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Good Night.

Good night. Good night. Ah, good the night.
That wraps thee in its silver light.
Good night. No night is good for me
That does not hold a thought of thee.
Good night.

Good night. Be every night as sweet
As that which made our love complete,
Till that last night when death shall be
One brief "Good night" for thee and me.
Good night.

—S. Wier Mitchell.

A LA TRILBY.

It was a grandly glorious, balmy day in July of a past summer. There was not a cloud in the expanse of clear, deep blue sky, and the earth was bathed in a flood of golden sunshine, dispensing a genial warmth resultant from the gentle breeze prevailing from the southeast, the chill imparted by the great ocean on the south thereto, dispelled by the sweep over Long Island's sea girt lowland and monotonous forest on the Sound boundary.

The saucy little Olga swung on her chain in the flood tide, tugging at it as if she would be free, and dancing on the wavelets swinging her boom and rattling the rigging.

The absent flag indicated that the owner was ashore, and there was no visible indication that any one remained aboard. In the seclusion of the cabin, reposing on soft cushions of the couch, lay a guest, reading "Trilby," which kept him awake, or he might have yielded to the soothing influences and fallen asleep, fanned by the breeze down the companion way; as all the others were ashore at the pretentious hotel, in view of the open cabin door.

He was disturbed in the perusal of Du Maurier's fascinating novel by the merry voices of a party of girls on some rocks on the shore near by. There was a party of young ladies from the hotel rambling on the rocks, long the terror of yachts coming into the cove.

Satisfying themselves that there was no one aboard, these merry girls had decided to remove their shoes and stockings and paddle in the cool, clear water, with a frequent eye for the return of the yacht's boat and crew, when they would scamper back into the copse and scrub oak and resume their footgear, gleeful to escape undiscovered.

The girls enjoyed themselves greatly, until the yacht's boat was discovered putting out from the long dock of the hotel, and then they hastily gathered up their shoes and stockings and retreated like culprits into the bushes, where they remained in hiding for a reason that will appear, instead of hurrying back to the hotel.

"Had a nap, or finished 'Trilby'?" Charley asked, hurrying on deck with the painter in hand, while his man hoisted the ensign in place of the absent flag.

"No—m—neither," Jack responded, going up into the cockpit; continuing, "Any news?"

"There will be a dance at the hotel tonight," said Charley, adding, "and we will all go over. What say you?"

"With pleasure," responded Jack, with a glance toward the rocks, which, of course, did not have any significance to Charley, who busied himself about the housekeeping details of the yacht.

"I think a little exercise will put me up," suddenly exclaimed Jack pulling in the small boat, into which he jumped, and placing the oars, he started toward the rocks on a voyage of discovery bent.

"Look out for those rocks!" exclaimed Charley, adding, "They rise like shelves and you'll be onto them before you know."

"I know 'em," called Jack, as the boat under his vigorous pulls shot toward the shore.

He carefully picked his way into a safe landing place, and, jumping out, he secured the painter to a large loose stone, and started into the underbrush, without discovering a trace of the girls, as the soft white sand retained the impression of their steps no longer than water would have done. The girls were fleeing down the road, in the shelter of a corn field, in great apprehension of discovery and pursuit by the yachtsmen, who are notoriously bold and sailor like, always alert for adventure. They sought the seclusion of an old weather-beaten, abandoned fisherman's shanty, where they remained in hiding, their dear hearts beating as if to burst all bounds in excitement over the adventure, so entirely unpremeditated.

Jack, however, had no idea of intruding on them, and consequently did not follow the girls, or he would certainly have been amused at the predicament of one of them, and have gladly availed himself of the opportunity to render her gallant service.

Returning to the rocks, he paused to view the magnificent panorama of shore, wood, water and field, embellished by browsing cattle, handsome cottages and sailing craft, with now and then a resounding steamboat on the Sound, when he was recalled from his reverie by the stentorian voice of Charley, shouting;

"Ship-ahoy! Come aboard!"

His glance lowered to the water line, he discovered in a shelf-like crevice of the rocks a pair of small, neat russet pumps, which undoubtedly had been left by their fair owner in her flight on the approach of the boat.

His first impulse was to capture as a trophy this pair of pumps, and then that he would mark them for the purpose of future identification. He divined he would never discover the fair owner by taking them to the hotel and enacting a Cinderella-like comedy of having them tried on by all the girls until he found the right one, and decided to mark them, and for this purpose he took them to the yacht, where he interested his comrades by telling the story.

It chanced that the sailing master was somewhat of a chemist, a Norwegian of good education, and of the several plans suggested for identifying the shoes, his was adopted.

He suggested that a daub of phosphorus be made on the rear of each heel, which would not attract attention in the daylight but which would be luminous at night. Shrewder than the rest of us, he suggested that the shoes be returned to the rocks, to be found there by the fair owner, who would undoubtedly return for them if we went away on a sail. We all agreed she would never claim the shoes if we left them at the hotel desk to be restored to the owner.

In a few minutes the mainsail was hoisted, and the jib flung out and the Olga glided away like a bird before a good breeze that put her starboard bow in the water.

I took a station on the after deck, glass in hand, and watched the shore, and particularly the rocks. Sure enough, as soon as the Olga left the scene and the coast was literally clear, I espied a bevy of girls emerge from the cornfield and hasten along the shore to the rocks to recover the missing shoes. In the group I could not discern which one appropriated them, as they kept well together for mutual protection, but I could hear their merry shouts of success.

After a spin on the Sound the Olga was once again anchored off the rocks, out of the channel, a little bit calmed it seemed to me, by her sailing, but still restive as if anxious to be off again. To me a yacht often seems to be imbued with the animation and nature of a bird, like a living thing, restless, ambitious, chafing under the restraint of the chain, like a mettled steed in his stall waiting to be out.

The day wore away all too slowly for us, pleasant as was the scene and weather, as all shared my curiosity to discover the owner of those two small shapely pumps. What if she did not wear them at the hop? Perish the thought, for the summer girl always wears her cosey comfortable russets.

We went ashore after a delightful little dinner on deck, that is, in the cockpit under the awning. It seemed that the shades of night would never fall over the earth and envelop all in the darkness necessary for the success of our discovery. The sun, a large, red, fiery orb, never sank so slowly. His iridescent rays never lingered longer in the horizon. There was an illuminating glow in the pink-tinted and purple sky longer than usual. I don't believe that the hotel manager ever indulged before in such a general lighting of his lamps and swaying Chinese lanterns.

But finally it was dark, a fact proclaimed by the locusts and the frogs and the katydids, and there was a general assembling of promenaders on the grand piazza, preparatory to the dance in the dining room, that was being actively cleared by the colored servants of its tables and chairs, after a hasty dinner.

Pretty girls in charming white and colored linen attire of the most fetching designs, trooped down the broad central stairs or across the spacious lawn from the cottages, as gleesome and noisy as mere children. Oh! this joyousness of innocent, unvexed youth!

Although all of us were on the qui vive, the crowd was so close that for a long time, and an anxious time, there was no chance for a revelation of the tell tale phosphorus. But perseverance is always rewarded, and ours was after the dancing began, and the only ones on the piazza were promenaders who came out between the numbers for a breathing spell of the cool night air.

One of the prettiest little blondes I had then ever seen—well, now I think the prettiest in the world—was discovered by our trick to be the owner of those russets, which I am sure were as small, if not smaller than Cinderella's. Such pretty little shoes could only belong to a perfect Venus, with her roguish blue eyes, flowing golden tresses, sweet musical mouth, saucy dignity and girlish grace.

Of course Jack sought an introduction, but, of course, he did not tell her his secret until—well until he was accepted by her later in the fall.

They are married now, and the shoes are preserved in a glass case in his bureau, which bears the significant but inappropriate inscription, "A la Trilby."—Vanity.

The Rubber Tree.

Those familiar with the southern portion of Florida are aware of the fact that the rubber tree is indigenous here, and grows in great profusion on both coasts south of a line drawn west from New Smyrna. Many large trees grow on the east coast, there being two well known monarchs, one at Dr. Wittfield's place, about six miles south of Rockledge, and another on Will Lanehart's place, at Lake Worth. To the native, countless numbers of immense rubber trees are known, but as their usefulness has not yet developed here, they are very little noticed.

On the west coast the trees are abundantly prominent, and are an open bid for the people of our state to investigate their value. At this time, when the people are looking for new avenues in natural products of the soil to replace the orange culture, it would be reasonable to suppose that they would utilize the wild rubber tree. On any of the keys along the coast one could find a rubber plantation or estate at an advanced stage of growth.

At Anna Maria Key, at the entrance to the harbor, colonel John R. Jones has a place upon which is one of these trees, with five separate trunks, similar to a banyan tree. The largest trunk is eleven feet in circumference; the others measure twenty-eight, twenty-seven, and eighteen and fifteen inches, respectively. When the tops of these trees become too spreading, they send down a sucker, which takes root and assists in the support of the branches. Such a tree as mentioned above covers a large area, and would afford a good revenue, were its great flow of sap utilized.

Colonel Jones, on April 14 last, planted a little rubber nursling, eighteen inches in height. On February 14, 1896, that tree stood five feet ten inches high, showing with what rapidity they grow in their wild state, without any cultivation.—Florida Citizen.

The Size of The Sun.

The sun, provided we measure only the disk seen with the smoked glass, is 866,000 miles in diameter, i. e., 108 earths could be comfortably ranged side by side across the disk. To cover the surface would require many thousands. To fill the interior we should need 1,300,000. On a smaller scale we might represent the sun by a ball two feet in diameter and the earth by a good-sized grain of shot. Let the sun be hollowed out, then place the earth at its centre, and let the moon revolve about it at its real distance of two hundred and forty thousand miles. There would yet remain nearly two hundred thousand miles of space between the moon's orbit and the inclosing shell of the sun. Indeed, to journey from one side of the sun to the other, through the centre, would take one of our swift express trains nearly two years and a half. So vast a globe must be heavy. Since its density is only one-quarter that of the earth, it only weighs as much as three hundred and thirty-two thousand earths, or two octillions of tons! The attraction of gravity on its surface would cause a man whose weight was one hundred and fifty pounds to weigh two tons.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Birds That Stole a Nest.

Nature tells a tale of a pair of rooks, evidently young birds, that strove in vain to build a nest. The wind each time blew the foundations down while the rooks, which fly far for nest materials instead of taking those close at hand, were away. At last, despairing of building a home by legitimate means, they fell upon a complete nest of another pair while the owners were absent, tore it to pieces and built a nest foundation that would stand in the wind. Then they made a superstructure in the clumsy and inexperienced way that young birds always do.

BICYCLE INDUSTRY.

Its Tremendous Growth in the United States.

Figures Which Show the Wonderful Progress of the Wheel.

During the last few years the bicycle industry in the United States, which formerly represented but a small outlay of capital, has increased so rapidly in the number of manufacturing plants established as to make a study of its growth extremely interesting.

To satisfy the present demand for wheels, there are no less than 250 of these plants in the United States, to say nothing of the vast number of wholesale and retail establishments engaged exclusively in the bicycle trade.

Exact figures cannot be obtained, but according to the best information, there will be no less than 1,000,000 bicycles manufactured in the United States this year.

A western firm will turn out between 60,000 and 75,000 machines, after eighteen different models. Other large firms expect to produce from 40,000 to 50,000.

For several years a large number of bicycles have been purchased in the foreign market, chiefly from the large establishments of Great Britain. Within the last few months, however, one of these English firms has decided to abandon the American field, and others will doubtless follow soon.

This, of course, will stimulate our own production and result in the establishment of other large plants. To show the importance which this industry has acquired, one of the leading firms of the country employs 2,700 men the whole year around. This firm expects to produce 60,000 machines this year. Another firm, which expects to turn out 25,000 wheels this year, employs 1,400 men. In order to produce 1,000,000 bicycles, the number estimated for the present year, no less than 60,000 men, working steadily for twelve months, will be employed by these various plants.

Some bicycle firms, however, do not make their own tires, tubing or pedals, and these supplies are furnished by other firms which exist merely for the purpose of satisfying this demand. Perhaps as many as 50,000 men are employed in this branch of the industry.

A slight idea of the number of bicycles in active use can be found from the number of cyclometers sold last year by one firm alone. These sales reached the enormous total of 263,427, and yet there are thousands of riders who do not use these cyclometers. In New York city alone there are said to be 200,000 bicycles in active use, while the total number throughout the country is put at somewhere in the neighborhood of 4,000,000.

Only a rough estimate can be made of the enormous capital invested in the manufacture of bicycles. There are one or two companies capitalized at $5,000,000, while the total amount invested is but little short of $40,000,000. Ten years ago the industry was represented by only a small fractional part of this sum.

Most of these plants are scattered about over the Northern and Middle states, the greater number of them, perhaps, located in New England. Here is a splendid opening for the South. Already there are one or two plants in this section, but there is room for others. The trade of the Southern States is something enormous and there should be enough plants in this part of the country to satisfy this demand.

Verily the progress of the bicycle has been wonderful.—Atlanta Constitution.

How Hindoos Hoard Jewelry.

Never during its existence has India been so rich in jewelry as now. The people are always adding to their stock. Savings from nearly all sources are disposed of in this way, and these savings are being constantly made—often at the expense of clothing, sometimes at the expense of greater necessaries of life. The making and the storing away of wealth in this form is the national peculiarity of the country.

Jewelry is regarded as the most stable kind of wealth, and fortunes are never counted without estimating the value of the stock of jewelry. It can always be pledged or disposed of. The market for its sale is never closed and never depressed. The most ignorant native who wishes to sell a piece of jewelry knows its market value quite well. He can scarcely be cheated.

Jewelry forms the greatest factor in matrimony. The most lowly bride has her stridhan, which is occasionally equal in value to five years' income of the bridegroom. There is often a scarcity of clothing, sometimes a scarcity of cooking pots, generally not a particle of furniture, but nearly always a stock of jewelry. The wife that has no jewelry possesses nothing else; she cannot be robbed. The family that does not have jewelry is absolutely indigent.

One of the greatest boasts of the jewelry owner is that his hoards cannot be taxed. A man may own jewelry valued at a lakh of rupees, and pay no income tax. This is a source of great satisfaction. Jewelry yields no recurring income, but it is prized more than government paper. If it never increases it never diminishes, is a national saying, common among men and women alike. No native marriage, except among the most impoverished, takes place without a transfer of jewelry, and very frequently of new jewelry.—Tit Bits.

The Fake Philanthropist.

"I visited a small town in Alabama a few days ago, where they were anxiously looking for a philanthropist who went there for the purpose of establishing a school," said T. R. Leffler, a New York traveling man, at the Riggs. "The man, who wore a clerical suit of clothes, represented that he was agent for an educational fund, similar to that left by Peabody, and had heard that the people of the town were without proper school facilities. It would cost $5,000 to erect a building, of which he would donate one-half. There was no bank there, so he deposited his share in a Birmingham bank and held several mass meetings to raise the balance. The citizens became very enthusiastic, and within a month the money was raised and turned over to him to add to the fund in the bank. Then he went to obtain plans for a building, being accompanied by two of the best citizens, who went with him to the bank and saw him deposit the money. An architect was employed, and the citizens returned, leaving the philanthropist to complete arrangements. As soon as they were gone he drew the money out of the bank and has not been heard of since. It was a new scheme to me, and the newspapers don't seem to have heard of it."—Washington Star.

The Diminutive Colonel Leffel.

A veritable Ohio party sat in the lobby of the Raleigh, when fully half a dozen Buckeyes joined each other by chance. One of them was Major George Anderson, of Springfield.

"Our city will probably next spring enjoy the distinction of having the smallest mayor in the world," said he. "All that is lacking is his election, for he has announced himself as a candidate. His name is Colonel Joseph Leffel. His popularity is very great. He is one of the most noted personages in the world, and is even smaller than General Tom Thumb. Repeated fabulous offers have been made to him to travel for exhibition purposes, but he has always declined, and turned his attention to raising fancy poultry and pet dogs, from which he made quite a fortune.

"Colonel Leffel was born in 1833. It is said his father was 6 feet 1 inch high in his stocking feet, and that his mother weighed 200 pounds. He married a little lady scarcely larger than himself, and they have four pretty children, all of normal size. The candidate was once a member of the City Council."—Washington (D. C.) Times.

A Story About Stanley.

When Stanley was writing his "Through the Dark Continent" in London he used often, from want of a flat surface, to spread his maps and charts upon the floor, and one day the cat of the house, which had taken an extraordinary liking for the great explorer, and passed most of her time in his rooms, went to sleep on a chart that was spread out on the hearth rug. By and by the chart was wanted and one of Stanley's assistants was going to turn puss off it, when "the man who found Livingstone" stopped him. "Don't disturb the cat," he said, "we can get on without the chart till she wakes up. If you only knew how good the sight of that English cat, easily curled up in front of that fire, is to me, you would never let her move from where she is." He had just come back from a weary and trying time among uncivilized tribes, and the sleeping cat was to him the symbol of comfortable security, peace and of home.—Kennel Journal.

The vegetables of this country may be cut or crushed in our kitchens by the aid of 2,005 patent machines.

A SUMMER PEST.

Some Timely Facts About the Pestiferous Fly.

A Short Life, But a Bothersome One to the Human Race.

What a lot of human misery flies are accountable for! They do some good as scavangers, but that is far overbalanced by the harm they do, apart from the discomfort they occasion. There is no doubt that they carry diseases from one person to another, and so help to spread epidemics.

Eye complaints are propagated by a certain small species of flies. A fly of this sort will alight on an individual with an eye trouble and take some of the germs off with him and deposit them on the next unfortunate person he settles upon. Flies also convey infection from sores.

Mrs. Fly lays her eggs in warm refuse or in decaying vegetable matter. The heat hatches these eggs and a lot of maggots are brought into the world. After a few days they reach the pupa stage, and from the pupa emerge shortly afterwards the perfect winged flies. Thus these pests are generally bred in stables, which accounts for most people's great objection to living near them. When the young flies are full fledged they fly off and enter any doors and windows which are left incautiously open, and worry the inmates.

Flies ordinarily live about three weeks. The first cold weather generally kills most of them, just enough living through the winter to propagate their species. A few of the most sturdy of the females live through each winter and in the spring lay eggs before dying and so continue their kind. They remain torpid during the cold weather in nooks and crannies, which accounts for the fact that they do not bother the human race except in summer.

There are giants and pigmies among flies, just as there are in the human race. Everybody has noticed how much smaller some flies are than others. It is commonly supposed that these little ones are the young, but such is not the case. A fly does not grow at all after it has reached the winged stage. It attains its full growth in the larval stage, as do all other insects.

There is a popular notion that flies have suckers on their feet which enable them to walk on the walls and ceilings. This, like many other generally accepted theories, is not the case. They have no suckers on their feet at all, but have a pair of little cushions and two hooks on the bottom of each foot. The cushions are covered with lots of knobbed hairs and kept moist by an exuding fluid, thus enabling the fly to walk on the ceiling or window pane, the moist, hairy pads adhering to the smooth surface.

They have six legs, which gives them a large surface for sticking on to things. The twelve hooks on their feet they use when they are obliged to travel over rough surfaces such as whitewashed walls or cloths, the hooks enabling them to hold on to the little irregularities.—New York World.

Champion Long Distance Apples.

Apples ripened this year and successfully transported a distance of 33,000 miles are on exhibition here. They were grown in Tasmania, Australasia, and were shipped by way of the Suez canal to London, thence to Southampton, from which port they were brought to New York by the American liner New York, arriving about fifty days after being picked from the tree. This probably is the champion long-distance apple shipment on record in this country. The fruit is not very large, nor is it especially handsome, but it is in fine condition, and the aroma certainly is delightful, while the flavor is very good. The apples are separately wrapped in paper of old style, and the crates also show their foreign manufacture. The shipment was partly as an experiment and partly to furnish a curiosity to Providence people, who are interested in fruits.—Providence (R. I.) Journal.

Where British Monarchs Are Crowned.

Every monarch of Great Britain is crowned seated on the "Stone of Destiny." That stone is really the British throne, and is under the seat of the coronation chair. It was brought from the hill of Scone, in Scotland, and on it the Scottish monarchs were crowned. It bears a Latin inscription stating that wherever the stone is found the Scottish race will reign. Tradition says that it is the stone upon which Jacob rested his head when, in the desert, he saw a ladder reaching to heaven and "angels ascending and descending."

"This World's Not All a Fleeting Show."

This world's not all a fleeting show
For man's delusion given,
He that hath soothed a widow's woe
Or wiped an orphan's tear doth know
There's something here of Heaven.

And he that walks life's thorny way
With feelings calm and even;
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of Heaven.

He that the Christian's course hath run
And all his foes forgiven;
Who measures out life's little span
In love to God, or love to man,
On earth has tasted Heaven.

—Detroit Free Press.

HUMOROUS.

Burglar—Don't make any fuss, now! Householder—Help yourself! Haven't you heard of the new idea of insurance against burglary? I'm insured.

"One of the ironies of life," says a philosopher, "is the fact that the man who has money enough to pay as he goes can get all the credit he wants."

Nance—Jack Merton proposes in this letter. I wonder if he really loves me; he has only known me a week. The Brother—Oh, then, perhaps he does.

Sue—When they hear you are going to be married, dear, won't they raise your salary? He—I'm afraid not, darling; they have heard it so often before.

"I told that lady in order to get a good photograph she must forget where she was." "Well?" "She did it so thoroughly that she went away without making the required deposit."

"I had always understood that the late Mr. Wellington was a man of considerable property." "Wasn't he?" "He couldn't have been; I haven't heard of any steps to contest his will."

Spratts—Miss Elder is much older than I thought. Hunker—Impossible. Spratts—Well, I asked her if she had read Æsop's Fables, and she said she read them when they first came out.

"Somebody," she faltered, may come between us." His breast heaved. "Whoever would do such a thing," he fiercely exclaimed, "would be contemptibly small." And with that he moved even yet nearer to her.

"Now, Willie," said Mr. Wilkins, "papa is going away for two weeks. Remember whose boy you are and behave accordingly." "You can bet I will, daddy," said Willie. "I'll have just as good a time as you will.

Bacon—I see they've put a sounding-board back of the minister's pulpit. What do you suppose that's for? Egbert—Why it is to throw out the sound. Gracious! If you throw out the sound there wouldn't be anything left in the sermon!

Servant—Please, sir, don't you think I had better go for the doctor, Master Johnny says he feels so bad. The Governor—Oh, that's nothing; he's felt bad before this, hasn't he, and got over it! Servant—Yes, sir; but not on a half-holiday!"

"Before I went away," said the returned traveler to the man who never cares to wander from his own fireside, "Before I went away young Spiffin was deeply infatuated with Miss Franklin." "Oh, that's all over now." "He met a girl he liked better, I suppose?" "No; he married Miss Franklin."

An Intelligent Officer—"Mike," said the superintendent, "there is a dead dog reported in the alley between Illinois and Meridian streets. I want you to look after its disposition." An hour later the intelligent officer telephoned: "I have inquired about the dog, and find that he had a very savage disposition."

Some Strength of Character—"What a delicate-looking girl that little Miss Palma is!" observed the youth in the corduroy waistcoat. "She may look feeble," said the young man with the pale moustache, bitterly, "but you ought to see how easily she can break a three years' engagement when a richer fellow comes along!"

Snake Found in a Hen's Egg.

While preparing the morning meal a domestic in the family of major J. B. Cobb of Goshen, Ind., discovered in a large egg which she had just broken one of the greatest curiosities in the shape of a light-colored snake about four inches long, which soon showed signs of life, and is alive and doing well. The truth of the story is verified by some of the best citizens of the town, who were called in as witnesses.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Nearly every army has now a bicycle corps. In Germany six men of every regiment are mounted on bicycles to act as scouts.