

MAKING OCEANS.

Turning the Deserts of Sahara and Arabia into Green Seas.

People realize how completely the surface aspect of this old globe of ours has been improved. The world of today, in fact, differs from the world of a few centuries ago as a society lady, in all the glory of fashions and frills and ribbons, differs from her savage sister, running wild in pestiferous woods. As art has transformed the one, so has it the other. Only the "Mime Rachel" who has made the earth, if not exactly "beautiful forever," at least a pleasant and healthful place wherein to dwell, is no charlatan with a drayload of cosmetics and a glib tongue, but a civil engineer, owning nothing more harmful than a few mysterious looking instruments and a measuring tape. And the marvel of it all is this—that what has been done is but an infinitesimal fraction of that which may, and doubtless will, be done. Who can doubt, for instance, that the great Sahara desert—that sole upon the world's face—will one day be but a memory? It was an inland sea once. It would not be a difficult matter to convert it into one again. A canal 60 miles long, connecting with the Atlantic the vast depression which runs close up to the coast nearly midway between the 20th and 30th parallels of latitude, would do the business beautifully. The water would not, of course, cover the entire surface of the desert. Here and there are portions lying above sea level. These would become the islands of the new Sahara ocean. What would be the results that would ensue upon this stupendous transformation? Some would be good, and some bad. Among the latter may be mentioned the probable destruction of the vineyards of southern Europe, which depend for their existence upon the warm, dry winds from the great African desert. As some compensation for this, however, the mercantile marines of the nations affected would be enabled to gain immediate and easy access to vast regions now given over to barbarism, and a series of more or less flourishing seaport towns would spring up all along the southern borders of Morocco and Algeria, where the western watershed of the Nile sinks into the desert, and on the northern frontier of the Congo Free State. In a similar manner the greater portion of the central Australian desert, covering an area of fully 1,000,000 square miles, might be flooded. The island-continent would then be converted into a gigantic oval disk, of which the depressed central portion would be covered with water and only the "rim" inhabited.—London Mail.

Through the city schools and the schools of the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal church, in which he was appointed assistant to the distinguished Dr. R. S. Rust, Mr. Hartzell helped to shape the educational policy of the city and the state. In 1888 Dr. Hartzell was elected to succeed Dr. Rust as secretary, the controlling official, of the Freedmen's Aid society, a society which controls forty-seven colleges and other schools. To this position he was re-elected in 1892 and 1896.

Sometimes It Is.
It is true that the race is not always the swift, but it will be observed that the American generally wins.

When It Was Tested.
T. W. Higginson, while a member of the Massachusetts legislature, was arguing against a bill for the prohibition of oleomargarine. He had a good oleomargarine was made with bad butter, and fortified with a story of a gentleman who had introduced the substitute without explanation at a luncheon and who, on asking his guests to eat it with the best butter, also available, found them all selecting oleomargarine. Suddenly his adversary asked: "Will the gentleman inform us at what price the luncheon party this afternoon?"

A young English actor who had impressed his manager favorably was cast for a difficult role in a new production and his success or failure in it was a matter of vital importance to his future reputation. After the second act on the opening night his friend, William Gilbert, the popular dramatist and librettist, went behind the scenes fully realizing that in a kindly word or a sympathetic criticism he would bring hope or despair to the actor. However, on seeing that his friend was in a profuse perspiration he could not resist his own cleverness and contented himself with merely remarking: "How well your skin acts."



UNCONSCIOUS OF DANGER.

Rattlesnake Coiled Itself to Sleep on Man's Breast.

In the course of Mr. Ross Cox's expedition along the Columbia river some years ago, one member of the party had a dangerous experience, of which fortunately he was the time unconscious. The men were preparing supper on the bank of the river, and La Course, worn out with the fatigue of the day, had stretched himself on the ground and fallen asleep. A few minutes later I passed him, says Mr. Cox, and was horrified at seeing a large rattlesnake moving over his body toward his left breast. My first impulse was to alarm La Course, but an old Canadian whom I had beckoned to the spot said we must make no noise, and the snake would cross the man's body and go away. In this he was mistaken, for on reaching the chest the serpent coiled itself quietly as if meditating a stay. If La Course moved or woke, we shuddered to think what would happen. Others quietly joined us, and it was determined that two men should advance in front, to divert the attention of the snake, while one should approach with a long stick from the rear and dislodge the creature. On seeing the men in front, the rattler raised its head, played its evil looking tongue and shook its rattles, indications of anger. Every one was in a state of feverish anxiety as to the fate of poor La Course, who still lay asleep. The man behind now came up with a stick seven feet long, quickly placed one end under the reptile, and succeeded in pitching it ten feet from the man's body. A shout of joy was the first intimation La Course had of his wonderful escape. The snake was pursued and killed.—Youths' Companion.

Holland's Queen Likes Farming.
Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, has a miniature farm, the products of which go to assist in relieving the poor. It was at this farm that she learned to keep house according to the best Dutch methods.

The Know-It-All Turns Up.
As is customary after such things, it has been discovered that a seer knew all along that King Humbert was to be slain. Attention has been drawn to a book of horoscopes published in Paris in 1885, in which July 29, 1900, was predicted as the date preordained for King Humbert of Italy to die. This was the date of his murder. This sibyl drew horoscopes of other sovereigns with equal exactness, though their accuracy is yet to be tested. March 5, 1907, is the date assigned for the death of the king of the Belgians, while the Emperor of Austria is to live until February 24, 1911, when he will be an octogenarian.—New York Press.

Topaz Is Much Favored.
"Not the least beautiful of the many semi-precious stones for which there is always a large demand is the topaz," said a wholesale dealer in gems to the Washington Star. "The name topaz generally suggests only a yellow stone, yet there are light blue, brown and green varieties which are frequently sold as aquamarines. The genuine aquamarine may, however, be easily distinguished from a topaz, as the former stone more closely resembles the color of green sea salt. Besides, the topaz admits of a higher polish, and is extremely slippery to the touch. strange to say, the yellow topaz when slightly heated, becomes pink; heated further, the pink grows paler, and by long heating it is entirely expelled, leaving the green colorless. The sherry colored or brown topaz is bleached in a very short time by the rays of the sun or strong daylight, and all the white topazes found in nature have been colorized in this way. The topaz is found in granite rocks in Siberia, Japan, Peru, Ceylon, Brazil and Maine and in volcanic rocks in Colorado, Utah and New Mexico."

An Eagle and Dog Fight.
While a little boy, accompanied by a cattle dog, were proceeding through a paddock, near Dandenong, the dog was attacked by a huge eagle and killed in the air some considerable weight. The dog struggled to get loose and managed to catch the eagle by the bony part of the wing, and both fell to the ground, the dog, which weighed some twenty-five pounds, being badly cut about the body and head as a result of the attack. The bird was killed by the boy with a stroke of a stick and measured seven feet from tip to tip across the wings. Melbourne (Australia) Leader.

Incentive to Good Roads.
A natural effect of the free delivery system is the improvement of highways throughout the country. In long free delivery routes the condition of the roads is always an important consideration, and many petitions have been denied on the ground that highways were not fit for travel during the muddy months of the year. This point is now understood, and every petition that comes to the department these days is accompanied by an offer or a pledge on the part of the county commissioners to prove the roads and put them in condition as rapidly as the new system is established.

WRITES SWEET SONGS.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON'S GREAT FAME.

No Other American Woman Has Attained Such a High Degree of International Success—Was a Child of Consequence.

Every reader of the best magazines and every lover of real poetry must be familiar with the name of Louise Chandler Moulton, a Boston writer who has won for herself a high place in American literature. Although it is as a poet that Mrs. Moulton has won the highest distinction, her prose writings have had many admirers, her letters of travel being particularly good. Mrs. Moulton is of eastern birth, having been born in Promfret, Conn., in 1835. Hers was a home in which the theology and traditions of the Puritans survived, and her childhood was not like the childhood of the children of today. Some very innocent amusements were strictly prohibited and her childish companions were few. Happily for her she had a highly imaginative nature that helped her to people her little world with agreeable companions and she was not unhappy. Like most poets, Mrs. Moulton began to write when she was very young, and she was but 13 years of age when she wrote for a composition in school a poem that her teacher could hardly believe



LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.
was original, and he detained her after school to ask if she had really written the poem. When 14 years old she sent a little poem to a local newspaper and for the first time saw her own lines in print. No lines of hers that appeared in after years in the great magazines and that brought her praise from Longfellow and Holmes and Browning and Matthew Arnold ever gave Mrs. Moulton the peculiar thrill of delight she felt on seeing her first lines in that little village newspaper. Only once in a lifetime can experience the delight of seeing one's first literary effort in print. When 18 years old the young Connecticut poet brought out a small volume of the stories, poems and sketches she had had published in various periodicals up to that time. Some of these poems and stories had appeared in the Boston True Flag, then edited by William V. Moulton, who had become greatly interested in his young contributor, and they were married in 1855. From that time until now Mrs. Moulton has lived in Boston, with the exception of many summers spent abroad.

It is doubtful if any other American woman ever attained the prestige in literary circles attained by Mrs. Moulton in both America and Europe. A woman of a kindly and sympathetic nature, fond of social pleasures, and eager to give pleasure to others, she has made friends everywhere. One of the memorable events in the literary history of London was a breakfast given for Mrs. Moulton by Lor Houghton (Richard Monckton Milnes) some years ago. The most noted poets, novelists, actors and artists have attended Mrs. Moulton's London "at homes." Her Friday afternoon receptions at her home in Boston partake more of the nature of the salon than any other social gathering in the city. The writer remembers seeing at Mrs. Moulton's at one of these receptions Oliver Wendell Holmes, Julia Ward Howe, Sarah Orne Jewett, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Julia Marlowe, and a host of artists, writers, college professors, and men and women of distinction in the higher walks of life. No other woman in Boston has entertained so many men and women of the highest distinction, and no other woman has been kinder or more helpful to struggling young writers and artists. She has encouraged when others have ridiculed and has helped when others have hindered. Her sonnets have been unsurpassed by any American poet, and all of her work bears the imprint of a master hand. MORRIS WADE.

Travels of a Blood Corpuscle.
The mileage of the blood circulation reveals some astonishing facts in our personal history. Thus it has been calculated that, assuming the heart to beat sixty-nine times a minute at ordinary heart pressure, the blood goes at the rate of 207 yards in the minute, or seven miles per hour, 168 miles per day and 61,320 miles per year. If a man of 84 years of age could have one single blood corpuscle floating in his blood all his life it would have traveled in that some time 5,160,380 miles.

Do Not Eat Between Meals.
Eating between meals, says a wise doctor, is a habit for one to acquire. It will certainly injure the digestive progress, and soon upsets a natural, healthy appetite for regular meals. It is a very easy habit to get into, and is rather difficult to break up. If any eating is indulged in between meals, perfectly ripe, fresh fruit is the least harmful kind of refreshment.

TO SAVE TIME.
A Reform That's Suggested for Commercial Correspondence.

Not content with the destruction of the art of letter-writing through the invention of the telegraph, the typewriter and other time-saving devices, an iconoclastic Camden genius makes what he calls a plea for reform in commercial correspondence by eliminating the few courteous words, such as "Dear Sir" and "Yours very truly," which still survive in the arid waste of business letters. "By actual experiment," he says in the Philadelphia Record, "it will be found that it takes a typewriter one hour to write these formal introductions and conclusions to 500 letters. Now, the estimated total annual letter mail of the world is 8,000,000,000 pieces. Of course, this is not all commercial correspondence, nor is it all typewritten, but for the purpose of having some statistical starting point it will be assumed that it is. To write the 'Dear sirs' and 'Yours very truly's' for this number of pieces would take one typewriter 16,000,000 days, or allowing 300 working days to the year, about 52,000 years. To translate this into an approximation of its money value, allowing \$10 as the wage of the typewriter and eight hours as the average day's work, the cost would be \$3,350,000. Is it worth it? Or, to go a step further, is it worth anything? Little by little the forms of address have been condensed until such old-school phrases as 'My Dear and Respected Sir' and 'Your humble and obedient servant' are obsolete. Why not continue the good work and reform it altogether? Why not adopt the following sensible straightaway, business-like form: "John Smith & Co.; We wish to order, etc." "T. Brown & Co." That is what you mean. Why not say it and stop?"

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Transportation in Ancient Egypt.
On the way to Philae and the head of the cataract, a short distance south of Assuan, we come upon the ancient quarries which supplied granite for the columns, statues and obelisks throughout Egypt for many centuries. From illustrations in the temples, it is clear that these monuments were floated down the river on flatboats and rafts, and then carried inland by artificial canals or dragged overland by thousands of slaves. In one of the tombs at Beni-Hassan is a picture illustrating the process. The great stone is loaded upon a huge sled drawn by a multitude of workmen. One man is engaged in pouring water upon the runners to prevent friction. Another stands at the left of the statue and at the time that the men may work in pairs, while overseers, provided with whips, urge the laborers to their task.—Chateaubriand.

TURKEY'S RESOURCES.

The Ottoman Empire One of the Richest Countries in the World.
The Ottoman empire is, in potential resources, probably the richest country in the world next to the United States, says Collier's Weekly. For years American and Turkish statesmen have been endeavoring with all their power to foster what little trade their countries have, and to create new trade channels to commercially connect the republic and the empire. These endeavors have already borne good fruit, and the future possibilities in that direction are infinite. The mutual relations of commerce amount already to millions, and it would be most unfortunate that an untoward event should disturb in their growth these promising shoots of trade, and bring about distrust which would cause the origination of new branches of trade to be made impossible for many years to come. The feeling of fellowship among nations is to a large extent sentimental, especially when there is no possible point of hostile contact. The Turks have been educated to know that there is a great free nation far in the west, foremost in all the endeavors of commerce, industry and technical invention—a nation to whom they could without any fear entrust the development of their magnificent resources.

PERILS OF DEATH VALLEY.

Most Desolate Spot in All the Western Hemisphere.
Death valley is probably the most unique natural feature in California. It is located in the southeast corner of Inyo county, and is enclosed by the Panamint mountains on the west and the Funeral range on the east. It is seventy-five miles long and at its narrowest point but eight miles wide. The prevailing winds in Death valley are from the west. Though originating in the Pacific ocean and saturated with humidity in traveling the intermediate distance, they are intercepted by the lofty peaks of the four ranges of mountains, which absorb all of their moisture, so that by the time they reach the valley all humidity has disappeared. The blasts are as if heated in a very furnace, and no living thing can survive the intense heat. Even birds, indigenous to the region, die. It is in the months of greatest heat that the sand storms of Death valley are most deadly. They rage with an intense fury, obliterating the landscape and dimming the light of the sun, withering the scanty vegetation and covering the trails deep in powdered dust. At all times the aspect of the valley is superlatively desolate. No spot on earth surpasses it in aridity and tophet-like heat. During the heated term an hour without water means death. Meat becomes putrid in an hour. Eggs are cooked in the blistering sand. Water is only palatable by means of large porous earthenware jars, common to all hot countries, suspended in drafts and reduced in temperature by means of the rapid evaporation of the moisture from the outside.

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Sankey Thinks Loud.
Ira D. Sankey is distinguished in the spiritual world. He is on the upgrade. Indeed, he is on the British West India Company's "as regards my special work." He is much gratified to note the Christian tone that prevails in the religious community. As of 1873 there are even a earnestness and a warmer spiritual glow. I have an impression that a great revival is impending."