

SOMETIME.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sunset stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here has spun,
The things of which we grieve with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars' time now: in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And know what seem reproach was love most true.
And we shall see, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best if you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And 'on as patient parents disallow
Too much of sweet but crav'ng babyhood,
So God, of heaven, is keeping for us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.
And if sometimes, comingling with life's
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink;
And if some from us love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!
And you shall shortly know that longed-for
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His
And sometimes the subtle pall of death
Conceals the fairest bloom His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.
But no! to-day, to be content, poor heart!
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold;
We must not tear the close-but leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyx of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew this best."

A JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

"Hugh, come here," called Mr. Alfred Nevalls, the active partner of Nevalls, Son & Co., forwarders, from his private office.
The bookkeeper left his desk in the middle of the room and stood silent before his master.
"Close the door and sit down," Hugh obeyed quietly, demurely, as he did everything else, as undisturbed and as imperturbable as the belfry is to the clangor of the bell.
"Soph—that is Mrs. Nevalls—has returned from Armay and is now visiting her mother, Mrs. Tracy," began Mr. Nevalls.
"Sorry to hear that, Sir,"
"And she has little Mary with her,"
Mr. Nevalls looked fiercely at his retainer as if expecting a response, and Hugh replied: "Sorry again, Sir."
"Yes, and by the Lord I won't stand it. My—that is, Mrs. Nevalls has broken her word, or at least our understanding; while I have been true to every undertaking. What did she mean by saying that she would take the house at Armay and educate the child if she didn't intend to stay there? She knew full well that, separation or no separation, I would never submit my little girl to the dominion of that old haridan. And yet she is back here in a month's time."
"I suppose, as it always was, it's 'mother.' She has ruined two lives, but she shan't ruin the third! I tell you, Hugh, I won't stand it; by Jove, I won't stand it!" and Mr. Nevalls, as if to exemplify this determination, began to pace up and down the floor.
"You must get little Mary for me," he continued.
"I am her natural guardian. The law gives me the right, and now Sophie—I mean Mrs. Nevalls—own not makes it a duty. You must get her, and trust me, I'll keep her."
"Yes, sir," said Hugh, and he arose as if he had been asked to fetch a file of paper.
"Wait a moment. Don't be so abrupt. Can't you see I'm nervous? You won't do anything to shock Sophie. She has such a tender, sensitive nature."
"Oh! no, indeed, sir."
"And will you need any money?"
"I will let you know this afternoon, when I have reconnoitred and found out how old and ugly the maid is."
"Well, take your time and method, Hugh. I trust you. But look out for that old warrior if you value your eyes and hair."
"Can't spare them, sir, even to oblige a lady." And silently, furtively, Hugh passed into his office, and thence out of the warehouse, leaving word with the boy at the door that he was going to a funeral, and would not be back before night if he had to drive to the cemetery.
And Alfred Nevalls swung around in his chair and clutched the topmost letter as if it were a drowning man's straw. But to no avail. He could not work. Who can, indeed, when self cries out for justification? The black letters lost their form and meaning and assumed delightful shapes of a fascinating young woman, of a charming little girl. Delightful, yet exasperating for these pictures seemed to say: "We are yours; why don't you claim us and hold us? Only a coward would abandon those so weak and trustful."
"What a fool I've always been!" thought Alfred. "And what's worse, how foolish my present course will seem some day surely seem. From idiotic infancy I have passed through a driving whirl into assine manhood, and there I stick. What a muddle I've made of life, or rather what a muddle life is! The more happiness one stores, the quicker it spoils. And yet, when I returned from college and father took me into business, and Sophie smiled, as she always had smiled since we were little children together, and even that old vixen didn't show her teeth except to grin, why, earth seemed an Eden."
Meanwhile the faithful Hugh was meditating after his nature, as he proceeded on his mission. "People that play with fire are apt to jump and suck their fingers," he mused. "Matrimonial quarrels are so romantic on the stage and so easily settled; but in real life, with the red-faced anger to it, the prairie flowers are quickly swept away and nothing left but black, baked soil. Well, let them go it."
Hugh turned into a side street and stopped before a mean-looking shop, whose windows bore the proud insignia of Lombardy and displayed a motley

collection of diamonds, harmonicas, revolvers, watches, flutes, and razors. When he came out a few minutes later his derby hat had been replaced by a broad-brim, and his demure black frock coat by a velvet shooting jacket. He gave his drooping mustache an upward twist and grinned inanely, and looked far more like a German tenor out of a job than the confidential clerk of a reputable forwarding house.
It was a fall day, sunny, brilliant, with a zest to the air like the tingle of wine. Hugh took a car to the park and then strolled across toward Sammis street, in which the Tracey mansion was situated. There were but few pedestrians abroad, here and there a maid trundling her charge or watching its play from one of the benches; but Hugh saw no fluttering gleam of little Mary's golden curls. He reached a clump of evergreens from which he could spy the house where she was held. To the left was a grove, and beyond this a terrace, at the foot of which ran the street through which he had arrived.
On the upper and lower sides of the grove were broad fields, on which the school children were permitted to play croquet and tennis. But now these were deserted. Indeed, if the park was lonely mornings, this was its loneliest part; hardly a sound, hardly a motion, save the crackle of a falling twig or the lazy curl of smoke from great piles of burning leaves.
Hugh found an obscure seat, and drawing his hat over his eyes thrust his hands into his breeches pockets, outstretched his long legs, seeming to sleep, narrowly watched.
Presently a flaxen-haired, robust maid was busied with the ice at the Tracey's basement, and then Hugh awoke. What more natural than that a poor German exile should dare approach and accost a woman of his race? What more natural than that a blue-eyed Madchen should chatter at the joyful sound of her mother tongue?
Oh, yes, she was more than busy. She could not linger with the much-to-be-commissioned respectable stranger. Her mistress was a housewife with the eye of a lynx, and her mistress's daughter had arrived to visit and was quite ill, and she must attend on her and the little girl, besides the many duties of the ordinary day. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house as the whistle resounded and a shrill voice strained the tube.
So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his eyrie and waited, feeling rather discouraged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatiently to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if to a bastion. She wheeled at the corner and entered the park by that very path where Hugh lay in ambush, and little Mary skipped blithely by her side like a cupid attending one of the Fates.
"Dance take it," muttered Hugh. "I never shall have a better chance. There's not a soul in sight. But what can I do? I can't loosen these bread-bushes short of a grooving."
He withdrew the closer among the evergreens as the pair approached, and looked about him in desperation. The lady curl of the smoke caught his eye and suggested a wicked design. By this time success in it, for snort or shrew, vim or vivon, would surely be affected alike by such a peril. He deftly wove a wisp of leaves, twigs and grass. He lighted it. He crept behind the sofa and dropped it on her trailing woeen skirt. In an instant he was by her side with hands upraised and alarm-bell ringing.
"Hugh! Hugh! Ma'am," he shouted, "but your dress is all ablaze!"
Now it was one thing—persons were out of the running—that the Widow Tracey feared it was fire. There was a directness about it which she could appreciate. Her lecture on lamps, which she delivered whenever a new servant was engaged, and consequently very often, would have been a potent retort in a dum for an electric light company. And so, as she looked behind her and saw the smudge, she lost her head and found her feet at the same moment. Without a thought of the child, she sped across the lawn toward her home, surprising the air with singular screams.
Hugh stamped on the wisp, which he had raised, kicked from the skirt, and then raising the terrified little girl in his arms, disappeared through the windings of the grove. A moment later they were seated in a down-town car, little Mary contentedly munching her orange and Hugh holding her hand as carefully, if not as aggressively, as her grandmother had.
"You are glad to go and see your papa?" said he.
"Yes, and my mamma, too."
"And you love your papa?"
"Oh, yes; and my dear mamma."
Hugh thought for a moment. It was touching to hear this child speak so confidently of parents who had separated. Their bickering had not affected her instinct at least; perhaps its purity might blind what they had lost.
"That's right, little one," he said, "all ways speak of your father and mother as if they were united in all things as they are in your love."
Little Mary looked at him inquiringly as if she half comprehended.
"I love my papa and mamma, bofe of dem together," she stoutly reiterated.
Poor Widow Tracey ran and screamed and smelled smoke and felt hot until she reached the street. Then as she could not help from perceiving that the passer by were not a whit alarmed for her safety, but rather for their own, shunning her as one of unsound mind, she gradually appreciated that her blood was responsible for the heat and the bonfires for the smoke, and then she suddenly recalled little Mary.
Back to the park she sped, screaming anew, and more surprisingly, and those who had only been suspected were now sure of her mania. Back to the very spot, where the offending wisp still smoldered, but no signs of the child, no signs of him who had so basely deceived her. Unhappily, yet scorching by the fires of indignation, Mrs. Tracey at length returned to her home. She entered her daughter's room in a whirl of volubility.
"He's done it," she cried. "The wretch, the villain. He's stolen the child; he's ruined, undone. I'll have the law on him if I live. Oh, how I hate him, with his smug German spies. I'll arrest that one for arson, for breach of the peace, for— for kidnapping. Sophie, what ails you? Why aren't you excited? Why don't you faint?"
But Sophie only settled back on the pillows and smiled.
"My little girl is safe with her father,"

she said. "I—only wish she had on a prettier dress."
"Oh, you!" screamed the widow. "I know you. You are as weak as your father was. But I'll strengthen you as I used to strengthen the hind. I'll send for my lawyer. We'll see whether Justice is the woman they figure her to be. I'll send for little Mr. Phibbs. And oh, my dear child, be firm. Remember your wrongs; try to be like me." But Sophie only smiled, and was silent.
Little Mr. Phibbs came, and the next day Alfred Nevalls was served with a writ of habeas corpus requiring him to have the body of one Mary Nevalls, an infant, by him alleged to be unlawfully detained, together with the cause of her detention, before the Hon. Samuel Badger, Justice of the Supreme Court, at his chambers on the following Saturday. When this was served by Phibbs, Jr., who exhibited the County Clerk's seal and the indorsement of the Judge on the writ, with the air of a veteran, Hugh, whistled and murmured, "I thought so," and Mr. Nevalls swore. A moment later he despatched his clerk in hot haste in quest of his attorney, the vigorous Abel Burgess.
Saturday morning, bright and early, the Widow Tracey occupied Judge Badger's front office. Little Mr. Phibbs, smiling and sparkling, was in her train, and so was Sophie, silent, distraught, with heaving bosom and twitching lips; the widow sniffed curiously at the unopened letters on the desk, and regarded the black and red labelled law books with suspicion and disdain. As why should she not who was a law unto herself? Sophie sighed. And little Mr. Phibbs twirled his glasses, consulted his watch, and mentally calculated a bill of costs.
Little Mary arrived in charge of a stalwart nurse, backed by the faithful Hugh, and then there was commotion. The widow sobbed and raised her hands in eloquent appeal. She threw herself on her knees before the child and strained her to her breast. And the stalwart nurse said "Humph," which meant a great deal more, and Hugh unconsciously twisted his moustaches into similarity with the German tenor's. But little Mary stretched out her arms to her mother, who quietly crossed the room and took her on her lap, nor did the guardian twain offer any opposition.
The widow, being thus relieved, turned her attention to her male foe whom she recognized, despite his sedate attire. In piercing tones she denounced him as a spy, an assassin, a petroleuse—this latter confidently with contempt of gender. She dared him to deny his villainy, which he made no attempt to do, and demanded of the two court officers in waiting his instant seizure and imprisonment. As these two representatives of the dormant side of the law were political associates of Hugh's, and lived in the same ward, they merely grinned and occasionally commanded silence.
Mr. Justice Badger entered from his private office, and the widow, antagonized present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatiently to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if to a bastion. She wheeled at the corner and entered the park by that very path where Hugh lay in ambush, and little Mary skipped blithely by her side like a cupid attending one of the Fates.
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THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Defined—Cause for Grief—Not So Very Old—A Weak Spot—Very Likely, Etc., Etc.
DEFINED.
"Papa, what is a reception?"
"A reception, my son, is a social function where you have a chance to speak to every one but your hostess."
CAUSE FOR GRIEF.
"My good man," inquired the tender-hearted old lady, "are you in any trouble? Why do you stand there wringing your hands?"
"Cause," replied the tramp, "I jest washed 'em."
NOT SO VERY OLD.
Mrs. B.—How do you feel to-day Captain? Quite well, I hope.
Captain—Oh, yes. I am troubled somewhat with asthma, and now and then I really feel I am growing old.
Mrs. B.—How old are you?
Captain.—Only eighty-two. [Fliegende Blaetter.]
NOT TOO HIGH.
Von Blumer.—How much is this apartment on the ground floor?
Agent.—Fifty-five dollars a month.
Von Blumer.—And the one above it?
Agent.—Fifty dollars a month.
Von Blumer.—How many stories has this building?
Agent.—Eleven.
Von Blumer.—Then I'll engage the roof for next summer. [Judge.]
VERY LIKELY.
"The inventor of the alphabet must have been a modest man," said Hawkins.
"Why so?" asked Mawson.
"Because he began it with A," said Hawkins. "Most men would have begun it with L." [Harper's Bazar.]
FINDING OUT.
Dawson (to stranger at Mrs. De Noo's reception)—Who is this Mrs. De Noo, anyhow?
Stranger—She is Mr. De Noo's wife.
Dawson—And who on earth is De Noo?
Stranger—I.—[Truth.]
MEANT SOMETHING ELSE.
Jeune Premier (at the amateur theatricals)—I say, old man, have you got the stage fright?
Heavy Villain—No; I think she's in her dressing-room. [Truth.]
EXPERIENCES.
Van Daub.—Were you ever done in oil, Mr. Broker?
Mr. Broker.—No; but I had three ribs broken in a wheat panic. [Truth.]
NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.
Dennis—I see day played base ball in de time of ancient Rome.
Mike—How so?
Dennis—I wuz down at a book stan' yesterday, an I see a book called de "Rise and Fall of de Roman Empire." [Kate Field's Washington.]
HE HAD TO.
"Do you love your teacher?"
"I suppose I have to."
"Why so, Tommy?"
"Because the Bible says we must love our enemies." [Texas Sittings.]
A WORD OF TWO MEANINGS.
"Achou," in monkey language, means warmth and comfort, according to Prof. Garner. "Achou," when uttered by poor humanity, generally means cold, discomfort, and a sneeze. [Boston Globe.]
GREAT HUNTING.
"Is Cholly fond of hunting?"
"No, people are fond of hunting Cholly; he has been up in supplementary proceedings a dozen times." [Rider and Driver.]
APPRECIATION.
Bulldog—That fellow was quite a dandy.
Maid—Indeed?
Bulldog (licking his chops)—Yes; he wore a very tasty suit of clothes. [Truth.]
A BETTER REASON.
Hobbs—Do you believe Gallup burned his house to get the insurance money?
Dobbs—No; I visited him at the jail, and he confided to me that he did it to get rid of the box of cigars his wife bought him for his birthday. [Life.]
POPULAR SCIENCE.
He (of Boston)—Professor Skiligh is going to lecture on sun spots.
She (of Chicago)—Well, if I thought he could tell of a real sure cure for them I would go to hear him—I freckle so easily. [Life.]
A CANDID CRITIC.
Author—Well, what do you think of my new drama?
Friendly Critic—Splendid! The villain in particular is admirably portrayed. The very words he utters are stolen. [Life.]
CORRECT DIAGNOSIS.
Shrewd Doctor—I see what's the matter. It's mental strain—too much worry.
Business Man—What do you advise?
"Change of scene."
"Where to?"
"Oh, almost any country where there is no extradition treaty." [New York Weekly.]
CHANGED HER MIND.
The Shopping Woman—How much is this silk yard?
Clerk—Six fifty, madam.
The Shopping Woman—Then let me have a package of hair pins. [Chicago News.]
SHOULD MEND HIS WAYS.
James (piously)—What is the gate to heaven?
James Father—Well, it's not the gate you've been going at recently. [Texas Sittings.]
HE DIDN'T COMPLAIN.
Young Wife—This talk about men being so impatient when a woman is getting ready to go anywhere is all nonsense.
Friend—Doesn't your husband complain at all?
Young Wife—No, indeed. Why, last evening I couldn't find my gloves, and had a long hunt for half a dozen things; and yet, when I was finally dressed, and went down stairs to my husband, there he was by the fire, reading and smoking as calmly as if I wasn't half an hour late.
Friend—Well, I declare! Where were you going?
Young Wife—To prayer meeting. [New York Weekly.]

Mr. Gazzam (reading)—Miss Parker, of New Mexico, runs a telegraph office, two express companies, a railroad office, a ranch, and keeps house. Now, Mr. Gazzam, what do you think of that?
Mr. Gazzam—I'll bet a dollar she has as much as any man else if her hat is on straight. [New York Sun.]
DAYS OF BECKONING.
Wife—When we go anywhere now we have to walk. Before marriage we always called a carriage.
Husband—That's why we have to walk now. [New York Weekly.]
A LOGICAL SMALL BOY.
"You aren't behaving very well, Tommy," said grandpa. "Do you know what I would do if I were a little boy like you?"
"Yeth, grandpa," said Tommy, "you'd do the same as I do, cauthie if you didn't you wouldn't be a little boy like me." [Harper's Bazar.]
TWO BETTER THAN ONE.
Teacher—We must have been taught to forgive those who despitely use us, but when Johnny Muggs hit you, what did you do?
Boy—I hit him back; but that was only so he'd have something to forgive, too. [Good News.]
KEEPING THEM DOWN.
Rich Youth—I should not object to the work of earning my own living if I had to, but what I should hate would be the officiousness and petty tyranny of superiors. I should hate to have to bow to the whims of some wealthy man not a bit better than myself.
Poor Youth—That's easily avoided. Be a typewriter, like I am. Employees never put on airs over me. I know how to take the starch out of 'em.
"Eh? What do you do?"
"Ask 'em how to spell a hard word now and then." [Good News.]
AN INSINUATION.
"You say your daughter plays by ear?" said the minister.
"Yes," replied the mother proudly.
"Excuse me—but—er—is your daughter at all hard of hearing?" [Washington Star.]
GREAT EXPECTATIONS.
Dora—Is that new waist you are having made a creation of your own?
Coro—Yes. I am going to call it the new navy design.
Dora—What for?
Coro—Because I expect to be so well armed. [Clook Review.]
SIMPLICITY.
"I don't like your milk," said the mistress of the house.
"What's wrong with it, Mum?"
"It's dreadfully thin and there's no cream on it."
"After you've lived in the city a while, Mum," said the milkman encouragingly, "you'll get over them rural ideas of yours." [Chicago Tribune.]
THE PRIMITIVE WHISTLE.
"Papa," said Walter, "I wish you'd buy me a whistle like George's."
"What kind is that, Walter?"
"It's one with nothing to it but whistle. He makes an O of his mouth and blows the whistle through it."
[Harper's Bazar.]
Some By-Gone Superstitions.
The ancient custom of whirling the teacup and telling fortunes by the dregs, seeing a kiss here, and a ring there, clear sky or fears, is now known as a part of the old divination which even the more enlightened of the heathen ridiculed; the notion of the disaster with thirteen at table has been exploded long ago; the idea that Friday is a day of ill luck, that any of God's days can be days of ill luck, ranks one adhering to it as among the low and ignorant. That one must trim one's nails on Sunday, lest one do something, is an absurdity of the past; next Sunday; that the scissors dropping upon the floor, instead of upon it, announce a coming guest; the rocking of an empty chair gives spiritual warnings; that the baying of a dog at night, the breaking of a looking-glass, the putting on of another's crape, all prophesy death—the belief in these and kindred superstitions, and the expression or exercise of such beliefs, gives one a low caste, and is no longer to be indulged in with safety by those ambitious of social correctness and elegance. Enlightenment has gone too far in these days for those desiring its extension to subject themselves to the idleness of a belief in any possible power over us inherent in any combination of inanimate substances. We have come out into the light, and left the bats and owls and creeping things of night behind us. We cannot be hampered by those who persist in looking back and lingering over such dust and ashes; we drop their hands and go on. It has become, by the edict not only of Christian faith but even of gay society, an evidence of vulgar breeding, both inadmissible and impossible, to give any more heed than we should to objects of curiosity to these notions and fancies which are in amount the creed of the ignorant heidams of dark ages. These useless and depraving things must all go together into the caldron where the sisters of the blasted heath performed their incantations, belonging to the legends of dark history and unhappy ages, and be allowed to burn in the furnace whatever to the sweetness and light of our own fortunate days, and those more fortunate, perhaps, to come. [Harper's Bazar.]
Evils of the Eucalyptus.
The eucalyptus tree is the greatest destroyer of a sewerage system known to the municipalities. The fibrous roots will penetrate the smallest possible opening at the pipe connections, and once in to the sewer pipe will grow and expand until the sewer is entirely choked up, and in number of cities it has been found that the pipes have been broken. The planting of trees of this variety should be discouraged now that we are about to have a sewerage system. In some cities ordinances have been passed compelling property-owners to cut down all trees of the gum variety for the protection of the sanitary condition. It would be well for our city fathers to look into the matter in this city and ascertain if any of the eucalyptus trees now in the city are near any of the streets or alleys through which the sewers are to be laid. [Modesto (Cal.) News.]
Some folks at Elizabeth, N. J., were interested the other day to see a white crow flying in a flock of his black brethren. As seen from below the wings and belly of the bird appeared bright white, and he maintained his flight with the black crows apparently upon terms of perfect equality.
London papers advertise "houses especially adapted to Americans."

BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

CAUSES OF CONSUMPTION.—A medical authority states that consumption is dependent upon three factors: First, decreased vitality, antagonizing powers, or what you will. This is well known, as what in what manner it is induced or transmitted. Second, an active inflammatory condition. This may be pneumonia, bronchitis, laryngitis or the like. Third, the presence of the bacillus tuberculosis. Without these three there can be no consumption. It is the usual thing in the examination in the lungs that the subject had at some time a commencing consumption, but the vitality had been so great that nature had encapsulated the infected part with tissue of high vitality and the condition became innocuous. The fatality from tuberculosis, then, is dependent on a decreased vitality, and we must look to a proper kind of diet and a consequent increase in the general antagonizing power of the body for the remedy.
CONTAGIOUSNESS OF PHTHISIS.—The discussion which has been going on for some time past as to the contagious character of phthisis has been emphasized on the negative side by the fact that at the famous Brompton Hospital the records of thirty-six years show not a single authenticated case originating within its walls among some two hundred and eighty physicians, residents, and nurses. Equally remarkable are the statistics of the Friedrichshain Hospital in Berlin, which show that out of nine hundred and eighty-nine physicians and nurses only ten showed tubercular, of whom three showed evidence of the disease before entering the hospital. Again, Dr. Brehmer states that at Gorborsdorf, where his institution is situated, during the last twenty years more than ten thousand phthisical patients resided in the hospital, who walked the streets of the town and commingled with its inhabitants, and who therefore apparently crowded the air with tubercle bacilli, yet the mortality is 50 per cent. less among the Gorborsdorf population than it was before the establishment of the hospital. Dr. Schreyer, of Switzerland, also gives record of eight hundred and forty-four cases of phthisis among married people in four hundred and fifty-five of which the husband only was phthisical, and in three hundred and sixty-seven the wife only, while in thirty-two both husband and wife were affected, showing that in eight hundred and twelve instances there was not the least proof of contagion.
ELECTRICITY IN MEDICINE.—A very interesting and instructive lecture was delivered recently by George G. Hopkins, M. D., in Brooklyn, on the subject of "Electricity in Medicine." During the lecture he showed a number of and explained the various electrical machines and appliances used in medical practice. In treating the subject Dr. Hopkins spoke of the numerous uses to which electricity is to-day put, and cited three different kinds of currents which are known and used for scientific and practical purposes to-day. The doctor intimated that at the present day the real advancement in electrical knowledge was in the application and use of more and more powerful machines for use and application, and especially was this true in the medical use of electricity. There has been a new era in medical electricity within the past twenty years owing to this fact. He cited a case which had occurred in his practice during the past twenty years of a girl of 18 years who was helpless, unable to walk or to speak words of more than one syllable, but was naturally of a bright disposition and good family, who was taken to St. John's Hospital and treated by electricity, and who finally received the use of her limbs and the physical portion of her body, but was still unable to utilize her brain powers. A 20-cell bichromate battery was used each day for six months, the current being applied through the limbs, and a cure effected. The lady is alive to-day, and, although not in vigorous health, enjoys much that would have been impossible for her without the use of the electric fluid. Electricity is used for many contrary conditions, so as to produce a contraction, or again a relaxation of the muscular tissues. The galvanic current is used as a tonic, and Dr. Hopkins assured his hearers there was none better known, especially for hysterics, goitre, swellings and tumors; also for cramps, nervous diseases and neuralgia. Many very interesting instruments were shown, among others a cataplectic instrument, in which the medicine was held in blotting paper, and by means of the electric current driven through the skin. The various needles used for cauterizing and disinfecting purposes. The subject of resistance was touched upon and electrocution mentioned. Dr. Hopkins was most emphatic in declaring his repugnance to this form of capital punishment, preferring hanging and shooting as being, to him, more humane, as, although the actual execution of the application of strong alternating electric currents, of 1,500 or 1,200 volts was certain to produce instant death, the mental suffering was much more intense and awful than in any other form of death. Dr. Hutchinson differed with Dr. Hopkins as regards the methods of capital punishment, and believed electrocution to be absolutely the most humane, decent, scientific manner of inflicting the death penalty. Many interesting stories and scientific facts of research and observation were related, and questions were solicited on any point not perfectly understood. Among the instruments exhibited was one for throwing light into the stomach by means of a small electric light within a silver tube, through which any surgical instrument might be inserted, and the difficulty removed, was most interesting; also a powerful incandescent light which threw light through the hands and limbs, and was said to be powerful enough to throw light through the neck, sufficient to light up the interior portion of the larynx and throat, making examinations of those organs comparatively easy.
A Naturalist's Experiences.
G. W. Dunn, the veteran California naturalist, has left for the Tehachapi and Cuyamaca mountains for the collection of the curious plants and insects of those regions for the World's Fair. He may also go into the Whetstone mountains. Altogether he expects to be gone many weeks.
"The last time I was in the Whetstone and Rincon mountains," said Mr. Dunn, "I had some gruesome experiences which I shall never forget. It was in 1897, at the time of General Miles' campaign against the Apaches and I was, twenty miles north of Benson and forty from Tucson, in the Rincon mountains. I had a butterfly net in my hand and was just on the eve of making a catch when a big painted Indian, gun in hand, looked over my shoulder. He displayed the greatest interest and probably thought I was a medicine man. I looked

as unconcerned as I could and finally worked my way 't' in the brush. But I didn't sleep in my usual place that night. I dragged my blankets off to a new place. Next morning two men who camped below me were found murdered. The same Indian had killed them.
"I got out of there then and went to the Whetstones, ten miles west of Benson. One day I went to a little spring on the south side of a mountain. It was concealed with brush, and when I got inside three old bucks and a squaw sat there. They had a cup, and though I was much taken aback, I borrowed it and got a drink. While I was doing so the squaw came and looked me over and pulled at my white hair and whiskers to see if they would come off. I vacated that region, too, in short order. That same night, the same as in the other case, there came a storm of woodchoppers, who were camped nearby.
"The Rincon and Whetstone mountains are among the best fields for naturalists of any on this Coast. There are many rare plants and insects there, and I hope to secure a good many."
Mr. Dunn always goes as far into the wilds as possible and uniformly camps out. A snake or a tarantula country suits him immensely. He told a story how on his last trip into the Lower California mountains J. J. Taylor of San Diego, fearful of the rattlesnakes, encased his legs in joints of stovepipe. He slipped on the mountain side, and, being unable to bend his legs and brace himself, he fell and was badly bruised on the rocks. [San Francisco Examiner.]
How Indians Make Bows.
Every teepee has its bow wood hung up with the arrows in the smoke of the fire, while the bow is made. A warlike warrior with a sharp knife and a sandstone file can make a bow in three days if he works hard, but it most generally takes a week, and sometimes a month, to finish a fancy bow. When done it is worth \$3 in trade. The bows differ in length and strength, being gauged for the arms of those who are to use them. A white man would, until he learned the secret, find it almost impossible to bend even the weakest bow. The force of such an arrow may be imagined when it is remembered that, while a Colt's revolver will not send a ball through a buffalo, an arrow will go through a buffalo and come out on the other side. A man's skull has been found transfixed to a tree by an arrow which had gone completely through the bones and imbedded itself so deep in the wood as to sustain the weight of the head. He had been tied up to the tree and shot.
Bows are made of all kinds of wood. The best are made of Orange orange, hickory, oak, ash, elm, cedar, willow, plum, cherry, bullberry, and from the horns of elk and mountain sheep. No Indian who could not handle the strong bow is deemed fit for war. There are three kinds, the long bow, and, last of all, the strong bow. The Sioux and Crows make the best bows. The Sioux bow is generally four feet long. When unstrung it is perfectly straight. Some bows are covered and strengthened and made more vitally elastic on the back by being strung with sinews. In such instances the back of the bow is flattened at the grip, and when a file or stone, the sinew being afterward glued on. The sinew is then lapped at the middle or grasp of the bow and at the ends. The string is attached while green, twisted and left to dry on the bow. The whole outside of the sinew is now covered with a new solution of glue and the bow is done. These bows are painted, decorated, velveted, and leatherned.
The Crows make jointed bows out of elk horn. To do this they take a large horn or prong and saw a slice off each of its ends. These slices are then filled or rubbed down until the flat sides fit nicely together, when they are glued and wrapped at the ends. Four slices make a bow, such a fourfold bow being jointed. Another piece of horn is laid on the centre of the bow, at the grasp, and the bow is glued fast. The whole is then filed down until it is perfectly proportioned, when the white bone is ornamented, carved and painted. Nothing can exceed the beauty of these bows. It takes an Indian about three months to make one. They are very expensive. The Indians, as a rule, do not sell them.
In travelling the arrows are sheathed in a quiver made generally of the skin of the puma or mountain lion. The bow sheath is generally of the same stuff. [Globe-Democrat.]
Volcanoes of Central America.
Of the ninety active volcanoes in Central America, writes Fannie B. Ward, I have seen thirty-five and never saw any signs of lava; on the contrary, pumice-stone is imported with painters' supplies. Black sand is the product of the volcanoes; it is fired upward three or four miles high and distributed by the trade winds over the country. It is a rich fertilizer. Besides her picture in colors, nature does some work in black and white. It is on the Pacific shore on the northwest of Nicaragua. The beach is about 250 feet wide, and is covered with black volcanic ashes, fine as sand. The great white billows of the Pacific were rolling in, the intense light of the mid-day sun showed the contrast to its utmost limit between the black volcanic ashes and the white billows. These volcanic ashes cover the ocean bed far out, as I have been told by those who have taken soundings along the coast. This picture is twenty miles long, extending to within a few miles north of Corinto. [Boston Transcript.]
Traveling at Night in China.
In traveling at night in China every one uses a torch or lantern. Ordinary business men use a small glass and tin affair which they swing as they walk. The well-to-do and the mandarins employ the globes already described. Two of them are usually fastened to the back of the wearer, and the third is part of its furniture. At night they are carried by a servant who goes in advance. As a rule, the higher a man's social standing the larger his lanterns. If he has a title it is painted on their surface in characters so large as to surround the light. A titled lantern takes the right of way over a plain one, and as between titles, the higher precedes the lower. The only exception is that a "joss-lantern," or one belonging to a religious procession, takes precedence over all others.
A PLEASANT SURPRISE.
"What a beautiful child!" exclaimed Mrs. Intheswin, pausing before a baby carriage which a nurse was wheeling through the park. "What a lovely complexion! Your face is familiar to me," she added, addressing the nurse; "will you please tell me to whom the child belongs?"
"Bless your heart, ma'am, she's your own, but she has grown a great deal since you saw her last." [New York Press.]