

### LOSS AND GAIN.

There are gains for all our losses  
And a loss for every gain;  
There are crowns for all our crosses,  
And a joy for every pain.  
Songs and laughter, moans and sighing,  
Heartaches, bitterness and fears,  
Fill the days forever flying  
Onward with the passing years.  
Every soul its share of sorrow  
Is by fate destined to bear;  
We who laugh today tomorrow  
May be stricken with despair.  
There are gains, and there are losses,  
Days of peace and days of strife,  
And a crown for all our crosses  
At the journey's end of life.

Oh, the gladness, oh, the sadness—  
That combines the mighty whole—  
The excessive joy and madness  
Of the unfledged human soul!  
Oh, the losses and the crosses,  
Hours of pleasure, years of pain,  
As each frail bark onward tosses,  
O'er life's tempest-ridden main!  
Every joy has sorrow in it,  
Every laugh is half a sigh;  
But let storms rage every minute,  
There'll be sunshine by and by.  
By and by there'll be no crosses;  
By and by there'll be no pain,  
And for all our bitter losses  
There will be eternal gain.  
—Sidney W. Mase, in Little Rock Gazette.

## == PROVED. ==

"Uncle Coleman, I'm going to marry Lucia Frothingham!"  
"Eh? What?"  
Uncle Coleman put down his newspaper, pushed his spectacles up on his forehead and glared at his nephew.

"Going to marry Lucia Frothingham?" he cried, after gasping awhile in sheer dismay. "You idiot!"  
"Thanks," was the cool reply. "I know you do not admire the lady, but where there is a strong mutual love—"  
"Strong mutual fiddlestick!" interrupted Uncle Coleman, contemptuously. "You may love her; she is pretty and fascinating, but what she loves is your bank account, my boy. I knew it would be so when your Aunt Jennie left you a cool hundred thousand. But boys will be boys. Only, for goodness sake, wait a year or two before you saddle yourself with a wife."  
"I am 21, sir," (with an immense air of dignity).

"And I am 64! Now, Frank, do hear reason. Lucia Frothingham is a fascinating woman, touching the thirties, if not already over the line—a finished flirt and as mercenary as she is pretty. I know her, and I tell you her affection is centred upon your Aunt Jennie's legacy and the half million in perspective at my banker's."  
"Uncle Coleman," cried his nephew, hotly, "I never thought of it, much less spoke of it."  
"I don't suppose you ever did. Having always had an independent income, I don't think you ever counted on a dead man's shoes. But Miss Frothingham was educated in the hard school of genteel poverty, and a rich husband is the prize for which she has studied and toiled, for—well, say ten years. She was in society before you were done playing with tops and marbles."

"Uncle Coleman, you are speaking of my betrothed wife, remember."  
"Hem!"  
"Years are of no consequence where there is true love."  
"Hem!"  
"And I love Lucia as she loves me."  
"Not a bit of it."  
"Tomorrow she goes to Saratoga, and if you can spare me I will go, too."  
"And the business in Hartford? I should advise you to attend to all matters belonging to your aunt's estate as soon as possible, Frank."  
"It may keep me in Hartford a month," said Frank, disconsolately. Coleman Burke looked with a pitying affection at his young relative—such a boy yet in many matters, though he had reached "man's estate."

"A month that may settle your whole fortune," he said. "Remember men do not fall heir to a hundred thousand dollars more than once in a lifetime."  
"I suppose I must go."  
"It will be best. Besides," added Uncle Coleman, dryly, "it will be a good test of your lady love's constancy!"  
"I am not afraid of her forgetting me," said Frank, loftily.

"You are actually engaged?"  
"Certainly! I bought a diamond ring at —'s yesterday and put it on her taper finger last evening."  
"Hem! Well, the fool-killer hasn't been here lately, that's certain. There, be off and let me finish my paper in peace. You will go to Hartford?"  
"Yes."  
But after his nephew left him, Coleman Burke let his paper lie idly upon his lap, while he fell into a fit of musing, often interrupted by impatient exclamations. He was a man, as he had said, past 60, and he had been a childless widower for 30 years, while four little graves beside that of his wife recorded the heart history of his life.

When he was alone, he pondered long and hard. He remembered the lonely, big-eyed girl, the girl who had been so kind to him, the girl who had been so kind to him, the girl who had been so kind to him. He remembered the day when he had seen her for the first time, the day when he had seen her for the first time, the day when he had seen her for the first time. He remembered the day when he had seen her for the first time, the day when he had seen her for the first time, the day when he had seen her for the first time.

And so Mr. Burke mused, and mused as he donned his most exquisite suit, his most dazzling necktie and fastened a bouquet in his buttonhole. Bless my soul, Uncle Coleman, you are a swell you are!  
"Then Frank was in the room, and the two exchanged cordial greetings."

misery in store for his nephew if he married Lucia Frothingham, a flirt, extravagant and selfish. How to save him was costing the old man torturing thought. Active opposition would only strengthen what was now but a boyish infatuation, and yet saved he must be. Suddenly a light broke over Coleman Burke's face, and he rose from his chair and went to a long mirror in the room. The reflection was not calculated to waken vanity, yet the old man smiled, well pleased.  
"If I can only carry it out, it will be proof positive," he thought.  
Short, fat, nearly bald, with spectacles and a cane, Coleman Burke was certainly a strong contrast to the tall, handsome fellow who had won Lucia for his promised bride, yet he said aloud:  
"I'll cut him out!"

A week later all the fashionables at the C— hotel, Saratoga, knew that Coleman Burke was intending to take a wife. What bird first bore the news upon the scented air no one could have told you, but there was no lack of information about the elderly bridegroom in perspective. Everybody (that was anybody) knew that Coleman Burke had retired from business years before, worth half a million of money, and had made fortunate investments since. That he was decked in fashion's latest styles, wore diamond studs and ring, carried a switch cane, drove a fine team and occupied expensive rooms at the hotel, all could see for themselves.

Very soon after he came, another fact was patent to all observers—that he was very attentive to Miss Lucia Frothingham, the belle of many seasons.  
Mrs. Frothingham hoped in her heart that Lucia would not be a fool and would remember how far Mr. Coleman Burke's pocketbook outweighed his nephew's; also that an old man's darling was far more apt to have every whim gratified than a young man's slave. Having delivered this maternal lecture, the widow dilated upon the expenses of the Saratoga trip and was rather marked in her emphasis upon a speedy subjugation of the elderly adorer.

And Miss Lucia shrugged her fair, sloping shoulders, threw over them a cloud of black lace and descended to the porch, where Mr. Burke waited to escort her for a drive. His manner of wooing was certainly more business-like than sentimental. Where Frank had grown eloquent over the beauty of the liquid dark eyes, his uncle dilated upon the suitability of diamonds for brunette beauty. Where Frank tenderly quoted poetry descriptive of the slender grace of the willow figure, his uncle thought velvet was the most becoming wear for slight figures.

As they drove, the fat old gentleman asking her opinion of his horses, also obtained her description of the most suitable carriage for a lady's exclusive use. Likewise he expressed a contempt for an India shawl folded upon a seat near the lake as one far below the quality he would purchase to deck a lady's shoulders.  
Sometimes, indeed, as Lucia informed her affectionate parent, "he was a little spoony, pressing her hand and rolling up his pale blue eyes over the rims of his spectacles, like a fat old porpoise."

But, as a rule, he was simply devoted in his constant attentions. A bouquet of rare flowers in the morning, followed by a call; a drive in the afternoon, a walk in the evening or an offer of escort duty at a ball became the usual daily routine. But the elderly wooer was an energetic and persistent one, and even Lucia, vain of her conquest, was bewildered by the rapidity of the courting. Only a fortnight ago she had but a bowing acquaintance with Mr. Burke, and now he had positively offered a parure of expensive cameos for her acceptance.

"A letter from Frank! Coming today!" mused Mr. Coleman Burke, reading an epistle handed in at his door. "Surprised to find me away from home. Hopes I have seen his dear Lucia in a kinder light than the one I had previously had. Hem—yes—well."  
And so Mr. Burke mused, and mused as he donned his most exquisite suit, his most dazzling necktie and fastened a bouquet in his buttonhole. Bless my soul, Uncle Coleman, you are a swell you are!  
"Then Frank was in the room, and the two exchanged cordial greet-

"And Lucia?" Frank questioned; "is she well?"  
"She was perfectly well last evening when I took her for a drive."  
"You?"  
"Certainly. You do not suppose I have failed in attention to my future niece, do you?"  
"You are always kind!" was the quick reply.  
"You like her better than you did?" continued Frank, almost pleadingly.  
"See here, Frank," the old man said, suddenly wheeling round from the glass to face his nephew. "I have a bargain to make with you. If, within one hour, I prove Lucia false, mercenary and a traitor to her promise to you, will you give her up? Stop! If she is true, loving and faithful, I withdraw my harsh words and will give her the love I always hoped to give your wife."

"But how can you find out?" said the young man, astonished at his uncle's energetic proposal.  
"It is you who are to find out. I am already satisfied. You are to go to the centre window of the small drawing room on the porch and listen to the conversation I am to have by appointment with Miss Frothingham!"

"Eavesdropping!"  
"Never mind that grand air of contempt. I am to have my way for just one hour, and you can take yours afterward for a lifetime. Will you go?"

"If you say so."  
"Go, then."

Just a little later Miss Frothingham, all smiles and white muslin, sailed into the east drawing room to greet her elderly admirer. With an air of deepest devotion he raised her hand to his lips and greeted her with a flowery compliment.

"I presume," he said, in a low, tender tone, "you are not at a loss to guess the reason why I have ventured to summon you here. You must have understood the meaning of my attentions. Need I tell you how dear you have become to me? Need I speak of the love you have inspired?"  
"You are so kind," she murmured.  
"I am contemplating a speedy return to the city, and I wish to arrange for the wedding, if I can obtain any expression of your wishes. Do you object to an early day?"

"Any day will be supremely blest," she said, softly, "that makes me your wife."  
"My wife! Bless my soul, my nephew told me—"

"Oh, Mr. Burke, you do not imagine I have encouraged that boy?" with an accent of most magnificent scorn.  
"He is an amiable young fellow, and I have been kind to him. But love between myself and a boy of that age is simply preposterous."  
"I am aware that the disparity of years—"

"My dear Mr. Burke, do not speak of that. To me there is a dignity and nobility about a man who has passed middle life that can never be attained without the experience of years. Believe me, your having a slight advantage of me in years will but increase my respect and detract nothing from my affection."  
"You are only too kind. Then I may tell Frank that you—"

"Why talk of Frank? Surely you may choose a wife without your nephew's interference."  
"I choose a wife! My dear young lady, what are you talking about? I have no intention of seeking a wife."  
"No—intention—of—seeking a wife! Have you not just made me an offer of marriage?"

"Not at all," was the cool reply. "I was under the impression that you were engaged to my nephew. As Frank is my nearest relative and my heir, I was anxious to win the affection of his promised wife. But since there is no engagement between you—"

"Oh, Mr. Burke, you must have misunderstood me. My only fear was lest you should not sanction our love. Dear Frank has often spoken to me of your fatherly love for him. You will not repeat to Frank the conversation we have had? I—my confusion—you will forget my wild words?"  
"But I shall not!"

The blinds parted as Frank spoke, revealing his white face and anguished eyes. Miss Frothingham screamed, and Uncle Coleman said, quietly:  
"Are you convinced?"  
"Fully! The boy, Miss Frothingham, thanks you for showing him the folly of trusting in the love of a coquette. You have given me a sharp lesson, Uncle Coleman; but I thank you that my life has not been blighted by a woman's treachery."  
The pale face vanished. Uncle Coleman, with a ceremonious bow, took his departure, while Lucia Frothingham went into genuine hysterics on the sofa.

Uncle Coleman joined Frank on the porch and, linking his arm in his nephew's, said kindly:  
"Forgive me the pain I cause you for the love I bear you."  
"I thank you," was the reply. "You have saved me from a life of misery by showing me a mercenary woman's treachery. I shall never feel any emotion but gratitude that you proved your words."

### PIGEONS FOR WARFARE.

#### SERVICE ESTABLISHED TO ASSIST IN STRATEGIC NAVAL MOVEMENTS.

The Government has decided to use the Homing Pigeon as a Bearer of Messages From Ships at Sea—How Birds Are Trained—Ingenuous Pigeon Cotes

The homing pigeon will play, hereafter, an important part in the naval affairs of this nation. Upon the endurance of this bird, its speed and accuracy, will depend the victory or defeat of the great strategic movements at sea, and what is scarcely of less importance, the people on shore must rely on the pigeon to bring news of the approach of the enemy's fleet, and the result of some great sea fight. There are at present, according to the Philadelphia Times, six pigeon stations along the coast, being situated in the principal navy yards—Portsmouth, N. H.; Boston, Mass.; Newport, R. I.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Norfolk, Va.; Key West, Fla., and Mare Island, Cal.

The pigeon cotes are twelve by twelve feet in size, two stories high and painted with red and white stripes to make them conspicuous from a long distance. The lower story is used for breeders only, with a large aviary attached for their use during the warm weather; the upper story is fitted up with nesting boxes, drinking fountain, feeding hoppers and the trap, where the youngsters are given their first lesson when they are a month old, which consists of a series of drills to accustom them to passing through the bob wires in the trap in the cote.

These bob wires are thick wires suspended from a horizontal bar in the top of the trap, and serve as a grating for it, and are so arranged that when a bird has once passed the bobs with a message it cannot escape until the person in charge removes the message and lets the bird into the cote. It is extremely important in the training of pigeons for use in the navy that the birds should learn to enter the trap immediately upon their arrival with an important dispatch, pushing the wires aside readily in order to enter the trap, the wires falling back into place immediately upon the bird's entrance. Until the bird masters this lesson it is useless as a messenger, as much valuable time would be lost in securing the message attached to the bird, unless it immediately enters the cage, where a sailor is waiting to relieve it of its charge.

The next series of drills are intended to develop the pigeons' staying powers in the air, to strengthen their wings and to enable them to fly long distances without being overcome by exhaustion. This is done by means of a white flag attached to a long pole. By fluttering this among the birds they are startled into a circling flight about the cote, which is kept up as long as the trainer sees fit. For two months the birds are drilled every morning in this manner. At the end of that time they are given their first "fly." The first journey is to a point several miles from the cote in a closed basket, where the birds are liberated. This successfully accomplished, the distance is increased each flight. Whenever flown, a message, secured in an aluminum capsule, weighing eight grains, is attached to each bird's leg, and is secured immediately upon its arrival at the cote.

After a course of training for two months, with an average of two flights per week up to 50 miles, they are put aboard ships in wicker baskets holding one dozen birds each, and liberated at sea at a greater distance than they had been tossed previously. It is a rule that the pigeons for use in the navy must, in training, be flown constantly over water in order to accustom them to it. The cotes are so arranged that when a pigeon returns it walks on a small treadle, thereby pressing a button which rings an electric bell in the library of the receiving ships at the respective stations, thus announcing its arrival to the persons in charge of the cote.

The fact that the government has at last been induced to make use of the pigeon as a message bearer from ships at sea is attributed to the success of the cote at Annapolis, Md. In these experimental flights the best long-distance toss was made by a pigeon which was released from the United States steamship Monongahela, when 102 miles off Cape Henry, or about 250 miles from the home loft. The pigeon was out over night, and it had about twelve hours of daylight from the time of its liberation till its arrival at the home loft, thus making an average of about 20 miles per hour for the 250 miles. In the swiftest flight the pigeon was liberated at Norfolk, Va., and arrived at the home loft three and three-quarters hours later, thus making an average of 40 miles an hour for the 150 miles.

The naval militia of the various states along the coast are to establish pigeon lofts to co-operate with the government for naval defense.

The navy department has decided to establish a homing pigeon service in connection with the lighthouse stations along the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific coasts, the radii of the flights to intersect one another, so as to form a complete circuit around the coast, by which a message starting at Alaska

can be transmitted by means of relays of carrier pigeons around the United States until it arrives at the northeast coast of Maine.

The state of New York was the first to co-operate with the government in this work, having recently established a cote on board the United States steamship New Hampshire, at the foot of 23d street, East river, New York, where there are at present twelve pairs of breeders, presented by the navy department from the cote at the Brooklyn navy yard; also another at Buffalo, N. Y. This will cause a spirit of rivalry of flying these birds between the naval militia and the naval lofts in the nearest navy yard, and the naval militia will not rest until they have broken some of Uncle Sam's sea records.

#### How to Climb Stairs.

A physician who declares that but very few people know how to walk up stairs properly gives these instructions: Usually a person will tread on the ball of his foot in taking each step. This is very tiresome and wearing on the muscles, as it throws the entire suspended weight of the body on the muscles of the leg and feet. You should, in walking or climbing stairs, seek for the most equal distribution of the body's weight possible. In walking up stairs your feet should be placed squarely down on the step, heel and all, and then the work should be performed slowly and deliberately. In this way there is no strain upon any particular muscle, but each one is doing its duty in a natural manner. The man who goes up stairs with a spring, you may be sure is no philosopher, or, at least, his reasoning has not been directed to that subject. The doctor might have gone a little farther in the same line and protested against the habit which many persons have of bending over half double when they ascend a flight of stairs. In exertion of this kind, when the heart is naturally excited to more rapid action, it is desirable that the lungs should have full play. But the crouching position interferes with their action, the blood is imperfectly aerated, and there is trouble right away. Give the lungs a chance to do their work everywhere and at all times.—Good Housekeeping.

#### How the Humble Cabbage Will Be Glorified.

Professor L. H. Bailey of Cornell University has been asked to go to Finland to conduct a series of experiments in electrical plant-growing, in conjunction with Professor Lemstrom of the University of Helsingfors. The experiments to be carried on have nothing to do with the electric light or the running of electric wires through the soil for the purpose of forcing the growth of plants by direct current stimulation. They are to be based on some pertinent observations made by Lemstrom, of the effect of the aurora borealis on the plant growth of the North.

It is a well known fact that the plants of the North arrive at maturity at a much shorter period of time than those plants which are grown further south. It is necessary that these plants should arrive at maturity very quickly, inasmuch as the summer season in the North is very brief, and it has always been looked upon as a wise provision of Providence that plants were enabled to accomplish their business in life in so short a space of time. Professor Lemstrom, however, casting aside the providential idea states that the rapid growth of plants in the far North is due directly to the light of the aurora borealis.—New York Journal.

#### Royal Letters in India.

A letter sent to a native prince in India is a very elaborate affair. The paper is specially made for this purpose and is sprinkled with gold leaf. Only the last few lines of the somewhat lengthy document contain the purport of the letter, while the remainder is made up of the usual roundabout and complimentary phrases. It is folded in a peculiar way, with the flaps outward, and placed in a muslin bag, and this latter into one of crimson and gold tint, with a slipknot of gold thread, attached to which is a ponderous seal. The address, written on a slip of parchment, is attached to the outside bag. These details are very important for polite letter-writing in India and if any of them were omitted it would be an insult to the person addressed.—San Francisco Chronicle.

#### Returned Kansan Wears a Pigtail.

Young Cameron, the son of Noah Cameron, who has been living in China for some years and who has adopted the custom of that country, is again at home in Lawrence. Three years ago he was here, but did not like America and returned to the land of the pigtail. He still affects the clothing of the Chinese and wears his one like a native. He is proud of his eccentricity and enjoys the attention that his peculiar appearance elicits.—Topeka State Journal.

#### Cost of a Baronetcy.

It costs money to be created a baronet in England. Sir John Maclure, for instance, says that he spent \$350 in replying to telegrams of congratulation when the announcement of his elevation was made.

### VISION.

She said, "Oh, that glorious day!  
The deep, deep blue of the sky!  
The shadows that dropped and lay—  
And the little wind's low sigh!"  
Said he, "What is that you say?  
There were only you and I."

She said, "Oh, that wonderful night!  
The lake and the waterfall!  
The moon was so high and white,  
The stars were so dark by the wall!"  
Said he, "Your eyes were so bright,  
I saw naught else at all!"  
—Post Whesler, in New York Press.

### HUMOROUS.

Gladys—Do you think Charley means business? May—I can't tell yet; but I'm afraid he only means poetry.

Hooplar—Do you know anything about the origin of the American Indian? Highlow—No; I've never taken any interest in race tracks.

Reporter—Madam Gostwok, the spiritualist, does an enormous business. Publisher—That's because she's such a good advertising medium.

She—It's funny, but all the time I've known Mr. Tigr he has never paid me a compliment. He—That's not strange. Tigg never pays anybody.

She—I don't like the preachers who read their sermons from manuscript. He—I do. If a man writes his sermons he is more likely to realize their length.

She—I know I am not the first girl you ever loved. He—Well—er—at least you are the first girl I ever bought more than \$17 worth of presents for.

All these schemes for taxing bachelors with a view to driving them into matrimony are wrong. More men get married now than wives can comfortably support.

Farmer—I say, John, what do you call a pineapple—a fruit or a vegetable? Waiter—A pineapple ain't neither, gentlemen. A pineapple is always a hextra.

"I'm something of a mind reader," he said, as they sat on opposite sides of the room. "I think not," she replied, as her eyes ostentatiously measured the distance between them.

"There! Didn't I tell you Wednesday was my lucky day?" "In what way has fortune favored you?" "Why, there goes Cholly Softly, and he has passed us without seeing us."

Jasper—What do you think will be the last conflict before the millennium comes? Jumpuppe—it will be the one in which the contest is settled what daily paper has the largest circulation.

"Is it not a fact that enlightened laws have had the effect of increasing the span of life?" "Hardly. Of course, murderers live longer, but, on the other hand, there are the murdered, you see."

"My grandfather," said the shoe clerk boarder, "once knew an old man who insisted that the ghosts came and milked his cows every night." "Sort of milkin' specters, eh?" commented the Cheerful Idiot.

Adelbert—I can't say that I'm feeling nautical this evening; I got a beachy cold in my head, douter-know? Geraldine—Never mind, Addy. Don't grumble. Even if it's only a cold, it's something.

Miss Thirtysmith (meaningly)—An Italian proverb says that "honest men marry soon," and— Jack Swift (solemnly)—I cannot conceal it any longer; I live in deadly fear of being at any moment arrested for embezzlement!

She—Our minister will exchange pulpits next Sunday with the Rev. Mr. Taktington. He—Yes? An exchange of pulpits seems to me a great deal like a horse trade. It is hard to tell which congregation is going to get the worst of it.

Outsbone—"We've got a man in our town," said the passenger with the red clay on his boots, "who has voted at seventeen presidential elections." "Ho!" was the scornful reply of the passenger with the faded red muffer. "We've got a man our town that's read all the messages."

"Miss Wigglesworth thinks she's eligible to the Order of the Crown. She's sure she can trace her lineage back to one of the English sovereigns." "How far has she got?" "She told me yesterday she had struck a bar sinister." "That's right. Her great-grandfather was a bartender."

#### Walking Sticks as Legacies.

Walking sticks have frequently been left by will. Franklin bequeathed his favorite stick, with a gold handle, shaped like a cap of liberty, to George Washington. The gold-headed cane used by Drs. Ratcliffe, Mead and others, whose arms are engraved upon it, was bequeathed by Baillie to the College of Physicians. Napoleon's walking stick of tortoise shell was sold in London in 1823 for \$190. Honore de Balzac had the mementoes he received from various fair admirers, which consisted in part of precious stones, set in canes.—Telesto Bee.

Length of World's Telegraph. The total length of the world's telegraph system has now reached 4,908,921 miles.