MY ONLY ARREST.

A few years ago I had a great desire to enter the United States service. I didn't care in what capacity just so so long as I got my living from Uncle Sam. Mentioning my desire to the United States marshal for the northern district of Florida, it was gratified. I was at once ushered into the presence of the United States judg , held up my right hand and, with a heroism worthy of a better cause, that it was tired of riding and came swore to support the Constitution of the United States, though at the time I was hardly able to support my own constitution. Taking my formidable commission and a supply of stationary, I went back to the village of Dead Pine to await orders.

Dead Pine is a small town so named because there is a large live oak in front of the principal saloon. Dead Pine is not an imposing place. At that time it had a little depot, some stores, some mortgaged farmers and three saloons. It also had a malarial back country, with plenty of "bad men" living in it, a couple of half starved churches, and some the most villainous looking men I had Christains loaning money at from 2 ever seen. He was of negro blood, to any per cent. monthly to their nearly white, of herculean frame, and struggling neighbors. It was also the center of a lumber and turpentine district, where prominent citizens steal state and government timber and call it business.

In a few days my trouble began. I received a portentous document from general excitement, my hand trembled headquarters at Jacksonville. It had four impressive and sinister looking official stamps on the envelope, and ordered me to at once seize the body of Thomas Perkins, supposed to be lurking somewhere in the country, and bring said body before the United States court, then in session at Jacksonville. By a careful reading of the somewhat diffusive warrant, I discoved that Thomas had been guilty of perjury in violation of the statutes in such cases made and provided.

An hour later the following dispatch was handed to me: OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES MARSHAL,

JACKSONVILLE, Fla. To United States Deputy Marshal, Dead

Pine, Fla. Understand Perkins desperate character; get help necessary; take him dead or alive.

MARSHAL.

That dispatch made me very indignant. Get help indeed! Not I! I was 6 feet 1 inch in height, weighed 185 pounds. If I couldn't alone arrest one man I was unworthy to wear the bright red ribbon on the lapel of my vest labeled "United States marshal."

Besides, it I got help, there would not be enough glory to go around. I wanted it all for myself, and determined to bring in the prisoner-elect by my own unaided efforts, or occupy one of the misfit coffins at the village undertaker's.

The first thing was to locate the gentleman, who, suffering from some affection of the intellectual liver, had resorted to perjury. I located him. Six miles from town, in a veritable wilderness, two miles from any other house, lived, moved and had his being, Mr. Thomas Perkins, in whom

started. It a pine wilderness, and the underbrush all gone, no song of bird, no scent of flower, no flutter of insect life, a strange, dreary desert of forest. Here was majestic trees aged with a century of growth. Gazing at their stately tops, one could well imagine that in days agone perhaps under the very trees we were passing, "Lo, the poor Indian," had once assembled to shake dice to see who should pay for the beer. I was absorbed in these meditations

when the wagon ran into a hugestump and away I went sailing out into space The shot gun about this time decided along also. Neither of us were burt, and we resumed our seats in the wagon, the gun rather unwillingly I thought.

We were now getting near the camp of the enemy and a rather curious sensation took possession of me. OI course it was not tear, but my heart evinced a curious disposition to desert its pericardium and homestead the lower portion of my throat. I cock-ed both the rifle and the shot gun, placing them sideways in the wagon to satisfy the manifest uncasiness of the driver. The revolver I took out and placed on the seat uy me, covering it with a superabundance of coat tail. The knife I loosened in its sheath. About half a mile further on I saw approaching one of if not a born criminal and assassin, should have had his face indicted for malicious libel. He carried a glittering ax on his shoulder and eyed me insolently.

The driver turned around with a whisper, "Dat's him, boss." My knees now partook of the

as if my best girl was about to refuse me, and my blood seemed determined to go into the cold storage business. At the same time an overwhelming conviction reached me that this was not the man I was looking for, and that it would be impolite to risk a suit for false imprisonment.

As he came opposite the wagon, my driver drew up and assumed the initiative.

"Is your name Perkins?"

"Naw", was the surly reply. My thermometer immediately re-smued its normal condition of 72 in the shade.

"My good man," said I, carefully concealing all weapons, "I am looking for one Perkins; can you inform me where that most esteemed gentleman lives?'

"In that house over yonder," he said, pointing about a quarter of a mile distant, where a thin spire of smoke emphasized a tumble down log house.

When about 100 yards from the house I halted the team and gave a few brief directions to the driver.

With the rifle at full cock I cautious. ly approached the house. It was of rough logs very rickety, with the usual stick and mud chimney. Outside of the smoke from that there was no sign of lite about the place. Silently I came up to the back door, with a vigorous kick sent it off the leather hinges, and covered with the rifle a figure dimly seen in the semi-darkness of the room.

"Throw up your hands!" I com-manded. "If you stir I'll shoot." From the ngure, in shrill, frightened

accents, came. "For de Law'd's sake, watcher mean

Horrible Chinese Verdict. Advices have been received by mem-

bers of the Chinese colony in San Franclemency is manifested, Chang Su-Yin-Tizu, who is well known among his fellow countrymen in the United States, will be put to death by the horrible process known as "slicing." Stringfellow. He is a tall, lank per-dary's. His face is long, like that of a horse, and he nas black hair, streak-ed with gray, on his head, with a tuft of the same on his chin. Old man The method employed in this execution is to fasten the miserable offender to an upright stake, securely fasten his hands and feet, and slowly slice large portions of flesh from different parts of the body until death puts an end to the victim's sufferings. At first the pieces sliced are small, a portion from the arm, another from the leg, then a finger or perhaps an ear. Then the breast is sliced und the vital parts are reached. As a method dom wears a coat, going in his shirt of torture it is indescribable, the time elapsing before death intervenes running from three to six hours. Chang was a member of the Chinese colony

in San Francisco some years ago, but returned to his native land in 1886. Ill luck seems to have come upon him, for he was glad to find employment as a day laborer in the de-partment of the K-o-hian, in Shansi. He was in great financial straits, and made several applications for a loan to Chang Wangia, a wealthy second cousin. His importunities finally be-gan to border on blackmail, and Wangta secured his arrest and communcated with the authorities with the view of obtaining a public prosecution. Friends, however, came to the prisoner's assistance, and as a result of influental intercéssion he was released from custody. Smarting with a sense of injury, however, he determined to have revenge, and the day alter his release he purchased four ounces of arsenic. That night, in disguise he managed to enter his cousin's house, and mixed the poison with a pot of flour. The next morning's breakfast was prepared from this flour, and two hours later six out of seven members of the family were dead. Suspicion at once fell upon Chang Ssu-Yin-Tizu, who at once decamped. His whereabouts were discovered after a long search, and he was arrested, and convicted. Strenuous efforts were made by his relatives to have the punishment fixed at imprisonment for life, but the court held that the law which makes the murder of three or more persons in the same family punisha-ble by death by the slicing process should be rigidly upheld and entorced, and that there were no extenuating circumstances in the case.

France's Sinking Shore.

London Globe. Just lately, on the coast of Brittany one of those geological discoveries has been made which suggests to the mind periods of time making the longest human life appear but a span, and exhibiting processes quite dwarfing the most ambitious human achieve-the first processes and the signal data and the old man put in a request for a chew of tobacco-that is, if they did not mistake the whole affair for a circus as, like as not, they would. They had walked fifteen miles once to see a circus-all wish a reduction of the second pros, and the girl's father. "I done tole yer this here ain't no co'rt-this here's a weddin'-that's wish a reduction of the second prosent of the second prosent of the second second prosent of the second prosen forest that must have been buried for shaggy pony about as the fair on his situation is just opposite Saint Malo, at the foot of the cliffs of Saint Eno-gat and St. Lunaire. The forest is supposed to have once extended from some twenty centuries at least. The hide than flesh under it. supposed to have once extended from St. Malo to beyond Mont Saint Michel. This discovery is considered of great scientific interest, as it affords a regress of this sinking during the last 2,000 years is clearly shown in an old map found at the interval of the transformation of the second sec old map found at the Abbey of the Mont Saint Michael. Withni no more than seven centuries back as pork and potatoes were being dished many as seven parishes are said to have disappeared by the subsidence of this region. And in the Bay of of this region. And in the Bay of ed pretty dry of all I knew about the Douarnenez there is known to have affairs of the town, which was too far existed in the fifth century quite a off to be visited by any of them very though his son. Bill, said it was as flourishing town called Is, the scene often. But to this I did not object, good as a circus, and the company in of the famous tragical legend. Even now, at low water. may be seen the old walls of Is, which are called by the inhabitants Mogber Greghi (wall of the Greeks). The people of the country pretend that they can some-times hear the old church bells of the submerged city ringing with the motion of the current. French geologists estimate that the gradual sinking of the soil of Brittany, Normandy, Artois, Belgium and Holland is not less than seven feet a century. At this rate it is calculated that in about ten centuries all the channel ports will be destroyed, and Paris itself will have become a maritime city. In another ten centuries it is predicted that the French capital itself will have become entirely submerged, excepting, perhaps, that the tops of the Pantheon, of the Arc de Triomphe and other such monuments may be discernible at low water by the people who will then be living. A young woman in Brooklyn got a bad fright the other night. She had been out in the country and had brought home some seed-pods of the wistaria. These are something like enormous bean-pods; on the outside they are soft and velvety to the touch: within is a multitude of small seeds. She placed the pods on a table in her room. That night she went peacefully to skeep. "In the dead vast and middle of the night." she was suddenly awakened by an explosion which was followed instantly by the sound of something drop-ping upon the hed and floor. Almost immediately there was a second report, and the dropping of what seemed like small particles of plaster went on in an ominous way. The young woman sprang from her bed and rushed from the room. She refused to go back for that night at least, and new quarters had to be provided. On entering her own room in the morning she tound that half a dozen of the wistaria seed pods had

A DOUBLE WEDDING.

Almost everybody knows old man Stringfellow wears neither mustache nor whiskers, being very particular to shave himself at least twice a week, undergoing some pain, and twisting his long face into all manner of contortions-which a circus clown would give \$1,000 to be able to im. itate-during the operation, owing to the stiff nature of the crop, he is reaping and the dullness of the instrument with which he works. He selsleeves summer and wiuter, only changing the garment of hickory for the garment of wool as the seasons vary-his jean pantaloons being hoisted up with suspenders-galluses he calls them-almost to his armpits, making him look at a little distance like some queer animal with very long

He lives in a log cabin of one room, with a shed attachment, and has a wife and six children, equally divided as to sex. In the room, which is roomy enough, he and Mrs. Stringfeliow occupy one bed, and the three girls-Nancy, Gin, for Jane, and Merier-another, and here all the cooking is dong in the mile and the ishead. "I knowed th' wuz somp'n "Well come fur. Le's b'gin." cooking is done in the wide clay fireplace of the stick and mud chimney. The shed attachment accommodates the boys, Bill, Ben and Jim.

Occasionally a belated traveler will stop at the Stringfellow mansion and by. ask for a night's lodging. He will be "Th's 'ere's th' dogondes' oner'nes invited to "' light an' come in," and flo' I 'ver seed, Stringf'ler," he said when he has done so will be treated with primitive hospitality.

These people are poor and uneducated, but there is a spirit of independence about them that nothing can conquer, and so long as their potato banks hold out atd their razor backs han' come home, to pick up a lit-tle fat in the field after the crop is garnered, and then pay tribute to the larder, they care not for king nor kaiser. They never treat anybody, no matter who he may be, as any- you," pointing at Nancy, "everlast-thing more than an equal, and would in'ly sw'ar to take this here young show no difference to the czar of all fler, the Russians should he chance to "N travel their way, with all his cortege. Should he stop he would be invited to "'light," and the boys would ask about the price of potatoes in town, the old woman inquires as to mar-

when it was so dark that I could see nothing but the glimmer of a light in man. "Nanc' an Merier Stringfeller,

"Ah." I said. "so there's to be

wedding." "Yes," he replied, still looking mus-

concluded to accept an invitation so cordially given, and laid down on the mattress that had been spreadout on the floor for my accommodation, thinking of the happy golucky way in which people in the country get married.

About noon the next day the guests who had been bidden began to arrive-some on loot, some on long legged houses and some on short legged ponies, while others came in rickety wagons drawn by oxen that looked as though they might have been import-ed from the kingdom of Lilliput, and

from that time out there was fun and feasting-that is, if potatoes and pork served in various ways can be said to constitute a feast.

About sunset a man reeling drunk rode up and was helped off his horse. "How are yer jedge?" said mine

"H'llo, String"ler," said the jedge, looking round stupidly at the assembled guests, who were laughing and giggling, "which's th' 'cused?'

"Why, you ain't in co'rt. jedge," re-plied Stringfe'low. "This here's a marriage feas' yer've come to-yer've come here to marry my to gals, Nanc au' Merier."

said the old man.

"All right, c'm'on," and with a lurch and a tack the speaker got inside the door, when he feil sprawling on the floor. He was helped up and given the back of a chair to steady himself

'Stan' 'p, pris'ner." "I tells yer this here ain't no co'rt

jedze," said old man Stringfellow, be-gining to get nettled, "an' my gals ain't no pris'ners." "Oh, well, 't's all same," said the jedge. "Stan' 'p, gals, 'n hole 'p right han'."

"W'at's thet fur?" asked Nancy, as she and her sister and the two bride-

grooms stood up in a row. "Guilty nr not"-began the jedge, and then recollecting himself: "Do "Do ler." pointing to Merier's affianced. "No, I don't," said the girl; "thet's"

"To heve an' t' hole,', went on the

jedge. "No, I don't." repeated Nancy stamping her foot.

w'at it is, don't yer onnerstan'?" "Yesh, that's all right, ole man," said the jedge. "Y'see I knowed I hed

said, an' ter-morrer's the time it's to Decline of Famous Families,

Among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, duke of Gioucester, fifth son af Edward III., was Stephen J. Penry, who was, not many years azo, sexton at St. George's, Hanover square, London.

Among the lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, earl of Kent and sixth son of Edward L, occur a butcher and a toll-gatherer; the first a Joseph Smart of Halesowen, the latter a George Wilmont, a keeper of the turnpike gate at Cooper's bank, near Dudley.

A story is told of a scion of the great house of Urquhart of Cromarty who was necessitated by his extravagance to sell his inheritance, and who, sinking step by step to the lowest depths of wretchedness, came at last a wandesing begger to the door which had once been his own.

No race in Europe surpassed the Plantagenets in royal position and personal achievements, and yet not to descend further than the year 1637, the great-great grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of George, duke of Clarence, followed the trade of a shoe-maker of Newport, Salop.

Fraser of Kirkhill relates that he saw the earl of Tarquair, cousin of James VI., begging in the streets of Edinburgh. "He was." says Fraser, "in an antique garb, and wore a broad old hat, short cloak and pan-nier breeches, and I contributed toward his relief. We gave him a noble. He was standing with his hat off, and received the piece of money from my hand as numbly and thankfully as the poorest applicant."

One of Cromweil's granddaughters. after seeing her husband die in the workhouse of a small Suffolk town, died herself a pauper, leaving two daughters, the elder the wife of a shoemaker and the younger the wife of a butcher's son who had been her fellowservant. Another of Oliver Cromwell's daughters had two children, of whom the son became asmall working eweler, and the daughter the mistress of a small school at Mildenhall.

Before the time of the protector the Cromwell family possessed estates equal to those of the wealthier peers of the present day, and the great Oliver himself inhersted considerable property, which, augmented from private sources, made up a total suffi-cient to maintain his family perpetu-ally in easy circumstances. But within a century after his death Thomas Cromwell, his great grandson, was a grocer on Snew IF11 and his son Oliver, the last male heir, an attorney in London.

When the twelfth earl of Crawford was imprisoned in Edinburgh castle to restrain his recalessness and prodigality he left one child, a daughter, who, having no one whatever to look after her, received not a scrap of edu-cation and was allowed to run about like a gypsy. She cloped with a com-mon crier, and at one period of her life line and her madiane. life lived by mendicancy. Charles IL granted her a pension of \$500 a year, but owing to her utter degeneracy, it proved more hurtful than beneficial. The male head of this family died in the year 1744, in the capacity of host-ler in an inn at Kirkwall in the Orkney islands. The estate had been dissipated by the "spendthrift earl," his lather, and with his patrimony he, Lord Lindsay, earl of Crawford, an property, or resided for some years, until through adverse fortune, this went too, and to save himself from starvation, he was fain to go as a hostler.

this great government of our was so intensely interested.

The next thing was to make neces sary preparations. I made them. In the morning by the bright light, of a beautiful winter's day, a stout wagon, drawn by two sturdy and reflective mules, was drawn up in front of the village hotel, which was very inap-propiately named "The Delmonico." On the front seat was my negro driver and pilot, Bill. On the rear seat sat the writer. Under a blanket at my teet was a Winchester rifle and a double barrel shot gun well loaded with buckshot. al. though I was oppressed with a harrowing doubt as to whether I hadn't put the buchshot in first. In the pocket of my overcoat was a Smith & Wesson double action sixtyeight, and in the breast pocket of my inner coat a bowle knife that had once belonged to a Texas evangelist.

A curious crowd had gathered to see me off. They knew my mission, though none of them knew who I was They cheered me with novel alter. suggestions and well meant advice. "I say, Cap." said one, "ye'd better take a bottle of whisky erlong wi' you. There ain't no barroom whar you're

My driver looked approvingly at this speaker. "He won't look very pretty comin'

back here with a furrer driv cl'ar through his chist, will he?" said another.

" Twouldn't do fer him to go out bar hunt'n' at night with that red nose shinin', would hit?"

That last remark hurt my vanity. My nose was rather red, but it come from an undue partiality for stewed tomatoes, not from any other cause.

When you fire at him, Cap, watch that off mule's hind leg, ler he's goin' ter kick." said a long, lank feller on the outskirts of the crowd.

Even the negroes had something to say. Approaching me with deference, one of them whispered to me contidentially:

Boss, ye'd hest tie dat fool nigger what's drivin' ter the seat, fer soon's he hears a cap pop he's gwine ter jump out an' run like de debil."

Bill gave the nules a stimulating touch of the whip and away we went. for two miles out we good roads. After that, had the roughest and worst that I had ever Stumps, tangled roots, hills, gullies, swamp, coduroy, and the county commissioners know what else, made a regular penacea for the twin evils of dyspepsia and love, according to the jolting up theorists. Now we were in the wilderness, asolemn, awful

white man. I ain't dun nuthn." The gun dropped from my nervous hands.

Thomas Perkins, alleged desperado, was an old crippled negro, about 178 years old, half paralyzed and wholly stupid.

Three hours afterward I drove into Dead Pine with my prisoner, to be greeted with ironical comment and uproarious laughter.

"Did he kick much, Cap?" said one big fellow, while another, after eyeing Perkins a moment in silence, said, as he moved off:

"Yes the thing is alive, I saw its tongue wiggle."

Four hours later I was in Jacksonville, and delivered my prisoner to the United States marshal. As the major audited my accounts and drew a check for my expenses he was shaking with ill suppressed laughter.

"What do you see so funny about this?" I inquired, rather tartly.

"I was wondering what the judge will say when he sees him," was the reply.

Just then the judge strolled in. He gave a look at the prisoner, then at me, and inquired mildly, but with a merry twinkle in his handsome eyes:

"Did you have much trouble in se-curing this desperado, Mr. Officer?" The major fairly roared.

I took my check and left the room. I have not seen prisoner, United States marshal, or Jacksonville since that eventful day, and Dead Pine shall know me no more forever. Hamilton Jay in Detroit Free Pree.

In Petticoat and Sunbonnet.

There is now living in Pickens County, Ga., a man who, during the rebellion, donned his wife's dress, kept his tace closely shaved, and wore a big sunbonnet, in order to avoid being conscripted and sent to the tront. The officers in search of recruits frequently visited the Louse and asked his wife where her husband was, and at the very moment he could be seen working in the field in female garb. By the time he had worn out seven of his wife's dresses

A Startling Innovation.

Frank R. Stockton, that popular novelist of minite quaint humors, is held responsible for a most startling innovation in the way of wedding trips, recently introduced in Washingeilence, broken only by the tramping of the mules, the creaking of the wag on and the biccoughs of the driver, who was about half drunk when we

their cabin. I rode for it through brush and brier, and when I reached it halloed in the usual country style. Immediately the light, which came

eat supper, and a savory mess of up. I was invited to join them in their meal, during which I was pumpknowing that such information as I could impart was all I would have to with the general performance. There pay for the entertainment of myself appeared to be no possibility of keep-and beast-which had been led off by ing the jedge on the right tack, and the one of the boys to share the stable of the shaggy pony—so I let the ripple of my talk flow in a continuous cur-propriety of complying with his rerent, turning on my inevitable valve at the same time, to give a sparkle to

During the evening I gathered from the whispering and gigzling going on among the young folk that there was some mystery afloat-something in his face wreathed with smile. I may which they all seemed more or less interested-and when they had gone to in this case, for every feature seemed bed (the old woman had retired im- to be twisted this way or that with a mediately after supper, getting into one of the beds without my knowing anything about it until I heard her be affability. snoring) old man Stringfellow enlight. ened me after a rather peculiar fashion of his own.

"Well, stranger," he said, "I disremember yer name. I reckon you'll stay.

half a dozen times, and he had often disremembered it, so I did not repeat it, but told him I proposed to stay-a fact which I supposed he was already cognizant of.

"Yes," he saul, rubbing histong jawbone thoughtfully, "I 'lowed YUR sich a 'cashin. Yu'rli be welcome, stranger, an' a honored gues'.

I was a little pussied, and becan to think the old man was not exactly in his right mind, but I said nothing, and he went on.

"You see," he said, looking at the fire, while he talked. "yais an' boys will git married sooner er later, an thar ain't no use a throwin' obstickless in thar way, an' so when Merier, that's the younges', and Nan?', she's the ed-es', come an tole me that they 'lowed to take unto tharse'ves he'pmeats, which was blok Dander an' Pete Fringie, why, says I, 'all right; jus' go ahead an' fix it to suit yerss'ves,' fur though nyther one uv than boys comes uv es good stock as the Stringfellers, I reck-

an' they's a going to marry Dick Dan-der an' Pete Pringle. Thar they stan's right alore yer, now go ahead." "All right. D'you, Nanc', take this here Pete-

"No; I shan't," said Nanc', "he ain't"-

"Yer don't an'y' shan't: thet 'pears to be 'bout all yer're guilty 'v, pris'-ner," said the jedge, relapsing into court jargon, "an' don't see noth'n' t' do but scharge you. Give's a drink, Stringf'ler; co'rt's 'journed."

Stringfellow was at his wits' end, good as a circus, and the company in general seemed to be highly delighted court was about to be adjourned sine die, sure enough, when I suggested the quest, and giving the legal functionary dram, which might brighten him up plain facts indispensable to make long enough to enable him to go them enjoyable. brough with the ceremony properly. Accordingly he was taken into the shed room, where the boys slept, and in a few minutes came out again with

use the expression in the very truth

bis own. "Well, stranger," he said, "I disre-mber yer name. I reckon you'll bad already told him my name If a dozen times, and he had often if a dozen times, and he had He was hurried to the front while The frolic lasted all night, the cabin,

from which the beds had been removed, being transformed into a ball-

room, in one corner of which an old crippled negro sat scraping a rasping fiddle and calling out the figures of wuld, an' I'm glad uv it; yes, I am; the dance with a stentorian voice fur the mo' comp'ny the better on that was somewhat cracked.-Robert Boggs in New Orleans Times-Demoorat.

> -"The coming newspaper," we are

told, "will not print any advertisesion that it is the going newspaper that does not print any advertisements, and that reason is that the why it is going .- Boston Transcript.

"Look here!" she exclaimed. "This is terrible. You charge me twenty-five cents for that card of buttons, and hack east I could get them for ten "Yes, ma'am, but just think CHILLS. of the elegant climate you get throwed in' they's 'bout e- good es yee'll pick of the elegant climate you get throwes up hereabouts.' So they done like I in with every card of buttons."-

Tea and Temperance.

An interesting token of the growth of the temperance sentiment in Great Britam is furnished by a correspond-ent of the St. James Gazette. He shows that during the past 47 years the average annual consumption of tea per capita of the entire population has increased from less than a pound and a quatter to five pounds, and of cocoa, from about an ounce and a quarter to nearly half, while the use of coffee has fallen off from 17 ounces to 13 ounces. The total consumption of these three leading non-alcholic drinks has thus increased nearly three fold; the exact figures are from 38.08 ounces to 99.04 ounces per capita annually. This may not indicate a fully corresponding decrease. in the consumption of strong drink; but it must mean a considerable de crease, and it proves that the people are learning to appreciate the that cheers but not inebriates."

Consistency, Thy Name is Woman.

He was her third husband and it ooked as if he wa a drifting away.

it wouldn't be fair to make an exception. Now, would it, dear?"

Afterward she was sorry for her consistency, as Henry got so mad that it broke the fe er and he recovered. - Drake's Magazine.

It is quite possible that we have not come to the end of illuminating projects, and that the use of electricity may not supersede all other materials. Glasguw has recently witnessed the test of a new illuminant of extraordiments." We were under the impres nary power. It is obtained by the evaportion of tar, creasate, or other bydro-carbon oils. The flame is pure white, very intense and can be carried up to 3,000 candle power. The exonse is two conts per hour per 1,000 candle nower. It is in the production of artificial light and heat that civilization has for the last twenty-five years most notably marked progress. It is on the same line we shall move for some time to came. The end will be free fuel and free lights for the people as we now have free air .- Globe Democrat.