

What First to Do.
It's no use to grumble and sigh,
It's no use to worry and fret,
It is useless to groan or to cry,
Or fling yourself down in a pet.
You'll never be wise or be great
If you bluster like bees when they sw-arm;
This folly you woe to beate.
And pitch like a ship in a storm.
Don't get in a tantrum and shout
When obstacles rise in your path,
A-don't let a mite of you - pout,
By way of displaying your wrath;
Don't butt out your brains just to spite
Some fancied injustice of fate,
For time will set everything right
If you'll only have patience to wait.
The blustering wind can not chill
The lake, though he ruffles its face,
But the frost, with its presence so still,
Lacks it fast in a silent embrace.
So you may win fame beyond price,
And conquer the world with its self,
It is not only heed this advice,
And first learn to conquer yourself.
—Golden Days.

THE LIMITED EXPRESS.

BY CHARLOTTE ROGERS.

It was the last of January and a Saturday night. A keen north wind was blowing down Broadway, filling the air with occasional flurries of snow, and night had long since come, though it was only six o'clock.
J. Weldon Bradshaw, attorney and counselor at law, stood on the steps of the building in which he had his office, and buttoned his overcoat as he looked up and down the now deserted street.
For some thirty years he had done the same thing at the same hour every day, when he was not out of town on business—he never went away for pleasure. He was going out of town now, as soon as he had swallowed his dinner. Large and important business interests of a client called him to the northern part of the state, and it never occurred to him to delay twenty-four hours for what he considered a mere question of sentiment. Sundays were pretty much the same to him personally as any other day, except that they interrupted business.
True he had been wonderfully successful in life, but he would have told you it was entirely owing to his own efforts, and not through any intervention of Providence.
Shortly after nine o'clock that evening he walked into a passenger-car on the northward bound express in as great a state of irritation as he ever permitted himself to indulge in. He had neglected to engage a berth in the sleeper, and now found that he must make the best of a night in a chair. He settled himself with the expertness and deliberation born of age and experience. Then he took from his pocket documents bearing on the evening case and proceeded to read them.
Presently he found his mind wandering, a thing it had not done for years, and putting up the papers, he turned to look out of the window. In spite of shading the glass with his hands nothing was to be seen, but an occasional light flashed into view and out again in an instant.
He drew back and sat idly looking before him till suddenly he became conscious that there was something, after all, to be seen in the window—his own reflection. He looked at himself with growing interest; it was the first time in many years he had had such protracted opportunity for study of the subject.
He felt as if the face opposite him belonged to some familiar stranger, met every day but never known. A man well advanced in life, nearing 60, perhaps, looked back at him. Hair gray, getting a little thin now; outline nose; clear, shrewd-looking eyes, of no particular color, with innumerable fine wrinkles about the corners, as if from constant contraction to enable them the better to see through other men. The lips had narrowed almost to a line from long compression, and made the entire face look hard.
He had fought the world single-handed—the hard, selfish, crushing business world of a great city, and it had marked him as its own. He had wrung from it wealth, position, recognition of his ability by other men; but he had given in return youth, love, pleasure, all aspirations after better things. All those longings and hopes which prove the existence in us of some sparks of a higher nature. His very life he had given to become that most perfect mechanical production of the nineteenth century—entirely a business man.
The train slowed up at a station and a young couple got in. She was so bright and pretty and cooing, he so unnecessarily attentive and protecting, the other passengers watched them with interest. The men smiled and the women sighed. They sat in front of Weldon Bradshaw, and something in the girl's face quickened his memory and sent his thoughts rushing back into the past.

He turned again to his window, but the just was with him and the face that looked back was no longer old and hard.
It was a boy's face, handsome, brave and honest, with faith in those clear eyes, and a promise of noble deeds. Other faces were there, too. A laughing, winsome pair of eyes peered at him for a moment, and then a gentle, sweet, old face smiled sadly at "her boy." He remembered her dreams for him; he realized for the first time how far he had fallen from her ideals.
Now he fully understood what she had once said to him: "Experience is sorrow. Only is life happy as we live it for others."
The face was a man's now; handsome still, but an eager look had come into the eyes, and the mouth was more firmly set. He was starting out into the world anxious for knowledge of it; determined to fight and conquer. Clearly the night he left home came back to him. She of the laughing eyes was with him, but they laughed no longer. Tears were brimming over and the little lips too tremulous for words. He held her hand and a mighty struggle went on within him. He knew what the tears meant and he longed to take her in his arms; but pride and caution whispered:
"Wait! You have the world before you."
And so he spoke no word, but left her.
He had never really meant to give her up. He intended in the near future to go back for her; but, first, he was too poor to take the time, and afterward the business world claimed him as its slave—its slave when most he felt himself its master.
So the days passed by and he never went back.
Then he heard that another had won her, and for a moment J. Weldon Bradshaw admitted to himself that he had possibly made a mistake in life after all.
In course of time he married his partner's daughter. He paid her bills, treated her with respectful consideration, and when she died regretted the unfortunate circumstance. But her face had no place on the window. The youth of the past was crying to the man of to-day for reparation and would not be silenced.
"Why did you treat me so?" he cried. "Why did you stifle my love, teaching me this terrible absolute indifference to everything good or bad? Why did you train me to think that money and what money could buy was the best in life and nothing else mattered? What have you given me in return for youth, love, and liberty?"
And Weldon Bradshaw bowed his head in silence. Dead Sea fruit.
Clearly he saw now, as in the light of noonday, the life he had missed. The life of love and higher aspiration, the abnegation of self that leads to the "larger heart, the kinder hand."
All this he saw, and groaned in spirit.
On through the night rushed the express; but side by side with it kept the phantom train filled with the ghosts of Weldon Bradshaw's past.
The young bride had gone to sleep with her head on her husband's shoulder and the other passengers were in various stages of unconsciousness.
Suddenly a violent, shuddering jerk throughout the train—a mighty crash and heaving, and then silence more to be felt.
Silence for a moment's space only, however; then cries, questions, exclamations—a wild confusion of tongues.
The engine had jumped the track on a down grade and half dragged the baggage car with it; but the passenger coaches were only badly shaken. It would have been a terrible disaster but for the quickness and nerve of the engineer—he stopped the train in its own length, but his life was the price.
The crowd grew silent as they stood about the wreck and that motionless object now stretched upon the road side.
They peered into each other's pale faces, scarcely visible by the flickering light of a few lanterns carried in nervous hands.
"Thank God! they were all safe—but one man had given up his life for them."
"He did his duty nobly," they said, and then began to think how they could continue their journey.
It was not that they were unfeeling—only "practical"; there was nothing to be done and they were in a hurry.
Only Bradshaw remained standing by the body—he felt shaken, unnerved, strangely old. Those silent lips seemed bidding him stay. A voice was speaking to him through them unheeded by other ears—Even as I am will thou be.—[Frank Leslie's Illustrated.

The Epoch of Huge Animals.

It may be said that the epoch of huge animals has nearly passed away, though not quite, the elephant and a few other types remaining as exceptional survivors. A few thousand years ago the sabre-toothed tiger, the woolly rhinoceros, the cave bear and ancestral forms of the elephant—all of them very much larger than the species which represent them today—were still abroad. The sabre-toothed tiger was as big as the largest lion of the present, with enormous strength and an unequalled dental equipment for carnivorous purposes; the cave bear was nearly twice as big and powerful as the dreaded grizzly, and the mastodon and its successor, the mammoth, dwarfed the proboscideans of this generation. Both the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros were provided with long coats of hair, as is shown by their remains found within a century embedded in the frozen earth on the shores of the arctic circle. To the same period belonged the giant sloth, which attained a length of eighteen feet, of far greater size and with bones more massive than the elephant's. It procured its vegetable food by uprooting large trees or breaking them short off above the ground, so as to get at the foliage. To accomplish these feats of strength the animal sat upon its huge haunches and, grasping the trunk with its powerful arms and deliberate, wrenched it away. Armadillos six feet in length were common in those days, while, by way of contradiction there were pigmy elephants that were not more than two and a half feet in height when full grown. The history of the world has shown that the smaller forms of animal life are better adapted for perpetuating their existence than the monsters, and so the latter have steadily given way.—[Washington Star.

Brain Throbbings of a Child Visible.

"See those blood-vessels of the brain throbbing—beating now slow and now fast," said Dr. J. T. Knox the other day as he pointed to a hole two inches square in the occipital part of the head of little Willie Gail, the seven-year-old son of Charles Gail, the well-known Lower Market butcher. "How that child ever recovered I consider a miracle," continued the doctor. "About six weeks ago the kid was running through an alley near lower Broadway, where they were tearing down a building, when he was hit with a brick. The child was carried to a drug store, where I saw him. I found a swelling back of his head, and on examination found that it was a portion of the brain protruding. I had him at once carried home and called in Dr. J. D. Davis. We gave the child anaesthetics, and took out with the forceps a half a dozen pieces of the skull. One was so firmly imbedded with its sharp point that it was like pulling a tooth to get it out. Now the skin has grown over and you can look into the little fellow's brain as through a show-window."
"Is not the child's condition most critical?"
"Certainly it is. I expected an abscess would form and meningitis follow. Now the greatest care will have to be taken to raise the little fellow. Too much heat in that spot, a blow, perhaps, or a fall, or the least excitement may prove fatal. I don't consider that one in 200 cases could have gone through what that child has."—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Strange Discovery.

On Saturday last G. Suttle, while excavating for a levee, at Skelton unearthed a mammoth foot supposed to be of the ostrich species. The leg was disconnected at the knee joint. The leg from the knee down was intact. This relic was found about eight feet below the surface of the ground. The entire length of the limb from the joint to the end of the middle toe is six feet nine inches; the length of the toes are respectively nine, seven, six and one-fourth inches each. It is thoroughly petrified and heavy as rock. Mr. Suttle has vainly searched for the balance of this wonderful creature, but as yet has been unable to find it. It is the opinion of old timers here that this mammoth bird was killed by Indians and left on the bank of Little Cottonwood creek after being stripped of its meat, where it became covered by sliding earth from the mountain side.—[Elko (Nev.) Independent.

Well-Posted Cattle.

Fair Maiden (a summer boarder)—How savagely that cow looks at me.
Farmer Hayseed—Its your real papa-sol. num.
Fair Maiden—Dear me! I knew it was a little out of fashion, but I didn't suppose a country cow would notice it.—[New York Weekly.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

HOW DID SHE FEEL?
In Mr. Daley's dimpled hand two bright, new tinies shone;
One was for Bob (at seven just then), the other Daisy's own.
While waiting Bob's return, she rolled both treasures round the floor.
When suddenly they disappeared, and one was seen no more.
"Poor Daisy. Is your penny lost?" was asked in accents kind.
"Why, no, mine's here!" she quickly said,
"It's Bob's I cannot find."

DOG FRIENDS.

There is a dog friendship on Laurel Hill avenue between a lurchy white setter and a short-legged, snuffy-nosed pug. Although unlike, these dogs exhibit constant signs of regard for one another, and run in company. The speed of the bird dog is much greater than that of the pug and precludes the possibility of his keeping up with him in a race; but ordinarily the setter slows down to accommodate his speed to that of his shorter-legged friend. When, however, necessity requires the big dog to let himself out, he reaches down and seizes the pug's harness in his teeth and runs with him, in his mouth as a cat carries a kitten.—

STORKS TRYING A CLOTH.

Near Oggersheim, a small village on the banks of the Rhine, there is a large meadow where every autumn the storks are in the habit of meeting, previous to their annual migration. On one of these occasions about 50 storks were observed formed in a ring, in the centre of which was one whose appearance showed the greatest alarm. One of the party seemed to address the assembly by clapping its wings for about five minutes. It was followed by a second, a third and a fourth, who each clapped its wings in the same odd manner as the first. At last all the storks forming the ring commenced clapping their wings, and when they had done this they, with one accord, fell upon the poor culprit in the middle and dispatched him in a few seconds, after which they rose up in a body, and one, according to custom, taking the lead, they winged their way toward the south. What offence the poor stork had committed that had brought upon him so sad a fate is, of course, unknown.—[Penny.

A PAVILION IN SIAM.

The King of Siam is said to have in one of his country palaces a wonderful pavilion. It was built by a Chinese engineer as a refuge for the King during the extreme heat of the summer. The walls, ceilings and floors are formed of pieces of plate-glass an inch thick. These are so perfectly fitted together with a transparent cement that the joints are invisible, and no fluid can penetrate. The pavilion is twenty-eight feet long and seventeen wide, and stands in the middle of a large basin made of beautifully colored marbles.
When the King enters the pavilion the single door is closed and cemented. Then the sluice-gates are opened, and the basin is filled with water. Higher and higher it rises until the pavilion is covered, and only the ventilators at the top connect it with the open air. When the heat of the sun is so great that the water almost boils on the surface of the freshest fountains this pavilion is deliciously cool. And this is the way the King of Siam cools himself off in hot weather. It sounds very delightful.—[Harper's Young People.

THE SEAL QUESTION SIMPLIFIED.

The Behring Sea controversy sounds very formidable, but it is really about seals, and so, as any one can see, it has a great deal to do with our seal-skin coats. For unless the controversy is settled we may never have any more muffs or capes or coats out of this lovely fur.
To kill any bird, animal or fish, even for food, when they are taking care of their young is known to be so wicked that even the law forbids and punishes it.
Now, when our seals are breeding up in the Behring Sea they swim over to the Pribilof Island to rear their young. In swimming there they go outside the three-mile limit—beyond three miles from shore the waters and everything in them cease to belong to any one country—so the Canadians have said that the seals caught there were no longer ours and they have killed them by the hundreds whether they were mothers or not.
Of course it is very cruel, but leaving out that question, to whom do you think the seals belong even if they do cross over strange waters? Think of all the games you play with other boys and girls, and how would you decide if the property of one side were found outside the limits of the other?—[New York World.

WELLS A MILE DEEP.

A West Virginia Well the Deepest in the World.

The Government to Take Earth's Temperature.

The Government has taken an interest in an experimental well which is being drilled on Bogg's Run, near Wheeling, West Virginia. The well is now over 4000 feet deep, and it is the intention, if possible, to drill it to the depth of an even mile—5280 feet. The United States Geological Survey will contribute \$5000 to the fund. It is the purpose of the Government to take the earth's temperature at these low levels and obtain other scientific data. Satisfactory tests of this character have never heretofore been made in this country, owing to the water or oil that has been encountered in the few other deep wells that have been drilled.
If the Wheeling well is driven to the depth of a mile it will be the deepest well in the world. At present the deepest well in this country is one drilled for gas in Pittsburgh some years ago by George Westinghouse, Jr. It was sunk to the depth of 4650 feet, when work had to be abandoned on account of the drilling cable breaking of its own weight. The weight of the cable now in use in the Wheeling well is 7000 pounds. Powerful machinery, of course, is employed in drilling these deep wells, and the work is slow and expensive.
In the event of any tool being lost in the hole, the job of fishing it out becomes a scientific achievement. Tools are made expressly for fishing purposes, and they are many and ingenious. In the oil-fields there are men who make a business of fishing lost tools out of wells.
Jonathan Watson of Titusville, Pa., drilled in 1867 one of the deepest wells ever drilled in the oil country; he sank it to the depth of 3553 feet, at a cost of \$25,000. Mr. Watson is a rich man and a Spiritualist, and the well was drilled under the guidance of the spirits. It was drilled for oil, but was not a successful venture. The well is located on the flats below Titusville, not far from the Drake well, the pioneer oil well of America. Oil in the Drake well was found at the depth of but 68 feet. In August, 1889, Mr. Watson completed a well in this locality which was also a "spirit well," having been drilled at that particular spot by the advice of the spirits of two late friends whom he had known in life. The well produced 150 barrels a day at the start, but it was soon exhausted, and probably did not pay for the drilling.
There are wells in Greene county, Pa., producing oil from a depth of about one-half a mile. These are the deepest oil-producing wells in the country. The cost of drilling a well to this depth approximates \$18,000. The Boston School of Technology was some time ago asked to give an opinion regarding the possible depth the drill would have to penetrate before it could get through the sandstone in a deep well being drilled at Rockville, Conn. The well was being drilled for water by a silk manufacturing firm. It had at that time reached a depth of 3140 feet. All this distance had been drilled through sandstone, with the exception of 200 feet. The Boston scientists did not venture an opinion. Prof. Emerson of Amherst College declared that the drill was the only scientist that could tell anything about it. Nothing but a practical test would determine anything certain as to where the sandstone would end.
St. Louis has a well which is 3147 feet deep. For a time it belched forth 75 gallons of water a minute. The deepest well in the world at present is one at Potsdam, Germany, which was drilled to a depth of 5270 feet.—[New York World.

An Attorney's Successful Ruse.

In a trial in the United States court where a young man had been indicted for passing a counterfeit \$10 bill, the counsel of the latter, C. A. Baldwin, objected to General Strickland's course in endeavoring to prove by business men the fact that the bill in question was a counterfeit, but to no purpose. Finally, improving a favorable chance, Mr. Baldwin substituted a good bill for the counterfeit, which genuine money General Strickland then proved by three business men to be the rarest kind of counterfeit. Thereupon Mr. Baldwin vehemently demanded that attention be given to his objections and Judge Dundy insisted that the District-Attorney send out for a bank cashier and an expert. With great confidence General Strickland handed to the expert the bill—after establishing his business and his experience in handling money—and said:
"State to the jury whether, in your opinion, that bill is good or bad?"
"This is a good bill, sir," returned the witness.
"What!" shouted the attorney, "do you mean to say that bill is not a counterfeit?"
"Yes, sir; if you will bring it down to the Omaha National Bank we will give you the gold for it."
Then there was a scene, in the midst of which Mr. Baldwin managed to explain to the Court that he had changed bills without the knowledge of the District-Attorney, and that in view of the fact that three good business men had testified that the genuine bill was a counterfeit, he thought considerable allowance should be made for his client—an ignorant country boy—in mistaking a counterfeit for a good bill. The jury were evidently impressed with the idea, for they returned a verdict of acquittal.—[Omaha Bee.

How Paper Barrels Are Made.

English manufacturers of paper barrels have brought that industry to such a degree of perfection as to rival, in quality and economy of cost, the ordinary wooden article in a great variety of uses, the materials employed in the making of these barrels being, for the most part, waste paper, cardboard, and—for the better quality—old sacks. In the use of cardboard the material is soaked or boiled for six hours, and, after careful sorting, is put into a rag engine or beater, where it is beaten and torn to pieces by a series of knives for about an hour and a half, being afterwards mixed with water until a pulp of uniform consistency is gained; this is rolled, joined, shaped and dried, and the barrel is finally covered with hoops. Previous to the putting in of the tops and bottoms the barrels are painted with a waterproof composition made of linseed oil and resin for ordinary purpose barrels, and with a special varnish for those in which food articles are to be placed. The standard size made is 16 1/2 inches in diameter by 28 inches long, and, whereas a barrel made of wood is found to cost 34 cents, the paper barrel is produced for about six cents less. The process provides that all waste be beaten up into pulp again.

A Railroad in the Arctic Circle.

In one respect, at least, the Swedish and Norwegian railroad between Lulea on the Gulf of Bothnia and Lulea on the shores of the North Sea is the most remarkable engineering achievement of the present century. It has the unique distinction of being the only railroad in the world situated wholly or partially within the Arctic Circle, it being some 1200 miles further north than any railroad in Canada. An interesting meteorological fact stated is in relation to this boreal railway, viz.: That snow falls much less frequently along the line and in far less quantities than at points on other roads 1000 to 2000 miles further south, the darkness of the long winter nights being partly compensated by the light of the aurora. The object in view in constructing this "North Pole through line" is to tap the enormous deposits of iron ore in the Gellivara Mountains, the exhaustion of the ore in the Bilboa field making it absolutely necessary that the iron-workers find a new locality if the magnetic pole itself has to be undetermined to get at the precious mineral.—[St. Louis Republic.

Deathless Devotion.

Kind Father—My dear, if you want a good husband, marry Mr. Goodheart. He really and truly loves you.
Daughter—Are you sure of that, pa?
Kind Father—Yes, indeed. I've been borrowing money of him for six months, and still he keeps coming.—[New York Weekly.

Silence of Love.

Of all the words that bear their part
In all the deeds of day to day,
One word is holiest in my heart—
One little word I must not say.
The hills of truth are straight and steep;
They have a snarl in every stone,
And climbing them I need must weep
To think that love, that the unknown,
Night follows day, day chases night,
And brings a lesson strange to teach,
That love is lifeless in the light,
And silence is the fullest speech.
—[Langman's Magazine.

HUMOROUS.

When a man pulls down the shade and jerks it off the roller he gets a curtain lecture.
The watch is no longer an emblem of modern labor. It works twenty-four hours a day.
Whenever two people find it necessary to agree on their rights, there's going to be trouble.
For every man who knows more than he tells, there are fifty who tell more than they know.
Who was the author of the saying, "There is always a room at the top?" The hotel clerk, I believe.
It is sometimes safer for a man to complete a round of pleasure than it is for him to make things square afterwards.
It takes a tramp a long, long time to break up a cord of wood; but it doesn't take long for a cord of wood to break up a tramp.
A married man should always make it a rule to give his wife an allowance. She always has to make a good many allowances for him, you know.
First Student—You said you had a marvelous manuscript, and then show me a receipted tailor's bill. Second Student—Well, isn't that a marvel?
In Church.—Ethel—How harmonious the color of everything is. Margaret—Yes, excepting the sexton. Why doesn't he wear stained glasses?
"In practicing the lute," writes a teacher, "don't get discouraged." That's wise. You can safely leave that for the persons who have to listen to you.
The story that comes from St. Joseph, Mo., about a 3-months-old baby with a beard 18 inches long is no exactly a bare-faced lie, but it would be if it were shaved.
Excited boy—Why don't you interfere to stop that dog fight? By-stander—I was just a gamin' to, mum; but you kin calm y'r fears now. My dog is on top at last, mum.

Some Good Distance Riding.

General Merritt in 1879 rode with a battalion of the Fifth Cavalry to the relief of Payne, and covered 1700 miles from 11 a. m., October 24, to 5.30 p. m., October 25—two days and six hours—accompanied by a battalion of infantry in wagons, which much retarded the march. He arrived on the scene in good order and ready for a fight. Single couriers had ridden in over the same distance from Thornburg's command during the previous two or three days in less than twenty-four hours. Captain E. S. Dodge marched his command on the same course 80 miles in sixteen hours. Lieutenant Wood, of the Fourth Cavalry, marched his troop 70 miles in twelve hours—6 a. m. to 6 p. m.—and came in fresh; and double that distance has been made from 10 a. m. till 5 p. m. next day. In 1870 four men of Company H, First Cavalry, bore dispatches from Fort Harney to Fort Warner, 140 miles, over a bad road—29 of it sand—with little oil and bad water, in 22 hours, 18 1/2 of which actual marching time. The horses were in such good condition at the end of the ride that after one day's rest the men started back, and made the home trip at the rate of 60 miles a day. In 1880 Lieutenant Robertson, First Cavalry, rode from Fort Lapwai to Fort Walla Walla, 102 miles, over the snow, deep in places, in 23 1/2 hours; and, starting next morning, rode back in two days. These are but a few out of scores of equal performances. The keen appreciation of pace and of the ability of the animals ridden in such feats is marked. Men who can do work like this and come in fresh must be consummate horsemen.—[Harper's Magazine.

The Spider's Body.

The body of every spider contains four little masses, pierced with a multitude of holes (imperceptible to the naked eye), each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the amount of 1000 to each mass, join together when they come out, and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web, so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than 4000 threads united.