

HER EYES.

From her eyes the 'prisoned sunbeams,
Shining bright,
Sent their message to the dark soul,
Through the night,
Till the encircling gloom is pierced,
And there is light.
But within the deep recesses
Of those eyes,
Beyond the sunbeams' realm,
A shadow lies,
To loving ones a sad
Yet sweet surprise.
For sympathy is deep
Where the pain
Has passed from soul to soul,
And back again,
The comfort like the sunlight
After rain,
As underlies the sweetest song
The saddest strain.
—C. Lewerenz, in Detroit Free Press.

ONLY A PAIR OF FOOLS.

BY F. MARTHUR.

May was waiting for her affianced lover to call. As might be expected, she was looking her best, and her best was very good, indeed. She was wearing the dress she knew he liked, and her hair was made up as she knew he loved to see it—in soft folds on the sides and gathered into a loose knot at the back.
Though there was much about her petite figure and bright face that suggested sauciness, it was quite evident there was at least one person in the world for whose sake she was willing to subdue her teasing disposition. Fred was really not late; but as she happened to be ready to greet him before the appointed hour she was just as impatient as if it were long past. As she could not spend all her time looking in the mirror over the mantel to see if her hair was just right and all her ribbons in place, or in admiring her diamond engagement ring, she finally picked up the morning paper and began to read. After scanning the millinery advertisements she searched till she found the "Wit and Wisdom" column. She then curled herself in a capacious easy chair and prepared to pass the time as pleasantly as possible.
Now it sometimes happens that newspaper humorists are exceedingly wise young men who frequently give utterance to marvelous maxims. As May read down the column, laughing at the jokes and from time to time exclaiming against her lover's tardiness, her eyes were arrested by a notable bit of wisdom. It read as follows:
"No girl but a fool would marry a man whom she has never seen engaged."
"How absurd," she exclaimed. "What good would it do to see him engaged? It would only make him say disagreeable things."
Then she mused awhile. "Well," she thought, "perhaps it would be better to know before one is married than after what disagreeable things a man can say. I am not going to engage Fred for any such foolish reason; but, perhaps, it would be good fun to tease him a little. What can I do? I couldn't engage him very well without flirting, and I am not going to do that. I know! He always says a girl with beautiful hair can make herself look more hideous by doing it up unattractively than in any other way—and he hates to see mine made up in a knot on top of my head. I'll just make it up that way and see how he will act. It will annoy him so that I can tease him just a little and then make up my friends. He deserves a little punishment, anyway, for it is almost five minutes past eight o'clock."
She hurried away to her room to make the change just as Fred rang the doorbell. He was admitted by the servant and was surprised not to find May prepared to greet him, but went into the parlor to wait. In his hand he had a box of bon-bons he had brought in payment of a wager he had lost. To make wagers with his fiancée and lose them is the duty and delight of every true lover. While waiting he untied the ribbon of the box, so that she might get at the sweets without delay. But still she did not come.
To pass the time he was at last forced to take up the paper May had left in the easy chair. Finding it folded so as to show the "Wit and Wisdom" column, he began to read the paragraphs. As became a man of the world, he sniffed contemptuously at the old jokes and smiled patronizingly at those that were new to him. Suddenly he came to a dead halt at the companion paragraph to the one that was inspiring May's conduct at that moment. It read:
"No man but a fool would marry a girl whom he had never seen cry."
"What nonsense!" he said, as he passed on to the next paragraph. But he didn't read much before he found himself turning back to that piece of wisdom.
"By Jove!" he thought, "I have never seen May cry. Well, I hope I never shall. I wonder what is keeping her? Probably she is preparing some little surprise for me," and he smiled to himself with that blissful egotism peculiar to men who are engaged. After awhile he reflected: "I wonder if it would really be very hard to make her cry? I guess not. She is such a dear, tender-hearted little creature it would be cruel to try. Still I could easily explain everything away and then we could make up friends. She really deserves some punishment for keeping me waiting. I believe I'll pretend to be offended and make myself disagreeable to her. I know that will bring the tears to her eyes in an instant and then I'll explain. To beg with, I'll pretend not to have brought the candies." He went out into the hallway to hide the box. The first place that suggested itself was his hat, and he dropped the box into its ample depth. He had no sooner returned to the parlor than May appeared. Each had the same end in view—to offend the other slightly. Of course, neither began the plan of campaign until after the kiss of greeting. Then he noticed that her hair was made up in the way he detested. There was his excuse for being disagreeable and he jumped at it.

"Have you any idea how homely you look when you have your hair made up in that way?" he asked.
The cruel candor of the question made her gasp, for he had always vowed that she looked beautiful in every way.
"Why," she answered, saucily, "there are other people who like it very much in this way."
"Who for instance?"
"Bessie Burnett."
A detestable fellow, whom Fred would not honor by considering as a rival.
"I am proud to find you value his opinion more than mine," he answered, hotly.
"He, at least, does not neglect to pay when he loses a wager," she responded, looking about for the expected box of candies.
"Then he is just the man for you to make wagers with."
"Thanks for the advice. I shall arrange one with him the next time he calls."
"And you can make up your hair in exactly the way he likes it."
"It is that way now."
"Perhaps you are expecting him to-night," he remarked, suspiciously.
The suspicion hurt her more than his anger and she began to lose her temper too.
"I didn't say I was not!"
"That is why you are so disagreeable to me! You wish to drive me away, so that you can have the evening free to spend it with him."
"How clever of you to guess it all!"
They had both forgotten their original purpose by this time and were really angry with each other.
"And this," he said, with all the calmness he could command, "is the girl who has promised to marry me!"
"She hasn't married you yet, and she never will."
"Very well! It is good it is not too late!"
"I am glad it isn't!"
"Indeed! Then, Miss Bond, I shall bid you good night, and leave you to enjoy the company of those whose admiration you prize so highly."
He rushed into the hallway and picked up his hat. As he raised it to his head a shower of assorted candies rattled about him and scattered over the carpet. By distracting his mind from his anger for a moment this little accident brought him to his senses. He felt that he could not leave her so, and returned to the parlor to ask if he might ring for a servant to sweep up the candies.
As he stepped back to the parlor door he saw that May had thrown herself on the sofa and was sobbing violently. With one hand she was taking the pins out of her hair and pulling it down about her shoulders.
"It is almost always true of lovers' quarrels that repentance comes swiftly, though reconciliation may be slow. He no sooner saw that she was crying than he remembered he had set to work to make her cry. Everything else—her expiring conduct and all—was forgotten in an instant. He rushed to her side, and putting his arm about her, pleaded:
"Forgive me, won't you, dear? I had no right to act so disagreeably, and I am very sorry."
She instantly showed him a very tearful face.
"No! No! It is I who should ask for forgiveness. I made up my hair in that horrid way on purpose to anger you. Will you forgive me?"
They forgave in the conventional way. A moment later she laughed through the tears that were still falling, as she reacted up and took a cream drop out of his hair.
"Oh! I brought that box of candies and left it in my hat in the hallway. When I was putting on my hat I spilled the boxful of candies over myself. The floor is covered with them."
"Then you brought them after all?"
"Yes! I hid them out there just to tease you."
"Why?" she asked. Then she remembered that she had done up her hair to provoke him. They both looked instinctively at the paper and then at each other.
"Were you reading those jokes, too?" he asked.
She nodded, shamefacedly.
"And you thought you would not be fool enough to marry me without having seen me engaged?"
"Well, I suppose you feel the better of having seen me cry," she answered, saucily.
At this point there occurred a lack of matter, such as Rosalind says should be supplied with a kiss. Presently she whispered: "Fred, dear, I have thought of another maxim that should be added to the two horrid ones in that paper."
"What is it?"
"Only a pair of fools would ever try to be as wise as a newspaper humorist."—N. Y. Truth.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Efface scratches on furniture, directs the New York Telegram, by rubbing on some linseed oil, and then following with a little shellac dissolved in alcohol.
—Rusk—In the forenoon mix together one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups milk, one egg, one cake of yeast, and to make into stiff dough. When risen so that the dough looks like honey-comb form into balls and let rise again and bake.—Chicago Record.
—Apple Charlotte: Rub the bottom and sides of the pudding dish well with butter, slice stale bread thin and line the dish with it. Peel tart apples, cut in small pieces enough to nearly fill the pan, scattering bits of butter and sugar well through it. Soak slices of bread enough to cover the apples, put a plate over to keep the bread close to the apples. Bake in a quick oven.—Womankind.
—Rice Buns: Necessary ingredients: Four ounces of flour, seven ounces of ground rice, six ounces of sugar, six ounces of clarified beef dripping, a teaspoonful of baking powder and two eggs. First cream the dripping and sugar. Mix the flour, ground rice and baking powder together. Stir half the flour, etc., into the butter and sugar, then add a beaten egg, more flour, etc., and the other eggs. Flavor with vanilla essence, and beat the mixture twenty minutes. Grease some patty-pans and fill them two-thirds full of this mixture. Place in a hot oven and bake for fifteen minutes. When done turn out on a sieve to cool.—Leeds Mercury.
—Frozen Rice: Two ounces of rice, one pint of milk, four ounces of powdered sugar, one-half ounce of gelatine, one-half pint of whipped cream, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Boil the rice in water five minutes, then pour off the water and add the milk and flavoring. Let all simmer slowly until the rice becomes almost a jelly. When the rice is well cooked add the sugar and gelatine after they have been thoroughly dissolved in water. Put it on the ice to cool, stirring constantly, then add the whipped cream, mixing all thoroughly together. Put into mold with cover and set in ice and salt to form. Beaten cream, in which are stirred grated macaroons, may be poured over it when served.—Boston Budget.

WHALES' LEAPS.

Gigantic Jumps Taken by the Monsters of the Deep.
"Speaking of jumping," said an old seaman who had been watching some boys playing leapfrog on the sands, "let me tell you of the greatest jump ever seen. It was many years ago, when I was little more than a lad, but I was bow oarsman on a whaleboat belonging to the ship Henry Staples. We had had bad luck for several weeks, when one day we sighted a big whale, and two boats set off in a race to see who would get there first. It was fairly smooth, what the sailors call a white-cap breeze, and our boats fairly flew over the water. Finally the whale rose not over one hundred yards away, heading directly for us. The harpooner stood with his iron all ready to throw, while we grasped our oars nervously, prepared to jump at the word 'stern all,' that nearly always came when a whale was harpooned. Not a word was spoken, and suddenly a mountain of black appeared; it seemed to shut off the entire horizon. Up it went until it distinctly saw seventy-foot whale over twenty feet in the air hovering over us.
"The mate was the first to regain his senses, and gave the command 'stern all.' Just as we were ready to spring overboard the boat shot back several feet, and the next second the gigantic animal dived into the ocean, just grazing us, having completely passed over the boat in the biggest leap I ever heard of."
Such gigantic leaps are rare. A similar one was recorded by Dr. Hall, who at the time was a midshipman on the ship Leander. They were lying in the harbor of Bermuda, when all hands were attracted by the appearance of a very large whale that suddenly appeared in the harbor and seemed very much alarmed by the shallow water, floundering about violently. The young midshipman joined a boat's crew that started in pursuit, and just as they were about to strike the whale disappeared, sinking out of sight, leaving a deep whirlpool, around which the boat shot. Before it stopped it came the whale, having in all probability struck the bottom and went into the air like a rocket. "So complete was the enormous leap," says Dr. Hall, "that for an instant we saw him fairly up in the air, in a horizontal position, at a distance of at least twenty perpendicular feet over our heads. While in his progress upward there was in his spring some touch of the vivacity with which a trout or salmon shoots out of the water, but he fell back again in the sea like a huge log thrown on its broadside, and with such a thundering crash as made all hands stare with astonishment, and the boldest held his breath for a time. Had the whale taken his leap one minute sooner he would have fallen plump on the boat."
Comparatively few people have seen a large whale, but we can imagine what an animal seventy feet long and weighing as many tons would be flying through the air.
Within a week of the writing of the present article I was drifting along the shores of Santa Catalina island, California, when a sixty-foot whale almost cleared the water about a thousand yards from the boat. I was about to ask the boatman what rock it was, when the great head descended and the tail rose into the air as the monster dived.
Mr. Scorsby, the famous whaler, chronicles a number of incidents of jumping among whales, some leaving the water completely and rising twenty or more feet into the air.
Many of the inhabitants of the sea are good jumpers, and some have become famous. Among them should be mentioned the tarpon or silver king, a huge fish with scales that gleam like silver, which constitutes the famous game fish of Florida. The leaps of this beautiful creature are often astonishing. Several years ago a steamer was rushing down the St. John's river, when suddenly there rose in the air a beautiful shining fish four feet in length. It came like an arrow and landed in the lap of the captain as neatly as though it had been placed there.
In Pacific waters the tuna, an ally of the horse mackerel, is noted for its leaps. Sometimes a school sweeps up the coast, and the powerful fish, often weighing eight pounds, are seen in the air in every direction. They are like an arrow, turn gracefully five or six feet in the air and come down, keeping the water for aeres in a foam, and, if not the greatest jumpers, they are certainly the most graceful of the leapers of the sea.—Philadelphia Times.

EVOLUTION EVEN HERE.

The Dog's Bark Has Become More Expressive as His Cousins Advanced.
The most curious imitation which we find in dogs is as to the measure of expression to which they have attained. Among the savage forerunners of the modern dog the characteristic of all their utterance was, to a great extent, involuntary, and once begun the outcry was continued in a mechanical manner.
The effect of advancing culture on the dog, however, has been gradually to decrease this ancient undifferentiated mode of expression by howling and yelping, and to replace it by the much more speech-like bark. There is some doubt whether dogs possessed by savages have the power of uttering the sharp, specialized note which is so characteristic of the civilized form of their species.
It is clear, however, that if they have the power of thus expressing themselves they use it but rarely. On the other hand, our high-bred dogs have to a great extent lost the power to express themselves in the ancient way. Many of our breeds appear to have become incapable of ululating. There is no doubt but that the change in the mode of expression greatly increases the capacity of our dogs to set forth their states of mind.
If we catch a high-bred dog—one with a wide range of sensibilities, which we may find in breeds which have long been readily associated with man—we may readily note five or six varieties of sound in the bark, each of which is clearly related to a certain state of mind. That of welcome, of fear, of rage, of doubt, and of pure fun are almost always perfectly distinct to the educated ear, and this, although the observer may not be acquainted with the creature. If he knows him well he may be able to distinguish various other intonations—those which express impatience, and even an element of sorrow. This last note verges toward a howl.—Scribner's Magazine.

LIKE A HORSE.

How a Fly's Trotting Sounds in a Microphone.
The improvements which W. H. Souby has lately added to the microphone, or "sound magnifier," makes it one of the most marvelous mechanical contrivances of the age. The special construction of this instrument is of no particular interest to anyone except experts, but what is told of its wonderful powers as a magnifier of sounds will entertain the young and old, as well as the scientific and unscientific. After the instrument had been completed, with the exception of a few finishing touches, Souby found it absolutely necessary to keep the door of his workshop tightly closed so as to admit no sounds from the outside, otherwise the inarticulate rumblings given off by the "ejector" would have become unbearable. Even with closed doors the cap had to be kept constantly in place on the receiver to keep the instrument from sending forth a roar, which previous investigation had proved to be a combination of sounds produced by watch beats, breathing, the hum of flies, etc.
A fly walking across the receiver of the instrument made a sound equal to a horse crossing a bridge, and when Mr. Souby laid his arm across the box the blood rushing in his veins gave forth a sound which much resembled that made by the pump of a large steam engine. The playing of a piano in a house across the street was, when ejected from Souby's machine, like the roar of an avalanche, and the washing of dishes in the kitchen of a house across the alley made a sound like the inventor of the machine says was "a burden to his soul." When anyone entered the room, walked about, coughed, touched the table or door handles, the shriek which issued from the ejector was most painful to hear.
Hundreds of uses have been suggested for the microphone, the most practical being those of blood circulation and lung tests.—St. Louis Republic.

AMONG THE SHOPS.

Some Showers That Autumn Fashions Are Now Casting Before.
The smart white mohair gowns of the summer serve admirably as demisaison dinner toilets.
New belts are of soft gay plaid silk, knotted under a metal clasp at one side, and are suggestively named tadores.
All browns with a reddish tinge are in especial favor for the coming cool season, though no wardrobe will be complete without one good black gown for the street.
The most modish and Parisian house dress seen in a high-class workroom had the double Watteau plait at the front instead of the back. The neck was cut in a pompadour, and the plait extended from it to the hem of the gown. As far as the waist line hand-drawn lace fell each side of the plait, passing over the shoulders to form a sailor collar over the princess back of the gown.
Wide effects continue in millinery. The early autumn hats look very much overloaded in their abundance of ostrich plumes, wide ribbons and elaborate ornaments.
The women who come back to town with black mohair gowns lined in colored silk to match the bodice worn with them need only a small full cape of black velvet, trimmed with jet Van-dykes, to have handsome early autumn toilets.
Framboise or raspberry red is a color that will be much seen in millinery, felt bonnets and hats being shown of this tint.—N. Y. Times.

HOUSE-CLEANING TIME.

Sharp-Witted Women Look Well to the Minor Details.
Sharp-witted city housekeepers do not depend upon servants cleaning their own rooms without supervision. An ounce of prevention that may save a gallon of cure is to thoroughly besprinkle the servant's sleeping quarters with gasoline in the interim between the departure of one and the arrival of the next incumbent. Her trunk and its contents, if they have come from other quarters less carefully looked after, should be thoroughly searched. Hence an eye should be kept on the room from week to week.
If clothes closets have moths in them in spite of your careful spring attempts to keep them out burn sulphur in them. Put the sulphur in an old porcelain dish and set in a wide pan of water. Light the sulphur and shut the closet up. Don't go far away, or leave the blaze long unheeded. With the pan of water there is, however, next to no danger that a spark will fly off and set anything on fire. The scintilla of possibility, though, should not be overlooked.
Do not take the screens out of doors and windows yet awhile. The flies will creep into the sunshine in the middle of the cool autumn days and pour into the house for weeks after it is late enough for them to be gone, making havoc of the newly-decorated chandeliers and regilded picture frames and whitened ceilings.—St. Louis Republic.
Winter Waists.
Shirt waists of woolen materials will be in existence this winter as much as those of wash goods were in summer. Plaids are much liked for misses and young women; changeable effects are eagerly sought for in all kinds of goods. For instance, red and blue changeable waist may be worn with a red or a blue skirt, varying the stock collar to match the skirt. One of changeable green and gold may be worn with a black or green skirt.—Womankind.

BRINGING DOWN THE MOON.

A voyage to the moon is the latest project which is seriously put forward as the crowning point of the exhibition of 1900. M. Mantois, its author, does not propose to carry passengers to the lunar regions in an aerial car, but he expects to bring down the moon to the reach of people whose vision extends, say, six miles from the earth. The plan is to construct a telescope nearly two hundred feet in length. The objective glass will have a diameter of something over four feet three inches, the largest in the world. The colossal tube will be placed horizontally, and the image of the moon will be reflected by what is termed a mirror plane, six feet in diameter and fifteen inches thick. The weight would be eighty-five hundred pounds. The special feature of the idea is that the image of the moon should be thrown upon a screen placed in a hall large enough to hold six hundred spectators. Astronomers calculate that with an apparatus of these dimensions it will be possible to discern easily objects of the size of the Notre Dame Cathedral towers, and to distinguish the evolutions.—N. Y. Sun.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

Jackson—They talk of putting some of the messenger boys on bicycles.
Jenkins—Is that so? Then we will find out just how slowly a bicycle can go without falling down.—Pack.

PARIS READY FOR A SIEGE.

Preserved Food Now in Storage Sufficient to Feed the Population for Many Months.
Taking into account the remarkable advances that science has made in the way of preserving and compressing food so that it can be stored in an infinitely small space in proportion to its nutriment, it is not likely that any besieged city in the future will undergo the horrors of starvation. Paris has learned a substantial lesson from the experience she had in 1870 and 1871, when the German invaders completely surrounded the city and prevented any food whatsoever from going in.
If, in fact, an attack should come at a moment's notice, the Parisians would now find themselves well supplied and with everything in their warehouses necessary to support life for an indefinite time. The war department has made the accumulation of an enormous stock of provisions its special hobby. Not only meat, flour, biscuits, preserved vegetables and solid soups are stored away in the government magazines, but also milk, "pasteurized," and petroleum, wood, chemicals and coal. Even the horses have been kept in mind, for there are packed away great stocks of compressed fodder and grass preserved by the silo system.
That all these supplies can be kept on hand in the comparatively small space the war department has for the storing of provisions is not so remarkable when it is remembered that forty thousand rations of preserved vegetables can be stored in a space measuring forty inches each way. Milk, the scarcity of which was a great cause of distress during the siege of Paris, is now well provided for. Dr. Aufeage's method of "pasteurizing" milk, which the government has adopted, will preserve this important necessity of life for almost any length of time, rendering it pure and sweet after months and even years.
By new chemical methods ice can be dispensed with in the storage rooms, and by the use of ammonia machines it can be readily made for household and garrison use. This is extremely important as regards preserving meat. One special feature of the policy of the war department is that it has all its arrangements perfected toward immediately collecting, in the case of impending danger, hundreds of thousands of fowls. In a few hours, almost, the city could be substantially provisioned for nearly a year in this regard. Besides this, thousands of pounds of preserved meats are kept continually on hand.—N. Y. World.

AND HAD NO RETURN.

"Odd about that killing of Smedley, wasn't it?"
"I hadn't heard."
"Yes; took out a five-thousand-dollar policy last week and yesterday was shot and killed."
"Well, some fellows were born lucky—I've been paying premiums for twenty-five years!"—Chicago Record.

A JOKE?

One exceedingly warm day a neighbor met an old man and remarked that it was very hot.
"Yes," said Joe; "if it wasn't for one thing I should say we were going to have a thaw."
"What is that?" inquired the friend.
"There's nothing froze," said Joe.—Tid-Bits.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There is much excitement in England over the discovery that iron manufacturers have been making idols for the worship of the heathen of India.
—Gen. Booth has issued a special appeal for money and officers for work in Germany, where the Salvation Army has made much gratifying progress lately.
—The state law of Illinois prescribes a four-mile limit to saloons around the Northwestern university at Evanston, Chicago. The city authorities were about to license four saloons within the limit, but on a protest from President Rogers, the mayor of Chicago promised that the licenses would be refused.
—A Greek Catholic priest in southern Hungary recently forced his whole congregation to swear in church that they would not touch liquor for three years. The liquor dealers and revenue collectors thereupon protested against his action to the minister of finance asking him to declare it illegal. He has not answered yet.
—The courts at Stettin recently had up for settlement a case that cannot be paralleled in the history of the church. A member of the consistory, the highest ecclesiastical body in the province, Dr. Schumer, of Konigsberg, was arrested and brought before the tribunal of justice for having fought a duel with a lawyer. What the punishment consisted in the papers do not state.
—The Woman's Improvement League of Minneapolis, Minn., is engaged in carrying out plans for the beautifying of the city, and bettering the condition of its people. Shade trees have been set out on several streets; 7,108 school children have been furnished with flower seeds, with instructions how to use them for the best results. They intend also to interest the children in exterminating the Russian thistle. The league will soon open cheap bath rooms with competent persons in charge.
—Another missionary pioneer has gone, Rev. Samuel Hutings, D. D., of Orange, N. J. He sailed in 1833 as a missionary of the American board for Ceylon, India, was there for a number of years, and then returned to this country on account of ill-health. During these years he was pastor of a number of churches in Massachusetts and New Jersey, and did a good deal of literary work, especially in connection with "Chambers' Encyclopedia" and "The Encyclopedia of Missions." To this latter he contributed the greater number of biographical sketches. He was for many years in feeble health, though always active, and died at the age of eighty-nine.

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PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Tasso's mother was "peculiar." It is believed by some writers that the madness with which he was afflicted was inherited.
—Alphonse V. of Aragon and Naples was entitled The Magnanimous, because on more than one occasion he released prisoners taken in war, instead of putting them to death or holding them for a ransom.
—George Francis Train, "the sage of Madison square," New York, is said to be undergoing a remarkable change. His snowy white hair is turning black again. The change was first noticed by one of his youthful playmates about a month ago.
—Sadi Carnot's monument by Rouleau has been unveiled at Nohy, where Lazare Carnot was born. From the description it must look rather absurd. The figure of France is reclining in her arms the mortally-wounded president in modern dress, with a look of resignation on his face.
—De Brazza's bride, who is to accompany him to Africa, is almost an American. Her father, the late Marquis de Chambrun, was for years a resident of Washington as a legal adviser of the French legation, and his daughter, who was brought up there, has hosts of friends at the American capital.
—Fifty-four members of the new British house of commons—about one in twelve—have written books. Most of them are on subjects on social and political economy, and next in number are those on history and philosophy. The marquis of Lorne figures as the author of a "Guide to Windsor Castle," though he has written poems and at least one romance.
—Sims Reeves, the famous English tenor, has married a second wife. Reeves is now seventy-three years of age, and his wife is nearly fifty years of age. Reeves began his career as a baritone, but he made his reputation later as a tenor. He sang in public long after he lost his voice, but his reputation has been sufficiently elastic to keep him before the English public.
—Zola has just won a lawsuit against "Lourdes" against Gil Blas. The newspaper had agreed to pay him ten thousand dollars for the story for its feuilleton, but refused to keep the agreement on the ground that the novelist had at the same time allowed the story to appear in foreign papers, and that it had been published in book form a month before it could be completed in its columns. As there was nothing in the contract to prevent this, Zola got his money.
—St. Just, the revolutionary's hitherto spotless personal character, has been attacked by Victorien Sardou, who says that he has the record of the Pispas prison showing that the terrorist, three years before the outbreak of the revolution, had spent six months in jail. He had beaten his mother, who refused him money, broken into her jewelry, from which he stole silver and cabinet, and was arrested in a disorderly house where he was spending proceeds. During the reign of terror he revenged himself by having his prosecutor guillotined.
HUMOROUS.
—Guest—"You haven't got a mahogany board about six by four, have you?" Hotel Clerk—"What do you want it for?" Guest—"I want to have it put on top of the mattress in my room."
—"Yes," said the business man to the clergyman, "I've lost a good deal of time in my life." "By frittering it away, I suppose?" "No, by being punctual to my appointments."—Boston Courier.
—"If I have anything to say, why don't you say it, and be done with it?" "I never cast my pearls before swine."
"Well, I don't know as I can blame you; it would be an insult to the swine."—Boston Transcript.
—Doctor—"Countess, I should be glad if you would let me hear you cough." Countess—"I don't feel disposed to do it just now. (To her maid) —Eliza, please cough as I did this morning."—Motto per Riders.
—Miss Gushington—"Do you not find Dr. Smalltalk entertaining? He is such a mimic." Mr. Smearington (who tested the doctor)—"I have often noticed that the doctor takes people off cleverly."—Town and Country Journal.
—"These yachtsmen don't seem very different from other people," she said, as she laid down the picture paper. "That's true, excepting as to one fact." "What is that?" "None of them wear yachting caps."—Washington Star.
—A strong-minded woman who supports her husband remarked recently that she wouldn't have the condition reversed. "You're no idea," she said, "how sweet and affectionate a man is when he is dependent upon you for his spending money."—Arkansas Thomas Cat.
—A young lawyer talked four hours to a jury, who felt like lynching him. His opponent, a grizzled old professional, arose, looked sweetly at the judge, and said: "Your honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument." Then he sat down, and the silence was large and oppressive.—Tit-Bits.
—Hard to Please.—"Discouraged Lover"—"It's going to be a hard winter and I'm afraid your father will object to my coming up every evening." "Oh, no, dear; I forgot to tell you. There's a new electric light right across the street, and it makes the parlor as light as day." Discouraged Lover—"That has its disadvantages, too."—Detroit Free Press.
—Cause for Thanks.—The indignant father raged and stormed over the dinner table. Little Mabel had cried out that she didn't like the meat. "Why, you ought to give thanks," cried the outraged pater. "When I was a boy I delighted in the crusts and never used sugar." The little one thought a moment. "How thankful you must be that you are now living with mamma and me," she said.—Philadelphia Call.