delft bowls and blue and white East Indian jars are beautiful receptacles for pink roses or boughs of apple blossoms and white lilacs. Gilded baskets are also very useful and effective. At any basket shop you can choose graceful and beautiful shapes and have them gilded or painted in white and gold; let the tinsmith fit a movable lining to hold water and you have most fascinating, unconventional repositories for your flowers. The green rush baskets so prepared to hold water are also most satisfactory and harmonious, and those who have only seen them bedecked with glittering satin ribbons ready for presentation on the steamers or over the footlights can scarcely credit the peculiar natural effects they have when treated artistically by a home flower lover. They can be made to look as if you had plucked some rushes with the flowers and woven them together to suit your purpose then and there.

Small baskets treated in this way are sometimes most charming. I had a common little wicker basket into which a tin dipper, shorn of its handle, just fitted. It was gilded richly, with a sort of bronze gilt, and for pansies it was perfection. Four of these make a very useful addition to your stock of country table decorations. The large baskets, with semi-circular high sides, opening out generously at the ends, cornucopia fashion, are fine center pieces. Painted white, with a gilded handle, with long-stemmed roses and lilacs or boughs of snowball falling on either side until they rest upon the cloth, they suit admirably a large table intended to seat twelve or fourteen persons.

There is a tendency to use too highly-colored glass. Certain beautiful roses are afire with flame colors, dull oranges, and red browns. Relegate these to your cabinets; flowers pale before their artificial brilliance. The dull greens of India china, with the curious black and white designs common on many vases, which are additionally attractive because of their odd forms and wide mouths, are especially beautiful for holding sweet peas, and seem to add to the fragile delicacy of their form and color. And all the green Webb glass, of every shape, is incomparable for unobtrusive refinement and effectiveness. Of course, cut-glass and silver have a royal prerogative for their uses, but the object of this paper is to suggest what is not so obvious as their established merit.

Common wooden bowls can be made into extraordinarily pretty receptacles for flowers by coating them with glue and pressing upon their sides pieces of the green "velvet" moss now so beautiful in the woods. The moss should be lifted very carefully and as little broken as possible. If done carefully, though the moss will lose some of its vividness, it will continue green all summer.

A HANGING BOWL.

A large bowl, say ten inches in diameter, hung in a "French window" or in an archway by four green cords, and filled gracefully with ferns and roses or any summer growth, makes a beautiful object in cottages of moderate pretensions. It should hang low enough for the flowers to be on a level with the eye. In a quaint cottage, the descriptive name of which was "Ivy Nook," a bowl of this sort, but doubtless fourteen inches in diameter, hung from the center of the low-ceiled parlor, the windows of which were diamond-paned. Quaintness and simplicity were the chief characteristics of this room, and the swinging green cup, with the large mass of flowers so easily held, was very harmonious. Filled with clusters of the Japanese monthly honeysuckle and mignonette, and bordered with wild ferns, it was really unique and very beautiful. These bowls should be filled with sphagnum (bog moss) and occasionally it should be taken out, dried and replaced. Any florist can furnish it.

The Japanese use bamboo to make quaint flower holders, but it is very hard to get anything pretty in this country. An umbrella stand of split bamboo, lined with tin, holds large branches of the small-flowered sunflower very effectively, and a pair of these brown cylinders flank the inner side of a rural door very handsomely.

In large country halls simple broad-lined decorations are often surprisingly ornamental. Last year I saw a beautiful effect produced by the top of a pine sapling in full new leaf, some of its young tassels being of a paler green than the lower branches. This was placed in a suitably large, but simple, vase standing on a high pedestal, and stood on the right of a wide door leading from a hall into a parlor. A striped portiere served for a background, and it had a really fine effect.

For midsummer tables ferns are always pretty, and small vases holding each a four-inch pot of "maiden's hair" make an ever fresh and cool-looking adornment. On a stately old table of pearly black rosewood, last June, I greatly admired a large center silver vase of Greek form, in which ferns were growing, while scattered about the table were little pot holders of white earthenware made in imitation of osier baskets, with well-grown small plants of native "maiden's hair" taken from a neighboring wood.

The smoky background of deep fireplaces sets off certain large-flowered plants beautifully, and standing on the hearth they are exactly in accordance with the usage of colonial days, when our grandmothers kept a "beanpot" filled with some form of greenery always in this place. The tasseled boughs of the young hemlock, or later the feathery branches of the asparagus, were much in use in those times, when large gardens of cultivated flowers were rare. Hydrangeas are in accord with those days and this spot, their big, stiff panicles seeming very suitable. I take it for granted that no beauty lover would "clean" the chimney back or take away the shining firelrons and bark-covered logs. They seem to say these blossoms will perish, but with us you will find comfort and brightness when they have deserted you.

SELECTED VERSE.

In the Orchard.

The breeze amid the blossoms playing,
By sweets enchanted, falls asleep,
While downy clouds go softly straying,
Like drifting isles, the upper deep;
And, lying in the grass, I think
How morbid fears and fancies shrink
Before the breath of May;
And how 'twixt walls three times accurst
Full half our cares are born and nurst
To fret our lives away.

The morning winds with viewless fingers
Remove vexation from my brain,
And when they go a fragrance lingers
Behind them like a sweet refrain.
The golden light sinks in my heart,
And straightway with a gush upstart
The tides of love and joy.
God never meant this world below
For sorrow—blue skies, flowers—no!—
Nor any base annoy.

As noonday glow conceals the planet
That beams the while on outer space,
So with God's love, no eye may scan it,
Because His blessings hide His face;
And that is why He sends us woe:
That in the darkness we may know,
Undazzled by His smile,
The tender guidance of His hand,
And feel the love no faith hath spanned,
That loves us all the while.

—Samuel Minturn Peck.

A Song of a Song.

"I will sing you a song of a song," she said,
And her cheek blushed red as a rose.
"'Tis tender and low, and I love it so:
He murmured it to me three nights ago,
Sweet and low like a river's flow, that sings as onward it goes.

* * * * * *

"I will sing you a song of a song," she cried,
And her cheek was white like death.
"'Tis that song he sang me so long ago,
But I loathe it now, though I loved it so;
I shall hear it forever and ever I know, till I sob out my dying breath."

* * * * * *

Then I held her close to my broken heart,
And I whispered, "O weep away!
No woman's love is to man's akin,
Her heart is a home and his heart is an inn,
He lives by her love, but she dies for his sin,
yet sometimes there's a reckoning day.

And believe me that never a Faust was born,
And there ne'er was a Marguerite,
But will meet again in the far-away,
When the man will weep and the woman will pray,
And for him will come God's judgment day, but for her God's mercy seat!"

—Frank E. Sawyer.

Sweetheart.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
When birds are on the wing,
When bee and bud and babbling flood
Bespeak the mirth of spring:
Come, sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
And wear this posey-ring.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
In the golden summer glow
Of the earth aflush with the gracious blush
Which the ripening fields foreshow,
Dear sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
As into the noon we go.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
When falls the bounteous year,
When the fruit and wine of tree and vine
Give us their harvest cheer;
O sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
For winter it draweth near.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
When the year is white and old,
When the fire of youth is spent, forsooth,
And the hand of age is cold:
Yes, sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
Till the year of our love be told.

—Eugene Field.

The House of Forgiveness.

Remembering most the old, eternal days,
I cannot curse our life—thy life and mine;
But now, perceiving its complex design,
I go on my intolerable ways,
And, blaming me the more, give thee more praise.
—I dared to think that such a love as thine
Were bounded by each little curve and line
My hand might limn!—by my blind yeas and nays!

And now I say not where thy paths shall be,
Or who shall go or come at thy least call;
Only I know that when thy footsteps fall
Across the silences that cover me,
Both God and I shall deem it best of all
Love liveth yet on earth for such as thee.

—Francis Sherman.

On Riverside April 27, 1897.

Here where the mighty river rolls along,
Bearing its peaceful navies to the sea,
To-day we dedicate with wreath and song
His tomb. He fought to make a nation free.

Close to his mausoleum stands a stone
A century old. Still read the record mild.
Ah! ancient river, you are left, alone,
Who knew this child, this "amiable child."

Baby and hero, sleeping side by side,
To myriads still your graves a shrine shall be.
God's candle lighted both. From far and wide
"A little child shall lead them," as did he.

—Charles R. Burke, in the Outlook.

Fulfillment.

"Oh, tell me, weary wanderer on life's way—
A way, 'tis said, of longings unfulfilled,
And shadowed by missed good for which we pray—
My sun is rising, thine is almost set;
Tell me, that I may better choose my path,
What is, of all thy life, thy great regret?"
The answer came back wailing on the air:
"My great regret? Alas! An answered prayer."

—Janet Remington, in Godey's Magazine.

In Aeternum.

When I was still a living man,
And ere the years of life were spent,
My fearful fancy often ran
On what would be my punishment.

For I had sinned as only few
In human form have sinned as yet;
And though suspicion slept, I knew
That God would wait, and not forget.

—Harry Thurston Peck, in The Bookman.

HOW SNAILS MAKE LOVE.

Tales of Affection the Result of a Kentucky Scientist's Observations.

New York Journal.

How snails see and the manner in which they make love to each other have now been described for the benefit of a waiting world by Dr. James Weir, jr., of Owensboro, Ky. He has watched these curious little creatures crawling about the weeds in his back garden, and has discovered that they are extremely affectionate, and when in love can see each other a long way off by means of the curious eyes which project from their heads on the tips of long and delicate membranes.

"The snail," says the scientist, "carries its eyes in telescopic watchtowers. This animal is, for the most part, nocturnal in its habits, and, since prominent and commanding view points are assigned to its organs of vision, one would naturally expect to find a comparatively high degree of development in them, and this supposition is correct.

"The eyes of this creature are in the extreme tips of its 'horns' and consist of a cornea, a lens and a retina. Lubbock is rather disposed to decry the visual powers of the snail; my conclusions, drawn from personal observations, are, however, directly the opposite. The position of the eyes at the extreme tips of the 'feelers' naturally indicates they would have a very useful purpose; otherwise they would not have attained such prominence and such a high degree of development."

Actual experiment shows that the snail can see a moving white object such as a ball of cotton at a distance of two feet. Such a ball fastened to the end of a ten-foot pole was moved about in front of a snail to discover if it could see, and it was seen that the snail perceived it, pulling in its horns in terror and making off in a new direction.

"During the season of courtship," says this scientist, "snails easily perceive one another at the distance of eighteen or twenty inches. I have often watched them at such times, and have been highly entertained by their actions.

"The emotional natures of snails, as far as love and affection are concerned, seem to be highly developed, and they show plainly by their actions when courting the tenderness they feel for one another. This has been noticed by many observers of high authority, notably Darwin, Romanes and Wolff.

"As long as I live I shall never see anything equal to the loving tenderness of two snails, who, having in turn launched their little stone darts (as in prehistoric times), caress and embrace each other with a grace that might arouse the envy of the most refined epicurean. Two snails, one of them an invalid, the other in perfect health, lived in the garden of one of my friends.

"Becoming dissatisfied with their surroundings the healthy one went in search of another home. When it had found it, it returned and assisted its sick comrade to go thither, evincing toward it throughout the entire journey the utmost tenderness and solicitude. The healthy snail must have used its sight as well as its other senses to some purpose, for the sick snail rapidly regained its health amid its new surroundings."

In Chicago.

Judge.

Mrs. Seldom Singell—Thanks, Jack; but it wouldn't look well for me to dance. I lost my husband to-day.

Jack—Divorce?

Mrs. Seldom Singell—No; a real, genuine death. That's honest. I have the undertaker's certificate in my pocket.

An Honest Argument
For Your Consideration

Our Grande Bicycle costs within $10 as much to build as any wheel made in the world.

The Columbus Bicycle Co., of Columbus, O., who make our Grande, do no advertising, support no racing team, send no travelers around the world, and they sell for cash only to some fifteen large buyers in America and England their entire output of twenty-five to thirty thousand wheels. Their saving of traveling expense and advertising alone SAVES US from $15 to $18 per wheel.

We, in turn, advertise judiciously, "for which you pay."

We are satisfied with a small profit if we can sell enough wheels. We are not selling bicycles for our health, but we think the people deserve and want a good bicycle at a reasonable price. If our competitors had known early in the season that we intended to sell our Grande at $50, half the $75 wheels in the city would now be selling at $50, the price they ought to sell at if compared with a Grande. We are simply a year ahead of the times, "that's all."

Ask any unprejudiced rider or mechanic to examine a Grande for you if you are not experienced enough to select your own wheel.

We will submit parts of cones, tubing, spokes, or any piece of material used in a Grande, for inspection and comparison with same parts of any other wheel made, and guarantee as good material and workmanship! Our guarantee is liberal, and we have a reputation as bicycle dealers at stake that we have worked too long and hard for to make representations that we could not back up.

Look at a Grande. Try one. Ask Grande riders or riders of any other kind of wheel what they think of them.

C. G. FISHER & CO.,
Indiana and Illinois Distributors for the Columbus Bicycle Co.

GREEKS OF THE PRESENT

ALONE AMONG BARBARIANS AS WHEN THEY MET XERXES.

Brave Spirit of the Hellenes Undaunted by the Odds Against Them —The State of Things in Athens.

Springfield Republican.

The attention of the world is now on that little corner of the earth whence came our civilization, and no more interesting letters have been published thence than those of Prof. J. R. S. Sterrett, of the American school of classical studies at Athens. In his latest writing, just received, he gives a picture which awakens our admiration and apprehension alike, so brave are these modern Hellenes, so alone against overwhelming odds. Prof. Sterrett writes:

It is quite true that in Greece the newspapers wield a tremendous power for good or ill and do much to create public opinion, but still they stand in awe of it when once created. So in the present days that try men's souls, when all Greece is mad for war at any cost, no newspaper dares to speak for caution, dares to point out that Greece's game is not merely foolhardy, but positively criminal, seeing that with such frightful odds against her Greece can never hope to win. But the editor who should venture to express such opinion would surely be mobbed. Probatum est.

And yet, no matter how much common sense may have to say along those lines, now that Greece has dared thus far, no generous soul wants to see her back down, even in the face of the awful pressure that is being put upon her by united Europe. History may repeat itself now once more. Five hundred years before our era common sense called out aloud to Greece to bow before the Persian storm, and send earth and water to the lord of the countless hordes that came with the pride of might to crush the pigamy folk that called themselves Hellenes, then, as now. But the stubborn Hellenes were foolhardy to the bitter end; they declined to listen to the dictates of common sense then, as now. Mankind has blessed that divine folly ever since, and with reason, for our entire civilization was born of the reckless daring of those immortal fools, who fought and bled and died and conquered for the world. In after ages Greece, the victor for the world, fell on sleep, because the times were evil, but she did not die before she had passed on the torch of civilization and of progress to lighten up the universal darkness of barbarous Europe.

HOPES THAT MAY FAIL.

Greece slept a sleep of ages, but she awoke with time, and set about to cure the cruel sores of slavery, to regain for herself and all her children the blessed birthright that she had lost; she looked with gladsome, trustful confidence to those to whom the Greece that was has ever given mental suck; she looked for the outstretching of filial, helping hands, but—she finds them cuckoos, Persians all. The Persians of enlightened Europe, in league with Scythians of the cold, dark, heartless north, are once more bearing down upon the land of valorous deeds and intellectual achievement. "In spite of Zeus we'll sack the town," is the blazon on their shields; but the boast of Capaneus was blistered on his lips, and perhaps we may yet live to see a modern Salamis, another Marathon, wherewith to close this self-righteous, boastful century. What a blaze of glory for the ancient home of arts and men were that! What never-ending shame to the European Persias of to-day! But, alas! it is not likely that these high hopes will be fulfilled, for these be days when gold-bought steel wins battles in despite of mettle, courage, daring and in spite of brains; patriotism, enthusiasm, willingness, nay, eagerness, to sacrifice life and fortune upon the altar of country count for little. Money is, indeed, all-mighty. Our Mother Greece has none thereof, and so all her lovers needs must hope and pray that ere many days the European concert may be broken, not merely in the interest of Greece, but of humanity as well. For Greece alone in Europe is now the doughty champion of humanity and of progress, as was the Greece of ancient days. Greece has been doing her utmost to break down that "concert of infamy" of which the world has grown so tired, by the threat of war with Turkey. If the threat does not avail, then she must and will declare war on Turkey in the full persuasion that the conflicting interests of the European powers will make the most of them join her in the fight against the world's arch foe, even Russia, the cruel, soulless ally of the great assassin. Unless from the very start King George has had full knowledge that the European concert would be broken in the end, he has been playing not merely a foolhardy, but a criminal, game, and Greece will pay dearly for his folly. The next few days will show it, will tell us whether George is an astute diplomat, who has played his hand of trumps with consummate skill or not.

But when it comes to the Greek people, as distinct from those who guide their fortunes, there can be no doubt of their devotion, of their singleness of purpose, of their patriotism, of their readiness to sacrifice everything, even their very national existence, and to died in the holy cause, in the sacred struggle upon which they have entered. They are a courageous race, and being desperate now, they are quite capable of daring to stand up against Europe single-handed until annihilation comes. Europe's victory would be degrading, would be a bowing of the head for all the world. A modern Chaeroneia would fill the great heart of mankind with infinite pain. It were so pitiful to see a heroic race done to death while struggling in the holy cause of freedom, done to death, too, by the very civilization which their progenitors brought into being.

THE GREEK PERSONALITY.

The Greeks are not a handsome race, but their swarthy faces are interesting, often fascinating. Their small, round, beadlike eyes of raven blackness glow and burn. Their firm-set lips, their haughty bearing, their sturdy frames, their fearless self-respect, make every one know that an army composed of such stubborn, unyielding stuff will never fail to give a good account of itself on the field of battle. If they are not handsome as a race, they are, at all events, clever and intellectual; qualities that often become offensive to the traveler. But in spite of the sins they may be justly charged with, they are a good and kindly race. They are the most democratic people in the world; they are also the most patriotic; likewise is their eagerness for education and for progress without a parallel. Their politeness is unfailing, and even in these latter days when the European world is leagued together for their destruction, as they feel, they meet foreigners with the same old kindliness and conceal their heartaches behind smiling faces. They are better than we are, more patient under wrong, more forgiving, and, according to their lights, more truly Christian. I know that this statement will be disputed by many, and yet I maintain it sturdily, for those of us who have been able to watch them from close at hand during the present trying circumstances have learned to cast out from our hearts our old-time petty grievances and to entertain for them the most unbounded admiration.

The enthusiastic eagerness with which they have responded to the call to arms has been touching and pathetic, because we all know that the absence of the vine-digger from his vineyard at this season of the year means ruin to countless little homes throughout the historic land, indeed, means ruin to the nation. And yet they never hesitate, they never stop to count the fearful cost, but on they come, with head erect, with proud and haughty step, with hurrahs upon their lips, though nameless pain be gnawing at their hearts. Thousands on thousands of them in their shaggy capotes and garments often painfully shabby have flooded and made picturesque the streets of Athens, and yet through all the excitement they have been quiet, dignified, orderly citizens. We have heard many patriotic songs, many shouts for war; we have seen many demonstrations, but not one case of drunkenness, not one unseemly brawl. The loss, the sacrifice for country's sake, is not confined to those who have gone to the front as soldiers. On the contrary, disaster strikes all classes; business is at a standstill; merchants have countermanded all orders from Europe; clerks in the shops stand with folded arms, and bankruptcy stares everybody in the face. Nor is gaunt hunger absent, for hundreds of families right here in Athens that were dependent upon the daily earnings of the bread-winners are even now in positive want. Athens is crowded with beggars, a thing that was never known before, for the Greeks are too self-respecting to beg unless compelled thereto by the sternest necessity. Soup kitchens are being started to alleviate the distress. Generous America should even now respond to the call for help, for help in money, if the blockade should make help in food impossible.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

London's population increases by about 70,000 every year.

It is stated that every year the railway servants of Britain get no less than $1,500,000 in tips from the public.

In Boston a monkey has learned to ride a wheel. It wears the handle bars very low, and is a persistent scorcher.

Two white-winged crows make daily visits to Robert Mulilni's farm at Ilchester, Md., but so far they have eluded efforts to capture them.

All birds when perched on trees or bushes serve as weathercocks, as they invariably arrange themselves with their heads to the wind.

Australia could be made to support 400,000,000 inhabitants of the black or yellow races, able to endure the climate. The present population is only 5,000,000.

Only seventy years have elapsed since the first railway in the world was finished. During that comparatively brief period 400,000 miles have been constructed.

Of the thirty-eight Sultans who have ruled the Ottoman empire since the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, thirty-four have died violent deaths.

Gum chewing is not a modern habit. Way back in the time of the Vedas the Hindoo maidens chewed gum. But then they were uncivilized and knew no better.

The horses of German cavalry regiments are to be entirely shod with paper shoes, recent experiments as to their durability and lightness having proved very satisfactory.

A Chicago judge refused to let a spiritualist serve on a murder trial jury because he said in court that he did not believe a man could be killed, in the common acceptance of that term.

The native laborers in German East Africa are expected to work from 5:30 a. m. to 6 p. m. in the burning sun, with only an hour and a half's intermission at noon. Many succumb to the heat.

The Anglo-Saxons double their population in Europe in fifty-six years; in the colonies in twenty-five years; while the Germans take one hundred and the French one hundred and forty to double theirs.

The average size of the kangaroo is from three to four feet in height. Specimens from six to seven feet are frequently met with on Australian plains. A kangaroo has been known to make a leap of ninety feet.

Barrels, casks, pails, etc., are made in Germany by molding wood pulp in the desired shape, subjecting it to heat in the form of hot air or water, steam or other vapor, and compressing it by hydraulic pressure.

In England no physician may legally give a certificate of the cause of death unless he has prescribed for the person at least forty-eight hours before death. Without such certificate no undertaker is permitted to bury the body.

It has been found that the average professional life of a trained nurse is only ten years. In that time she must save up enough for her support in case of illness, to which she is peculiarly susceptible, owing to the nature of her work.

Mr. Moody's revival meetings in Chicago will cost $600 a day, and as the great evangelist expects to "receive souls for his hire" the question arises, how much is the soul of a Chicago man or woman worth, or how many ought $600 to save?

In giving out its monthly statement for April 1 the Treasury Department estimates the population of the United States at 72,547,000, and the circulation of money per capita, based on that estimate, is stated at $23.01. This is a gain of more than 500,000 since Sept. 1, 1896.

Underground vaults may now be thoroughly lighted by refraction from a series of prisms or prismatic tiles, so arranged as to reflect the light and direct it against a window in the basement, which receives and refracts it in a line somewhat parallel with the length of the basement.

The Russians have a simple device which is said to be very effective in checking runaway horses. A thin cord with a running noose around the neck of the horse is used, and when the animal bolts the cord is pulled. The horse stops as soon as it feels the pressure on the windpipe.

The costliest crown is that worn by the Czar of Russia on ceremonial occasions. It is surmounted by a cross formed of five magnificent diamonds, resting upon an immense uncut but polished ruby. The ruby rests on eleven large diamonds, which in turn rest on a mat of pearls. The coronet of the Empress is said to contain the most beautiful collection of diamonds ever massed together.

Cigarette smoking in England dates back to 1844. The great impetus to their increased use was caused by the Crimean war in 1854-56, when numbers of military and naval officers adopted this method of smoking from the inhabitants of Russia, Turkey, Malta, Levant and other parts of Europe.

At an auction sale of postage stamps in Chicago recently a reprint set of thirteen United States stamps of the 1872 issue brought $430; Baltimore local stamp, used before the government stamps were first issued, $250; St. Louis green local stamp, $250; St. Louis lilac local stamp, $250.

History is full of instances of civilized men eating horse flesh. When Wurmser, after Castiglione and Bessano, shut himself up in Mantua with fourteen thousand troops, half of which were cavalry, he, in order to increase the provisions, had seven thousand horses of the latter killed and salted.

The Irish language is spoken in the Bahamas among the mixed descendants of the Hibernian patriots banished long ago by Cromwell to the West Indias. One can occasionally hear negro sailors in the London docks who cannot speak a word of English talking Irish to the old Irish apple women who gather around the docks.

The cotton mill which it was proposed to build at Concord, N. C., to be operated exclusively by negro labor, is to be a reality. Subscriptions of $75,000 have been secured, largely from thirty members of the negro race, and the work of construction will begin at once. The manager, William Coleman, and all the officers of the company except one are negroes.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

His Idea.

Judge.

Little Rily Kaw (a Kansas lad)—Say, paw, what is a "superfluity?"

Mr. Kaw (a profound Populist)—A necktie an' a full beard on the same man, my son.

Success.

Puck.

"She and her fiance make a handsome picture together, don't they?"

"Yes; I believe her engagement is considered an artistic rather than a financial success."

Practical Philosophy.

Puck.

Teacher—You couldn't lift yourself by your boot-straps, could you, Johnny?

Johnny—No, 'm!

Teacher—Why not?

Johnny—'Cause I wear shoes.

Preoccupied.

Judge.

Nephew (who is showing him the sights)—Some very pretty faces among those ballet dancers, Uncle Silas, aren't there?

Uncle Silas—Wa-al, nevvy, I can't say ez their faces 'tracted my 'tenshun very much.

Hitting Back.

Philadelphia North American.

"I wouldn't marry you if you had three times the wealth of my father," she said.

"I presume you know," he replied with dignity, "that if I had that much money there would be no necessity for me to marry."

His Humane Way.

Puck.

Askins (sympathetically)—What is the matter, old fellow?

Grimshaw—Nothing that would interest you, Askins. It is true, I have troubles of my own, but I never tell them—I am no opera singer.

Spring's Warning Note.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Bullion, I'll take my vacation a little earlier this spring."

"All right, Mr. Brown. Any particular reason for it?"

"Why, my wife has already begun to talk of getting the carpets up."

A Dead Give Away.

Truth.

"How did you know he was from Chicago?"

"By his accent."

"But you said he didn't speak to any one."

"I overheard him eating a piece of pie."

Sunday Morning.

Jester.

Aunt Dorothy—How many commandments are there, Johnny?

Johnny (glibly)—Ten.

Aunt Dorothy—And now, suppose you were to break one of them?

Johnny (tentatively)—Then there'd be nine.

An Evanston Father.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"And you say he never drinks?"

"Never, father."

"And doesn't smoke cigarettes?"

"No, father."

"And has no other signs of brain softening?"

"None, father."

"He's yours, my child. It's mighty lucky for you that you didn't pick out one of the other kind."

"What other kind, father?"

"The kind that sees air ships."

Historical.

Jester.

Caesar was soliloquizing:

"Let me have men about me that are fat——"

"Sire," interrupted a drummer from Antioch, "I have with me some samples of flesh-producing food that will fit Cassius to pose as the fat girl in a museum, if you make it the court diet."

At a sign from the general, the lictors haled forth the drummer, and the fish in the Tiber dined heartily that day.

Caesar disregarded the voice of the advertiser and was knifed.

The Latest.

Buffalo Courier.

It used to be, "He has wheels in his head." Now it is, "He has seen an air ship."

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When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Postoffice address.

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