

A wide o'er-arching summer sky; Sea-drifting grasses, rustling reeds...

I pass by islands dark and tall With painted poplars thick with leaves...

HUMOR OF THE DAY. The humbug has no wings at all; but he gets there just the same...

NOT THAT KIND OF MATCH. "Maybe you did make a good match," she snarled back in angry scorn...

Curious Methods of Catching Otters. A New York furrier described to a Mail and Express reporter the curious way otters are caught by California cowboys...

The Latest Idea of Dudes. The latest idea imported into dudeism is to wear two side chains instead of one...

The Art of Expression. A New York photographer prints a circular containing the following advice: "When a lady sitting for a picture would compose her mouth to a serene character..."

The first English newspaper was the English Mercury, issued in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was in the shape of a pamphlet. The Gazette, of Venice, was the original model of the modern newspaper.

A STRANGE AFFLICTION A YOUNG GIRL TRANSFORMED INTO A PEEVISH OLD WOMAN.

Her Vitality Destroyed by an Accident Shock Received in an Electric Light Establishment.

Mary was engaged to be married to a man named Jacob Eberlin, who worked for the Harman family. About two months ago for young couple came to Cleveland to make some purchases and see the sights.

When she had been transformed from a young woman into a feeble old woman, her form, which had been plump and rounded, had become thin and wrinkled.

The physician claim that the electric current communicated directly with the principal nerves of the spine and left side of the head, and that the shock had completely destroyed her vitality.

Zeal Without Knowledge. Well-known New York lady, whose name is the synonym for all that is bold and enterprising in general...

A Test of Courtesy. De Musset cordially detested dogs. When a candidate for the Academy he called upon a prominent member.

Food of the Canary Islanders. The splendid physical development of the Canary Islanders gives special interest to their peculiar food.

The Mute Musician. The other day at the Neully fair in the environs of Paris, a tall Bohemian, emaciated and in rags, went about from table to table before the cafes and restaurants...

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER. SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The bacteria of water and ice have been found in hail by Prof. L. Maggi, an Italian physiologist. Such organisms are well-nigh universal.

It is said that the Belgian glass workers in the forest of Hainaut, have into various shapes and patterns by running sheets of it, at just the right temperature to work nicely, through steel rollers.

A new artificial cork has been made by Pote, a German scientist, from a mixture of glue, glycerine and tannin. It is elastic, impervious, strong and durable, and very cheap.

One of the latest attempts to harness the forces of nature for the service of the electrician, which was acquired by purchase in 1733. The fossils were then regarded as mere curiosities, and the original manuscript catalogue, still preserved, contains many curious entries.

The California Pioneer Society has a section of timber taken from the side of the Poewhatan, including a portion of the skin, which is four inches thick, and a piece of the abutting knee, which is nine inches thick.

General Lee's Bible. Twenty-five years ago a regiment of Maine soldiers was encamped on Arlington Heights, and the boys ransacked the old Lee mansion pretty thoroughly.

Are you the only person on earth who ever caught a poor, starved perch, which no doubt took this means of committing suicide?

Mummies in Trade. The mummy trade was supported by various classes of the community, for artists declared that mummy powder beaten up with oil, gave richer tones of brown than any other substance.

It is not painful to think that all the skill so lavishly expended by the sages of ancient Egypt in rendering their bodies indestructible, should, after 3,000 years, end in this! And, in truth, the mummies thus dealt with had less reason to complain of their lot than the multitude which were broken up and sold at a far-distant and insignificant market peopled by barbarians.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN TAKES HIS WIFE OUT FISHING.

Mrs. Bowser Gets Seventeen Fish and Mr. B. One Solitary Little Sun-Bass.

The other evening when Mr. Bowser came home to supper, he began to empty his pockets of fishhooks and lines and sinkers and bobbers and reels, and I naturally asked him what was going to happen.

"We are going fishing, Mrs. Bowser," "When?" "To-morrow." "I can't go. You know mother is—" "Your mother be langed, Mrs. Bowser! You can take baby over there and we'll go off for a little recreation."

"Suppose I should catch 'em all," but I looked at me with such an injured air, as if he felt very sorry for him, but I continued: "How to get the belt into my possession would be, I feared, the most difficult part of my task; but this turned out to be a very simple matter."

"If you don't mind, I will take you to the lake next morning and began fishing from a private dock. Mr. Bowser got his fish-line tied to the pole before we were within 40 rods of the dock, and when we were yet 100 feet away he put a lance-pole across the boat and jumped out and ran for the dock, leaving me to hitch the horse."

"I feel a bit, Mr. Bowser!" "But I surely do," "Mrs. Bowser, don't you dare to pull up your line and scare my fish away!" "I knew I had a fish and I pulled and landed a pound perch. I couldn't help but clap my hands and call to Mr. Bowser, and he replied: "Are you a baby or a grown woman, are you the only person on earth who ever caught a poor, starved perch, which no doubt took this means of committing suicide?"

"Never! There isn't another fish within forty rods of you!" "I do not mind, I will take you to the lake next morning and began fishing from a private dock. Mr. Bowser got his fish-line tied to the pole before we were within 40 rods of the dock, and when we were yet 100 feet away he put a lance-pole across the boat and jumped out and ran for the dock, leaving me to hitch the horse."

"Who? Well, Mrs. Bowser caught one and had two more bites. It's her first experience. The next morning he actually claimed to me that he caught all but one, and when I rebuked him, he hotly remarked: "That's it! That's it! Dragon your husband into fishing a day or so fishing, and then call him a liar because you didn't happen to have any luck!"

THE CANARY.

A day in June, of light, of fragrance rare, A bride brought to a home, a bride as fair. As angels be, as sometimes women are.

A woman, fair and young and pale, at rest. A dead babe laid on the dead mother's breast. A preacher murmuring: "All is for the best."

A GULELESS ROGUE. I was traveling third-class from Rosenheim to Munich; the only one of my companions in the coupe who in the least interested me was an old man, wiry and vigorous-looking, in spite of the white hair that lay over the collar of his coat, and the testimony of seventy years at least written on his furrowed forehead.

Conversational. I found the old man rather dull, even lacking, it would appear, as he rambled about in a rambling narrative in which the name Erika occurred at intervals. He frequently caressed his belt just below his dinner lay, mumbling half to himself: "Erika will be the happier for that—yes, far happier. She little guesses what is in it."

I was in doubt as to what the old fellow alluded to; evidently some mysterious booty in his belt, but as he continued: "It was not war and fear that broke the stickles I asked Erika to mend she had no suspicion of what she was sewing up safe inside," I decided it must be the belt.

Certainly Erika, whoever she was, made a great mistake in letting this weak-minded old man come alone to a busy, crowded city like Munich. My reflections were cut short by our arrival at the large station, where a chattering party of friends took me into custody at once. I saw the old peasant walk briskly away with the rest of the stream, armed with a stout stick, and I straightway forgot his existence for the time being.

"I had never in my life discovered a command of Dorothy's," it did not seem to me in the least surprising that I was able to execute this last one of hers to rescue Erika from prison. There were great rejoicings at Lehenfeld, the wedding of the fair prisoner with her beloved Basil among them. A purse had been made up for her, and the prudent Basil might be well pleased with his bride's suddenly-acquired dowry.

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