

An age too great for thought of ours to scan,
A wave upon the sleepless sea of time
That sinks and sleeps forever, ere the chime
Pass that salutes with blessing, not with ban.

Our mother earth, whose ages none may tell,
Puts on no change: time bids not her wax pale
Or kindly, quenched or quickened, when the knell
Sounds, and we cry across the veering gale

REO.

A Napoleon of Samoan Finance.

REO was a short, squat Malay, with a face like a skate, barring his eyes, which were long, narrow slits, apparently expressing nothing but indifference to the world in general.

Reo's wife's relatives built the newly married couple a house on Matautu Point, and Reo spent \$35 in giving the bride's local connections a feast.

He came to Samoa in the old days, long before trolleys and Imperial Commissioners and other gilded vanities were dreamt of by us poor, hard working traders.

The Consul wrote out something terrifying on a big sheet of paper and tucked it to the boat, and warned the surprised relatives that an American man-of-war would protect Reo with her guns, and then Reo went inside his house and beat his wife with a canoe paddle, and chased her violently out of the place, and threatened her male relatives with a large knife and fearful language.

"Hello," said Schluter, the skipper of the Anna Godde-Roy. "Who are you? Where do you come from?"

Then he took the boat round the other side of the island, and sold it for \$200 to a trader, and came back to Apia to Denison, and asked for a passage to Tutuila, and the German firm entered into and took possession of the mortgaged land, while the infuriated relatives tore up and down the beach, demanding Tarreo's blood in a loud voice.

They gave him some tobacco and matenes and four Bolivian "iron" half dollars. He got up and went across to Volkner's combined store and grog shanty over the way.

Denison landed the ancient at Leone Ray, on Tutuila, for he had taken kindly to the old scoundrel, who had many virtues and could give points to any one, white or brown, in the noble art of deep sea fishing.

In about ten minutes the old fellow came out of Volkner's store, carrying two or three stout fishing lines, several packets of hooks and half a dozen ship biscuits. He grinned as he passed the group on the veranda, and then, squatting down on the sward near by, began to uncoil the lines and bend on the hooks.

Reo settled at Leone, and made a good deal of money buying copra from the natives. The natives got to like him, he was such a conscientious old fellow. When he hung the baskets of copra on the iron hook of the steelyard, which was marked to weigh up to one hundred and fifty pounds, he would call their attention to the marks as he moved the heavy "pen" along the yard.

Denison left him, and went aboard the ancient, cockroach infested craft of which he was the earthborn supercargo. Half an hour later Reo paddled past the schooner in a wretched old canoe, whose outrigger was so insecurely fastened that it threatened to come adrift every instant.

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On the following Sunday a marriage procession entered the Rarotongan Chapel in Matafele, and Tarreo (otherwise Reo) was united to one of the prettiest and least disreputable native girls in the town, whose parents recognized that Reo was likely to prove an eminently lucrative and squeezable son-in-law.

As soon as Reo and the good wife were out of sight of the village they put about, ran the boat into a little bay further down the coast, planted a bag containing \$700, with the best of the trade goods (salved before the fire was discovered), and then set sail for Apia to "get justice from the Consul."

States ship Adirondack concurred; and so the cruiser, with the injured, stolid faced Reo on board, steamed off to Leone Ray and gave the astonished natives twelve hours to make up their minds as to which they would do—pay Reo \$1000 in cash or have their town burned.

Reo gave his wife a small share of the plunder and sent her home to her parents. When Tom Denison next saw him he was keeping a boarding house at Levuka, in Fiji. He told Denison he was welcome to free board and lodging for a year.

CHINESE CANARY BIRD.

Returning Soldiers From the Philippines Bring One of Them Along.

A quartet of young American soldiers returning from service in the Philippines, battle-scarred and sunburned, attracted considerable attention at the Union Depot yesterday because of the attachment they showed for a little canary bird which one of them was taking along as a pet.

The bird was a sweet singer and filled the large waiting room at the depot with its melodies. A crowd formed in the section of the building where the owner held the cage on his lap and as much interest was manifested in the little singer as in the soldiers.

The Monks of Cortosa.

A writer in Truth gives some interesting information concerning the famous monastery of Cortosa. Among other things, we have this glimpse into the domestic life of the monks:

The monks of Cortosa are lords of quite a property. Each has a house of four rooms—a bedroom, a study, a workshop and a wood room. A pretty little garden, which he may cultivate as he wishes, and a verandah looking down the hill over villas and orchards, complete the monk's domain.

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A Bad Combination.

Why, oh why, will ladies who have ingrown nerves and are built on the semi-hysterical lines of architecture insist on going into the pyramids? asks a writer in The Sphinx.

Woman's Educational Progress.

Woman's educational progress can be illustrated by a few facts collected by Professor Harris, the National Commissioner of Education.

A Matter of Jolts.

The Massachusetts Supreme Court has decided that street car jolts do not prove contributory negligence on the part of the motorman.

The ocean tonnage of all nations aggregates about 30,000,000 tons. About 1,000,000 tons of it is American.

Kansas City has discovered that the vaccination of hoboes is a cheap and effective way of getting rid of the pests.

The poor Count and Countess of Castellane must worry along on \$200,000 a year. This may mean no vanilla in the ice-cream.

Balloon suicide is declared to be the latest Paris fad. Like all other fads it is perishable.

The Chicago Street Commissioners have declared against brick pavements on the ground that they cannot resist the crushing effect of heavy traffic.

The South African war means heavy cost to Great Britain. But it also means ruin to the hapless burghers whose lands are raided and ravaged by the Boers.

Historical events reported by cable: The German Emperor changed his clothes and the Duke of York has the measles.

The employment of American coal in Europe for gas and steam purposes has within the last twelve months impressed itself on the industrial world as possessing elements of great possibilities.

That Missouri young man who concluded an eight-year courtship over the telephone wire exposed himself at the last to an allegation of electric sparking.

It has again been discovered that "blondes are approaching extinction." The original alarmist in this matter was Sir Benjamin Richardson.

Giuseppe Verdi's long and splendid career is ended, and the uncrowned king of lyric drama sleeps among the people to whom his life has been a long benediction and artistic inspiration.

To the student of civilization the increase of certain kinds of crime in the United States is startling. While there is a decrease in brutal crimes, there is a marked increase in crimes involving blackmail, and generally of pecuniary crimes.

Connecticut, that thrifty State of Yankee notions, which never sold a wooden nutmeg, although in its early days it may possibly have whitened out a few for fun.

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The authorities of Lausanne propose to construct a morgue which will contain a new and interesting feature. This will be a place in which a large hall will be constructed for the use of those families who have not in their houses sufficient room for the conducting of a funeral.



Sliding Down-Hill in a Carpet. Brave old winter brings plenty of fun For the boys and girls whose work is done; But of all the sports the merriest one Is sliding down-hill on a carpet.

You need not a square of carpet, you know; Tuck yourself in, and away you go, Over the ice and over the snow— Sliding down-hill in a carpet.

So leave your dolls and sleds and toys, And bring out your carpets, girls and boys; For one of the best of winter's joys Is sliding down-hill in a carpet.

The greatest heat produced. The problem of tapping the giant strength of the sun, of controlling some portion of the power and heat so freely given to man, has been passed from the ancients to the modern through the hands of the greatest men of learning of all times without any adequate solution until the dawn of the twentieth century.

The fiercest degree of heat that any one has hitherto been able to make is the 6000 degree that has been registered in the electric arc. Dr. Calver is able to generate 24,000 degrees of heat. Of this he is able to control 10,000 degrees with absolute safety, while he is at present at work constructing an apparatus which will easily give him the mastery over the full amount of heat that he generates.

Uncle Sam's Midnight Land Deal. One of the best bargains ever made by Uncle Sam was that of the purchase of Alaska from Russia in 1867. The czar had been most friendly toward our country during the Civil War, and when Uncle Sam offered to buy his immense possessions in North-western America he gave the matter favorable consideration.

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Had I been jester to the king At some forgotten court, The mark of every quip and fling, The butt of jest and sport, Methinks such life I'd grown to hate, A simple clown to be, And would have roundly cursed the fate That made a Fool of me.

But kings and courts have passed away, The jester's tribe has flown, I could not, though I wished, to-day Take his lot for my own; Yet, I am, though with king's we've done, In danger still, you see— We're ruled by Woman now—there's one That's made a Fool of me! —Roy Farrell Greene, in Puck.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Pa—"What's that baby crying for, Dolly? Dolly—"Just 'soss I showed her how to eat her cake."—Tit-Bits.

"I wonder why the Strutt didn't invite us to their daughter's wedding." "Maybe they didn't want us."—Chicago Record.

If you would be perfect, Dear sisters and brothers, Just follow the counsel You give unto others! —Catholic Standard and Times.

Nimrod—"Pat, did you ever catch frogs?" Pat—"Faith, an' Oi'd, sir." Nimrod—"What did you bat' with?" Pat—"Begorry, Oi bate 'em with a stick."—Chicago News.

"Bingles is a lucky man; his time goes right on whether he is waking or sleeping, sick or well." "What is Bingles's business?" "Watchmaker."—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

"Cook, do we need any necessities for the kitchen?" "Yes; I'd like a Roman chair, one of them Venetian lanterns, an' some more pillers for th' cozy corner."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Now that you've married me, I hope you'll firt no more," said Molly. "I do assure you, dear," said he, "That this is my last folly." —Ohio State Journal.

"I am willing to do anything," said the applicant for work. "All right," said the hard-hearted merchant; "please close the door behind you when you go out."—Somerville Journal.

Judson—"I got the opinions of tw. eminent lawyers on a certain question of law the other day." Yeast—"Were their opinions the same?" Judson—"Yes; twenty-five dollars each."—Youkers Statesman.

"You didn't submit quietly to their gagging did you?" asked the officers who had hurried to the scene as soon as the robbery was over. "No!" gasped the victim; "I chewed the rag, of course, but what good did that do?"—Chicago Tribune.

"She seems to me one of the most distinguished looking young women in Boston!" "They tell dreadful stories about her!" "Indeed?" "Yes, they say, for instance, that the lenses of her spectacles are plain glass, with no magnifying power whatever."—Detroit Journal.

The ghostly rider on the white horse stopped at the gate. "I am Death," he said to the sick man who was watching from the window. "You are welcome," replied the latter, and added, in a whisper: "If you value your life, don't let my wife see you trying your horse to that tree. She'd never let anybody do that."—Philadelphia Press.

Almost-Eyed Chinese. It was suggested to me that the almond shape of the Chinese eyes might be a result from babyhood for long generations of going bareheaded in the sun, says Leslie's Weekly. Foreigners find the sun so dangerous to the eyes that they are not only shaded by wide-brimmed hats, but most frequently by dark glasses. The Chinese women do not, as a rule, as do the Japanese, put their babies upon the backs of their young girls. The women, and not infrequently the men, carry their children, after babyhood, in their arms, even when quite large. In fact, the care exhibited by fathers for their children, proudly bearing them in their arms on the street from place to place, shows that Mr. Chinaman has good sense as well as a good heart.

Famous Electricians. A vote was recently taken by the Electrical World and Engineer on the twenty-five greatest names in electrical science during the late century.

The participants in the ballot were 277 members of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, who were requested to arrange the names in the order of supposed excellence. The following list, therefore, shows not only the men who were chosen, but also their standing in the esteem of the institute:

Faraday, Kelvin, Edison, Bell, Morse, Henry, Tesla, Elihu Thomson, Maxwell, Ampere, Siemens, Ohm, Hertz, Davy, Brush, Wheatstone, Helmholtz, Gramme, Steinmetz, Roentgen, Sprague, Plante, Marconi, Oersted and Joule.

Oliver Wendell Holmes used to tell a story illustrative of the keen perceptions of children. He was present at a gathering where he chanced to be seated near the refreshment table, and noticed a little girl looking longingly at the table. In his kindly way he said: "Are you hungry, my child?" She replied bashfully in the affirmative. "Then why don't you take a sandwich?" he asked. The little maid responded, "Because I haven't any fork." The autocrat quoted smilingly, "Fingers were made before forks," and to his intense amusement she answered, "Not my fingers!"