- "When I'm a man." said little Tom,
  "And big and tall and stronz,
  I'm going to keep a drug store, and
  Drink soda all day long."
- "And I," said little Poily Ann,
  "I'll tell you what I'll do:
  I'll come and make you awful ric's
  By buyin; things of you
- "I'll buy teeth-brushes and quinine, And squills and things like that: And postate stamps, and catnip tex, For my old pussy-cat.
- "And maybe I will buy so much You'll get so rich. you see, That you will have enough some day

## to come and marry me. THE MERCHANT'S CRIME.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER X-CONTINUED. "Well, your wish is likely to be gratified," said his guardian.

"Do you mean to let me visit it, then?" asked the boy, looking up with eager and animated inquiry. "Yes; I have observed that your

father's death has naturally weighed upon your mind, and depressed your spirits. If you should go back to school now, you would not be in a fitting frame of mind to resume your studies. I think a little change and variation will do you good. For this reason I intend to let you go on a journey, not only to Niagara, but still farther west."

"You are very kind, Mr. Morton," said Robert: "but," he added with momentary hesitation, "would it be quite right for me to go on a pleasure excursion so soon after the death of my poor father?"

"Your father would, I am sure, approve it," said his guardian. "Because your mind is diverted by pleasant scenery, it will not follow that you have forgotten your father." "No, I shall never forget him as

long as I live." "So you see there is no objection on that score."

"Are you going with me, Mr. Morton?" asked Robert, suddenly. "No, I am unable to leave my bus-

iness for so long." "Am I going alone?"

"No; you are too young for that. I have a friend," Mr. Morton was about to say; but after a pause he said. "acquaintance, who is to start at once on a trip to the West, and I shall place you under his charge." "Who is it, sir?"

"A young man named Cromwell." "How soon are we to start?"

"Probably in a day or two. You can look over your wardrobe and see if you need any new clothes, and can get them before you leave New York."

"Yes, sir."

Robert left his guardian's presence in better spirits than he had entered. The prospect of a journey was very agreeable, for he had all a boy's love of new scenes, and it added to his pleasure, though he hardly admitted it to himself, that his guardian was not about to accompany him. He hardly knew why it was, but, although he had been told that Mr. Morton was his father's intimate friend, and had no reason to doubt the truth of this statement, he found it impossible to like him. Shortly after Robert left the presence of his guardian, James Cromwell was once more ushered into it. He was no longer the thread-bare clerk, but had provided himself with a new suit of clothes, which looked, indeed, better than his fermer array; but no clothing, however costly, could change the appearance of his mean and insignificant features, and give him the air of a gentleman.

of have waited upon you early,

Mr. Morton," he said. "Not too early," answered the merchant. "Indeed, I may say that I am anxious to complete our arrangements and put the boy under your care as soon as possible. The fact is, that with my business cares the additional burden of a ward is not welcome. If it had not been the son of my intimate friend, I might have declined the trust; but under not be to his taste. Still, he posthe circumstances I did not think I ought to do so."

"Does he know that he is going with me?" inquired Cromwell.

"I have just had an interview with him. He has been at a boarding school on the Hudson river, and he supposed he was going back. When I told him I had another plan for him he was at first disappointed." "Did you tell him what that plan was?"

"Not precisely. I showed him some views of Niagara falls, and asked him if he would like to visit the cataract. He said that he would. I then said that previous to his going back to school I intended to let him have a little journey-visiting the falls and going as far as Indiana. He was pleased with this prospect."

"Does he know he is going with

"I mentioned that I had asked an acquaintance of mine to take charge of him. I shall introduce you as that acquaintance."

"You intend, then, Mr. Morton" that we shall take Niagara falls on the way?" said James Cromwell.

"Yes; I think it will be a pleasant arrangement for you, no doubt, if you have never seen the falls."

"No, I have never seen them." "And besides, it will make the journey seem more plausible to pocket. Robert. He need not know until you get to your journey's end that he is

not coming back." ··How shall it be communicated to h1m ?"

"I think I will give you a letter to him which you can let him read when the proper time comes. ' "When do you wish me to start?"

"As soon as possible—day after to-morrow. You can be ready, can

you not?" "I can be ready at any time. have very few arrangements to

"I should like to show you some views of Niagara, which I have here, Mr. Cromwell," said Paul Morton. "Will you please step to the table?"

The clerk left his seat, and advanced to the side of the merchant's chair. "There," said Paul Morton, looking over the views, and selecting

one, "is a view of Goat island. You will no doubt visit that?"

"Yes, sir: we will try and see all

that is worth seeing."
"I think," said Paul Morton, slowly, "I have heard of a man-or a boy-who was standing here one day, and chanced to lose his footing, and fell over the cataract. Horrible, was it not?"

He looked significantly in the face of his companion. James Cromwell's face grew pale, as he comprehended the infernal meaning of this speech, and he echoed the

word "Horrible." James Cromwell did not reply to the merchant's speech. Not that he was so much appalled at the wickedness suggested, as that his nature, which was a timid one, shrank with timidity from undertaking so hazardous a crime. Paul Morton. seeing the sudden pallor of his companion, knew that his purpose had

other matters. "I think," he said. "that you will be able to start on the day after tomorrow. I will see that Robert is ready, and if you will come round by nine o'clock, there will be ample

been accomplished, and went on to

time to take the middle train." "Very well," said Cromwell. "I will bear in mind what you say, Mr.

"And now, I think, Mr. Cromwell, I shall be obliged to leave you, as my business, which I have neglected of late, requires my attention."

James Cromwell took the hint, and left the house. He fell into a fit of musing, as he rode down town on a street-car.

"Shall I do this thing which he wants of me?" he said to himself. There would be danger in it, and there is something ugly in the thought of murder. Still, ten thousand dollars would set me up in life. Besides, I should still have a hold on Mr. Morton. Ah, it would be pleasant to be rich! No more miserable drudgery, no more cringing to an employer who cares no more for you than for a dog, and perhaps treats you no better! Money, money is a blessed thing. It brings independence; with it your can lift you head erect, and walk proudly among men, who are always ready to doff their hats to a man who is backed up by wealth. Yes. it is worth something

Here James Cromwell shuddered, and imprisonment, trial, conviction and the gallows, loomed up, an ugly picture, before him.

to gain it, but then-murder!"

CHAPTER XI.

On Goat Island. "Robert," said his guardian, "this is Mr. Cromwell, who is to take charge of you on the journey. Mr. Cromwell, this is my ward, whom I hope you will find a pleasant traveling companion."

"How do you do?" said James Cromwell, holding out his hand rather stiffly to the boy.

66 am well, thank Robert, looking with curiosity, and it must be confessed, disappointment, at the young man who was to be his companion.

He had hoped that he would be a congenial person, with whom he might be on terms of pleasant familiarity; but when he looked at the small ferret-like eyes and mean features of James Cromwell, his first impressions were unfavorable. Every man's face is to a certain extent indicative of his disposition and prevailing traits; and Robert, who was quicker than most boys in reading character, concluded without delay, that the companion with which his guardian had provided him would sessed a great deal of natural courtesy and politeness, and he determined to conceal this feeling as well as he might, and treat Mr. Cromwell with as much respect and politeness as if he had liked him better. Though he would have like I to travel with a different person, still, the natural scenery which he would behold would be none the less attractive, and would afford him some compensation for the absence of a con-

genial companion. James Cromwell was on his side not without sharpness or insight. As he met the boy's gaze with the glance of his small ferret-like eyes, he perceived the look of disappointment, however carefully it was veiled, and with the spite of a small, mean mind, it inspired him with instant dislike for Robert. Instead of determining to win his confidence and regard by kindness, he resolved as soon as he fairly had him in his power, to annoy him by petty tyranny, and so wreak vengeance upon him for the feelings he could not

help. "I have obtained tickets for you by the middle train," proceeded the merchant. "Here they are," Mr. Cromwell."

"Thank you, sir," said Cromwell, taking them and putting them in his

"You will remain at Niagara two or three days if you like," continued Paul Morton. "I have no doubt you will enjoy yourself. What do you say, Robert?"

"I shall be sure to enjoy it;" said Robert with animation. "So shall I." said Cromwell. "I

have never visited the falls. "Well," said the merchant, drawing on his gloves, "I am sorry, but I shall be obliged to leave you. I have considerable business awaiting me say?

dered a carriage at eleven to convey | marry."-Vogue.

you with your trunks to the railroad depot. Good-bye, Robert, good-bye, Mr. Cromwell. A pleasant journey to you."

"Good-bye, sir," said both. "Oh, by the way, Mr. Cromwell." said the merchant, turning as he reached the door, and looking significantly at Cromwell, "if you meet with any mishap, telegraph to me at

Again a greenish pallor overspread the face of James Cromwell, for he understood the allusion, and his cowardly nature recoiled with fear, not with abhorrence.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I will remember." "Once more, good-bye, then," and Paul Morton closed the door behind

"I hope I shall never see that boy alive again," he said to himself. "Once get him out of the way and the money is mine. A hundred and twenty thousand dollars will be a great wind-fall to me. To be sure. there will be ten thousand to pay to Cromwell, but it will leave ower a hundred thousand. Egad! it would be a capital arrangement if they both would tumble over the falls together. It would be the best joke

of the season." In due time they reached the station, and entering one of the long cars, selected their seats. They did not sit down together, but took seats directly in front of each other, giving a window to each.

"I suppose I ought to say something to him," thought Robert, "but I don't know what to say."

Indeed, there seemed to be no common ground on which they could meet. With some persons the boy would have been engaged in an animated conversation long before this. but he seemed to have nothing to say to James Cromwell. 'Do you like traveling?" he asked

at length. "Pretty well," said Cromwell. "I think we shall have a pleasant

journey." "Yes; I expect so."

"Do you know when we shall reach Niagara, Mr. Cromwell?"

"I think Mr. Morton said it would take us about twenty-four hours.' "Then we shall get there about this time to-morrow."

"Yes; we shall be all night on the "I am sorry for that, for we shall

lose the scenery on the way-I mean, that we pass through during the night.'

Here the conversation dropped. James Cromwell bought a paper from a boy who came through the cars, and began to read. Robert, with all the eager interest of his age, employed himself in looking out of the window, watching the fields and houses among which they were wending their rapid way. It will be unnecessary to chronicle the incidents of the journey, for there were none worth mentioning. In due time they reached Niagara, and secured rooms at the principal hotel on the American side. It was afternoon, and they only went round a little before supper. They decided to defer the principal part of their sight seeing until the next day.

The next day was pleasant. Together the two walked about, enjoying views of the cataract from varipoints. At length Cromwell said, "How would you like to go to Goat island? I am told the view is fine from there."

"I should like it very much. Suppose we go," said Robert promptly. Had he known the sinister purpose with which this proposition was made, he would have recoiled from it as from a deadly serpent, but the boy was wholly unconscious of the peril that menaced him, nor did he observe the nervous agitation that affected James Cromwell, whose timidity made him shrink with fear at the risk he was about to incur.

"Then we will go," said the young

[TO BE CONTINUED. ]

White vs. Colored. There was a boy who was sent out by his father to sell some potatoes. He carried the bag around all day without a sale, and, on reaching home at night threw it down with the surly exclamation: "Nobody that I met asked me for potatoes. One fellow wanted to know what I had in the bag and I told him it was none of his darned business."

There was, in the same town a colored gentleman who went about bawling at the top of his voice: "Fish! Fish! Fish! Fresh Fish!"

"Shut up that racket!" said an angry dame at a window.

"You heah me, missy?" "Hear you? You can be heard a mile away."

"Dat's what I'se hollerin' for. Fish! Fish! Fresh Fish!" The colored gentleman was an advertiser-and sold his goods.-Hard-

Superstition.

A gentleman who had been dining at a restaurant, and who had often ordered a dozen oysters, counted them one day and found but eleven. Still another day he counted them with the same result. Then he said to the waiter:

"Why do you give me only eleven oysters when I order a dozen?" "Oh, sir," answered the waiter, "I didn't think you'd want to be settin'

thirteen at table, sir!" - Youth's Companion.

Definitely Settled. Mrs. Rusher-Has Mr. Goldcoin, with whom you have been dancing all the evening, at last declared his intentions, Mabel?

Mabel-Yes, aunt. "I am so glad! And what did he "He declared that he would never TABERNACLE PULPIT.

SUICIDE THE SUBJECT OF THIS WEEK'S SERMON.

In the Olden Time, Before the Dawn of Christianity, Self Murder Was Considered Honorable and a Sign of Courage-Moral Cowardice.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 12.-Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now abroad, has selected as the subject for to-day's sermon through the press, the word "Suicide," the text being Acts XVI: 27, 28: "He drew out his sword and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had fled. But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm."

Here is a would-be suicide arrested in his deadly attempt. He was a sheriff and according to the Roman law a bailiff himself must suffer the punishment due an escaped prisoner; and if the prisoner breaking jail was sentenced to be endungeoned for three or four years, then the sheriff must be endungeoned for three or four years; and if the prisoner breaking jail was to have suffered capital punishment, then the sheriff must suffer capital punishment.

The sheriff had received especial charge to keep a sharp lookout for Paul and Silas. The government had not had confidence in bolts and bars to keep safe these two clergymen. about whom there seemed to be something strange and supernatural.

Sure enough, by miraculous power, they are free, and the sheriff, waking out of a sound sleep, and supposing these ministers have run away, and knowing that they were to die for preaching Christ, and realizing that he must therefore die, rather than go under the executioner's ax, on the morrow and suffer public disgrace, resolves to precipitate his own decease. But before the sharp, keen, glittering dagger of the sheriff could strike his heart, one of the unloosened prisoners arrests the blade by the command, "Do thyself no harm."

In olden time, and where Christianity had not interfered with it, suicide was considered honorable and a sign of courage. Demosthenes poisoned himself when told that Alexander's ambassador had demanded the surrender of the Athenian orators. Isocrates killed himself rather than surrender to Phillip of Macedon. Cato, rather than submit to Julius Cresar, took his own life, and after three times his wounds had been dressed tore them open and perished. Mithridates killed himself rather than submit to Pompey, the conqueror. Hannibal destroyed his life by poison from his ring, considering life unbearable. After the disaster of Moscow, Napoleon always carried with him a preparation of opium, and one night his servant heard the ex-emperor arise, put something in a glass and drink it, and soon after the groans aroused all the attendants, and it was only through utmost medical skill he was resuscitated from the stupor of the opiate.

Times have changed, and yet the American conscience needs to be toned up on the subject of suicide. Have you seen a paper in the last month that did not announce the passage out of life by one's own behest? Defaulters, alarmed at the idea of exposure, quit life precipitately. Men losing large fortunes go out of the world because they can not endure earthly existence. Frustrated affection, domestic infelicity, dyspeptic impatience, anger, remorse, envy. jealousy, destitution, misanthropy are considered sufficient causes for absconding from this life by Paris green, by laudanum, by belladonna, by Othello's dagger, by halter, by leap from the abutment of a bridge, by firearms. More cases of "felo de se' in the last two years of the world's existence. The evil is more and more spreading.

A pulpit not long ago expressed some doubt as to whether there was anything wrong about quitting this life when it became disagreeable, and there are found in respectable circles people apologetic for the crime which Paul in the text arrested. I shall show you before I get through that suicide is the worst of all crimes and I shall lift a warning unmistakable. But in the early part of this sermon I wish to admit that some of the best Christians that have ever lived have committed self-destruction, but always in dementia and not responsible. I have no more doubt about their eternal felicity than I have of the Christian who dies in his bed in the delirium of typhoid fever. While the shock of the catastrophe is very great. I charge all those who have had Christian friends under cerebral aberration step off the boundaries of this life, to have no doubt about their happiness. The dear Lord took them right out of their dazed and frenzied state into perfect safety. How Christ feels toward the insane you may known from the kind way he treated the demoniac of Gadara and the child lunatic, and the potency with which he hushed the tempests either of sea or brain.

Scotland, the land prolific of intellectual giants, had none grander than Hugh Miller. Great for science and great for God. He came of the best Highland blood, and he was a descendant of Donald Roy, a men eminent for his piety and the rare gift of second-sight. His attainments climbing up as he did from the quarry and the wall of the stonemasons, drew forth the astonished admiration of Buckland and Murchison, the scientists, and Dr. Chalmers, the theologian, and held universities spell bound while he told them the story of what he had seen of God in the old red sand stone.

That man did more than any being

rocks of Cromarty until he brought geology and theology accordant in divine worship. His two books, entitled "Footprints of the Creator" and the "Testimony of the Rocks." proclaimed the bans of an everlasting marriage between genuine science and revelation. On this latter book he toiled day and night through love of nature and love of God, until he could not sleep, and his brain gave way, and he was found dead with a revolver by his side, the cruel instrument having had two bullets-one for him and the other for the gunsmith who at the coroner's inquest was examining it and fell dead. Have you any doubt of the beatification of Hugh Miller, after his hot brain had ceased throbbing that winter night in his study at Portobello? Among the mightiest of earth, among the mightiest of heaven.

No one ever doubted the piety of William Cowper, the author of those three great hymns, "Oh, for a closer walk with God," "What various hindrances we meet," "There is a fountain filled with blood." William Cowper, who shares with Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley the chief honors of Christian hymnology. In hypochondria he resolved to take his own life and rode to the river Thames, but found a man seated on some goods at the very point from which he expected to spring, and rode back to his home, and that night threw himself upon his own knife, but the blade broke, and then he hanged himself to the ceiling, but the rope parted. No wonder that when God mercifully delivered him from that awful dementia he sat down and wrote that other hymn just as memorable:

God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform; He plants his footstep in the sea, And rides upon the storm. Blind unbelief is sure to err And scan his work in vain; God is his own interpreter, And he will make it plain.

While we make this merciful and righteous allowance in regard to those who were plunged into mental incoherence, I declare that the man who in the use of his reason, by his own act, snaps the bond between his body and his soul, goes staight into perdition. Shall I prove it? Revelation 21: viii: "Murderers shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Revelation 22: xv: "Without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers.' You do not believe the New Testament? Then, perhaps, you believe the Ten commandments: "Thou shalt not kill." Do you say all these passages refer to the taking of the life of others? Then I ask you if you are not as responsible for your own life as for the life of others? God gave you a special trust in your life. He made you the custodian of your life as he made you the custodian of no other life. He gave you as weapons with which to defend it two arms, to strike back assailants, two eyes to watch for invasion, and a natural love of life which ought ever to be on the alert. Assassination of others is a mild crime compared with the assassination of yourself, because in the latter case it is treachery to an especial trust, it is the surrender of a castle you were especially appointed to keep, it is treason to a natural law and it is treason to God added to ordinary

Notwithstanding the Bible is against this evil, and the aversion which it creates by the loathsome and ghastly spectacle of those who have hurled themselves out of life, and notwithstanding Christianity is against it. and the arguments and the useful lives and the illustrious deaths of its disciples, it is a fact alarmingly patent that suicide is on the increase. What is the cause? I charge upon infidelity and agnosticism this whole thing. If there be no hereafter, or if that hereafter be blissful without reference to how we live and how we die, why not move back the folding doors between this world and the next? And when our existence here becomes troublesome, why not pass right over into Elysium? Put this down among your most solemn reflections and consider it after you go to your homes; there has never been a case of suicide where the operator was not either demented and therefore irresponsible, or an infidel. I challenge all the ages and I challenge the whole universe. There never has been a case of self-destruction while in full appreciation of his immortality and of the fact that that immortality would be glorious or wretched according as he accepted

Jesus Christ or rejected him. You say it is business trouble, or you say it is electrical currents, or it is this, or it is that, or it is the other thing. Why not go clear back, my friend, and acknowledge that in every case it is the abdication of reason or the teaching of infidelity which practically says, "If you don't like this life, get out of it, and you will land either in annihilation, where there are no notes to pay, no persecutions to suffer, no gout to torment, or you will land where there will be everything glorious and nothing to pay for it." Infidelity always has been apotogetic for self-immolation. After Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" was published and widely read there was a marked increase of self-slaughter.

Would God that the coroners would be brave in rendering the right verdict, and when in the case of irresponsibility they say, "While this man was demented he took his life.' in the other case say, "Having read infidel books and attended infidel lectures, which obliterated from this man's mind all appreciation of anything like future retribution, he committed self-slaughter!"

Ah! Infidelity, stand up and take thy sentence! In the presence of God and angels and men, stand up, thou that ever lived to show that the God monster, thy lip blasted with blasof the hills is the God of the Bible, phemy, thy cheek scarred with lust,

and he struck his tuning fork on the thy breath foul with the corruption of the ages! Stand up. Satyr, filthy goat, buzzard of the nations, leper of the centuries! Stand up. thou monster infidelity! Part man, part panther, part reptile, part dragon, stand up and take thy sentence! Thy hands red with the blool in which thou hast washed, thy feet crimson with the human gore through which thou hast waded, stand up and take thy sentence! Down with thee to the pit and sup on the sobs and groans of families thou hast blasted, and roll on the bed of knives which thou hast sharpened for others, and let thy music be the everlasting miserere of those whom thou hast damned! I brand the forehead of Infidelity with all the crimes of self-immolation for the last century on the part of those who had their reason.

> My friends, if ever your life through its abrasions and its molestations should seem to be unbearable, and you are tempted to quit it by your own behest do not consider yourselves as worse than others. Christ himself was tempted to cast himself from the roof of the temple; but as he resisted, so resist ye. Christ came to medicine all our wounds. In your trouble prescribe life instead of death. People who have had it worse than you will ever have it have gone songful on their way. Remember that God keeps the chronology of your life with as much precision as he keeps the chronology of nations, your death as well as your birth, your grave as well as your cradle. Why was it that at midnight, just

at midnight, the destroying angel struck the blow that set the Israelites free from bondage? The four hundred and thirty years were up at 12 o'clock that night. The four hundred and thirty years were not up at 11, and 1 o'clock would have been tardy and too late. The four hundred and thirty years were up at 12 o'clock, and the destroying angel struck the blow and Israel was free. And God knows just the hour when it is time to lead you up from earthly bondage. By his grace make not the worst of things, but the best of them. If you must take the pills do not chew them. Your everlasting rewards will accord with your earthly perturbations, just as Caius gave to Agrippa a chain of gold as heavy as had been his chain of iron. For your asking you may have the same grace that was given to the Italian martyr, Algerius, who, down in the darkest of dangeons, dated his letter from "the delectable orchard of the Leonine prison."

And remember that this brief life of ours is surrounded by a rim, a very thin but very important rim, and close up to that rim is a great eternity, and you had better keep out of it until God breaks that rim and separates this from that. To get rid of the sorrows of earth, do not rush into greater sorrows. To get rid of a swarm of summer insects, leap not into a jungle of Bengal tigers.

There is a sorrowless world, and it is so radiant that the noonday sun is only the lowest doorstep and the aurora that lights up our northern heavens, confounding astronomers as to what it can be, is the waving of the banners of the procession come to take the conquerors home from church militant to church triumphant, and you and I have ten thousand reasons for wanting to go there, but we will never get there either by self-immolation or impenitency. All our sins siain by the Christ who came to do that thing, we want to go in at just the time divinely arranged, and then the clang of the sepulchral gates behind us will be overpowered by the clang of the opening of the solid pearl before us. O God, whatever others may choose, give me a Christian's life. Christian's death, a Christian's

## burial, a Christian's immortality!

Uses of the Potato. In France the farina is largely used or culinary purposes. The famous gravies, sauces and soups of France are largely indebted for their excellence to that source, and the bread and pastry equally so, while a great deal of the socalled cognac, imported into England from France, is distilled from the potato. Throughout Germany the same uses are common. In Poland the manufacture of spirits from the potato is a most extensive trade. "Stettin brandy," well known in commerce, is largely imported into England, and is sent from thence to many of our foreign possessions as the produce of the grape, and is placed on many a table of England as the same; while the fair ladies of our country perfume themselves with the spirit of potato under the designation of eau de Cologne. But there are other uses which this esculent is turned to abroad. After extracting the farina, the pulp is manufactured into ornamental articles, such as picture frames, snuff boxes, and several descriptions of toys, and the water that runs from it in the process of manufacture is a most valuable scourer.

For perfectly cleansing woolens, and such-like articles, it is the housewife's panacea, and, if the washerwoman happens to have chilblains, she becomes cured by the operation.

The last of Frank Bolles' papers, "August Birds in Cape Breton," has the place of honor in the August Atlantic, at the right hand of the hostess, so to speak, for it follows immediately upon the installment of Mrs. Deland's "Philip and his Wife" at the opening of the number. In the third stands Susan Coolidge's "The Girlhood of an Autocrat" the story of the famous Empress Catharine of Russia. But the order of precedence does not fix the relative merits of the contributions to the magazine, for towards the end is a significant paper, "The College Graduate and Public Life," by Theodore Roosevelt.

AT Madrid sentries exposed to the "death breath," blowing from the Guadarama mountains, are changed every

China's national hymn is so long that the people take half a day to listen to it.

half hour.