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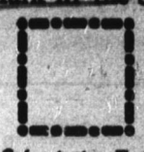

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COLORS OF THE EARTH.

How They Affect the Light That Our Planet Gives to the Moon.

The wonderful difference between the same landscape in winter and in summer is a phenomenon familiar to all dwellers in the temperate zones. The two great elements of change are the presence of snow in winter and of leaves and grass in summer. If we could look at our globe from the moon the variation in its aspect due to seasonal changes would perhaps be even more striking than it appears to those upon its surface.

In fact, we sometimes lose sight of the very important part which vegetation plays in giving color to what might be called the countenance of the planet.

It is not the highest forms of plants that always produce the greatest effect in this way. Some of the most striking scenes upon the earth owe their characteristic features to mosses and lichens. The famous "crimson cliffs" of Greenland, which extend for miles northward from Cape York, derive their splendid color from the growth of red lichen which covers their faces.

The cliffs rise between 1,700 and 2,000 feet straight from the water's edge, and, being composed of gray granite, their aspect would be entirely different from what it is but for the presence of the lichen.

Coming to less magnificent but not less beautiful scenes, the rocky pass called the Golden Gate in the Yellowstone National park owes its rich color and its name to the yellow lichen covering its lofty walls, and the indescribable hues of the great hot spring terrace arise mainly from the presence of minute plants flourishing in the water that overflows them.

Considered as a whole, the vegetation of a planet may give it a characteristic aspect as viewed from space. Many have thought that the red color of Mars may be due to the existence of red instead of green vegetation there.

That its broad expanses of forest and prairie land cause the earth to reflect a considerable quantity of green light to its neighbors is indicated by the fact that at the time of the new moon a greenish tint has been detected overspreading that part of the lunar surface which is then illuminated only by light from the earth.

The Duke's Dinner.

A well known Scottish M. P. of humble parentage went to Chatsworth on a political visit. The Duke of Devonshire asked him to lunch, and there is no doubt the M. P. fully appreciated the privilege of touching toes with the duke under his grace's own table.

But at home that night in the privacy of his wife's boudoir the honorable member interpolated gulps of smoky indignation with words against the presumption of the nobility.

"Wull, Donald, an' whatever be ailin' ye?" she asked.

"Jessie, what would ye give a duke like Devonshire to eat if he'd visit us?"

"Why, geese and turkeys!" she replied.

"Wull, the day's lunch at Chatsworth was naething but minced lamb on toast!"

Too Vigorous.

John L. Sullivan was one day asked why he never had taken to giving boxing lessons. He replied:

"Well, son, I did try that once. A husky boy was my first and last pupil. He took one lesson from me and went home afterward a little the worse for wear. When he turned up for the next lesson he said:

"'Mr. Sullivan, it was my idea to learn enough pugilism from you to be able to lick a certain young man that I dislike. But I've changed my mind now. If it's all the same to you I'll send this young man down here to take the rest of my lessons for me.'

"I," the pugilist concluded, "was a little too rough to teach boxing."

A Clever Dunce.

An English rural schoolmaster was greatly annoyed one day by not getting satisfactory answers to the questions he put to one of his schoolboys. At last he called the dunce to the front and, handing him twopence, said:

"Away you go and buy some brains."

To the schoolmaster's surprise, the boy quickly turned and said, "And have I to tell the man they are for you?"—London Globe.

Her Friendly Service.

Nell—You and Jack Sterling seem to be quite chummy these days.

Belle—Yes; Jack's a good fellow. He's going to marry May Simpson in a month or so.

Nell—I knew they were engaged, but I thought she was growing cold.

Belle—Oh, she's warming up now. I've been giving her the impression lately that I wanted him.—Philadelphia Ledger.

OFFICE BOY'S LESSON.

How One Employer Found His Match and Lost a Boy.

In a downtown real estate office the boss called up an office boy who was first in line of promotion to a clerk's desk.

"Here, John," he said, "is $60 I want paid at once to Mr. Blank. Be sure to bring the receipt with you."

John took the roll of bills handed him by his employer and hurried away. He was obliged to travel to Harlem, and in three hours he came back looking very much upset. But he handed in the receipt all right and went to his desk. The boss looked at him curiously several times during the day, but said nothing further to him until closing up time. Then he asked John:

"What did Mr. Blank say when you took him that money this morning?"

"Nothin'," was John's brief response.

"Now, John," said the boss, "I want you to tell me the truth. I gave you only $55, and you brought me back a receipt for $60. Where did you get the other $5? I wanted to teach you a lesson before promoting you in handling cash. Never trust any man's word when he hands you a roll of bills. Count your money every time, my boy. I merely wanted to teach you a lesson in business."

"You mean old cuss!" shouted John. "I never suspected you of a trick like that. When Mr. Blank counted only $55 I told him you said it was $60 when you handed me the roll. He looked at me kind of queer and said, 'What are you goin' to do about it?'

"'Goin' right home to mother,' I says, 'and get the money.'

"I went home and told mother I'd lost one of the five dollar bills, and she lent me $5 out of dad's insurance money, which she'd been savin'. When I paid Mr. Blank he says, 'Sonny, if ever you want to change your job come to me.'

"And I'm goin' to do it. Please pay me back that $5 and what's comin' to me in wages. You are losin' a good office boy, and Mr. Blank's gettin' one. That's where I'm givin' you a lesson in business."—New York Times.

An Opportunist.

Professor O. C. Marsh, who for many years occupied the chair of paleontology at Yale and who at his death left a scientific collection of great value to the university, used to delight in telling the following story:

One morning he was walking down a New Haven street when he met a negro driving a horse which had a curiously malformed hoof.

"When your horse dies," said the professor to the old darky, "I will give you $3 for that hoof if you will cut it off and bring it to me."

"Very well, sah," was the reply, and horse and driver disappeared.

Two hours later, when the professor reached home, he found the negro, who had been impatiently awaiting him for an hour. Handing a carefully wrapped package to the professor, the darky said, "De hoss is daid, sah."

How He Went.

When going about officially Lord Wolseley was very particular about appearing in uniform and expected all officers invited to meet him to come similarly attired. Some years ago he arrived at a certain town to inspect the troops, and some people in the neighborhood gave a large dinner party in his honor, to which the principal officers in the garrison were invited. One of these officers told me that when he informed his soldier servant he should dress at a certain hour, as he was going out to dinner, the man at once inquired whether he was going as "an officer or a gentleman." I may add that, as he was invited to meet Lord Wolseley, he went as an officer.—London M. A. P.

Unanswerable.

The illustrator is not supposed to have the poet's license, but he gives himself the scope he desires, and if his conception of a figure or a scene differs from that of the writer it is simply a trifle worse for the writer.

When Holman Hunt illustrated Tennyson's poem, "The Lady of Shalott," Tennyson was somewhat taken aback by his first sight of the lady.

"My dear Hunt," said he, "I never said that young woman's hair was blowing all over the shop!"

"No," said the artist, whose mind was as ready as his fingers, "but you never said it wasn't."

An Advance in Value.

He—If I may say it, dear, I am afraid that you don't appear to value my kisses as much as you did before our marriage.

She—What nonsense, George! Before marriage I would give you half a dozen for a box of chocolate; now I value them much higher—one or two for a new dress or a hat at the very least.

A WAR EXPERIENCE

This story was told some years ago by a congressman to a reporter:

"I was rather young, a mere boy, in Texas when the war broke like a storm. Naturally, with my geography, I went with the Confederacy. I was in the artillery. One day we captured a battery of three brass guns. It was given to me to command, and the day I got that battery was the proudest day in my life.

"Such was my anxiety to get into trouble with those guns that I dragged a couple over to the Mississippi—we were in Louisiana at the time—and pulled on a fight with a stray gunboat belonging to the Yankees which I found prowling around. We had a sharp, spitfire time of it for a few moments, when a lucky shot from one of my guns tore a hole in her in such a fashion that it let the river in, and she filled and sank.

"Butler had New Orleans at the time, and, among other things, was running the papers. Later I read an account of my brush with the gunboat in one of Butler's journals. It could not be called an unbiased statement. It reviled me as a most abandoned and bloodthirsty character and declared that even after the gunboat surrendered I kept on pouring shot into her as if my one purpose in life was wholesale murder. Of course this was not so. I wouldn't have fired on anybody after he had hauled his flag down, and besides that I didn't have the ammunition to waste.

"After I rejoined the rest of my battery following the exploit of the gunboat I hunted trouble with the Yankees more zealously than ever. One day I was fully gratified. We were still in Louisiana. The sun came up one morning and found some 10,000 of us facing a largely superior force of Yankees. We couldn't have crawled out of a fight even were we so disposed, but no one suggested any retreat. The fact was we felt quite cocky and were full of a belief that we could whip the invaders. The fight began, and I soon had my heart's wish. I was in a peck of trouble with the Yankees, I and my battery. I had succeeded in attracting the attention and getting a hearing, as it were, from three Yankee batteries all at once. They were a reasonably brisk outfit, and it didn't take them a minute to get my range. Then it began to rain sorrow and hail despair for my battery.

"To show you how hot those Yankees made it one only need to say that they wounded or killed forty of my sixty-six men and dismounted two of my brass beauties in thirty minutes. You might have planted corn where my battery stood when they got through, it was so plowed and harrowed by the Yankee fire.

"I was in the thick of the battle. I was standing near the No. 1 gun. A man of the name of Thompson was stepping forward with a shot in his hands to load. Without a word or cry he suddenly fell forward on the gun and then slipped to the ground, limp as a wet towel. A cannon ball had torn through his chest.

"I ordered a man to his place. Before he was there a moment a fragment of shell from out the sky struck him on top of his head, and he fell dead by the side of Thompson. It was such a whirl of smoke and roar that I couldn't tell what was going on at the other guns, much less in other parts of the field. I had been ordered to hold my position and had made up my mind to hold it while a gun and a man of my battery held together. I ordered another to take the place of the second lying dead under the gun. This man got there just in time to receive a rifle bullet in his mouth. It came out under his ear. This man, however, didn't die. I met him years after the war.

"Three men were all that were available for this especial duty. They were dead and wounded and gone, and I took the post myself. I don't know how long it was, whether one minute or ten, when, without the slightest feeling of pain or warning, I was hurt, my legs gave way, and I sank to the ground. At the same instant an explosion like forty batteries all uniting in one discharge broke loose just to the rear of me. A column of fire and smoke shot toward the sky as if a volcano had been loosed by the general jar and din of battle. It was my ammunition wagon. I had 2,000 rounds of ammunition in a big army wagon. It had been placed about fifty yards to the rear of my battery. When we opened the fight I had made up my mind to stay, and I had brought up all my ammunition, resolved to win or lose right there. A shot from the Yankees had exploded it. That was the volcano.

"As I look back I'm not sure but the chance explosion of my ammunition wagon saved what was left of me and my battery. The smoke swept down and covered us up like a fog. The Yankees ceased firing on us. They probably thought we were wiped off the face of the earth in the explosion. As the smoke drifted on, while it became clear about the battery, it hung like a blanket between us and the enemy and acted the part of a shield. The Yankees couldn't see us, so they didn't shoot.

"Two of my men came along and dragged me to the rear, out of the way of immediate harm.

"'Are you hurt, captain?' asked one.

"I told him I couldn't tell. That was the extent of my information.

"He tore open my coat and vest. My shirt was white, and save for powder stains and the general grime of battle it was white still. Not a drop of blood reddened it. I held up my left boot.

"'Pull off that boot,' I said.

"The boot, a high cavalry sort, came off. Not a twinge of pain, not a color of blood.

"At this point I broke into a perspiration. A fear seized me, the like of which has never overcome me since. Had I fainted away in the midst of battle and in view of two armies? I felt no wound, was torn by no pain. It came over me like some dream of horror that I was unhurt and had fainted, and that in the sequel of the story I would be branded a coward from one end of the war to the other wherever soldiers built a campfire.

"I held up the right boot to be removed. A cupful of blood ran out. I was never so glad to see anything in my life. I would not have taken gold for a single drop of it, such was the relief it brought. I had been pierced through the ankle by a rifle ball.

"When night fell, while we still held our lines, we were whipped. It had begun to rain, with a sad, hopeless drizzle that took the heart out of a man. I was lying on some blankets in one corner of a negro cabin. Over in another corner, under a blanket, lay my dearest friend, dead. All about were wounded men. The doctors had turned the place into a hospital. At last a doctor whom I knew came in.

"'Never while I'm alive,' I replied. 'I'm too young to talk about going through life on one leg.'

"Then he told me the army would have to retreat that night; that he had no ambulances, no means of transportation. The wounded, including myself, would have to be left behind. They would be prisoners to the Yankees.

"All at once, like a landslide, I thought of Butler and that newspaper account of my firing on the gunboat after it had surrendered. I made sure Butler would hang me like a dog, once he got hands on me. It was at this juncture when I determined he shouldn't get me. I was as strenuously against hanging as against amputation.

"We were on an old sugar plantation. Before the fight I'd seen some rough, two wheeled sugar carts. I made them hustle about and get me a mule, a negro and a sugar cart. They bandaged my leg and put me in. The last thing the doctor did was to give me a two ounce bottle of morphine and show me how to take it. Then he said 'Goodby,' and I could see that he thought it was forever. He probably figured that if the Yankees did not kill me the morphine would.

"All that night, all the next day, all the next night that rough cart jolted on through the rain. For a whole thirty-six hours I lived on morphine. At last we got to Shreveport. When I was lifted out of the cart my ankle was swollen to elephantine size. But I escaped Butler, and I had not fainted away in battle, and these two reliefs almost made the rest easy. I got back into Texas and at last was well again. As soon as I could sit in a saddle I was back with my battery again in time to take part in a campaign against General Canby—who was afterward killed by the Modoc Captain Jack—in New Mexico. We left Texas with over 3,200 men, and on our return eight months later mustered fewer than 1,000."

When You Should Use Olive Oil.

Olive oil is a food which has more nutriment in it than any other food known, and it should be considered as a valuable article of diet and not used simply as a condiment.

If your blood is thin and you are not strong take a tablespoonful of olive oil three times a day, either before meals or after. If meat cannot be taken olive oil very nearly supplies its place, and it makes both fat and muscle.

Olive oil aids digestion in a remarkable way, and if you have never considered it as both medicine and food you have overlooked one of nature's most wholesome offerings.

If you are thin or nervous, if you are pale or suffer from dyspepsia, try olive oil and do not think that olive oil from Spain or Italy is any better than that from our own country.

WHY THE JUROR HELD OUT.

The Secret That Was Imparted to an English Chief Justice.

The most remarkable case of a jury "standing out" against what seemed irrefutable testimony, and all through the resolution of one man, occurred before Chief Justice Dyer many years ago. He presided at a murder trial in which everything went against the prisoner, who on his part could only say that on his going to work in the morning he had found the murdered man dying and tried to help him, whereby he had become covered with blood, but when the man presently died he had come away and said nothing about it because he was known to have had a quarrel with the deceased and feared he might get into trouble. The hayfork with which the man had been murdered had the prisoner's name on it. In other respects his guilt appeared to be clearly established, and the chief justice was convinced of it, but the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

This was Chief Justice Dyer's case, and he put some very searching questions to the high sheriff. The cause of the acquittal, said the official, was undoubtedly the foreman, a farmer of excellent character, esteemed by all his neighbors and very unlikely to be obstinate or vexatious. "Then," said the judge, "I must see this foreman, for an explanation of the matter I will have." The foreman came, and after extracting from his lordship a promise of secrecy proved at once that the prisoner had been rightly acquitted, "for," said he, "it was I myself who killed the man."

It had been no murder, for the other had attacked him with the hayfork, and—as he showed—severely injured him, but in the struggle to get possession of the weapon he had the misfortune to give the man a fatal wound. He had no fears as to his being found guilty of murder; but, the assizes being just over, his farm and affairs would have been ruined by a confession, through lying in jail so long, so he suffered matters to take their course. He was horrified to find one of his own servants accused of the murder. He supported his wife and children while in jail, managed to be placed on the jury and elected foreman. He added that if he had failed in this he would certainly have confessed to his own share in the business, and the judge believed him.

Every year for fifteen years the judge made inquiries as to the foreman's existence, and at last, happening to survive him, he considered himself free to tell the story.—London News.

She Treasured His Scalp Lock.

"I suppose," remarked the man who prides himself on his winning ways with the other sex, "that in the pretty locket you are wearing there is some memento—some token of a past love affair."

"How did you guess it?" asked the dazzling creature beside him. "Yes, there's a remembrance—a lock of my husband's hair!"

The man of fascinating manner looked surprised. "Why," said he, "I had no idea that you were a widow. They told me, if I mistake not, that your husband was alive!"

"And so he is," responded the beautiful woman, "but his hair is gone."

Stopping the Rush.

A clergyman once preached a long sermon from the text "Thou are weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour some began to get weary and went out. Others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped his sermon and said: "That is right, gentlemen. As fast as you are weighed pass out." He continued his sermon at some length after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.—V. C.

A Study of Wild Flowers.

A public museum at Brighton, England, has a custom which should be followed elsewhere. Persons are encouraged to bring in fresh bunches of local wild flowers culled during their walks to one of the officials, who arranges the specimens each morning in glass vases containing water and affixes both the botanical and English name. Thus visitors are made acquainted with the flowers which they have seen growing wild, but regarding which they have had no information.

Her Little Nose.

Little Emily Kingsbury, aged four, who attends the kindergarten and calls it the "kidney garden," was being examined as to the senses.

"What are your ears for, Emily?"

"To hear with," was the answer.

"And what are your eyes for?"

"To see with."

"And what is your nose for?"

"To blow," was the innocent answer.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A BOLD HOAX.

Daring Forgery That Figured in the Famous Tichborne Case.

It is a rather striking fact that the greatest deception of the last century brought about one of the most daring forgeries. While the Tichborne case was dragging its weary length the court was staggered one morning by the receipt of a letter purporting to be written by Sir Algernon West at the direction of Mr. Gladstone, his chief, to Lord Chief Justice Bovill. The letter set forth that the slow progress of the trial was a public scandal and that we could not fail to become a byword to all civilized nations. Mr. Gladstone, the letter ran on, added, "He is aware that you are not in any sense responsible for a state of things which is a blot upon our civil jurisprudence, but he thinks an early expression of your and perhaps his opinion, from the high position you occupy, would tend to remedy a state of things which threatens to result in a virtual denial of justice."

Ballantine used to say of Bovill, "With a little more experience Bovill would be the worst judge of the bench." He believed the letter to be genuine and summoned his brother judges to advise him how to act in such an unprecedented interference with the administration of justice. Luckily one of his junior contemporaries had the wisdom to suggest that the best course was to see if the letter were really genuine before considering the grave constitutional question involved. Thereupon they sent down to Sir Algernon. He flew to Westminster. Of course, the thing was a monstrous forgery, and he was in time to prevent the precipitating of the thunderbolt that would inevitably have left the bench had Bovill not been wisely counseled. The author was never discovered, nor did they ascertain how he managed to get hold of official treasury note paper for the purpose.—St. James Gazette.

A Recoil.

"Maria," said Mr. Jollyboy very solemnly, thinking to take a rise out of the wife of his bosom, "I heard of a dreadful operation which was undergone by a girl. She seemed in danger of losing her sight, and the clever ophthalmic surgeon who operated on her found"—

"Yes," breathlessly interposed Mrs. Jollyboy. "Found what?"

"That the poor girl had a young man in her eye!" rejoined hubby, with a chuckle.

Silence reigned supreme for the space of five minutes, at the end of which time Mrs. Jollyboy said quietly:

"Well, of course, it would all depend on what kind of young man it was, as there are many men she would have been able to see through!" And, with a serene smile, Mrs. J. resumed her knitting, leaving the enemy completely routed.

Adelaide.

Adelaide enjoys the distinction of being the oldest municipality in Australia. It was named after the queen of William IV., in whose reign it was founded, and its principal thoroughfare bears the name of King William street. Its oldest newspaper, the South Australian Register, was first published in London as the organ of the South Australia association, the body under whose auspices the pioneer settlers and founders of Adelaide were dispatched from England. The pioneer colonists were in sore straits when valuable copper mines were luckily discovered near Adelaide. The late Sir George Grey, who was appointed its governor at the early age of twenty-nine, materially helped to pull the place out of the slough of despond and rescued the infant settlement from imminent bankruptcy.

Waterfall Suicides.

So numerous were the self murderers who sacrificed their own lives by jumping into certain waterfalls that the authorities in Japan put up big signboards of warning, telling the "rashly importunate" who intended to commit the crime of suicide in these streams that serious consequences in the hereafter would surely follow their offenses. It must be considered somewhat strange on careful thought that comparatively few despairing men and women kill themselves by leaping into the stupendous cataract of Niagara.—New York Tribune.

Ancestral Right.

"It all seems so strange," said Miss Roxie MacKinnes, the heiress, who was engaged to the foreign count, "that I am to have a coronet."

"Faith, not at all," replied the old servant of the family, "fur thot's what yer gran'father had before ye, an' 'twas all he had."

"What do you mean?"

"A car an' net. 'Twas whin he caught fish an' peddled 'em out o' Galway bay."—Philadelphia Press.