

Let Silence Fall.
Let silence fall across the past;
Its little moods of storm and rain,
Its weary hours of joy and pain;
Let never heart or speech recall;
If memory needs must break the spell,
Remember that I loved you well,
And o'er the rest—let silence fall.

Let silence fall between our lives,
The one, amidst the future's hopeful dreams,
Finished with the future's hopeful dreams,
And held in proud ambition's thrill;
The other, worn with anxious tears
And tired grown with gathering years;
Between them now—let silence fall.

And let us part, as those who love
Are parted, by the hand of fate,
And one stands hushed, with reverent
breath,
Gazing on flower and leaf and fall;
But ere we close the coffin lid,
Let bitter memories all be hid,
And o'er the grave—let silence fall.

—James Clarence Harvey.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.
BY ALYS HAYWARD.

It was just after the scandal at our club, and a little group of us were talking in a very animated way of the affair. Captain Joubert did not join in the conversation, and did not even seem to be listening to us.

"What will you take for your thoughts?" I said to him, at last.

"Oh! they are not worth much. I was thinking just then of an incident which occurred once at a club in a small provincial town where I happened to be staying."

"Tell us about it!" exclaimed one of the other men, and the captain lighted a cigarette and, patting his elbow on the mantel-shelf against which he had been leaning, began his story:—

"Well it was when I was in garrison at M—, one of the dustiest and most stupid of provincial towns. There was nothing in the world for a fellow to do with himself there, no theatre even, only a half music-hall."

"When I was off duty I gradually got into the habit of turning in to the Union Club, which, by-the-by, was the only one the town possessed."

"It was called the 'Union,' I should imagine because there was always a dispute of some kind or another going on there. There was very little play at this club except at the time of the three annual fairs, each of which lasted a week. One autumn afternoon, just at the opening of one of these fairs, I happened to go to the club rather early. There were a fair number of men there that day who were strangers to me, wealthy farmers of the neighborhood, who rarely came into town, and the various owners of the country houses round."

"They are playing high to-day," said one of the habitués of the club to me. I turned round towards the table to watch the game, and was so surprised at the sight of one of the players that I almost exclaimed:

"It was a young man of some twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, whom I knew by sight. I was very much interested in him, for his father had fought courageously at Magenta, and had been killed on the field of battle, leaving his widow and son by no means well provided for. The young man came very rarely to the club, and I had never seen him touch a card before. I was stupified therefore to see him holding the bank, and a good bank it was, too, for there were plenty of notes and gold coins heaped up in front of him."

"How much?" called out one of the players.

"Oh! laughed a wealthy farmer, 'M. de Mertens is in luck's way; he can safely keep his bank open.'"

"I noticed that the young man's face was deadly pale, and there was an excited look in his eyes."

"Open bank," he said, and it seemed as though the very word had changed the luck."

"Ten times running Mertens lost, and in a quarter of an hour his bank was cleared out. Another man took his place and the play went on. It got so exciting that I, too, was fascinated, and joined in. There was no room to sit down at the table, so I continued standing, holding my hat in my hand and throwing my winnings into it. I had a run of luck, and went on playing in the most excited way until I was startled by someone calling out: 'You are being robbed, Captain!'"

"I started, and instinctively seized a hand which had knocked against mine through my sudden movement. It was M. de Mertens' hand, and he held the forty-pound note which he had just taken out of my hat. The wretched man's face was convulsed with emotion. Our eyes met; his were dilated with terror, and there was a look in them that seemed to hold me spell-bound."

"M. de Mertens is my partner," I said, laughingly, to the man who had

warned me; and I am surprised that you should dare to bring such an accusation against a gentleman whose reputation is so well known."

"The individual who had called out had never been to the club before, and did not know M. de Mertens at all. We had all been standing round the table close to each other, and on seeing another player putting his hand into my hat, it was very natural that the man should have thought it his duty to warn me. On hearing my explanation he apologized most humbly to M. de Mertens, and several acquaintances of the latter gathered round and expressed their regret that such an insult should have been offered him."

"We then continued our play, and M. de Mertens soon after left the club. Three days passed, and I heard nothing more of the young man. I hesitated long as I had done, my first thought had been of his father and I had determined to save from disgrace the name of the brave soldier of Magenta. Of course, I could quite understand that the young man should now shrink from seeing me again, but still it struck me as rather strange that in some way, either direct or indirect, he did not attempt to express his thanks."

"One evening, however, just as I was going out to pay some visits, my orderly informed me that a lady wished to see me. I went into the drawing-room, and there I found a woman of about forty-five years of age. She was very dignified-looking, and there was an open, honest expression about her face which fascinated me."

"I am Madame de Mertens," she said simply. "My son told me everything about the affair at the club, and I have come to thank you with all my heart for having preserved for us intact the honor of our name."

"Madame—!" I began; but she interrupted me in her emotion and nervousness.

"My son had got entangled in various ways, and in desperation had taken to play. It appears he had lost every penny he possessed that night. You know the rest, alas!"

"I felt very much embarrassed, for the poor mother's grief was terrible to witness. She was still standing there in front of me, her face was deadly pale, and the tears were trembling on her long, dark eyelashes."

"He is young, Madame; you must not take it to heart so," I stammered. "It was just a moment's weakness. I will say your son, and—"

"No, Captain," she said, shaking her head sadly, "he is no longer here. . . . he has enlisted, and is already on his way with the regiment."

"We had all been listening attentively to Captain Joubert's story, and when he stopped speaking there was silence for a few minutes."

"And what happened to M. de Mertens, Captain?" asked one of our group. "Did you ever hear?"

"He is dead. . . . Six months ago I received a letter from Kelang—a pitiful little letter written with very pale ink, and on a sheet of paper that was all crumpled and yellow with age. There were only a few lines for me to read. I know them by heart. They were as follows:—

"I am mortally wounded. . . . Admiral Courbet has just brought me the cross; but . . . I am dying. I am sending it to you, my poor cross . . . for you saved me, and I should like you to wear it. . . ."

"This is why, my friends, instead of wearing the decoration which I received from the Emperor, you always see me with the sergeant's cross which poor Mertens sent me. Poor boy! To think that he started as a thief, and died a hero's death at Kiang-ling."—From the French in Strand Magazine.

Origin of County Lines.
Every state in this country, except Louisiana, which is still divided into parishes, has counties, even Rhode Island, which would be lost in the corner of a Texas county, having five, and Delaware, which is not much bigger, possessing three of these minor political subdivisions. It cannot be doubted that the county system is the expression of the love of our people for local self-government, the right to manage their neighborhood affairs in their own way. The system itself, however, was borrowed from England, where the county lines often follow those of ancient Saxon kingdoms. The same curious circumstances may also be noted in Germany, France, and Italy, where the provincial and departmental boundaries frequently mark the limits of principalities, dukedoms and kingdoms that many years ago lost their individuality by being merged into the larger state.—St. Louis Republic

The Chesapeake Mill.
The famous old Chesapeake was taken to England during the early part of the century. In 1829 her timber was sold to a miller by the name of John Prior, who pulled down his old mill and erected on the spot a new one from the timbers of the Chesapeake. The deck beams were thirty-two feet long and eighteen inches square, of sound Virginia oak. These were used without alteration, just as they were taken from the vessel. Many of the timbers still bear the scars of battle received by the Chesapeake in her celebrated encounter with the Shannon. "The transformation of an sanguinary warship into a peaceful and life-preserving flour mill," says the Washington Post, "more than fulfills the scriptural prophecy of the sword beaten into a plowshare and the spear into a pruning hook." In speaking of the mill a celebrated American clergyman who recently visited the spot makes the following observation: "Nothing shiplike or of the sea was discernible from without the mill. A handsome young Englishman of about twenty years of age was coming forth to join his cricket club, and this proved to be the owner of the 'Chesapeake mill.' A large eagle box, constructed from the polished pine of the old ship and bearing the inscription 'Chesapeake' in small brass nails, stood upon the table. The beams were marked in many places with grape-shot. The mill was merrily going, but as I stood in the midst of this peaceful scene I remembered that beyond all reasonable doubt one of these planks Lawrence fell in the rocking anguish of his mortal wounds; on another, if not the same, Watt's head was carried away by a shot, while near by the young and brave Ludlow poured out his life's blood. Thus I stood pondering and still the busy mill went on, whetted passing beneath the stones, flour pouring forth and the merry millers passed around their kindly smile and blithesome jests."

The First Money.
It is difficult to realize that prior to B. C. 700 there were no true coins, that ingots or buttons of gold and silver were weighed at every mercantile transaction. The Lydians of Asia Minor are credited with having been the first to cast and stamp with an official device small oval gold ingots of definite fixed weight, an invention strangely delayed, but of inestimable importance to industry and commerce. A coin has been described as "a piece of metal of fixed weight, stamped by authority of Government, and employed as a medium of exchange." Medals, though struck by authority, are only historical records and have no currency value.

The bright, far-flashing intellect of Greece saw the import of the Lydian invention and adopted it quickly, and every Greek State, nearly every city, island, and colony, established a mint, generally at some one of the great temples, for all early coin types are religious in character. They bear symbols of some god, as a pledge of good faith. The offerings, tithes, and rents of the worshippers were coined and circulated as money. Temples thus became both mints and banks. Our word "money" is said to have been derived from the Roman shrine of Juno "Moneta," the earliest Latin mint.

The first shape of these early coins was that of an enlarged coffeeberry pinched on the rounded side with official letters, or markings, as they are called.—Good Words

The Benefits of Early Rising.
It was once laid down by a celebrated writer and historian that the difference between rising at five and seven in the morning for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour every night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to the life. This consideration should carry very great weight, and be sufficient to induce those who have not hitherto practised this habit to commence to do so, more especially the people whose always complaining that life is not long enough for them to transact all the work that they have to perform. There is much foundation for their complaint if they persist in wasting so many valuable hours of the day in bed. The advantages and benefits of early rising cannot be overestimated; in the early hours of the morning the brain is clearer and more ready to work, and after a night's sleep we should be ready to attack the work of the day.—New York Ledger.

In 1890 the amount of wages paid out in manufacturing alone was about \$2,300,000,000, affecting nearly 5,000,000 working people.

NEW FACES MADE.

Facial Deformities Are Now Reduced to a Minimum.
Operations for Correcting Some Common Defects.

Whether or not a man is born into the world with a homely face, or whether accident causes a facial deformity, there is in these days no reason for his going through life with-out having almost any defect remedied. Perhaps one may not be changed from a Caliban to an Adonis, but at least science and the inventive genius of man have provided the means of reducing deformities to a minimum.

What seem to be almost miracles are now performed in the operations of plastic and dental surgery. If a man is not satisfied with his nose, if it be too much of a Roman to suit his face, he can have it transformed into a delicate Grecian. Should the eyes be afflicted with a horrible squint, or be almond-shaped or otherwise unnatural, they can be corrected with a simplicity of operation that almost causes a smile when the method of treatment becomes known. Let it be what it may, a misshapen limb or a hideous face, the result of either a freak of nature or an accident, the means of straightening the one and of beautifying the other are at hand.

As regards the face, the harelip is the most common defect. This trouble is due to the failure of union between the margins of the maxillary and the front nasal bone. It not only causes a total disfigurement of the face, but it makes speaking an unpleasant matter, both for the speaker and the hearer. The defect is ordinarily seen in the upper lip, and is often double, the lip on both sides of the centre being painfully drawn up. Bad as it looks and inconvenient as it is, the remedy is as simple as can be imagined.

It merely consists of a triangular incision made under the nostril. A silk ligature is then put through the incision and drawn downward. This inverts the flap and brings together the opposing surfaces, which may at once be secured with sutures. A slight projection is left on the border of the lip but it soon disappears.

The operation for the double harelip is practically the same, entailing a little more work for the knife. The harelip deformity is seldom found on the lower lip, and when it is it extends down on the chin, practically dividing it. This, however, can be remedied as easily as the other.

Next to the harelip in the line of frequency comes the absence or the deformity of the nose as a congenital defect. In the making of the nasal organ plastic surgery has achieved wonders. The bow in a Roman nose, for instance, can be efficiently reduced.

This operation is performed entirely from the inside. The instrument is introduced into the nostril and the bone is cut away, great care being taken not to fracture the skin. The surplus tissue readily contracts, and, accommodating itself to the reduced space it is required to cover, the bridge of the nose is left entirely smooth on the surface, while a straight and comely organ has been produced.

The same operation can be performed on a pug or turned-up nose. This work is also done from the inside. Enough of the cartilage on the tip is taken away to reduce the excessive protuberance, and the same result as in the case of the bow is attained.

But the making of a new nose to take the place of the missing one is a different matter. It is easy to form these organs in any shape or size desired out of celluloid aluminum, or even pasteboard, and have them fastened by adhesion or held on by spec-tacles; but they are not good noses. The owner cannot blow them, and if some one should, in a moment of excessive hilarity, tweak one it would be likely to come off.

Surgeons, however, now make noses that perform all the functions of the natural organs. After the solid portion is completed, it is, of course, necessary to have it covered with skin. This is done in various ways. The most ordinary manner is to cut a triangle of skin from the forehead, and bring it down over the false bridge. The edges are inserted in slits made on each side, where, in the course of time, being alive and retaining vitality from the natural circulation of the blood, the piece grows fast, and a perfect nose is the result. This is called the Indian method of treatment, but, although it leaves a scar on the forehead, it is not so painful as the Italian method. In this latter, the skin is grafted from the

arm, but in order to preserve the circulation, that member is bent up with the forearm on the top of the head, and securely bound there, and kept in that position until the parts have grown together. This operation is very painful, and is not frequently used.

The Scouts of the Sea.
Torpedo-boats, however, are designed for a wider service than simply to carry and discharge the frightful weapon from which they take their name. They are to the navy what scouts and skirmishers are to a land army. They form the cavalry of the sea, of which the cruisers are the infantry and the battleships and monitors are the artillery arm. They must spy out the position of the enemy's fleet, hover about his flanks or haunt his anchorage to ascertain what he is about and what he intends to do next. They must act as the pickets of their own fleet, patrolling the neighborhood, or waiting and watching, concealed among the islands or in inlets and river mouths, ready to hasten away to the admiral with warning of any movement of the enemy.

It is not their business to fight (except rarely, in the one particular way), but rather to pry and sneak and run. Hence they are as small and sleek and swift as they can be made. When the fleet goes upon a cruise, they are carried on the decks of the big warships, although they are able to get about in really rough weather by themselves. A very recent idea is to build them out of aluminum, which would be not only of great advantage toward ease of transportation, but would tend toward increased speed, by adding buoyancy and elasticity to the structure which seems to skim along the surface and fairly leap from wave to wave; but it is doubtful whether it will not be injured by the chemical action of the sea water.—St. Nicholas.

A Persistent Bird.
The following instance of "blue-tit" determination to get its own way has taken place in the garden here: There is a small pump under a pear-tree, which on April 15, was used in watering. The gardeners then pumped out a mossy nest, and did not use the pump again until April 25, when a second nest—this time with eggs in it—was again pumped out. Early on the morning of April 27 a third nest was pumped out, with one egg in it. The whole thing was then cleared out by means of a long wire, and a mass of green moss lay on the ground by the pump. That same evening a fourth nest came to grief, being pumped out at the evening watering.

Next morning, April 28, a fifth nest began to be pumped out. When the head gardener found that the little creature still persisted, he ordered the pumping to be stopped, and came to give me the whole history. It was, of course, arranged that the pump handle should be at once fastened up, and, drought or no drought, the bird be left in peace. So there she sat till her eggs were hatched, and never minded the curious eyes that so often peered down through the tiny hole at the top, whence the blue bird, shining in the dim glimmering light through the spot, might be discerned. For the last few days, however, only a nestful of fluff has been visible.—London Spectator.

A Monster Magnet.
A monster magnet is used at the British Arsenal at Woolwich to handle the shot for the 110-ton gun. The body or core of the magnet is U-shaped, and in one forging. The winding is mechanically protected by stout brass flanges, and is covered with thick brass trips. The ends of the winding are led to duplicate terminals, duplicated wires, to prevent accidents in case of the wire fouling and breaking, being taken over the pulleys to the switch box on the counter weight at the back of the crane.

A single pole switch is placed in this box and is used, in conjunction with a water resistance, to shut the extra current produced on breaking the circuit to close or open the circuit. The current varies from three to four amperes at twenty or thirty volts. The maximum weight that can be lifted has not been ascertained exactly, but it exceeds 3,000 pounds.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

By Far Too Quiet.
"What made that young man stay so late?" asked the father.

"We got to talking about the coming question," said the fair daughter, "and did not notice the flight of time."

"I don't think that story will do," said the old man. "People would assume the change question made a lot more noise than you two did."—Indianapolis Journal.

DERVISH VALOR.

Reckless Courage of the Mahdist Followers in the Sudan.
Standing Steadily for Hours Against Fearful Odds.

Of all the numerous British officers who have taken part in former campaigns against the Mahdists, all allow that the Dervishes have lost nothing of their old valor. They heed death as little as ever. I saw them stand undismayed in the open and fight with dogged determination in the face of our deadly volley fire; they fought on with rifle and spear and knife when charged by the cavalry; each wounded Dervish, as he lay bleeding to death on the ground, was a dangerous and treacherous foe until he had breathed his last; they even did what some authorities have denied that any troops, however brave, would ever do—they stood in groups firing steadily into our ranks while our Maxim guns poured their streams of bullets on them, mowing them down like grass. I doubt whether any other men in the world would have stood, as these men stood, for nearly two hours against such fearful odds as were opposed to them.

But, if one may judge from this fight, the Dervishes have changed their old tactics; they have to a great extent abandoned the reckless rush of spear-men which used to distinguish Sudanese warfare, and rely more on rifle fire, in which their practice has considerably improved. If trained and disciplined (but it is very doubtful whether that savage beast of prey the Baggara ever could be tamed), these men would make magnificent infantry. They display now as much amazing coolness when acting on the defensive as they did wild elan in their furious charges of former campaigns. During one part of the fight I was with the men of the Ninth Sudanese Battalion who were clearing the hills to the east of Ferkel, and I saw a handful of twenty-five of the enemy's riflemen stand firm and fire into us until we were twenty yards from them, when they vainly sought safety in flight. The majority of these riflemen were blacks of the same stock as the men of our Sudanese battalions; it is therefore possible to form some idea of how the latter will fight if caught in a "tight corner." The Khalifa's black riflemen, or Jemalas, for the most part fight unskillfully in the case of the tyrant who has ruined their country and would gladly desert to us; but once in the thick of a fight they forget all this, their blood is up, and they set to as if imbued with fanatical frenzy.

In my last letter I recorded an incident I witnessed—that of one of our Sudanese soldiers rushing from the ranks to embrace a prisoner who had just been taken and whom he recognized as a relation. Similar strange meetings occurred over the whole field. A man of the Ninth Battalion found his father dead among the enemy. Again, when the men of the Tenth Battalion were attacking the enemy's river-side position, they were set to clear a hut held by a number of desperate men, who fired on them from the loopholes with considerable effect. At last nearly all the defenders were killed and the few survivors surrendered and came out, among them a big black who, no doubt, up to that moment had been doing his best to kill as many of our men as possible; but as soon as he appeared a soldier laughing ran forward and put his arms around his neck; then several others, recognizing in him an old friend whom they had not seen for years, surrounded him, their faces beaming with pleasure, and there was a general embracing all round. No fewer than 100 of the black prisoners whom we took during the fight of the 7th have already been enlisted in the Sudanese battalions.—London Times.

A Man Attacked by Cranes.
A man Newman of Decker, Ind., was attacked by a flock of cranes. They were probably sandhill cranes. Newman was hunting when he wounded one of the birds. Thinking to capture it alive he went to it, whereupon the bird started for him, screaming loudly and fighting fast. The screams recalled the rest of the flock, which, had taken to their wings at the shot, and they surrounded Newman and went for him with bills and wings.

Newman grabbed his gun and using it as a club managed to kill several of the birds and put the rest to flight. The sandhill crane is a stubborn fighter, and their fights and resent themselves are often long and result in severe injuries.

Drifting.
How nice it is to drift along,
While resting on your oars;
To hear your sweetheart's dreamy song
Resounded from the shores.

Each ripple forms a melody,
Each splash a glaucous note,
Which seems to intermingle
With the music from her throat.

But when you drift upon the sand,
Farwell to songs of love;
You hear your sweetheart's stern command,
"Now, dear, get out and shove!"
—Philadelphia Times

EUNUCHS.
Hospital Physician—You are bruised, too, I see. Patient—Yes. I came in an ambulance.

Genie—See returned Wadie Elmore's love, you say? "Yes, who had no further use for it."

"My boy, it is high time a check was placed on your performance." "Thank you, father. Please make it payable on sight."

"There is a report that Babbage has a large floating debt," announced the cashier to the teller. "Yes, sir; an \$80,000 steam yacht."

"Oh, Mr. Kohl-spring, how do you like babies?" exclaimed a gushing west side matron. "In repose," "Sally" replied the earnest bachelor.

"Sally that cow?" exclaimed Brightsley, "why, man, that cow has been a step-mother to me." "How do you make that out?" "I was raised on the bottle."

Paternalists (out of patience)—See here, young man! it's half-past twelve!—haven't you got any home to go to? Laver (baldly rattled)—No, sir—not yet!

"This is a great baseball town, isn't it?" "I should say so. A fellow can't even get off to go to his grand-mother's funeral without showing a factor's certificate."

"Beverly isn't like any other man I know." "In what way does he differ from the rest?" "He is courteous to people who couldn't possibly be of any service to him."

"How did you and mamma come to get married, anyhow?" asked Lorraine Cluffie of his father. "Ask your mamma; she knows more about it than I do," was the reply.

"Billy, I don't think I'll stay at this summer hotel much longer." "What's up?" "Rates too high?" "No, I don't mind the high rates, but the clerk is always nagging me for money."

Teacher—Walter, you are to stay in after school and do three extra examples. Willie—What! And not put out of the Semple's Union for scolding overtime? I was, I don't think!

Patrons—See here, landlord, look at this shrimp steak your waiter has brought me, just when I wanted a steak in the worst way. Landlord—Then I think, sir, that that steak exactly fills the bill.

Edith—So you've gone and engaged yourself to Tom Sawyer, and you told me only last week that you wouldn't have him if there wasn't another man in the world. Bertha—Well, what could I do? He asked me for my heart, and I hadn't the heart to refuse him.

Amateur "Minuteman" (who has added at the office since a week for three months)—Could you use a little piece of mine? Editor (ruthlessly determined that this shall be his final reply)—Oh, I think so. There are two or three broken panes of glass and a hole in the skylight. How large is it?

Hunting Blamonds in the Dark.
"Hunting blamonds in the dark is a new experience with me," said Clinton Frank Myers of the pension office, "but it proved to be successful. A few evenings since some of the habits of my family induced in a spin on their cycles in the circle on the White House lot. During their ride one of them lost a diamond earring button. Of course they did not know at what point they lost it, though they did know that the water had the button on when the ride began and did not leave it when she stopped. As the circle is a half mile around it seemed to be almost an impossible task to find it, but the lady persisted in the search. They searched the assistance of several other riders in the search, and later on three or four more. The party then started out in single file to make the circuit, and interval in files of four. In the third trip I was the lucky finder."—Washington Star.

The Accused Settled.
"O'grady must have been the one who was to have half if he won the suit," declared the claimant.

"Trifling," responded the lawyer, "if you only got half what you sued for, that is just my share."—Detroit Free Press.