

The late Professor Boyesen, of Columbia, noted that "joenlarity" is the "leading American mental trait" of the college student.

They phrase matrimonial advertisements very delicately in Maine. One recently printed in Hallowell voiced a want for a "housekeeper in a family of one."

Is Scotland getting steadily madder? To judge by the report of the Commissioners of Lunacy it is. Since 1858 there has been an increase of 142 per cent. in number of lunatics, while the population has increased only 33 per cent.

A proof of the fact that Sedan Day is dying out in Germany, writes Wolf von Schrierband, is furnished by a recent circular issued by the firm of Fred Krupp in Essen. They announce that hereafter the day will not be celebrated and no leave will be granted to their 20,000 employes.

Mr. Freemantle says in his "Notes on the Rifle" that an ideal smokeless powder has yet to be discovered, and that the heat developed by powders containing nitro-glycerine is so great as positively to melt the surface of the steel, and to vaporize a minute portion of it at every shot, which defect, as regards small-calibre rifles, is fatal to its use by soldiers.

The quota of enlisted men allowed the Army and Navy of the United States is now nearer filled than it has been at any period in recent years, and the officials are assuming that no further trouble will hereafter be encountered in securing all the excellent material either service requires. At present the total strength of the regular army is between 24,000 and the limit of 25,000, and the few men lacking to complete it could, the authorities say, be enlisted in ten days. The strength of the navy's enlisted force is now 11,000 men, with the additional 1000 men added by the last Congress, and of this number there are now enrolled all but 400. This number applies almost monthly at the various recruiting stations, and the entire quota could be maintained without difficulty but for the discharges which follow every week or so.

Ex-President Harrison in writing of the "Interior Department," and the distribution of public land in the Ladies' Home Journal says: "In 1862 the policy of giving to actual settlers thereon a quarter section (160 acres) of the public land, where the lands were rated at \$1.25 per acre, or eighty acres, where the lands were rated at \$2.50 per acre, was adopted by Congress. The settler is required to make affidavit that the land is entered for his own use as a homestead, and the patent does not issue to him until he has resided upon and cultivated the land for five years. In the case of soldiers and sailors the time served in the army and navy, and in the case of those discharged for wounds or disability the whole term of enlistment, may be deducted from the five years' residence required, but at least one year's residence is required in such cases. It was a wise and beneficent law, and if it had come twenty years before would probably have settled the question of the extension of slavery without any further help from our statesmen."

Bad roads cost in reality more than good ones, according to Colonel Albert A. Pope, the bicycle manufacturer. He says the census returns show that there are in the United States about 15,000,000 horses, over 2,000,000 mules, and 49,000 asses. The annual cost of feed for these animals is about \$1,575,000,000. On fine stone roads one horse can haul as much as three horses can haul over the average dirt road of this country. It is estimated that it would be necessary to build about 1,000,000 miles of macadamized road in the United States, in order to have as good a system of public highways as is found in several European States. At \$4,000 per mile, this would involve an outlay of \$4,000,000,000. But if one-half of the draft animals could be dispensed with by the building of such roads there would be an annual saving of \$788,000,000 in the feed bill. The people, Colonel Pope shows, are actually paying three per cent. on \$56,000,000,000 in order to keep up the present bad roads, while it would not cost one-sixth of that annually to build the 1,000,000 miles needed in order to put this country on a par with France in the matter of good roads.

ORCHARD SONG.

The corn is stocked, come away! For the greenest shows a glint Of the mingled gold of day, And the russet a tinge tint; And the poppin' there-as-awing Flashes as bright a breast As the robin does in spring At the building of the nest.

THE STORY OF A STORY.

BY ADELAIDE L. ROUSE.

"Bert, are you busy?" The editor of the Epoch turned to the associate editor. "It is a girl's letter, and a very indignant girl's letter. I'll read it."

"To the Editor of the Epoch: 'Sir—I have always understood that editors laugh at people who roll their manuscripts, but I sent you my story last night, and you returned it rolled. Besides this, the number '8154' was marked on it with indelible pencil. I can't send the story out again unless I copy it. I haven't any typewriter, and if I had one I shouldn't know how to use it, and my hand gets so tired copying. I think it was a shame to spoil my nice looking manuscript, and I think you ought to do something about it. Please let me hear from you."

"Very truly yours, 'ELIZABETH HASTINGS PRATT.'" The associate editor laughed. "Poor little thing, it was a shame to spoil her poor little story!"

"Poor little, poor little!" said the editor mockingly. "She may be eight feet tall, and old enough to be your mother."

"No, she isn't. She is young and plump and pretty, and she has dimples and beseeching blue eyes. I insist that it was a shame to spoil her story."

The associate editor had the story on his mind, evidently, for a few moments later he asked: "What was the story? Do you know, Halsey?"

"Perhaps it was a 'pome'—Lines to a Pet Kitten," for instance. "Nonsense. She called it a story. Where is the manuscript book? 'Pratt, Elizabeth H.'—'The Crime of Geoffrey Halsemere.' Hump! Rather tragic. Montgomery"—to the clerk—"Did you roll that manuscript when you returned it?"

"Yes, it was so big that no envelope would hold it. "You might have wrapped it. Halsey, don't you think we ought to make Montgomery copy the story on the typewriter?"

"Certainly, Bert, make him copy it, and you take the story to Elizabeth Pratt Hastings and make her acquaintance," and the editor made a raid on a fresh pile of unsolicited manuscripts. Bert, or more properly, Hubert Marsh, dictated a letter to Miss Pratt, which promptly brought "The Crime of Geoffrey Halsemere" to be copied. Mr. Marsh stood over Montgomery while he did it, and when it was wrapped up, flat, it was put in the associate editor's desk till that gentleman saw fit to return it.

"Have you returned Elizabeth Pratt Hastings' story?" Halsey asked one day. "Her name is Elizabeth Hastings Pratt," said Bert, putting a beautiful point on his lead pencil. "I think I shall deliver the manuscript on Saturday. I have to pass through her town on my way to Sister Anna's. I want to prove to you that E. H. P. is young, beautiful and dimpled."

"I'll wager anything you like that she is tall, thin, and forty-two." "Make it a bet, if you don't mind; I shall want one soon." "Done. Monday morning you will return quite chafffallen. I shouldn't mind having a bet myself." On Saturday afternoon Mr. Hubert Marsh arrayed himself with even more than his usual care, and set out for Sister Anna's, intending to stop at Miss Pratt's and deliver the story. The neat maid who answered his ring told him that he would find Miss Pratt in the garden. He did. He found her not only in the garden, but in the hammock, and he wished the editor could be there to see how pretty she was. After a moment, however, he felt quite resigned to his chief's absence. "Pardon me, but the maid directed me here," Bert began, with his most engaging smile. "I am the associate editor of the Epoch, and as I was passing through your town, I thought I would leave your manuscript—to make sure that it did not get rolled again," he added playfully. "O, then you have returned it!" Miss Pratt clasped her hands in tragic fashion. "I did so hope that something might happen to make you keep it. I should think you might have kept it. This may seem like a triding matter to you, but it means a great deal to me. I need money so much." She slipped off the hammock and stood before Bert in a supplicating attitude. "Why can't you print it? Is it so bad?" Bert felt that he was in a tight place, and he heartily wished that he had let Montgomery mail the story. But she was so pretty! "Well, you see that sort of thing is not exactly in our line," he began lamely.

"What sort of thing? You print stories all the time. Is it too long, or too short, or too what?" "Decidedly, it was too what, Bert thought, as he remembered some of the description. "Sit down please, and tell me all about my little story. Take the big chair. Now we can be comfortable while we talk."

Comfortable! St. Lawrence on a gridiron was in bliss compared with Bert in the easy garden chair, as he afterwards confided to the senior editor.

"What are the faults in my story? Isn't the writing plain? I couldn't afford to have it typewritten, but I copied it carefully with a stub pen and the best black ink."

"It was beautifully written, beautifully," said Bert, in a burst of enthusiasm. "But, you see, in considering a story, there are other things besides penmanship to be taken into account."

Mr. Marsh then launched into a learned disquisition on the short-story. In fact, the short-story was one of his hobbies. He always wrote it with a hyphen, to distinguish it from the story which is merely short, and he managed to speak it so that you knew the hyphen was there. He felt that he was talking well, but the unappreciative Miss Pratt pulled him up shortly and brought him back to a concrete example.

"But I want to know what is the matter with my story. It must be good. My aunts and uncles and all my relatives have read it, and my cousin, who took a prize in college for an oration, said it was immense."

Mr. Marsh mentally agreed with the cousin, and wished himself safe with Sister Anna.

"The truth is, Miss Pratt, that everybody cannot write a short-story. In fact, it is the hardest kind of writing. It takes longer to write a short-story than to write a long one. A famous writer said that he had not time to write a short-story." (Bert's hobby again.)

"Do you think I could write a long story? I have one four times as long as this, I should like to read it to you."

Mr. Marsh felt his hair rising at the prospect. He looked at his watch. "I fear I can't stop to-day, for I must make the four o'clock train. Otherwise I should be charmed to have you read the story to me."

"I'll send it to you, and perhaps you will like it better than the short one. I've got to write, so I shall keep on till some one takes my stories. I would rather have them printed in the Epoch than in any other magazine. I have got to succeed, for I must have money, and this is the only thing I can do."

"It needs money; therefore it must write. I wonder what it needs money for," thought Bert. She was well dressed, and all he saw of the house and grounds spoke of comfort and good taste. He could not tell her that she could never write, and he left her looking very disconsolate. He would have liked to stay and comfort her, but it would hardly have been conventional.

Three days later a manuscript was put on the associate editor's desk. It was from Miss Pratt, and was addressed to him. After it was duly entered and acknowledged, Bert placed it among other manuscripts on the senior editor's desk. Halsey could tell her the truth, Bert told himself. He could not break her heart. His breath came a little faster than usual, as he remembered her sitting in the sunshade and looking so unhappy over her story. He made marks on his blotter in an absent minded fashion, and wondered why she needed money so much. She had referred to it again in her letter. Bert had half a mind to straighten up her story, put some "go" into it, and publish it. But when Halsey came in he put the idea away.

"Hallo! Here is Elizabeth Hastings Pratt again, as good as ever. Bert, have you been encouraging her? What is the story this time? 'The Search for Sylvia Sherwood.' She goes in for alliteration. Now for a feast of reason and flow of soul. The sun was shedding his last rays upon a lowly cot, embowered by trees, behind which flowed a rivulet. Got that, Bert?" And Halsey turned in his swivel chair. "Man, it's a prose idyl! Now, what next? Something is bound to happen. A door opened and a youth sallied forth, bearing upon his brow the marks of anguish." This is getting to be thrilling. Do you mind the youth with a brow?"

"Don't, Halsey. She isn't a bit of a fool, except on this one subject, and she is a good deal more than pretty."

"If she be not fair for me, what care I—Bert, my son, I am afraid you are in love. I'll wager two hats that she sent this tale directly to you, and you put the job of reading it off on me. If you had told her, point blank, that she never can write, she wouldn't have sent this in. It's your affair, so I turn the manuscript over to you. Take it back to her and plan for a serial; she will send one next time."

Mr. Marsh gloomily tucked the story away in his desk, wondering how Halsey had guessed so straight about the serial. He wrote three letters next day, and tore all of them up. He finally despatched "The Search for Sylvia Sherwood" with a brief note saying that he would pass through the town on the following Saturday, and would call and explain. On Monday he told Halsey of it, and that individual was wicked enough to cough sentimentally. "I told her," said Bert, as he straightened the pins on his cushion, "that she couldn't write, that the second story was even worse than the first, and that you said so."

"And she wept on your shoulder." "No, she didn't. She was angry, mad. She said that she would prove to you that she could write. That was after I told her that you said she never could write. I couldn't tell her that I

thought so, too. Her eyes are so big and brown that a man couldn't say such a thing to her face. She is going to study style, and I made out a list of books for her to read."

"Exactly. And you are going to take them to her next Saturday, when you go to your Sister Anna's."

"Exactly. It is the best thing I could do to set her reading. While she is studying she won't write, and after she has studied a while she will see that she can't write. It is an excellent plan."

"My Saturday class in journalism," Halsey murmured, as he went out to luncheon.

It was the usual thing for the editor to ask his associate on Monday morning how his class in journalism prospered. There had been no manuscript from Miss Pratt for several weeks, and he sometimes asked Bert when his pupil would graduate.

"Bert," the editor asked one morning, "did you ever find out why E. H. P. wanted money so badly? What did she want it for, rather?"

"Bicycle," said Mr. Marsh laconically. "You have had the fever yourself, and you ought to sympathize."

"I do. If I had known that she wanted the money to buy a bicycle I should have been tempted to buy the story. I supposed that she wanted money for extras, like bread and shoes, not for a necessity. Has she got her wheel yet?"

"Yes; that is, she has part of one. We have a tandem."

"A tandem!" Halsey got up and kicked the waste basket over. "If you have gotten so far as that, I suppose I may as well say, 'Bless you, my children.'"

"I don't mind if you do," said Bert, flushing a little.—Munsey's Magazine.

Backwoods Surgery.

"Probably as queer a piece of backwoods surgery as has been described," says a frequenter of this region, "was that performed by a Moosehead Lake guide known as 'Old Sabattus,' twenty years ago. The man was not an Indian, as the nickname implies, but a Yankee, one of those rough fellows formerly characteristic of that locality. This guide was left on a lake steamer at one of the far up landings while the engineer went ashore with the company. A man named Meservey came aboard, and in fooling around the boat managed to tumble down into the fire pit and put his shoulder out of joint."

"Here was a dilemma. The other members of the party would not be back for half an hour, and the injured man was in great pain. The guide was a man of expedients. He got a rope and tied his patient securely to a post. Then he tied another rope around the man's wrist and hitched the loose end of it to a pulley of the engine. He managed somehow to turn on steam and the pulley began to wind up the rope. It drew the arm out tight in beautiful shape and presently the joint snapped back into its socket. Then 'Sabattus' jumped around to shut off steam while the pulley kept on winding. 'Holy Moses,' gasped the guide, excitedly, 'how does it go? I don't know where 'tis. I can't stop the blasted thing,' and the pulley meanwhile was slowly but surely pulling Meservey to pieces. His eyes were sticking out of their sockets and he screamed and gasped for breath."

"Sabattus danced around like a wild man, not knowing what to do, when he happened to spy a hatchet lying near, and jumping for that, he cut the rope and saved a dreadful catastrophe. This was done just as the party of city folks who had gone ashore came rushing back on to the boat alarmed by Meservey's screams. It was some years afterwards," says the narrator, "that I was present when a lot of summer company arrived at Greenville. Sabattus was there, too, and presently a distinguished looking man, one of the newcomers, went up to him and said with a meaning smile, 'Are not you the man that practices surgery by steam?' and Sabattus had to admit that he was 'that same feller.'"—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

How Trees Are Dwarfed.

The art of dwarfing trees, as commonly practiced in both China and Japan, is, in reality, simple and very easily understood, being, as it is, based on one of the commonest principles of vegetable physiology. Anything which has a tendency to check or retard the flow of sap in the trees naturally prevents the formation of new wood. This process of retarding wood growth is done in many different ways. By pruning so as to prevent leaves from forming and giving the tree health and vigor; by withholding water; by bending and twisting the branches, and by a half hundred other processes, which all proceed from the same principle. In dwarfing trees the Chinese and Japanese gardeners are careful to always choose specimens which are naturally stunted, particularly if they happen to have branches opposite or regular, for it must be understood that a one-sided tree has no value in the eye of the artistic oriental tree dwarf. When a tree has been chosen its main stem and roots are twisted in a zigzag form (which process is intended to check the flow of sap). The pots in which they are planted are narrow and shallow, so that they hold but a small quantity of soil compared with the wants of the plant, and no more water is given them than is necessary to sustain life.

Nature generally struggles against this kind of treatment for a while or until her powers seem to be in a great measure exhausted. When she finally yields to the power of art, ere long the beautiful and curious dwarf tree, the wonder of the Orient, is produced.—St. Louis Republic.

The Russian Minister of Marine has decided to supply the Baltic fleet with coal from Russian mines.

A LOST DAY.

EXPLANATION OF A SOMEWHAT PUZZLING MATTER.

A Line in the Pacific Ocean Where It is Sunday on One Side and Monday on the Other.

THE lost day in the Pacific is puzzling the college professors to explain. They find difficulty in making it clear to the mind of the youthful student just why there is a line down through the Pacific Ocean, on one side of which it is Sunday and on the other side Monday.

It is right at this spot that a man going around the world one way gains a day, while going the other way he loses a day out of his life. Every ship crossing this line marks its log book one day ahead or one day behind, according to the direction in which it is going.

Right on this parallel of longitude it would be difficult for a man to know what day of the week it was, if, indeed, time would not altogether close for him. Here is the only place on earth where Time may be said to stand still, and where the ordinary calendar ceases to have any significance.

In brief, the reason for this lost day or line is that "a day" is an arbitrary division of time, based upon one rising and setting of the sun, and which itself is caused by a single revolution of the earth. When you travel around the world against the sun you gain a day, and when you encircle the earth with the sun you lose a day. For practical purposes of navigation and accurate measurement of time the astronomers have agreed to drop this extra day into the middle of the Pacific.

Were a man to travel over the earth's surface from East to West as rapidly as the earth revolves, starting at high noon, the sun would remain immediately overhead to him for the twenty-four hours. There would have been no sunrise or sunset for him that day.

So far as the registry of the sun was concerned, he would have been still enjoying the noon hour, while all the other men on the earth were returning to their afternoon labors, going to their homes after the labors of the day, going to the theatre in the evening, retiring to bed and to sleep, rising in the morning and beginning the next day's labors and again going to lunch at noon. During the course of his long noon hour the calendar would have done its work, however.

Let this traveler start at noon on this same journey and go as slowly as he will—100 years in making the circuit—he will have by those slow degrees filched from the calendar one full day and no more. He will have seen the sun rise and set not so many times by one as the man who has remained stationary upon the earth's surface.

When he turns and moves with the same rate of speed in the opposite direction to which it moves it will take him just as long to cover the distance back to his starting point, but his relation to the sun, which counts off the periods of time, will be remarkably altered. He will enter the shadow of the earth in half the time that he would if he remained and allowed the ordinary revolution of the big globe to carry him out of sight of the sun.

He will pass through the shadow of the earth in half the time that he would if he remained still and will emerge into the sunlight again with what had been the under side of the earth to him when he started. That is to say, he will have seen a day and a night (noon to noon) while the earth had made only half its revolution, and he was only half way round.

He will arrive at his starting point at noon of the second day, according to his own experience, having passed twice through the shadow of the earth—night—while the folks at home had done so but once. He will have gained a day upon them and upon the calendar, but that the 180th degree of longitude has been called in to set him straight. That is the explanation of a gaining of a day in traveling the world round from west to east—the way the world itself is going; and it matters not how long the traveler employs in the journey, he sees the sun rise and set once oftener than the man who stays at home, although there is no jolting of the heavens to announce it.

Here is another illustration of the lost day. Imagine a train of cars twenty-four miles long on a circular track, the last car being just in front of the engine—that is, the train making a circle.

The train starts to move at a rate of speed that will bring the engine back to the starting point at the same time next day. A man on the rear end starts to walk to the engine and a man on the engine starts to walk to the rear end.

They walk at a rate of speed that will bring them to their destination at the same time the train stops. They pass each other exactly in the middle of the train, and at noon the next day the man from the engine has arrived on the last platform and the man from the last platform mounts the engine. They have both, so far as walking is concerned, traveled exactly the same distance, but, in fact, one has traveled forty miles while the other has not traveled at all.

The man who started from the rear end of the car has been carried the entire distance covered by the train and has walked the entire length of the train—he has passed the starting point twice. The man who started from the engine to walk to the rear end of the train has remained stationary with regard to the ground. Walking as he has been seen through the car windows

hour by hour the same train posts the marked point at the starting point.—New York Journal.

Sea Serpent Stories.

Of the millions who have mentioned the sea serpent, few are acquainted with the evidence which asserts its existence? They are counted by scores those who know keep an open mind, and do not believe, for in the wise command proof, and weight in Professor Owen's drifted ashore within the period. Whales are constantly dead—why not sea serpents? over, in the Scandinavian and even in North Scotland, people used to get up jaws of gateways, and to turn them to account for various purposes. Plenty of such memorials of great antiquity; but the sea serpent is not represented. It was to this argument that the attention was drawn to the disastrous result mentioned. But still it is only evidence. We do not remember Professor Owen alluded to it, he would scarcely have noticed it, but at that time the main of the giant squid, cast ashore, to the knowledge of entire persons; there are enough now—that is, since persons began to look out for it.

Against the negative argument is set a mass of positive evidence which is not worth while to relate, since those who care will find it in books; and that class cannot be without losing all their may observe, however, that and officers of the British and the Majesty's yacht, military officers of the merchant service, and passengers in every profession to be eye witnesses, even an archdeacon among the deponents. But the log led to an end shortly after the instance of Captain McQuesten, sailing H. M. S. Dædalus in 1841, soul aboard that vessel a monster, and a lieutenant of shipman sketched it. There aroused the universe—and Owen. After a brisk and pronounced judgment, who experienced and keen eye mistook for a serpent was a chance. Surely such an error would be the greater marvel of the two, traces are not found in the certainly. But an easy explanation was provided. This specimen carried south on an iceberg, and swimming back full speed to Arctic home. So the debate ridiculous. And a very few afterwards a Captain Hervey how he and his crew had a terrible serpent, and bravely it—when the monster proved trailing mass of seaweed. All was over except the fun, but lasted to this day.—London

ard.

When Cod Become Blind.

Several large cod are kept in the tanks of the Amsterdam necessarily near the surface, therefore exposed to a star from above. Now, the cod is not a "deep sea" fish, is not a swimmer and lives at depths of sunlight must be very much by passage through the water, in what to us would be semi-darkness. Every one of these cod exposed to strong light is suffering from extraordinary hypertrophy of the eye. The whole organ has become grown, as if in the effort to self to the use of more light had become over-equipped and useless. The cod, in fact, is blind.

The most interesting feature of change is the extraordinary with which increased supply of rays has over-developed the eye. It has taken place in slow degrees from individual to individual, but in a course of measured by months and in individual in the tank. If this is a measure of the rapidity with which such changes take place, the adaptation of those which have migrated from the waters of the deep seas, about total loss of enormous development their eyes and the growth of the organs to light the eyes have been as rapid as it is possible.—London Spectator.

Covers for Bicycles.

An English idea is covered by bicycle wheels, which may be of handsome cretonne or plain material, outlined with some appropriate design. The seams should be with bright colored braids. These covers can be made attractive and serve the double purpose of protecting the bicycle and clothing where the machine is kept in the small rooms of the hallway. A rubber cover machine is not so attractive, much more practical especially in the vicinity of the seashore.

The idea, so far as New York concerned, has thus far been to a water proof and dust proof fastened over the bicycle lamp daytime.—New York Journal.

Yellowstone's Geysers Dying.

W. W. Wylie, of Helena, who has spent more years in the Yellowstone National Park than any other man, says: "The geysers are dying in activity. As compared sixteen years ago I should say not more than one-half the number of the upper basin. I believe there be few, if any, geysers in the basin from now."—Chicago Chronicle.