

TALES OF TABBIES.

A Macon (Mo.) cat reared six young squirrels. A litter of foxes is cared for by a Reading (Pa.) tabby. A cat known to be over 25 years old died at Tyro, Kan., the other day. Thirteen Brooklyn cats quarreled and fought until all but one were dead. A Philadelphia man owns a cat that he claims has killed 2,500 mice during its lifetime. In a mine near Butte, Mont., live hundreds of cats that have never seen the light of day. Twenty years ago a cat race was held at Lancaster, Ky., in which there were 305 entries. In Maine last year 6,400 Angora cats were raised. Some of the best of them were sold for \$50 each. Margaret King, a New York woman, while intoxicated cut a kitten into pieces with a pair of shears. Sebastian, a big black cat owned by a Cumberland (Md.) woman, wears a diamond collar in each ear. Three kittens were born high up in the air in an abandoned bird's nest in the croch of a tree in Flushing, N. Y. Twelve black cats were put in a New York cold storage warehouse. At the end of six months their hair had turned white. Whenever a black cat passes a Hindoo sentry at Bombay he gravely salutes it in military style. This is because of a superstition which leads him to believe that the cat contains the soul of a British officer.

ARTISTIC AND SERVICEABLE.

A variety of useful and ornamental trifles for lovers of filigree. A dainty pine cushion is made in the following way: Make a cushion about four inches wide and eight inches long, stuffing the brau or sandvut in very tightly to give a round appearance. Cover with light blue satin; over the upper part lay a piece of bolting cloth on which flowers or a jewel pattern has been embroidered in colored filo. The edge of the cushion is finished with a double ruffle of satin, cut on the bias and wide enough to conceal the lower part of cushion. Over the ruffle should fall a fringe of filmy white lace. To make a pretty shaving pad, cut two pieces of green felt into the form of a maple leaf, somewhat larger than the natural size, and place between them leaves of tissue paper cut the same shape as the felt; hold in place by a narrow ribbon passed through the base of the leaves and tied with a bow. A nice lamp mat is made of a square of green felt, with maple leaves of the felt fastened to every corner. The leaves are veined with yellow silk, and green ribbon an inch wide conceals the edges of the felt. A pretty toothbrush holder is made of a long piece of white linen turned up at the bottom to form a pocket. This holds the brushes and is lined with oilcloth, the outside being ornamented by a design worked in pale blue and pink filo. The upper part of the piece of linen is rounded off and folded over so as to conceal the slightly protruding end of the brushes, and has the word, "Toothbrushes," worked upon it in light blue filo. The edges of the toothbrush holder are finished in button hole stitch or bound with narrow light blue ribbon. A useful and pretty fancywork apron is made of white art denim and is about half the length of the skirt when finished, being turned up about nine inches at the bottom to form three pockets; in these are kept thread, scissors, etc. On the pockets is stamped some conventional design, to be worked with colored filo. The top of the apron is finished with a hem half an inch in width, with a drawstring inserted.—Housekeeper.

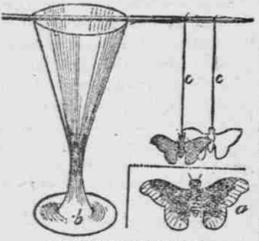
GLASS AND CHINA.

A few suggestions concerning selection of table and pantry pieces. One of the first things to provide for, both in the kitchen and pantry, and in fact everywhere else in the house, is a place for everything and everything should be kept in its proper place; there should be no little corners or shelves where broken, cracked or chipped glass, china or other debris could be stuffed away. The next essential is that a list should be kept of every possession. This list should be gone over twice a year, especially that portion of it which pertains to the china and glass, and when necessary added to at such times; an appreciable quantity need, however, never be added should each article be replaced as soon as it is broken. To-day there is no excuse for ugly china or glass; good and pretty things can be bought for as little money as had and ugly things. In selecting china the plain white is most serviceable and elegant and has this advantage that should one or more pieces become broken or chipped—nothing detracts more from the appearance of a table than chipped china—they may be readily replaced. With decorated china this is next to impossible and many a handsome set is spoiled beyond redemption because the vegetable dishes or other important parts of the service are broken and must be replaced by odd pieces that in no way fit or harmonize with the major part of the set. Plain white china insures cleanliness and one never tires of it as one does of elaborate patterns and colors. The glass for everyday use should be as inexpensive as possible, for while there is no need of a "best" china service there certainly must be some "best" glass held in reserve for special occasions. For a small family a dozen tumblers for everyday use is generally ample to leave out at one time—while but a few glasses and little glasses generally to look after at a time there is less likelihood of breakage. There is no reason why with even the smallest expenditure the table appointments should not be attractive. Nice things do not necessarily mean expensive ones.—Housewife.

INDOOR BUTTERFLIES.

How Little Sturgis, a Convalescent Youngster, Was Entertained Royally, by His Mother.

When Mamma Leavitt came home from a call at the high school teacher she found Sturgis wishing that there was no such thing as measles. "If it hadn't been for measles I don't believe I should have taken any notice of some butterflies I saw this afternoon," cried Mamma Leavitt, gaily. "And I should have found out all about them so we could have some ourselves if it hadn't been for measles." "Flying butterflies," said Sturgis, doubtfully. "They don't fly in the winter. Were they big ones?" "No," said mamma, "but they were as big as they ever would be." "Were they alive?" "No, but they were lively," answered mamma. "What were they made of?" asked the little boy. "Paper," replied Mamma Leavitt. "Let's have some." So she took some thin white paper and cut out two little butterflies like Fig. c, and through the dark spot in each head tied a piece of sewing silk about six inches long. "You might get your water colors and have these two butterflies any color you choose," said mamma. That seemed a good idea to Sturgis, and he colored them both light yellow. "They are not so pretty as when they are other colors, but they look more summerish when they are yellow," he said. When Sturgis had colored the butterflies, mamma tied the loose ends, about half an inch apart, to a long pencil and



INDOOR BUTTERFLIES.

balanced the pencil on a tall glass vase (Fig. b). There were two lifeless butterflies swinging in the air. "You said they would fly," said Sturgis. "They will," said mamma. "We must wake them up. Run and get a warm, dry lamp chimney and a silk handkerchief and I will get my fountain pen or a stick of sealing wax, or a rubber banded knife." Mamma looked and found some sealing wax. She made sure that this also was warm and dry. "I am glad I have this," she said, "it is really the best thing. Now you rub the glass with the silk and I will rub the sealing wax with my woollen dress skirt. Now hold your chimney about an inch from the butterflies. See them fly to it?" Then Mamma Leavitt held the sealing wax almost two inches from the butterflies, and to Sturgis' astonishment they flew to the wax. "They've gone to eat sealing wax," he cried in surprise. But almost before he had said it they flew back to the glass. Then back to the wax they went. Three or four times they flew, then they seemed tired and settled down to rest, hanging end of the brushes, and has the end, "Toothbrushes," worked upon it in light blue filo. The edges of the toothbrush holder are finished in button hole stitch or bound with narrow light blue ribbon. A useful and pretty fancywork apron is made of white art denim and is about half the length of the skirt when finished, being turned up about nine inches at the bottom to form three pockets; in these are kept thread, scissors, etc. On the pockets is stamped some conventional design, to be worked with colored filo. The top of the apron is finished with a hem half an inch in width, with a drawstring inserted.—Housekeeper.

FAMILY CRESTS.

Strange Symbols Adopted by Families in This Country and Their Significance. A Philadelphia family of Huguenot descent preserve a curious story of one of their ancestors. During the persecution of the French Huguenots, 12 of the leading citizens of a distressed town were forced into a small brick house in the suburbs, the openings of which were securely walled up, and the prisoners were left to starve. After three weeks a body of Huguenot soldiers captured the town, and the walls of this prison were torn down. Inside they found 12 dead bodies and one living man. When asked how he had survived, he showed a small hole in the foundation of the building, near which he lay. Every day a hawk had crept into this hole and there laid an egg. The eggs, and the air this admitted, had kept him alive. His descendants have taken for a crest a brooding hen. Another family in the same city have adopted for their symbol the figure of a cat holding a rabbit in its mouth. One of their ancestors, a widow being driven on the banks of the Delaware, was rescued by starvation by a large black winter. The hen and rabbit were found for her children, and soon after her husband brought in a rabbit which he had killed. Another American family have taken the Indian-rubber tree as their crest, they being the descendants of the man who was captured among the men who have made his name of the most faithful servants of mankind. Henry M. Stanley is said to have adopted a map of Africa as his crest. There can be no objection to the use by any family of a sign, or symbol, which recalls some striking instance of Divine mercy to their ancestors, or some great achievement by one of their ancestors for the benefit of their fellow-men; but for an American family whose progenitors have been simply worthy traders or mechanics, to borrow or steal the crests of old, noble European houses is not only an ethical offense—it is an inexcusable blunder.—Youth's Companion.

HIGH LIVING.

From This Account One Needs a Balloon to Reach Prices in a Dawn Cafe.

"You might suppose," said a man who was in the Klondike last summer, "that with the improved facilities of travel and freight transportation to the Klondike country prices of commodities there would become just a little more nearly normal, but I have in my possession a bill of fare I got at Healy's hotel and cafe in Dawson in September last, and here are some of the prices that one must pay for eatables. The hotel is a wooden structure, chiefly logs, and the conveniences are not altogether modern, and a good many of them are lacking, but the rate per day is \$12. If one eats at the cafe a la carte here's what he pays: Sirloin steak, \$2.00; corned beef, \$1.50; porterhouse, \$2.00; with mushrooms, \$2.50; tenderloin, \$2.00; Chateau Briant (spelled that way), \$2.00; with oysters, \$2.50; Hamburg steak, \$1.50; English mutton chop (one), \$2.00; (two), \$3.00; breaded, \$2.50; corn beef hash, \$1.50; lamb chops, \$2.00; pork chops, sauce plantain, \$2.00; liver and bacon, \$1.75; plain, \$1.50; ham and eggs, \$2.50; bacon and eggs, \$2.50; fried eggs, \$1.50; eggs, \$1.50; fried in butter, \$2.00; Karpis, fried, boiled, or saute, \$1.50; with mushrooms, \$1.75; fried eggs (two), \$2.00; scrambled, poached or on toast, \$2.00; with oysters, \$2.50; plain omelet, \$2.00; ham, omelet, \$2.50; or with onions, \$2.50; Spanish or run omelet, \$2.00; soufflé, \$2.50; Welsh rabbit, \$2.50; golden buck, \$2.00; and so on, with pie at a dollar a slice and pudding a dollar a small, and cigars 50 cents for the cheapest, and champagne \$15 a pint, and beer a dollar a split, and all drinks 50 cents each. As I said, it does seem that at this late date living would become a little cheaper, but people who have anything to sell want the earth for it, and the hapless consumer must pay the price or go without. The only consolation is that it will be as bad or worse at Cape Nome this summer, though that will probably tumble quicker because it is so much more accessible than the Klondike."

One Way Out of It.

Sunday School Teacher (wishing to show how easily George Washington might have fainted)—Now, children, little George didn't know but that he'd be severely whipped for confessing that he chopped down the cherry tree. What might he have done in order to keep peace with his father? Patsy—Buried the hatchet, mum.—Judge.

LIGHTNING KILLS WILD BOARS.

Five out of six imported from the Black Forest Struck Together in Pike County. Five of six wild boars imported from the Black Forest in Germany at a cost of \$100 each were lately killed by lightning at Porter's Lake, Pike County, Pa. They were brought over by Weissbrod & Hess, of Philadelphia, and were intended for breeding purposes, and it was proposed to turn their young loose in the forest, reports the New York Sun. The animals had only just arrived and were still in their boxes, which were piled under a tree. When the storm was at its height a bolt descended, striking the tree and running down it to the animals. One in a box on top of the others escaped, but those below were instantly killed. It is said their places will be supplied by other importations. The propagation of wild boars in this region is not a new experiment. Some years ago Otto Plock, a wealthy broker of New York and London, whose summer home was on the west side of the Shawangunk mountains, not far from Port Jervis, turned out several wild boars in his mountain park. For a time they thrived until at last they broke through the inclosure and committed depredations on the neighboring farms. The farmers turned out with dogs and guns, but were never able to capture any of them. They were hunted day and night. They finally took up their abode in Sullivan county, where hunters tried in vain to kill them. Judge W. H. Crane, of this place, brother of the late Stephen Crane, was the only person who successfully brought down one of these wild boars. What has become of the remainder of the animals is a mystery, as they have disappeared. It is believed they all died.

MILES FAVORS GOOD ROADS.

Commander of the United States Army Illustrates Their Great Importance. If Gen. Nelson A. Miles had his way the roads of the United States would be equal to those of any country on the globe. He tells a story of an old teamster out west who was driving over a very rough road in the Rocky mountains shortly after the Geronimo campaign. He had the general for a passenger. The wagon was an old prize schooner, without springs or cushions, and the general was vainly attempting to fall asleep, says the Chicago Chronicle. "But there was no sleep for me on that trip," says Gen. Miles, "for the old rascal drove over every boulder in the road; in fact, he seemed to be doing it purposely. Finally I became interested and began to count the number of rocks over which the wheels of the wagon passed or which they struck. Suddenly, to my consternation, he missed one—a huge boulder in the middle of the roadway. "Whoa! Hey! I cried. 'Back up! Back up!' "He quietly followed my instructions, seeming to be not at all surprised by them. When he had his wagon in the proper position I said: 'Now, drive over that rock, confound you! It's the only one you've missed.' "Without so much as a glance in my direction, he replied: 'Cent. pard. Never noticed it. Ain't got a chew about yer?' "I got out and walked the remaining eight miles."

INCREASING ENERGY.

Scientific Opinion of the Earth's Productive Possibilities.

The Noted Electrician, Nikola Tesla, Discusses the Problem of Fertilization by Means of Nature's Forces. "The Problem of Increasing Human Energy," with special reference to the harnessing of the sun's energy, is discussed in the Century by Nikola Tesla. "To increase materially the productivity of the soil, it must be more effectively fertilized by artificial means. The question of food production resolves itself, then, into the question how best to fertilize the soil. What it is that made the soil still a mystery. To explain its origin is probably equivalent to explaining the origin of life itself. The rocks, disintegrated by moisture and heat and wind and weather, were in themselves not capable of maintaining life. Some unexplained condition arose, and some new principle came into effect, and the first layer capable of sustaining low organisms, like mosses, was formed. These, by their life and death, added more of the life-sustaining quality to the soil, and higher organisms could then subsist, and so on and on, until at last highly developed plant and animal life could flourish. But though the theories and even now, not in agreement as to how fertilization is effected, it is a fact, only too well ascertained, that the soil cannot indefinitely sustain life, and that some way must be found to supply it with the substances which have been abstracted from it by the plants. The chief and most valuable among these substances are compounds of nitrogen, and the chief production of these is, therefore, the key for the solution of the all-important food problem. Our atmosphere contains an inexhaustible supply of nitrogen, and could we but oxidize it and produce these compounds, an incalculable benefit for mankind would follow. "Long ago this idea took a powerful hold on the imagination of scientific men, but an efficient means for accomplishing this result could not be devised. The problem was rendered extremely difficult by the extraordinary inertness of the nitrogen, which refuses to combine even with oxygen. But here electricity comes to our aid; the dormant affinities of the elements are awakened by an electric current of the proper qualities. "In the manufacture of nitrogen compounds by this method, of course every possible means bearing upon the intensity of this action and the efficiency of the process will be taken advantage of, and, besides, special arrangements will be provided for the fixation of the compounds formed, as they are generally unstable, the nitrogen becoming again inert after a little lapse of time. Steam is a simple and effective means for fixing permanently the compounds. The result illustrates what is practically to oxidize the atmospheric nitrogen in unlimited quantities, merely by the use of cheap mechanical power and simple electrical apparatus. In this manner many compounds of nitrogen may be manufactured all over the world at a small cost, and in any desired amount, and by means of these compounds the soil can be fertilized and its productivity indefinitely increased. An abundance of cheap and healthful food, not artificial, but such as we are accustomed to, may thus be obtained. This new and inexhaustible source of food supply will be of incalculable benefit to mankind, for it will enormously contribute to the increase of the human mass, and thus add immensely to human energy. Soon, I hope, the world will see the beginning of an industry which, in time to come, will, I believe be in importance next to that of iron."

AND EPIGRAMMATIC.

The best wheel of fortune is honest labor.—Chicago Daily News. The experience of others adds to our knowledge, but not to our wisdom; that is dearer bought.—Hosca Dallas. The man who walks with his telescope fixed on tomorrow stubs his toe on to-day.—Ran's Horn. They say nothing is certain but death and taxation. How about consequences and headaches?—Indianapolis News. The aphorism "Whatever is, is right," would be as final as it is lazy, did it not include the troublesome consequence that nothing that ever was, was wrong.—Dickens. Everyone should put a guard on himself, or he will find that he enjoys those occasions most when he is encouraged to talk freely of his grievances.—Atchison Globe. Extremes are dangerous; a middle estate is safest; as a middle temper of the sea, between a still calm and a violent tempest, is most helpful to convey the mariner to his haven.—Swinnock. There is no depth in the ocean at which a lump of solid iron will float. The nature of the ocean bottom varies from sand to the so-called ooze and mud. Water is slightly compressible. The density of ocean water depends on the pressure, temperature and salinity. The increased pressure as you descend is due to the weight of the water above. For all practical purposes, says Prof. O. H. Tittman, of the coast and geodetic survey, a ship weighs exactly as much as the quantity of water it displaces. If, however, one is very particular, it should be taken into account that that portion of a ship which is in the air is hooped up by the air, and therefore the ship weighs a little more than the amount of water displaced by it.

FACTS ABOUT THE SEA.

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THE FLAG OF HOPE.

There's a flag in the sky, there's a banner that waves.

O'er the passionate march down to passionless graves; And for lives for the deeds that are done in the night; And it leads by the love that gives wisdom its might; It floats o'er the living, it floats o'er the dead, Forever advancing, far-gleaming ahead, And the millions who set it aflame in the sky. By lofty ideals set deathless and high. Know the stars of its glory, the bars of its might, Make the bright flag of hope an all-conquering name! It Hides o'er the crescent, it mounts o'er the cross, The flags of all nations would droop at its foot, And there never was soldier who died on the field, And there never was savior who lifted his shield, And there never was harvester glad of his yield, Nor saw a man who had power to wield, But saw his folds thrashing by night and by day, Inspiring, compelling, and showing the symbol of Heaven, till the last moon shall cease. Man's bright flag of hope and sign of sweet peace! Look aloft! there it floats through the sunshine and storm! And its message is kindly, its promise is warm. Truth, honor, right, justice, fair play and fine love. These are watchwords it lifts all thy tolling shrouds. In its light his humanity woe—'tis done. It is thine, in its name let thy good work be thine. Let it wave o'er thee trusting, and wave o'er the true, Though humble the helping thy hands find to do; And that flag on thy sight shall not ever be furled. While there's a hope in one heart, and God rules o'er the world. Make it thine! Keep it pure! Set its staff straight, and thy life write the thoughts that should blazon its bars. Point it out to thy comrade when sorrow is thine. For its beauty shines best through the lens of a tear. Make it thine for the valor that fears to do wrong! Make it thine for the mercy that flows like a song! Thus for pleasure, right-living, well-wishing, fair faith, Not a symbol of battle, a blood-covered wreath, O'er life's high endeavor, O long may it wave! Man's bright flag of hope which the Infinite waves.—Charles W. Stevenson, in N. Y. Observer.

How the Old Man's Rosy Prospect Faded!

Speculation is all right for them as can see their way out an' figger the stages right along," remarked the old bull whacker. "I've know'n men get rich by speculation. I seen Bill here put a month's wages on the double 'O' onest an' hit three numbers runnin' in immediately subsequent investments, an' he was richer than this here Rockefeller for three days after. You never seen an' floored a man as Bill was. But a feller 's'nt contented I want a sure thing with a rope hitched to it in case of an axle-breakin'." I used to be sportive like the rest of you, but I hit the ground so hard it jarred all my back teeth loose, on the roughest prospect that ever deluded a hard workin' son of toil an' made him think that life was going to be one grand burdy-gurdy if valley tan an' tobaker henceforward an' for evermore. "What was that?" inquired the stock tender. "I never knowed you to have money enough to buy you a new suit of clothes, let alone speculate." "An' I've knowed him for elst on to 15 years, off an' on, but I never knowed him any more of a sport than he is right now. He wouldn't play solitaire with himself an' stink pay beans on the result of the game," said the stage agent, who, according to his monthly custom, was paying off the company's employes with a pack of cards. "It's this a-way," said the old man. "I don't as a general thing take any 'galoot into my confidence respectin' my financial operations, nor yit the 'sponsions of my bank roll. I don't 'toss as slick as I might, maybe, becuz I 'dnt embarrass me when I fried my swidely to keep the grease spots off'n my pants, an' it wouldn't go well with the negligee language I've got no use to make my team git down into the yokes, but don't you forget that I save got enough to buy this outfit put down in bribe for winter use. It ain't no oil stock nor nothin' fancy—jes' plain little old government bonds. When I get a wad that gets too heavy to pack around I buy a bond or two an' tie it up with the rest of the bundle. I kin afford to slouch. When a man is on a solid financial basis appearances don't count for nothin' with him. He ain't like you ducks that's skeered s'mbody will tumble to their state of destitution all the time an' has to wear good clothes to make a bluff. No, sir! As far as takin' no chances is concerned, why, I told you right at the jump-away that I wasn't takin' any. What are you goin' to do with your month's pay, Sam?" The stock tender grinned uneasily and looked at the stage agent, who reflected the grin. "Well," said the agent, "it's my luck to-day, and the next day it may be his. Or I might git skinned if I tried you a whiff for some of them government bonds." "What was your speculation, Tubbs?" inquired the stock tender, who was evidently anxious to avoid a delicate subject. "Turkeys," replied the old man. "I calculated on a corner in the poultry market an' slumped by reason of a delubery of tall timber. It looked mighty well, though, for quite awhile. "It was this way. Me an' Joe Hil-

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There's a flag in the sky, there's a banner that waves. O'er the passionate march down to passionless graves; And for lives for the deeds that are done in the night; And it leads by the love that gives wisdom its might; It floats o'er the living, it floats o'er the dead, Forever advancing, far-gleaming ahead, And the millions who set it aflame in the sky. By lofty ideals set deathless and high. Know the stars of its glory, the bars of its might, Make the bright flag of hope an all-conquering name!

the story of the Cross to the negroes of the island of St. Thomas, having heard of their great misery and degradation.

When he arrived at the island, he learned that it was against the law for any person but a slave to preach to the slaves. It was the policy of the planters to keep the blacks in ignorance and superstition. Shortly after this the governor of St. Thomas received a letter signed Abraham Binger, in which the writer begged urgently to become a slave for the rest of his life, promising to serve as a slave faithfully, provided he could give his leisure time to preaching to his fellow-slaves. The governor sent the letter to the kind Dr. Deane, who was so touched by it that he sent an edict empowering Abraham Binger to tell the story of the Messiah when and where he chose—to black or white, bond or free. "That giv' me the idee. When a man has idee it don't take a stick of giant to blast them out in chunks that kin be handled. I run my fork keersly through my ha'r, which wuz longer than what it is now, an' I says: 'Why not buy turkeys here, drive them out to the coast an' recoporate our shattered finances?' "Joe fell in with my scheme an' that evenin' we went out to the market an' we was goin' beg'in' at 75 cents a head. I figured that they would sell on the coast for a dollar a pound easy an' that they would average 14 pounds in weight, takin' them all through. So we jest put that whole \$10,000 in the birds an' started out. "They was easy enough to drive; there ain't a more tractable or docile bird on two legs than the turkey is. If it had been hens, now, I wouldn't never have undertook it, but turkeys is all right. I put a bell on the biggest one in the market an' studied him right an' the rest wuz robbin' along after him. It wuz as pretty a sight to see them turkeys on the road as ever you seen in your life. Twelve thousand five hundred of them, an' not a straggler in the bunch! "Ferd? Well, what do you think? Wasn't there bugs on the road? I reckon there was. It was a grasshopper year, I want to tell you, and the way those turkeys fattened up was a sin to snakes. Fourteen pounds! Why, there wasn't one of them turks that wouldn't have tipped the scale at 25 in a week, an' the bull turk an' the one that I strapped the blankets an' the cookin' outfit onto—I w'dn't want to tell you what they did weigh. "No trouble about night herdin'. As soon as it was surfdown they would comment lookin' around for a place to roost, an' then they would fly up into the trees an' we could rest until the next mornin'. We took the old overland trail along the Platte out to Fort Laramie, an' not a hitch in the arrangements. We could see how the folks in California was goin' to flock round us with their dust when we got there. We could see ourseves in carriages, with plug hats an' spike-tail coats an' blooded stock. H!l! Do you know what that would have brought us? It's easy. Puttin' it at the moderate estimate of 50 for a pound, an' allowin' the average of 25 pounds to the bird, there we were with a clean profit of \$21.75 on every one of them, or allowin' for possible losses by death or misadventure, say \$20,000 on the outfit. It was a gold durned shame that we had to slip up on the deal. "The old man began to smoke his pipe in stolid silence, and the stock-tender winked at the stage agent. The silence continued for half an hour, and was then broken by the stock-tender remarking that it was about time for him to feed them horses. "Yes," resumed the old man, placidly. "We slipped up on it, an' it was this way: You see, we had had lots of cottonwood trees all along the Platte, but when we started to cross the plains to Green river we noticed that the turkeys got bothered at roosting time. They kep' twistin' their necks around lookin' for some place to roost all night long an' the next day some of them had necks like a pretzel. When they tried to feed an' took a shot at a bug or grasshopper they would miss him from six inches to a foot on one side or the other. Joe allowed that they would learn to calculate the variation after awhile, but they got poorer an' poorer, so all there was to it we had to take them back to the Platte to get the creek straightened out wh' they died in a few days. But when we took them to the plains ag'n we had the same old trouble an', to make a long story short, we kep' drivin' them back an' forth an' back an' fo'th until there wasn't any more to drive. "What got away with them?" asked the stage agent. "S'w'e et 'em, you derned fool," replied the old man.—Chicago Daily Record.

THEATRICAL SCENERY.

Stage Pictures Are Now Painted Upon Tough Brown Paper for Portability. Except as regards the part that mechanism plays the scenic artists of Italy are the best in the world, as effective painters, and the fact is so well recognized in these days of almost a resident scenic artist is getting to be a rarity—that a great trade of this sort has sprung up between the painters of Italy and the managers of theatres. And this is particularly so in regard to companies that come from America. So heavy has been the cost of transporting tons of scenery, and so exacting have the customs officials been of late years, that the generality of managers at one time found it cheaper to have new scenes painted after they arrived. But the Italian system has largely done away with all this, for it includes the painting of the scenery on large sheets of a peculiarly tough sort of brown paper of these heavy numbers and joined together with nattering accuracy. A recent grand opera production in this country depended essentially upon these sheets of paper alone, and not even the oldest playgoer in the house could distinguish any peculiarity. Of course, the sheets are spread upon canvas in the ordinary way and a "toucher-up" is required after they are spread, but the system is immeasurably useful when a new production is taken from one capital to another at a great distance, and the Italian artists are sending their sheets to managers all over the world.

ELECTRIC CURRENTS.

A 20,000-horse power electric plant is to be erected on the Catawba river, N. C. Cleveland will soon be the center of the greatest electrical suburban railway system in the world. A cable is being laid along the west coast of Africa and another from the Cape to Australia. A test made recently in Binghamton, N. Y., showed that the cost of heating street cars by electricity is double that of heating with coal. Eleven of the largest and most powerful electric generators ever built will be built for an aluminum works at Niagara Falls. London has only 25,000 telephone subscribers. If it had as many for its population as San Francisco has it would have 100,000. An Englishman has constructed an experimental electric line on which miniature carriages travel at the rate of 240 miles an hour. The design is to construct such lines to convey postal matter only. Recent experiments with a view to connecting Brussels and London by telephone have been very successful, and it is probable that in a short time a regular line will be established. The line is already ready for working between Buffalo, Pa., Vienna and Berlin, and in a short time it is expected that Berlin will have telephonic communication with Constantinople.

WOULD BECOME A SLAVE.

Young Man Who Was Willing to Sacrifice His Liberty in Order to Preach. Many men in this country have sacrificed property, happiness, and even life itself in the struggle to make themselves or others freemen; but we know of but one man who, from the highest motives, ever sought to become a slave. Abraham Binger, a Swiss boy from Zurich, came with his parents to this country on the same brig that brought John Wesley. The father and mother of the lad both died, and he stepped alone from the gangway on to a strange continent, where there was not a single familiar face. The solitude of his childhood drove him closer to the friend in whom religion had early taught him to trust. The orphaned condition of the gentle boy must have appealed strongly to the sympathy of Mr. Wesley, and it was probably the great preacher himself who took him from the ship to the Methodist orphan school in Georgia, where he was educated. In his youth Binger gave proof of singularly devout and tender feeling, and this character was intensified with added years. When he had grown to manhood, he asked to be sent to tell