

IN THE TWILIGHT.

Over the dusky verge Of the quiet sea, Slowly I watch emerge The silver rim Of the crescent moon; pale, dim, The soft stars, one by one, With holy gleam, Steal out and light their lamps; For day is done.

The tempests are asleep; Only the balm Of some cool evening wind Ruffles the calm; The listening ear of night Can catch no sound, Save when, in slumber bound, Earth turns and sighs; Peace rules the deep.

Aye, peace! across the dark Star-paven sky, The Night Queen's silver bark Goes gliding by; With murmuring faint, the streams Drowse as they flow In their hid channels; slow Down-dropping dews Slide from the heavens like gleams Of love-born dreams.

Fall breaths of violet, Of roses fair, Shy hints of magnolias, Rise through the air From unseen gardens, there— Beneath my feet. Ruffles the calm; Swift fancies rise! What touching sympathies, What golden memories, And thoughts, how sweet! —Good Words.

THE OLD SILVER TRAIL.

BY MARY E. STICKNEY.

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CHAPTER XII.

It was late October, but summer seemed to have forgotten that it was time to leave the Colorado world. Day by day the sky was of an intense, exquisite blue, the heat at mid-day oppressive, although at morning and evening there was the chill in the air that called for fires. The hills had turned to duller browns, splashed here and there with a touch of red, more often with the dark disks of dead sunflowers bent low on their shriveled stems. Behind them the mountains had caught a misty blue that changed to rich lapis-lazuli in the shadows, fading all day long to paler tints, until with the going down of the sun they seemed to shiver and turn blue again with the cold. The quaking aspens flaunted in lines of flickering yellow flame up every gulch, a flame that daily burned more low; and down by the creek the cottonwoods, ersiwhil-clothed in palest yellows and faded greens, were leaved all over with shimmering bits of bronze just touched with gold where the sunshine played. Even in the blossom-time of summer there had not been so much of brightness nor of beauty; but withal Windy Gulch looked only a shade more dull and lifeless than it had been before, its old weather-beaten face borrowing new ugliness from contrast with the evanescent glory of its background.

Harvey Neil, bolstered up with many pillows in his bed at the Palace hotel, looked out at the small segment of landscape to be seen between the looped-back curtains of his window, with an apathetic disgust for it all that hardly took shape of words even in his thoughts. He had been ill of that form of typhus known as mountain fever, and the doctor, in order to give him all possible attention, had induced the young man to allow himself to be brought here from his cabin at the mine. Here he had been for nearly three weeks now, his perceptions for most of the time dulled beyond heed for anything outside of the hot discomfort of his bed and the growing grievance of over-much beef tea; but now he was fast mending, the protest of his appetite taking form in an intense desire for varied and generally tabooed forms of refreshment, while other interests of life were gradually reawakening.

He had made his nurse move the bed nearer the window, that he might look out; but there was little of entertainment to be derived there. The room was at the back of the house, overlooking the creek, and a few straggling cabins, their back yards abruptly sloping to the stream, while behind them showed the dreary sequence of bare, barn-like buildings housing the abandoned process of treating ores, each addition in the line a little lower and smaller than its predecessor, so that the whole wore an air of having been drawn out like a cunning contrivance of Chinese boxes. Beyond the mill were the tree-fringed tops of the hills hedging the creek where the Tomtown road crept along by its side; and many a time, as he looked, it had seemed to Neil as though the old mill had dissolved to nothingness, so clear before his staring eyes was the shaded vista of roadway where a young girl in a broad-brimmed hat and dainty muslin gown seemed forever looking at him in smiling greeting.

To-day, however, he was hardly thinking of the Tomtown road or even of Dorothy Meredith; hardly thinking of anything beyond the soul-sickening weariness of this environment which held for him nothing that at the moment he was willing to reckon good. He was so tired of it all; so heart-sick; so homesick. He had spared his mother knowledge of his sickness, sitting up in bed now and then to pencil her brief scrawls for which he apologized on special pleas of haste; but now, lying here alone in the dreary little hotel chamber, he felt himself fairly starving for her sympathy, her encompassing love. He longed to go away, to be at home, to forget Windy Gulch, the Tomtown road—everything. His mind was so weary of traversing over and over the same treadmill round of thought, thoughts which began and ended with her, Dorothy Meredith. Who should he keep alive a memory which could hold for him nothing of sweetness that was not swallowed up in chagrin? It was time he learned the lesson of forgetting; but here, where everything served to recall her, it was impossible. He must get away. He

would tell the doctor so when he came again. He turned restlessly on the pillow, listening to the nurse's returning step, with an invalid's peevish fretfulness that she stayed so long away. There was no sound in the house save the faint clatter of dishes in the distant kitchen, where preparations for supper were evidently going on. Outside sounded the faint systole and diastole of some far-away engine and the regular dull munching of the stamp-mill on its endless hard pabulum; while every now and then, as though feeling bound to rouse the place from its sleepy lethargy, a tame magpie down the street would vent its whole repertoire of speech in a series of shrill hal-loos, like a telephone girl gone mad. Just so, Neil remembered, this miserable bird had been screaming when he had looked his last upon Dorothy Meredith, when she was coming out of the hotel door in her black gown, seeming like the ghost of the girl whose wild-rose loveliness had been clasped to his heart but the day before. They were taking her dead to Orodelphia to be made ready for the long journey east, and in company with her father's attorney, who had come to her at once upon learning of the awful tragedy, the girl was just entering the carriage that was to follow the hearse down the Canyon road.

She had to the last refused to see him, even though he had poured his heart out in a letter that pleaded his right to comfort her, begging for but one kind word. She had merely answered him in a few curt lines which had neither formal beginning nor signature: "It may be my fault if you have been mistaken, but I do not care for you in the way your letter would imply, and I owe it to him never to see you again. It is the only atonement I can make."

And she had meant it, every ruthless word. If there had been any question as to that in Neil's mind, he must have been undeceived when her eyes, all red and swollen from weeping, were inadvertently raised to meet his glance, so much of cold aversion her look expressed. If for a moment she had ever really loved him, he felt, she could not have turned against him so, could never have looked at him like that, feeling that she was looking upon him for the last time. She had never cared for him. He had been fooled, misled by his own blind infatuation. But it was over now. In the long days and nights of lying here it seemed as though passion had burned itself out with the fever's flame, leaving him wearily indifferent. There was even a dull wonder in his mind that she could have cared so much, that she could have had the power to hurt him so; and yet, as he remembered, there was such an ache of pity in his heart for the old self that had been given over to the folly of such suffering, such a pang of pain recalled, that weak tears were welling up from his eyes, to be shamefacedly wiped away as he turned back toward the door. Surely Themistocles was wise when he begged for the boon of forgetfulness.

The nurse was just coming with the broth she had gone to fetch. She was an elderly widow with a heart in the right place, as the saying is, but with a tongue too voluble for Neil's peace of mind. He fretted when she left him long alone, but he groaned in spirit when she kept him company. She was talking now the moment she set eyes on him, never stopping for breath while she put into his hands the bowl she had brought, fussily beating up the pillows behind his back.

"Did you think I was goin' to be gone all night?" she cheerily cackled. "Come pretty near it, for a fact; but Mis' Morrison 'n' her man drove up jes' 's I was comin' out from the kitchen—she wanted to git out, but Morrison says no, sir, there was the milkin' 'n' chores to home waitin', 'n' if she once got up here a-talkin' land knows when he'd ever git her started again. He's the bossiest man, considerin' that he don't know enough to chew gum 'n' ain't no account noways; but little me generally be that way, if you've noticed. They've been down to Orodelphy, 'n' she stopped to bring you—now I think of it, I wa'n't aimin' to tell you what she brought you till I'd seen the doctor about it. But that's jest like me—forever 'vin' things away. It's jest natchelly a wonder I kin keep my vittles down, I've jest so everlastin'ly got my mouth open. My husband used to say—"

"Is it grapes?" demanded Neil, eagerly, looking over the rim of the bowl.

"Land, no; nawthin' half so good, in my opinion, though perhaps you, bein' from the east, won't look at it that way. It's oysters fresh from Denver; that's what it is."

"Oysters fresh from Denver." And Neil laughed, no less for the incongruity of the statement than for delight in the promised treat. "And when can I have some?"

"Well, you mustn't, you know, till the doctor says so," the good woman urged, deprecatingly. "Goodness knows if you was to go eatin' the half that folks send to you, you'd be a dead man—everybody is so anxious to do for you. And oysters—well, I don't care if there is an 'r in the month—they don't look to me none too wholesome no time. Of course Mis' Morrison meant to be kind, though. She is the best-hearted soul, always wantin' to be doin' for somebody. 'N' that reminds me—she was tellin' me she'd had a letter from that Meredith girl that was here, thinkin' her for what she'd done at the time of the fire 'n' all—a sweet, pretty letter, she says. I must say I wouldn't 'ave expected it, the way that girl behaved when her pa was lyin' dead. It did seem as if she hadn't no proper sense of manners at all, settin' herself up in her room 'n' refusin' to see anybody except the doctor 'n' her lawyer, refusin' to wear the mournin' we'd borrowed for her to wear till she got to Orodelphy 'n' git some made, 'n' goin' off when she went in old Injy silk—jest looked scandalous to me. I don't care if 'twas black. 'N' then the way she wouldn't

even say thank you for them flowers you sent her when you rode to Orodelphy by night to get 'em for her, 'n' when you was plum wore out workin' in the Grubstake all day to save her pa—'n' she ordered them flowers carried right out of her sight. Everybody was talkin' about it."

"Oh!" groaned poor Neil. "My head is too high. There—that is better," settling himself back fretfully, when the mountain of feathers had been cut down by half. "I wish Mrs. Morrison had come upstairs," he went on, more peevishly, after a moment.

"Well, she wanted to, 's I was sayin', but her man wouldn't hear to it. She'd brought Mis' Meredith's letter in her pocket to show you, too, thinkin' you might be interested; said she'd let me bring it up to you, bein' she couldn't come; but we got a-talkin', 'n' she plum forgot it."

Neil threw himself over violently in the bed, with a muttered exclamation, at which Mrs. Bowen looked startled.

"Why, what on earth—" she began, but Neil fretfully interrupted.

"Oh, nothing. I am restless; that's all. Do go down and have your supper, Mrs. Bowen. Isn't it time for supper? Well, don't let me keep you waiting. There is nothing you can do for me just now."

"Well, if you say so," the woman doubtfully returned, taking up the emptied bowl and edging toward the door.

"Though I can jest as well wait till the doctor comes to set with you, I'll be over pretty soon with your mail, I presume; the stage was jest a drivin' up 's I come upstairs. It's early to-night—a good half-hour."

"No, no; don't wait. I shall be all right alone," protested Neil, impatiently. "I prefer to be alone. Do go."

"Well, what on earth!" muttered Mrs. Bowen to herself, as she took herself away, too much accustomed to sick-room eccentricities, however, to wonder long at Neil's sudden captiousness.

Left alone, the sick man, his face white and rigid in lines of pain, turned over impetuously, smothering a groan in the sheet he huddled about his head. What was it he had been saying a moment ago?—he had got over it? he had ceased to care? Great heavens, what a lie it had been! He would never cease to care—never!

Half an hour later, when the doctor came in, it was with a start scarcely disguised under professional nonchalance that he met the strange glitter in the patient's eyes. "You've been sitting up too long, old man; or have you been visited to death? Who's been here?" he demanded, sitting down beside the bed, with a finger on the wrist that lay outside the clothes.

"No; I was only bolstered up a little while; and nobody has been here except Mrs. Bowen, though she's a host in herself," Neil protested, with a wan smile. "Don't try to persuade me that I am having a relapse, doctor. I'm better—so much better that I am thinking of going home next week. What do you say to that?"

"I say, wait till next week," laughed the doctor, his eyes intently studying the face upon the pillow. "Meanwhile, I've brought you over something new," producing a bottle from his pocket and critically eyeing the contents as he held it up before him. "A teaspoonful of this every hour will help you along on the way toward home amazingly, I think."

"But is that all you brought?" returned Neil, disappointedly. "Did I have no mail?"

"Mail! One would think you were expecting to hear from your sweetheart, the way you cry for mail," laughed the doctor, in good-humored raillery, feeling in the side-pocket of his coat for a couple of letters, which he laid upon the bed. "You see she hasn't written to you this time, at all events. Those are obviously nothing but business. But, by the same token, I had a letter from a pretty girl myself to-night; you would never guess from whom."

But Neil had torn open the first envelope, his breath coming quicker, his eyes riveted to the page which he was holding with a hand obviously trembling. "I cannot read it—such a villainous hand the man writes!" he pettishly exclaimed, after an instant.

"Here, doctor, see what you can make out of it."

"Why, it is from her lawyers—Miss Meredith's," the other remarked, with surprise, as his glance fell upon the first line; "and he doesn't write a Spencerian fist, by a long shot. But this seems to be what he has to say:

"Mr. Harvey Neil, Windy Gulch, Col.—Dear Sir: I am instructed by my client, Miss Dorothy Meredith, to confer with you as to such terms of compromise as would seem to you just and fair in the suits now pending between the Mascot and the Grubstake mines. Miss Meredith's idea is that you should take the Grubstake lode at a fair valuation as part satisfaction of your claim, the balance to be settled in cash as may be arranged. The books of the mine having been destroyed in the burning of the shafthouse, at Miss Meredith's desire I have been at pains to procure from the smelters a statement of all shipments of ore and moneys paid therefor, the full amount of which for the year ending August 28, 1894, is \$57,364.76, smelter charges and freights deducted. The expense of mining is next to be considered, in which the wetness of the mine and demand for much machinery which has been put in during the year should be counted. As a practical mining man you are in a position to estimate these several items, while as a business man you can figure what ad-

vantage it may be to you to hold the two properties and forever quiet all controversy. I should be glad to have from you the best proposition you can make to this end. I may add that Miss Meredith's attitude in the matter is against my best judgment and advice, my opinion being that she must inevitably win should it be left to the courts to decide the points in controversy. She, however, desires to avoid litigation if possible, and to such end is willing to make reasonable concession. Trusting that I may hear from you without delay, I am

"Very truly yours, J. J. CRILEY."

There was silence for a moment as the doctor ceased reading, and then Neil broke into a strange laugh. "So she would like me to propose terms of compromise, would she?" he exclaimed.

"Well, I can," the doctor smilingly agreed, a gratulatory note in his voice. "But you observe that she wants you to take the Grubstake at a fair valuation. Evidently she considers it a valuable piece of property." And he laughed as at a good joke.

"Oh, I shall be willing to take it, provided other conditions can be satisfactorily arranged," Neil declared, laughing in turn.

"But we cannot have you figuring over this deal now, old fellow," the doctor declared, his face growing again grave. "He had long been Neil's most intimate friend in camp, of late acting as clerk and amanuensis no less than as physician, and he considered himself privileged to advise in the one capacity as well as the other. "This thing will keep. I will write that you are too sick to give any attention to business at present, but that as soon as you are able—"

"I want her address, doctor," interrupted Neil, eagerly, his eyes very bright. "Tell him that I prefer to arrange terms with her personally."

"Oh, as to that, I should think—" began the doctor, in rather a shocked tone of protest; but, with a vague sense of bewilderment at something in the sick man's face, he stopped short, hesitatingly adding: "I have her address if you want it, but—Well, she did not strike me as being much of a business woman."

"You have her address!" exclaimed Neil, his glance suspicious, his tone aggressive, as he almost sat up in bed. "And how came you by her address, pray?"

"She wrote it to me, if you please," the other replied, rather sharply, nettled at the abrupt manner. "I had a letter from her this evening, as it happens."

"You had! And I did not even know that you knew her!" Neil was looking up at his friend, realizing, perhaps for the first time, that in a woman's eye he might be considered a handsome fellow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LETTER WAS INCOMPLETE.

She Cut Off the Signature to Put with Her Collection. She was the daintiest little maid that ever made a hardworking Sunday editor perjure himself by telling her that she "really ought to try the magazines." She came into the office, bringing with her an odor of violets and about a ton of manuscript, and her manner was that of a young woman making her entrance at a five o'clock tea.

"I was not sure about what you might like; I never read your paper," she said. "So I just brought specimens of all my work. You can read it all, can't you? Of course if there is anything wrong you might tell me—I could easily alter it."

The Sunday editor gasped. "Oh, yes! I could return it, by mail. We are over-crowded just now, and really I—"

"Never mind; I can easily stop in and see you about them myself. And I shouldn't expect you to use all of them this week, you know. I am quite a business woman, I assure you."

"Yes," said the Sunday editor. It was all he could say; he felt faint.

"Yes, indeed. By the way, I have such a lovely letter of introduction to you. It is from Mr. Penwell, the author, you know. He hadn't time to read my work himself, but he said to bring it to you, as you were such a friend of his."

"Until to-day," groaned the Sunday editor, between his teeth. "No, penwell, I didn't speak."

"Oh! Now, where did I put—here it is—the letter, you know. As I said, I am quite a business woman, and while I wish to be judged quite on my own merits, I brought it along."

"This is certainly Mr. Penwell's handwriting, but—I don't see any signature to it."

"Of course not," replied this business woman; "it isn't there. I cut it out for my autograph album; you see, I knew I could just tell you from him."

The Final Appeal Worked. "William, dear," exclaimed a woman, whose husband is prone to oversleep himself, "it is time to get up."

The only response was a yawn. "William, dear; you'll have to get up, if you don't want to be late in getting to town."

"Yes."

She left him a little while, and coming back found that he had relapsed into slumber again. Shaking him, she said: "William!"

"What is it?"

"If you don't get up this minute, you'll be so rushed getting away that you won't have time to find fault with the breakfast."—Tit-Bits.

Reason Enough. He—Have you any reason for doubting what I say? She—Yes, I have. "What is it?" "I don't believe you."—Boston Traveler.

REWARDS OF THE GOLD-SEEKER.

Labor'd Five Years to Amass \$5,000, and Yet It Was Useless. "Sometimes a man finds gold," said an old miner who had been talking Klondike, "but more often he finds rheumatism and backache and semi-starvation and misery. There is a fascination about the pursuit, however, and many men stick to it purely from a love of the gambling there is in it, and not that they care anything about the pleasures that money will buy."

"I remember an old fellow who lived in Loafer's Hollow in California away back in the '60's. There was quite a camp near him, but he did not mix with anybody. He washed dirt all day, cooked his own meals and never stirred from his cabin after dark. This cabin was built on the summit of a hill, and about 300 yards away was a small spring, from which he used to pack his water. He was asked often why he did not live nearer to the water, but said that he liked the exercise of climbing. He never drank or gambled or wore good clothing or ran after women, and as he was always at work the boys figured that he must have had considerable money in his hut. One night a couple of rustlers tried to scare him out. He killed both of them, and after that bad men and good men alike let him alone."

"After awhile the recluse died and about a dozen of the boys came up the hill from Loafer's Hollow and buried him. Then they began to look for the gold that they knew he must have hidden. In all the years he had never been to the county town, so they knew that he could not have put his dust in the bank. Among the searchers was George Hearst, afterward a senator from California, and the father of the present owner of the New York Journal, then a very poor man. Hearst was a big fellow and an expert miner. He was more industrious than any of the rest. For a space of three acres the ground around the old fellow's cabin was torn up, and even the walls were taken down and the logs riven apart, but not a cent's worth of metal was found. The treasure seekers finally gave it up, the yield played out in Loafer's Hollow, the men went elsewhere, and in a little while there was not a sound in the once busy camp save the harsh call of the jay bird or the owl's hoot at night."

"Three years afterward a boy who was out hunting squirrels stopped at the spring to rest. He bent his lips to the cool water and cut his hand slightly upon some sharp, hard substance buried at the edge of the spring. Digging the sand away, with a boy's curiosity, he found that it was a piece of tin, and going deeper he found that the tin belonged to a three-gallon kerosene can sunk into the ground under the edge of the spring. Burrowing deeper, he finally loosened it and with much effort pulled it out. It contained the miser's dust, neatly tied into half-pound sacks made of rawhide. They were all rotten, but held together. There were 40 of these sacks, worth in round numbers \$125 apiece, or \$5,000 in all. As the old miner had no relatives that anyone had ever heard of, the boy got it all."

"It had taken the old man something like five years of the hardest kind of work and the hardest kind of living to amass that sum, so you see that the rewards of washing gold are not always excessive."—Chicago Times-Herald.

HAVE MOUTHS OF GOLD.

Thousands of Dollars of the Metal in Teeth of London. The expression "He has a heart of gold" will soon be changed to "He has a mouth of gold," if the opinions of a London dentist are not exaggerated. He says:

"From a variety of causes teeth appear to decay much earlier and much more rapidly than they used to do. In consequence the study of dentistry has progressed by leaps and bounds, until now it is really astonishing what can be done in the way of arresting decay and in surmounting the affliction when it has run its course."

"In one sense there are people whose mouths are veritable gold mines. Speaking broadly, the people of London carry no less than £40,000 or £50,000 worth of gold about with them in their mouths, representing something between two and three hundredweight. It comes in books, each sheet being hammered out to the thinness of tissue paper. The books cost about £1 each, but each book represents a tremendous amount of dental work—work which might be estimated at about £20. The demand for gold filling and stopping is increasing year by year. In spite of other substances which have from time to time been tried for economy's sake, gold still stands supreme. Aluminum was at one time spoken of as a rival which threatened to oust the more precious metal from use, but the demand for gold has steadily increased, and no doubt will continue to do so. The amount annually spent by the people of London on their teeth is very little less than half a million sterling. A member of the profession recently volunteered his opinion that in two or three years' time the people of London would be carrying in their mouths gold to the value of £80,000. Just think of that. Then bear in mind that such an amount of gold represents nearly half a million sterling in dental work."—Chicago Chronicle.

Electricity in America.

According to statistics the number of yearly telephonic conversations in the United States is 75,000,000; of telegraphic messages, 65,000,000; of arc lights, 1,000,000; of incandescent lights, 15,000,000. There are several hundred thousand electric motors and 1,000 electric railways. It is estimated that to 2,500,000 persons in this country electricity contributes a means of livelihood.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Peaches and Cream.

Woman—Go away, you wretch. I don't believe you ever drew a sober breath. Tramp—Oh, yes; I have at times, num. Life ain't all peaches and cream for me.—Judge

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—The French sculptor Rodin has just finished the model of a statue of Victor Hugo which the French government has ordered for the Parthenon.

—It is reported that the empress of Russia will arrive in England on a private visit to the queen in the spring of next year. The czar will not accompany her.

—Dr. Marpillero, an eminent Italian scientist, has for a number of years been making experiments and observations relating to children's ideas of life and death and has published his experiences. He found that in answering questions about life the poorer children almost invariably took a brighter view than the rich.

—The queen of Spain is said to be most simple and domestic in her tastes. She and her daughters are admirable needlewomen and embroider and make lace beautifully, the little king playing beside them while they work. The queen teaches her children German herself. She has but one vice—she smokes, and the little king delights in making cigarettes for her.

—A tablet was unveiled in Kellogg church, Durham, England, on September 7, inscribed: "To commemorate Browning, who was born in Coxhoe hall March 6, 1806, and died at Florence July 29, 1861. A great poetess, a noble woman, a devoted wife. Erected by public subscription, 1897." A curious controversy about the place and date of Mrs. Browning's birth is closed by this ceremony.

—Fourteen different models were used by August Linstrom, the New York sculptor, for his figure "Light," which will be shortly exhibited at the annual exhibition of the American Sculptors' society. The general outline of the form was taken from Miss Harris, a professional model, who posed for nearly 100 hours. Miss Helen Longstreet posed for the back and Miss Sage for the hands and feet.

—The prince of Monaco, on his steam yacht, the Princess Alice, is in the Azores pursuing his hydrographic researches. This year the prince has worked in the district of Horta, which includes the islands Fayal, Pico and Flores, and it is to Horta, the principal town of the island of Fayal, which possesses the best anchorage in the archipelago, that the Princess Alice will go to be refitted and to take on supplies.

ANCIENT GOLD.

Men of Old Buried Ornaments That Have Ever Kept Their Beauty.

Prehistoric France and Italy had gold ornaments. The treasure of Praeneste, dating from the rude beginning of legendary history, is one of the most beautiful known. It was taken from a tomb near Rome, and is on exhibition in that city. It includes not only an ornament with molded figures of animals in pure gold, but bowls and vases of silver with gold relief, showing a high degree of skill in making, as well as indicating how plentiful gold must have been in those days.

Similar rich finds have been made in Greece by the explorers of tombs, dating back to a time before the dawn of history. Schliemann, in digging at Mycenae, found plates and bands of gold and golden vessels and ornaments. The faces of some of the bodies disinterred were covered with rude golden masks.

It seems to have been the custom in those days to bury rich treasures with great warriors, as a token of the respect of the living. It was a custom which accounts in part for the disappearance of so much of the ancient gold.

Another curious ancient Greek practice was that of making statues out of gold and ivory combined. Phidias used nearly \$1,000,000 worth of gold in his great statue of Athena in the Parthenon.

Egypt, in the rude earlier days before the climate had destroyed the energies of the people, made great use of gold from South Africa. The jewels of Queen Aahhotep, made nearly 3,500 years ago, are still as beautiful as ever, for moth and rust do not corrupt the yellow metal, and in those cavernous great tombs raised to the Nile's mighty dead thieves did not often break through and steal.

These jewels are as fine as modern art can make. They include bracelets, armlets of gold and blue, a necklace whose links are fashioned like coils of rope, and connect the golden images of lions, jacksals, vultures and the holy uraeus-serpents worshipped in that day. There are necklaces, armlets and anklets, golden breastplates adorned with mosaics, a gold-mounted fan and other things.—Boston Globe.

He Forgot the Instructions.

A Georgia man who had made a flying machine offered a negro ten dollars to make a trial trip in it. The negro agreed, got in position, and he and the machine were hoisted by block and tackle about 30 feet from terra firma. When the rope was loosened the machine took a sudden slanting course toward earth and plunged into an adjacent mill pond. It disappeared with the negro beneath the water, while the terrified inventor stood shrieking for assistance. Presently the negro's head bobbed up serenely and he struck out for dry land. On arriving his first spluttered words were: "In de name er God, Marse John, why didn't you tell dat fool thing whar ter 'light'?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Greece's Parthenon All Right.

The alarmist accounts recently published by the English press, and especially by the London Times, regarding the condition of the Parthenon at Athens are wholly unjustified by facts. There is no danger of its tumbling to pieces. On the contrary, it is well shored up, and adequately supported by powerful scaffolding, which has been put in order to permit of the replacing of the defective architraves and capitals with marble extracted from the old quarries at Pentelicos, by the Greek Archaeological society acting in conjunction with an international committee of architects and savants.—N. Y. Tribune.