ON THE OTHER SIDE.

We go our ways in life too much alone,
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind,
Too often we are dead to sigh and moan,
Too often to the weak and helpless blind,
Too often where distress and want abide
We turn and pass upon the other side.

The other side is trodden smooth and worn
By footsteps passing idly all the day,
Where lie the bruised ones that faint and mourn
Is seldom more than an untrodden way.
Our selfish hearts are for our feet the guide—
They lead us by upon the other side.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones,
To take the smitten and the sick and sore
And bear them where a stream of blessing runs.
Instead we look about—the way is wide—
And so we pass upon the other side.

O friends and brothers, gliding down the years,
Humanity is calling each and all
In tender accents, born of grief and tears!
I pray you, listen to the thrilling call!
You cannot, in your cold and selfish pride,
Pass guiltlessly upon the other side.

—Buffalo News.

THE LOST EARRINGS.

It was in the palmiest days of the second empire. It was an evening in midwinter. The Paris season was at its height and a brilliant audience had assembled at the Theatre Francais to witness the performance of Jules Sandeau's delightful play, "Mademoiselle de la Seigliere."

The empress was present, graceful and beautiful, the emperor at her side, wrapped in his favorite air of gloomy abstraction, which, like Lord Burleigh's celebrated nod, was supposed to mean so much, yet which, viewed by the impartial light of subsequent veracious history, seems to have signified so little. Several officers in glittering uniforms were in attendance, sparkling with decorations showered upon them by a grateful sovereign, and among these gallant warriors, conspicuous by reason of his attire, was a solitary, humble, black coated civilian, in ordinary evening dress, with the inevitable speck of red at his buttonhole.

In a box almost immediately opposite that occupied by their imperial majesties was a young and exceedingly handsome Russian lady, Countess Ivanoff, concerning whose manifold graces and fascinations the great world of Paris elected to interest itself considerably at this period.

The beauty and the wit of this fair northern enchantress were the theme of every masculine tongue and her magnificent diamonds the envy and admiration of all feminine beholders. The countess was accompanied by her husband, a man of distinguished appearance.

The curtain fell after the first act. The emperor and empress withdrew during the entr'acte. Many humbler mortals followed their example, among them Count Ivanoff, apparently in nowise disturbed by the fact that the golden youth in the stalls were bringing a small battery of opera glasses to bear upon the dazzling charms of his beautiful wife.

The countess leaned back in her luxurious fauteuil, fanning herself, serenely indifferent to the interest she was exciting. In the dim light of her curtain shaded box the glitter of her splendid diamonds seemed to form a sort of luminous halo round her graceful head, a myriad starry brilliants gleamed among the masses of her gold brown hair, and two priceless stones flashed and twinkled like twin planets in her little shell tinted ears.

The count had been gone but a few minutes, when there was a gentle knock at the door, and in answer to the countess' "Entrez" the ouvreuse appeared and said deferentially:

"Pardon, Mme. la Comtesse, a gentleman charged with a message from her majesty the empress waits in the corridor and desires to know if madam will have the goodness to receive him."

"Certainly! Enter, I beg of you, monsieur," replied the countess as she recognized the distinguished looking civilian she had already noticed in close proximity to the emperor in the imperial box.

The visitor advanced a few steps, and, still standing in deep shadow, said, with grave dignity:

"I trust my intrusion may be pardoned. I am desired by her majesty to ask a favor of Mme. la Comtesse, and, at the same time, to beg that she will have the goodness to excuse a somewhat unusual request."

"The obligation will be mine if I can fulfill even the least of her majesty's wishes," answered the countess.

"The case is this," explained the gentleman. "An argument has arisen concerning the size of the diamonds in your earrings and those of the Countess Woronzoff. The empress begs that you will intrust one of your pendants to her care for a few moments, as the only satisfactory method of disposing of the vexed question. I will myself return it the instant her majesty gives it back into my keeping."

"With the greatest pleasure," agreed the countess, detaching the precious jewel forthwith and depositing it, without misgiving, in the outstretched palm of the imperial messenger. The countess bestowed a smile and gracious bow of dismissal upon her majesty's distinguished embassador, who responded by a profoundly respectful inclination as he made his exit.

Shortly afterward Count Ivanoff returned. "I have been talking to Dumont," he remarked, as he seated himself. "Clever fellow, Dumont. I am not surprised at the emperor's partiality for him. He must find him useful when he is in want of an idea."

"Who is Dumont?" inquired the countess, with languid interest.

"That is rather a difficult question," replied the count, smiling. "There are several editions of his biography—all different, probably none of them true. Look, he has just entered the emperor's box—the man in the black coat."

"Is that M. Dumont?" exclaimed the countess. "If so, he has been here while you were away. He came on the part of the empress and carried off one of my earrings, which her majesty wished to compare with one of the Countess Woronzoff's."

"Dumont! Impossible! I was talking to him the whole time I was absent, and he only left me at the top of the staircase two seconds before I returned."

"Nevertheless, mon ami, he has been here and has taken my earring. See! It is gone."

"Effectively," agreed the count, with a grim smile, "but Dumont has not taken it. It is to the last degree unlikely that the empress would make such a request. Depend upon it, you have been the victim of a thief made up as Dumont."

"Impossible!" cried the countess in her turn. "The affair is absolutely as I tell you. It was the veritable M. Dumont I see opposite who came into this box and took away my diamond. Only wait a little and he will bring it back intact."

"To wait a little is to lessen the chance of its recovery. I will go and inquire of Dumont, if I can get at him, whether he has been seized with a sudden attack of kleptomania, because the idea of the empress having sent him roaming about the theater borrowing a lady's jewels I regard as preposterous. Ah, these Persian thieves! You do not know what scientific geniuses they are in their way."

With this the count departed, and the second act was nearly at an end before he returned. In the meantime the countess perceived that she was an object of interest to the occupants of the imperial box.

"I was right," whispered the count, re-entering and bending over his wife's chair. "Dumont knows nothing of your earring, and, needless to say, the empress never sent him or any one else upon such an errand. I have put the matter into the hands of the police, and they will do all that is possible to recover it."

The countess was duly commiserated by sympathizing friends, but nothing more was heard of the stolen jewel until the following day.

Early in the afternoon the countess was about to start for her daily drive in the Bois. The frozen snow lay deep upon the ground, and her sleigh, with its two jet black Russian horses jingling their bells merrily in the frosty air, stood waiting in the courtyard while the countess donned her furs.

A servant entering announced that an officer of the police in plain clothes asked permission to speak with Mme. la Comtesse concerning the lost diamond.

"Certainly," said madame graciously. "Let the officer be shown into the boudoir."

Into the boudoir presently came the countess, stately, beautiful, fur clad, buttoning her little gloves. Near the door stood a short, wiry looking man, with keen, black eyes, closely cropped hair and compact, erect, military figure. The small man bowed profoundly while he said, with the utmost respect, at the same time laying a letter upon the table:

"I am sent by order of the chief of police to inform Mme. la Comtesse that the stolen diamond has been satisfactorily traced, but there is unfortunately some little difficulty connected with its identification. I am charged, therefore, to beg that Mme. la Comtesse will have the goodness to intrust the fellow earring to the police for a short period in order that it may be compared with the one found in the possession of the suspected thief. Madame will find that the letter I bring corroborates my statement."

The countess glanced hastily through the letter, and, ringing the bell, desired that her maid might be told to bring the remaining earring immediately. This was done, and the dapper little man, bowing deferentially, departed with the precious duplicate safely in his possession.

The countess descended to her sleigh and drove to the club, to call for her husband en route for the Bois. Crossing the Place de la Concorde, she related to him the latest incident in the story of the diamond earring.

"You never were induced to give up the other!" cried Count Ivanoff incredulously.

"But I tell you, mon ami, an officer of the police came himself to fetch it, bringing a letter from his superiors vouching for the truth of his statement."

"If the prefect himself had come, I don't think I should have been cajoled into letting him have it after last night's experience," laughed her husband. "However, for the second time of asking, we will go and inquire."

The coachman turned and drove, as directed, to the bureau of police at which the count had lodged his complaint the night before. After a somewhat protracted delay, the count rejoined his wife with a look of amusement upon his handsome bearded face.

"The police know nothing of your detective or his epistolary efforts," he said, drawing the fur rug up to his chin as the impatient horses sped away over the frozen snow. "Your second earring has been netted by another member of the light fingered fraternity, and, upon my honor, I think he was the more accomplished artist of the two!"

And from that unlucky day to this, the Countess Ivanoff's celebrated diamond earrings knew her pretty ears no more.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Food of the Future.

Dr. George Plumb, one of the chemists of the University of Chicago, says that the time is soon coming when hot water and food tablets will be the sole accouterments of a kitchen. He says the essential food elements of a 1,200 pound steer can be got into an ordinary pillbox. One of his tablets the size of a pea makes a large bowl of soup. A ration case of his planning, which weighed eight ounces, contained the following supply: Three tablets concentrated soups, equal to three quarts; four tablets beef, equal to six pounds; one tablet milk, equal to one pint; two tablets wheaten grits, equal to two pounds; one tablet egg food, equal to 12 eggs.

CAUGHT WITH GOLD.

BUT THE MAN EATING SHARK TOOK $45,000 OF THE BAIT.

The Ex-Diver's Story of an Adventure In the "Great Days"—Silence Smeared Itself All Over the Veranda at the Completion of the Yarn.

"I suppose," quoth James T. Gaulin of Winchester, Mass., who was sitting on the hotel veranda, "that I had the honor of killing the most valuable fish that ever swam the seas. I did it single handed too. I aver that this fish was worth more at the time of its death than the finest sperm whale that was ever harpooned, although we should really leave whales out of the question when speaking of fish. It was 30 years ago, and I was young and foolish enough to be a deep sea diver. Our diving schooner and crew had been sent to Cuba to try to recover some stuff from a Spanish boat that had foundered off the coast of Cuba, just where I don't now recollect. It was quite a long trip for us, and as the employment of a diving outfit was an expensive thing in those days the boys knew that there must be something pretty valuable in the hold of the wreck. I was quite close to our skipper, and he told me that there were several boxes of gold coin in the wreck. On our arrival at the port near where the wreck lay in 30 feet of water the agent of the owners of the sunken schooner told us something more surprising. It was that the gold had not been stowed in boxes in the cabin, as was usual, but for some reason had been bagged and placed in the hold, being billed as copper washers. This was probably a scheme to avoid any chance of the spirit of cupidity arising in the crew, for the treasure was very great.

"As the confidential man, I was selected to go down first and find the money bags, attach lines to them and have them taken out before the other divers should proceed with the work of taking out the other freight that the water had not harmed. I was soon in the hold and was surprised to find that the bags were only a little distance from the hole in the side that had caused the schooner to founder. I had been told that there would be 12 bags, but I could lay my hands on but 11 of them. Finally I spied a torn bag lying near the hole in the hull, and on picking it up discovered that it contained a few gold coins. I decided that the heavy triple sacking had been torn open in some way or other when the schooner sank. I fastened lines about the 11 bags that were intact, and had them hoisted, afterward going up for air, for our apparatus was not very good.

"In a few minutes I returned to the hold to search for the scattered coins. Very few of them were in sight. It occurred to me that they might have been washed outside the boat, judging from the position of the wreck and the fact that the hold was far down toward the ship's bottom. I was about to crawl out of the hole when I remembered that it might hazard the air pipe, so I was pulled up and let down again over the vessel's side. I was disappointed not to find any indication of the gold near the hole in the schooner, but set to work digging resolutely in the sand. I had gone but a foot down when I struck the gold pieces all in a lump. I picked out a great handful and turned the light on them, for I was a lover of gold then, even though it did not belong to me.

"Just then I saw something that made the rubber helmet rise from my head. It was a man eating shark. I hadn't thought of one in so long that I had neglected to bring my knife. It was rushing at me. The stupid creature never stopped to consider that with a rubber and lead dressing a diver makes a poor lunch. I was kneeling beside the gold. At the shark's onslaught I naturally hung to the handful of gold as though to use it as a weapon. He turned on his side, opening his horrible mouth. A feeling of grim humor had come over me. The cruel goldbugs had sent me down here to be devoured, after saving thousands of dollars for them. I would be a spendthrift at the last. So with all my force I flung the heavy handful of coin into the yawning mouth.

"The shark must have thought it was a part of me, for he snapped his jaws over the golden morsel. I am satisfied that he broke some teeth. He swam back a little, and then rushed at me again. I had no weapon but the gold, so again I flung into the hideous maw enough to buy me a home in New England. I saw him snap and swallow it. Again and again was the attack repeated, and as often did I hurl gold into the shark's throat. Pretty soon he became dizzy, as it were, for the gold had unbalanced him, settling in the forward part of his body. Then he writhed in agony, and I had to keep dodging his flurry. Then, with one terrible shudder, he sank to the bottom, weighted down by the gold. I tied a line about him and then gave the signal to be pulled up. Then I helped hoist the shark. We cut him open. Gentlemen, you must take the word of an ex-diver that there was $45,000 in him. Gold had killed him."

Silence smeared itself all over the veranda. The pale moon slid behind a cloud. The amphitheater organ slowly wove a weird chunk of melody. The chimes began to ring. "Those were great days," said Mr. Gaulin sadly.—Buffalo Express.

The Lowell Family.

The Lowells hold an honored place in the local history of New England. One member of the family introduced cotton spinning into the United States, and for him the town of Lowell is named. Another left money to found in Boston the course of lectures known as the Lowell institute. The most famous of them all was James Russell Lowell, born in 1819 at Cambridge, Mass., on Feb. 22, also the birthday of the most distinguished of all Americans.—"James Russell Lowell," by Brander Matthews, in St. Nicholas.

THE BIVALVE SEASON.

If Properly Cultivated, Oysters Would Be Within the Reach of the Poorest.

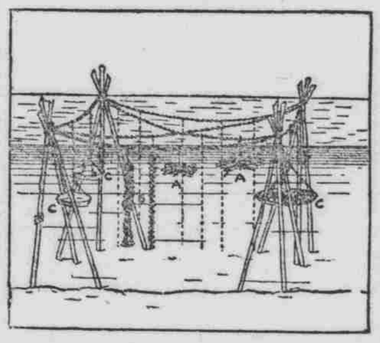
[Special Correspondence.]

BOSTON, Oct. 15.—The oyster is not in its prime until October, and epicures wait until they have picked up, after the spawning season, before indulging in their daily meal of this favorite shellfish. But, widespread as is the use of oysters as food, it is remarkable how few persons know anything about their culture or cultivation, except that they are found on the oyster beds of the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard. Of course the Pacific oyster does not compare, either in flavor or quality, with the Ostrea virginica, or Atlantic coast oyster, but that fact does not sufficiently affect the purpose of this article to dwell upon it.

It will be much more interesting to tell my readers of some of the curious devices that are used for raising oysters, and it will be news to them that some of the best oysters in the world are really grown upon trees. I do not mean that those trees grow on the land, in woods and forests. They consist of small trees or branches placed in the water, upon which the oyster spat affixes itself after it has been fertilized on the surface of the water. In many of the estuaries of the Connecticut rivers—where the bottoms are muddy and unfit for oyster culture—this plan is adopted for collecting spat, and a good many of the young oysters thus collected find their way, as yearlings, to the Pacific coast, where they are sown in the beds of San Francisco bay. And it is not inapropos to explain here that it is very easy to discover whether an oyster has been transplanted or grew where it is found, for oysters have not the power of attaching or fixing themselves a second time.

But to return to the subject of growing oysters upon trees. I shall best explain this economic plan by telling of the great oyster farms of Fusaro and Taranto, in Italy, where, because of the muddy and unwholesome conditions of the bottoms of the lakes, it was necessary to adopt some other method than that of making a bed, as is the case in all the oyster grounds, natural or artificial, in our waters. This Italian plan consists roughly of four corner posts, a web of ropes, branches of trees and various suspended devices for collecting oysters and growing, fattening and storing them. The corner posts are about 20 feet long, and the ropes forming a network between them must be strong enough to support the weight of the collecting devices, etc. The collectors consist of loose bundles of hazel and gorse branches. These are called facines, and when covered with young oysters are broken into twigs and tied together in a long string, which, when again suspended in the water, utilize the water volume and give the young oyster full liberty to obtain the best nourishment.

In addition to the facines, or branches, several wire baskets are also suspended from the ropes, and any oysters that become detached and fall to the bottom, together with the grown oysters on the facines, are placed in these baskets for storage and final growth. This plan has given incredibly excellent results in Italy, and in addition to the tree spat collectors of Connecticut there is no reason why the same method should not be adopted along our coast, where the bottoms are found to be unsuitable.



GROWING OYSTERS ON TREES.

The popular belief that oysters can only be grown or matured on the sea bottom is here finally refuted. They do not need to be at the bottom to secure their food. As a matter of fact, the amount of food that is actually brought to an oyster colony seems to be in direct proportion to the volume of water passing over it.

In South Carolina there are millions of tons—over 20 miles—of oysters, or more properly, oyster shells. The reason that this is not a greater oyster producing field than either the Chesapeake or Connecticut grounds is simply because of the asphyxiating condition of the inshore bottoms. No trouble has been taken to macadamize the bottom of this naturally prolific oyster region, and, as a consequence, the young oysters are found in pyramids 10 and 12 feet high, or growing on the piles and stakes along shore. Because of their natural instinct—and it cannot be other than instinct that causes them to cling to the wood piles or crowd on top of each other—the Carolina oyster is exposed to the sun and atmosphere for at least eight hours out of the 24 and cannot thrive. Their shells are almost transparent, their shape is long and narrow, and for this reason they have received the name "raccoons." Considering the enormous home consumption and exportation of American oysters, it seems to me that the great resources of those great oyster fields of South Carolina should be judiciously developed.

To give an idea of how prolific the oyster is I shall state that the average number of eggs in one female oyster is 135,000,000. And Professor Brooks of Maryland once made a calculation that, taking eight matured oysters and assuming that every egg matured from them and their progeny for five years, the result would be a mountain of oysters and oyster shells more than twice the bulk of the earth. So that were it not that enemies destroy about 90 to 95 per cent of the oyster eggs and young oysters, and that man does not take proper steps to conserve a greater proportion of them, we would have this delicious and nutritious fish food at a price within the reach of the poorest and in ample abundance. ROB F. WALSH.

Don't Rock.

"Don't rock," says The Journal of Hygeio-Theropy. "The swaying motion of a swing or rocking chair is inclined to produce congestion of the head, and this is the reason of its soothing effect. We consider it injurious to older people as well as to children. Many a woman rocks much vitality away. She begins talking to her friends and almost without consciousness begins her ceaseless, nervous rock, violating both the rule of good taste and the laws of her body."

BROKEN HEARTS IN FRANCE.

Held of Less Account by the Law Than Broken Legs.

In no instance does the profound difference of national character in England and France appear more striking, says our Paris correspondent, than in the views held on both sides of the channel regarding breach of promise. Of course engagements are broken off in France as well as in England, but it is only in England that heavier damages are awarded for a broken heart than for a broken leg. The offense is all but unknown in the French law courts, whether it is that Frenchmen are less inclined to it or that the French girl dislikes bringing her sentimental troubles into court. To show English readers how incredibly prejudiced French persons of both sexes are upon this subject it is enough to say that a young lady who attempted to turn her wounded feelings into cash would be regarded as only a degree less mean than the faithless man.

The very small number of suits for breach of promise have always been supported by a plea that the lady was put to expense, and there must be besides evidence of an intent to deceive. Damages in any case are very small beside the royal amounts awarded by English juries. Recently an action for breach of promise a l'Anglaise was brought into the Third Paris police court. The lady and her father, as nearest friend, produced a bill showing that they were £50 out of pocket for the broken engagement. They might have had this; but, badly advised, they put on another item of £350 for the moral prejudice. The French judge did not understand this, and he dismissed the case.—London News.

Napoleon's Statement About Enghien.

When Napoleon was on his deathbed, a maladroit attendant read from an English review a bitter arraignment of him as guilty of the duke's murder. The dying man rose, and catching up his will wrote in his own hand: "I had the Duc d'Enghien seized and tried because it was necessary to the safety, the interest and the honor of the French people, when by his own confession the Comte d'Artois was supporting 60 assassins in Paris. Under similar circumstances I would again do likewise." Nevertheless he gave himself the utmost pains on certain occasions to unload the entire responsibility on Talleyrand. To Lord Ebrington, to O'Meara, to Las Cases, to Montholon, he asseverated that Talleyrand had checked his impulses to clemency.—"Life of Napoleon," by Professor William M. Sloane, in Century.

Kleptophotography.

He—See that nice looking chap over there?

She—Of course I do. Would I miss anything like that?

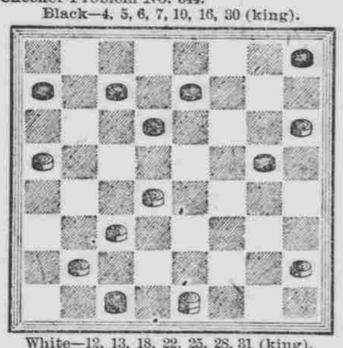
He—Well, you want to watch him. He'll take anything in sight.

She—Gracious. Is he a kleptomaniac?

He—No. He's an amateur photographer.—Detroit Free Press.

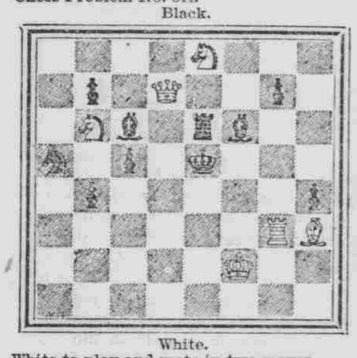
CHECKERS AND CHESS.

Checker Problem No. 344.
Black—4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 16, 30 (king).



White—12, 13, 18, 22, 25, 28, 31 (king).
White to play and win.

Chess Problem No. 344.
Black.



White.
White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Checker problem No. 343.

White.	Black.
1..27 to 24	1..19 to 23
2..24 to 19	2..16 to 12
3..19 to 26	3..30 to 23
4..20 to 16	4..12 to 19
5..31 to 27	5..23 to 32
6..11 to 8	6.. 4 to 11
7.. 7 to 23, and wins	

Chess problem No. 343:

White.	Black.
1..B x B	1..Q to Kt
2..Q—R 6	2..R x P ch
3..R x R	3..Any
4..Mates	

A POLAR NIGHT.

Graphic Description of This Time of Gloom and Desolation.

Mr. Constantin Nossiloff, reporting in Le Tour du Monde his scientific researches in Nova Zembla, furnishes an interesting description of his sensations and experiences during the long arctic night, which began Nov. 3 and ended Jan. 20.

September was pretty comfortable, he says. Then suddenly snow covered the mountains. The Samoyedes, his only companions, put on their winter clothing, the fishing boats set sail for Archangel, the ground froze, the sun lost its warmth and heavy snows fell. Winter had come in earnest.

On the day when the sun showed itself for the last time all hands went out of doors to bid it farewell. It remained in sight for half an hour only.

For a few days longer there was a morning twilight. Then this faded and gave place to black night. The stars shone the whole 24 hours. The huts of the colony were buried under the snow, of which thick whirlwinds filled the air. The wind shook the huts to their foundations. Sometimes for days together the inmates of the different huts could hold no communication with each other, though the huts were side by side.

If any one went out, he was seized by the wind and had to be dragged back by means of ropes.

In this darkness and desolation the aurora borealis did much to entertain and cheer them. It lasted sometimes for five days in succession, with splendors of color that Mr. Nossiloff tries in vain to describe. To enjoy the spectacle he used to remain for hours in a hole in the snow, sheltered from the wind.

"I have never seen anything more terrible than a tempest during the polar night," says Mr. Nossiloff. "Man feels himself overwhelmed in immensity."

When there came a lull in the storm, the men ventured out to breathe the air and purge their lungs of the exhalations of the smoking lamps fed with seal oil.

Twilight appeared again in the middle of January, and on the 20th the sun rose above the horizon, while the members of the little colony stood in line facing it and fired a salute. No one had died or been seriously ill, but all had the look of corpses and were feeble as convalescents after a long sickness. Health returned with the appearance of the sun.—Youth's Companion.

A Bird's Revenge.

A lady who was one day watching a pair of redstarts as they worked in a tree was startled by a violent commotion that arose in the shrubbery hard by. Catbirds screamed, wrens scolded and the robins shouted "Quick!" with all their might. A chipmunk was dragging a baby catbird by the leg from its nest and all the birds round about had come to help make a row about it, including a Baltimore oriole. The screaming and the swish of wings as the birds darted about made the squirrel abandon its prey and then the commotion subsided as quickly as it had risen. All the birds but the oriole went about their business elsewhere. The oriole had not said a word so far, and beyond the countenancing the hubbub by his presence had had no part in it.

The squirrel, having dropped the baby catbird, cocked itself upon a limb and began to chatter in a defiant way, while the oriole sat not far away looking at it, but doing nothing else. But in a few moments the squirrel left its seat and ran out on the limb it had been sitting on until it had to use care to keep its hold, and then the oriole's opportunity for a terrible assault had come. Flashing across the space he struck the chipmunk in one eye with his sharp pointed beak, and then turning instantly struck the other eye in a like manner. Quivering with pain, the squirrel let go the limb and dropped to the ground, where it rolled and struggled about apparently in the throes of death. The oriole flew away to his favorite elm, where he sang in his most brilliant fashion. The lady put the squirrel out of its misery and then saw that the oriole had destroyed both eyes.—Chicago Record.

Quick Lunch.

First Waiter—Have you ordered, sir?

Second Waiter (interposing)—Why, certainly. I took his order an hour ago.—Truth.

A Coming Wonder.

"Will the new woman wash dishes?"

"No. As soon as she has the time she will invent dishes that won't need washing."—Detroit Free Press.