

SUNSET ON THE FARM.

Down behind the western hill the red sun
sinks to rest.
All the world is weary, and I am weary, too.
The partridge seeks its covert, and the red-
bird seeks its nest,
And I am coming from the fields, dear heart,
to home and you.
Home, when the daylight is waning;
Home when my toiling is done;
Ah! down by the gate, sweet, watching
eyes wait.
My coming at setting of sun.
Lay aside the hoe and spade, and put the
sickle by;
All the world is weary, and I am weary,
too.
Gently fades the rosy light from out the
western sky,
And I am coming from the fields, dear
heart, to home and you.
Home, when the daylight is waning;
Home, when my toiling is done;
Ah! down by the gate, sweet, watching
eyes wait.
My coming at setting of sun.
—Arthur J. Burdick, in American Agriculturist.

The Other Girl.

When I arrived at the station Lady
Mannington, Molly and the French
maid had collected their chattels and
stood round the immense heap, in at-
titudes denoting various degrees of im-
patience. I apologized.
"It is of no consequence," said
Lady Mannington, in a tone signifying
it was of the greatest. Molly shook
her head at me and smiled.
I looked at the two ladies and the
French maid, and then I looked at the
miniature mountain.
"The brougham is only seated for
two," I hinted.
"Celeste can walk," said Lady Man-
nington.
"I shall be glad of her company," I
responded, politely.
Lady Mannington glanced at me
doubtfully. "Perhaps she could man-
age by the coachman," she sug-
gested.
"His wife is most particular," I in-
terposed, quickly.
"I should prefer to walk, mamma,"
said Molly, with an air of much good
nature.
"Perhaps that will be best," Lady
Mannington conceded, reluctantly.
"I am sure of it," I indorsed, heart-
ily.
"If only your aunt had sent the
omnibus"—Lady Mannington began,
aggravatedly.
"It was most careless of her," I ad-
mitted instantly. I caught Molly's
eye. She has a curious way of smil-
ing at nothing.
So Molly and I started to walk over
the crisp snow. Just outside the sta-
tion I helped her over the stile. "We
may as well take the short cut," I ob-
served; "it is not very much longer,
and I have much to say to you."
"What about?" asked Molly.
I hesitated. "It is about a friend
of mine," I replied at length.
"Oh!"
"He is in the den of a mess," I
began, confidentially. "I want your
help."
"What can I do?" asked Molly,
opening her eyes.
"You can advise me," I replied, tak-
ing courage. "A woman's wit—"
Molly was pleased. "Go on, Mr.
Trevor."
"I fear you will think my friend
particularly foolish," I said, sorrow-
fully.
"Very likely," replied Molly, indif-
ferently.
"I assure you he has many good
points; but it happened a girl wanted
to marry him."
"What?" exclaimed Molly.
"I can't think what she saw in him,"
I replied, uncomfortably.
"I hope," said Molly, "you are not
going to tell me anything that is not
proper."
"Oh, no," I replied, earnestly. "The
girl was quite respectable. All the
parties are most respectable."
"She could not have been quite
nice," said Molly, decisively.
I stopped to test the strength of the
ice over a pool.
"I have seen her look quite nice," I
remarked, thoughtfully.
"You know her?" asked Molly,
quickly.
"Oh, yes. It wasn't really the girl
who wanted to marry my friend; it
was her mother. I mean the mother
wanted the girl to marry my friend. I
hope I make myself clear."
"I don't think that improves mat-
ters," retorted Molly.
"She has a large family of daugh-
ters," I explained.
"Go on," said Molly, with a severe-
ly judicial air.
"My friend was in love with another
girl—a really nice girl. In fact, a
quite splendid girl. One of the very
best," I said, kindling.
"You know that girl, too?" asked
Molly, coldly.

"What do you mean?" she ex-
claimed.
"I—I am going away. I am the
man."
I do not think I am mistaken. The
color faded slightly from her face.
"And the other girl?" she queried,
faintly.
"You are the other girl."
The red replaced the white. She
stood quite still, with her eyes bent
downward, and then she began to
trace figures in the snow with the toe
of her tiny boot.
"Good by," I repeated.
She looked up. "Of course, I am
very angry," she said. "And then she
smiled and held out her hand. I took
it humbly and forgot to relinquish it."
"Mamma will be getting anxious,"
she remarked. "We must hurry."
But we did not hurry.—Pick-Me-
Up.

THE OMAHA FAIR.

Some Queer Features of the Coming
Trans-Mississippi Exposition.
Among the curious features of the
Trans-Mississippi exhibition, to open
at Omaha in June, will be a represen-
tation of our American Indians. The
idea, writes Frank G. Carpenter, is to
have the government send here 15 In-
dians of each tribe, and to have each
tribe have its own little camp or In-
dian village, so that by walking through
this exhibit one can get a knowledge
of the Indians of the United States.
These Indians will have their feast
days. They will go through their vari-
ous games, and the show will be both
instructive and interesting. Such a
thing has never been attempted in any
other exhibition. It will probably be
carried on by the government, and
will form a part of the general show,
so that there will be no extra charge.
The nearness of many of the reserva-
tions to Omaha will make this part of
the exhibition cost comparatively lit-
tle. At the same time the government
will probably send its wonderful col-
lection of models, showing the In-
dians engaged in their various occupa-
tions, which may form a part of this
special exhibit.
Among the other queer things to be
shown will be Daniel Boone's cabin.
This will be brought from Missouri
and will be rebuilt here. After Boone
left Kentucky he moved to Missouri,
and there spent his last days. There
will be a representation of the Egy-
ptians of the Sudan and other shows,
something after the fashion of the
Midway Plaisance of Chicago. A day
in the Alps will be the title of a de-
partment showing life in Switzerland.
This will be made up of real people,
of paintings and scenic effects built up
to represent the reality. The Alps
and their glaciers, the tourists climb-
ing the mountains, etc., will all be
shown. Then there will be shows de-
picting life in the West of the dime
novel description, or of the Buffalo
Bill order. Shows containing Indian
massacres, such as a re-enactment
of the Custer massacre of 1877, and
scenes of scouting life as they former-
ly took place in the West. A repre-
sentation of mining at Cripple Creek
will be given, depicting life in the
mining camps and also other queer
features, such as the Sherman um-
brella, in which passengers are sent
flying around a circle in a car which is
raised to a height of 300 feet above the
earth.

Most Northern Hotel in the World.

The most northern hotel in the
world is on the inhospitable shores of
Advent bay, where it washes the west
coast of Spitzbergen. "Tourist Hy-
then" (Tourist hotel) is the name of the
remote establishment. Its season is
necessarily short, extending from
July 10 to August 18, but it extends a
hearty welcome to the few venture-
some travelers who have the temerity
to seek its shelter. It has accom-
modations for thirty guests. It is an-
nounced that the increase of travel to
the gate of the Arctic regions has
made the establishment of a postoffice
in the hotel a necessary feature. The
hotel is in an appropriate latitude of
78 degrees 15 minutes, or five hundred
miles further north than Hammerfest.
Probably a better idea of the situation
may be gained from the statement
that the late quarters of the Jackson-
Harmsworth expedition in Franz Josef
Land were hardly more than one hun-
dred and fifty miles nearer the pole.
The building naturally is unpretenti-
ous in appearance, being only one
and one-half stories high, with a
diminutive porch at the front. As a
matter of course, it is built of wood.

The Passing of a Relative.

They were out walking one evening,
and he lifted his hat to a fine-looking
old gentleman as they passed.
"What a distinguished-looking gen-
tleman," she exclaimed. "Is he a re-
lative of yours?"
"Yes," he replied, and there was a
tremor of sadness in his voice as he
felt in the pocket where his watch had
formerly reposed; yes, he's my uncle."
And the dear girl never knew.—
Chicago News.

Lord Rosslyn, who has decided to
become an actor, has been well known
in the amateur dramatic world of Eng-
land for a long time, and at one time
he had a company of amateurs, who
were known as "Lord Rosslyn's Com-
pany."

SOME CURIOUS BOOKS.

OLDEST BIBLE IN THE WORLD IS VALUED AT \$100,000.

A Cyclopaedia of 225 Volumes, Each Two
Feet Long and Six Inches Thick—A
Book Without Words—Almanac 300
Years Old—Smallest Book Ever Printed.

One of the greatest historical book
relics in existence is preserved in a
private library in England, in the
shape of the original book upon
which all the kings of England from
Henry I to Edward VI took the cor-
onation oath. It is a manuscript of
the four evangelists written on vellum.
The binding, which is still in a state
of perfect preservation, consists of
two oaken boards, an inch thick,
fastened together with stout thongs
of leather, with the corners defended
by large brass bosses. On the right
hand side, as the book is opened, is a
crucifix of brass, which was kissed by
the king.

A Hebrew Bible in the vatican
library is claimed to be the oldest in
the world, and is valued at \$100,000.
If not the oldest, it is doubtless the
heaviest, since it is so weighty that it
takes two men to lift it, the binding
being in heavy metal. It is stated
that in the year 1512 Pope Julius II,
refused to sell this Bible for its weight
in gold, the greatest price offered for
a book.

The British museum has lately ac-
quired from Thibet a copy of the
"Jangym," the monster encyclopedia
of Thibetum Buddhism, and the largest
set of volumes in existence. The
series is composed of 225 volumes
each of which is two feet long and six
inches thick. The price paid was 3000
rupees.

Among large Bibles a German edi-
tion owned in Minneapolis, Minn.,
deserves a prominent place. This vol-
ume is over 200 years old, and is
printed in type of large size. The
pages are nearly two feet in length
and of corresponding width. At the
top of each page is a line in red ink
which reads, "This is a history,"
and the work is ornamented with
many illustrations of a decidedly
primitive character.

One of the most peculiar works in
existence is a book entirely without
printed matter, which is known as
the "Wordless Book." It has but
ten leaves, twenty pages, each of dif-
ferent color. For over 300 years it
has been treasured in the monastery
of St. Rupert, where its wordless
pages are reverently consulted on
Easter, St. John's eve and Christmas.
On these days, the monks claim, the
leaves of the sacred volume become
miraculously covered with appropriate
texts in characters of pure gold.

Another strange unprinted book is
in the possession of the family of the
Prince de Ligne, in France. In this
volume the letters are neither written
nor printed, but are all cut out of
the finest vellum and pasted with infinite
patience on blue paper. The book is
said to be as easy to read as if printed
from the clearest type. The German
Emperor Rudolph II., is reported to
have offered in 1640 the enormous
sum of 11,000 ducats for this remark-
able and unique work of art.

An almanac 3000 years old, found in
Egypt, is preserved in the British
Museum. It was found on the body
of an Egyptian, and is supposed to be
the oldest in the world. The days are
written in red ink, and under each
is a figure followed by three charac-
ters, signifying the probable state of
the weather for that day. It is, of
course, written on papyrus.

An interesting Norwegian mediaeval
relic is on exhibition at the Museum
of Antiquities in the University of
Christiana, consisting of a wooden
book. The pages, or tablets, of which
there are six, are of boxwood covered
with wax, each one having a thin
border, so as to prevent them from
sticking together on closing the book.
The contents are chiefly drawings
representing scenes from village and
rural life. At the end is a large cata-
logue in Latin of various kinds of
animals, with a translation into old
Norwegian. The tablets are fastened
together at the back, and the cover
is carved and inlaid with various small
pieces of differently colored woods. It
dates from the 12th century, and was
found in an ancient church.

The smallest book ever printed is
owned by the Boston public library.
It being a copy of Dante's "Divine
Commedia." This volume, though
containing 500 pages, is less than two
inches square, and two sheets of
paper were sufficient to contain the
whole 14,223 verses. The type was
cast in 1850, and several ineffectual
attempts were made to finish the
book, but the compositors and proof-
readers abandoned the task because
of the strain upon their eyes, and
work was not resumed upon the book
until 1872. The type was so small
that the printers did not attempt to
"distribute" it; so, after using it,
it was melted. The type-setting alone
required five years, and the proof-
reading was so difficult that not more
than 25 or 30 pages were printed per
month.

A biography of Corder, a notorious
murderer, is preserved in the Athenae-
um library at Bury St. Edmunds,
England, which is actually bound in a
piece of the skin of the murderer him-

self, the doctor who dissected the
body having had a portion of the skin
properly tanned and prepared for that
purpose.

In the jewel house of the Tower of
London, is a book bound throughout
in gold, even to the wires of the
hinges. Its clasp consists of two
rubies set at opposite ends of four
golden links. On one side is a cross
of diamonds, on the other the English
coat of arms, set in diamonds, pearls
and rubies, forming, as regards work-
manship and materials, the most cost-
ly book in the world.

A TREE GROWING UPSIDE DOWN.

Old Apple Tree With Limbs in the Ground
and Roots in the Air.

John Meiner's distillery in Milwan-
kee has not been in operation for nine
years. It is an old landmark, and is
surrounded with the interest that
every old building in Milwaukee awak-
ens in the historian. The grounds
about it are covered with grand old
trees and rustic benches, and form a
little by-way nook whose existence
one would not suspect from the road
outside the fence at the south.

But the object of greatest interest in
this unique place is an old apple tree
that was planted 28 years ago, with
its limbs in the ground and its roots
in the air, and which still lives to bear
fruit and sprout branches where roots
should be and roots where twigs and
leaves should be, a curiosity to be-
holders.

Mr. Meiners was induced to make
the trial through an old German leg-
end.

When Mr. Meiners planted his 25
apple trees they showed no signs of
life for a long time. Finally the one
still remaining showed a leaf, softened
by summer rains and expanded by the
sun, and with a great deal of care it
was nursed to a sturdy life. It grew
very slowly, and has not grown more
than two feet in height since it was
planted. It is now about four feet
high, with a trunk 15 inches in di-
ameter. The roots had a tendency to
droop, and it was found necessary to
prop them up with a trellis. Instead
of growing vertically, they have ex-
tended horizontally in long, slender
arms. There are about 20 of these,
radiating in all directions. Each year,
as they grew longer, additional props
were put underneath, and they have
extended along the trellis flat, straight
as a ceiling, with little slender shoots
running at right angles and interwin-
ing with one another so closely that
they afford some protection from the
rain to one who may stand under-
neath. The top is circular in form, and
about 50 feet in diameter. The tree
has born fruit for about 20 years. The
fruit is of good quality, but the vari-
ety is not known by Mrs. Adolph
Meyer, daughter of Mr. Meiners, who
now occupies the old homestead with
her husband and family.—Meehan's
Monthly.

The Boy's Choice.

"One day during last October,"
said a representative from one of the
Southern states, "I had occasion to
get out into the mountains from one
of the interior county seats where I
had some law business. My mission
was to secure a deposition from the
wife of a mountain farmer, and when
the work was done I was asked to re-
main to dinner. It was not entirely
to my liking, for I knew what that
kind of a dinner meant, but I could
not decline the invitation. It was a
very homely affair, indeed, cornbread
and bacon being the leading viands.
At my right sat a boy of fifteen, who
"as rather a foxy youngster, though
he had never been beyond the limits
of the county. He was quite inquisi-
tive after he had made a start and
during the course of his inquiries be-
came personal.

"I reckon you're useter bettr'n
you git here in the mountains?" he
said with a nod toward the spread be-
fore us.

"Oh, I don't know," I parried. "It
is different in the city."

"I reckon you have white bread all
the time, don't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"No cornbread a-tall?"

"Only when I want it."

"At first there was incredulity in
his eyes, then it faded and there came
admiration and longing.

"'Gentlemen gosh," he exclaimed in
a rupture, "I'd rather be a congress-
man than go ter heaven. I shore
would."

"And he was so seriously in earnest
that I didn't dare to laugh."—Wash-
ington Star.

Nest-Egg in a Diamond Drill.

Over four years ago a diamond-drill
runner lost a bit set with diamonds
valued at \$500 in a deep drill-hole east
of Neganuee, Mich. It was impossi-
ble to pull out the bit or continue the
drilling, so both hole and bit were
abandoned.

George B. Mitchell of Neganuee,
who is among the most expert drillmen
of that section, contrived recently a
clasp which was successful in turning
the bit and brought it to the surface.
The value of the bit, which is as readi-
ly changeable into cash as gold nug-
gets, is a nice little nest-egg for
Mitchell. The diamonds in the bit
are now worth nearly \$200 more than
when lost, four years ago.

THE HAPPIEST HEART.

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast.
That found the common daylight sweet,
And led to Heaven the rest.
—John Vance Cheney.

HUMOROUS.

"What a queer look that fellow
across the corridor has!" "Yes; he
has the pedestrian face. Doesn't
ride."

"Women," said the wisest youth,
"have such a way of arriving suddenly
at a conclusion." "But not," said the
savage bachelor, "not when they are
talking."

He—Will you fly with me? She—
Certainly. Bring your airship around
at 3 o'clock and I'll be all ready but
putting on my hat. Then we can
start at four.

"I've never heard Mrs. Bibbers talk
much about her husband. I wonder
why it is?" "Probably because she
has so many interesting things to say
about her dog."

Mrs. Jones—I wonder what it is
that makes baby so wakeful? Mr.
Jones (savagely)—Why, it's hereditary,
of course!—this is what comes of your
sitting up nights waiting for me!

Smith—Doctor, the appendicitis
epidemic seems to have subsided
somewhat during the last two years.
To what do you ascribe the cause?
Dr. Kill von Kill—To hard times.

Papa—Alice, I thought I heard a
loud smack in the hall last night.
Alice—Yes, Mr. Upsey made that
noise with his lips when I told him
you had cleared \$50,000 in a wheat
deal.

Jimpson (severely)—Tommy, never
let me hear you use the word "sling"
again. Always say "throw." Tommy
Jimpson—Yes, paw. And did David
really put a stone in his "throw" and
kill Goliar?

Clerk—Shall I make this advertise-
ment read "the best in the world," or
"the best in the United States?" Bi-
cycle Manufacturer—"Best in the
United States." It means the same
thing and sounds more patriotic.

Literary Critic (laying down a new
book)—I wish every maid, wife and
mother in the country could read that
book. Able Editor—Well, run in a
line to the effect that that book is one
which no woman should be allowed to
see.

Mrs. Newlywed—I'm going to sprin-
kle a little poison on this piece of
angel cake, and put it where the mice
can get it; I think it will kill them.
Mr. Newlywed—Why, of course it
will! But why do you put the poison
on it?

Spirit Medium (to skeptic)—Now
that you have conversed with the
spirit of your departed brother, are
you not convinced? Have you any
more objections to offer? Skeptic—
None except the fact that my brothers
are all living.

Advertiser—I wish this advertise-
ment placed in some part of the paper
where people will be sure to see it.
Editor—Yes, sir—yes sir. I can put
it alongside of an editorial, if you
wish. Advertiser—H'm! Please put
it alongside of the baseball news.

"Women," said Mr. Kittiwink, "are
entirely out of place in such unfa-
miliar surroundings as the Alaska gold
mines." "I don't see why," said Mrs.
Kittiwink, looking up from her mend-
ing basket. "I'm sure I've always
known how to handle a dirst pan."

Miss Ancient Waitman (suddenly
awakening)—I see you have my pocket-
book; but there's very little money
in that compared with what I have in
bank. Burglar (gruffly)—Well, there
ain't no way to git that! Miss An-
cient Waitman—H'm! Are you a
single man?

"It works this way," said the agent.
"When a burglar tries to open the
window this bell begins ringing and
wakes you up." "Bell rings and
wakes me up?" said Popper. "And
it wakes the baby, too. I don't want
it. Take it away. I guess you don't
know that kid of mine."

Mrs. Gabb (hostess)—Your little
son does not appear to have much
appetite. Mrs. Gadd—No, he is quite
delicate. Mrs. Gabb—Can't you
think of anything you would like, my
little man? Little Man—No, 'm. You
see, mom made me eat a hull lot be-
fore we started, so I wouldn't make a
pig of myself.

A poor man lay dying and his good
wife was tending him. "Don't you
think you could eat a bit of something,
John? Now, what can I get for you?"
With a wan smile he answered feebly,
"Well, I seem to smell a ham a-cook-
ing somewhere; I think I could do
with a bit of that." "Oh, no, John,
dear," she answered promptly; "you
can't have that. That's for the fu-
neral."

Berlin pays a salary to a profes-
sional bird-catcher, who keeps scien-
tific institutions supplied with birds,
nests and eggs. He is the only man
in the empire permitted to do so.