Before the end of this year every one of the 168 towns in Connecticut will be connected by telephone.

The Peruvian oil region is said to cover 72,00 square miles. That of Pennsylvania is about 350 square miles.

A correspondent asks the Chicago Times-Herald to "describe the Greek cross." It would be much easier to describe what has made the Greek cross.

The Dallas News says that there are flowers and bees enough in Texas and cows enough to overflow a State like Massachusetts six feet deep with milk and honey.

No man can read the names of Greek and Turkish persons and places without realizing that there is bound to be a high mortality rate among compositors and proof readers.

A curious illustration of the diverse conditions that may exist in this country is the fact that while so many people in the Mississippi Valley are suffering from floods the New Orleans papers are raising money for sufferers from the drouth in Louisiana.

Scientific cultivation trebles the sugar crop on the Hawaiian plantations, declares the New York Tribune. An acre which formerly would not support in comfort one cannibal now grows a maximum of eleven tons of sugar, a crop never equalled elsewhere.

A woman's bicycle club was organized in Detroit the other day, but the Free Press says that it collapsed within a week because no two members could agree as to the uniform to be worn. When Colorado musters in its company of women militia there will be trouble.

While a marriage ceremony was being performed near Danville, Va., a kerosene lamp flamed up and was about to explode when the bride seized it and hurled it through a window. The groom then came out from under the table, where he had hidden, and the ceremony proceeded.

Promotions are coming rapidly these days in the upper official circles of the regular army. What few veterans of the Civil War are left find the age of retirement close at hand in the youngest cases. "The army will soon be in the hands of officers trained only in the walks of peace," observes the New Orleans Picayune.

For the first time in twenty-eight years the State of Ohio is without Democratic representation in the United States Senate. The long period of divided representation began in 1869, with the election of Allen G. Thurman as the colleague of John Sherman. Once only has the rule of divided representation been broken, and that was in the Forty-sixth Congress, when George H. Pendleton was the colleague of Senator Thurman.

One of the new dictionaries has in it a pretty big and yet perhaps a useable word, "politicalization," of which it seems to be itself somewhat in doubt, although it half-supports it with a quotation from the Brooklyn Eagle, which coined the phrase. The Eagle, it seems, once referred to "the steady politicalization of the public schools," by which it meant the subjection of these schools to political control. Whatever we may think of the word, comments the New York Observer, the danger indicated is certainly a real one.

Illinois women are making a strong effort to lift the compulsory education law of their State into activity. At present the law only remains that every child shall attend school for sixteen weeks each year. Children easily evade it by an irregular attendance during the last term of school. When the school has closed it becomes difficult to determine whether or not they have had the prescribed amount of tuition. Actually, although there is a penalty for infraction of the law, and although infraction is frequent, the penalty has never been imposed. It is believed that a simple amendment requiring the sixteen weeks of tuition to be consecutive and at the beginning of the term, and providing for the enforcement of the law, will be sufficient.

A newspaper artist has been telling some of the woes of the men who make pictures for the daily papers. He says: "It makes me tired sometimes when I hear some smart Aleck who couldn't tell the difference between art and a side of sole leather criticise newspaper illustrations. The public doesn't understand what handicaps are continually thrown about our work. A few days before election I was given instructions to make a portrait of one of the candidates. He gave me an old daguerreotype, made just after the war, and said he had had no photograph taken since then. Well, I made his picture all right, but in order to do it I first had to cut off a full beard and curl his moustache. Then I gave him a hair cut, parted his hair on the other side, gave him a stand-up collar and a modern cravat, and added thirty years' worth of wrinkles to his face. And yet they say such work isn't art."

THE SAME OLD SONG.

Mothers, out of the mother-heart,
Fashion a song both soft and low
Always the same, dear mother art,
Rocking the baby to and fro,
Always a lazy, loving croon,
Hummed in sleepy undertone.

Down the baby snuggles to sleep—
Winking as long as wink he may.
Now with a kick he tries to keep
The trickesy god from his eyes away.
Wo-wa, wo-wa, long, long ago,
The Indian mother chanted low.

Wooing, she said, on the baby's brow
Softly struck with his wee war club
A circle of kiss he playeth slow,
With his little fist a rub-a-dub.
Wo-wa, wo-wa, tender and low,
Rocking the baby to and fro.

Le-ro-la, le-ro-la, ever a mum,
Like murmuring bees in the golden light
Under the palm trees mothers come—
Ethiope mothers, dark as night—
Chanting the same old silvery flow,
Swinging the baby to and fro.

Mothers, too, with the snowy skin,
By-lo, by-lo, tenderly sing,
And tell the dustman coming in,
Into the baby's eyes to fling
Atoms of dust to make him wink
And into dreamland gently sink.

Wo-wa, wo-wa, by-lo, by-lo,
Le-ro-la, le-ro-la, ever the same—
Ever the tune of the long ago!
Out of the motherly heart it came,
Born of a sense that mothers know,
Rocking the baby to and fro.

White or black or bronze the hue,
Always the same sweet tune is heard.
The sweetest song earth ever knew,
Happy as trill of the nestling bird.
Mothers content in the twilight glow
Are rocking their babies to and fro.

Mothers, out of the mother-heart,
Fashion a song both sweet and low.
Always the same, dear mother art,
Rocking the baby to and fro.
Always a lazy, loving croon,
Hummed in a dreamy undertone.
—The Home Queen.

TALE OF TWO RINGS.

"CARSON," I said favoluntarily, stooping to knock the ash from my cigar, "perhaps I ought not to ask, although I have known you for nearly three years, but is it usual for a wife to wear two wedding rings?"

Dead silence. He had just lowered his violin, after a very soft solo—for it was considerably past midnight when I ventured that curious question. There had been an evening party, and, as I was to stay at the house till morning, Carson's wife had said "Good night" and left us to finish our inevitable smoke and talk. His mouth twitched a little, but it was some time before he retorted in a low tone:

"Is it usual for a man well under forty to have hair as white as mine?"

"Well, perhaps not—but I thought you attributed that to some shock or other. What has that to do with—with the two rings?"

"Everything." He listened at the door for a moment, turned down the lights and then came and sat down, spreading his hands over the fire. "Two rings? Exactly, one is the ring I put on her finger when I married her; the second was put there by another man, and will stay there as long as the first."

"Never mind now," I said. His voice had trailed off huskily. "I had no idea there was any tragic element behind the fact."

"Tragic? Heavens! It was more than that, Arthur," he whispered, turning up a drawn face. "I never meant to touch upon it, but when you speak it came back with a rush as vivid as if I had been standing at the mouth of the old north shaft again. And that was six years ago.

"You've heard me speak at least, of the mine itself—the Langley Mine, in Derbyshire. I had only been assistant surveyor at the pits there for about nine months when it happened. At 9 o'clock that morning, Arthur, three of us stepped into the cage—old Jim Halliday, the foreman, his son Jim, and myself; the men had gone down an hour before. I shall never forget that young Jim's sweetheart had walked over to the pit with him, as she occasionally did. They were to be married in a week or two, and she—and I see had on her finger the ring that he had bought in Derby the day before—just for safety's sake, or perhaps out of womanly pride. I recollect that just as the chain clanked and the winter sunshine was disappearing overhead, he shouted out a third 'Good-by!' to her—little dreaming that it was to be goodby. Little enough old Halliday and I thought that days would elapse before we emerged into God's sunlight again!

"A new vein had been bored the year before, and then abandoned because it ran in the direction of the river. We three had had instructions to widen it for a space of 300 yards—a piece of work that had occupied us nearly a month. Old Jim picked and young Jim wheeled the coal away to the nearest gallery, from where it was carried over rails to the bottom of the main shaft.

"Well, by 4 o'clock that afternoon we calculated roughly that we had reached the limit laid down.

"'I think it's as near as possible, Mr. Carson,' old Halliday said. 'Jim, give another count, we don't want the water coming in.'

"Jim went back. We could hear him singing out the paces in his light-hearted fashion as he returned, his voice echoing through the long galleries. 'Two-sixty-nine—pooh! you're miles off it, dad!' He was only a score of yards off, though. 'Two-sixty-nine—two-seventy-four. It'll allow a fall twenty yet, I recon.'

He had just finished his count when—but there, no man could properly describe it. It was something one had to realize for himself before he could understand a hare half of the sudden terror that whitened our lips and seemed to bring our hearts to a standstill. There was a rumbling in one of the distant galleries, and a sickening tremble of the ground underneath us; then—then the most paralyzing sound, I do believe, that is to be heard in this world. How or why it happened is something to be placed among the host of unsolved mysteries; but there was one grinding, splintering roar, as though the earth had split into pieces.

"Before we could stir hand or foot to save ourselves, before we could even take in that an explosion had occurred while we were guarding against another sort of danger, down thundered a mass of coal, tons upon tons of it, that blocked up the only passage leading to the shaft. It just reached young Jim; standing where he did, he was struck down—we heard his screech stifled beneath the debris. For about five more seconds the earth seemed to be heaving and threatening universal chaos; then all became still as a tomb.

"A tomb! We had our lamps; old Jim and I looked, and saw that we were cut off from the rest of the world.

"What happened next I hardly know; I was stupified with the shock, sick with a mortal fear of death. He and I stood staring mutely at each other. The only thing I recollect is that his face was gray as marble, and that a line of froth stood on his lips.

"He was the first to come back to sense. He gave one choking cry of 'Jim!' and staggered forward to that black pile. The boy's hand was sticking out from the bottom of it, clutching convulsively at nothing. I sank down and watched, in a sort of dreary fascination, as old Jim, uttering strange cries, tore at the mass in a mad frenzy. God help him! Jim was the only thing he had in the world to love. In less than five minutes he had dragged him out, and sat down to hug him in his arms. Dead? No; he could just open his poor dust-filled eyes in answer to his father's whispers; but we knew at once that he would never again make the galleries echo his piercing whistle.

"For whole hours, I suppose, neither of us attempted to realize our situation. We sat on in the dead silence, waiting for something to happen. Once or twice we saw young Jim's blackened lips move feebly, and each time his father would mutter brokenly, 'Ay, my precious boy, we'll look after her!' Once the old man broke out, quaveringly, into the hymn, "Abide With Me!" but he got no further than the third line. That, perhaps, was about 8 o'clock, but we could keep no count of the time, as my watch had stopped. Hour after hour must have gone by, and still old Jim sat, with rigid face and staring eyes, clasping his burden. In all probability it was morning above ground before at last he spoke.

"'How long can we hold out, Mr. Carson? I'm afraid to go on. I've been a godless man all my time.'

That roused me. I examined our position carefully. The passage was about eight yards wide at this point, and measured about twenty paces from the end to where that solid wall of coal blocked our path to the outer world. As the bore ran level with the foot of the north shaft, we were about forty feet below the clear surface. We had no food, and our lamps would burn, say, another five or six hours; while the breathing air, hot and gaseous already, would probably become unendurable before the evening came. That was our situation, and let any man conceive a worse, if he can. One slender chance of escape at the best left; perhaps the entire passage was not blocked, and we might force our way to the main gallery. I was not afraid of death in the way that it comes to most people, but I was afraid to meet and struggle with it there. We sprang to the task, wild at the thought that those few hours of stupor might have made all the difference.

"You can guess what happened, and why, after a long spell of fighting to break through that horrible wall, old Jim threw himself down with a groan and refused to go on. As fast as we loosened one mass, another crashed down in its place; at the end of our desperate attempt we were half choked and blinded with dust, our hands were raw and we had made scarce any headway. Barely, too, had we given up the work as hopeless when my lamp flickered out; half an hour later, old Jim's followed suit.

"Total oblivion! As I sat and contemplated our fate, a faintness of mingled hunger and despair crept over me. Young Jim, quite still, was propped up against the wall close by. Within a few feet of me sat his father; at times he would start up and shriek out in nameless terror—at others he would catch up his pick and hack at the walls with the fury of a maniac. And worse was to come.

"I think I must have fainted. I do not seem to recollect any more until the moment when I became conscious of my mate's hard breathing over me, and of the fact that his hand was feeling—or, so it seemed—for my throat. I dashed away, panting under the shock of this new horror.

"'Jim,' I gasped, 'for Heaven's sake keep sane! If we're to go, let us die like men!'

"No answer; I heard him crawling away, and that was all. The dead silence was only broken by a faint trickling sound. Trickling! Yes; I put my hand to the level, and found half an inch of water—and hotter and stifling grew the atmosphere. Praying hard to myself, I realized now that, should no help come, only a few hours could live betwixt us and the end. And then—old Jim might go first, and I should be left. Nay, I was already practically alone; the fear that was slowly whitening my hair had turned old Jim's brain.

"He suddenly sent up a peal of delirious laughter. 'Water! Who says water? Why, mates, I'm swimming in it! Here's a go!'

"Presently he began creeping round to find me. I could hear him coming, by his labored respiration, and the swishing of the coal as he moved. Round and round the space we went stealthily, until at last he made a cunning rush and caught me by the ankle. 'Got him!' He yelled it with a glee that was unmistakable.

"More words could never convey the sensation of that moment. Half suffocated, past all ordinary fear, I closed with my poor old mate, and we went staggered to and fro across our prison, until at last I managed to throw him so that his head struck heavily against the wall. After that he lay quite still. I believed at the time that I had killed him, but we knew afterward that it was that blow which preserved his reason.

"The rest can be told in a few words. After that I lay there like one in a dream, while the pestilential air slowly did its work. Sometimes I fancied I could feel cool breezes blowing down on me, and at others heard some one telling me to wake up, for that the whistle had sounded at the pits. How long I lay so, I can only conjecture. I really know nothing more until I was roused by the sound of that coal barrier crashing down before the picks and spades of a dozen rescuers, and the hubbub from a dozen throats as they broke into our tomb.

"Only just in time. Old Jim's face was only just out of the water, and they said that no human being could have lived in that atmosphere for another two hours. And young Jim?—well, there was just enough life left in him to last three days.

"Till the end of that third day, I kept to my bed; and then they sent to say that he was going, but that he wished to see me first. I reached the house just in time to catch his last whisper.

"'You—you'll take her, mate! Marry her—no one else! Only—only, you'll let my ring stay there. Promise—me that.'

"What could I do but promise? I had no thought then of marrying his sweetheart—but it was his dying wish, and for years Jim and I had been like brothers.

"Just a year later I asked her if there was room in her heart for me, and—and—well, that's enough. Now you know why my wife wears two wedding rings."—Tit-Bits.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Munich, Bavaria, reports bottled liquefied air.

Some comets have more than one tail. The great comet of 1744 had six tails spread fan shape.

Two French biologists find evidence that fasting lessens the effect of diphtheria and other microbial poisons.

The largest mammoth found in the Siberian ice fields measured seventeen feet in length and was ten feet high.

Electricity has been adopted as the motive power of the machinery connected with the drainage system in New Orleans.

To guard against disease the Legislature of New Hampshire passed a law providing for the inspection of all ice sold within the State.

The eye of the vulture is so constructed that it is a high-power telescope, enabling the bird to see objects at an almost incredible distance.

A nugget of platinum, weighing nearly two pounds, is on exhibition in New York. This is believed to be the largest nugget ever discovered, the metal being usually found in very small grains.

A company has been formed which made an offer to the municipality of St. Petersburg, Russia, to light all the streets of the city with electric lights for the same price that is now paid for the very unsatisfactory lighting with oil lamps.

Charles Burckhalter, the astronomer of the Chabot Observatory, of California, will travel half-way around the world so that for two minutes, in far-off India, he may endeavor to photograph the sun during solar eclipse of next January.

True manna is said to be found on the blades of a blue grass growing in Queensland. Nearly three parts of it consist of mannite, which, though sweet, is not a sugar. Masses as large as marbles appear on the nodes of the stems. The manna-bearing grass is not only indigenous to Australia, but is found in tropical Asia and Africa.

Telegraph and telephone poles are the latest development in the line of manufactures from paper. They are made of pulp in which a small amount of borax, tallow, and other ingredients are mixed. These are cast in a mold in the form of a hollow rod of the desired length. The poles are claimed to be lighter and stronger than wood, and it is said that the weather does not affect them.

Derivation of the Names of the Days.

Sunday is so called, because it was anciently dedicated to the worship of the sun. Monday means literally the day of the moon. Tuesday was dedicated to Tuisco, the Mars of our Saxon ancestors, the deity that presided over combats, strifes and litigation. Hence in England Tuesday is assize day; the day for combat, or commencing litigation. In this country it is generally the day selected for the opening of court terms or sessions. Wednesday is so called from Wodin, or Odin, a deity or chief among the northern nations of Europe. Thursday was named by the Saxons from Thor, the old Teutonic god of thunder. Friday is from Frea or Friga, a goddess of the old Saxon mythology. Saturday means simply Saturn's day, the name being derived from the deity of that name.

Soap From Sunflower Seeds.

Those interested in new industries may be glad to hear that it is possible to manufacture good soaps from sunflower seeds. Sunflowers grow easily, and need little attention. A company has been organized in the United States to manufacture this sort of soap. It is claimed that the average yield of plants to the acre is 2500 pounds gross; percentage of oil is one-third the weight of the seeds, so that 600 pounds of seed will make 200 pounds of oil. The latter, when refined and ready to use in making soap, is worth about 8l a pound, and is said to make the finest of toilet soaps. The net profit of the sunflowers to the grower is put at 3l1 an acre.

Rat Killing Their Fad.

The newest fad in Scott County, Indiana, is "rat killings." The vicinity has lately been invaded by hordes of rats, which are doing much damage. When a "killing" is arranged all the men and robust boys in the neighborhood are invited, and, armed with clubs and accompanied by dogs, they begin a systematic cleaning out of barns, haystacks and corn cribs. The rats are very fierce, and several men have been severely bitten by them, but the work goes on nevertheless, and the average mortality of rodents at a killing is about 200.—Detroit Free Press.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Courageous Capture of a Big Shark by a Native of India—A Rattlesnake Takes Up Its Quarters on a Miner's Body in Colorado—An Extraordinary Ordeal.

"Talk about your shark hunters in the South Pacific Islands," remarked the old traveler, "but I remember seeing an encounter with one of those long-toothed gentry that for cool nerve beat anything I ever read about.

"I was loafing around Calcutta one day, late in the autumn, waiting for the evening train up to the city of Hugli, when I heard a tremendous shouting coming from the direction of the river Hugli, which is practically one of the mouths of the Ganges. Trotting over to the shore as fast as a white man ever travels in India, I saw a huge commotion. Natives were hurrying away from the bank as if in terror and then running back as if their curiosity had overcome their greatest fears. The river was full of boats. The occupants of the larger ones were screaming with excitement, while those in the small ones were shrieking and jabbering with a considerable amount of fear.

"I soon discovered that the fuss had been created by a large shark which had come up with the tide and had ventured a little further than it was customary for sharks to do. His dorsal fin was cutting the water here and there and when occasionally he turned on his back and sent his nose and grinning teeth above the water groans and screams of horror went up in all directions. His sharkship was evidently out for supper and was casting longing glances at the succulent Hindoo babies, of whom a considerable number were in sight.

"In the midst of all the hubbub a tall, lank Hindoo stepped out upon the roof of a kind of houseboat and in a short speech announced that he would catch the shark.

"Instantly a dead hush fell upon the multitude. The Hindoo stood erect. He was armed only with a long rope like a lariat, which he held behind his back with his left hand.

"Presently Mr. Shark came to the surface about eight yards from the boat and immediately the Hindoo plunged overboard.

"A chorus of groans and exclamations went up, in the midst of which the Hindoo reappeared, swimming with his right hand. Man and shark faced each other, and I fancied that I saw a pleased expression in the monster's eye as much as to say: 'Well, this is civil, to say the least.'

"The shark evidently thought he had a cinch on the situation, for he swam leisurely towards the Hindoo, turned slowly upon his back, and opened his mouth. The mouth closed with a snap, and the people screamed, but the Hindoo had dived, and presently he appeared again on the offside of the shark, smiling and still carrying his rope.

"The big fish looked surprised, and then made another gentle dab at the Hindoo. The result was the same, and Mr. Hindoo came up fresh for the third round.

"Then the shark began to grow angry, and made a vicious run at the Hindoo, and again he missed. The people on shore and in the boats began to feel confidence in the human champion and their groans were changed to applause. Every time the man made a point against the fish those heathens would send up a rousing cheer.

"Well, by this time the thing was getting exciting. I never saw such swimming before, and I never will again. The man was a regular water-snake. He dodged, twisted, dived and jumped like an eel. The fish made charge after charge. Once his fin grazed the Hindoo's arm, and the water was colored with blood. The man's stock went down a point, but it soon rose again, when the crowd began to see that the fish simply wasn't in it. The man was beating him at his own game. You see the fish could only go in one direction—straight ahead like an arrow—while the man turned and doubled like a fox.

"Well, by and bye the exertion and excitement told on the monster. He got rattled, churned the river into foam, and then became quiet again. At this moment, the Hindoo faced him again. It was the last round.

"The shark charged languidly. The man waited, lying in the water until the great mouth was open to seize him. Then, with a convulsive backward leap, he straightened his body and sank feet downward, like a plummet of lead.

"The shark settled down over him, lashing the water into a lather of foam. They seemed to be grappling with each other. The crowd groaned and screamed, and then became silent.

"For the space of what seemed an hour, the people watched the surface of the water, until even the bubbles had disappeared, and all was quiet.

"'Lost, lost!' screamed a priest, and the mob re-echoed the cry and began to beat their breasts like a lot of madmen. Then suddenly, in the middle of it all, the Hindoo reappeared, thirty yards up the stream. Both hands were above his head, and he was screaming, 'Tan, tan, tan!' He had slipped the noose of his lariat around the shark's tail, and drawn it taut; and he held the free end in his hand.

"In an instant it was ashore, and a score of Hindoos were drawing at it. It took them half an hour to get Mr. Shark ashore, for he pulled like a locomotive, but they finally managed it. He proved to be nine feet long, and sold for a sum which enabled his captor to live in comfort for nearly half a year."

A Snake Under His Shirt.

"It was in the San Juan country, in Colorado, in 1876, that I had an experience that few men would be likely to forget in a lifetime," said J. E. Lantry last night in the office of an uptown hotel much frequented by Western men. "A party of five of us had gone in there to prospect ahead of the rush that we knew would come next year. It was one night toward the end of September that we were in camp in the open air, every man lying rolled up in his blankets, for the nights were getting cold and frosty. Next to me was a man named Adams, from Illinois originally, I believe. About the middle of the night he awoke me by calling my name.

"'What's the matter, Bill,' I asked.

"He answered me in a most peculiar tone—it was as if he were trying to speak without breathing or moving a muscle of his body.

"'For God's sake help me, Lantry,' he said. 'There's a snake crawling up under my shirt.'

"I came up on my elbow and looked at Adams. The moon was shining brightly, so that I could see everything almost as well as if it had been daylight. Adams was lying on his back as still as a stone, and his face was like the face of a corpse. He had taken his boots off before turning in, and his stockinged feet stuck out below the bottom of his blanket. Alongside one of them, passing inside his trousers leg, was the last twelve inches of a rattlesnake—a big one—curling to and fro, like the end of a whip, as it went up out of sight.

"'For God's sake, hurry!' said Adams. 'His head's on my chest now, and he's coming higher all the time. Cut my clothes off me and don't waste time!'

"'Keep still, Adams, and don't wake the camp,' I cautioned him. 'If there gets to be a racket round it'll start the snake up. He won't get hostile if he's let alone. Now he's quiet and let me work.'

"It was an easy matter to pull the blankets off Adams. That left him lying in shirt and trousers, with the snake next his skin. Then I set to work to cut away his clothes. My hunting knife was as keen as a razor. I began at the trousers leg, ripping it up at the side. Then I cut the shirt open on the side, working from the bottom up.

"Up 'round the neck, where the band was tight, it was ticklish business to cut the shirt loose without cutting Bill—and then again I realized that I was working with my hand mighty near a rattlesnake's head. But I got the shirt cut clear from top to bottom. Then I went 'round to the other side of Adams.

"'Now, Bill,' I said, and pulled shirt and trousers leg over to me, leaving Adams's body bare, with the snake in full view. The reptile was a big, dark-colored mountain snake, fully five feet long. As it lay in something of an S shape its tail was at Adams's knee, while its head rested in the hollow of its throat.

"At sight of me the snake drew back its head and went half into coil on Adams's stomach. Then, seeing that I did not move or offer to attack it, the snake turned and crawled off from Adams and made for the shelter of a plant a half dozen steps away.

"'All right, Bill; he's gone,' I said.

"It was like touching a spring. I believe that when Adams came up from the ground he went four feet straight into the air; and the yell he fetched made the boys think, as they woke, that the Utes were upon us. The sight of a half-naked man, jumping and yelling, without there seeming any cause for it, was rather startling as it was. But Adams quieted down in a minute or two, about the time I had matters explained. Two of us went out and killed the snake—his rattling gave him away—and the rest helped Adams get his clothes patched together to do until morning."

A Bridegroom's Race With Death.

The story of an unhappy bridegroom, whose hair grew gray in a single morning, and that the morning of his marriage, is reported from Zigrad, in Hungary.

Mitru Popa, born in Teregova, son of a small farmer, and affianced to a daughter of a prosperous citizen of Zigrad, recently started for Zigrad, there to wed and bring home his bride. The place can be reached in two hours by the mountain road. There was, however, a short cut; it led through the railway tunnel with a single line of rails. Popa laid ear to ground and listened. As there was not the slightest vibration he took courage and ventured into the dark passage. Here, the report goes on, he had been stumbling along as best he could, when, after ten minutes passed in the total darkness, and being, as he judged, near the centre of the tunnel, he heard the distant rumbling of an approaching train.

The noise grew louder behind him, and Popa ran; louder still, and Popa raced! It was a via dolorosa with the small point of daylight far off amid the darkness, and if he could win to it, then it meant life, safety and bride, but the thunder of the train grew ever nearer. Fortunately the gradient was a steep one, and the express was called express by courtesy only, and the race between the man and death terminated at the tunnel's outlet, the man winning by about his own length.

The mercifully sluggish express passed into the daylight as the bridegroom fell prostrate on the bank. When he had started he had dark brown hair; when he arrived at the bride's house it was white as the bride's veil. The lady, however, accepted him on the somewhat dubious grounds "that the hair would come all right in time and that the injury was covered by insurance."

Queer-Looking World.

Supposing that you had been born blind, and after living many years shut out from the beautiful things of the world, some skilled surgeon should give to you your sight, wouldn't you have some marvelous experiences? says the Chicago Record. An old man who had been born blind had his sight thus restored to him. At first he started violently and was afraid of the strange things around him, the hugeness of his room and its contents. One of the first things he saw at the window was a flock of sparrows. "What are they?" asked the physician.

"I think they are teacups," was the reply.

A watch was then shown to him, and he knew what it was, probably because he heard it tick. Later, on seeking the flame of a lamp, he tried to pick it up, not having the slightest idea of its nature.

A Fair Return.

The latest development in medicine is the specialist who treats bicycle diseases. The bicycle can well afford to give a little business to the physician, considering the much greater business that it has taken away from him.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Birds and Barbs.

Sing to the light the lark;
The nightingale in the dark;
But the poet sings through dark and light—
His heart the echo of day and night.
—Henry Austin, in the Century.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Water for Washing Glass.

The water for washing glass and delicate china should never be very hot, and even granite or stone should not be immersed in water where you cannot easily bear your hand. For delicately painted French china, warm soft water without any soap is best. Silver should, whether solid or plated, should never be tossed about in contact with steel knives. Knife handles are readily cleaned by a damp cloth—hot water loosens and blackens them.

Salt Rising Bread.

Many a time and oft you hear a man sighing for the "bread his mother used to bake," and here is the recipe for a kind, called "salt rising," and the recipe is that of Mrs. Stockdale, of Mississippi. Take a pint of milk and a pint of water, and stir in flour to make a stiff batter that will not run from the spoon, but drops like drop cake batter. Add a teaspoonful of salt and put in a warm place, where it will stand for at least four hours. If water rises to the top, stir in more flour. After it rises make up just as you would ordinary bread, using the 'rising' instead of yeast, and adding about a gill of milk or water and a little more salt, and a piece of lard about the size of an egg to that quantity. Knead it well, and put at once in well-greased pans to rise. Care must be exercised not to jar them while rising, and it should be baked the same as any other bread.

Cleaning Black Goods.

Every one has or wants a black gown nowadays, and such goods as serge, cheviot, cashmere, henrietta, etc., are easily cleaned. First remove the grease spots with naphtha, and remember that this fluid is very explosive when exposed to either light or fire. Make a lather of warm soapsuds, with a good, not strong, soap, and a teaspoonful of borax to every two quarts of water. Into this dip the goods up and down and wash between the hands, then wring gently and put partly to hang in the shade, and when nearly dry iron on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron. Always rinse once in lukewarm water, and iron again til the material is perfectly dry. Never rub a fabric, that is being renovated on the washboard, nor wring it tightly, and in using naphtha remember that it roughens the hands, and that after using it is well to put vaseline upon them and to wear old gloves.

Wash alpaca in the same manner as cashmere, adding a little gum arabic to the rinsing water. If the black goods are of a rusty color, restore them by sponging with ammonia and alcohol. Always use a piece of the same material or one near to it for sponge with. Remove grease from colored cashmere with French chalk. Rub it on the spot, then let it remain all night, and in the morning brush off; if necessary redeat the treatment.

Wash a colored woolen fabric, as cashmere or serge, in warm water, putting a tablespoonful each of beef's gall and ammonia to a pailful of water. Have the rinsing water ready, with a small portion of beef's gall in that, and wash and rinse quickly; dry in the shade and iron on the wrong side with a warm, not hot, iron. French chalk can be used on any color and material. Benzine will remove paint—it is also very explosive—but sometimes leaves a stain like water. This stain may often be removed with French chalk. Grease is also removed by rubbing the spot with a lump of wet magnesia, and after it is dry by brushing off the powder. Remove all grease spots before cleaning a piece of silk or woolen goods. It is prudent to try the liquid you intend using on a small bit of the material first to note the effect. In sponging any fabric always do it with downward strokes.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Recipes.

Cheese Omelet—To three beaten eggs add a tablespoonful each of milk and grated cheese. When ready to fold, add a little more cheese, turn on a hot dish and grate a dust of cheese over.

Apple Snow—Steam until tender six good-sized apples, pared and cored. Add one-fourth pound finely sifted white sugar and whites of two fresh eggs. Beat until it will heap up. Serve in custard glasses.

Italian Sauce—Brown an onion and a garlic in one-half spoonful of drippings seasoned with salt and pepper to suit taste. Add one-quarter of a can of strained tomatoes, and simmer for forty-five minutes. Mix lightly just before serving.

Rhubarb Sauce—Cut the rhubarb into half-inch pieces, leaving the skin on. Put in a stew pan and cover thickly with granulated sugar. Do not add any water, the juice from the rhubarb will soon flow, making its own liquid. This is delicious.

Scalloped Onions—Boil the onions until tender, then put in a baking dish and pour over a sauce made of one tablespoonful of butter rubbed into one and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour; pour over it one pint of hot milk, and cook until like custard. Bake half an hour.

Oyster Sauce—Stew a pint of oysters in their own liquor, add a teacupful of milk and let this boil up. Strain off the liquor, return to the fire, and thicken with a tablespoonful of flour. Stir well and pour over the oysters. This is used for boiled fish and turkey, chicken, etc.

Apricot Meringue—One cup of stewed apricots, whites of four eggs, one cup of sugar. Beat the eggs very stiff; add the sugar gradually, then stir in the apricots which have been passed through a sieve. Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with whipped cream.

Fish Croquettes—Use any kind of cold boiled fish. Free it from skin and bone. Mince fine. To one pint of minced fish use one cup of well-seasoned mashed potatoes, two eggs well beaten. Mix well, season to taste, shape, crumb and fry. One cupful of white sauce can be used in place of mashed potatoes.

Pray Five Times a Day.

A gentleman traveling in Persia says he has been in a town where the bells ring for prayer five times a day, and business men rush out of their offices to the churches, leaving their places of business alone and unlocked, and no body ever has a thing stolen.