

LINES TO A SKELETON.

"Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
Once of a spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beautiful visions fled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor love, nor joy, nor fear
Has left the trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy,
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void;
If social love that eye employed;
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed.
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke.
This silent tongue shall speak for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did those fingers lead the mine?
Or with its curved rubies shine?
To hear the cook or wear the gown
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner born,
Those hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod,
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled,
To seek affliction's humble shed?
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angels' feet shall vie
And tread the paths of the sky.

A LOVE TEST.

"It is a real calamity," said Mme. de Leprenuse, the mother, "to have this mad dog run at large. No one dares go out."

"Last evening again," added her daughter, "the bit two children coming from school. The despair of their parents is indescribable."

"How frightful! Is there no means of making the bite harmless, doctor?" asked Mme. de Leprenuse, addressing a young man of 30 years.

"There is first the exsiccation with a hot iron," replied the doctor.

"That is horrible," exclaimed Mme. de Leprenuse; "there ought to be another way."

"When the region permits it," continued the doctor, "one can apply a ligature above the bite, wash the wound, and burn it with a caustic liquid. Whatever the process, it should be quick, before it is too late. All inoculated liquid penetrates with great rapidity in the blood. Several experiments have been made on this subject."

"Tell us some," interrupted Mme. de Leprenuse.

"For a wound in the hand," continued the doctor, "one applies a solution containing a substance easily recognized; soon after bleeding the opposite hand, one finds the inoculated substance in the blood, it having already pervaded the system."

"Then," said Gaston de Maurebois, cousin of Mme. de Leprenuse, "when one is bitten there is no hope except at the Pasteur Institute?"

"There is a preventative," replied the doctor, "whose immediate employment gives excellent results, but it is relinquished now."

"Doubtless it necessitates some serious inconvenience, does it not?" asks Karl Marienitz, one of the guests of the chateau.

"Very serious," replied the doctor.

"Tell us about it, nevertheless," said Karl.

"It is suction," replied the doctor. "One must concentrate oneself and suck the wound at once. The operation presents great danger. The operation is almost certain of being inoculated with the virus, the lips being the chosen spot. The delicacy of the mucus which covers them facilitates absorption. This way, relying upon devotion, is little employed."

"You do not believe in devotion, doctor?" asked Mme. de Leprenuse.

"I did not say that, mademoiselle. I believe it is prudent not to count on it too much."

"I am of your opinion," added Mme. de Leprenuse.

"What?" cried her daughter, "you doubt it? You! The personification of devotion?"

"Yes, my child, to doubt is one of the bitter fruits of experience."

This conversation took place one beautiful summer day in the park of the Chateau de Leprenuse, situated a short distance from Paris in Brie. Mme. de Leprenuse lived here with her daughter, Yveline. Since her widowhood she had renounced the world to devote herself exclusively to the education of her only child. She was still very beautiful and young, and her daughter was her exact copy. Yveline was 18 years old. Having been brought up in the country, she spent her life outdoors. Her face was fresh and rosy; her eyes bright and penetrating. She charmed every one by her natural grace.

She had just reached the marriageable age and the guests of the chateau were more or less suitors for her hand.

Gaston de Maurebois, Yveline's cousin, was an orphan, and since the death of his parents had lived an idle existence in Paris. He was 33 years of age, bald, distinguished. In his spare moments he operated at the bourse and was associated with a broker at whose house most of his money was deposited.

At 33 he was entirely bald, all pleasures ceased to interest him, his health was broken down. Gambling and pure-blooded horses had diminished his fortune. He felt the need of repose and decided to marry. He remembered he had a cousin somewhere, who ought to combine all desirable conditions. One day he arrived without warning at the Chateau de Leprenuse. At the sight of Yveline he was at once her suitor.

Karl Marienitz, one of the guests, was the son of a celebrated writer, friend of the family of de Leprenuse. He was 28. His face was very expressive, his hair was black and long. He had written an opera in one act, which had had great success. From an early age he was a constant visitor at the chateau, spending several months there during his vacation. He was very intimate with the young girl and loved her passionately.

The doctor was a countryman. His father, an old friend of the house, had always been the physician of the family, his son succeeding him. The young doctor was slight, alert, and active; his face grave and tender. As a physician he was serious, charitable and possessed the entire confidence of Mme. de Leprenuse. He loved Yveline and profited by the least indisposition of her mother to renew frequently his visits. The lovers were together on this day. Madame Leprenuse, knowing she was

surrounded by friends, allowed Yveline all liberty—and the natural frankness of a young girl had been developed. She was bright and playful. The maneuvers of the three suitors amused her very much; she was fond of them all, and it would have been difficult for her to choose had it been necessary.

The guests had separated, after a while, leaving Yveline alone. Karl returned first.

"This is the way you abandon me," said Yveline.

Karl excused himself and offered his arm for a promenade in the park.

"I am very happy to meet you," said the young man.

"I, too, Karl," replied Yveline. "I wish to congratulate you on the success of your opera. What tender emotions you have experienced! I do not believe there is in the most noble life more feeling than that experienced by artists. I envy your happiness."

"My happiness! Is one ever satisfied?"

"What is wanting?"

"I am alone. I want a friend, a companion who will share my joys, who will sustain me in my declining hours—a woman whom I will adore, and for whom I will work with love in order that she may become proud of me."

"You are right, Karl; but you will find her."

"I have found her, Yveline," said the young man, stopping to look the young girl in the face.

She blushed and lowered her head to avoid his gaze.

"The young woman is yourself," replied Karl. "Pardon my audacity on account of our old friendship. I love you, Yveline, and have for a long time."

"Karl, cease this conversation."

"Why? I love you devotedly."

"Please be quiet."

"Perhaps there are others, as I, seeking to please you, but no one loves you more. You are my constant thought, the aim of my existence. I love you more than all the world, more than my art, more than life."

"More than life?"

"Without you, it would be insupportable, Yveline. I would give it to you willingly."

"What spirit!" cried Yveline. "Until I ask such a sacrifice, leave me. I do not wish to see you again until you are more reasonable."

"I will obey," said Karl, retiring.

"More than life! That is a great deal," said Mme. de Leprenuse to herself.

"What does he mean? When one says it one thinks it true; but actions speak louder than words."

She remained very pensive. Karl was not the only guest of the chateau who sought her hand; the doctor and her cousin, though they had not spoken, were dancing attendance. The cousin, who formerly paid her no attention, today was her shadow. Karl had assured her that he loved her more than life, which seemed very much exaggerated, and she wondered if the other suitors would love her as much. She resolved to find out at the first opportunity. She was thus reflecting when the doctor appeared.

"Have you seen my mother, doctor?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"Is the palpitation of the heart better?"

"It has almost recovered."

"Thanks to your good care. I am so grateful to you. She has left everything for me, and is all I have."

"Care shall be wanting to her for your sake. I have great respect and admiration for your mother, but I am devoted to you, and since chance has enabled me to find you alone—"

"Is it chance?" asked Yveline.

"I acknowledge that I planned it a little."

"For what aim?"

"That is difficult to say. Have you not thought you were old enough to marry?"

"No, doctor; no, never; have you?" replied Yveline, smiling mischievously.

"I dream of it often, mademoiselle, and have formed a certain project."

"That you wish to tell me?"

"You have guessed it, mademoiselle; the project depends only on you to be realized."

"Then I know the young lady, doctor?"

"Oh, perfectly. You understand me. My sweetest dream is to unite the two families. Pardon me for speaking to you before addressing your mother, but I wished to assure myself of your approbation."

"I warn you I am a little romantic and wish to be loved very much."

"It is thus you merit being loved, and the way I love you."

"I wish to be loved even to abnegation. Proofs are necessary. If I wish it would you leave your mother, country, acquaintances?"

"I would leave all."

"You would find me foolish, but would you sacrifice your life for me?"

"I would give it with pleasure," said the doctor, gravely.

"Oh! If it were necessary not to satisfy a caprice more than life."

"I love you more than life."

"Another one," thought Yveline. "We will see," said she. "Adieu! Take good care of my mother."

"As a son, mademoiselle," replied the doctor, who returned to Mme. de Leprenuse.

Gaston de Maurebois appeared from one of the walks in the park.

"If I am happy, chance has permitted me to see you," said he to his cousin.

"I also, cousin."

"I want to converse with you for an instant."

"Give me your arm and we will promenade."

"With pleasure."

"Do you know, cousin, it is very nice of you to leave Paris and its pleasures to visit a little girl relative?"

"Who has become very charming."

"I did not know you were a flatterer?"

"I am tired of Paris."

"You have not always said that."

"I changed my opinion when I saw you. At your side I am never tired."

"How gallant!"

"You mock me! I am serious. I find my life has been useless, in comparing the existence I have led with what I lead here, and I prefer the latter."

"For how long?"

"For always! Do you know I intend to marry?"

"You are right; but your conversation is too grave for me. I must go."

She tried to withdraw her arm.

"Do not go, I beg you. Listen to me. I wish to leave Paris and its pleasures to a companion whom I adore, having but one aim, to render her happy. I only know one woman whom I wish to marry; it is you."

"I must escape," said the young girl, disengaging her arm.

"Yveline, I love you," continued Gaston. "I will do anything you wish; I will leave Paris, if you desire it."

"Not so fast, not so fast. I do not wish to marry yet. This great love has come very suddenly."

"It is none the less violent."

"Will it be durable?"

"I swear it."

"I am very exciting and am not contented with words."

"Do you wish that—"

"Would you sacrifice one of your horses or your dogs?"

"All."

"All, even your life?"

"Anything to please you."

"Words, words!"

She fled in the direction of the park, forbidding Gaston following her.

When she was sure of being alone, she seated herself on a bank.

"They all love me more than life," murmured she. "I do not believe it. It may be true in theory, but false in practice. I wish I could put them to proof."

She went on still further in the park. Gaston followed for a long while the direction she had taken, hoping to see her again.

"I believe I have been eloquent. There is no use defending myself. I am decidedly in love. She has turned my head."

The doctor re-appeared, followed soon by Karl.

"Do you know what I think," said Gaston, laughing; "it is that we look like suitors. As for myself, I am."

"I also," said the doctor.

"I pretend nothing else," added Karl. "Let us shake hands," replied Gaston. While shaking they heard suddenly a cry of despair in the park.

"What's that," cried they at the same time. Mme. Leprenuse ran out.

"Oh, God!" said she, "it is my daughter's voice. What has happened to her?"

Yveline soon appeared, supported by her nurse. She was pale and trembling.

"I am lost," she cried; "at the end of the park I met the dog; he leaped upon me and bit me."

"Quick! Help! Help!" exclaimed the suitors, and each one disappeared, seeking their mother, who fell upon her daughter.

"Where are you bitten? Where?"

The young girl showed her arm.

Before she could prevent her and without reflecting on the danger Mme. de Leprenuse sucked the wound made by the mad dog.

The three lovers returned one after the other. First the doctor, with rolled bands and scissors in order to make a bandage; Karl followed next with a shovel, red with coals, and lastly Gaston arrived all out of breath, his forehead covered with perspiration, a whip in his hand.

"The carriage is ready," cried he.

"Go quick to Paris!"

They stopped, perfectly blank at the sight of Mme. de Leprenuse sacrificing her life to save her daughter.

Yveline withdrew her arm.

"It is only a mother who loves more than life," said she, regarding madame tenderly. "Pardon me, this is a subterfuge; the dog was not mad, it was the gardener's dog. These gentlemen had assured me of their entire devotion. I wished to prove it. It is only a mother who loves more than life." [From the French by Jessie Lewis in the Boston Courier.]

How a Battle Was Nearly Lost.

At the battle of Woerth, Lieut. Gen. von Obernitz, when leading the Wurtembergers across the valley, received from the Crown Prince the order, already mentioned, to march on the rear of the French, but shortly afterward the Prussian officers coming from the battle raging on the plateau told him that reinforcements were imperatively required there, and urged him to come to their aid. Again the spirit of knowing "better than one's betters" exercised its pernicious influence, and although the power of determining when and whether reinforcements should be sent to any point of the battlefield should above all others rest absolutely with the supreme commander, Gen. von Obernitz elected to judge for himself, and on to the plateau he led his troops. For yet two hours the now utterly mixed-up German troops were kept from Froshwiller by the intrepid bravery of their force.

But now the toughness of the Infantry of the Fifth German Corps was about to be rewarded; the moment for their revenge on those who had sent to destruction their 5,000 dead and wounded—of whom nearly 4,000 belonged to the four regiments, Thirty-seventh, Fiftieth, Sixth, and Forty-sixth, first across the stream—was close at hand. It was a grand re-venge; it was the splendid victory that was to crown with laurels the men who had sinned against them. While they had been so stubbornly holding on to the vine-clad slopes, time had been given for the gradually closing round of MacMahon's 45,000 men by the greater portion of the overwhelming host of their enemies. And now the French, attacked from the north, south and east, at last broke, and, covered by a small rearguard, fled away out of touch and sight of the victors through the gap so generously left open to them by that independent Lieutenant, Gen. von Obernitz.

The Germans gained their victory by sheer weight of numbers, and the support given to their infantry by an artillery overwhelmingly superior in number of guns, technical efficiency, and tactical employment to that of their opponents. The French owed their defeat to the mediocrity of their commander. Against critics and commentators on the acts of soldiers in the field, it is sometimes alleged that they are "wise after the event"; it is only wisdom of this kind that the leading soldiers who took part in it can find any ground of justification for their proceedings. Well might a German officer of the very highest rank say, as he afterwards did: "We were within an ace of losing the battle; but the French did not know it, and I hope they never may." Probably they know it now.

[Lonsdale Hale, in the Contemporary Review.]

Victor Emmanuel Wasn't Pretty.

John Augustus O'Shea, in his "Roundabout Recollections," tells story of Victor Emmanuel, whom he describes as "a squat Hercules—ugly to such a degree that his ugliness had the charm of the unique."

One day while on a hunting expedition in the Alps, he met an old woman gathering brambles. She inquired of the stranger whether it was true, as she had heard, that the King of Italy was in the neighborhood. If so, was there any chance of seeing him?

"Yes," said his majesty, "he is about. Would you really like to see him?"

The old woman declared that few sights would give her more pleasure.

"Well, mother, I am the King."

She stared at him for a moment and broke into a grin.

"Get out with you, jester! Do you think a nice woman like the Queen would marry a chap like you, with that hideous mug?"

The King was not offended. Perhaps the compliment to his wife mollified him. He gave the woman a piece of money, with which he is always free, and passed along.—[St. Louis Republic.]

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

An Adaptation—Experienced—Dodging the Question—Geographical—For Effect, Etc., Etc.

Lives of great men often remind us. We can make our lives sublime. If we leave no debts behind us. And come promptly up to time.

—[New York Herald.]

MAND—What is the best way to manage a birthday party?

Edith—I don't know. Ask Miss Old-un—she's had so many of them.

DODGING THE QUESTION.

Miss Roxie Goldust—Would you think I was more than twenty?

Upon Downes (evasively)—I think you are more than all the world—to me.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

Teacher—Do you know what a State is?

Little Girl—Yes'm. Our house is in one.

Teacher—Yes?

Little Girl—That's 'cause mamma is away on a visit, and the new girl doesn't know where to put things.—[Good News.]

FOR EFFECT.

The next day after the wedding.

"I suppose, Henry," said the old gentleman to the new son-in-law, "that you are aware the check for \$5,000 I put among your wedding presents was merely for effect?"

"Oh, yes, sir," responded the cheerful Henry, "and the effect was excellent. The bank cashed it this morning without a word."—[Detroit Free Press.]

A COMING QUANDARY.

Teacher (of a class of physics)—Of what is paper now chiefly made?

Pupil—Of wood.

Teacher—Is the world's supply of wood inexhaustible?

Next Pupil—It is not. It is consumed in the arts and manufactures many times faster than it grows.

Teacher—What will the world use for a substitute when the wood is all gone?

Third Pupil—Paper.—[Chicago Tribune.]

MIGHT JUST AS WELL HAVE LOST.

Bunker—Nice hat of yours.

Hill—Yes. That hat cost me \$8.

Bunker—I thought you won it on the election.

Hill—Did. I bet with my wife.—[Clothes and Furnishings.]

A SERIOUS FAULT.

"Do you think my son will ever make an artist?" asked a fond parent of the painting-master.

"Well, sir," replied the teacher, cautiously, "I think there would be the slightest doubt of his becoming a great artist if he were not unfortunately color-blind."

NOT A SUCCESS.

Investor—What do you think of my flying machine?

Capitalist—H'm, it doesn't carry me away.

TOO INDEFINITE.

The Voice from the Telephone—Is this Mr. Titters?

Titters—Yes; who are you?

The Voice from the Telephone (sweetly)—Your fiancée, love.

Titters—Er—can't you be a little more explicit?—[Chicago News-Record.]

TAGHT HOW TO SHOOT.

"The young idea how to shoot," he thought, "and with success, to me he proudly said; 'Twas true; for, as he spoke, as quick as thought a paper pellet hit him in the head."

THE REASON.

"Do you wear eye-glasses because you think you look better with them?" asked Miss Pert.

"I wear them because I know I look better with them," answered the short-sighted man, sadly.

NOT HIS TO GIVE.

"Your money or your life," said the gentleman at the safe end of the revolver.

"But, my dear man, I can't give you either," protested the victim. "They both belong to my wife."

VERY CONSCIENTIOUS.

Students—Waiter, where is my bill?

Man of the World—That is not the way to ask for it. You should say, "Waiter, I would like to settle my account."

Student—Indeed! Well, I am sorry to say that I am not such an accomplished liar as to be able to make that statement.

—[Flegende Blätter.]

EXPLAINED IN PART.

Tanks—What led you to suspect last night that I had been drinking?

Mr. T.—I can't imagine, unless possibly it was the fact that you were drunk.—[Buffalo Quips.]

WONDERFUL FLIES.

At the Post Office.

Postmaster—What a wonderful insect flies have! Lohmann has just sent me a telegram in which he says that a case of honey is on its way to me, and I'm hanged if there is not a swarm of flies already at the post office window waiting for it.—[Flegende Blätter.]

THE P. S. BOTHERED HER.

"Haven't you written that letter yet, Anne?"

"Yes, George, dear. That is, all except the postscript. I'm trying to find of something to say in it."—[Harper's Bazar.]

HONORS STILL EASY.

Mother—The paper says a cat out West has four kittens with six legs each. What do you think of that?

Little Ethel—That's—lemme see—that's twenty-four legs. Well, our cat has six kittens with four legs each, and that's just as many.—[Good News.]

A CASE OF LOCKJAW.

"Lockjaw must be a very unpleasant thing to have."

"It is indeed. I carry a scar in the calf of my left leg from a case of it."

"Of lockjaw?"

"Yes. A bull-dog and I had it together."—[Harper's Bazar.]

A POPULAR TAX.

Binks—I read a curious article the other day advocating a tax on beauty. Jinks—Good idea. They won't have much trouble in collecting it.—[Quips.]

GREEN ENOUGH.

She—Did your grandfather live to a green old age?

He—Well, I should say so! He was bounced three times after he was seventy.

—[Life.]

MUST BE WORN OUT.

I imagine the Statue of Liberty in New York must be cold these wintry days—but it is not strange, for she has had but one New Jersey all these years!—[Buffalo Quips.]

A MOTHER'S DESCRIPTION.

"Your little girl has red hair, hasn't she, Mrs. Minks?"

"No, indeed. Her hair is a rich auburn, tinged with light terra-cotta."—[Chicago News-Record.]

COLUMBUS POSTAGE STAMPS.

To be on Sale for One Year and Then Withdrawn.

What is expected to be the finest lot of postage stamps ever issued is now being prepared by the American Bank Note Company for the United States Government.

The new issue will be a complete set of fifteen different values to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. The designs used were nearly all taken from celebrated paintings. The two-dollar stamp is, however, after a painting by Lentze, an American artist, who has painted several pictures for the Capitol.

The stamps will be on sale for one year, and then will be withdrawn from general use. As a source of revenue to the Government the new stamps are expected to be very successful on account of the purchases of the stamp collectors.

The following technical description of the new issue was given yesterday by United States Postage Stamp Agent Thomas A. H. Hay:

One-Cent—"Columbus in Sight of Land," after a painting by William H. Powell. On the left is an Indian woman with her child, and on the right an Indian man with headdress and feathers. The figures are in a sitting posture. Color, antwerp blue.

Two-Cent—"Landing of Columbus," after the painting by Vanderlyn in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. Color, purple maroon.

Three-Cent—"Flagship of Columbus," the Santa Maria in mid-ocean, from a Spanish engraving. Color, medium shade of green.

Four-Cent—"Fleet of Columbus," the three caravels—Santa Maria, Pinta and Nina—in mid-ocean, from a Spanish engraving. Color, ultramarine blue.

Five-Cent—"Columbus Soliciting Aid from Isabella," after the painting by Brozik in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Color, chocolate brown.

Six-Cent—"Columbus Welcomed at Barcelona," from one of the panels of the bronze doors in the Capitol at Washington, by Randolph Rogers. On each side is a niche, in one of which is a statue of Ferdinand, and in the other a statue of Isabella. Color, royal purple.

Ten-Cent—"Columbus Presenting Native," after the painting by Louis Greget at the University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Ind. Color, vandyke brown.

Fifteen-Cent—"Columbus Announcing His Discovery," after the painting by R. Balaca, now in Madrid. Color, dark green.

Thirty-Cent—"Columbus at La Rabida," after the painting by R. Maso. Color, sienna brown.

Fifty-Cent—"Recall of Columbus," after the painting by A. G. Heaton, now in the Capitol at Washington. Color, carbon blue.

One-Dollar—"Isabella Pledging Her Jewels," after the painting by Munoz Degrain, now in Madrid. Color, rose salmon.

Two-Dollar—"Columbus in Chains," after the painting by Lentze, now in Providence, R. I. Color, toned mineral red.

Three-Dollar—"Columbus Describing His Third Voyage," after the painting by Francisco Jover. Color, light yellow-green.

Four-Dollar—"Portraits in circles of Isabella and Columbus, the portrait of Isabella after the well-known painting in Madrid, and that of Columbus after the Lotto painting. Color, carmine.

Five-Dollar—"Profile of the head of Columbus after a cast provided by the Treasury Department for the souvenir fifty-cent silver piece. The profile is in a circle, the right of which is the figure of America represented by a female Indian with a crown of feathers, and on the left a figure of Liberty, both figures being in a sitting posture. Color, black.

Wind Made to Wind a Clock.

The Gare de Nord, Brussels, has recently been fitted with a mechanical wonder in the shape of a clock, which, although constantly exposed to all kinds of weather, never gets out of repair, nor does it need to be wound by the hand of man. It is a perpetual time keeper of the most unique and original design, the winding weight being kept in constant motion, either through the influence of gravitation, as when on the descending trip, or by the wind's action on a fan attachment which causes the weight to rise to a level with the top of the framework. The winding attachment is not a windmill of the regulation type, as one might suppose by the headline, but is a fan placed in a common chimney, the paddles being acted upon by the natural "up cast" or "down draft." As soon as this fan has raised the "winding weight" to its extreme height, the cord to which the weight is attached acts on a wheel which throws a brake into gear, and the more rounds of cord that are added, so much more strongly does the weight from rising any higher, the checking tendency being transmitted to the fan wheel with every revolution. A simple pawl arrangement, prevents the down draft from exerting any contrary influence on the fan wheel. There is not, as one might suppose on first thought, any necessity of having a fire in the stove or fireplace of the chimney to which this odd clock is attached. The natural tendency of air is to ascend through such vents, the draught thus created being always sufficient for the purpose. The clock might be placed at the top of a hollow tree with a bottom opening, or any other cylinder from fifteen to twenty-five feet in height. With its present attachments this clock runs but twenty-four hours after the winding fan stops; but, by the addition of another wheel or two, might be made to run a month or two, even though the up draft were not sufficiently strong to turn the winding wheel in the meantime. The inventor is a native of Belgium. His original models were on exhibition at the two last Paris expositions, those of 1878 and 1889.—[St. Louis Republic.]

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A NEW marine light which will soon be in place near Havre will be the most powerful in the world. It will be visible at sea a distance of from twenty-two to fifty-two miles, according to the condition of the weather.

Great Britain, with 35,000,000 people spends as much for intoxicating beverages as the United States, with 65,000,000. But her bequests for religious, educational and charitable purposes, exclusive of Braon Hirsch's benefactions, reached \$15,000,000, as against \$7,000,000 in the United States.

BLIND Chinese have now a chance at literature. It is touching to think of the work of the one-armed Scotch missionary, W. H. Murray, who has reduced the 4000 symbols representing syllables of the Chinese language to 408 characters representing sounds. The miserable condition of the blind in China has made Mr. Murray's long task a labor of love.

Ink stains are so frequent that everyone at times desires something to remove them. To remove them from linen rub the spots while wet (if stains are old wet with water) with tartaric acid; to remove them from silk, satins, etc., and baland spirits of turpentine; after a few hours rub the spot, and the ink stain will crumble away without injuring the fabric.

ONE of the interesting exhibits of the World's Fair will be that of Col. George L. Gillespie, of the Engineer Corps, U. S. A., who is in charge of the defenses of New York harbor. He proposes to display a collection of models showing the harbor and river improvements of recent years. At this time, when general interest is being manifested in river and harbor improvements, and inland transportation facilities, this will be a very instructive exhibit.

The statistics of electric railways are expanding at a great rate. About five hundred street railroads in the United States and Canada are operated by electricity, a gain of nearly two hundred in two years, and fully equal to one half of the total railway system of America. The investments in these roads have passed the \$200,000,000 mark, but give no indications of falling off to a lower rate of increase. In 1890 the investments were estimated at \$30,000,000, and in 1887 there were only thirteen electric roads working throughout the entire country.

In answer to a question as to whether, in view of the fact that he had some connection with the Boston Cremation society, he intended to have his own body cremated, President Eliot, of Harvard, recently said: "No, I shall not be cremated. I subscribed for a share in the corporation, but it does not follow from that that I shall be incinerated. I have purchased a lot in a certain burying ground and shall be interred in the usual manner. Still, I believe that cremation is a good thing, especially in time of an epidemic, and encourage the movement."

MR. CRAMP, the ship builder, has many interesting things to say in the New York World with respect to the Gould yacht. It has been reported that the vessel cost \$350,000. Mr. Cramp, who built it, says it cost \$200,000. That is