



Professor Huxley knows of no a priori reason "why snake-bodied reptiles fifty feet long and upward should not disport themselves in our seas as they did in those of the cretaceous epoch."

The St. Louis Republic takes no stock in the theory of the overproduction of cotton. It says that when the Southern farmers raise all their foodstuff they cannot produce too much cotton. But the trouble is that they will not raise all their foodstuff for a long time to come.

Walter B. Harris and R. G. Cunningham-Graham, two Londoners, assert that they encountered in Southern Morocco, at the foot of the Atlas Mountains, a dozen or fourteen men; none of whom were over four feet and a half tall, who are believed to belong to a tribe who inhabit the upper range of the mountains.

It is probable, predicts the San Francisco Chronicle, that the device for dispensing with the services of telegraph operators will be like the machine for setting type. Human ingenuity can go a long way, but it cannot furnish brains, and brains are very essential in telegraphy.

According to the Courier-Journal the great scramble for gold is now regarded in Europe as a sign that European peace is soon to be broken. Gold is not only being locked up in the Imperial Treasury of Russia, but in storehouses of other continental Governments, and the feeling of anxiety on this account is widespread.

No sooner have European aeronauts improved their balloons almost to the point of perfection for military uses than along comes a Russian scientist with an apparatus which captures the rays of the sun and employs them to burn the balloons. A Russian paper states that the balloons can be burned when at a distance of five kilometers from the person handling the apparatus.

The London Graphic has a portrait and sketch of Potara, a Maori cannibal, who is eighty-five years old and still has a good set of natural teeth. He has not eaten a white man since 1816. He speaks well of white folks, but for a steady diet prefers a Maori, as the whites, or "Pakehas," have "a salty and bitter flavor." Potara must have a retentive memory of his tastes.

Persons who are inclined to take a gloomy view of pauperism and crime in New York, would do well, suggests the News, of that city, to glance at the official reports of the municipality of London. The two years ending January 1, 1891, the date of the last biennial report, the cost of maintaining the paupers of London was £2,340,000, the equivalent of about \$11,700,000. During the two years there were 109,748 criminal convictions. While these figures show that the percentage of crime and pauperism in London greatly exceeds that of New York, the same report indicates a much lower percentage of attendance in the public schools.

Italy expends every year \$96,000,000 for her soldiers, and less than \$4,000,000 for schools. In Spain it costs \$109,000,000 to main the army, and only \$1,500,000 to educate the children; but then, it is the exception to find a Spanish farmer who is able to read or write. Germany boasts of being in the foremost rank among the Nations in the Kulturkampf of the world; yet she expends \$185,000,000 on her army, while \$10,000,000 is deemed sufficient for the education of her children. France maintains an army at an expense of \$151,000,000 and supports her schools with \$21,000,000. The United States expend \$115,000,000 for public schools, while the army and navy cost only \$54,000,000.

Within the past two years a number of reefs and islands in the Pacific Ocean, long known to mariners, have disappeared from view, leaving no evidence that they ever existed. No one understands the phenomenon, unless it be that here and there the floor of the ocean has subsided with unusual rapidity, though not with such violence as to be betrayed by the agitation of the sea. The fact is simply known that these stretches of reef or bits of land, some of them rising from the depths, and all marked on the charts, can no longer be found. One or two war ships, with orders to visit some of these places, have cruised around in great bewilderment, unable to find the objects of their quest.

### THE FLYING YEARS.

As a dream when night is done,  
As a shadow flees the sun;  
As a ship whose white sails skim  
Over the horizon dim,  
As a life complete of days  
Vanisheth from mortal ways,  
As a hope that pales to fear—  
Is the dying of the year.  
As the first gold shaft of light  
Shivers through the wrack of night;  
As the thrill and stir that bring  
Promises of the budding spring;  
As new thoughts of life that rise  
Mirrored in a sick man's eyes,  
As strange joy to hearts forlorn.  
So another year is born.  
Glad or sad, a dwindling span  
Is the little life of man,  
Love and hope and work and tears  
Fly before the flying years;  
Yet shall tremulous hearts grow bold  
All the story is not told—  
For around us as a sea  
Spreads God's great Eternity.  
—Christian Burke, in Atlanta.

### THE PRINCIPLE OF IT.

BY GEORGE E. WALSH.



DRIZZLY rain made the streets of New York muddy and sloppy. Within the small circles cast by the electric-lamps the falling globules of mist and rain resembled sparkling diamonds dropping from the inky darkness overhead. The sticky moisture of the salt air penetrated to the marrow of the bones, and made one feel uncomfortably warm and surly.

It was midsummer, and the humidity in the air made the heat less endurable. John Scollard threw open his light overcoat and tried to take advantage of every breath of cooling air. He was walking leisurely toward the steamboat dock, thinking, meanwhile, of the change in the atmosphere which he would experience when he reached the hotel down by the sea.

"Evening papers, sir, only a cent," a newsboy shouted in an appealing voice, shoving the sheet before the banker's eyes.

He pushed by without speaking. Near the crossing he put his foot in an inch of mud, and drew back just in time to avoid being run over. Muttering words of anger against the careless driver, and inwardly cursing the muddy streets, he glanced ruefully down at his soiled shoes.

"The other side of the street, sir, is cleaner," a sweet voice said close to him, "and you will not get so muddy."

It was only the flower girl—no, woman, who had kept her position on the street corner in spite of the rain. Her sweet violets, red roses, and early tulips were wet with the mists, but they enjoyed the ducking and appeared more attractive than usual.

"Thank you," Mr. Scollard said. He turned around to take the advice of the woman. He walked a few steps and then halted. He seldom bought flowers. He had no one to give them to and he was not particularly fond of them himself. But an act of kindness deserves some compensation.

"Give me some of your flowers—the prettiest ones you have," he said he, feeling in his pocket for a bill.

"Violets, roses, or tulips, sir?"

"Oh, anything—I'm not particular," he answered quickly.

The vendor of flowers was used to her work. She understood human nature. In a few moments she had deftly put together a pretty bouquet of flowers, and handed them to the stranger. The man threw down a dollar bill and started to walk away.

"Your change, sir," the flower woman interrupted in the same well-modulated voice.

"Never mind—" He stopped. One look at the sweet face convinced him that he was not dealing with a subject for charity. He extended his hand and looked admiringly into the face.

"Seventy-five cents," she said, dropping three quarters into his gloved hand.

The expression of a face will sometimes recall suddenly the past of one's life. John Scollard felt that he was walking in a dream as he continued his journey toward the boat. That face struck a key-note in his life, long since untouched. He had seen many flower-women before, but he had never cared about inspecting them. They were strangers to him, and they were generally unattractive. Their flowers were often pretty, but the fingers which handled them were hard and coarse.

But that night he dreamed of other scenes. On the front piazza of the hotel, overlooking the wild surf, he recalled his past life. No man could be more thankful for his lot in life. He had succeeded beyond his wildest expectations, and at the age of forty-five he was in possession of an immense fortune and a reputable business standing. His life had been well ordered and rational from the beginning.

His troubles had been few, and they were chiefly negative ones. He had few friends and no relatives. He met those in his business life who professed to be his friends, but he knew that it was all

from policy's sake. Social life had never attracted him—at least not since his early manhood.

His one great misfortune had been commonplace, such as happens to many in life, but the sting of it had clung to him these many years. It had been a simple lovers' quarrel, followed by separation and jealous rage. He felt bitterly toward Jennie Hawley at the time, and when he learned of her marriage a year or two later, it turned him from the world and all its pleasantest associations. He wrapped himself up in business, and turned everything into gold. The stocks which he handled were sure to advance in value, and he had been often termed the "wizard of Wall Street." The pleasure of making money rapidly gave him satisfaction, but as the novelty of it passed off it became a burden to him.

He was rich now—a millionaire several times over. But he was unhappy and lonesome. He shivered as he entered his damp room at the hotel. There was no one to welcome or cheer him. If sickness should overtake him he could hire the best professional service, but there would be no natural warmth or sympathy for him. He was at that age of life when a family is most appreciated. If his life had been ordered differently! If he had only married some one else!

No, he did not wish that. If he had never quarrelled with his first love! He knew now that he was all to blame. He had been a bear—a fool. He had played with the affections of Jennie, and she had endured his childishness patiently for a time. Her meek, patient eyes were so expressive, and when they parted the last time tears were in them.

The flower woman's face and eyes recalled it all. They haunted him all that night. They were the exact imitation of Jennie's, only older and more expressive. The glare of the electric light might have caused the illusion, but he would investigate. He could pass the flower stand again and stop to make another purchase of flowers.

Such eagerness to reach the place on the following day was seldom exhibited by the banker. It was now broad daylight, and he could satisfy his own mind. But he was disappointed. A girl of ten summers stood at the place and dispensed flowers to the public.

"Flowers, sir?" she asked in a childish voice.

"No—yes," John Scollard said mechanically, pulling some money out of his pocket. "Give me some roses."

He watched the deft fingers as they flew quickly around the cut flowers.

"Do you own this stand?" he asked abruptly.

"No, sir, mamma owns it. She keeps it in the afternoon and I attend in the morning."

"Oh, I see!" absent-mindedly. "But what is your name?"

"Jennie Morrow—I'm named after mamma."

The banker's face blanched a little. Morrow! Morrow! Yes that was the name of the man who had married the girl he once loved. Her name was Jennie Morrow and the very picture of her mother. He looked at the golden head and the blue eyes. The girl noted the steady stare of the man, and her young cheeks flushed a little.

"Do you live around here?" he asked again. "I mean would you mind giving me your mother's address? I think I know her. I'm an old friend—knew her years ago."

He obtained the desired information, and dropping a coin in the girl's hand he hurried away. He took an early boat to the seashore. He wanted to meditate upon his discovery. A new happiness appeared to open before him. His early love was apparently a widow and in poor circumstances.

This impression was confirmed on the following morning when he sought out her lodging. It was in one of the tenement-house districts, and everything was dirty and filthy. This sight rather pleased him, for he thought of the great change he could bring into the life of the woman he loved. She was alone with her daughter, and poor; he was alone and rich.

"You must come to me," he pleaded when he had explained his mission. "I have always loved you, Jennie, and my life has been made miserable by that one mistake. I am rich, and can give you and your daughter a good home. You must leave this low place, and become my wife."

Was it her pride that kept the answer from her lips which her heart dictated? She could only refuse this kind offer. Love might prompt it, but it now seemed too much like charity to accept. He had pleaded this way before, and her heart troubled with emotion at the remembrance of it. He left her, finally, disappointed and crestfallen. He could not move her. She would not listen to his words of love and affection.

His life seemed more lonely than ever. His handsome rooms were devoid of all comfort. Even his business lacked a certain charm which before attracted him. With all of his wealth he could not give anything to the poverty-stricken woman whom he loved. Small presents she would accept, but nothing expensive. But he heaped gifts and luxuries upon her daughter. This he could do with propriety.

Finally he prevailed upon her to let him educate her daughter. She was sent to a private school, where her natural gifts soon developed. Her mother had

taught her the primary lessons of education, and she was not very backward in her studies from the beginning. John Scollard took a deep, fatherly interest in his little protegee, and he lavished his wealth upon her. Ereery comfort and pleasure that money could buy was at her command.

"You will spoil her," the mother said one day with deep concern. "She will soon be ashamed to come back to her humble surroundings here."

"I never intend that she shall come back," he replied boldly.

"What do you mean? Would you take her away from me?"

"No, I would make you come to her. I want to make the mother ashamed of her surroundings, so that she will accept the better home which is waiting for her. This is my object."

"Oh!" she replied, thoughtfully. Then shaking her head sorrowfully she added: "It is no good. I will never come—not even if you rob me of my daughter."

But still he persisted. It had been a business maxim with him to hammer away at the same work until it yielded to his wishes. This hard-headed policy determined him in his present purpose. Two years rolled by and he was still living a lone bachelor life. Little Jennie was prospering at a fashionable boarding-school, while her mother peddled flowers at the old stand. John Scollard had pleaded with the woman for her own sake, and for her daughter's sake, to marry him; but she always gave the same reply. He grew less hopeful, and his old melancholy, unsatisfied life settled upon him again.

But one day a small cloud came out of the clear sky, and suddenly assumed the shape and strength of a tornado. Wall Street's foremost banker had invested heavily in western mining stocks, and in one day his fortune was swept out of existence. He returned home that night quietly and calmly as ever. He read the evening papers critically. They were full of his disaster, and the terrible crash which had shaken the financial foundations of the city. He grew a little pale as he read, but otherwise he showed no signs of his misfortune.

He found a note waiting for him early the next morning. It had been delivered the night before. He knew the handwriting well, and in his heart he thanked God that he had some one to sympathize with him in calamity.

"Come and see us immediately. We have read of your misfortune. Jennie is home from school. We sympathize with you, and want to comfort you. You have been so kind to us in the past."

He kissed the note paper several times. The waiters at the hotel looked curiously at him as he passed out. Some expected that he would commit suicide after the failure, but he looked strong and calm. He carried a morning's paper in his hand, containing a fuller account of the great failure. He walked briskly toward the lower part of the city, and inwardly thought that people who knew him would think that the appropriate direction for him to direct his steps.

"Oh, John, it's too bad," was the unexpected greeting which he received from the woman he loved. "We've read all about it, and we feel so much for you. Jennie is home and never will go back to school again. But you must come and make your home near us. We'll take care of you."

He smiled at her eagerness, and he thought he detected an expression of pleasure beneath the assumed sorrow.

"And do you mind it so much?" his protegee asked, winding her arms around his neck. "You've been so kind to us. It isn't so bad to be poor. I don't mind it and mamma don't."

"I've been poor, too," he replied, kissing the golden head.

"Then we're all alike again, and we won't feel that you are so far above us."

He smiled at her words. Even she appreciated the difference in their stations in life, and probably in a few years she would refuse to receive any more charity from him.

"We have prepared a fine dinner for you," interrupted Mrs. Morrow, "and you must feel that you're one of the family."

"That's impossible for me," he said gloomily. "That can never be now. When I was rich I had some hopes, but now that I'm poor I'll never be more to you."

She looked tenderly into his eyes. He refused to see the expression of love. He had the right to let his pride keep him from declaring his feelings again.

"There is always hope," she faltered.

"When conditions change every barrier must also change."

"But other barriers are erected," he replied.

Her cheeks flushed. Either he did not understand, or he felt that he had no right to ask her to marry him in his present circumstances.

"John," she whispered.

He looked stupidly at her.

"You know I—love you."

Still he remained passive. The words out she felt freer, and continued impulsively:

"I have a right to say it. You have told me that you have loved me many times. But I could not tell you my feelings when you were so rich. Now we are both poor, and I tell you all. I love you, rich or poor, but I could not speak it before."

"Thank God then that I failed," he said fervently. "I have found a home by it."

They did everything after that to make him happy. The home was a

small one, but it seemed brighter than his mansion. He spent the rest of the day with them, and only left late at night to return to his hotel. He was busy on the following day in winding up his business affairs. The little flower stand was no longer to be the means of support of the widow. They had decided to move into some quiet cottage in the country, where they could begin their life anew. The wedding was as quiet as the engagement.

John Scollard arranged for the place and had it furnished handsomely. It was far beyond his wife's anticipation, and she was agreeably surprised at the surroundings. Jennie was jubilant with the new prospect.

"It's so nice and cosy here," she said gleefully. "It's even better than at boarding school."

"I'm happy if it will suit you," John Scollard said, with a peculiar smile.

"This must content us in the summer time, and in the winter we can live in our city home."

"Why, you expect to make money again in a hurry," his wife said with a look of doubt.

"No, it is already made," he replied slowly.

"But that was all lost."

"No, not quite," he answered. "The reports were somewhat mixed. I had sold out my shares of mining stock before the crash came."

There was an expression of anxiety on his wife's face. Her cheeks paled and then flushed. She had married a wealthy man after all. She buried her face in her hands, but John removed them and said: "But you did not know it. You married me for myself, and not for my money. It was against your principles to take me when I was wealthy, but now that we have the money we should not regret it."

That's the common-sense view of it, Jennie."

After some reflection she thought a good deal, and she accepted her condition with a good grace; but she was never quite sure in her own mind that the reported failure was not a scheme on her husband's part to win her for his wife.—Yankee Blade.

### Marvels of Plant Life.

Nowhere is the evidence of design in nature more emphatically set forth than among certain forms of plant life which in their various functions, seem to approach so near the animal kingdom that the observer feels that there is something strange plant animal—something that might possibly form a connecting link between the animals and plants.

In a close study of these plants we see many evidences of seeming intelligence that are not found in some animals, and so remarkable are the actions of certain plants that the impression is forced upon us that we are confronted with intelligence, or something strangely akin to it.

In the present paper I wish to call attention to the group which is popularly known as carnivorous plants, or flesh eaters. A familiar example is the little drosera, so common in various portions of the country. The plant is small and inconspicuous. The first one I ever saw caught my eye by a sudden flash of fiery red light, and kneeling on the damp grass, I fairly caught the little carnivore in the act which has rendered it so famous. There were several tender, delicate stalks in the centre, and around about them the ground four or five singular, round, pad-like objects, about the size of small buttons.

These were leaves, and their upper surface was covered with reddish tentacles that stood boldly up, each bearing a delicate drop of dew that gleamed and glistened in the sunlight like a veritable garnet. Across the top of the leaves a long legged fragile insect lay, caught but a second before and dying a most terrible death.

Five or six of the hair-like tentacles were thrown across its legs and wings, holding it down and pressing its body nearer and nearer to the leaf, while other rich blood-red stalks were in all positions, bending over to encompass the victim.

The sight was a horror in miniature, and reminded me of the actions of an octopus or devilfish, as the little cephalopod is commonly called. It has eight sucker-lined arms radiating from a small, bag-shaped body, and each arm has all the sinuosity, all the possibility of motion of a snake, ever undulating, quivering, as if with suppressed emotion, while over the entire mass waves and varied shades of color seen to ebb and flow.—The Californian.

### The Special French Military Call.

A peculiar kind of call has been devised for special military purposes by a French army officer. This call, which is called "The Dog," is produced by means of an instrument in which a wheel carrying a series of strips of steel upon its circumference and passing between the poles of a magnet develops currents of variable frequency. The circulation in the line of these currents produces in the receivers a characteristic signal, perceptible at a distance, and exactly resembling the bark of a dog. It would appear that the most enlightened Nations of the day are not above following the methods adopted by the untortured savage, whose favorite mode of transmitting signals, both in war and the chase, is imitating the cries of animals or the note of wild birds.

### All-Powerful Music.

What is that millionaire family doing sitting there in that expensive opera box listening to the music. Why does that street car driver turn his head as he twists his brake in one of the most crowded spots of the Broadway thoroughfare? The strains of a hand organ have caught his ear. See that foreign-browed broom seller leaning against a Wall street lamp post, regardless alike of trade and dinner, as he devours the strains of Ascher's "Alice," played by a poor street band.

Music is shamefully handled at the theatres, but what would the most stirring play seem without an orchestra? Music is the bait by which the wordling is caught in the church net of to-day. Music in the park is the poor man's holiday, vacation, summering. They must have music on race course, fair ground, beach, mountain side, Bowery alley and Murray Hill boulevard. The reception's gabble would fall flat but for the sweet strains that envelop the place with an atmosphere of enchantment. Music mingles with the wine at the festival board. The campaign song, the bugle call, the battle march are the inspirations of their respective scenes. Concert and opera feed amusement to thousands of people night after night, week after week, month after month, year after year, with ever increasing power of attraction.

Music is a necessity in schools, in saloons, in kindergartens, in prisons, in churches, in the parlor, on the ranch, at the dance, in insane asylum, hospital, camp and club, on the quarantine ship, and in the cemetery. The workingman, the merchant, thief, professor, rector, belle, farmer, miner, soldier, lover, teacher, baby, dotard and pugilist—all depend more or less upon the influence of music. The band, the player, the glee club, the orchestra, the "buddler," are in demand upon every floor where people are assembled together.—New York Musical Courier.

### The Desert Burro Superseded.

A prospector now in Yuma, and who made the trip here from Durango, Col., with two horses, says that the time honored burro, whose ancestry is inseparably mixed up with Mexican history, is not as good an animal for desert travel as the ordinary mustang horse. It has always been considered that the burro had the advantage of the horse in his capacity for endurance on a slim diet. This, the gentleman states, is not so great as is generally considered, although he once had a burro who ate a pair of gum boots and a Navajo blanket one afternoon. This was done merely to show off and was not considered to be a nutritious meal even by the jackass himself, who was of French descent, and merely wished to put on style to humiliate a band of scrub mustang horses with whom he was forced to associate. The gentleman who has had experience with both classes of animals prefers horses to the slow burro and says that although the latter will live a day longer without food or water, yet the distance covered by the horse in a given time is so much in his favor as to render him the superior of the immobile burro.—Yuma (Arizona) Times.

### Yuma Indian Cadets.

At the Fort Yuma Indian School the classes are taught according to the vocation of life, most properly supposed to become their sex. The girls are instructed in the culinary art, manta-making and household duties. The boys are taught farming, mechanics and military movements.

The Indian boy cadets are instructed chiefly by the Mother Superior, with occasional help from those of her attaches who are better versed in military tactics. They have their own captain, lieutenants, sergeants and corporals. Recently they gave Yuma a fine treat in the way of a company drill. Under the sound of a drum they marched to martial music, single file, by twos and in squads of fours. Each is armed with miniature rifle, bayonet, belt, scabbard and cartridge-box. The uniform is dark gray, with light gray fatigue caps. Their time in marching was excellent, and in the manual of arms they showed the effects of painstaking training. Making the company wheel, fours left or right about, fours right into line and many other difficult moves were executed better than many older persons could do it.

Here is an opportunity for California to have something unique at the World's Fair by introducing this excellent little band of aboriginal braves to the admiring gaze of the millions of sightseers. The fact that all their commands are made in English and are given by one of their own tribe lends an enchantment to it that would otherwise be lost upon an ordinary mortal.—Yuma (Cal.) Sentinel.

### Onyx Mines in Washington.

A vein of onyx was discovered in Garfield County, Washington, recently which the report of an expert mineralogist who visited and examined the find a week or so since shows to be of considerable extent and probable value. The possible extent of the mines is 1000 acres, and openings for a mile show a ten-foot vein. The people of the vicinity claim that their county is possessed of the only onyx mines in the United States.—Chicago Times.

A light suspension bridge was built at Niagara Falls in 1848 and removed in 1854.