

The twelve railways in Central and Eastern Kansas under control of the Great West have been consolidated into one company, to be known as the Kansas and Pacific Railroad.

Family collections in Trinity Church, New York City, often amount to \$100,000. The record was eclipsed on Sunday in the church of the Holy Trinity, when the attendance was 1,000.

Why is it, asks the New York Independent, that women so much love to go to Washington to hold their conventions? Probably, it suggests, because there is no invidious discrimination against them there. In Washington the measure is disfranchised also.

The number of good hairdressers' places where women go in Boston, Mass., has greatly increased. Perfect care of the hair and scalp, skillful trimming of bangs and good coiffing are as necessary now as curls and elaborate chignons were in the days when most of the elder hairdressers learned their trade.

A statistical person in Washington announces that the proceedings of the House of Representatives cover about 16,000 pages of the Congressional Record. There are about 15,000 words on a page of that publication. Hence the recorded speeches of our statesmen during the two years amount to about 24,000,000 words.

The process which has been made in the various branches of electricity in this country can only be appreciated, mainly by the Boston Calligrapher, by comparing it with the other countries. France, which is one of the most progressive in the world, has only about 18,000,000 kilowatts in use, while the United States has 400,000,000.

The idea of a bounty of 100 acres of land to the head of every family of twelve children or more has resulted, according to the St. Louis Star-Sayings, in a number of claims as exaggerated as the idea was, of course, to encourage the immigration of men who had given an immense number of hostages to fortune and jangling from the fact that over 100,000 normally large families have already entered claims, the idea was a remarkably good one.

Political robbery for poverty is proposed in application to New Zealand by a candidate there named Howlett. Mr. Howlett is his scheme on a denial of the man's right to live, at least in New Zealand, and he proposes, therefore, for the Government to sell "rights to live" and deposit all who did not possess a right, or "put him to work in the fields." "Rights" would be sold at a certain price, sufficient to pay the man's immigration. Married men would have to buy a new right for each new child; sojourning passengers on steamers would wear "small rights" or would take out a "right" to a share of a ticket; people who had their right when they desired to leave the State, by a popular vote, would be able to sell new rights.

Mr. Howlett's anti-poverty idea is a political robbery.

According to the Chicago Herald, the Board of Education is considering a proposal to banish the teaching of French and German in the public schools of the city. At present French and German are taught in five grades of the schools to about 25,000 children, 100 minutes per week being devoted to the languages. French and German are taught at present with the trustees of the various schools, and the system is therefore given satisfaction. The thought of giving instruction in branches of the language by a majority of the parents is, however, confesses the Herald, "one that needs to be carefully restricted. Most of our public schools already attempt to do too much, and the result is that instead of turning out graduates thoroughly drilled in the rudiments of English education in too many instances they are contributions to swell the tide of illiteracy by attempting to give instruction in too many branches. Therefore, work to the essentials first and after that the extras, if there is time and money for them, should be the aim of public school work."

Why is it, asks the New York Independent, that women so much love to go to Washington to hold their conventions? Probably, it suggests, because there is no invidious discrimination against them there. In Washington the measure is disfranchised also.

The number of good hairdressers' places where women go in Boston, Mass., has greatly increased. Perfect care of the hair and scalp, skillful trimming of bangs and good coiffing are as necessary now as curls and elaborate chignons were in the days when most of the elder hairdressers learned their trade.

A statistical person in Washington announces that the proceedings of the House of Representatives cover about 16,000 pages of the Congressional Record. There are about 15,000 words on a page of that publication. Hence the recorded speeches of our statesmen during the two years amount to about 24,000,000 words.

LIGHTS.

A little lamp can send but a brief and feeble ray. The great lights bravely beam, and their radiance far away.

Is the comfort of the nations and the furtherance of the day. All men remember when the great lights were lit. The day is kept in honor, and they name it as they sit. And watch the guiding flame, thanking and blessing it.

But the small and struggling lights which a breath of storm might kill. Each faint to light a continent, but doomed to smallness still. Is there no one to praise them for their service of good will?

Yes, one, the Lord of all, who is the source of light. He sees them where they burn in the blackness of Earth's night, and the larger and the less alike are precious in His sight.

He is the secret source by which their flames are fed. From the beacon's wile, white ray which flashes overhead, to the intermittent ray which the half-spent tapers shed.

And to each he says, "Well done," which has bravely sought to burn. And when the dawn ariseth, and each is quenched in turn, absorb into the perfect day for which pure spirits yearn.

Each little flame that struggled to make the night more fair, shall find its place in Paradise and burn in heavenly air. And the Father of all Lights shall be its welcome there.

—Susan Coolidge, in the Independent.

DR. DAPSON.

BY OPIE P. READ.

The following confessions of Zeb. W. Teal were presented to me by the author:

It doesn't make any difference where I was born or where I was reared. I am the proprietor of a grocery store, and by a closeness that involved much self-sacrifice I have managed to buy a home; but this can be of no interest to any one who may read these confessions. I must have been thirty-five years old before the thought that I ought to marry some gentle and confiding woman occurred to me. I had never gone into society and consequently knew but few women, and those whom I did know had haggled so much over the price of sugar or dried codfish that the thought of marrying them was a shock to my fancy. I was at that time living in a large city and boarded at a house situated several miles from my place of business. One day while going home on a horse car, I noticed a woman sitting opposite me. Of course, I noticed women every day, but there was something about this woman that especially attracted me. Her face was not impressively handsome, but there was an intellectual cast about it, an evidence of cultivation that I could not help admiring. I must have gazed at her, indeed, I know that I did, but she did not appear to take any notice of me. The next evening when I started home, there she was again on the car. I regarded this as fortunate, but was compelled to content myself with simply looking at her. Just before getting off, I asked the driver if he knew her name, but he said that he did not. The next evening when I started home, I was disappointed in not finding her, and I got off and waited for the next car, but I did not see her.

One night I was suddenly taken ill of pneumonia. One of the boarders was dispatched for a doctor, and was instructed to get the nearest one. Shortly afterward the messenger returned with the woman whom I had gazed at on the car.

"Is it possible that you are a doctor?" I asked.

"It is not only possible," she answered, smiling, "but it is an established fact."

"I am glad to see you again, at any rate."

"See me again?"

"Yes, for I was disappointed when I found that you were not on the car the other evening."

"I don't remember having seen you before," she replied; "I was unreasonable enough to allow a sharp sting to enter my pride. She had not even noticed me. She felt my pulse, wrote a prescription and said that she would call again the next day. She came early at morning and declared that I was much better."

"But I think you'd better come again," said I. "Pneumonia is a tricky disease, you know. I had a friend that was pronounced cured, and the doctor ceased his visits and my friend died."

"I have known a patient to die before

the doctor's visits ceased," she responded, smiling in a way half professional and half woman.

"But you don't think that I am in a similar danger, do you?" I asked, somewhat alarmed, for courage was never numbered among my virtues.

"Oh, there is no cause for immediate alarm," she answered. "I will call again to-morrow."

"Can't you come this evening?" "That would not be necessary."

"But can you come any way? I rather like the society of doctors. I know a great many physicians."

"What physicians do you know?" she asked.

That somewhat stumped me. I had never been sick before, and as I was a humble if not a modest grocer, I knew no doctors, but I was, as the Congressmen say, equal to the occasion, and I replied that I knew Dr. Prouty, Dr. Snell and Dr. So-and-So."

"I don't know them," she said. "Neither did I, but I was determined to maintain my position. 'Can't you come this evening?' I implored rather than asked."

"I will come to-morrow morning," she replied, and in a way so unsentimental that I was almost angry, she marched out. By this time I was really in love with her, and in order to keep up her visits, I was resolved to feign sickness; so, when she came the next day and asked me how I felt, I answered that I thought I was worse.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered. "But I do know. I have a pain in my side and feel shaky. By the way, I have not asked your name. I wish to say that I am a very peculiar man."

"My name is Dapson," she answered. She came early the next morning, and after taking my temperature, remarked that I was so far restored to health that further attention from her would be unnecessary.

"Doctor," said I, "it is much better to be on the safe side. To tell the truth, pneumonia runs somewhat in our family, and the worst phase is, that many people have suffered most from the dread disease after having been pronounced cured."

She sat down and laughed. "You are the first man I ever knew to regard with friendliness an increasing doctor's bill."

"That's all right," said I, wincing a little, for my economical nature shuddered somewhat at the thought of paying out much money and I was about to suggest that the bill might be cut down, when the doctor said: "It is an odd characteristic of human nature that men should hate a doctor's bill with so strong a degree of warmth. Men who cheerfully pay an undertaker's bill at a doctor's."

"Probably they think that the doctor causes both bills," I remarked, attempting to be witty.

"And thus contributes to the support of two worthy vocations," she quickly rejoined.

"Yes; they render each other self-sustaining. By the way, you are coming one more time, aren't you?"

"I don't see why I should."

"But I do."

"And why should I come?" "Because I love you."

"Why, what an impudent patient you are."

"That's all right. I love you and want to marry you."

"To save your bill?" she archly asked.

"Come, doctor, don't make sport of me. Ever since I first saw you I have loved you. I used to watch for you and when you failed to be on the car, I was grief-stricken. Now, after this confession, won't you agree to visit me until I am able to visit you?"

"Your very peculiarity attracts me toward you," she said.

"Then I wish that my peculiarities were stronger. I wish they were strong enough to draw you to my arms."

"Oh, what a trifling rascal you are, to be sure. I don't really believe that you have been ill at all. It was merely a design against me."

"No, I was not aware that you were a doctor. If I had known it I would have been ill long ago. By the way, when will you be ready?"

"Ready for what?"

"To be my wife."

"I am not looking for a husband."

"Yes, but the greatest treasures are sometimes come upon by accident."

"You are quite philosophical for a grocer."

"Ah, but let me tell you, Miss Doctor, that the grocery business requires more philosophy than the medical profession. The grocer understands the weakness of the flesh."

"I must go," she said, arising. "When shall I expect you?" I asked. "You need not expect me."

She did not come the next day, and I sent for her. She did not come until night.

"I suppose you are worse," she said smiling.

"I am dying."

"Then I can do nothing for you."

"Yes, you can save me with the medicine of love."

"With the medicine of nonsense."

"Well, that is the formula for love's tonic."

"I did not come to be insulted."

"Nor shall you be."

QUEER BUG TALES.

SOME CURIOUS BELIEFS REGARDING INSECTS.

Ants as Big as Foxes—Fireflies, Glow Worms, Bearhorses and Beetles—Fireflies as Illuminators.

In the forests of Guiana dwell some very large and exceedingly ferocious black ants, which thrown up hills fifteen and even twenty feet in height. They will not hesitate to attack a man, and their headquarters are usually given a wide berth. The traveler M. Douet speaks of having witnessed the destruction of one of these fortresses and its inhabitants in a way that was certainly extraordinary.

A trench was dug entirely around it and filled with dry wood, which was set fire to simultaneously at all points. Then a train of artillery was brought to bear and the hill knocked to pieces with cannon balls. The ants, seeking to escape, were all burned in their attempt to cross the fiery gutter. On more than one occasion ants have done so much damage in convents and elsewhere as to be formally excommunicated by the Church of Rome.

In South Africa the hill of the white ants, known as "termites," have often been employed for purposes of torture, the human victim being partly buried in one of the heaps and left there until his flesh was eaten from his bones.

A belief is, or used to be, current among the Moros, who suffered grievously from the pest, that the locust was a cross between the spider and the buffalo. In China the popular notion is that insects of this description are hatched by the sun from the spawn of fishes that are left ashore by receding waters. The history of the locust having been a series of the greatest calamities from which mankind suffered, it is not surprising that they have been looked upon for ages with superstitious horror. By the Arabs this speech is put into the locust's mouth: "We are the army of the great God, and we lay ninety-nine eggs; were the hundredth put forth, the world would be ours." According to the statement of these people, the locust has the head of the horse, the horns of the stag, the eyes of the elephant, the neck of the ox, the breast of the lion, the body of the scorpion, the hip of the camel, the legs of the stork, the wings of the eagle and the tail of the dragon. A common belief in this country is that the wing of the insect is always marked either with a letter W, portending war, or the letter P, promising peace. Diodesrus Siculus, who lived about 60 B. C., described a tribe of locust eaters in Ethiopia, who were accustomed to procure their yearly supplies of food by setting much combustible material afire in a valley when the swarms of locusts passed over, so that they were stifled by the smoke and fell to the ground in vast numbers, to be subsequently gathered in heaps with salt and so preserved. Owing to their peculiar diet these people never lived to grow old, being eaten up by maggots which bred in their flesh. Locusts are much used for food in Africa to-day. Flights of them are considered a blessing by the natives in many parts that the rain doctors are employed to fetch them by their incantations.

In certain parts of Africa crickets are said to constitute an article of commerce. People rear them, feed them in confinement and sell them. The natives are very fond of their music, thinking that it induces sleep. Superstitions regarding the cricket's chirp are very various. Some believe that it is ominous of sorrow and evil, while others consider it to be a harbinger of joy.

One of the most curious of insects is the mantis or "bearhorse," which is so common in Washington. The popular beliefs are familiar as to its powers of prophecy and other supernatural attributes. Presumably the notion as to its supposed sanctity is derived from its favorite "praying" attitude. If a girl takes a mantis to the junction of three roads and asks it from which direction her lover will come it will respond truly. When the insect kneels it sees an angel in the way. Supposing that it alights upon your hand, you are about to make the acquaintance of a distinguished person. If it injures you in any way, which it does but rarely, you will lose a valued friend by calumny. Never kill a mantis, as it bears a charm against evil. In the works of Pico it is stated that the mantis changes into a green plant of two hand's breadth. The feet are fixed into the ground first, it is said, and from these roots grow, so that the animal by de-

grees becomes a vegetable. Although this seems like an absurdity it is in reality not impossible that such a thing may have occurred, for it is true that an insect will sometimes, under favorable conditions of heat and moisture, produce a plant of cryptogamic kind. From a certain kind of caterpillar that burrows in the ground an edible mushroom that is very highly prized commonly grows. It often happens that the chrysalis of a bee, or wasp, or cricket throws out a stem and changes in every respect into a vegetable, though at the root the shell and external appearance of the parent insect are still retained. Specimens of these vegetated animals are frequently brought from the West Indies.

In the Argentine Republic a weevil known as the "diamond beetle" is its great request for breast pins and other ornaments. The palm weevil of the West Indies is regarded in that country as a great luxury, fried or broiled. It is eaten in the larva stage, in the shape of a big white worm, which is found in the tenderest part of the smaller palm trees. The historic poem of Brazil makes the astonishing assertion that these worms first become butterflies and subsequently mice. A similar dainty in Java is the larva of a beetle which, in the shape of a white maggot, lives in wood and so eats it away that the backs of chairs and portions of other furniture are often, though apparently sound, actually rotten shells.

In Sweden the church-yard beetle is regarded as a messenger of pestilence and death, and its appearance always excites violent alarm. A species closely allied is eaten by Egyptian women with a view to acquiring plumpness. Another insect regarded with superstition here is the so-called "death watch," which by the ticking sound it makes excites a dread and horror of the credulous sick person in solitude of the night.

The poorer classes of Cuba and the other West India Islands make use of the brilliant fireflies native there for lights in their houses. Twenty or thirty of the insects put into a small wicker cage and dampened a little with water will produce a very comfortable illumination, quite sufficient to read by. Also they are worn by the ladies for ornament, as many as fifty or one hundred sometimes adorning a single ball dress. The insect is fastened to the costume by a pin run through its body and is only worn so long as its lives, for it loses its light as soon as it dies. Perforated gourds are commonly employed for lanterns filled with the fireflies, which are aroused occasionally by shaking, so that they shall light up their luminous disks as brightly as possible. The people of Italy believe that glow worms are of a spiritual nature, dwelling in graves, and so they carefully avoid them.

The biggest insect of its kind in the world is the Hercules beetle of South America, which grows to be six inches in length. It is said, whether truthfully or not, that great numbers of these creatures are sometimes seen on the mammea tree, rasping the rind from the slender branches by working around them with their horns until they cause the juice to flow. This juice they drink to intoxication and they fall senseless to the ground. — Washington Star.

Perpetual Lightning.

The United States Consul at Maracaibo, Venezuela, has described some singular natural phenomena of an uninhabited forest region, rich in asphalt and petroleum, between the rivers Santa Ana and Zulia and the mountains of the Colombian frontier. One of these, near Rio Oro, is a horizontal cave constantly ejecting thick bitumen in large globules, which explode with considerable noise and fall into a large deposit at the water's edge.

At another spot, some miles from the confluence of the Tara and Sardinete, is what the few who have seen it call the "Inferno." It is a sand mound twenty-five to thirty feet high, with an area of 8000 square feet, from which innumerable streams of petroleum and hot water are constantly being forced, with the noise of the blowing-off of several steam boilers. One stream is said to have yielded four gallons of excellent petroleum in one minute.

The inflammable gases from this region may give rise to the appearance of constant lightning, without thunder, which has long been witnessed from the entrance to Lake Maracaibo. — New York Journal.

"Mandish fashions" are to continue among women who are not over estim-

ate.

ate.

ate.

ate.