

THE SILENT MARCH.

When the march begins in the morning
And the heart and the foot are light,
When the flags are all a-flutter
And the world is gay and bright,
When the bands lead the column
And the drums are proud in the van,
It's shoulder to shoulder, forward, march!
Ah! let him lag who can!

For it's easy to march to music
With your comrades all in line,
And you don't get tired, you feel inspired,
And life is a draught divine.

And this is the fact before us,
A task we may never shirk,
In the gay time and the sorrowful time
We must march and do our work.
We must march when the music cheers us,
March when the strains are dumb,
March when the strains are dumb,
March when the strains are dumb,
And smile, whatever may come.

For, whether life's hard or easy,
The strong man keeps the pace,
For the feeble march and the silent
The strong soul finds the grace.
—Margaret E. Stauffer, in Chicago Interior.

THE LEAD PENCIL.

I my wife has a failure it is lack of reverence.
She doesn't recognize those property rights which should inhere to the personal belongings of a husband. I got the expression at a meeting of the Spartan Reform Club, and it struck me as being good. If I remember right it was uttered by a fellow with a chronic distaste for work, whose wife supported him by dressmaking. I didn't tell Minnie where I got the expression when I quoted it to her, but she immediately said:
"That sounds like Jeff Sinks."
Then she laughed. My wife has a very unusual laugh.
I think I was audibly reprimanding her at the time for misquoting the general. I'm the most particular fellow you ever saw about keeping everything in its place. When I want a tool of any kind I want to know just where to lay my hands on it. It's a kind of religion with me, and it hurts me terribly to find things in confusion. That's where my wife's lack of reverence comes in. She has no respect for my cleventh commandment—or is it heaven's first law.
"It ain't no gauds, it is hammers and screw-drivers, and knives, and lead knows what all. Why, she has even tampered with my razors!
I offered to buy her a razor of her own the last time she modelled with me, but she said she guessed we didn't really need but one in the house. What can you do with such a woman?
Well, now as you understand my wife's failing—I'll admit it's her greatest one—I'll go on with my story with which it is connected.
One day last July, Jim Outwrick came into the station just as I was closing up to go to supper. Jim is the postmaster at the Valeau Mills, and a right good fellow.
"Hello, Joe," he says; "all alone?"
"Yes," I said; "what's up?"
"He hung a canvas grip on the table and said:
"I must go down the road to-night to Asheville. There's talk of a strike among the miners, and I've got to be on hand first thing in the morning. I'm to offer to pay off the disaffected ones and make a big show of my money. That's a bluff that generally goes. The boys'll make up their minds the company can't be scared, and they'll get into line again. There's twenty-five thousand dollars in that bag, Joe."
I looked at the bag on the table and looked back at Jim.
"What do you bring it here for?" I says.
"That's easily explained," he answered.
"I got word to start for Asheville just half an hour ago. The money was made up in a hurry and I didn't have time to go home. I couldn't very well stay at the mill, and I wouldn't go to the tavern. So I just thought I'd come down here and get you to stay with me until the night freight comes along. She's due at nine-thirty, isn't she?"
"Nine thirty-five," I answered.
"But I'm just off for supper."
"Oh, that's all right," he said. "I feel safe enough here. I'm armed to the teeth, you know, and there wouldn't be any danger until after dark. But you'll come back and keep me company, won't you?"
"I will if Minnie lets me off," I said.
"I'm booked for cribbage with her after supper."
"You tell Minnie I'll bring her the prettiest cribbage board in Asheville if she'll lend you for a couple of hours," laughed Jim.
There was a stout old safe in the corner of the office that had nothing in it but blank way bills and reports. I unlocked it and tossed the canvas bag inside.
"There," I said, "as I thrust my bunch of keys in my sack coat pocket, that makes it a little safer."
I thought Jim looked a bit dubious over this precaution, but he laughed and said: "All right, my boy. I'll make myself comfortable until you come back."
Minnie didn't want me to go out one bit, but I told her Jim counted on me. I didn't say a word about the money, however. I knew it would worry her, and, to tell the truth, it worried me a little. I was sorry Jim brought it there, and I didn't like his talk about precautions.
Well, after supper I went out to see if the dog was all right. I've got the finest mastiff in the State—

spread out a scrap of paper. The short man loosened the rope and let my right hand free. I reached to my vest pocket half blindly and drew out my pencil. Still in a daze, I tried to put my wife's name on the sheet. The pencil refused to make a mark. I looked at it. It was dull and horribly jagged about the point. I prided myself on the fine point I put to my pencils. Again I comprehended that my wife had borrowed that very pencil to write the note to the operator's wife. I tried to scribble with the blunted thing.
"Curse you, herry!" growled the short ruffian.
I showed the pencil point. With an exclamation of anger the short man drew out a heavy-handed knife and swiftly sharpened the pencil. As he passed it back my wandering vision was caught by the lamp on the table. Heaven! it was no longer in the window! As this thought struck me I looked towards the ledge and saw there a white, scarred face pressed against the pane. It was my wife.
"Write!" growled the short ruffian. My only thought was to gain time. I know my wife was there. I knew she would bring help.

I took the pencil in my nerveless fingers. As I did so a low growl caught my ear. It caught the ear of the villain, too. The short man dropped his knife on the table and turned towards the door with his revolver extended. The tall man drew himself up against the wall.
"It's the dog," he hoarsely whispered. "Shoot to kill, Jack."
I saw the dog tremble a little. I saw the short villain's arm raised and my fingers closed on the handle of the knife he had just dropped. Then as the door slowly opened I drew back my arm and thrust wildly at the man in front of me. Something yellow flew through the doorway, there was a wild scream, a heavy fall and I lapsed into unconsciousness again.
When I came around I was in bed at home, with Minnie bending over me.
"It's all right, Joe," she murmured. "They've got them both locked up safe and sound, and the money is all right, and the mill directors have given you one thousand dollars of it."
"And Jim?" I asked.
"Jim," she cried. "Why Jim was the tall man. It was all his plot to steal the money and throw the blame on you. Don't you see—I hadn't taken your keys—and so if I hadn't been for the lead pencil I dulled—the man you stabbed told the whole story—I wouldn't have got there in time with the dog. The dog almost killed Jim before I could call him away, but I shut an angry, because the little man says they would have killed you if you had by any chance suspected Jim's identity."
I reached out and took Minnie's hand.
"That thousand dollars belongs to you, dear," I said brokenly.
"Well," she answered, "if you take it, Joe, you may rest assured I'll borrow it sooner or later."
Then she put her cheek against my hand and laughed.
"Then she cried—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wanted a safety.
After a middle-aged citizen of Second avenue had sufficiently recovered to walk with a cane he covered the remaining ends of his face with court plaster and went down to see the man who sold him the bicycle. He was determined to keep cool and had his neighbor along as a witness, cautioning him to note carefully everything that was said.
"You sold me bicycle No. — about two months ago," began the convalescent cripple when face to face with the dealer. "Kindly refer to your books and see whether I am correct."
"I remember the transaction perfectly, sir."
"Then you recall telling me that it was a safety bicycle, and as good a safety as there was in the market?"
"I presume I told you that. It is so, at all events."
"Would you mind giving me a little writing to show that you sold me safety bicycle so and so on such a date?"
"Not at all; I'll do so with pleasure."
When they were outside the citizen was so elated that he forgot to lean on his stick and fairly glouted as he talked to his neighbor: "Now I've got him. Got him right here in his own handwriting. He sold me that wheel for a safety and he acknowledges it. Look at me, and I only rode that wheel about sixty feet. Accepting his repeated assurance of safety I struck out boldly, ran into a fire plug at the rate of a mile a minute, almost scalped myself, knocked my face to pieces, injured my back, bruising somewhat, twisted an ankle, turning my heels hitting the stone sidewalk, and knocked a dear old friend of mine insensible. Safety indeed! I'll have him sued for \$25,000 damages inside of an hour."—Detroit Free Press.

The Land of Paradoxes.
"The Land of Paradoxes" is the name often given to Australia by writers and travelers. The name probably arose originally from the fact that at Christmascide the Australians are in the middle of the summer heat, and when it is hottest here and in Europe it is coldest in Kangaroo Land. But there are other reasons. We are told that in Australia that flowers have no perfume and the birds no song; oceans are hazy and grow white; ducks are clothed with hair and porcupines have beaks; bees are stingless; trees give no shade and cherries grow with their stones outside; that flies catch spiders and the blue gum tree produces no blue gum; that the moon is upside down, and a whole host of other things equally curious which we may believe or not as the humor moves.

Children's Column.



A Good Resolution.

"This school year I mean to do better to bond myself down with a letter. I'll write out a plan and stick to it. Because I am such a forgetter."

"Resolved—But I'm sleepy this minute. I don't know how long it will be before I'll be asleep with my night. I'll try to do better. That's enough for the whole thing is in it." —Youth's Temperance Banner.

He Repented.
A story comes from New Haven about a black sparrow that abstracted a feather duster from his owner's house and while playing with it tore out all the feathers. The dog, after being shown the featherless handle, was given a whipping. He then disappeared and about a year afterward walked heavily into the house with a bran new duster in his mouth. He walked up to his mistress and meekly deposited the new brush at her feet. By the mark on it she saw that the dog had stolen it from a neighboring store.—Our Dumb Animals.

Sailing Under the Sea.
When James Verne wrote his story "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," in which he describes how a certain Captain Nemo navigates a submarine ship under the surface of the ocean, few people dreamed that James Verne's imaginary marine would ever become a reality. But a submarine boat already has been built. It was launched on May 17, at Elizabethport, N. J., and it bears the name "Holland" after its inventor. It is 55 feet long and 11 feet in diameter, and it can sail as well under water as on the surface. In case of war it could be loaded with torpedoes and run out under water until it was beneath the enemy's biggest warship, when the torpedoes could be placed and the great boat blown to atoms.

Just think of skimming along the bottom of the sea in such a boat and think what a fight there would be if two such boats belonging to hostile navies should meet under water. We should feel proud, too, that the owner of this ship is an American.—Chicago Record.

Cinderella and the Prince.
It was raining very hard, and Charlie Mason and his little sister Cora were obliged to remain in the house. Their mother was not feeling well, and had retired to her own room upstairs to have a short nap. Charlie and Cora had been reading the story of "Cinderella and the Glass Slipper," and they thought they would play it. Charlie made a soldier's hat out of an old newspaper, and plucked a feather from the parlor duster to make a plume. Cora found a dress of her mother's in the hall closet, and put it on, pinning the front up and leaving the skirt trailing behind her. She found a fan in the dining room, and then hurried into the parlor to meet the prince, who loved very well, with his hat in his hand. By-and-by the clock struck four, and Cora, gathering up her train, ran out of the room, throwing off one of her slippers. Charlie, stooping, picked it up and followed Cora through the hall. As she was going down the basement stairs, he threw the slipper after her. Then the cook came out of the kitchen, and the slipper struck her on the head. She was very angry, and threatened to tell their mother, but Charlie humbly begged her pardon, and when the cook found that it was an accident, she not only pardoned them, but gave them each a glass of milk and a huge slice of angel cake. Just then the sky cleared and Charlie and Cora ran out to look at the beautiful rainbow in the sky.

Lozest Animal at the Zoo.
Just opposite of the partridge, and by all odds the laziest of all the animals, is the hippopotamus. The hippopotamus has only recently come to Chicago, and one would think that he would wish to make a record for himself in his new home, but he seems to have no conscience at all. When the visitors appear at his home in the animal building, all they see most of the day is a black island about the color and appearance of a boot-top. It is three feet, perhaps, by two feet broad, and it lies so still that the surface of the water is hardly disturbed. However, if you watch long enough, you will see the great head rise up and remain a moment above the water. During this time the eyes, which are set at the very top of the head, looking straight up, blink slowly. Then, having taken a good breath of air, the head will go down again. Occasionally, when the hippopotamus gets hungry, it will come out and get a meal of fresh grass. Then it reveals its immense size—nearly eight feet long and as big around as a hog-head. As the hippopotamus is getting to be a rare animal, even in its native Africa, and it is fortunate that the zoo has a specimen. It is among the longest animals that live. The male has been known to reach a length of seventeen feet but fourteen feet is a fair average dimension, the female being a great deal smaller. The height of the male is from five to six feet. The great mouth, armed with tusks sometimes over a foot long, opens to a width of two feet. The ears, eyes and nostrils are situated on one plane, so that the six protruberances may be kept above water while the rest of the body and head is below.

The rarity of its growth is very remarkable. One very young specimen was captured in Africa, on the bank of the Nile, in 1870, and was brought successfully to London. When about ten months old it had attained a length of seven feet, with a girth of six and one-half feet. Chubby as they seem, it is said that they can move with remarkable rapidity on land.—Chicago Record.

Pass and Her Squares.
Uncle Peter traveled a great deal and when he came home he was always teased for new stories which he was sure to have. He had been in Iowa, and while there had seen the cat and squirrels of which he now told the children.
"There was a nice old mamma cat that lived at the same farmhouse where I stayed one day. She was striped yellow and white, and was a great pet with the whole family."
"She had a nice little family of kittens but one day they were all taken away from her."
"Poor Kitty! she was so sad and lonely! she wandered about the house all day long, and called and cried, but could not find her babies. Toward evening she was seen going out to eat as she had refused food all day."
"Soon after they heard a scratch and 'meow' at the door. It was opened and there stood mamma kitty with a little gray squirrel in her mouth."
"The address' scolded her and made her give it up, but Kitty only growled. She went to her nest and called and it was one of her own babies. They put the little squirrel down beside her, and she licked it and cuddled it down just as she had her own little kittens. She gave it some dinner and it was soon fast asleep."
"Then Kitty cried to go out to doors again. As she went towards the woods they followed her. Then she ran nimbly up a tree and went into a hole. In a few minutes she came out and in her mouth was another baby squirrel, which she carried to her nest in the house just as carefully as if it had been her own little kitten."
"She snuggled it down, and it was soon fast asleep with its little mate."
"They were then little fellows and would scurry away, that was weeks ago, and now they are nearly full grown, and as brisk and playful as if they were with their own mother in the woods. They don't seem to think their old mother is one-bit strange."
"They are obedient, and come when she calls 'purr-purr' to them. Jack is the largest and sometimes has to be boxed to make him mind, but mamma cat is very gentle about it, and I do not think she hurts him much. Givey is very quiet and tame, and will let the children take her in their hands. She has beautiful blue-black eyes."
"Bah, the little boy at whose home they are, thinks they are very nice. He has a whole lot of them, and a little house out of a starch box, and they play in it. The first time Kitty saw them in the wheel she was very much frightened. She tried to stop it with her paws and seemed pleased when they came out. When she found they were not harmed she soon got used to it, and would watch them and seemed to enjoy their play."—Boston Courier.

One Brother Sleeps for Both.
Physicians are puzzled over the strange illness of Alce and Mirien Moore, two sons of a Kewa Paha county, Nebraska, farmer. It is thought that both had been suffering from some form of nervous complaint. The mother has been very differently in their respective cases. Alce is 19 years old. For four months he has been unable to sleep more than four hours in a night. His health has suffered little, but he is very irritable, and in the opinion of the doctors, he cannot long stand the strain without losing his mind. There was no premonition of his attack, except extreme nervousness and a tendency to insomnia.
Alce is only 11 years old. For a long time he has been unable to sleep more than four hours in a night, and a few months ago he began spending sixteen or eighteen hours out of the twenty-four in bed. Now he remains these months. For the last three months he has not opened his eyes more than a half dozen times. On these occasions he evidently only partially awakes, speaks in a drowsy tone and within fifteen minutes lapses again into unconsciousness. His food is forced into his mouth in liquid form, and a very little seems sufficient to satisfy him.—Chicago Record.

Old-Ship Sails on Ice.
The oldest ship in the world engaged in active service is the bark Tug-Love, now used as a coal barge on the Thames, near London. She was built at Philadelphia in 1793 and is 133 years old. When launched the Tug-Love was the largest boat the Philadelphia ever had ever floated, being 92 feet in length and 14 feet in beam. She sailed away from Philadelphia and did not return for 109 years, when she came to anchor in London and was sold to a man who made a good use of her.

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Mustard for Meat Sausages.
Ordinary table mustard is too biting for use in meat sausages. The following is Mrs. Lincoln's recipe: Work to a cream one tablespoonful each of butter and sugar, add two table-spoonfuls of mustard mixed with one table-spoonful of salt. Beat an egg very light and whip it into the creamed mixture, adding one-half cup of vinegar heated to a boiling point. The vinegar should thicken the mixture, but if not, set the bowl over boiling water for a few minutes, stirring constantly until thick.

Little Things to Grease the Wheels.
It sometimes requires a very trifling expenditure of care and forethought to provide the lubricating oil that greases the wheels of tin-doors, the chairs, if a window rattles annoyingly with every passing gust of wind, provide a thin wedge of wood, or a folded piece of brown paper, or a folded piece of brown paper, either of which inserted between the sash and frame would stop the rattling sound; to prevent doors opening too widely and banging into the walls, nail a cork covered with creosote at some little distance from the wall; or a small ball of soft covered neatly would serve the same purpose of a buffer. If a door creaks at the hinges, to prevent the squeal of oil-bag cooking from so perceptibly pervading the house, had a crust of bread, tied in a muslin bag, with the vegetable, and when it is finished throw the bread right away, or burn it instantly. Never throw vegetable water down a sink, if a bad smell is not desired.

To Wash Fine Linens.
The very best way to wash fine linens or organizes is to make a big tubful of their starch in the usual way. Perhaps a couple will be welcome. Have boiling water two gallons of water. Take a half pint of sifted flour and stir in a pint of cold water, with a few table-spoonfuls of table salt. Mix till it is smooth. Set it into the boiling water and cook for five minutes. It should be about as thick as good cream, and it will stir up more flour. Strain it through, but it must be smooth. Stir it into a tub, and when it is done put your linen in it and wash it for three minutes, squeezing it in your hands, and removing the worst spots gently. Then pour in a quart of hot water, and put in the wash-basin, and rub the dressings. One starch water will clean the dress, but if possible, necessary, make it the same way. Don't use a bit of soap. Use warm water, make up a little starch with starch, made as for washing. Dry in the shade, but on a sunny day, with the material wrong-side out. It should well the goods will be really as pretty as when new.

Dressings for Starch.
To make French dressing, put a half table-spoonful of salt and a quarter table-spoonful of white pepper into a bowl; add gradually half table-spoonful of olive oil. Rub until the salt is dissolved, and then add one table-spoonful of vinegar or lemon juice. Beat well for a moment and it is ready to use. It is much better if made in advance. Cream dressing is made by beating a half of good cream, moisten a table-spoonful of onion-juice with a little cold milk, add it to the hot cream, cook a moment, then stir in the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Take from the fire, add a half table-spoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and a table-spoonful of vinegar or lemon juice.

But the uncooked yolks of two eggs into a bowl, add a quarter table-spoonful of salt and a quarter table-spoonful of white pepper, work these well together, and then add, drop by drop, half a pint of warm olive oil. You must stir rapidly and steadily while adding the oil. After adding one-half of oil, add cream normally with a few drops of lemon juice on vinegar. The more of fat you use the thicker the dressing. If too thick add a half table-spoonful of vinegar or lemon juice.

Summer Sops. Sops, flavoured with well-washed sage, stuff in one pint of water, evaporating the water down to one-half. Beat two eggs with one-half pint of cream and add to the sops, stirring well. Lastly, stir in one quart of boiling water. Sops, with one table-spoonful of salt. Serve with cream.

Cherry Bread. Stew one pint of pitted cherries with one cup of sugar and a half cup of water. Butter five slices of stale bread with cream out of it. Put a layer of the buttered bread in bottom of serving dish and pour over a portion of hot stewed fruit. Repeat until dish is full. Set in ice-box to get cold, and serve with cream and sugar.

Boiled Veal Cutlets. Have the butcher cut the cutlets three-quarters of an inch thick. Season a cup of bread crumbs with a table-spoonful of salt, a table-spoonful of pepper and two table-spoonfuls of mixed savory herbs (any preferred kind); dip the cutlets into beaten egg; then in the prepared crumbs; fold each in a piece of buttered white letter-paper, twisting the ends, and broil over a clear fire twenty minutes. When done remove the paper and serve.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The gossamer iron made at Swanden, Wales, is so thin that iron plates are needed to make an inch in thickness. It is said that an establishment for the manufacture of calcium carbide will be established at Rhinefelden, Switzerland.

A fulgurite has been found in Rome, N. Y., which extends to a vertical height of forty-five feet. A fulgurite is a vitrified tube caused by lightning striking sand.

When the electric railway in South London was constructed the delicate compasses in Greenwich Observatory, eight miles off, were affected and had to be re-adjusted.

At the last congress of German vineyardists Professor Wurtmann reported that he had found living bacteria in wine which had been bottled twenty-five to thirty years.

A good ripe, raw apple is one of the easiest of vegetable substances for the stomach to deal with, the whole process of its digestion being completed in eighty-five minutes.

An arctic expedition led by Mr. H. J. Pearson and two other English gentlemen has started for the Barents sea. It will explore Nova Zembla and the island of Waigats, as well as the great tundra of the Samoyeds from the Ural mountains to the Petchora river.

In connection with the recent earthquake in India, it is interesting to note that the seismograph at Grenoble, France, registered an earth tremor at 11.28 a. m., which allowing for the difference of time, was practically synchronous with the disaster at Calcutta.

A writer in the Medical Review maintains that coffee is responsible for the large number of blind men one sees in the streets of Moroccan cities. The Moorish merchants drink coffee all day long, and it has been noticed that many of them lose their eyesight between 45 and 50.

The official Reichsanzeiger (Berlin) states the royal scientific commission for medical affairs has, after investigation, arrived at the following decision: "There is at present no proof, either general or particular, that vaccination against small-pox produces a disposition to tubercular disease."

Dr. Arduant de Vevey, at a recent meeting of the Societe de Biologie, reported two authenticated cases of intoxication from emanations of the chamber plant when not in bloom. He also confirmed his diagnosis by sleeping in a room with the plants, the result being vertigo, vomiting, head-ache, staggering and other symptoms of intoxication. The leaf and root bark of this plant are said to play a prominent part in the preparation of "voodoo" medicine.

Natural Paper Makers.
So far as it is known to me, the Vespidæ are all social species, the individuals consisting of males, females, and workers. They are also known as the "paper-making" wasps, having the habit of constructing paper nests of various sizes and forms in which their young are reared. Our common brown wasp (Polistes) are few well known to require no detailed description. In their living anywhere on the Atlantic states their paper nests are very familiar, being formed of a circular disk of a single tier of cells, being suspended at the solid back by a median pedicle attached to the point chosen by the community to build. Usually these cells face downwards, but occasionally the plane of the nest is vertical or nearly so, causing the long axes of the cells to lie horizontally, or more or less obliquely. This granular, papery stuff used by the paper-making wasps is a composition of their own manufacture. In the case of the common wasp it is made by the females using the fibers of old wood for the purpose. These she gnaws and kneads until they come to be a consistency of paper, made only by the industry being assisted by the secretion of the salivary glands of the insect.—Appliances' Popular Science Monthly.

A Land of Raw Material.
British Columbia is not an agricultural country, and with the exception of a small quantity of oats and grass, the home supply of agricultural products is very limited. For their food supply, consumers depend chiefly upon importations, and look principally to the United States to furnish them. In fact, the great bulk of importations from the United States to the province consists of food products. Now is this a manufacturing district. The supply of nearly all manufactured goods is furnished by importations, chiefly from eastern Canada and Great Britain.

The chief resources of the province, as is well known, are its mines, fisheries and timber, and in these it may be confidently stated that it is unsurpassed. The total value of imports to the province, according to the last trade report for the fiscal year, amounted to \$1,336,022. Of this amount \$2,337,542 were from the United States. The importations chiefly of food supplies and raw products of the farm.—Atlanta Constitution.

Nutritive Value of Sugar.
Alpine guides are reported as eating sugar after one of their excursions, as they consider it a great source of nourishment. Experiments have recently been made in Germany to demonstrate the value of sugar to those who perform hard labor. The Prussian ministry of war are satisfied that muscular work done when natural sugar (sucrose or beet sugar) was used, was superior to when saccharin formed a part of the diet. The blood in the sugar after muscular exertion, but a small quantity eaten gives back the lost energy.