

Rake Clean.
Quoth Ralph to his father, the farmer,
"Such by these never was seen.
How shall we care for it, father?"
Said the father, "My son, rake clean,
Rake clean, rake clean,
We have need of it all, I ween."
"Put the mow have not space enough,
father,
To hold such a mound between
The floor and the roof of the building?"
Quoth the farmer, "My son, rake clean,
Rake clean, rake clean,
We can care for it all, I ween."
Then the son went to the mow
And raked the mow with a rake,
And again in the field he toiled;
And still said the farmer, "Rake clean,
Rake clean, rake clean,
We have need of it all, I ween."
But the lad gazed distressfully round him;
"Lest say," said he, "never was seen
The mow will surely be stunted."
Quoth the farmer, "My son, rake clean,
Rake clean, rake clean,
We shall find them sufficient, I ween."
—George Peck in Young People's.

ALICE'S PACKAGE.

"Good morning!" said the new
station agent.
"Good morning!" said Alice.
They had parted at 11 o'clock last
night, having strolled home from the
concert together, and they had found
enough to talk about then. But here,
under the bantering gaze of the ex-sta-
tion agent, who haunted the scene of
his former labors previous to his de-
parture for Iowa they were tongue-
tied.
"Is there a package for me?" said
Alice, formally.
"If so," said Cary, Loomis, explor-
ing, with alacrity.
But Mr. Stark dove into a corner be-
hind him, bringing forth a large, square
bundle.
"This is?" said he. "There was a
twinkle in his eye. "Miss Alice Ly-
man," said he. "But, see here, now
—Pittsburg! Who's sending you
presents from Pittsburg, Ally? It's
twinkle was luminous."
"It's not a present," Alice retorted.
But the ex-agent was not satisfied.
"Pittsburg," he mused. "Seems to
me that survivor fellow hatched from
Pittsburg, didn't he, Ally?"
"Shall I sign her?" said Alice to
Cary Loomis over the entry book.
"And bounding next door, too,"
said Mr. Stark, "why, ye—'s natural
—natural!"
"Oh, no, it isn't heavy, thank you!
Why, lift it," Alice was saying to
Cary, with a laughing frown for her
terminator.
"Good-looking fellow too," said Mr.
Stark. "Wal, Ally, you've got my
consent for one."
"Thank you!" Alice laughed, but
vexedly.
She had meant to say something to
Cary Loomis over and beyond the con-
versation about the package—for had
not the pleasant young new station agent
seemed already quite attentive to her!
—but now she could not summon a
word or syllable. If Mr. Stark were
at the bottom of the sea!
"I don't know how Pittsburg 'll
suit you, Ally," Mr. Stark smoked,
merely. "They say it's smoky.
But I s'pose smoke won't interfere."
Alice was gone, and Cary closed the
ledger with a bang.
"Were you joking, Stark," he de-
manded, "or is that so?"
Stark eyed him. He had a strong
sense of humor, and he read the new
agent's secret.
Without absolute statements, he con-
vinced his young successor that Alice
Lyman had flirted outrageously with
the Pittsburg surveyor; that he had
been most devoted; that they were un-
doubtedly engaged, and that the big
package from Pittsburg was proof
of it.
Cary had grown a little pale during
the process, but so strong was Mr.
Stark's humorous sense that he strolled
away finally with a widened grin.
Cary found his dinner saved warm for
him when he went up to his boarding-
house somewhat late, and Mrs. Davis,
large and cheerful, waiting to serve it
to him.
But today neither his dinner nor Mrs.
Davis cheered him. He ate one and re-
sponded to the other glumly.
"Well, now, maybe you ain't feeling
just smart. I've known change of air
and water to make folks real sick," she
hazarded in concern.
"Oh, I'm all right," said Cary, sar-
donically smiling.
"Maybe you need living up. You've
been to the sociables and concerts, to
be sure; but maybe something livelier
—Well, there," she broke off with
my ner'y interest, "there's the music in
the park tonight; I guess you'll like to
hear that. You better step over to-
night," said his ladylike insipidity.
He had no intention of going. He
decided, with a certain melancholy sat-
isfaction, that he would appear in the
evening in his room, and without a light,
that would be the fitting situation for
him and his dejection. She would be

in the park, and perhaps the Pittsburg
surveyor would follow his package, and
be there with her.
All the same, for such is the power of
pretty eyes and red lips, eight o'clock
found him in the park. He would not
go near Alice Lyman. He strolled about
gloomily. All the town appeared to
have assembled. The band was, one
by one, mounting to the band stand.
"Oh, Mr. Loomis!" somebody ex-
claimed with a pretty laugh, "I had
almost run over to you!"
It was Alice—Alice with a loose knot
of young men and maidens, not yet
paired off, but well connected.
He joined them, of course; there was
no other way.
And a few minutes later, when they
had paired off, and the band had struck
up, he found himself on a bench beside
her—two alone.
"Home, Sweet Home!" said Alice.
"Dear me, Mr. Loomis, couldn't they
have found something a little newer?"
"It seems not," said Cary, unsmil-
ingly.
"But how they flat!" cried Alice,
clapping her ears. "And that second
horn is a bar behind."
She was in a gay mood. Her derisive
words were mirthful.
"And they've been practicing all the
spring. Well, I could do better with a
comb and some tassel paper."
A whiff from the syringe she wore
was wafted to him.
Her face, in the dusky light, was
bright and yet soft.
She was thinking about her surveyor,
probably, and laughing in her sleeve at
him. We'll let her.
"Poor Cary felt suddenly weary of his
anger. He was in love with a pretty
girl who did not love him—that was
all. She could not be blamed—he
would not blame her. He could hate
the man she did care for, but he could
not hate her.
So, while the band lugged unman-
fully on, he bent toward and talked to
her gently.
He told her of the really fine open
air concerts he had heard at Brighton
Beach. He described the odd, varying
scene—the mass of people who thronged
the walks; the long, crowded hotel
piazas; the circular pavilion from
which the music poured forth; and
bounding it all, the great willow tree.
He found Alice looking up at him,
as he ended, with a keenness in her
eyes and a softer smile.
"I have never been anywhere," she
said, almost in a whisper. "I don't
know anything. I wonder, Mr. Loomis—
I've wanted more than once—that you
would take me to it!"
But she said more than she meant to.
He knew that her cheeks were hot and
her eyes confusedly lowered.
His heart thro-bled hard. He got up
at once.
"Fast remarkably march they're mur-
dering is driving everybody away," he
remarked. "Shall we follow, Miss Ly-
man?"
"I think so," said Alice.
Her fingers pressed his offered arm.
A man, who had been listening in his
hatted buggy, wheeled about as they
stepped into the road.
He was driving a colt, and a frisky
one.
Was it the merrily bad music
which made the horse jump as he
turned?
Alice was on the point of asserting it,
but he swerved so close that she sprang
back with a scream.
Somehow the whirling buggy struck
her. It flew down the road the next
instant, but Alice lay in a prone heap in
the dusty road.
Cary Loomis groaned as he bent over
her.
"Alice!" he cried. "Alice, darling!
are you hurt?"
He raised her to her feet, his arms
about her.
"No, no!" she protested. "That
back wheel struck me as it flew around
—that's all; it didn't even bruise me.
Only I'm dusty enough," she ended,
laughing.
"I am so sorry!" he murmured. "You
sprung away from me so quickly that I
could not save you. You must be
hurt."
"I haven't a scratch," she retorted.
"I think I will take your arm, Mr.
Loomis."
In a bewildered way he withdrew
and offered it. Then:
"I owe you an apology, Miss Lyman,"
he said, stiffly, as they went. "I
called you something. I was so startled
that I called you—perhaps you did not
hear me?"
"Yes, I did," she murmured, with
head averted.
"Well," he burst forth, desperately,
"an apology, did I say? Well, I apolo-
gize, Miss Lyman. But I only said
what was in my heart—I only said what
I couldn't help. Miss Lyman. Try not
to blame me! You will have a right to
tell the man you are proud of, if you
choose, and he will have the right to

hor-sweep me—but I couldn't help it!
Try to forget it!"
"I don't understand you," said Alice,
turning toward him at last and squarely.
"What can you mean, Mr. Loomis? The
man I'm promised to! I'm promised to
nobody!"
But she was promised to somebody's
son and in short order.
"Stark," said Cary—how was he happy
to be sharply discerning and he regarded
Mr. Stark with blank eyes—"Stark,
you were wrong, let me inform you
about Miss Lyman and that surveyor
from Pittsburg who boarded next door
to her. She is not engaged to him.
She never was, Stark, and I never will
be!"
"She, now?" Mr. Stark's long
countenance beam'd forth and almost
infants blankness.
"Wal, I'm beat!"
"He was fifty or so, Stark, and Alice
hardly exchanged a dozen words with
him."
"Now phaw!" said Mr. Stark, with
a wide gaze of incredulity.
"No, sir, not a dozen word! And that
package—he was going to Pitts-
burg, you know, and he heard her tell-
ing the lady he boarded with that she
wanted a lot of wasters, and some she
couldn't get here, and he offered to get
them for her when he got home. And
he did. That's what that package was,
Stark."
"Wal," said Mr. Stark, stroking
his stubby chin, "how I got it into my
moodle I dunno—don't for the life of
me! I haven't been so took back, I
dunno when!"
But he coughed queerly as he walked
away.
Mr. Stark's sense of humor was ab-
normally developed.—Saturday Night.

New Way to Make Sugar.

The first figure sugar refinery in this
country is about to be put into opera-
tion, and it carries out the expecta-
tion of its projectors, it may revolu-
tionize the sugar industry of the world.
The Keystone Sugar Refining Company
has established a plant at Riverside,
Del., on the Philadelphia, Wilmington
& Baltimore Railroad just this side of
Wilmington, and in a few days the ma-
chinery will be put in motion. The
scheme is to utilize the waste from the
malt houses known as "black strap,"
and turn out an excellent grade of
sugar.
The process is the invention of a man
named Kleeman, a German, who has
superintended the erection of the ma-
chinery at the Riverside refinery. He
has one or two large refineries in Ger-
many, which at present are the only ones
in the world. The "black strap" is
thrown into a reservoir and thinned
with water and then large quantities of
pulverized lignite are thrown in and
mixed with the refuse molasses. The
process of purifying then takes place,
and after passing through a sort of press
the light colored sugar is separated, the
lignite being turned out in blocks,
which can be used as fuel. By this
means there is absolutely no waste.
The lignite is a sort of coal and the
company at present is receiving a supply
from Germany, although it is found in
large quantities in this country. In
Vermont and Alabama there are great
fields of it and deposits of it are found
in New Jersey, but there it is of an in-
ferior quality.
The "black strap" is to be secured
from malt houses. It has always been
a problem puzzling the refiners to
find some way of using this waste, but
it never was solved until Mr. Kleeman
invented his process. The "black strap"
formerly was shipped to Europe,
where it was used for coloring cordials,
making rum and for other purposes, but
the product has always been in excess of
the demand.—New York Journal.

Infants' Sensitive Eyes.

In an article on "Blindness and the
Blind" in the Journal of the Franklin
Institute, Dr. Webster Fox refers among
other things, to the need for care being
exercised with regard to the eyes of
young children. The eyes are more
sensitive to light in childhood than in
adult life, yet a mother or nurse will
often expose the eyes of an infant to the
glare of the sun for hours at a time.
Dr. Fox holds that serious evils may
spring from this, and he even contends
that "the greater number of the blind
lose their sight from carelessness during
infancy." From the point of view of
an oculist he protests against the notion
that children should begin to study at a
very early age. He thinks that until
they are between seven and nine years
old the eye is not strong enough for
school work. When they do begin to
learn lessons they should have good
light during their study hours, and
should not be allowed to study much by
artificial light before the age of ten.
Rooks printed in small type should never
be allowed in the schoolroom, except
as they are read by insufficient light.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE BEWAZAR.
This lady little runaway,
With flying hair
And feet quite bare,
Slipped out one showery Summer day,
While mamma t'ought it best to stay.
A pretty bird sang merrily
Among the leaves
Below the eaves,
"E'en leap full thick but don't touch us,
The brook is full, come out and play."
"My mate sit swinging to the tree,
Under her feet
A soft round nest
And hungry birds, one, two, three—
Without a feather, come and see."
And then the bird sang sweetly,
"Her dress is fine,
Her dress is fine,
She's just as sweet as the can be,
She runs away, come out and see."
—Lillian Hall, in Baby World.

HELEN KELLER, THE BLIND DEAF-MUTE.

Helen Keller has a wonderful memory,
and seldom forgets what she has once
learned, and she learns very quickly.
She is a wonderfully bright child, and
her teacher, instead of urging her to
study, is often obliged to coax Helen
away from some example in arithmetic,
or other task, so that the little girl should
injure her health by working too hard
at her lessons. But her marvelous pro-
gress is not due to her fine memory
alone, but also to her great quickness
of perception, and to her remarkable
powers of thought. To speak a little
more clearly, Helen understands with
singular rapidity, not only what is said
to her, but even the feelings and the
state of mind of those about her, and
she thinks more than most children of
her age. The "touch" who ministers
has done such wonders for her little
pupil that you would scarcely believe
how many things Helen finds out,
as with electric quickness,
through her fingers. She knows in a
moment whether her companions are
sad, or frightened, or impatient—in
other words, she has learned so well
what movements people make under the
influence of different feelings that it
times she seems to read our thoughts.
Thus, when she was walking one day
with her mother, a boy exploded a tor-
pedo which frightened Mrs. K. Helen
then asked at once, "What are you
afraid of?" Some of you already know
that sound, (i. e., noise of all sorts) is
produced by the vibrations of the air
striking against our organs of hearing;
that is to say, the ears; and deaf peo-
ple, even though they can hear abso-
lutely nothing, are still conscious of
these vibrations. Thus, they can "feel"
loud music; probably because it shakes
the floor; and Helen's sense of feeling
is so wonderfully acute, that she no
doubt learns many things from these vi-
brations of the air which to us are in-
perceptible.—St. Nicholas.

THE AMERICAN BUFFALO IN BEGGING.

Most children have seen a buffalo in a
menagerie. The noble animal lives in
great herds on the Western plains.
Hunters have used all sorts of strategy
in capturing them. One of the most
cruel and destructive means used is
to get a whole herd near a precipice,
and by frightening them, drive them
over when they are shockingly maimed
and tortured. This is done by the
hunters that they may secure the great-
est number of hides, and the more bones
and meat to sell for money. The bones
of the lion are used for knife handles
and to make into buttons.
The male buffalo is a very hard-
headed animal, and a grand fighter. Boys,
you know buffaloes can't reason, and
fighting is the only method they know
to protect themselves and families.
The female is a very quiet, dignified
animal, and though she enjoys looking
on at the most ferocious fights while
they are in progress, she never does any
fighting herself, and only approves the
winning animal when the victory is cer-
tain.
Buffaloes are provided for natural
baths. Their front of thick curly hair
is all natural, and is therefore quite be-
coming to their foreheads, while the
twinkling, small black eyes shine through
the little openings of their curly red
black hair. The male buffalo is a mag-
nificent-looking fellow. His long hair
around his head and neck reaches
sometimes nearly to the ground, and
his front appearance gives him the
look of a giant in strength, while the
hinder part of the animal is only slight-
ly covered with hair. Buffaloes never
give up in a fight till one or the other
is dead or powerless. They butt and
hook each other with their horns.
Every herd has a leader, and this
leader has to keep his reputation by
hard-fought battles, for every little
white some ambitious younger bull is
trying to get the ascendancy and be-
come leader; and whenever one leader
is beaten by his opponent and victor the
other immediately takes command, and
his victim has to hide away.—Chick-
adee's Friends.

WIZARD EDISON.

**He Talks of Inventions He Will
Some Day Bring Out**

**To Reproduce Images a Thou-
sand Feet Distant.**

While Mr. Edison, the great inven-
tor, was in Paris he was interviewed by
a reporter of the Courrier des Etrangers,
a French paper published in New
York City.
The reporter asked Mr. Edison if it
was true that he had invented a machine
by the aid of which a man in New York
would be able to see everything that his
wife was doing in Paris.
"I don't know," said Mr. Edison,
laughing, "that that would be a real
benefit to humanity. The women cer-
tainly would protest. But, speaking
seriously, I am at work on an invention
which will allow a man in Wall street
not only to telephone to a friend in the
Central Park, but to see that friend
while he is chatting telephonically with
him. This invention would be useful
and practical, and I see no reason why
it should not soon become a reality,
and one of the first things that I shall
do when I get back to America will be
to set up this contrivance between my
laboratory and my telephone workshops.
Moreover, I have already obtained satis-
factory results in reproducing images at
that distance, which is only about 1000
feet. It would be ridiculous to dream
of seeing any one between New York
and Paris. This would form of the
earth, if there were no other difficulty
in the way, would make the thing im-
possible."
Speaking of the phonograph, the re-
porter asked if it had reached its high-
est degree of perfection.
"Almost, I think," said Mr. Edison,
"in the last instruments turned out of
my workshop. You must know that
the ordinary phonograph employed in
commerce does not compare with the
latest machines that I use in my private
experiments. With the latter I can ob-
tain a sound powerful enough to re-
produce phrases of a speech that can be
heard perfectly by a large audience. My
last ameliorations were the aspirate
sounds, which are the weak points of the
graphophones. For seven months I
worked from eight to twenty hours
a day upon a single sound 'specie.' I
would say to the instrument 'specie,'
and it would always say 'specie,' and I
couldn't make it say anything else. It
was enough to make me crazy. But I
stuck to it until I succeeded, and now you
can read a thousand words of a new
paper at the rate of 150 words a minute
and the instrument will repeat them to
you without an omission. You can im-
agine the difficulty of the task that I
accomplished when I tell you that the
impressions made upon the cylinder are
not more than one millionth part of an
inch in depth, and are completely invis-
ible even with the aid of a microscope."
Reporter—Are your new discoveries
will be made in electricity?
Mr. Edison—Ah, that would be dif-
ficult to say. We may some day come
upon one of the great secrets of nature.
I am always on the look-out for some-
thing which will help me to solve the
problem of navigating the air. I have
worked hard upon this subject, but I
am very much discouraged. We may
find something new before that comes,
but that will come.
Mr. Edison further said that the great
development of electricity will come
when we find an economical method
of producing it. During his trip across
the ocean he remained for hours on a
deck looking at the waves, and he says
that it made him wild when he saw so
much force going to waste. "But one
of these days," he continued, "we will
claim all that the Gods of Nature, as
well as the whole world—that will be the
millennium of electricity."
The Carriage.
It is interesting to note the variety of
carriages which are drawn now in the
large towns of America. That light
and bumpy vehicle, the buggy, has al-
most disappeared from the fashionable
drives. It was an ever-ready wagon,
and the lightest of vehicles for a horse
to draw. But it is not to be said that
there is much comfort in the average
buggy for a man of staid or heavy
build. Dog carts, buck boards, gigs,
mail phaetons, and the like have pushed
the buggy to the wall. But, perhaps, the
most recently imported of vehicles, and
one which bids fair to retain a large de-
gree of fashion is the curdicle. This
has two wheels, like a cart, but it also
has a hood and a rumble behind for a
servant, and two horses are driven to it
with a pole. The buggy is being on big
"S.S." springs and drives very easily,
and it is one of the most convenient vehi-
cles for long drives in the country which
has yet been designed. Besides, it has
the indefinable but valuable stamp of
fashion to recommend it to the world.

Working His Way.

A writer in the Boston Transcript
tells us of a young man who is likely to
make his way in the world: "Spending
a Sunday recently with a friend in a
delightful summer resort, we happened
to be sitting on the veranda as a milk-
man's wagon drove up. The milkman,
a sturdy young fellow of pleasant face,
dismounted, rang a bell by way of warn-
ing to the birds of the vicinity to get
their pitchers ready, and then started
around with his cans and his pail-meas-
ure. As he passed around to the back
door of the cottage our friend saluted
him as one gentleman salutes another,
and when the milkman had gone the
other said:
"That young man is a member of the
class of 90 at Harvard College."
"Indeed?"
"Yes. He is carrying himself
through entirely by his own exertions,
and he takes this way of helping him-
self out. I do not say he makes enough
money selling milk at a good figure to
the people here in the summer time to
pay the greater part of his expenses for
the remainder of the year at Cam-
bridge."
"Does he water his milk?"
"Not perceptibly. It is very good
milk, and I have no doubt he is as hon-
est as the business allows."
A young man in the home who be-
longs to the class below the milkman's
in the college referred to the excellent
standing of the young man at Har-
vard.

Foolish Birds.

There are silly birds as well as silly
people. The Demolish Crane, of Af-
rica, sits first on one leg and then on
the other, turns its head to one side and
then to the other, dances a little dance all
by itself, and then stands as still as a
minstrel. It is a very vain, conceit-
ing bird. The Blue-bird is more stupid
and quite as silly. It sits on the sea-
shore and shivers and shivers its head
like an idiot. It will sit and be knocked
over with a club rather than to make
an effort to fly away. The Parula be-
longs to the Auk family, and is not a
very bright bird. Large numbers of
these birds congregate in the crevices of
the rocks in high latitudes. Travelers
say they can capture them by letting
down a rope, for the bird touched with
it will grab it in its beak, and as it is
lifted from the earth another bird will
seize the first one's tail and another will
take one's tail until a long string of
them can be drawn from the algaes be-
low.
The Albatross can also be caught with
a line. Sailors bait hooks with salt pork
and throw them into the sea. The Al-
batross swallow the bait, and rising in
the air, is drawn in like a kite. The
silly part of the performance is that
when let go, the bird suffers itself to be
caught again in the same manner.

A Successful Inventor.

One of the most successful inventors
of what somebody has inaccurately de-
scribed as "unusual and trifling," is
that small and even indignant-look-
ing man who seems to be peering with
some show of interest at the chewing-
gun box in a downtown "L" road sta-
tion. His name is Adams, and two
years ago, his neighbors in Brooklyn
now recall with a laughing awe, he was
"choked." Now he has an income of
many thousands, and his peers have
envied him to buy, within six months,
a Brooklyn real estate dealer says, at
least \$50,000 worth of city lots. Young
Adams attends to the chewing-gun
business, while the elder, who con-
ceived the idea of putting it up in suc-
cent packages, and allowing it to rot,
for a considerable time, from a slot machine,
has won the right, at last, to enjoy life,
and does so accordingly. Some Brook-
lyn people think the Adamses can take
any kind of tree gum, maple or what
not, and turn it into gold.—New York
World.

A Very Old Lady.

When commanding in East Tennessee
an invitation to dinner was extended to
General Burnside by an elderly farmer.
The invitation was accepted. At the
table, at the mother of the host, a lively
old lady, but in appearance extremely
old "Mother," said the General,
"may I ask you age? You appear to
be quite old for a person who can get
around as lively as you do." She
replied: "Yes, my son, I am very old.
I have lived here all my life. I don't
know exactly how old I am, but I
know that I am a little over a thousand
years old."
He Had None.
"I never speak to my inferiors," said
Regional de Brookhugh, haughtily.
"No," replied Smith, "I don't be-
lieve you ever do. Did you ever meet
any?"
Agreed with Him.
Smith (reading newspaper)—The
temperature yesterday was 88 degrees.
That is, the sun's temperature.
Mrs. Smith—Well, I should say it
was.—Detroit Free Press.

Mother and Child.

"Where is the girl that you were?" said the
child.
And the mother smiled back to her lifted
eyes.
"She lives where the faded violets grow,
And the old sun shines in the sky."
"Where last year's birds sing last year's
songs?"
She caught at the fancy, as children will.
"But if you should meet with the girl that
you were,
Do you think you would know her still?"
"I remember her eyes and her wavy hair,
I see them now as I look at you.
My little daughter, when one dream dies,
Another sometimes comes true."
"She lives as better than girls, I think,
They wipe your tears, and flit out the
joys,
And smile when you smile—Pray do not go
back,
If you have the chance again!"
"Ah! there is no fear of that, my sweet
A mother for evermore and a day
I shall be. We will let the girl that I was
With your faded violet stay."
—Hesperia Brown.

HUMOROUS.

All up with them—Balloonsists.
A baby cuts his teeth before he is on
speaking terms with them.
The blue bird makes the best fight
against the English sparrow.
Names exclusively for the fair sex
constitute a no-man's-land.
Fish makes brains, it is said. Well,
it certainly strengthens the imagination.
"Did you ever fall in love?" "Yes,
but I got out—with the assistance of
her father."
The mother of the modern girl says
her daughter is like a piece of cheap
calico—the won't wash.
The women are the ones to settle this
storage battery question. Men don't
know anything about preserving cur-
rents.
Father to his son: "I don't say that
you are an idiot, but if anybody else
should say so, I would not contradict
him."
Countryman— "Before engaging
you for our parterre we should like to
know if you can preach without notes."
Pastor— "No, sir. I don't need a
necessity with me."
Arizona boasts of a woman who "can
drive a nail with a bullet at forty years."
When Arizona can produce a woman
able to drive a nail with a hammer at a
distance of one foot without wounding
her fingers, it will have a curiosity
worth boasting about.
"To think that I must leave the world
behind by ever tugging,"
The culprit said. "I deeply dread
The thing of being hung."
"It is like to live my boyhood days,
In barrenness and to regret,
To play baseball, but, most of all,
To like to skip the rope."
—Washington Globe.

Anties of a Lemur.

No beast that I ever saw was more
fond of play than the little Malagasy,
not even a lively kitten. From the
moment his door was opened till he was
shut in, for the night he often gave his
mind to a constant succession of pranks.
He strapped the beads off our decora-
tions with his comb-like teeth, and he
slapped or pulled his coat or work out
of our hands, and especially liked to
frisk in one's lap, lying on his back
kicking with all fours, pretending to
live, and turning somersaults or indulg-
ing in the most peculiar leaps. In the
latter he flung out his arms, dropped his
head on one side in a bewitching way,
turned half around in the air, and came
down in the spot he started from, the
whole performance so sudden, appar-
ently so involuntary, and his face so grave
all the time, it seemed as if a spring had
gone off inside, with which his will had
nothing to do.
A favorite plaything with the lemur
was a winnow-shade. He began by
ramping up to the fringe, seizing it and
swinging back and forth. One day he
leaped by accident that he could not
let it off, and then his extreme pleasure
was to stretch at it with so much force
as to start the spring, when he instantly
let go and made one bound to the other
side of the room, or to the mantel,
where he sat, looking the picture of in-
nocence, while the rebounded spring
to the top and went over and over the
rod. We could never prevent his carry-
ing out this little programme, and we
draw down one shade only to have him
slyly set off another the next morn-
ing.—Popular Science Monthly.

Dwarfed for Life by Cold.

There is rather a peculiar case at the
city orphan asylum. This is a colored
girl of eighteen years. In infancy she
was abused by her parents, and was
finally thrown into a snow-bank one
night. She was found and taken to
the asylum, and, though nearly dead,
was carefully treated that she lived,
but the brutal treatment checked her
growth, and she is now no larger than
a child of seven years.—New Haven
Pulsation.