

THEY'RE A LITTLE MOUND.

BY E. W. LOCKE.

There's a fresh little mound near the willow,
Where at evening I wander and weep;
There's a dear vacant spot on my pillow,

A STORY OF LAST YEAR.

BY RENA HOFFMAN.

It was a very warm afternoon in June; so warm, indeed was it, that Aunt Tab and I each sought the coolest spot in the house, where the sun

I was soon interested in the book, but was aroused by the sound of a man's step on the walk. Now I knew that the men were working in the field

I say to my disappointment, because, during the very busy season of the year, I should have been very lonely and even homesick, visiting in the country

By the time I had read a page, my attention was drawn by the sound of voices in the front room. The doors being open, I could hear every sound.

This was his regulation answer to assessors, and now he went on to depreciate the value of his property

"Well, indeed," said Uncle Rob, "if I could do it I would willingly; but if I was to be hung this minute, I couldn't tell."

"Why," said he "if I was to have a stack of Bibles as high as I could reach I couldn't tell how much corn we raised. I fed it all, and did not sell any."

"You will have to begin to reckon your age some day soon, aunt, for the census taker will be around to ask our ages."

"I found that I was a tramp or peddler," thought I, "for she is afraid of both, and will not admit either into the house unless the men are there to protect her."

"What shall I do if that was the man, and he makes us pay a hundred dollars? All that money just because I would not tell him how old I am!"

"I pretended to run as fast as I could, but when I got to the corner of the house I saw Uncle Robert coming, and with him was the stranger."

"I shall not get many names here, I suppose. I believe, I understood you have no children."

"Forty three," repeated Aunt Tab, looking as relieved as she felt; not that she had any pleasure in the number, but that she had answered questions about her age.

idea that she had not heard a word addressed to her, and now she complacently resumed her rocking and sewing, notwithstanding his blank amazement, until Uncle Rob laughed and snorted so that he surely had choked himself to death if Jim had not pounded him on the back, nearly killing himself with laughing at the same time.

As for me, I was so diverted by the whole scene that I rushed out on the porch where I might giggle as much as I pleased without being overheard; so I do not know how they settled the matter. By and by I heard my name mentioned. They were explaining that I was their niece, visiting them, and they did not know how old I was exactly, and Jim said—

"Aunt Tab, how old is Kate, anyway?" "Oh, she must be twenty-six or seven, at least," said Aunt Tab; "I don't know exactly, but she's an old maid this long time—I know that."

"Yes," said Jim, "she's an old maid—she's an old maid. Ha! ha!" and he waited and capered out of the room, still singing, "She's an old maid! She's an old maid!"

Jim is very near thirty himself, if you care to examine the record. I was so angry that I did not know what I could do to revenge myself on the great booby. I could forgive Aunt Tab, for I knew her spite about ages. At twenty-three, I ought to have had more strength of mind than to allow such a circumstance to annoy me; but the more I thought, the angrier I became.

I remembered with great satisfaction that I had never been very friendly to Jim, never speaking to him unless it was a mere answer to his greeting, or acknowledgment of gifts of flowers.

After this I felt better; so I went back to my original position. As I had taken care not to answer any calls for Katie, they had left me, and were at work at the farm schedule!

"Well, indeed," said Uncle Rob, "if I could do it I would willingly; but if I was to be hung this minute, I couldn't tell."

"Why," said he "if I was to have a stack of Bibles as high as I could reach I couldn't tell how much corn we raised. I fed it all, and did not sell any."

"You will have to begin to reckon your age some day soon, aunt, for the census taker will be around to ask our ages."

"I found that I was a tramp or peddler," thought I, "for she is afraid of both, and will not admit either into the house unless the men are there to protect her."

"What shall I do if that was the man, and he makes us pay a hundred dollars? All that money just because I would not tell him how old I am!"

"I pretended to run as fast as I could, but when I got to the corner of the house I saw Uncle Robert coming, and with him was the stranger."

"I shall not get many names here, I suppose. I believe, I understood you have no children."

"Forty three," repeated Aunt Tab, looking as relieved as she felt; not that she had any pleasure in the number, but that she had answered questions about her age.

She had been so possessed with one

that instead of making Jim think more of me I should find myself thinking entirely too much of him.

It was Saturday evening, nearly sunset, and I was sitting in my favorite resort, the back porch, when I happened to think I wanted to make some fresh bouquets to put in the rooms.

I had done this ever since the flowers bloomed, though it was something they were not accustomed to have about the house. When I set the first bouquet on the table Jim wanted to know if that was all we were to have for supper; the first one I put in Aunt Tab's bedroom I sat in the open window, and the next morning Uncle Robert said: "I awoke in the night and thought I saw an owl sitting in the window; but when I got the gun to shoot it, it was one of those flower pots that Katie had for supper last night."

This Saturday was the last of my visit, so I thought I would make some extra nice bouquets before I went away. I looked about for something to wear on my head, but Aunt Tab had worn my bonnet to visit a sick neighbor.

Just then I saw Jim's straw hat hanging in the kitchen, and without any ceremony I put it on. He didn't like any one to touch anything that belonged to him, old bachelors never do; they are worse than old maids; but he was gone hunting, so I snatched my fingers and said I didn't care for Jim or anybody else.

I was alone at the house, but I was not afraid, for they would all be home before dark. I went into the yard and gathered my apron full of lovely roses and syringa blossoms. I was about returning to the house when I saw a fine bunch of flowers high up on the syringa bush. I forgot everything else in my desire to have it; and I jumped up and reached for the flowers several times, but could not quite succeed.

At last I caught the branch, and had just broken off my coveted flowers when I was caught around the waist somewhat roughly. I looked around and saw a gun on the ground, which frightened me so that I did not know who it was until, touching the hat with his head, for his hands were engaged in controlling my frantic efforts to escape, he said—

"Aha, little thief, have I caught you? This is my property, I believe, which you will be kind enough to restore after paying the fine."

"I had not said one word as yet, but I tried to make my looks as expressive as possible of my wounded dignity. He answered the looks by saying—

"Never mind about the fine, Katie, darling; I am willing to keep you here forever, imprisoned near my heart, never to let you go again. May I, Katie? Will you be my wife and be near me always as you are now?"

He looked so manly and handsome as he said this that I longed to say yes. But I couldn't do it. So I just braced myself for the effort, and, trying to look him in the face as contemptuously as possible, I said—

"Oh dear, no, indeed! How could you think of such a thing? I am an old maid, I have heard—too old to think of marrying any one so young as yourself."

The effect was greater than I had expected. He dropped his hands and, after gazing silently in my face for a moment, he turned toward the house and left me standing with his hat still on my head, and his last look imprinted on my mind indelibly.

While I gathered up my scattered treasures I thought I need not have been so contemptuous, even if Jim had made me angry. I was glad that I was going home so soon. And as I thought of leaving Jim in anger I am afraid I shed a few tears, which were quickly dried as I saw Jim coming to the spot where I stood. It was too late to run, or I am sure I should have until he came up and thrust a piece of paper into my hand, which I recognized immediately. He at once began to speak in a more serious tone than I had ever heard him use, and as he went on my respect for him increased.

"I found this," said he, "and I fear it throws some light on what has offended you. I apologize for anything I may have said or done which was not proper; but I must do myself justice while I state that what is written there was not uttered with any intention of hurting your feelings. This is the way it happened: As I was coming to the house for a drink, I witnessed Aunt Tab's reception of the census taker and the most of what happened afterwards. When I was called in by Uncle Rob I came in through the back room, and thought I caught the glimpse of two eyes with more mischief in them than I had thought a certain young lady possessed. Thought I, 'she is gathering items with which to entertain her friends when she goes home, for she never appears to wish to share her pleasant thoughts with any of us; and knowing Aunt Tab's falling, I perpetrated the deed you resent. Encouraged by your kindness since then, I have behaved in such a manner as to be compelled to apologize to you, hoping this interview may afford your friends, to whom you may recount it, as much amusement as it apparently has afforded you.'"

I had not said a word, but my eyes must have been fairly dancing if they expressed half of what I enjoyed during those few minutes; for the dear fellow looked so dignified, was so ceremonious, and withal had such a terrible opinion of me, that I allowed him to make a wonderfully low bow, and walk nearly to the corner before I could say: "Mr. Dormot, I should like to say a few words to you."

myself in my own room to think over what I had done—in what an unladylike manner I had behaved. What if he did not care anything for me! How he would sneer at my forwardness! And if he did care for me, how disgusted he must be with one who had as good as offered herself to him!

I wished myself at home. I dreaded meeting him in the morning, for I determined to see no one that evening. I knew they were all in the sitting-room for I heard their voices.

I proceeded to light my lamp, but I could find no matches. Thinking I could slip through the back room to the kitchen unobserved, I did so, but, glancing out at the sky, the night was so lovely that I stepped lightly on the porch to enjoy the cool beauty of the summer evening before retiring to my room and book.

I leaned over the banisters, wondering how many stars I could count, when suddenly a face met mine in the semi-darkness, and a pair of lips very near to mine, whispered, "ready for your fine, Katie?" and before I knew it I was in prison again, the fine paid, and all difficulties settled.

So it happens that though I was "an old maid" when the last census was taken, before the next ten years have passed I shall be somebody else.

Cities and their Godfathers. London Globe. Most cities were founded by accident. There was no deliberate plan. A hut or two grew into a village, and a town into a city. London, for instance, had no godfather. The first barbarian who landed from his canoe and fixed his habitation under the hill now crowned by the cathedral of St. Paul, little knew he was founder of a city to which Rome at the height of its glory was insignificant in its proportions, its numbers, and its wealth.

The cities founded by the godfathers after whom they were named are the most famous in existence. No name seems to have been above the ambition of perpetuating himself in that way. Alexander the Great gave his name to the Egyptian city which he founded, and which the Ptolemies made one of the most magnificent of the ancient world.

"Now you are in prison and you must pay your fine if you want to get out." And he put his lips dangerously near mine.

"I had not said one word as yet, but I tried to make my looks as expressive as possible of my wounded dignity. He answered the looks by saying—

"Never mind about the fine, Katie, darling; I am willing to keep you here forever, imprisoned near my heart, never to let you go again. May I, Katie? Will you be my wife and be near me always as you are now?"

He looked so manly and handsome as he said this that I longed to say yes. But I couldn't do it. So I just braced myself for the effort, and, trying to look him in the face as contemptuously as possible, I said—

"Oh dear, no, indeed! How could you think of such a thing? I am an old maid, I have heard—too old to think of marrying any one so young as yourself."

The effect was greater than I had expected. He dropped his hands and, after gazing silently in my face for a moment, he turned toward the house and left me standing with his hat still on my head, and his last look imprinted on my mind indelibly.

While I gathered up my scattered treasures I thought I need not have been so contemptuous, even if Jim had made me angry. I was glad that I was going home so soon. And as I thought of leaving Jim in anger I am afraid I shed a few tears, which were quickly dried as I saw Jim coming to the spot where I stood. It was too late to run, or I am sure I should have until he came up and thrust a piece of paper into my hand, which I recognized immediately. He at once began to speak in a more serious tone than I had ever heard him use, and as he went on my respect for him increased.

"I found this," said he, "and I fear it throws some light on what has offended you. I apologize for anything I may have said or done which was not proper; but I must do myself justice while I state that what is written there was not uttered with any intention of hurting your feelings. This is the way it happened: As I was coming to the house for a drink, I witnessed Aunt Tab's reception of the census taker and the most of what happened afterwards. When I was called in by Uncle Rob I came in through the back room, and thought I caught the glimpse of two eyes with more mischief in them than I had thought a certain young lady possessed. Thought I, 'she is gathering items with which to entertain her friends when she goes home, for she never appears to wish to share her pleasant thoughts with any of us; and knowing Aunt Tab's falling, I perpetrated the deed you resent. Encouraged by your kindness since then, I have behaved in such a manner as to be compelled to apologize to you, hoping this interview may afford your friends, to whom you may recount it, as much amusement as it apparently has afforded you.'"

I had not said a word, but my eyes must have been fairly dancing if they expressed half of what I enjoyed during those few minutes; for the dear fellow looked so dignified, was so ceremonious, and withal had such a terrible opinion of me, that I allowed him to make a wonderfully low bow, and walk nearly to the corner before I could say: "Mr. Dormot, I should like to say a few words to you."

AT NIGHT.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

The moon hangs in a silver mist, The stars are dull and dim. Sweet Peace and Sleep are loving arms To fold the whole world in; The air is like a spell; the hills Waver, now seen, now lost; The pallid rivulet waters by A vast unquiet ghost.

A hornet oozed, on silent wings, Above a cavernous place, Sped like a bolt of lightning hurried Athwart the shimmering spaces, Above the vale, from wood to wood, And leaves no trace behind— Like some dark fairy flung across A pure and pious mind! —April Lippincott.

Curious, Useful, and Scientific.

AN ELECTRIC TIDE. Alexander Adams, one of the officers of the British postoffice telegraph department, has discovered the existence of the electric telegraph circuits. By long continued and careful observations has determined distinct variations of strength in these earth currents which are invariably present on all telegraphic wires, following the different diurnal positions of the moon with respect to the earth.

ALARM CLOCK. In a recent number of Dingler's Polytechnic Journal is described the alarm clock of Herr Pfyfer, which at the given hour lights a small lamp. The lamp is above the clock. Near it is a disk with a sectional piece cut out and with horizontal axis. This has a spiral spring and, by means of a handle, is turned round to a tense position, in which it is held by a projecting nose and catch. When the nose is released at the proper time, the disk springs back and ignites a match over a lamp. The arrangement is said to work with great certainty.

AN INGENUOUS INSTRUMENT. At the Greenwich Observatory a very ingenious instrument is in use to record automatically the duration of sunshine through the day. It consists of a glass globe hung within a hemispherical cup of slightly greater diameter, the cup being lined with a strip of paper covered with stencil ink. The globe is entirely exposed upon the roof, and while the sun is shining acts as a burning glass, and causes a continuous line to be made upon the paper. This line will be broken, however, as often as the sun's light is obscured by clouds, and thus a record of the amount of sunshine for the day will be obtained.

TELE-PROPHETRY. Mr. Shelford Bidwell describes in nature the result of some experiments in sending pictures by the telegraph. This he accomplished by using an apparatus resembling Bakewell's well-known copying telegraph. In the transmitter the image was focussed upon a revolving cylinder to which a selenium cell is attached. At the other end of the wire a platinum point passes against the surface of sensitive paper prepared by passing it through a strong solution of equal parts of iodide of potassium and water. The arrangement is such that the selenium cell on intercepting the current causes a white spot to appear on the receiver corresponding in shape and size to the picture focussed on the transmitting cylinder. The experiments are as yet crude, but full of promise.

A NOVEL STEAM GENERATOR. A Paris firm has lately patented a peculiar method of generating steam for a steam engine. At each stroke of the piston a certain quantity of water is projected against two strong heated metal plates. The steam so produced goes directly to the cylinder, so that in this arrangement not only a special generator, but also the valve system for entering steam, is superfluous. The mode of action reminds one of Hock's petroleum motor, or other engines driven by means of liquid hydrocarbons. In the example given in Dinaler's Journal the vaporizing surface consists of two metallic cones, one within the other, with an interval of about 1 mm between them. The hollow space is divided into chambers, each of which is connected with the side of the cylinder. The gases play first on the inner surface of the double cone, then on the outer.

STONE COFFINS. A European firm has been experimenting with air and water-tight coffins, and has lately overcome some of the difficulties involved by a combination of thin wood and stone composition. The composition is formed of three parts Portland cement and one part finely washed quartz sand. For the sake of adhesion the inner surface of the wooden coffin (which increases the other) is left rough, so the wood comes from the saw. The top of the stone coffin is arched, in order to give it greater resistance to outer pressure, and the wood is shaped to correspond. The thickness of the wood is only 2 to 3 cm.; that of the composition 1.2 to 1.5 cm. The weight of such a compound coffin is not greater than that of the common oak coffins. The use of persons, of light, so that the bodies of persons who have died of infectious diseases may be safely kept in them in the house till burial. When the wood has decayed away in the ground, the stone coffin remains, uncompresssed.

THE FIRST CASTING. Cast iron was not in commercial use before the year 1700, when Abraham Darby, an intelligent mechanic, who had brought some Dutch workmen to establish a foundry at Brool, conceived, says Harsdore, that iron might be substituted for brass. This his workmen did not succeed in effecting, being probably too much prejudiced in favor of the metal with which they were best acquainted. A Welsh shepherd by name John Thomas had, some little time previous to this, been received by Abraham Darby into his workshop upon recommendation of a distant relative. Whilst looking on during the experiment of the Dutch workmen, he said to Abraham Darby that he thought he saw where they had missed it. He begged to be allowed to try; so he and Abraham Darby remained alone in the workshop all night, struggling with the refractory metal and imperfect moulds. The hours passed on and daylight appeared, but neither would leave his task; and just as day dawned they succeeded in casting an iron pot complete. The boy entered into an agreement with Abraham Darby to serve him and keep the secret. He was enticed by the offer of double wages to leave his master, but he continued faithful, and from 1707 to 1828 the family of Thomas grew the confidential and much valued agents of the descendants of Abraham Darby. For more than one hun-

dred years after the one in which Thomas and his master succeeded in making an iron casting in a mould of fine sand contained in frames, and with airholes the same process was practiced and kept secret at Colebrook Dale, with plugged keyholes and barred doors.

THE AGE OF THE EARTH. At the Midland Institute, Birmingham, England, the other day, Prof. Ayrton delivered a lecture in which he gave some estimates of the earth's age. In reply to the question of whether the earth's existence was to be counted by thousands or by millions of years, he called attention to the geological evidences of organic changes of the earth's surface which required not less than a hundred million years for the earth's age. There was, however, a better method for approximating to the age of the earth. The changes of temperature belonging to the different seasons were less perceptibly felt as they penetrated the substance of the earth, until at a depth of about fifty feet the temperature was practically constant. If, however, they continued to descend an increase of temperature was experienced at about the rate of one degree per fifty feet of the descent. Supposing this increase went on at the same rate until the center of the globe was reached, the temperature there would be 40,000 degrees higher than at the surface. There was, however, no reason to assume that the increase did go on, or that the temperature of the centre was higher than that of the molten rock, 7000 degrees or at most 10,000 degrees. Assuming this to be the temperature at the centre, and knowing by experiment, the conducting power of rock in relation to heat, Sir William Thompson was able to calculate not only the present distribution downward, but the distribution at any future age, and at any past time. Taking the temperature of 7,000 as having been once the uniform temperature of the whole body, the result of the calculations was that the earth had been a hundred million years in cooling.

A Poet from Deadwood.

Yesterday afternoon the door of the editorial rooms swung slowly open, and a bushy head appeared, followed in a short time by the balance of a man whose general outline indicated that it was from the frontier.

"Is the Tycoon in?" he asked. "The who?" inquired the only editor in the room who was not busy just then. "The Tycoon, the Shah, the main guy,—the boss, you know."

"Oh, you mean the editor. No, he is not around at present. Is there anything we can do for you?" "I reckon there might be, Colonel. Some time ago your paper printed something about a new racket in the shape of a practical tournament, 'n offered prizes 'n things for the best verses. Am I singin' on the right key, boss?"

"I believe there was something of that kind published," replied the person addressed, "but it was only in fun."

"I'm sorry to hear that, pard," continued the visitor; "for ever since leavin' Deadwood I've been thinkin' how soft things was comin' for me to prizes like them offered, 'n kickin' 'n because there was one class, for children, in which I was bound to be barred. I'm powerful sorry it was only in fun."

"Are you a poet?" inquired another member of the staff. "I am that, boss. Probably I don't look it, but when it comes to exercisin' the Muse, I take what cake there is on the dump, and any stray biscuits that the shaft contains. I'm a two-tenner when you talk poetry, and do not let it escape your memory."

"Whom do you consider our best poet?" asked another man. "They are all on the same level. From Shakespeare to Milton, from Dryden to Burns, from Woodworth to Longfellow, there ain't no difference. Gimme the tools 'n I can chop out anything from a sonnet by Shakespeare to an obituary by G. W. Childs 'n never turn a hair. Why, boss, to duplicate most poetry ain't any exercise for me; it's just as easy as whitening a toothpick out of a match. All you've got to do is to read the works of a poet and see how he's gaited. Then you go right ahead and do the same thing. Git back to Shakespeare's time, 'n instance. Most all the boys in them days wrote their poems in the same kind of time that a pony makes when gallopin' over a hard road—kind of short 'n quick, with jest about eight jumps to the mile. Take Sir Walter Raleigh. I s'pose you remember Waleh—slung his yaller overcoat down in the mud fer Queen Elizabeth to step on, you know."

The editors silently admitted their recollection of the gentleman. "Now take this poem, 'The Nymph's Reply.' 'n see if it don't sound just like a broncho goin' down street, when you read it a little fast: 'If all the world and love were young, And truth in every shepherd's tongue, These pretty pleasures might me move To live with thee, and be thy love.' 'n See how easy she jumps, boss? But Christianese Marlow, who browsed around from 1850 to 1893, wasn't no better, not a bit. Listen at him when he's tellin' what the pash'nit shepherd said to his love: 'Come live with me and be my love, And we will all the pleasures prove, That valleys, groves and hills and fields, Woods, or steepy mountain yields.'"

"Notice how easy she gallops along, 'cept right at the finish, where the boss stumbled a little? Its jest pie to reel off stuff like that."

"It does seem easy, doesn't it?" observed one editor to another. "Easy, boss? Why, it's jest cakes and maple syrup to a man that drops on the game. I tell you, it's a first-base hit every time, with chances of a home run now 'n then,—how's the White Stockings?" this to a short-haired young man with four fingers out of joint, who came into the room. "You bet I'm posted on base-ball; you getters of the hull nine fer four seasons back glued up in my cabin, 'n won seventeen ounces of gold-stout on the championship last year."

"But about the poets," suggested an editor. "All right, boss; I'm harkin' back to their trail again. Look at 'em along about the first of this century. Why, harrin' Byron 'n two or three more, the most of 'em couldn't even write things that would read smooth. I can show you whole reams 'n stacks of poems with a metre that sounds like a lame camel tryin' to run away. Six dollars a dozen would be a high price fer most of them ducks. They're like them macaroni-eating painters they call 'Ole Masters.' Why, 80 per cent of those fellows wouldn't be allowed

to stripe wagons in a country paint-shop these times?" "You are quite an iconoclast," observed an editor. "Never mind what I am, sonny," replied Deadwood, as he gently toyed with a forty-two calibre revolver that hung at his belt. "I dislike to kill a man on his own ranch, but I mustn't be sassed."

The editor explained the meaning of the word, and the mollified Westerner proceeded: "Some folks probly think there is poets that have a style of their own, but I know better." "Are you acquainted with the works of Goldsmith?" asked one of the audience. "What, Ollie Goldsmith? I reckon I am. He's no good. Anybody kin write such slush as he did?" "Don't you think his 'Deserted Villages' s'g a fair production?"

"Naw! Why the lines just gurgle along like water out of a jug. It makes me tired to think that people will pay for that kind of gravel." "Kin I see you write poetry like that?" "Kin I? Jest gimme a pencil, and see."

A pencil and paper was produced, and the gentleman from Deadwood sat down and began to write. Presently he arose, and saying, "How does this slide along?" read as follows: Sweet is the sound when oft, at eight o'clock, Up yonder street the young men quickly walk; There have I passed and viewed the broken

Mute witness of a session rather late. The swain, too heavy for the fragile hinge, Had evidently slipped, and broken things. Near yonder porch, where once the garden smiled, And still where many a garden flower grows wild; There, where some chunks of pants the place disclose, The faithful bull-dog on the lover rose. A pup was he to all the young men dear— He'd mangle forty pairs of pants per year; Remote from gate he lurked among the grass, Nor let a pair of checkered trousers pass, Unpracticed he to fawn or seek for power; He simply lunched on clothing by the hour. "That's pretty good," remarked one of the editors, "but then, as you say, Goldsmith's verses do run smoothly. With other great poets, however, the case is different. Take Sir Walter Scott, for instance. Now, he has a style peculiarly his own; that has got you in a denier, did you ever read his 'Young Lochinvar'?"

"Know it by heart, boss." "Can you give us something like that?" The dealer in ready-made poems again seated himself and wrote. In exactly seven minutes he had finished, and proceeded to read as follows: O, old Jimmy Fat is come out of the West, Through all broad Nevada his purse is the best; And, save his good check-book, no weapon he bore. He travelled well fixed, and could send home fer more. He was doughty in purse—in fact we find or: Heeled right up for biz was our new Senator. He stayed not for breakie, and he stopped not fer stone. He hired an engine when train there was none; But er Carson City in sight hove he found The bride had been senced, for Sharon was round. For a rival in mines "Uncle Jim" did not care, "I will beat him," he said, "as the flush beats two pair."

One touch of a check, and one word in his ear, From each legislator Jim'd nothing to fear; So gay to the East nominated he went; "They'll have feet stashed that follow, I'm going hell bent. When he had finished there was a short silence. Then some one said, "He can do it can't he?" "Of course, I kin, boss, 'n I kin keep up my lick all day if it's necessary. The Tribune is considerable of a paper fur poetry, but don't you never worry if any of your poets git cranky 'n begin to buck, jump, or drive on one line. Jest you drop me line inclosin' a specimen of the cuss's work 'n I'll fill his place every Saturday, so's your readers won't know the difference. You hear me!" and backing gracefully into the hall the gentleman from Deadwood departed.—Chicago Tribune.

Anti-Fat—A Domestic Remedy. Prof. Tanner has recently called attention to the value of milk in cases of obesity. He lays down the following regime:—"First day, three quarters of the usual diet and one and three-fourths pints of milk; second day, one-half of the usual diet and three pints of milk; third day, one-fourth of the usual diet and two quarts and one pint of milk; thereafter three quarts and one pint of milk daily and nothing else. Once in a while allow a little solid food to prevent disgust for milk. If diarrhea occur, suspend the milk diet for a while, then resume."

One would be likely to think that a milk diet would be just the thing to build up fatty tissue. But on reflection it will be recognized that there is a very nice balance of all the true aliment in milk, which in the usual supply of food which comes to the table there is an excess of starch and sugar. In the dietetic regime presented by Banting, in his pamphlet, directions are given for the use of such food as contains the least amount of starch and saccharine qualities. If, however, confining one's self to milk will effect the same result, the process is much simplified. We may feel sure at the outset that milk contains all the elements necessary for the support of life. There are many who will say at once that they cannot use milk, that it causes biliousness and headache. To all such we would suggest that they treat milk as a food rather than as a drink. Milk should not be gulped down by the gobletful. It should be taken into the mouth in small quantities and thoroughly insalivated. To effect this first important step in digestion it is necessary to move the jaws as if masticating food. This movement liberates the salivary secretions and thoroughly mixes the milk with the milk prepares it for its descent into the stomach, where it meets the gastric juices which are acid, and which for this reason have an affinity for the salivary secretions, the latter being alkaline. Then milk, like any solid food, will undergo the proper digestive process, thus preventing it from entering the stomach as an interloper in a laboratory which has no apparatus for disposing of it when taken as a beverage. It must be remembered that babies at the breast or those nourished on the bottle only obtain it by tugging away with lips and jaws, movements which result in the same liberation of the salivary secretions, as when a full set of teeth are brought to bear upon a beef steak.—Dr. Frolic's Health Monthly.

A BRICK OF GOLD MEASURING TWELVE by seven by four inches is worth about \$75,000. Such a brick represents one month's product of one of the hydraulic mines of California.