

THE WINDS OF MEMORY.

Upon the western shore to night I'm sitting,
The shore that slopes to touch a boundless
sea,
And watch the white ships inward, outward
fleeing,
And wonder when my ship will come for
me;
And where it lies, and whether it is go-
ing.
I only hear the winds of memory blow-
ing.
Across the cliffs of yesterday they're coming,
They fan my forehead with the forest air.
Remembered melodies the hills are hum-
ming.
A scent of pine trees hovers everywhere.
I hear again the bunsie brooklet flow-
ing.
While all the winds of memory are blow-
ing.
Blow on, sweet winds, your singing or your
sighing
Brings back to-night a half-forgotten tune:
Beneath the apple blossoms once more I'm
lying.
I feel the breath of girlhood's happy June;
Life's early dawn, again I see it glowing.
While all the winds of memory are blowing.

A summer song, now faint, now fuller growing
A far-off lullaby from mother lips.
Love, living love, receiving and bestowing;
I listen, listen! On, ye white-winged ships,
I do not need your coming or your going.
While all the winds of memory are blowing.

Upon the western shore to night I'm straying,
The shore that slopes to touch a boundless
sea,
And watch the billows upward, downward
swaying.
But do not care how near the tide may be;
Or, if the waters touch my feet, not
knowing.
While I can hear the winds of memory
blowing.

—[Exchange.]

An Old Roman of Mariposa.

BY FLORENCE VINCH-KELLY.

Mariposa is a wreck of the gold fever.
The merest skeleton of its former self,
lies there in the gulch between the
chapparral-covered foothills and remem-
bers the time when it was lush and vig-
orous, in the full flush of its youth, and
had a murder every morning for breakfast.

All around it the gashed and seamed
and scarred and furrowed earth bears
testimony to the labors of those stirring
times when men dug a fortune from the
ground in a day, and spent it in the town
at night.

The people live in the past. The first
man with whom you talk will make you
hear the sound of barroom fights and pis-
tol shots down the street, and the rolling
chorus of "Forty-nine," and make vivid
for your eyes the piles of gold dust upon
the gaming tables, the hundreds of gold-
weighted miners that came trooping into
town on Saturday night, and the placer
mines down the bed of the creek, as popu-
lar then as a city street, though now
utterly deserted now. And every man and
woman about middle age with whom you
talk will do the same for you with new
characters and incidents, until your stay
in the town becomes a rolling panorama
of the gold days and you feel as if you
were yourself living through their excite-
ments and had gotten their deliriums in
your veins.

At least that was what was happening
to me as I sat on a bench in front of a
little house whose narrow porch was
flush with the sidewalk of the main
street. My hostess, herself an old timer,
the first woman in the town, began the
entertainment as she sat there in the
early afternoon, shelling peas for dinner
and breathing deep draughts of the
honey-scented air that blew down the
hills from thousands of pink-flowered
manzanita bushes. She told how she
and her sister had alighted from the stage
in Mariposa that evening so many
years ago, when they were both "just
alike girls," the very first women in
that region for miles and miles around;
and how the men, hundreds of them,
who had not seen the form of a woman
for months, save Indian squaws, came at
the news that two women were in town
and begged her father to be allowed just
to look at them; and how the two of
them, hand in hand, came shyly out and
the men crowded around with looks of
respectful adoration at their modest
to let others look, though one stepped
back enough to fall on his knees and kiss
the hem of her dress; and how the whole
great crowd of men suddenly started up,
as if by one impulse, the hymn, "Nearer,
My God, to Thee."

Then along came a newspaper man—a
bit of the present mingled with the
past. He was reporting a murder trial
for his San Francisco paper.

"Better come to this afternoon's ses-
sion of the trial," he said. "The pris-
oner isn't much, but I've run across
since I've been on the Coast. I'll tell
you about him as we walk over."

"It's a brutal, ghastly case," the news-
paper man said, "and to my mind the
only mystery about it is the prisoner's
father. He is a fine-looking old man,
with the manner and head of an old
Roman. He has the reputation of being
the straightest and squarest man in the
county, and how he ever came to be the
father of such a good-for-nothing scum-
bag of the earth as the prisoner I can explain
only in the supposition that he isn't."

"The old man is one of the pioneers in
Mariposa and they tell me that he was
one of the nerviest men that ever drew a
gun in this town. He killed his man in
these days, just as lots of other good
men did, but it was in self-defense and
everybody was glad that the town was
rid of the man he dropped and so noth-
ing was said about it. There was a
Coroner's jury, which gave a verdict of
suicide, and explained their finding on
the ground that it was suicidal for any
man to draw on Dan Hopkins and then
give Dan the chance to shoot first."

The old man was universally known
to be so honest and square in all his
dealings and so upright and honorable
seemed all the blacker by contrast. He
has stood by the young fellow from the
first of his wickedness, so everybody
says, and has always shown toward him
not only the greatest affection, but has
never intimated even to his best friend
that the young man was anything but
the best and most dutiful son that had
ever lived. He has kept him supplied
with money, so that the fellow's only
reason for the petty thievery he has
been pure love for stealing. He has
paid his fines when he has been arrested
and shielded him from public contempt
and done everything possible to make it
easy for him to be honest and respect-
able. But the boy has steadily gone on,
they say, from bad to worse, and now
he has capped it all with this crime,
which, in willful and unprovoked brutal-
ity, was worthy of a criminal

had there by twice his years and experi-
ence.

He and another young blade about as
bad as he is, though this one seems to
have been the one who planned it and
led in the execution, went to the house
of an old man, who lived alone a little
farther up in the foothills toward the
Yosemite valley, and asked to be allowed
to stay all night. The old man made
them in, got supper for them, made them
as comfortable as he could, and in the
night they got wild and murdered him,
stole all his money—he had just sold
some horses and cattle to the prisoner's
father—and were preparing to skip the
country and go to Australia when they
were arrested.

"The thing's not been absolutely
proven on young Hopkins yet, but the
circumstantial evidence is so plain that
even if there is nothing else I don't see
how he's going to escape the rope. I've
just heard a rumor, though, that there
to be some new evidence this afternoon
which will settle the matter without a
doubt."

The room rapidly filled up, and as we
waited for court to open the newspaper
man pointed out one and another hale
old man whose clear eyes and fresh skin
betrayed his years, and told tales of his
daring forty years before, of the wealth
he had dug from the earth, and of the
reckless ways in which he had lost it.
And at last came the prisoner and his
father. The old man's figure was tall,
erect, broad-chested and muscular, and
his bearing bold and reserved.

"I'm always half-expecting to see that
old man get up," the newspaper man
whispered to me, "fold his arms across
that great chest of his and say 'Rom-
anus sum,' and then proudly lead his son
away."

He must have been sixty-five years old
or more, though he looked twenty years
younger. His dark hair and beard were
all silver with gray, and he held him-
self so erectly and with such dignity,
and all the lines of his countenance ex-
pressed such force and nobleness of
character that the suggestion of his ap-
pearance was of the strength of middle
age.

But the boy was a painful contrast.
His eyes were shifty, his expression weak
and sensual, and the hard lines of his
face and the indifference of his manner
told the story of a man old in criminal
thoughts if not in years and deeds.
For he looked no more than twenty-five,
and might have been even younger.

The father sat near him, and although
they seldom spoke together he frequent-
ly by some small act or apparently un-
conscious movement showed a tenderness
and affection for the wayward son that
seemed all the greater by contrast with
his own proud reserve and the boy's
hardened indifference.

The new testimony was brought in.
The Sheriff had set a go-between at work
with the two prisoners, and with his aid
had secured copies of all the notes they
at once began writing to each other. In
these letters, which were all produced in
court, they had freely discussed their
crimes, and argued about the points
wherein they had made mistakes. Young
Hopkins had boasted to the other that
they need not fear conviction because
his father would certainly get them
clear, and they had planned what they
would do after the trial was over, fore-
casting with joyful anticipations a course
of crime and debauchery.

When the Sheriff began to give this
testimony the old man's hand was resting
affectionately on his son's shoulder. As
it went on laying bare the utter depra-
vity of the boy's soul, the muscles of his
face quivered a little, and presently,
with just the suggestion of a flinching
shudder in face and figure he took his
hand away and shrank back a little from
the young man. I had wondered as I
watched him if it was a revelation to
him of a depth of depravity in his son's
heart of which he had not guessed before.

Then the prosecution asked for a few
minutes' recess, announcing that it had
a new witness to bring forward. And af-
ter much hurrying to and fro and whis-
pering and consulting among lawyers
and court and prison officials young Hop-
kins and his accomplice appeared on the wit-
ness stand, and turned to the evidence.
He had learned of the intercepted letters,
and, frightened by their probable result
for himself, told the whole story of the
crime from the time Hopkins had first
broached it to him until they were
arrested in San Francisco. And during
the entire narration of the cold-blooded,
brutal and cowardly deed of Dan Hop-
kins sat with his eyes on the witness
steady and unflinching in color and
nerve and muscle as if he had been lis-
tening to a lecture or a sermon.

At last it was all over, the jury listened
to the Judge's charge and filed out. "It's
hanging, sure," said the newspaper man.
"After that evidence and that charge
there's only one verdict they can bring
in. It's a good thing as far as the boy's
concerned, but I do feel sorry for his
governor."

Every one felt so sure that the jury
would soon return that none left their
places, and a buzz of conversation soon
filled the room. Old Dan Hopkins sat
with his arms folded, his head erect, and
his eyes steady and clear, upon the
sympathizing glances sent toward him,
though no one approached or spoke to
him, for it was evident from his com-
pressed lips and frowning brow that he
preferred to be left alone. He had moved
a little away from his son, and sat scarce-
ly ten feet distant on my left. When
the jury returned, he rose, half an hour
later, he bent upon them the same ab-
stracted gaze and unmoved countenance.
I think he had determined, what-
ever their verdict, upon his own
course of action long before.

The foreman stood up, glanced sadly
toward the man who had been his friend
and neighbor for many years. There
were tears in his eyes and his voice
broke and trembled as he gave their
verdict. "Guilty of murder in the first
degree." Not a sound broke the death-
like stillness of the room as he sat down,
and I noticed that every face within my
view was turned away from the pris-
oner's box and the old man who sat
near it. The tension of the moment
was broken by the prisoner's counsel,
who arose and began a motion for a new
trial.

But the click of a revolver broke
through his first sentence as Dan Hop-
kins jumped to his feet with a sudden,
swift movement of his right arm. A
bullet sped forward with out-
stretched arms and cried, "Stop! Stop!"
But even before they could reach him
the report rang through the room, and
just as they seized the father's arms the
son dropped to the floor, dead. He
waved back the men who were pressing
around him.

"Stand back," he cried. "Stand back a
minute!" And then he fell back in-
stinctively. He walked calmly to the Judge's
desk and laid down his smoking pistol.
Then he folded his arms and faced about,
with head thrown back, flashing eyes
and colorless face. He looked at the
Sheriff, who, with the sense of official duty
strong upon him, had stepped out from

the huddled crowd and was coming
toward him.

"Wait one minute," he cried, "and
then arrest me! I have lived a long and
happy life, and I am now, I know
that I have the respect and confidence
of you all. And I am convinced, too,
bitter as the knowledge is to me, that that
poor boy there deserved death. I did not
believe until this afternoon that he was
guilty. But now I am convinced that
he was bad from the bottom of his heart
and that there was no hope for him. He
deserved death, but could I have taken
my own flesh and blood should be hanged?
No! Better a thousand times that he
should die by my own hand. On me let
the law's justice fall, for I deserve death,
not so much for taking the life of that
monster of wickedness that lies there as
for having given him life in the first
place. Mine was the first sin, and it is
just that I, rather than he, should bear
the disgrace. Now, arrest me."

He held out his hand to the Sheriff,
the shackles clicked upon his wrists and
he was led off between the rows of
staring men, his head as erect and his
manner as proudly dignified as ever.—
[San Francisco Examiner.]

A FRONTIER GRAVEYARD.

The Cemetery at Fetterman, Where
Many a Worthy Lies Buried.

Old Fort Fetterman, or what is left of
the post, stands upon a table land which
overlooks a beautiful basin and the
North Platte river. The buildings of
the Fort are crumbling. Sage-brush has
sprung up in the walks and the cactus
in the parade ground is now green and
rank. Fetterman is an abandoned post.
The soldiers moved away from there
years ago. Only one man lives at the
place now. He is a stout fellow, with a
face as red as the apricot cheeks of
the country, and as unkempt as the
hair of a town lout. He has few visitors.
The days come and the days go without
bringing to this man a single thing to
break the monotony of his life. Years
ago the soldiers returned to the post,
says the Chicago Herald, and removed
from the cemetery the dead bodies of
their comrades. Some of the brave fel-
lows were killed in fights with Indians.
Others had taken their own lives, while
still others had died from natural causes.
The bodies that remained in the quiet
graveyard were those of civilians. They
died, as many of the soldiers had done,
but there was nobody to take them away,
and so they were left to lie in the
shadow of the ruins of the post and
where the coyotes roared at night. The
headstones at these graves are grimly
humorous. They are of wood, with the
names of the occupants of the tombs
carved upon their surface. The letters
are not regular. They do not belong to
the same font. Here is an italic H and
there a roman G, and so close are they
together that the name is as irregular as
was the life of one whose memory they
were made to perpetuate.

Over in one corner of the graveyard is
a sunken grave where a curlew was
thriving its slender bill. The head-
board read: "Pete Stevenson, Killed by
Lumber Jim." To the right, and where
the cactus grows thickest, is another
board, with this inscription: "Bill Ap-
ple, Killed by a Six Shooter." "Lumber
Jim," whoever he may have been,
may not have started this frontier grav-
yard, but he had much to do with the
prosperity of the civilian corner of the
inclosure. For here and there was a
headstone with the name of one of his
victims, and always ending in the same
grim way: "Killed by Lumber Jim."

There were no dates carved upon the
boards. That would have taken too
much time. And who would care, any-
how, whether Bill Bates died on Thurs-
day, March 21, 1887, or on Friday,
March 22, 1887?

One old story started from this grav-
yard. Bill Barlow, who was a great man
about Fetterman when the post amounted
to something, striking across the
country late one night, when, exhausted
from his long ride, he drew rein on his
bronco and alighted. The night was so
dark that Barlow, familiar as he was with
every basin and draw of the country,
drew up in the middle of the graveyard
and picked his horse. Morning was
breaking when Barlow awoke. He
looked about him and in the dim light
saw the gravestones scattered here and
there. Started at what he beheld, but
suddenly realizing that he was, perhaps,
the most fortunate of all men, he cried
out:

"The resurrection, begosh, and I'm
the first on deck."

The story was told through Wyo-
ming, and eventually found its way to
the east. Barlow is still alive. He is a
fat man with a good nature; and when
the nights are long he plays the village
piano and sings for the big-hearted men
who sit about the store.

WOMAN.

The Greatest Have Thought It Worthy
to Honor Her.

I think there is nothing made in crea-
tion that can be compared with woman
—not even man. Homage and devotion
to a woman is the first duty of man,
after homage to the deity, and the
Supreme Being, whom all the different
races unite in describing as God. I have
fancied that woman and God's love
represented the ruling spirit, as man and
man's brain represent the moving agent,
in the world. I have drawn pictures of
an age in which real chivalry of thought,
word and deed might be the only law
necessary to control man's action. Not
the scenic and theatrical chivalry of
the middle ages, ready at any moment to
break out into epidemic crime, but a
true reverence and understanding of
woman's supreme right to honor and con-
sideration; an age where it should no
longer be said that love is but an episode
in the brutal life of a white to woman
it is life itself. There is no pleasure like
the pleasure of trying to understand
what a woman wants; there is no sorrow
like the sorrow of failing to do that; and
there is no glory like the glory of suc-
cess. It is a divine task for any man,
and the greatest have thought it worthy
of them.—[E. Marion Crawford.]

The Crazy Peer Voted.

There is only one well authenticated
case of a lunatic having voted in a divi-
sion either in the House of Lords or
the House of Commons. In 1841, on the
occasion when Lord Melbourne's gov-
ernment was defeated by one vote on
Sir Robert Peel's notice of want of con-
fidence, the Whigs brought down Lord
X—, who was a member for a Scotch
county, although he was in a state of
absolute driving idjocy, and his vote
was duly recorded on the government
side. Mr. Charles Greville states that
this poor wretch was brought in a chair.
They got him into the house and then
wheeled him past the speaker, Charles
Howard, Melbourne's private
secretary, told me he thought it a mon-
strous and indecent proceeding.—
[London Tit-Bits.]

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY
MEN OF THE PRESS.

He Had Noticed It—Cause for Resent-
ment—Worse—A Singular Request,
Etc., Etc.

HE HAD NOTICED IT.

Barber (giving him a swipe down the
other cheek)—Yes, sir; I've got some
influence in this ward, if I do say it my-
self.

Man in Chair—You do seem to have
something of a pull.—[Chicago Tribune.]

CAUSE FOR RESENTMENT.

"There's an awful quarrel on between
Harry de Ruyter and Miriam. Have you
heard about it?"

"No; what's it all about?"

"Why, Harry told her she was his
study for the heroine of his last story,
and she read it and found that he de-
scribed her as 'not strictly beautiful.'"

—[Vogue.]

Barrie—Famblan is a terrible bore.
Strang—Does he persist in telling the
clever things his children have said?

Barrie—Worse. He tells of the
clever things he has said himself.

A SINGULAR REQUEST.

Family Physician—Can I assure you,
my dear lady, that you have not the least
trace of a liver complaint?

Patient, who longs to go to Carlsbad—
But, my dear doctor, can't you provide
me with it if I want it very badly?—
[Fliegende Blätter.]

MIGHT CALL HIM ONE BY TELEPHONE.

Haverly—Would you call a man a liar
who was in the habit of telling little
harmless fibs?

Austin—It would depend upon how
much he weighed.—[Vogue.]

JUST LONG ENOUGH TO THINK IT OVER.

Patient Old Lady (to elevator boy
reading novel)—How often does the
elevator go up, boy?

Elevator Boy—It goes up at the end
of every chapter.—[Pittsburgh Chronicle
Telegraph.]

THE FAULT ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Isabella.—I don't see why you should
have any difficulty in conversing with
Mr. Francement. You said you spoke
French?

Elayne—I do, but no one can under-
stand me.—[Chicago Record.]

IF THIS WERE ONLY TRUE.

So many girls will have to go without
new hats this winter on account of the
World's Fair that it will be quite the
thing to go bareheaded to the theatre.—
[Achson Globe.]

WOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER.

He—What is the reason you won't let
me kiss you when I ask you? Is it be-
cause you think I have kissed so many
other girls?

She—No, I acquit you of that.

He—Indeed? Why?

She—Because if you had you wouldn't
have asked.—[New York Herald.]

A ROMANTIC BUNDLE.

"Do you love me?" said the paper bag
to the sugar.

"I'm just wrapped up in you," replied
the sugar.

"You sweet thing!" murmured the
paper bag.—[Truth.]

A PROTESTED TRANSGRESSION.

Little Mary—O, you've got papa's
razor. He'll just take your head off
when he gets it out.

Little John—(looking at the blade
with a satisfied air after drawing it
through another pine stick)—Not with
this.—[Detroit Tribune.]

WANTED SOLICITUDE.

"Now, dear," said the thoughtful
wife, "you will be careful not to get
your feet wet, won't you?"

"Humph!" replied the dyspeptic hus-
band. "That's the way with you women.
That shows just about how much con-
sideration you have for a man. I sup-
pose you'd be satisfied to see me break
my neck trying to walk down to my
office on my hands, wouldn't you?"
—[Washington Star.]

JOHN SETTLED AND DONE FOR.

"So your son John is courting a woman
at last? I'm afraid, however, that he'll
be too bashful to propose to her."

"He won't need to propose; she's a
widow."—[New York Press.]

A MEAN MAN.

"My dear," said Mr. Bloomburper to
his wife, "I wish you would have some
of these biscuits of yours when Mr. Bris-
coe is here for dinner."

"I thought you didn't like Mr.
Briscoe, love," replied Mrs. Bloomburper,
sweetly.

"I don't,"—[Judge.]

A WOMAN'S JOKE.

"Yes, mutton's dead to-day," said he,
"but here's some venison that's nice."

"Oh, no; no venison for me,"
She said, "that's dear at any price."
—[New York Press.]

LIKE A PAPER WRAPPER.

The Young Housewife—Have you
any canvas-bag duck?

Butcher—Yes, ma'am.

The Young Housewife—Well, I wish
you'd send me one. And I wish you'd
have it taken out of my canvas, if you
please!—[Chicago Record.]

A WORTHY DOCTOR.

"Dr. Jacques is certainly a first rate
physician. All his operations succeed
and he has never yet met with a failure."
"Then his patients must indeed be
lucky."

"Yes; for when he gets them their
sufferings are sure to cease very soon."—
[Journal Amusant.]

HE WAS NO TRANSIENT.

He was introduced to her in the
parlors of the hotel and kept her listen-
ing to his chatter for two mortal hours.

"I am quite at home in this hotel," he
finally remarked.

"Oh, yes," she answered with a weary
smile; "you seem to be a permanent
boarder."—[Detroit Free Press.]

HE HAD NOTICED IT.

The hands of the clock were pointing
o 12.

"Have you noticed the clock?" she
asked, yawning.

"Yes," he said; "it's the same one
you've always had, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"I noticed it the first night I came to
call on you. It's a very nice one."
—[New York Sun.]

HISTORY VS. COMMON SENSE.

Teacher—What kind of hair did the
ancient Britons have?

Tommy—Long blond hair.

Teacher—No; the ancient Britons
must have had gray hair.—[Texas Sift-
ings.]

DIDN'T WANT IT.

Warble—I kissed a girl last night and
she treated it just like an editor treats
my poems.

Fiddleback—Declined it?

Warble—No. Returned it with thanks.
—New York Herald.

CROP ITEMS.

"Do you think the corn crop has been
affected by the weather?"

"Guess not; my chiropodist tells me
he was never so busy as now."—[Truth.
POOR THING!]

Oh, think of the misery winter will
bring.
When of warmth there's such terrible
lack;
Oh, pity the woman, sad, sorrowing
thing.
Who hasn't a sealskin sacque.

—[Washington Star,
NEW TO HER.

"Oh, mamma, look here," said a little
visitor in the country who had got her
eyes on a potato bug for the first time.
"What is it, dear?"

"A funny kind of fly with a tennis
blazer."—[Vogue.]

REAL INDEPENDENCE.

One day last summer a gentleman at
Plainfield, N. J., had notice served on
him by his cook.

"Why do you leave?" he asked.

"It's too hot here for a Christian in
summer."

"It's no hotter for you than it is for
me," observed her employer. "Yet I
have to stay."

"That's the difference between you and
me, my dear," replied the cook. "I haven't."
—[Brooklyn Life.]

THE THIMBLE RHYME.

The turkey, bird of promise,
Is now in clover living,
"Tis sage to say, he'll have his weight
Until his neck's Thanksgiving."
—[Detroit Free Press.]

THE VERY TIME.

When on the half-shell oysters come
That is the time beyond a doubt,
When he who treats a girl doth find
It necessary to shell out.

—[New York Herald.]

THEY DON'T GO WELL TOGETHER.

The weather grows colder now day after
day.

And the heart of the maiden is down;
She can't wear a coat trimmed with fur
and display
The spinnaker sleeves of her gown.

—[New York Press.]

A FAMILIAR PECULIARITY.

"Literature certainly runs in the
Greensmith family. The two daughters
write poetry that nobody will print; the
sons write plays that nobody will act,
and the mother writes novels that no-
body will read."

"And what does the father write?"

"Oh, he writes checks that nobody
will cash."—[Press and Printer.]

AND TROUBLE EVENTUALLY FOLLOWED.

Neighbor's Boy—Your mamma must
be mighty strong.

The Other Boy—How do you know
whether she is or not?

Neighbor's Boy—I heard my mamma
say she believed she was a shoplifter.—
[Chicago Tribune.]

REALISM.

"I want a realistic work," she said,
With such a tender look.
The wealthy banker, with a bow,
Gave her his pocketbook.

—[Detroit Free Press.]

TRY IT YOURSELF.

Anybody Can Ascertain Another's Age
by This Method.

There was once a wise king who was
awfully curious. He was possessed of a
desire to know everything, and was
continually asking questions. Indeed,
his thirst for knowledge carried him so
far that he was wont to ask the age of
every person he met. But, being a king,
he was exceedingly polite, and would
resort to strategy to gain his ends.

One day there came to the court a gray-
haired professor, who amused the king
greatly. He told the monarch a number
of things that he never knew before, and
the king was delighted. But finally it
came to the point when the ruler wanted
to know the age of the professor, so he
thought of a mathematical problem.

"Ahon!" said the king. "I have an
interesting sum for you; it is a trial in
mental arithmetic. Think of the number
of the month of your birth."

Now, the professor was 60 years old,
and had been born two days before
Christmas; so he thought of 12, De-
cember being the twelfth month.

"Yes," said the professor.

"Multiply it by 2," continued the
king.

"Yes."

"Add 5."

"Yes," answered the professor, doing
so.

"Now multiply that by 50."

"Yes."

"Add your age."

"Subtract 365."

"Yes."

"Add 115."

"Yes."

"And now," said the king, "might I
ask what the result is?"

"Twelve hundred and sixty," replied
the professor, wondering.

"Thank you," was the king's response.
"So you were born in December, sixty
years ago, eh?"

"Why, how in the world do you
know?" cried the professor.

"Why," retorted the king, from your
answer. The month of your birth
was the twelfth, and the last two figures
give your age."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the professor.
"Capital idea. I'll try it on the next
person. It's a polite way of finding out
people's ages."—[Los Angeles World.]

Two North Poles.

It can be properly said that there are
two north poles. The geographical
north pole (the place where all degrees
of longitude intersect and where there is
no latitude) and the north magnetic
pole, the latter being the needle's attrac-
tion. The first mentioned or geographi-
cal pole is fixed and constant, but the
magnetic is constantly changing posi-
tion, and at the rate it is now traveling
it will make a complete circuit of the ge-
ographical pole about once in every 640
years. Observations on this point were
first made from the Greenwich observa-
tory in 1858, at which date the magnetic
pole was on that meridian. During the
last 235 years it has crossed the Atlantic
ocean and is now well on its journey
across the northern part of the American
continent. At the present time it is on
or near the southwestern shore of Booth's
peninsula, at about seventy-six degrees
north latitude.

The Naval Asylum of the United States
was established in 1855 near Philadelphia.

Shooting a Lion.

Then from behind the came there
came a huge gray thing. It was the lion,
but too far for a certain shot. As he
crouched with extended paws and ele-
vated back, his head near the ground,
and glaring at me in defiance, I slowly
raised my rifle for a careful shot, for he
seemed upon the point of charging. But
as I did so he turned and lumbered off,
and the shot I despatched to hasten his
movements only struck the sand. Then
began the chase. My horse was out of
sight behind me, I was soon in the saddle
and away. Meantime the two mount-
ed natives, who were following me, went
on running the chase, and the lion, who
went to bay in a thicket of mimosa trees.
Bringing his spear, and keeping at a
respectful distance on their active little
horses, the men hurled at him what were
no doubt the most insulting and scornful
epithets. Fara came up as I was dis-
mounting, just in time to hold my horse.
As I approached the clump of trees,
rifle in hand, it was a moment or two be-
fore I could distinguish the lion, when I
did so he was crouching full length be-
hind a many-stemmed mimosa, facing
me, and evidently in charging mood, as
he was swaying his body and working
his tail from side to side with great im-
petuosity. As I walked round outside
the clump to get a flanking shot, he kept
turning and facing me. So at last I sat
down and fired twice at his head between
the stems; and reloading like lightning,
I reated the rifle on a bush, and fired
once more. Upon receiving this shot, he
left his bush and came straight at me as
fast as possible, without giving me time
to reload the right barrel. When he was
about five yards off, I gave him my last
barrel in the chest, and jumped aside,
and instantly sprang at his head between
a cloud of dust. My last shot had
broken his charge, and caused him to
swerve round. When that settled,
I saw him under the same bush as before,
but badly hit; he was my lion now, and
running up to within easy range, I put
two bullets into his shoulder, which
finished him.—[Century.]

Paraffine Floors.

M. Burd, of Lyons, has stopped abso-
lutely the sweeping of floors in hospital
wards. He has the floors covered with
a coat of solution of paraffine in petro-
leum, which makes them impervious to
anything and gives them a brown tint.
A single application lasts two years.
Thus prepared the floors stand very well
wiping every day with a damp cloth,
moistened with some antiseptic solution.
The same process can be applied with
advantage to barracks, school rooms and
other places. In private dwellings, where
the floors are covered with carpet, there
should be substituted the use of the ordinary
sweeping the use of mechanical brushes,
which, instead of making the dust fly,
collect it in special boxes, from which it
can be thrown into the fire, the great
destroyer and purifier of all germs. This
mode of sweeping is especially requisite
in the lower stories of houses, since
microbe germs are found in greatest
numbers in the lower layers of the at-
mosphere. They are ten times more
numerous in the center of Paris in the
vicinity of the Seine, than on higher
ground. In every house, considered
separately, the air of the upper stories
is inconceivably purer and freer from
microbes than that of the lower stories.
Reyne Scientifique.

Alcohol and Sparrows.

The English sparrows have proved a
nuisance in the cotton country, for as
soon as the bolls open they pick out the
cotton and carry it off, and some planters
have lost, as they claim, hundreds of
bolls in this way. There is one man,
however, in De Witt County, who has
not lost much. When he found the
sparrows were committing depredations
he procured a quantity of wheat, soaked
it in sweetened whiskey, and strewed it
along the rows. The sparrows found it,
and thought they had a picnic. So they
had, but in fifteen or twenty minutes
there was the tippest lot of English
sparrows ever seen in the south.
earth. They rolled about the ground,
falling on their sides and back and kick-
ing their heels into the air like a parcel
of drunkards, all the while uttering the
most comical squeaks. They did not
have long to squeak, however, for the
boys gathered them up and threw them
into bags. The first day they gathered
two bushels of drunken sparrows. Three
or four days later the experiment was re-
peated with almost equal success, and
from time to time. They made ex-
cellent potpie, but the survivors have
come to regard the plantation as hood-
oed, as now very few come about it.—
[Galveston News.]

The "Timber Lesson" for Tramps.

Ohio and Indiana, although fairly
friendly to tramps, are noted for certain
"hostile" features. The main one of
these is the well-known "timber lesson,"
—clubbing at the hands of the citizens
of certain towns. I experienced this
muscular instruction at one unfortunate
time in my life, and I must say that it is
one of the best remedies for vagabondage
that exists. But it is very crude and often
cruel.

In company with two other tramps I
was made to run a gauntlet extending
from one end of the town of Oxford,
Indiana, to the other. The boys and men
who were "timbering" us threw rocks
and clubbed us most diligently. I came
out of the scrape with a rather sore back,
and should have probably suffered more
had I not been able to run with rather
more than the usual speed. One of my
fellow-sufferers, I heard, was in a hos-
pital for some time. My other companion
had his eye gouged terribly, and I fancy
that he will never visit that town again.

Apart from the "timber" customs,
which, I understand, is now practised in
other communities also, these two States
are good begging states. There are
plenty of tramps within their boundaries,
and when "the eagles are gathered to-
gether," the carcass to be preyed upon is
not far away.—[Century.]

Slope of Rivers.

Generally speaking, the slope of rivers
flowing into the Mississippi from the east
is on an average about 8 inches per mile.
Those entering it from the west have an
average descent of about 6 inches per
mile. The average descent per mile of the
Missouri after it leaves the mountains
is reckoned at about a foot; the Des
Moines from its source to its conjunction
with the Mississippi, 7.3 inches. The
entire length of the Ohio shows a fall of
even 5 inches. The Mississippi from the
mouth of the Ohio to the gulf has a fall
of but 24 inches.—[Chicago Herald.]

Farm Lands in Different States.

The value of farming lands in the
country is greatest in New Jersey. In
1888 farming lands averaged in New
Jersey \$65; Massachusetts, \$50; Ohio,
\$46; New York, \$14; Vermont, \$36;
Maryland, \$33; Wisconsin, \$23, and in
some western States less than \$5 per
acre.—[Charleston News and Courier.]

No Place for the Helmet.

"Why should a soldier never lose his
head in a battle?" asked a German cap-
tain of a private in a private German
regiment.

"Because if he did he wouldn't have
any place to put his helmet on."—[Texas
Siftings.]

ON A RUSSIAN RAILROAD.

Third-Class Carriages are More Than
Uncomfortable.

Mr. Stevens, in his journey through
Russia, made up his mind to travel one
stage in a third-class railway carriage.
This plan would give him information
that might be useful and would also save
him a little money, which he could
turn over to Count Tolstoi for the starv-
ing peasants. He found the experiment
extremely unsatisfactory. He says:

"The third-class carriages were so
densely packed that there was hardly
room for me, but after much scrambling
I secured a seat near the door.

"I shall never forget that journey. It
was an awful experience. I felt as if I
were being frozen to death and roasted
alive altern