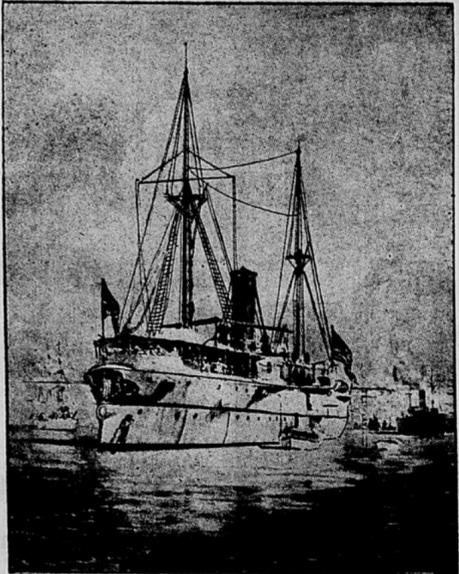


BOY-TIME.
Just for a day in dear old boy-time
Back to the river's edge where willows
grow,
Where shadow deep and sunbeam inter-
laces,
And water lilies in the bayous blow.
The narrow path thro' fragrant mead-
ows stealing,
That led to distant wood, dank, cool
and sweet,
Where ran the brook with silvery laugh-
ter pealing,
And rippled softly at my bare, brown
feet.
I'd like to listen to the song birds calling
And hear again the sad-voiced whippoor-
will.
Where 'round the place the shadows
gaunt were falling—
Calling to its mate beyond the hill.
I'm sick of factory's frown and grimy
city,
The greed of man that everlasting
lives;
I want to go where sacrifice and pity
Are lost in what the dream of boy-time
gives!
—New York Globe.

FLIPPING THE COIN.

ALTON brought the automobile to a stop at the crest of a hill. Below was a vista of green fields and winding white roads. Beyond, the rugged line of hills stood out sharply against the sky. "Isn't it splendid, Dan?" said Alicia, with appreciative enthusiasm. "I didn't really know there were such bits of landscape about here." "You settle back comfortably on the cushions. The green of the dell below is lighted a clear and purified away several moments before he turned to the girl. "I thought I'd stop in the pleasantest spot I know of," he explained. "We'll probably stay here for some time." "Indeed?" she said. "We shall stay here until you decide," he affirmed. "Decide what?" she asked. "Decide to answer the question I asked you a short time since; the one, in fact, I have asked you repeatedly during the last year." Alicia frowned. "You develop determination rather suddenly," she observed. "Exactly," he returned, stolidly. "Well," she said, "you may as well go on. I'm not ready to answer you yet." "Alicia," he said, gravely, "it's not fair to treat me in this way. You should give me an answer, one way or the other." "And either answer would be quite welcome after this patient wait of yours," she mused. "Did I say so?" he asked, quickly. "It is evident I'm not worth waiting for," she said, looking pensively across the valley. "You are worth waiting for forever," he declared, stoutly. "But it isn't fair to keep me in suspense like this. You know as well now as you ever will." "There are pros and cons to be weighed thoroughly before I decide," she said. "A man always thinks a woman can decide offhand a matter of the gravest import." Alton's eyes twinkled. "Heaven forbid!" he muttered. Alicia flashed him an angry glance. "Was my answer well going," she said with some constraint. "It's growing late." "I haven't my answer yet," Alton reminded her. "If you intend to wait for that, I'll walk home," she said. Alton sat erect and knocked the ashes from his cigar. He drew a penny from his pocket and laid it on his knee with exaggerated care. "I've a proposition to make," he said, slowly. "It seems that you have no intention of definitely settling this matter. Therefore, suppose we let Fate decide it with the turn of this coin. If it comes 'head,' you'll marry me in June; if 'tails,' I'll leave the field to other suitors. Is it agreed?" The girl turned her eyes and gazed at him silently. There was unutterable scorn in that look. "We'd better go back," she said, icily. Alton turned the automobile and they sped homeward over the hard white roads. Alicia sat silently beside him. Her head was turned away, but he could see the angry color in her cheeks. Instead of being crushed, as it was meant he should have been, he seemed vastly amused. For some time he made no attempt to resume conversation. "Alicia," he said at length, "have I blundered again? Are you angry?" "I didn't think you were capable of such a thing," she said, wrathfully. "You have said my answer meant everything in the world to you, but how much do you care if you are willing to leave it to the turn of a coin?" "Everything," he said imperturbably. "You can't, or you'd never have suggested such a hazard," she declared. "I was desperate," he said with becoming meekness. "Perhaps we'd best say nothing more about it," she said. "And, with all this I haven't my answer," he complained. Alicia's face was calmly disdainful. "Dan," she said, "it seems to me you might guess, after what has happened, what my answer will be. If you were willing to leave it to all chance—" "Chance?" he cried. "Certainly," she cried, "the chance of a coin's turn." Alton threw back his head and laughed heartily. Alicia watched him in amazement. Then his face became grave. "Pardon, Alicia," he apologized, "but those remarks about chance are amusing. Did you imagine for a minute that I would trust to the turn of an ordinary penny?" "Why it's—it's a 'heads' on both sides, Dan," she said. "That's the chance I took," he said. "Shall we leave it to the coin now?" Alicia was looking across the fields. "If you like, Dan," she said. "New York Globe."

THE BENNINGTON DISASTER.



The explosion on the United States gunboat Bennington at San Diego, in which one officer and more than fifty men were killed, has been attributed to a defect in the boiler. The discussion of the disaster shows a tendency toward putting the blame on a bad system rather than upon mere accidental carelessness of individuals, says the San Francisco Argonaut. It is pointed out that the act of 1890 amalgamated engineer officers with line officers in response to a general demand, inspired by social considerations. Engineers didn't like to be called engineers, and so a law was passed transforming them to ensigns, lieutenants, etc. But those line officers soon showed tendencies toward shouldering the more practical duties of their positions upon their subordinates, the warrant machinists, they themselves merely bossing the job. But good warrant machinists are scarce; trained engineers are scarce. In six years the number of trained engineers has diminished from 181 to about 120. Fifty-seven of these are on shore duty. Thus, it is said, the engine rooms of our vessels are under-manned. Eight years ago the Bennington carried two trained engineer officers, one of whom had twenty-three years' experience. The officer in charge of the Bennington's engines on the date of the explosion was a youth not yet 26, graduated from Annapolis in 1902. It is said, further, that there were no warrant machinists on the Bennington—only machinists' mates, who get \$40 to \$70 a month. The Army and Navy Journal admits that the law of 1890 has "impaired engineer efficiency throughout the navy."

POPULAR SCIENCE.

It is reported in German newspapers that the Chinese government has recently granted its first patent. It is for an electric lamp invented by a native of Nanking, who claims that he has far outdone his foreign rivals, and who calls his lamp, with that touch of poetry which is more common to the Chinese mind than people who know only the "John Chinaman" of America imagine, "bright moonlight." The recent classification at the British Patent Office shows that cooking is the popular subject of invention, having been the subject of 3,575 British patents in forty-eight years, or an average of seventy-three a year. Umbrellas brought out 1,457 inventions and 1,411. Invention tends to run in grooves, 1890 and 1897 reflecting the enormous development in cycles, while popular vehicle inventions have doubled since 1900.

INDIAN BASKET-MAKING.

How the Big Demand has Lowered the Quality of Supply. It is becoming more and more difficult, it is said, to secure finely woven Indian baskets, and consequently to form collections of the baskets of the aboriginal American. Fever of the fine baskets are being made and the number of those who desire to make collections is increasing, says the New York Tribune. It is estimated that baskets valued at \$2,000,000 have been taken from California and Arizona within the last two years. Not all of these, however, were of the kind sought by the most exacting collectors. So heavy has been the demand that the southwest has been well-nigh depleted of the finest baskets. Most of the baskets now obtainable are made hurriedly and to fulfill the demands made by collectors. The Indians do not spend the same amount of time upon them as when they made baskets to be handed down as heirlooms. In some cases it is not possible for them to find the durable grasses which they once used, for civilization has extinguished them. Some of the earlier baskets were the products of months of labor. Many of these baskets are bought for less than \$25, and as high as \$1,000 has been paid for specimens. The kind of basket that can be bought for \$1.50 or \$2 is not the kind which the experienced collector will accept. He wants a basket which illustrates the artistic taste and the skill of a tribe, not a "pot boiler." At one time basket-making was an art carried on by all the tribes of Pacific Coast Indians from Alaska to Mexico. At present the tribes of Arizona make most of the baskets. The Mohi, or Hopi, and the Apaches make many baskets and plaques. The Pimas and Maricopas formerly made fine baskets and some of the former do to-day. The Pimas learned the art from the Maricopas when the latter sought shelter among them from the slaughter of the Yumas, about 160 years ago. The Maricopas have allowed their basket weaving to cease, while the Pimas are again taking it up.

The cheap modern baskets have heavy frames and coarse stitches or strands. The choicest baskets and those sought by the connoisseur are delicately woven with yellow-colored markings and soft, flexible strands. The latter are so well put together that they will hold water. It is said to be almost out of the question to form a complete collection of baskets and to make a collection of fifty or sixty good ones showing the different stages of development means hundreds of miles of travel to the reservations and the expenditure of much money and much speed in coaxing the remnants of the old tribes to part with their woven treasures.

No Time for Athletics. Japanese students and schoolboys twenty years ago had no appreciation of athletics. They took too serious a view of their duties to waste on games the time that might be devoted to studies and they had to be driven by their early English professors and teachers into the playgrounds, although to a disagreeable task. Now they take a keen interest in rowing, lawn tennis and baseball, though cricket with its long periods of enforced inactivity does not appeal to them.

When it comes to getting money the lawyer takes fewer chances than the burglar. Three Berliners, respectable men of business, were promulgating their Broadway. "Unter den Linden," and talking rather excitedly when one of

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Boston reports that a fisherman found a valuable diamond ring in a flounder. One must have some excuse for fishing for flounders.

The multi-millionaires may not have attended the colleges themselves in their struggling early days, but the other fellows.

Notwithstanding its size and numerous congested districts, London must be regarded as one of the healthiest cities in the world, declares American Medicine.

It's a safe bet that if Lac Perce finds the North Pole he will find it in a state of insurrection against the czar, avers the Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.

It is vain to talk of new remedies for public ills until we have thoroughly tried the old remedies—the laws we have, asserts the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Behave yourself, admonishes the Atchison Globe. The State penitentiary is so crowded that convicts have to sleep in the corridors on cots.

Eight women hurt in a Pittsburg burlap sack rush for "meat" overall 10 cents, men's shirts, 10 cents. If these are the kind of things we buy for them, comments the New York Telegram, husbands will hunt their own bargains hereafter.

The Slah of Perla wants to see America, but dare not face the ocean, which makes his stomach shak. Here's a great chance for some of the at-ship boasters.

George Bernard Shaw says: "All autobiographies are lies. No man is bad enough to tell the truth about himself during his lifetime, and no man is good enough to tell the truth to posterity in a document which he suppresses until there is nobody left alive to contradict him."

More girls are enrolled every term on the registers of the women colleges, says the New York Sun. They are sure to increase more and more in numbers, and it is inconceivable that their influence on our society should not be stronger and more beneficial every year. It will not be their least advantage that they are absolutely a national product, to be found in no other society in the world than our own.

An increase of \$7,000,000 over the preceding year is a gratifying exhibit in our export trade statistics, says the New York Sun. Taken by itself, the sum calls for an imposing row of ciphers, even in these days when millions are counted as thousands were a few years ago. It is particularly gratifying to note that the increase is represented, practically in its entirety, by the export of wares classed as manufactures.

Most geographers believe that the Arctic Ocean extends without a break in all directions from 400 to 500 miles, says the New York Tribune. Until there is positive evidence to the contrary this doctrine must be accepted. It is the greatest landowner in the world, and he is inclined to dissent from it. More than a year ago Mr. R. A. Harris, attached to the United States Geological Survey gave some reasons for doing so in The National Geographic Magazine. The subject, delivery, peculiarities of the tides and currents at various points along the northern coast of the American continent. Such phenomena are susceptible of more than one explanation, and it is not unlikely that Mr. Harris intended to present the subject in a more complete manner. He has been in possession of the Carnegie Museum for nine years, but only lately was its true character recognized. It had been regarded as an albino black bear, but William T. Hornaday has shown that it is really a species of the white polar bear of British Columbia. A mounted specimen is in the possession of the Carnegie Museum for nine years, but only lately was its true character recognized. It had been regarded as an albino black bear, but William T. Hornaday has shown that it is really a species of the white polar bear of British Columbia. A mounted specimen is in the possession of the Carnegie Museum for nine years, but only lately was its true character recognized.

Forestry is one of the coming professions, according to all accounts, says the American Cultivator. Many of the foresters employed by the Government are just beginning to get fairly awake to the need of skilled care of their forest reserves, and are hiring foresters and assistants at from \$1,200 to \$2,400 a year. During the past year about seven members of the Bureau of Forestry have left their positions to take up work with private timber owners, and four others have accepted public positions as foresters for States and Canadian provinces. The demand seems to be increasing. The Bureau of Forestry has a limited number can be trained in the Bureau of Forestry and through college courses in forestry.

"Freak" Dinners. Whether Mr. Kessler (the giver of the recent Venetian dinner) has set an example which wealthy London will follow remains to be seen. In contented countries there is no danger in these displays; but when labor troubles are threatening, or Socialism is making rapid headway, it is doubtful if the do not increase the danger by affording texts for demagogues. They are deliberate attempts to spend money rather than efforts at hospitality.—Vanity Fair.

Advertisements as He Sails. There is nothing like combining business and pleasure. A New York business man who lives in New Rochelle has a fine sloop yacht with a pretty big sail. On each side of this sail he has had painted in foot high black letters an advertisement of his spar varnishes and other marine supplies. Naturally the boat attracts a lot of attention, and the big letters advertisement a long way off.—New York Sun.

Eye-Glasses and Romance. It is curious to observe that even the greatest realists do not venture to bestow eye-glasses on their heroines. It is rather odd, too, seeing how many charming women do in real life wear them, and are not deterred by them from the most dramatic careers and the most poignant emotions. But while the modern novelist has bestowed eye-glasses on everybody else he has not yet had the hardihood to put them on the nose of his heroine. Why?—Mrs. John Lane in London Outlook.

The Polite User's Advice. A Brooklyn young man took his best girl to church, and as he reached a partially filled pew he turned to the usher and asked: "Do you suppose we could squeeze in here?" "You might be able to," replied the usher, politely, "but I would advise you to wait until you got home."

A Supper Train. Reporter—Well, to make a long story short— Editor—A good copyreader is necessary.—Cleveland Leader.

KAISER WILHELM FINDS IT HARD TO LIVE ON £ 800,000 PER YEAR.

The German Emperor, with an annual income of about four million dollars is a poor man, and has great difficulty in making both ends meet, declares the London Express. He does not receive a farthing in his capacity as German Emperor, but fulfills the duties of this honorary position free of charge to the federation of German States. The Kaiser draws his income, first, as King of Prussia; and, second, as a private landowner.

His income as King of Prussia amounts approximately to \$4,000,000 per annum. The Emperor of Russia receives an annual allowance of approximately \$5,000,000, and the Emperor of Austria an annual allowance of more than \$4,000,000. Both these monarchs receive additional allowances for certain definite purposes, and both of them own vast landed estates far superior in acreage to the German Emperor's possessions.

The Sultan of Turkey receives an annual allowance of \$10,000,000, and the King of Italy draws over \$3,000,000 per annum; while the incomes of several monarchs of smaller States are nearly as large as that of the King of Prussia.

The amount of \$4,000,000 granted annually to the German Emperor is not taken from the national exchequer, but from revenues from State dominions which were formerly the private property of the Prussian royal house. The Crown lands were handed over to the State, and in return the State pays a fixed annual income to the monarch.

The Kaiser owns eighty-three landed estates, comprising a total of 250,000 acres. He is the greatest landowner in Germany, and his possessions far exceed those of the three landowners whose estates rank next to his own in acreage. These are the Prince of Pleiss, who owns 125,000 acres; the Duke of Ujest, who owns 100,000; and the Duke of Ratibor, who owns 75,000 acres. Some of the land of the Kaiser's estates is rented to farmers; but the Emperor carries on business on his own account in several parts of the country.

The Kaiser's workmen are paid abnormally high wages, and all his employees receive liberal pensions in old age or in case of sickness. He also provides liberally for the widows and children out of his private purse. All these payments consume a large proportion of the profits, so that the Emperor's income from his estates is comparatively small.

Practically speaking, the German Emperor is thus obliged to live on his royal income of \$4,000,000 per annum, which is altogether insufficient for his requirements. The Kaiser has no personal extravagances, but lives a simple and strenuous life of hard work and little luxury. He spends little money on his table, for the cuisine of the German Imperial residence is notorious for its inferiority.

The Kaiser is not a dandy, and spends a comparatively small amount every year on his clothes. The horses he rides are not of a particularly good breed, and not unusually expensive. He is not a gambler, and does not indulge in other dissipated habits which would be excusable in his position.

He is, however, extravagant in one respect, namely, in keeping up the imperial magnificence of his court on a scale never previously attempted by a King of Prussia. The support of relatives forms a first charge on the Kaiser's income. He has to provide an annual allowance for his six sons, and has to maintain a separate court for several more distant relatives.

Apart from his expenditure for purposes of royal display, the Kaiser devotes a large sum every year to the encouragement of art and of the drama. He is continually ordering monuments to be erected at his own expense, and buys pictures for presentation to public galleries.

The Kaiser maintains the Royal Opera House, the Royal Theater in Berlin, and the Royal Theater at Wiesbaden at his own expense. All these theaters are conducted only partially as profit-making concerns.

With all these financial burdens the Kaiser is unable to make both ends meet on his income, and has been obliged to borrow money from some of his wealthy subjects.

Where could I have heard of that queer mother-bird when sturdy young "Fa" All her chicks had one name? If it chanced to be Wren, They all were Wrens then. So her quick wit and brain Gave each its own name.

The first was dear "Do." Soft feathers as snow. Then came little "Re." As blue as the day; And prim little "Mi." Oh, so fussy was she! Just like her papa "Fa." Next came lazy "Sol." Big eyes like a doll; And silly Miss "La." Who kept close to mamma; And sweet singing "Si." Very merry and cheery yawn. Last came one more "Do." They were twins, you must know.

Any sunshiny day When they were at play. Many songs there would be From hedge and from tree. In meadows and lanes, With such Italian names And such musical throats They had no need of notes.

They were happy and brave, A real joy octave. Yet in fields and in fens They always were Wrens. —Mary E. Merrill, in Christian Register.

RUFF'S ADVENTURE. "What is the matter, Ruff? Come, some little dog, you must not let yourself get so angry. You are old enough to take better care of that temper of yours." Max, the sheep dog had been lying half asleep on the barn floor; but he sat up now as Ruff threw himself down beside him. "It's a shame," cried the little grey dog, "The Brown Brothers have stolen all the bones I had hidden away!" Max did not look up at once. He did not even look surprised. Instead of doing either of these things, he yawned a slow, sleepy yawn. "You may tell that story to the hens," said he at last. "Perhaps they are stupid enough to believe you. No one else will."

"But it's true," said Ruff. "You saw the Brown Brothers take the bones, didn't you?" Max asked. "No," said little Ruff, slowly. "I didn't see them do it, but they are the only ones who know my hiding place. No one else could be the thief!" "Be careful, Ruff! You may be a thief yourself," said Max sharply. "I—a thief!" Ruff could not say another word. He had known very little when he came to the farm, but even then he would have been ashamed to tell a lie or to take what was not his own. "Which would be worse," Max went on, "to steal a bone from me or from Father Hound, who is too lame to run after you?"



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"Which would be worse," Max went on, "to steal a bone from me or from Father Hound, who is too lame to run after you?"

"It would be worse to steal it from him," said Ruff. "But I never did such a thing."

"Why would it be worse?" said Max. "Because he could not help himself," said Ruff after thinking a minute. "That's right," said Max. "It is a mean thing to take away from the helpless what belongs to them."

"The Brown Brothers have a very good name," Max went on. "That means that we feel sure they would not steal anything. But you are trying to take that good name which is worth more to them than all the bones in the world. Do you think that is the right thing to do, Ruff?"

"But I'm sure," began the little dog. Just then Carl came up from the garden with a pail on his arm. "Well, Ruff," said he, "I have taken those old bones you had hidden in the garden to pound up for my vines. I'll give you some more to-day with meat on them."

Ruff looked at Carl and at the sky and at the tree. He did not wish to look at Max. "Max let his fore feet slide forward and dropped his curly head upon his paws again. "It was a mistake, little dog," said he. "We all make mistakes some times." "Don't make this one again, that's all!"—Jones Second Reader.

WHERE BABIES ARE ALWAYS WELCOME. The Osage country is a land where baby may always be sure of a large welcome. For one reason he has an earning capacity from the day he is born, which is often quite as great as his father's. One of the next things after naming the little papoose is to go to Pawhuska, the capital of his nation, and have its name put upon the baby's roll. Once craved some months Uncle Sam pays the interest on the money which he holds in trust for them, and the amount paid to each Indian varies from time to time, according to how many have gone to the "Happy Hunting Ground," and how many were ones have come to take their places since last payday. The latest little arrival at the newest built wigwam receives just as much as does the oldest grandfather or the most athletic warrior. So that, when Chief Look-Out's twin came, he was not only eligible to the usual congratulations, but at the same time, unlike most new fathers, he found his estate increased by the snug little sum of \$23,000. For, until the children reach the age of eighteen, their incomes are paid to their parents.—E. M. Sweet, in the World To-Day.

THE CONFESSION. Bobby and Anna were playing

school. "We ought to have some bigger books," said Bobby, "because I am in the fourth grade now." Just at that moment they thought of something. Anna was sure that Bobby thought of it first, and Bobby knew afterward that it was Anna who pointed at mamma's new book, lying near the reading lamp. "Yes," said Anna. "I can't read," said Bobby. They carried the book to the couch and spread it open. For a long time they turned the leaves very carefully, "Just as mother would wish us to," Anna had said and that made them feel a little guilty. "I guess we ought to put it away," said Bobby, at last. They each tried to be first in this noble task, and the consequence was the book slipped from their hands. "Crash!" Bobby tried to save the fall, and caught but one leaf. This tore away and was left in his hand, and the book fell to the floor. "Anna picked it up and laid it on the table; then she took the leaf from Bobby and placed it inside the cover. "It does not look as if a leaf were gone," she said, looking at the book. They went out into the garden and sat down. They were sure the house was very lonely without mother, and they wished she would come. "You ought to know what to do," said Anna, at last. "You buy your own neckties sometimes, and you took care of the furnace that day papa was gone." But supper time came, and they were still undecided. When mother came they did not run to meet her as usual, and they were very quiet to go to bed they did not ask to sit up a minute longer. They had been tucked away some time when Bobby heard a little noise in the hall. He was out of bed at once, and there he found Anna already on the stairs. "Let's put on our bed socks," "because we might want to stay down and talk with mamma a long time," said Bobby. "All right," said Anna, "I know just what to do now don't you? I knew just as soon as the dark came," she added. "Yes, I knew when mother turned away to turn out the light," said Bobby. "I felt just as though I must tell." And then he took her hand and they went down the stairs together.—Inez L. Strong in Youth's Companion.

HIGHHOLES' LARGE FAMILIES. Few birds have larger families than the highhole. But were it not for the number of his family, boy could hold his own among the mammals. His conspicuous size and color always make him a shing mark to the collector; for every village lad in the land has collected flicker's eggs. He is a fellow of expediency, however. If he comes to roost, his wife soon lays another set of eggs. It is on record that one pair, when tested by the removal of egg after egg, laid seventy-one eggs in seventy-three days.—St. Nicholas.

The Relation Between Sea and Well Levels. Some interesting relations between the level of water in wells near the seacoast and the height of tides are shown in an article in the Debats of Paris. This article relates to the observations recently concluded by Dr. H. Honda of the Royal University of Tokio, in reference to the level of the water in wells at some distance from the sea; it had a depth of 3200 feet and the level of the water was about two feet under the ground level, which itself was about fifty feet above the sea. The experiments lasted several months, and it was found that there was a remarkable concordance between the daily variations in the level of the well and the level of the tides in the Gulf of Tokio. The highest point in the well water corresponded to high tide in the gulf. Further, the level of the water was lowered with an elevation of barometric pressure. Dr. Honda then examined the wells of Negishi, situated only about a mile from the sea and having a depth of 1,000 feet. Here the daily variations, due to the tide, reached sixteen centimetres. In the wells at Yoshiwara the variation was from eight to eleven centimetres. At Parville, in discussing M. Honda's experiments, says that in all these cases we may conclude that the level of the water in wells depends on the atmospheric and the subterranean pressure.—Translation in Public Opinion.

Of Course Not. "No," remarked the young man, with a touch of sadness in his voice. "It may be that some day happiness will be mine, but present it beyond me. There is a girl whom I love dearly. She would have me if I only asked her, but I dare not. I really cannot marry and live on a thousand a year." His two friends to whom he spoke looked at him in wonder. For a moment they were speechless—contemplation and pity depicted on their youthful countenances. But presently speech returned to them exactly at the same time and they fairly howled in their excitement: "You can't marry on a thousand a year? Why not?" "Why not?" echoed the youth, with a sad voice, which grew still sadder. "Why, simply because I haven't got the thousand." And the mystery was explained.—Tit-Bits.

Growing Popularity of the Letter "P." The latest volume of Murray's "New English Dictionary" indicates that, while the letter P was the letter least frequently used as an initial in the oldest English dictionary, it is now used as an initial more often than any other letter except two. No fewer than 4,931 words now begin with P, and of these only three are old English words.—London Express.