

THE EGGS THAT NEVER HATCH.

There's a young man on the corner, Filled with life and strength and hope, Looking far beyond the present, With the whole world in his scope. He is grasping at to-morrow, That phantom none can catch; To-day is lost. He's waiting For the eggs that never hatch.

There's an old man over yonder, With a worn and weary face, With searching, anxious features, And weak, uncertain pace. He is living in the future, With no desire to catch The golden now. He's waiting For the eggs that never hatch.

There's a world of men and women, With their life's work yet undone, Who are sitting, standing, moving, Beneath the same great sun; Ever eager for the future, But not content to snatch The present. They are waiting For the eggs that never hatch.

—Leisure Hours.

AT NINETEEN AND TWENTY-SEVEN.

BY EMMA M. WISE.

Esther Lindsay was nineteen when her first story was published. It was not the first one she had written by any means. Ever since she had been able to form the alphabetical characters and join them legibly her fertile brain had been weaving all sorts of possible and impossible romances, many of which she had forwarded to publishers in various parts of the country, believing with all the fervor of her youthful egotism that her crude sentiments still more crudely wrought would inspire in some editor's soul the same faith in her greatness which she herself already possessed.

But somehow her contributions always fell short of the mark of excellence necessary to insure them a favorable consideration, and manuscript after manuscript was returned to her and was securely locked away in the old drawer of her old fashioned bureau, which had been dedicated, with a good many tears of disappointment, as a repository for all rejected offerings at the shrine of literature. By the time she was nineteen there were probably a hundred or more of those hapless productions laid away either to be ignominiously forgotten or to be resurrected and revised when her mind should become sufficiently matured to sift out whatever meritorious material there might be in them and use it to good advantage.

She worked steadily for more than three months on her "Story of the Steamer Kendrick." One night she, finished re-writing it for the twenty-first time, and the next day she sent it to Jesse Arnold, editor of the Ironton Inland Weekly, a five line note asking him to read it carefully, and even if he could not use it to let her know what he thought of it.

Of all the editors in the land she seemed to have chosen him as her most favored target, why she could not have told, for she had no personal acquaintance with him and his letters accompanying returned manuscript had been even more curt and forbidding than those of other unappreciative publishers. But for all that each untimely ending venture only added fresh fuel to her zeal to secure a foothold among the ranks of the Ironton Inland Weekly's contributors and compel its chief by sheer force of her impetuosity to acknowledge her developed or potential ability.

Her "Story of the Steamer Kendrick" was not a work of genius, but there were phases of the plot that were strong and passages that were unusually well conceived and executed, and after reading it three times Jesse Arnold, who was a conscientious editor, decided to keep it. He accepted it with that feeling of uncertainty with which an insurance man issues a policy on an extra hazardous risk, and congratulated himself on his shrewdness with equal delight when it turned out to be preferred. The public liked the story, and several critics who condescended to review the Ironton Weekly praised it. Perhaps Editor Arnold himself was more fully aware of the glaring absurdities in the piece he had brought out than were any of his readers, and each favorable comment that came to his notice only made them all the more apparent. At last he concluded to write to his unknown literary protegee and with certain reservations which might be pardoned in a young author's first story, but which, if often repeated, would be serious drawback to her advancement in her art. Before he did so, however, she sent him another hastily written story, and a letter which was a strange jumble of gratitude to him for bringing her before the public, thankfulness that she had been so well received, and unstinted expressions of well conceived belief that she was fairly launched on a sea of success, where wrecks and disasters were an impossibility. In conclusion she hinted that he ought to be eternally grateful to her for allowing him to print a story which would, in all probability, shed lustre round his own reputation as well as her own.

That evening he wrote the contemplated letter. "You are in danger of being spoiled," he said in part. "You need advice and I feel that I have the right to address you in the capacity of censor. Remember that you are in an up-to-date world and the literature that will live will be the very essence, the embodiment of that world. Visionary, idealistic sketches such as yours may make very good reading, but they are not the true stuff. You have unquestioned ability, but if you wish to succeed you must turn it to the portrayal of living men and women, not the imaginary puppets that you have manipulated for the most part in your 'Story of the Steamer Kendrick.' Take your hero, for instance. It may be quite comforting for a time to come in contact, through the medium of the printer's ink and paper, with an Apollo, a mental Hercules, a spiritual god, and a financial Croesus, all combined in one American man, and a New Yorker at that, but I doubt if any of us would wish to have acquaintance with him; he would be apt to prove unpalatable. Besides, he would be an exorcism on the human race, and after your second or third story the public would have no more to do with you. So take warning. Make your hero a real man, full of imperfections if need be—and let the gods take care of themselves."

Esther Lindsay read and reread the editor's letter. He had not intended to make it unnecessarily pointed or critical, but of all the characters she had ever conjured up her last hero had been the object of her most sincere admiration and the admonition to shun him and his ilk touched her in the most vulnerable spot.

"I want that man to understand me," she said to her mother, after having dreamed over the contents of the letter for a couple of nights, "and in order to bring that about I am going down to Ironton to see him, for I would be utterly useless for me to attempt to explain in writing just what I stand for in this subject."

Her family knew her too well to remon-

strate against the proposed visit and the next morning she took the early train for Ironton. It was late in the afternoon when she reached the office of the Ironton Inland Weekly. Jesse Arnold was closing his office and she met him just outside the door. She inquired for him and he stepped back into his paper strewn den and motioned her to follow.

"I am Jesse Arnold," he said, in that stiff way which he habitually adopted when addressing strangers. "What is it you wish to see me about?"

At his best the editor was not a good looking man, and that day, when he stood between her and the window, where the full beams of the evening sun poured in and seemed to exaggerate every defect of his person from the most upright end of his short, straight black hair to his disproportionately large feet, he was painfully conscious that his loosely knit body and swarthy complexion never appeared to worse advantage.

She took in the details of the room and the general make-up of its occupant with one comprehensive sweep of her clear, blue eyes, and then said simply:

"I am Esther Lindsay. If it does not inconvenience you I should like to talk to you a little while about this last letter you wrote me."

There was but a trace of his former reserve left and he took her hand impulsively.

"I am glad to see you," he said, with a smile—the best part of Jesse Arnold was his smile—"are you willing to let me be your doctor and to take my prescriptions faithfully?"

"No," she said, flushing slightly under his close scrutiny. "I don't think I am. I don't think I can. You don't understand," she went on earnestly, encouraged by his look of friendly interest. "I don't suppose that any men that are absolutely perfect, but I have my ideal of what a man should be and I put him body and soul into my 'Story of the Steamer Kendrick.' I don't think that I am over optimistic when I say that I believe with all my heart that such men live and that you and I have met them and can point them out."

He shook his head in quiet controversy of her theory. She waited a moment for him to speak, then she exclaimed impatiently:

"Well, why don't you say something?"

"Because," he answered, leaning far back in his creaking chair and clasping his hands behind his head, "I see quite plainly that whatever argument I may present it will only antagonize you. You may know such men as you depict; I do not, and my experience has been infinitely more than yours. I know you will not live to live in a world peopled only by ideals. You must associate with the real. Take some man of your acquaintance; study him; take human nature for your model, and you will be on the right track."

"You have only one view, and, though it may be right, I feel as though I should be giving up the best part of myself to sacrifice my opinion to yours," she said, with that tone of wisdom she had lately assumed. "Cut it out, I suppose," she continued, "that if my stories are up to the standard you will not decline them on account of that one technicality."

He smiled again. "No," he said, "not on that account."

To have one article printed, even though it be in the Ironton Inland Weekly, does not give unquestioned entry into the columns of every other periodical in the country, and for many months after the appearance of her first story Esther Lindsay plodded wearily over her literary way, which was an up-hill, sinuous path. A score of unfortunate tales were added to the unpublished library in the bureau drawer before she found an outlet for her ideas a second time. Then followed five years of ups and downs. No literary aspirant ever had a more jealous guardian than she had in Jesse Arnold. He exulted in every victory she achieved and deplored every defeat she met as keenly as though it had been his own, and then one day when some unexpected ill-luck made her despair of trying to push on further in the course she had mapped out for herself he capped the climax of his sympathy and interest by asking her to marry him.

It was a surprise to her and she promptly refused him.

"I was not expected, this from you," she said, trying to temper his dismissal with a kind of apology. "You know me so well. You may call me a dreamer, an idiot, if you like, but I have my ideal still, and unless I find him in real life I shall never marry."

"I'm afraid you will always stay single then," he rejoined, sharply. "I thought, judging by your letter, that you had come to the conclusion to hold common sense views on some things, but I suppose I am mistaken. You may change your mind yet."

"You shall never know it if I do," she flared out, angrily, and that ended the first chapter of their own romance.

The outcome of his pre-matrimonial venture had been a bitter disappointment to Jesse Arnold. He was bound to the office of the Ironton Inland Weekly and tried to deaden his grief in the duties and responsibilities devolving upon the editor in chief of a great publication, and she, realizing something of how deeply she had wounded him, tried to forget her pity for him and to work out her salvation, and him as well, by writing with renewed energy. Gradually her stories took on a tone of reality and broad sympathy with humanity, and gradually her merit began to receive general recognition. She never sent any of her work to the Ironton Weekly for publication after that unhappy incident which left the friendship that had existed between her and its editorially wrecked, and he only knew her progress through the magazines, to which she had at last become a frequent contributor. He watched with particular interest the evolution of the character of her heroes. The June issue of a well known monthly contained a story that made his pulses throb and quiver with hope and joy. He left the Ironton Weekly in charge of a subordinate for a few days, and went down to see Esther Lindsay.

"When you wrote your 'Story of the Steamer Kendrick' your hero was the ideal of mankind, was he not?" he asked as soon as he could speak to her alone.

"Yes," she said, softly.

"And you were determined that if you failed to find such a creation in real life you would never marry?"

"Yes," again.

"When you wrote this last story you had evidently experienced a change of heart and mind."

"Would you mind telling me where you got your idea of the man therein described?"

"No," she said, defiantly, "not in the least. I painted my imaginary character as I remembered you that day when I first saw you in your office at Ironton. You ought to recognize him; there's the same crooked nose, the same curly hair, the same smile, the same sunlit window at your back. You told me then to make a friend—some one full of imperfections, it might be—and study him and make him a model for my hero. I have done so."

He leaned forward and looked into her pretty blue eyes.

"And is he your ideal?" he asked.

"Yes," she said once more.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Nothing to Point the Way—A Heavy Blow—Proof of It—Out of His Depth, Etc., Etc.

NOTHING TO POINT THE WAY.

"I don't see," said Mr. Maguire, as he sat in the stern of the vessel, "how the captain can find his way across the ocean. If he were going the other way all he'd have to do would be to follow that white streak behind there, but in front there's nothing to point the way."

A HEAVY BLOW.

"Henry, you look worried; what is the trouble?"

"I was stung to the quick by an adder this afternoon."

"Heavens! How did it happen?"

"Why, I went to the bank this afternoon, and the bank clerk, after adding up the ledger, told me my account was overdrawn."

PROOF OF IT.

Nell—Dell seems to be infatuated with Jack Rappide.

Bell—Yes, I saw them in a dark corner of the porch last night, and she seemed to be quite wrapped up in him.—Philadelphia Record.

OUT OF HIS DEPTH.

They were telling of books that they had read, and the man with the forehead asked what the other thought of the "Origin of Species."

The other said he hadn't read it.

"In fact," he added, "I'm not interested in financial subjects."—Boston Transcript.

PREPARED FOR ANYTHING.

First Desperado—Bill, is the front gate propped open, and have you got some red pepper all ready to throw at the dog?

Second Desperado—Yes. Go ahead.

First Desperado (at front door a few moments later, protected by coat of mail, brass ball catcher's mask, and drum major's bearskin cap)—I am taking orders, sir, for the Authorized Edition of the Har-Harvey Debate on the Silver Question, sir.—Chicago Tribune.

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

City man (mistaking the saw-miller for the farmer)—What kind of boarding can I get at your place?

Saw Miller (innocently)—Mostly weather boardin', but there's a little floorin' left over, you kin hev.

TRIUMPH.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed the great detective. "I have 'em now!"

For five days he had been on the trail, and had neither eaten nor slept.

"He had done nothing but drink."

Under the circumstances his joyous assertion that he had 'em bore the similitude of verity.—Detroit Tribune.

MONETARY.

Ragged Rube—Boss, I just heard you sayin' to your friend that you believe in free silver.

Mr. Spouter—Well, what of it?

Ragged Rube—I haven't seen nothin' but copper for a month. Gimme a quarter to get on the silver basis.—Truth.

KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE.

"I think I've a pretty good story here," remarked the occasional contributor, as he seated himself and lighted one of the editor's cigars.

The editor glanced over the story.

"Yes," he said, "I think this is a pretty good story. I tell it myself occasionally."

A NECESSARY INFERENCE.

Skiltron—I don't have very much confidence in that medical specialist who's treating me.

Hallen—Why, what's the reason? Doesn't he seem to understand your case?

Skiltron—Yes, but he doesn't charge me enough.—Chicago Record.

THEIR LITERARY ACHIEVEMENTS.

"So she rejected Herbert and chose Will."

"Yes. They both did their best to please her. She has literary tastes you know, and Herbert sent her a beautifully written volume of poems."

"That should have made a good impression."

"It did. But Will showed her his carefully edited bank book."—Washington Star.

THE DIVISION.

"It cost me \$50 to ascend Mont Blanc," said the man who has travelled in Europe. "You know, the law requires that one shall be accompanied by two guides and a porter."

"Oh," said the man who has travelled in sleeping cars, "I to the guides and \$46 to the porter, I suppose?"—Indianapolis Journal.

A KLEPTOPHOTOGRAPHER.

He—See that nice looking chap over there?

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

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

She—Gracious! Is he a kleptomaniac?

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

YOUNG AMERICA.

Irate Father—I can't understand you giving your mother so much impudence. I never dared talk back to my mother.

Henpeck's Son (with a sneer)—No, you wouldn't dare talk back to my mother, neither.—Puck.

APPROPRIATE.

Customer—Why, this is a new shade of red.

Assistant—Yes, madam. That is the Anarchist tint.

Customer—How did it come to get that name?

Assistant—It won't wash.—Louisville Post.

WORTHY SCIONS.

"Jack writes that the steamers were so crowded that some of New York's swell set had to come over just as their grandfathers did."

"How does he mean—in sailing vessels?"

"No, in the steerage."—Brooklyn Life.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CROWN.

Many Gems Make It the Heaviest Diadem in Europe.

Queen Victoria's crown is constructed from jewels taken from old crowns, and other stones provided by her majesty. It consists of emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and diamonds. The stones which are set in gold and silver incase a crimson velvet cap, with a border of ermine, the whole of the interior being lined with the finest white silk. Above the crimson border, on the lower edge of the band, is a row of one hundred and twenty-nine pearls. Round the upper part of the band is a border of one hundred and twelve pearls. In the front, stationed between the two borders of pearls, is a huge sapphire, purchased by George IV, set in the center of valuable pearls. At the back, in the same position is another but smaller sapphire.

The sides are adorned with three sapphires and between these are eight emeralds. Above and below the sapphires, extending all around the crown, are placed at intervals fourteen large diamonds, the eight emeralds being encircled by a cluster of diamonds, 128 in number. Between the emeralds and sapphires are sixteen ornaments, each consisting of eight diamonds. Above a circular band are eight sapphires, set separately, encircled by eight diamonds. Between each of the eight sapphires are eight festoons of eighteen diamonds each. In front of the crown is a diamond Maltese cross, in the center of which glitters the famous Maltese cross—giving the crown the name of the Maltese cross.

The crown is set with the helmet of Henry V at the battle of Agincourt. The center of the ruby is hollowed out, and the space filled, in accordance with the Eastern custom, with a smaller ruby. The Maltese cross is formed of seventy-five splendid diamonds. At each of the sides and at the back is a Maltese cross with emerald centers, containing respectively 132, 124 and 130 sparkling diamonds.

Level with the four Maltese crosses, and stationed between them are four ornaments shaped like the fleur-de-lis, with four rubies in the center, and surrounded by diamonds, containing eighty-five, eighty-six and eighty-seven diamonds. From the Maltese crosses spring four imperial arches, composed of oak leaves and diamonds. The leaves are formed of 728 diamonds; thirty-two pearls represent the acorns and fifty-four diamonds the cups. From the upper part of the imperial arches hang suspended four large pendant shaped pearls set in diamond cups, each cup being formed of twelve diamonds, the stems from each of the twenty-four hanging pearls being incrustured with twenty-four diamonds. Above the arch is the mount, which is made of 438 diamonds. The zone and arc are represented by thirty-three diamonds. On the summit of the throne is a cross, which has for its center a rose-cut sapphire set in the center of fourteen large diamonds. Altogether the crown comprises one large ruby, one large sapphire, twenty-six smaller sapphires, eleven emeralds, four rubies, 1,633 brilliants, 1,278 rose diamonds, four pendant shaped pearls and 278 smaller pearls. It is the heaviest and most uncomfortable diadem of any crowned head in Europe.

Egyptian Colors.

In antiquity, says Cosmos, besides indigo and purple, few colors were employed, and these were obtained for the most part from the vegetable kingdom, but their purity was so great that they have kept well to our own times, after having undergone for centuries the action of the air and the sun. The fact is particularly remarkable in the Egyptian tomb of the stone has been disintegrated by weathering, while the colors have been preserved. The color that we meet most frequently is a mixture of reddish brown oxide of iron (red hematite) and clay, known under the name of Pompeian red. This color, which has resisted for 4,000 years the sun of Egypt and the action of the air, is equally proof against acids. The Egyptians reduced it by rubbing between stones under water to a degree of fineness that we cannot obtain nowadays by chemical precipitation. An equally precious yellow pigment, also much used, was formed of a natural oxide of iron mixed with mud, clay, chalk and water, and browned by the action of heat; the mixture of the two colors gives orange. For this yellow color, gold bronze or gold leaf was also employed. For blue they used a glass covered with copper minerals; this pigment was not less permanent than the preceding, even acids having very little effect upon it. Gypsum or plaster of paris furnished white and also formed the basis of pale colors when organic pigments were added to it, probably madder for red. The colors were always thinned and rendered adhesive by means of gums. It is interesting to know, as proved by inscriptions, that the artists regarded their colors as imperishable.

A New Motor.

A queer craft has just made its appearance in the bay at San Francisco. It is a wave motor designed to propel itself as a boat and to furnish power for other machines when drawn up to wharves. The inventor is Paul Briestein, stage carpenter in the Macdonough Theatre at Oakland. Briestein spent \$600 and many months in constructing the machine in Oakland Creek, and brought it out to try it on the bay. It certainly propelled itself. What else it will do remains to be seen when the harbor commissioners give him permission to fasten his engine at a wharf and try it on machinery. The wave motor has a wheel which consists of two flat-bottomed, double scows fastened together bow and bow by a hinge. When the scows rock in the waves the motion is communicated to a lever, which in turn moves a flywheel, completing the "motor." The peculiar craft is forty-two feet over all, nine feet in beam, drawing but sixteen inches.

A Curious New Industry.

A curious new industry is reported from Paris, where the demand for small dogs is being met by rearing pups on an alcoholic diet, which prevents their growth.

HORSELESS VEHICLES.

WE ARE NEARING AN AGE OF MECHANICAL STEEDS.

France is Leading the Way—Horseless Vehicles in American Cities—Petroleum Wagons.

Carriages without horses have long been popular in France. Since 1892 they have been coming rapidly into favor through the invention of a petroleum motor. The recent race from Paris to Bordeaux, in which machines adapted by MM. Panhard and Levassor, of Paris, to carriages of two or four seats competed, has attracted the attention, not only of France, but of America. These carriages, made after traditional patterns, are driven by means of a motor, which is situated indifferently either at the back or in front. The driver sits with a lever ready to his hand, by means of which the machinery can be set in motion in a few minutes. Some experimenters have proved that two minutes will suffice for a start, and others agree upon five minutes as the time required.

Anyhow, it is a small affair, even if the horses have a sort of advantage here. But horses, at least, cannot go backward, except at great personal inconvenience, and after a vast amount of manipulation by the coachman. The petroleum carriage runs either way without protest. And in the matter of speed no mere horse can approach it. The average speed on good roads recommended by the manufacturers is something more than eleven miles an hour, and even greater claims are made for it. The petroleum in these engines is used as a fuel for the production of steam. They are as easily worked as a tricycle, probably easier. A novice, a many witness, is able, upon the first trial, to drive his carriage over two hundred miles in two days of ten hours apiece. Tourists have wandered over half a dozen departments in them, and the taste is spreading every day.

These vehicles, perfect as they appear to be, will have to give place to the later devices of electricians. So far those that have been constructed have proved too heavy and expensive to find general sale. The batteries alone cost about \$500. They have undoubted advantages. They are clean, noiseless and require no engineer or skilled operator, resembling in this respect the trolley and the cable car. But the excessive load of the batteries and the lack of facilities for recharging them will prohibit their use outside of large cities for some time to come. Supplies of petroleum and gasoline are to be obtained in any town. The petroleum vehicles are light, more convenient in running, and also require no engineer. For these reasons they must take the precedence for ordinary use until the ingenuity of the Yankee has overcome the obstacles that electricity presents. Take, for instance, the electric wagon of the Boston inventor. It is heroic in its proportions, resembling an English brake in general design, and is built to outlast the "wonderful one-hoss shay." It weighs 5,100 pounds, and is undoubtedly the heaviest motor wagon on the continent, rivaling in weight the steam omnibuses of Paris. The general design of the vehicle is well adapted to the purpose. The batteries contained in the body and under the front seat are extremely powerful, consisting of forty-four chloride cells, with a total capacity of two hundred amperes hours, and an average discharge rate of twenty-five amperes. The motor yields four horse power and three different speeds are obtained, the minimum being four and the maximum fourteen miles an hour. The owner has put this carriage through the paces in hill climbing and over heavy roads with most satisfactory results.

An electrical wagon in use in Philadelphia has run several hundred miles without accident. As compared with petroleum vehicles it is rather ponderous, weighing 4,250 pounds. The batteries weigh 1,600 pounds and consist of sixty chloride accumulators, having a maximum capacity of thirteen horse power. From fifty to one hundred miles can be accomplished on one charge, according to grade and speed, and the maximum speed attainable is fifteen miles an hour. The motor, weighing 800 pounds, is of nominal three horse power electric launch type, capable of developing for a short time nine full horse power. Steering is accomplished by means of a wheel in front of the driver. The first electric wagon ever seen near New York had appeared in Brooklyn. It came from the west and is the invention of two residents of Kansas City. It weighs about 3,000 pounds and as at present constructed has but one seat. Eighteen hundred pounds of storage batteries of the chloride accumulator type furnish the power, which is communicated to the wheels by a rawhide friction pulley running on a steel flange attached to the inside of the rear wheels. When desired, an automatic lever detaches the power from the driving wheel without stopping the motion of the motor. On ordinary good roads a speed of fifteen or eighteen miles an hour can be obtained and for ascending hills a reserve of twelve horse power can be drawn upon. A run of fifty miles can be made with one charge of the batteries.

Lock Haven, Pa., is also a claimant for honors in this direction. This wagon is intended for hotel service. The seats run lengthwise, and under them are stored the batteries, eight cells in all, four on each side. Though so few in number, these cells are said by the inventor to have sufficient capacity to run the wagon fifteen days of nineteen hours each, recharging themselves from a generator of ten sixteen candle-power lights. The motor develops three horse power, geared to equal six. The vehicle weighs 1,600 pounds, and is said to carry 3,000 pounds. The rubber tires with which it is fitted increase the comforts of riding.

When the wagon stops or is running down hill the generator returns the used up current to the batteries, thus economizing power. It is claimed that on a good road a speed of twenty-five miles an hour can be reached, and the project is on foot to apply the invention to fire and police patrol wagons, hotel omnibuses and pleasure wagons.

A light and graceful buggy propelled by a gasoline motor has, for three months past been traversing the streets of Springfield and adjacent country.

FRUIT AS FOOD.

Good Ripe Fruits are Digestible and Nourishing.

Ever is said to have seen that fruit was good for food. Every generation since has indorsed her opinion, and now perhaps more than ever before the world is waking up to see how good a food it really is. Good ripe fruits contain a large amount of sugar in a very digestible form. This sugar forms a light nourishment, which, in conjunction with bread, rice, etc., form a food especially suitable for these warm colonies, and when eaten with milk or milk and eggs, the whole forms the most perfect and easily digestible food imaginable.

For stomachs capable of digesting it fruit eaten with pastry forms a very perfect nourishment, but I prefer my cooked fruit covered with rice and milk or custard. I received a book lately written by a medical man advising people to live entirely on fruits and nuts. I am not prepared to go so far—the way, he allowed, some meat to be taken with it—for, although I look upon fruit as an excellent food, yet I look upon it more as a necessary adjunct than as a perfect food of itself. Why for ages have people eaten apple sauce with their roast goose and sucking pig? Simply because the acids and pectones in the fruit assist in digesting the fats so abundant in this kind of food. For the same reason at the end of a heavy dinner we eat our cooked fruits, and when we want their digestive action even more developed we take them after dinner in their natural, uncooked state as dessert.

In the past ages instinct has taught men to do this; to-day science tells them why they did it, and this same science tells us that fruit should be eaten as an aid to digestion of other foods much more than it is now. Cultivated fruits such as apples, pears, cherries, strawberries, grapes, etc., contain on analysis very similar proportions of the same ingredients, which are about eight per cent. of pectones, one per cent. of malic and other acids, and one per cent. of flesh-forming albuminoids, with over eighty per cent. of water. Digestion depends upon the action of pepsin in the stomach upon the food, which is greatly aided by the acids of the stomach. Fats are digested by these acids and the bile from the liver. Now, the acids and pectones in fruit peculiarly assist the acids of the stomach. Only lately even royalty has been taking lemon juice in tea instead of sugar, and lemon juice has been prescribed largely by physicians to help weak digestion, simply because these acids exist very abundantly in the lemon.

LOST HIS NERVE.

After This Affair Wild Jim Was a Changed Man.

A score of us saw the man as he came cantering into the frontier town on his cayuse, and more than one remarked how singular it was that he was unarmed. He hitched his horse to a post in front of the Big Elk saloon, and had just disappeared within the door of the shanty when a man came running up and exclaimed:

"Boys, that's the sheriff over at Deadwood, and he's come for Wild Jim!"

We crowded into the saloon to see what would happen. There were five men playing poker at one table and three at another. One of the men was Wild Jim, who was wanted for murder. On entering the place the sheriff had backed up against the bar and faced the players. Wild Jim had leaped to his feet and pulled a gun with either hand, and the other players leaned back and looked around to see what was going on.

"After me, Joe," queried Wild Jim as he stood with guns presented.

"Yes."

"Going to take me dead or alive?"

"Yes."

"You can't take me alive, and if you move a hand I'll drop you!"

The sheriff smiled and looked around the room and back at Wild Jim and queried:

"How does the game stand, Jim?"

"I've just dealt a hand."

"All right—finish it."

Wild Jim sat down and took five minutes to play out the hand. Then he looked up and said:

"Sure you want me, Joe?"

"Dog sure."

"Jest come for me?"

"Jest for you."

"Then I'm goin' to kill you where you stand!"

He raised the gun in his right hand and blazed away, firing six shots as fast as his finger could pull trigger. The sheriff never moved. When the smoke had rolled out of the open door and we could see him he stood in the same position and his face wore the same smile. One bullet had grazed his cheek—a second had cut through his shirt collar under the left ear. Wild Jim was a dead shot, and yet he had missed his man at fifteen feet.

"Got through, Jim?" asked the sheriff, breaking a silence that was positively painful.

"And you—you are not healed!"

Gasped Jim as his arm sunk slowly down.

"No—come on!"

"You didn't bring your guns?"

"No."

"If you are through shooting we'll go."

Jim laid his two guns down on the table before him and walked to the door and out into the street. His horse was tied to a post a block away. He reached the horse, mounted, and then headed down the long street after the sheriff, who was giving him not the slightest attention. In five minutes the pair were out of sight.

"What ailed Jim?" I asked of the barkeeper, who had come to the door of the saloon.

"Lost his nerve," he brusquely replied.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, the sheriff coming without a gun and standing there to be shot at took all his sand away and made a woman of him."

"Suppose the sheriff had had a gun?"

The man jerked his head toward the field wherein fifteen or twenty victims had been buried and said:

"He'd a-bin over there!"

"And will Wild Jim get clear?"

"Likely, but he'll have to leave here. The boys have already put him down as N. G."

At his trial for murder in Deadwood Wild Jim was discharged from custody, but he went forth a changed man. No man took him by the hand—all men avoided him. Two weeks later he was found dead in Custer City—a victim of suicide.

Japan's Ex-Tycoon.

It may interest some people to know that the ex-Tycoon, of Japan, the last of the Tokugawa dynasty—the last of the fierce Shoguns who ruled the country for so many years with mailed hand—is still living. His home is at Shizuka. He is now in the sixties, and he leads a sort of hermit life. I am informed that he receives very little company and is practically inaccessible to strangers. Formerly he visited Tokyo occasionally. No political disability rests upon him, as he voluntarily abdicated all power during the revolution of 1868. He takes no part in public affairs whatever. His chief pastime is hunting, though he is growing rather old for that.

This man is the son of that Tycoon, who received and treated, with Commodore Perry in 1854. He came to the throne a few years after that important event. What changes he has seen! What mighty results he has noted as a sequence of that simple introduction of Japan to the new world of the far West! Not long ago the ex-Tycoon, while hunting, accidentally shot and severely injured one of the poor farmers of his neighborhood. The affair worried him greatly, and he has of late shown a disposition to give up the chase altogether.

Some Small Kingdoms.