

## INCOMPLETENESS.

No joy is in itself complete,  
But from the past or future borrows;  
No day is altogether sweet—  
This made up both of joys and sorrows.

No flower blooms for self alone,  
No wave but has another near it,  
And echo but repeats the tone  
That some listening ear may hear it.

Like circles made by rippling waves,  
The limits of our lives are rounded  
By the heartbeats of those we love—  
Our happiness on theirs is founded.

Without God's grace naught has the soul—  
Who made it knows its incompleteness,  
Till Love rounds out the perfect Whole  
And fills it full of Strength and Sweetness.

## Margaret's Secret.

"She is so cold!" said those who knew Margaret. "A fine girl, but so cold!" Sometimes Margaret heard them, and smiled—a half-mocking smile. She knew of warm affections, of fierce resentments, of passionate dreams that kept her lying awake through the night; of moments of anguish and hot tears. She knew that this outward coldness was but that of snow lying above a volcano. One whose feelings were not so strong might have dared to show them to the world; Margaret dared not.

She knelt beside her trunk, thinking something of this as she quietly and tidily packed it for a journey. On the morrow she was to leave her village home to teach music in a city boarding school. She finished it speedily, and then stood beside the little window, looking out upon the road—grass-grown, and little troubled by wheels; and, beyond a little wood, a field or two; a spire pointing heavenward; and a purple hue of distant mountains.

From this very window had Margaret looked upon this very scene for years—almost ever since years had been for her. It was hard to leave it—hard to leave her few friends. One must be richer than Margaret to have many. But this was not the pain that lay deepest at the girl's heart. She could have left all others with a little softening of the heart, a tear or two, a lingering regret, which she could not have wished to conquer; but it was a different thing to leave Christopher Hayes, who did not care at all for being left—who did not care, as she knew, whether she stayed or went.

Margaret had had admirers, handsome and richer than Christopher—who, to other eyes, was only a not very ill-looking young man attached to the telegraph office of Fernley. She did not even triumph in these conquests—they were all worthless to her since Christopher had proved his month's flirtation by forgetting all about it.

Margaret had but one comfort in the matter—that was, Christopher never guessed, never could guess, that she loved him.

"She is a statue," Margaret had heard him say. "One had as well make love to the marble in the churchyard yonder." Now, the statue was burning for a glimpse of the man she loved so; for one touch of his hand before she left Fernley. It might be, forever! She could not go without it—she would not! And she put on her hat and turned villageward, and soon came to the little telegraph office, on which the setting sun of the August day flung his beams aslant, lighting up the windows finely, and lighting also a youngish head with a rather pleasant face, under which any one else would have called very red hair!—to Margaret it was golden! The face was turned the other way.

"How beautiful he is!" she said to herself. "What soul there is in his face! Oh, Christopher! Christopher!" Never in her life had she called him anything but "Mr. Hayes," but he was Christopher to her. Once or twice she repeated the name, "Christopher! Christopher!" And then, with her quiet smile, walked up to the lounging figure at the door, and dared to do what not one woman in a thousand, desperately and hopelessly in love as she was, would have dared to do: offered him her hand!

"I saw you as I passed the office, Mr. Hayes," she said, in her low, measured tones; "and since I am going away to-morrow, made up my mind that it would be the time to say goodbye."

"Going away?" he exclaimed. "Why, Miss Margaret, you were one of the institutions here, I thought. They'll miss you. It is certainly very cruel of you. You thought, to be sure, for your part, I congratulate you. Fernley is a dull place."

"Yes—it is dull," said Margaret. "But then I like it. Nothing like habit, you know." "Else how could one endure this," he said, looking into the office, and yawning a little. "I beg your pardon, he said, apologetically, for his stretched mouth, "but it is so stupid here."

She laughed. "I'm like Robinson Crusoe," he said. "It's very good of you to come out of your way to say good-bye, Miss Margaret, to an isolated wretch like me."

"Sorry to quench your vanity," she laughed; "but perhaps I should not have thought of it had it not been just in my way. Good-bye, then."

"A pleasant journey," said he; then forgot all about her. His eye grew bright, his face flushed. His glance passed Margaret. She turned her head.

A little pony carriage, driven by a girl, was whirling softly over the dusty road. She knew Virginia Hazlewood's parasol. The carriage stopped. The little gloved hand beckoned.

"Excuse me, Miss Margaret," said Christopher, and ran away to obey the summons.

For one moment Margaret was white to the very lips; the next she smiled and buttoned her glove.

"It's only about a message, Mr. Hayes," twittered Victoria. "I want papa to bring me up some face to-morrow. One can't go down such days as these."

under the window, the "counterfeit presentment" of Christopher. She drew near; one arm rested on the sill; the other hand darted forth swiftly, surely, and came back with a vignette between its fingers. The vignette was in her pocket; and she glided away from the window, and passed Christopher on the road.

"Oh!" cried he, apologetic, once more; "are you going? So sorry, but business must be attended to, you know. Good-bye."

Again their hands met. He lifted his hat. Victoria, who did not know Margaret except by sight, regarded her with that impatient school-girl stare reserved by some young women, who are all smiles and blushes before their masculine admirers.

Margaret's face was a statue's; and she went her way quietly, as though she had not seen the look.

"Don't you think she's dreadfully funny?" queried Victoria, a little anxiously to disengage.

"I've heard her called fine-looking," said Christopher; "but she is so cold—no animation."

Victoria bestowed her arch look upon him, and said: "She is cold; a perfect iceberg; horrid! I think; and gathered up her reins, and drove the pony off, looking so archly that Christopher's brain went in a whirl for hours.

Meanwhile, Margaret had made her adieu, and was whirling cityward, with Christopher's portrait next to her heart.

Beautiful, but so cold, said those at the Seminary, of Margaret. And because of this coldness friends were few. But Margaret's voice could not go for nothing, any more than her exquisite face.

She had her admirers, male and female. She made a conquest in the first fortnight; had an offer in a month, and refused it.

So the years passed. She kissed the stolen picture every night, and now and then a tear dropped on it. It was growing a little yellow, as photographs will. The eyes had always been white, pale-blue eyes, the sun will so record. The cheeks were plump and boyish; the nose had a re-trousse toss in the air. It was a pleasant face, but not that of one who would ever endeavor to do or be anything; but it was pure perfection to Margaret.

It was August again—the very month in which she had flitted from Fernley three years before. The Seminary had a vacation, but she did not go home. In the holiday she took long walks in the city, always full of interest to her. She went into the picture galleries and whiled away hours at pleasant matinees, alone in the crowd.

"What a cold face, but very handsome," strangers said of her; and the long yearning had made no mark upon it, any more than had the dull throbs of pain at her heart.

The face was never colder or lovelier than when she took it one day through the open door of a church on Fifth avenue. Carriages were at the door, gaily-dressed guests within—a wedding was afoot; and what woman will not delight in a wedding? Margaret sat in a seat half way up a side aisle—her modest attire had not tempted the usher to lead her farther front—and looked intently. The spectators whispered, fans fluttered, eyes were turned downward. A carriage rolled noisily up. There was a sensation. The bride was coming. Margaret turned her stately head and saw her.

It was Victoria Hazlewood. Her heart gave one wild bound. She looked at the bridegroom. It was not Christopher—a very different man, imposing, with large features and wondrous mustache. Margaret could scarcely believe it. Could Christopher love any one and not be loved in return?—Impossible.

Margaret watched the ceremony through, and went out of door with the rest; but the crowd was great, and in the vestibule she was quite pushed to the wall, and being so, would not make an effort to stir, but stood still until the last bonnet had vanished, when she quietly shook out her compressed robes, and slowly followed. Before she reached the door, a man with a pale, griefed face rushed down the stairs of the gallery and passed her. She had never seen the face with that expression on it, but it was Christopher's.

Margaret wept for him that night as she had never wept for herself. She kissed his yellow picture and whispered soothing things to it. "I would have thought so much of your love," she said, softly, as mothers coo to children—"what heart has she, and what is he beside you! I hate her—I hate him—I hate them both! Ah, Christopher!" and then she kissed the paper and cuddled it up to her cheek and slept with it over her heart.

She slept late. Those holidays were resting times—she only awoke when heavy knuckles struck the door and someone without cried: "A letter for you!" Then she opened the door and took it in. It was from her aunt.

"Dear Margaret"—so it ran—"I want you to come and see me. I am ill and doubt if I shall live long. You've been a troublesome child, but you've been a very good girl since you grew up, and I must say, have done your best to repay me for my kindness. I want to see you, and as I have made my will and left you all I possess, you owe me a sort of duty. I shall expect you on Monday for the rest of the vacation. Truly,

"YOUR AUNT ELINDA."

It was not an affectionate letter, and it was the first invitation the old woman had ever sent to Margaret, but she thought it most respectful. She packed her trunk once more—it was better filled than of yore—bought a new novel, and took her way to the depot. Not many miles lay between her old home and the city; a few hours and she should be there. She settled in her place comfortably and opened her book. It was interesting, and she lost sight of everything in its pages. Suddenly the consciousness that some one stood near her made her lift her eyes. A man was passing through the car and had stopped to answer the inquiries of an old lady who took him for a conductor.

"The next stopping place is—" she heard him say. It was Christopher's voice. He passed on then and the door shut behind him.

"Oh, for a word with him!" thought Margaret, and on the instant she

heard the scream of a whistle, shouts and shrieks. The car stopped.

"A man is killed!" said an old gentleman who had thrust his head out of the window. "Good heavens! he is cut to pieces, I believe."

Passengers rushed to the platform. Margaret with them. They had lifted Christopher—from the first she knew that it was he—from the ground. They were carrying him into a tavern hard by. Margaret followed.

"I am an old friend," she said, and they let her in, while others were shut out. Christopher lay upon the bed and a surgeon bent over him.

"He has no chance, I think," said the man, looking at the others; "best not to torture him. Nothing could save his life. I am glad he has a friend here."

And then Margaret sat down beside the bed and said: "I will stay until the last. Will he know me?"

No one could tell her that. After all that could be done was over, they left her alone, for she asked them to do so. She bent over him looking at his face as though she were reading it off to remember for eternity. The country sounds came in through the window. The perfume of hay—the scent of flowers reached her. Within all kept still because of the wounded man. Once or twice the landlady

is heard in and asked: "Is he quiet?" And Margaret said: "Yes, thank you."

At last, in the stillness, she dared to take his cold hand and hold it in one of hers. The touch seemed to arouse him. His eyes looked at her.

"Who are you?" he asked.

She answered: "Margaret."

"I remember you," he said, "were you in the car? I came down to see the wedding. She jilted me. I hate her. I hadn't money enough, you see—money—money—money," and he muttered away again.

Ten minutes afterward he looked up again.

"I'm badly hurt. I shan't get well. Miss Margaret, when you go back to Fernley, tell them the truth. They'll think I killed myself, because Victoria jilted me. It was an accident. My foot slipped. I was not so much cut up as that. I should have got over it. I made a fool of myself by going to the wedding though. You'll tell them."

"Yes," said Margaret, and then as she looked, the face, the pleasant boyish face that she had loved so, changed under her eyes with the awful change of death. She had no power over herself then.

"Christopher!" she sobbed. "Christopher, I have loved you so long, so well. Give me one kiss before you go. Call me Margaret, promise to love me in Heaven. Oh, my darling, darling Christopher!"

Did he hear? Did he comprehend? A sort of startled look came into his eyes. He gave her his cold lips. Margaret kissed him wildly. Then she sat down beside him—beside what had been him an instant before—and hid her face upon the pillow!

"It is very still in there," said the landlady, an hour afterward. Then she opened the door, peeped in, and gave a cry that brought others to her side in a moment.

Christopher lay dead upon his pillow! and on the floor, at the bedside, Margaret had fallen, face downward! "She has fainted," said the landlady. "She is dead," said the surgeon. "Heart disease. I saw it in her face when I first spoke to her."

"He must have been her lover," said the landlady, weeping. "And it's killed her."

"Not likely," said the doctor. "Such a splendid woman! and he—no—any agitation might have done it."

## PEARLS WITHOUT PRICE.

Two Strings Owned by the Duchess of Marlborough.

Casual mention has been made of the beautiful pearls which Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt gave her daughter, Miss Consuelo, when she became Duchess of Marlborough, but nothing like justice has ever been done to a collection which is undoubtedly the finest and most costly in the world.

The pearls originally consisted of two strings, one of these being historic and a part of the once glorious strand of Catharine of Russia.

This string was about two yards long, and while the pearls are well matched, of great size and of good "skin" or brilliancy, they are nothing to be compared to the second string, which Mr. William K. Vanderbilt bought to collect for his wife soon after their marriage.

The now comprises the first loop, one designed to be close to the throat, the second and third coils being long enough to hang down over the bodice of a dress, the whole string going three times around the neck.

These larger pearls are without equals in the world, and measure fully a half inch in diameter. There are about fifty of them and a conservative valuation has recently fixed them at from \$15,000 to \$20,000 each, making the group cost nearly a million dollars.

Many years were occupied in the search for these beautiful gems, and Europe and the Orient were ransacked in an endeavor to procure the finest pearls in the world.

Many of these larger pearls have also an historic interest apart from their great purity and value, being the choicest specimens of several great collections, the pride of many a harem, the despair of many an owner, who only parted with such treasures through necessity or greed.

These pearls will undoubtedly make a sensation when worn abroad by the young Duchess of Marlborough, whose graceful throat seems just designed to be so adorned.

As they pass into the keeping of the Marlboroughs these pearls may become an heirloom in that family, to be passed on from one generation to another, until the great string is once more broken up and dispersed, and some other millionaire sets out to make another collection for his wife.

An Englishman claims to have invented a safety purse for ladies. It has two straps, one of which is attached to a ring that slips over the finger, while the other ends in a narrow band of leather that clasps round the waist. It is impossible to drop it or have it wrenched away.

## MAPLE SYRUP INDUSTRY.

Chiefly Confined to the New England States.

This is the time of year when maple syrup takes its proper place as king of the condiments at the breakfast table. It comes in with buckwheat cakes and fried hominy.

There is just a round million of dollars invested in this country in the machinery which produces and purifies the syrup. The industry is confined almost entirely to the few States north of Massachusetts. That is because the maple tree refuses to flourish in any but a cold climate. It won't grow in the Northwestern States, for the reason that it has to have plenty of moisture, and that is to be had only near the ocean.

Fully 90 per cent. of the maple syrup and maple sugar produced in this country comes from Vermont. The annual yield of syrup and sugar of that State is valued at something like half a million dollars.

Seventy-five per cent. of the product is consumed in this country, and the rest is exported to Europe. But it is not in common use beyond the sea for the reason that it is very expensive because of the freight and duty. In England it is to be found in many of the homes of the nobility, where it is regarded in high favor, not only because it is delicate and sweet, but because it is a unique and costly product.

There is a good deal of mystery about the origin of the production of maple sugar and syrup. By whom it was first discovered will probably never be known.

The maple tree is active in summer and passive in winter. The tree is extremely porous, there being, according to the highest authority, about 100,000,000 cells in every cubic inch of the wood. In summer the tree absorbs moisture into all these cells, which is condensed into water. This water, mingling with the natural saccharine properties of the tree, becomes maple syrup in a crude form.

The tree is also extremely sensitive to weather conditions. When in February and March the maple begins to "sweat," as the New England farmer terms it, the tree wishes to unburden itself, and it does so, whether the farmer is on hand to get the benefit of the process or not. But the farmer is generally on hand.

Before machinery was invented for the purpose the farmer used to furrow the trunk of the tree by slashing the bark lengthwise with a knife. Then he cut deep furrows all around the tree near its base. A trough attached to the lowest of these furrows carried the syrup from the tree to the dripping bucket, and that constituted the process of getting the product.

The farmer nowadays goes up to a tree that is "sweating," casts his eye at the softest spot in the trunk and drives into it to a depth of several inches a metal tap, and this relieves the tree in splendid shape. The tree appears just as anxious to get rid of the sap as the farmer is to gather it.

## Can Cats Swim?

Though it seems somewhat difficult to understand how the sportsmen of the Nile train their cats not only to hunt game, but to retrieve it from the water, the hunting scenes depicted on the walls of Thebes afford proof of the Egyptian cat's service in this respect.

In one of these representations puss is depicted in the act of seizing a bird that has been brought down by the marksman in the boat, while in another scene the cats are shown in the boat ready for their work.

Thus it appears, from these ancient illustrations of field and other sports, that the Egyptians are able to train their domestic cats to act in the same way as our modern retriever dogs do. It is generally supposed that nothing will induce a cat to enter water, but this is clearly a fallacy.

The tiger, for instance, is an excellent swimmer, as many have found to their cost; and so the cat, another member of the tiger family, can swim equally as well if it has any occasion to exert its powers, either in search of prey or to effect its escape from some enemy.

They will often drag them out of their native element. They have been known to help themselves out of aquaria that have been left uncovered, and on moonlight nights they may be seen watching for the unwary occupants of a fish pond, especially during the spawning season.

## A Tobacco-Chewing Dog.

A dog addicted to chewing tobacco is owned by John Holden, a butcher of Eighteenth and Sigel streets. The dog is an improvement upon the average tobacco chewer, in that he doesn't spit on the floor of a trolley car. He takes a bit of the weed, and holding it between his fore paws, sucks all the substance out of it. He has been chewing tobacco for about three years. Tobacco is the first thing he wants in the morning, and if he does not get it at home he will go out among the neighbors, who know the dog's habit, and whine among them until he gets what he wants. He will not touch fine cut, his weakness being in the direction of plug tobacco. He learned to chew when a puppy, his owner being in the habit of giving him tobacco as a joke when he sat on his knee.

## How a \$500 Book Was Ruined.

A short time ago one of those trifling attempts at smuggling to which even the best of our citizens are prone—the sending of foreign articles to home friends concealed in mail parcels—was detected by the Postal Department. A small bit of Italian jewelry had been sent from Florence, hidden in a small book. The book had been opened, a cavity gouged out in its pages with a knife and the jewelry deposited inside. This was all very clever and the cheerful smuggler has no doubt congratulated himself on his smartness in so dodging the payment of duty. But the fact of interest in the case is that the little old book which he used for the purpose happened to be a rare "Aldine," and in his ignorance he had ruined a volume worth \$500 in order to save the duty on a piece of jewelry worth not more than \$25.

## Educated Oysters.

"As senseless as an oyster" is an every day saying, yet, according to the Brooklyn Citizen, the oyster has an amount of intelligence little to be expected in a creature of such low organization. Dictionaries assure us that oysters taken from a depth never uncovered by the sea, open their shells, lose the water within and per-

ish; but oysters taken from the same place and depth, if kept in reservoirs, where they are occasionally left uncovered for a short time and are otherwise accommodated, learn to keep their shells shut, and then live for a much longer time when taken out of the water. First Darwin and then Romanes noted the above as a wonderful evidence of intelligence in a mollusk. The fact is turned to advantage in the so-called "oyster schools" of France. The distance from the coast to Paris being too great for the newly dredged oysters to travel without opening their shells, they are first taught in the schools to bear a longer and longer exposure to the air without gaping, and when their education in this respect is completed, they are sent on their journey to the metropolis, where they arrive with closed shells and in a healthy condition.

Some of the mollusks possess the sense of direction in a marked degree, being able to find their way home from what must be, to them, great distances. For instance, the limpet, after an excursion in search of food, will invariably return to his home on some rock or stone. Insects likewise possess this faculty, and I have even seen the blind beetles of Mammoth Cave return to their domiciles beneath some log of wood or block of stone after a journey of fifty feet or more. This indicates beyond a shadow of a doubt that these creatures possess memory and conscious determination, coincidentally a certain degree of intelligence.

## Ploughed Up a Can of Gold.

A dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer says considerable excitement has been occasioned in Springfield Township, Indiana, by the lucky find of John H. Riardon, a farm hand employed on the place of Farmer Hughes. Riardon was plowing a large field near a small creek among the hills, when he suddenly turned up an old and rusty tin can. He paid but little attention to the can at the time, and continued to the end of the furrow.

On his return trip he stopped to examine the can and was dumfounded to find that it contained \$480 in gold and silver coin. Riardon promptly reported the matter to Mr. Hughes, who, in the large ness of his heart, said:

"You found the money, and it is yours." The coins were greatly corroded, but could, after a little scouring, be plainly identified as good United States money. Among them were five of the old-fashioned octagon \$50 gold pieces, now almost extinct. There is absolutely no way to discover how the coins came to be buried in such an obscure place.

For years there has been a rumor to the effect that a treasure was buried somewhere near Morning Sun, and a number of interesting stories have been circulated concerning it. The farm upon which the money was found has been owned by scores of persons in the last fifty years, and is now rented by an estate.

## Iron and Food.

Professor Bunge, in the course of a paper on iron as a medicine, read before the German Congress of Internal Medicine, has been ventilating some ideas which are as much a matter of general science (and therefore extremely important) as they are of daily interest to the physician's domain. He is strong on the point that iron should reach our blood through the medium of our food rather than through the druggist's specialties. Iron, as everybody knows, is a food element absolutely essential for the proper constitution of the body. It is rigidly demanded by the plant as well as the animal; and it is from plants that Professor Bunge shows we should chiefly receive our iron supply. Spinach, he tells us, is richer in iron than the yolk of eggs, while the yolk contains more than beef. Then succeed apples, lentils, strawberries, white beans, peas, potatoes and wheat, these substances being given in the order in which they stand as regards the plentifulness of their iron constituents.

Cow's milk is poor in iron, but, as balancing this deficiency in the food of the young mammal, it is found that the blood of the youthful quadruped contains much more iron than the adult. Thus, in a young rabbit or guinea pig one hour old, four times as much iron was found as occurs in these animals two and a half months old.

## The Engineer Was Color Blind.

A story is told of the late Railroad Commissioner Stevens, on the occasion of the rear-end collision at West Somerville three or four years ago. The engineer of the following train was careless, and ran by two red lights without a stop. At the hearing the engineer testified regarding the lights, and said they were set at white. After the other commissioner had asked the witness all the questions they could think of, Mr. Stevens quietly requested William, the office boy, to take a "Baby Pathfinder" railway guide, and hang it on the ventilator outside the window, but in full view of the witness, and when his turn came to examine him, he merely asked the engineer what color the little book appeared to him. The engineer squinted at the book, which was some twenty feet away, and then said, in a rather uncertain tone, "It is sort of brownish." This was all that Mr. Stevens had to say to the witness, but the cause of the accident was pretty conclusively proved to have been due to color blindness of the engineer, for, as everybody knows, all the "Baby Pathfinders" are bright red.

## Hunting a White Fox.

An alleged white fox, which many hunters have seen and as many as have seen have shot at, but which is yet unharm, is stirring up the crack shots near Flagstaff on the Dead River. The rare animal is said to be a splendid specimen, and every one is anxious to get it. Some of the finest shots in the region—and there are not a few who can pick off a partridge's head with a rifle ball at eight or ten rods—have had a chance at the animal, but it has always escaped unhurt. Some of the hunters are beginning to be a little afraid of the beast, half inclined to the notion that there is something uncanny about it. Perhaps a white fox may be more foxy than a red one, at any rate.

## A Shark for Jailor.

Jailor Jacquemin has hit upon a novel idea to keep young boys from escaping from the city jail. The boys usually drop into the river and swim ashore. He proposes to buy a man-eating shark and chain him to a post under the jail. He will only give the shark enough to eat to keep him alive, and he will be a brave boy indeed who will risk being eaten by a hungry shark to gain his liberty.

Any one having a shark for sale should notify the jailor, who will try to induce the board of public works to purchase one for this purpose.

## Wood Pulp Fruit Cans.

Wood pulp fruit cans are among the latest applications of wood fiber to a useful purpose.

The preparatory machinery, the American Wood Worker tells us, consists of a beating engine, for disintegrating the pulp, and a compressed air pump and an engine for pumping the fluid pulp. The soft pulp produced is placed on the fine netting and the moisture driven out by compressed air, the mesh holding the fiber permitting the water to escape. The pulp, while yet in a soft state, is gathered upon a large roller in sheets about 8x10 feet square, until about a quarter of an inch thick. It is then cut off the roller and carried up on a canvas carrier to a drying chamber nearly 100 feet long, through which it slowly passes, requiring about ten minutes to make the trip. When the sheet arrives at the other end it is partly dry and may be handled readily. It is placed next between pressing rollers, then shaped into cans about as ordinary tin ones are, the edges being connected with a special glutinous matter. Then the cans are finished off in the machine. This is one way, but it makes a seam. Another mode, adopted later, in which no seam on the side is made, consists in taking the soft pulp direct from the wire netting and moulding it into cylindrical form, about the length of a dozen cans, and keeping it on the hollow tubes until ready for cutting and heading.

## How Frost Kills Vegetation.

It has long been the belief of practical men in America that frost acts in two ways in the killing of vegetation. In soft, succulent shoots the liquids are expanded, and the tissue rent and destroyed. In other cases the cell tissue contracts during the winter season, and the liquids either do not congeal, or, if they do, the shrinkage of the tissue gives room for expansion, without any disruption of the coating of the cell. In the latter case death results from the evaporation of the juices. It is said that when a tree usually hardy dies, death results from the drying out of plant juices. It has been found, for instance, that a tree quite hardy under the moist climate of England is killed under the same temperature in the drier climate of North-eastern America. The moist atmospheric conditions aid in checking the drying out experienced here. Mr. Alven Nelson, of the Wyoming Experiment Station, finds that atmospheric pressure has much to do with this evaporation which results in tree killing. The less atmospheric pressure, the greater the evaporation.

## Nature's Signs.

Diseases that are readily communicated or transmitted show themselves in the face. Leprosy, epilepsy and various constitutional or blood diseases make their presence known most clearly and unmistakably. This is one of nature's methods for protecting the pure against the impure. The habitual drunkard, the debauchee and the unclean carry signs that all may read and understand. These victims of disorders of mind and body would object to wearing a placard on their backs telling what ails them, yet are compelled to go about with the hideous truth written in their faces where all may see it.

Wrinkled brows, sunken eyes, drooping life lines, pale or sallow complexion, dullness of the eyes, breathing through the mouth, decay of teeth, offensiveness of the breath, sunken cheeks, dark rings or puffy patches under the eyes, crooked or sunken nose, mouth drawn to one side, watery eyes, red nose and many other face marks are each and every one a sign of disease or defect.

## A Natural Ice-Box.

About fifteen miles west of Red Bud, Ill., on the banks of the Mississippi river, is a natural curiosity, being no less than a refrigerator formed by some unexplained law of nature. A short time ago Farmer Wallace dug a cellar in the shaly hillsides, where the rocks are thin and brittle, in order to get a storage place for milk and other edibles. After digging back a few feet, he was surprised to find layers of ice between the layers of rock, and as it was cool inside, and it promised to be more than he expected in the way of a refrigerator, he finished it up by putting in a door. He finds by trial that everything placed inside, such as meats, milk, fruits or other perishable articles, keeps perfectly for any length of time. During the hottest weather last summer milk stored in this cellar would make the teeth ache to drink it. Mr. G. V. Kettler, of this city, says it is a wonder, and not at all like a common cellar, but a veritable ice-box, made so by the natural ice formed inside, how, it is not known.

## Some Great Mushrooms.

A gentleman who lately returned from a visit to Astoria says that while there he went over to look at what the Astorians called the "mushroom town" site of Flavel. He is not interested in the rivalry between the two terminal cities, but says that in the line of mushrooms he has never seen anything to equal the Flavel town site and vicinity. There were acres and acres literally covered with the nutritious and delicious fungi, which were of astonishing size. He secured one which was nine inches across, as big as a soup plate, and weighed half a pound, the largest mushroom he has ever seen. There were others nearly as large, and any number of good-sized ones. Mushrooms sell here at retail at 20 cents per pound, and the dealers probably pay 10 and 15 cents for them.

## Caught a Live Pig at Sea.

One of the oddest things a fisherman ever caught was a young live pig, which was the haul made by Charles Johns, in the Delaware, near Bristol, Penna., a few days ago. He was fishing for plain fish when he saw the pig swimming down stream, evidently almost exhausted. Moved by an impulse of playfulness he threw his hook toward the pig. The pig made a desperate bite, took the hook in its mouth, and was helped and steered safely ashore by the fisherman.

## A Sleeping Power.

Within us is a power sleeping. Once in a while some sensitive soul has felt it stir, but there was no known law that governed it, no logic with which to convince others of its being; so it was buried deep in its inner consciousness, where life ideas that dare not seek light because they are in advance of their age.

Long ago, at the house of a friend, I saw a photograph of a man's head. As I picked it up there came over me a sense of having known the original; it was the face of a "friend!" When my hostess entered I asked about the photograph and she told me who it was. The name meant nothing to me, but the face meant all things that