

BY AND BY.

Down the stream where the tide is clearer,
Further on where the shores are fair,
Are the gracious forms we would fain be
nearer,
The names we breathe in the voice of
prayer,
Be the voyage long, they will be the dearer
When after a while we shall greet them
there,
Further on, where the tide is clearer,
Down the stream where the shores are fair.

By and by, when the sun is shining,
After a while, when the skies are blue,
When the clouds unfold their silver lin-
ing,
And the peaceful isles drift into view,
We shall free our tongues from dull repin-
ing,
And our hearts with the joys or youth
renew.
After a while, when the sun is shining,
By and by, when the skies are blue.
—Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal.

A Scientific Tragedy.

Four of us were sitting in the bay window of the hotel. There was England, the landscape painter; Harrison, the civil engineer; Eardley Britton, the professor of physiology, and myself.

Politics had been discussed, books talked over, and nothing remained but the last refuge of the weary—story telling.

Harrison tried to thrill us with a profoundly uninteresting tale of a bridge, judged by him to be safe, which had gone down five minutes after (or was it before?) he had tested it.

England told at great length a harrowing recital of the loss and recovery of one of his own pictures, which some presumably bad judge of painting had stolen.

To impart a little life to the gathering I told a very good story, thoroughly original, about stopping at an inn on the slopes of the Black Forest mountains; how I had not liked the landlord's appearance, and how he very nearly robbed and murdered me but for my presence of mind in leaving the inn next morning.

Strange to say, this story also fell flat, and so we asked Britton for a tale.

"Ah, well," said he, "you fellows may laugh, but I've had one stirring adventure in my time, young as I am. (Britton's discoveries in brain physiology had won him his D. Sc. of London university at the age of 26, and his further successes had given him world-wide fame.)

"I have never told this to anyone before," went on Britton, "as I've always felt rather nervous about it. But it's five years ago now, so I think I'll venture, if you care to listen.

"It was just after I got my D. Sc. I went straight to Leipsic to study under Virhoff. I had good recommendations from Crane, Thompson and other big lights. I first hunted for lodgings, but they all seemed full, till at last I turned down a street of dark, tall houses, and in the window of one stood the welcome announcement that lodgings were to be let within.

"The place suited me admirably, especially as there was a large rambling room under the roof, which I saw at once would be the very thing for my laboratory. So I had my traps brought up and was soon quite at home.

"The great Virhoff was a man about 70 years of age, white-haired, venerable and with a look of gentle and placid serenity on his face. I went home highly delighted with my reception, for I had expected to meet some sour old votary of science, and lo! a genial old philanthropist!

"During the next six months I worked hard and found the benefit of such teaching as Virhoff could give. Now, all this time I was busy in my spare moments on the 'medulla oblongata' and its functions, and I thought something might come of my researches in that direction, though truth to say, I had very hazy notions about what did come at last. But I was very shy about this private work of mine, and although I talked topics, I did not say anything about my pet subject.

"One day, however, after an unusually brilliant lecture of Virhoff's, I waited for him, and we sauntered slowly down the street together, his arm resting affectionately in mine. Neither spoke for some time, so at last he said playfully: 'Well, my young friend, you seem dull today. Is it that you are in what you English call 'a brown study?'

"I was thinking," said I, moved to a sudden confidence, 'of some researches I have been recently making.'

"Ah, yes," said he, inquiringly, 'in what direction?'

"Well, master," I replied, 'I have been doing what many men have tried to do, that is, find out the precise functions of the medulla oblongata.'

"As I said the words I felt my arm violently pressed by that of the old man, as if he had a sudden electric shock. I looked up in surprise.

"Pardon me," he said, 'it is a slight affection of the heart to which I am subject. You were saying—'

"But, master," I replied, 'this is dangerous. Have you consulted anyone?'

experiments turned out even more successful than I had hoped, and light was beginning to dawn on me. Virhoff, in the meanwhile, had been, if possible, kinder to me than ever, and it was evident, I think, to all that I was his pet pupil.

"One day he said to me: 'Well, dear pupil, and how go the researches? I must call in the evening and see your little workshop, is it not so? It was arranged that he would call in about 7 o'clock, on his way home from a friend's house.

"As I sat, just when dusk was coming on, a modification of my latest experiment came into my head. It was a startling idea, and I rushed into my laboratory and plunged at once in the medias res. For some time I worked in silence, expectation at fever point.

"Suddenly I dropped my scalpel and drew a long breath. I had finished! My work was over, and the discovery was made. My brain was all in a whirl, and I had hardly self-control enough to note down the final result, and how it was obtained, in my notebook, which I then put in my pocket.

"The cathedral struck 7 at that moment, and a knock was heard at my laboratory door. I went to open it and found my master waiting outside.

"What! he cried. 'You seem excited, carried out of yourself (do not the English speak so?). You are kind to be thus overjoyed to see the old master.'

"I smiled, and my heart beat the news I was presently going to give him. How glad he would be! How he would wring my hand and beam upon me!

"Virhoff had his back to me and was bending down over some papers when suddenly I heard him utter a sort of choking gasp, and I saw his whole body shake convulsively. I rushed to his side, and he looked round at me with a face as white as the dead. His lips moved, but no sound came from them, but still he stared at me with glassy, horror-stricken eyes.

"I must go home," he said. "I expostulated in vain, but when I found he was determined I rose to accompany him, but to my surprise he would not let me go any further than my sitting room door.

"I heard his steps going downstairs and then the clang of the hall door as it closed upon him. He had dropped the paper on my landing, and I had mechanically picked it up. I now looked at it and found it was one of my concluding experiments, before noting in my book.

"I slept very badly that night, what with one thing and another, and I remember very well of getting up to feel if my precious notebook was safe.

"At last, out of all patience, I got up, put on my dressing gown and determined to go to my laboratory and take a look around, thinking by this means to settle my mind. What was my astonishment to see a light faintly shining under the laboratory door!

"I listened breathlessly at the key-hole and distinctly heard somebody moving about, and once I thought I heard an impatient sigh.

"I put my hand on the knob, but must have made some slight noise in so doing, for the light was instantly extinguished. In I dashed, but fell prostrate over a chair, which had been cleverly placed at the entrance.

"Something brushed past me in the darkness, rushed through the door and downstairs. But as I got to the top of the bottom flight of stairs I heard the bolt of the hall door shot back, and I just got to the street in time to see a cloaked figure running with incredible swiftness 49 or 50 yards away. It was impossible for me, glad as I was, to pursue it.

"Morning came and with it a kind letter from Professor Virhoff, telling me that his indisposition made it impossible for him to lecture and inviting me to come to his house in the afternoon, and 'I was to be sure,' said the letter, 'to bring with me with any notes I might have made on the functions of the medulla oblongata, as he wished to see how far I had got in the study of that organ.'

"I ate my lunch in a dream and was actually on my way to the professor's when I suddenly remembered that I had left my precious notebook behind me. I hastily ran back, snatched it up from an experimenting table and made the best of my way to my master's house, knowing that he much disliked unpunctuality.

"I still fancied that his face was a trifle pale and that his hand shook. This latter fact was brought to my no-

tice by his letting a glass fall after dinner. He had just raised it to his lips when I said: 'Now, master, I have a wonderful piece of news for you. I have discovered the true function of the medulla oblongata.'

"Hardly had the words left my lips when his glass dropped to the ground. I rang the bell for the servant at the professor's request, and in turning to do so faced a small mirror on the wall. I saw Virhoff's face reflected for one brief instant, and such an awful look of malignant hatred as was then depicted on it I never wish to see again.

"I turned hastily around and could not but believe that my eyes had played me false, for there he sat smiling gently as before. He began to talk at once, expressing, as I thought he would, great gladness at my news, 'though,' said he, 'I can hardly yet credit it, even from you, my dear friend.'

"He proposed that we should adjourn to his laboratory, where we could discuss matters in a more scientific atmosphere, as it were. 'Of course you brought your notes,' added he.

"I told him that I had, and we went down a long flight of steps and along one or two passages till we came to our destination.

"We stepped inside, and to my surprise, Virhoff locked the door behind us and put the key in his pocket. After showing me his treasures he clasped me cordially on the shoulder and said: 'Now, dear pupil, I shall sit on the chair here in front of you—quite at home, eh?—and you shall tell me all about your discovery.'

"I perched on the table, Virhoff sitting in front of me, smiling fixedly. 'First let me see your notes, will you?' said he. I handed him my notebook silently. 'Sit still,' said he; 'don't move.'

"Hardly had he said the words when I felt a shock and knew that a strong electric current was passing through me. I was powerless to move.

"Ha, ha, young friend, dear young friend!" said Virhoff. 'You feel the thrill, is it not so? Listen. O great discoverer. By pressing this knob, which you see here, I make an end of you, sure and safe; and that is what I am presently going to do. You baby-faced fool! Shall chance put into your hands what I, Virhoff, have spent my life trying to discover?'

"It was whom you surprised last night. At night I tried to find out if you had discovered the secret for which I had toiled in vain, for I guessed from the paper that you must be on the right track. But I could find nothing, so I brought you and your discovery here and mean to kill you and keep it.'

"My work is meat and drink to me; it is the blood, the life of my heart! You—you boy—is it fit that you should by accident find out what has been to me the work of hours and hours of secret toil?'

"No, dear young friend; you have only one more discovery to make, and that will be when I once more press the knob, and then you will be dead, dear pupil, dead! How droll!" and he laughed shrilly.

"My soul froze with horror under the malevolent eye of the maniac, for such I judged him to be.

"He quickly opened the notebook and dashed hastily over the pages. For a few minutes no sound was heard save his hurried breathing. I was too faint with fear to say one word. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of surprise and disgust and threw the book down.

"But—but," stammered he, 'you have discovered nothing. It is all wrong, all wrong,' and he paced backward and forward in uncontrollable agitation. At last he stopped, clasped his hands to his side and laughed loudly in a very forced manner.

"Ha, ha!" shouted he, 'what a jest! I believe the boy thinks I am in earnest! See!' and he pressed another knob. The electric circuit was broken, and I jumped down from the table, free once more. 'You must allow the old man his joke,' said he, still laughing nervously. 'See, here is your book.'

"I cannot tell with what relief I followed Virhoff upstairs. He still talked volubly, praying me not to be offended at his ill-timed jest. I could hardly answer him and took the first opportunity of bidding him good night.

"One idea kept coming to me. What had he meant by saying that I had made no discovery? Had he, then, detected some error, some weak point? I found out, gentlemen, when I got home, the answer to the enigma, and the cold sweat came to my brow once more when I saw that my life had been saved by my having, in my hurry, put the wrong book in my pocket when I went to Virhoff's.

"Next day I published my discovery, and the day afterward the newspapers announced the suicide of the eminent Professor Virhoff, a man renowned alike for his scientific discoveries and for his unfeeling goodness of heart and benignity of demeanor."

In Havana, Cuba, the mean annual temperature varies in different years from 77 to 79. Throughout the West Indies the mean annual temperature near the sea is from 78 to 80.

DEWEY'S MANY GIFTS.

PRESENTS OF ALL KINDS AND VALUE SENT TO THE ADMIRAL.

His Cabin on the Flagship at Manila Looks Like a Museum or Curiosity Shop—Some Beautiful Things From Aguinaldo—Hats, Caps, Medallions, Etc.

Admiral Dewey's cabin is beginning to look like a museum or curiosity shop, writes John T. McCutcheon from Manila. Every mail brings bulky packages and little souvenirs from his enthusiastic admirers at home, and two typewriter operators are kept busy acknowledging the receipt of presents.

There are hats, caps, canes, medallions, handkerchiefs, paper weights, cigar holders, flags, newspaper clippings and albums and nearly everything else that will go by mail. A beautifully bound and illuminated album came some time ago from a prominent club in Milwaukee, and is treasured as one of the star features of the admiral's collection. Each page is decorated with an appropriate painting, the subjects bearing on something associated with the admiral or the battle of Manila bay. On the last page is a picture of the Olympia jacksies hoisting, or "breaking out," at the main truck of the flagship, the two-starred flag of the rear-admiral. The final bit of text in the book expresses the hope that some time the admiral may be in Milwaukee and that he may take "breakfast" there.

A picture of a very pretty girl is a constant ornament of his desk. She is a Decatur, Ill., girl, and sent the letter, with the ingenuous superscription, "Our Dear Admiral," and it won the admiral's heart. In acknowledging the receipt of the picture he wrote a long and very cordial letter—which is a tip to other pretty girls who have charming photographs.

Another conspicuous ornament of his cabin is a painting of the battle of Manila bay. It was made by a Chinese artist in Hong Kong after a drawing which appeared in Harper's Weekly, and was presented to the admiral by the junior officers of the Olympia. The artist is now working night and day making more reproductions, as two or three dozen orders have been sent him by officers of the fleet.

Admiral Dewey's shoemaker at Washington sent him a fine pair of white shoes, with the modest request that the admiral give him the pair he wore during the battle of May 1. The exact identity of the shoes in question being uncertain, the admiral compromised by writing a letter of thanks. A steel watch, made of steel taken from the Maine, is one interesting souvenir.

Some of the most beautiful things he has as presents from Aguinaldo. The dictator has the greatest admiration and respect for Dewey, and has the singular habit of making an elaborate gift to the admiral whenever the latter "calls him down." That accounts largely for the number of Aguinaldo's presents that adorn the cabin. In all the dealing Admiral Dewey has had with Aguinaldo he has treated him with the greatest courtesy when courtesy was called for, and the greatest severity when firmness was the thing; but in spite of the rebuffs Aguinaldo's notes accompanying the presents invariably refer to the admiral as "my honorable and illustrious friend."

On the occasion of Aguinaldo's first visit to the Olympia he was accorded the greatest ceremony that could be bestowed on a man of his high rank. The admiral in person met him at the gangway, the marines were all drawn up at attention and everything except the firing of a salute was tendered.

It is to be assumed that he was sufficiently dazed and flattered, for he never ceased to be very friendly and anxious to act in compliance with the admiral's wishes.

Not long ago General Anderson wanted to take a pleasure trip up the river Pasig, but was stopped at the insurgent lines and compelled to turn back. A day or two afterward the admiral sat on the quarter-deck and he saw an insurgent launch steaming gaily along near his ship with the insurgent flag flying. Then an idea of reciprocity occurred to him and he decided to seize all the insurgent launches. This was at once done and eight beautiful craft were tied up in Cavite. When Aguinaldo heard of the calamity he sent his private secretary, Escamillo, to see the admiral to find out what had been done to offend him. The admiral was very nice, and he gave Escamillo a heart-to-heart talk. He spoke of the insurgents refusing to allow American army officers to go through their lines, and he thought that he would not allow the insurgent launches to go through his lines: So for that reason he had taken them—not confiscated them, just "detained" them. The next day Aguinaldo gave orders permitting American officers to go through the insurgent lines and up the river, and doubtless in a day or two he will send a beautiful present to his "illustrious" friend.

All the White Man's Privileges. Creek Indians, besides having schools and wearing clothes, kill one another at elections to remove any doubt of their being civilized.—Detroit Journal.

DUG GOLD FOR FORTY YEARS.

Dolliver Hid \$42,000 and Robbers Stole It the Same Night.

More than forty years ago old Jim Dolliver, a rich owner of timber land and mills, buried \$42,000 in gold somewhere between the Forks and Murphy's, in Maine. He had come from Montreal, along the old French voyageurs' trail, and, reaching the Forks, had told the landlord of the hotel that he had been followed by a party of French and Indian outlaws all the way from the St. Lawrence river.

"I have nearly five score hundred yellow sovereigns in my baquet," he said, "and if I don't bury my money now the crazy fellows will rob me before I get to Waterville."

He left the hotel at 10 o'clock that night and was away three days. On his return he remarked to the landlord:

"Well, I have put that money where the archangel Gabriel can't find it."

Then he took a hearty supper, went to bed, slept two days and two nights, and awoke a raving maniac. For a week he fought Indians and buried treasures in his delirium, and died in the act of shooting a Mohawk chief, who had invaded his sick fancy for the purpose of robbing him.

For a dozen years after Dolliver's death his heirs advertised for the missing wealth, and increased the reward until the finder was entitled to 75 per cent. of all he should discover. Having spent nearly \$3000 in advertising, the heirs gave it up as a bad job, after which the people who knew the story continued the work at their own expense. For twenty years the digging went on at all seasons.

In October, 1880, Saunders Atwood came from Winterport and brought an electric battery with him, which he said could detect an English farthing under "four fathoms" of solid earth. When he went away, two weeks later, he showed a handful of English sovereigns all stamped with dates thirty or more years ago, and said that he had unearthed the whole of the missing wealth. But while the people accepted his theory that the proper time to dig was on the dark of an October moon they repudiated the story that he found any of the missing coin.

This fall, when the muscles of the farmers had grown hard from digging potatoes, about forty men packed up a few tools and made ready to start on another search for Dolliver's money as soon as the old moon should change. They were loafing about the hotel and stores one night when word came from Montreal that Eugene Beaupre, an aged and rich Frenchman of that city, had lately died, confessing on his deathbed that he had seen Dolliver conceal the gold in a hollow pine stub, and had gone and taken it away after the rightful owner had returned to the Forks. This information was verified later by an announcement that one Eugene Beaupre, late of Montreal, had died and left an estate amounting to \$60,000 to different charities in Canada and Maine, saying in his will that the gift was made as a "partial atonement for a grievous sin committed in the state of Maine in October, 1856."

Street Cars in Munich.

The vehicles of Munich, Bavaria, are few and peculiar. The most important are the street cars. Leaving aside the trolleys, which are new and the pride of the town, they consist of the ordinary car and a nondescript arrangement something like an omnibus. These cars stop only at certain designated spots, sometimes at intervals of a quarter mile; consequently they must often be boarded flying. The German women are more agile at the game than the men; they leap on and off moving cars, if not gracefully, at least with a spryness that is surprising. No one is allowed to stand up inside a car, and only a certain number on the platforms. The favorite place on a car for a woman—and especially schoolgirls—is the front platform; often one may see the interior of a car empty, while the front platform is crowded with women. Some people ascribe this to a disinclination to having gowns wrinkled by sitting, others to a desire for fresh air. The fare on the street cars varies from two and one-half to five cents, according to distance, but the conductor always expects, and mostly gets, a tip of one and one-fourth cents. German men never give up their seats to women, and invariably rush to get on a crowded car ahead of them if they can.—New York Sun.

We Import Seeds.

Canada, England, France, and Germany are the chief countries from which the United States imports seeds. When American seedsmen want something extra fine in the way of seeds of cauliflower, celery, lettuce, egg plant, or radish, they go either to France or to Germany, and order their supplies direct from the large seed gardeners. This is not due to superior culture in these countries, but to the fact that the seeds, owing to climatic or soil conditions, reach perfection there. We import peas chiefly from Canada, and England raises most of the seed for our mangel-wurzel crop. We also get from the same country some choice seeds of cucumbers, celery, parsley, radish and carrots.—New York Times.

AN EXCEPTION.

I don't lean very hard on slang, 'cause talk that's ready made Don't seem to me the proper kind for simple folks and staid. But there's one remark which strikes me so expressive-like and strong That I make it an exception. It's 'bout 'Jollyin' folks along."

When discouragements are gatherin' an' your weary footsteps flag; When your heart is gettin' heavy an' your languid spirits sag, It's a help that's most amazin' you feel young an' in an' strong, When some happier fellow bein' stops to "jolly you along."

It's like a dash o' rain across the field that's hot an' dry; It's like a flash of sunshine through a dark an' threatenin' sky, Or a friendly voice from home that greets you mid a stranger throng, When you're played out an' some feller stops to "jolly you along."

Survival of the fittest—that's the rule of every race; But good stock'll sometimes falter in the fierceness of the chase, An' maybe honest merit has been kep' from goin' wrong By some glibber soul that stopped a bit to "jolly folks along."

HUMOROUS.

Maud—What made her change her wedding day? May—It was bargain day at Roller's.

"What is your notion of an ideal woman?" "One who can look like a princess in a three-dollar suit."

Mother (drilling Teddy for his first party)—And now, darling, what is a greedy boy? Teddy—A boy who wants everything I want.

Softleigh—So you—aw—don't think the clothes make the man, Miss Cutting? Miss Cutting—Well, they didn't in your case, at least.

"Did the marriage end the feud between the two families?" "Not entirely. It is confined to only one member of each family now."

The Medium—The spirit of your husband is here, if you wish to ask him any question. The Widow—I want to ask him where he has been.

"Do you think bringing women into politics would be an agreeable innovation?" "Well, it might change the custom of handshaking to kissing."

"The new minister's sermons are entirely too short." "Think so?" "Yes, I never get any more than fifteen or twenty minutes' sleep at service now."

Young Doctor—I find it hard to draw the line between hay fever and influenza. Old Doctor—It is hard, my boy, but social distinctions have to be made; there's no help for it.

The darling little baby boy presented me of late.

I love with all a father's fond delight; And yet the little rebel, quite unnatural to state, Is up in arms against me every night.

"Do you know," said the fat man, that you remind me of the Maria Teresa every time I see you?" "No," the elevator boy replied; "why should I do that?" "Because you put in so much of your time going to the bottom."

"Rumyas, you seem to be in a brown study. Are you invoking the muse?" "The muse? Mews? Ah, that is what I was trying to think of! I promised to take my daughter to the cat show. Thank you."

They had gone through the fire drill for weeks, and the other day, when visitors were present, the teacher thought it well to show the result of their training. "What is your first duty in case of fire?" she inquired of the school. "See the insurance company," shouted a youngster.

"My dear," said Mrs. Richeigh to her daughter the other evening after young Woodby had departed "how in the world did your hair become so disarranged?" "Why, mamma," replied the quick-witted miss, "I guess it must be shaking my head so much when Mr. Woodby was trying to coax me to say yes." And the mother suddenly remembered that she had once been a girl herself.

She—And so your former sweetheart married your rival, did she? He—Yes. She didn't know which of us she liked best, so we agreed to have a fight for her. She—And you were the loser. He—I won the fight all right enough. The other fellow was in the hospital for two weeks, but she married him just the same. I guess she thought it would be a good idea to marry a man she could handle.

France's Disillusionment.

England has in the Mediterranean thirty-nine warships, of which ten are ironclads of the first class; on the coast of the Atlantic she has thirteen, of which nine are first-class ironclads. In her own waters she can muster twenty-two war vessels, ten being ironclads; and in her dockyards she has another 150 fighting vessels of various types. Besides all these she has in American waters thirteen warships; in the East Indies, nine; in West African ports, sixteen; in China, twenty-eight; in the Pacific, other seven; and in Australia, two. It will be seen that this constitutes a navy force so formidable as to justify Great Britain's pretensions of being in a position to successfully cope with a coalition of the three greatest and best equipped naval powers of Europe.—Le Petit Marseillais.