GENIUS.

Once at the throne of Jove a youth appeared
Seeming of tender age and gently reared,
And being sore distressed; with humbled head,
He paused before the throne, and thus he said:
"God of the gods! a prisoner of woe,
I come before thee, for I fain would know
Who the immortal sire from whence I came;
The world my home and Genius is my name.

To Delphi's oracle they brought the youth,
And thus, the god advised, to learn the truth.
"Here now in suppliance bow unto the earth,
Seek not by words to know who gave thee birth;
But let the soul breathe forth thy heart's desire,
It is Jove's will, as well, to know thy sire."
Lo! when his trembling knees first touched the soil,
The voice exclaimed: "Genius, thy sire was Toil."

—Four-Track News.

The Last of the Leveridges.

THREE of a kind," said Mona Leveridge, gazing after her husband as he drove away from the dooryard on his way to the station to fetch Aline Register, her dearest friend, whom she had invited on a visit with a purpose.

She would have preferred her husband driving something quieter than those fiery chestnuts, but they were three of a kind, and perhaps the brutes understood their fiery master as well as he understood them.

At any rate, she had other occupation than watching him any longer. There were flowers still to be put into Aline's room and her own dinner toilette to make.

For her own sake, as well as Aline's, she wanted to "patch up that old affair." With Rafe Stillman at the other end of the globe it had mattered little. But with Rafe back home, her next door neighbor—as country neighbors go—with Horace cruelly alive to every incident in her own past that did not concern him personally, the future had its breakers.

She had not married the last of the Leveridges unwarned. Prophecy had held up its ghastly finger, she "would regret it." "The Leveridges were not as other men," but with a toss of her pretty head she had assured the croakers that that was one thing she loved him for.

Across the long, sloping approach to his own outer gate; adown the dusty gray highway, with its vivid border of bushes; into the twilight gloom of the forest growth that marked the boundary line between the Leveridge and the Stillman places, Leveridge guided his high-mettled team, pleasantly exhilarated by the spirited resistance to control manifested by his beautiful brutes.

Suddenly, with snorts of terror, they swerved, carrying the vehicle well out of the road. They had taken fright at a thoroughly commonplace object—an old man standing on the roadside innocently engaged in winding bits of twine about the saddle girth that had treacherously broken, leaving him dismounted from the horse that improved his opportunities by grazing. It was his own stableman. A fact which Leveridge recognized with a heavy outflash of temper.

"You infernal old idler, why are you not at work?"

The old man doffed his ragged hat deferentially.

"I told missus I didn't think I had time to go, but she say I must."

Leveridge leaned toward the old man with darkening eyes: "Go where?"

"Over to Mis' Stillman's."

"For what?"

"To carry a letter."

"To Mrs. Stillman?"

"I don't know, sir. Missus jus' give me this an' she say I worn't to wait for no answer."

With confiding frankness the old man extracted a note from the crown of his brimless hat, and put it into the hand eagerly stretched out for it.

It was addressed to Rafe Stillman. Leveridge turned it over with unsteady fingers. It was sealed with a looseness that invited treachery.

"I used to be accounted a gentleman," he snarled, in an undertone—faltered a second, and in another one was in full possession of the contents of the hastily sealed envelope:

"Mr. Leveridge goes out this morning. You had better come over early if you want a good day with the snipe."

The address and the signature were brief to curtness. "Mr. Stillman," and "M. E. Leveridge." Horace replaced the intercepted note in its envelope, and sat staring at it so long that his wife's messenger ventured to ask:

"Is you going to deliver it, Mr. Horace?"

"No." The man in the drag handed back the note. "You are to deliver it according to your mistress' orders. And, Munson"—his voice was tense in its enforced composure—"you will go as fast as if the devil was spurring your beast. Deliver that note and come back here to me. I, too, have a note for you to deliver. It is only a mile by the Cypress Walk. Five shillings if you are back here in half an hour; dismissal from the place if you are not."

"I'll be here, sir."

Leveridge straightened himself in the drag as the old man cantered out of sight. He had some few preparations to make. Of course, he should have to kill Stillman. As well then and there as at any other time. He laughed unpleasantly. It was odd he should have his gun under the seat of the drag. He had meant to leave it with the smith in town to be cleaned.

He tore a page from his pocket diary and wrote his courteous regrets that circumstances rendered it inconvenient for him to fetch Miss Register from the station.

"I have a little matter to settle with Mr. Stillman," he wrote, "that may interfere with his snipe shooting. Sorry to have spoiled your little plan for a pleasant day. Your pardon for a rather free interpretation of marital rights."

As old Munson reappeared, flurried and heated, but punctual, his master sprang from the drag and shook the reins impatiently toward him.

"You delivered the note to Mr. Stillman himself?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Here, you are to drive the beasts home. Let them cool off before watering them. After you have stabled them and rubbed them down, take this note up to the house and deliver it to Mrs. Leveridge. Not before you have attended to the horses. You understand?"

The old man recoiled in terror.

"Me drive thim devils home, sir?"

"You." The answer dropped like a stone, cold, hard, resolute.

Munson glanced nervously from the foam-flecked brutes to their master, whose delicate features were distorted with black rage. Of the two, the chestnuts inspired him with less terror. He obeyed the imperious order.

Something was wrong. He could not puzzle it out. Something had put Mr. Horace into one of his "ways," and he would as soon be out of range of his fierce temper as not. But "if the good Lord spared him to get home with them four-footed devils," he was going right straight to his mistress and make a clean breast of it.

On one of her numerous trips to the terrace, Mona, restlessly watchful for the coming of Rafe in time for her to prepare him for Aline's advent, saw the old man driving at a rate that bespoke something wrong. Every drop of blood had deserted her cheeks by the time the old man was near enough to be questioned.

"Where is Mr. Leveridge, Munson? Why are you driving the chestnuts?"

"I left him back yonder at the crossroads, missus, and——"

"Doing what?"

"Just waitin', seemed like."

"Waiting for what?"

"I don't know, missus. This poor old head of mine is all a-whirling with it. The Leveridge men-folks is surely hard to keep up with. Mebbe this will clear it up. I warn't to give it to you till I rubbed the horses down, but they can wait. I seem to feel danger in my bones."

Mona seized the envelope he extended. In another moment Horace's biting words had scorched themselves upon her brain. She made a step forward, stopped and pressed her hands over her eyes in a paroxysm of physical terror. Could she do it? She must.

All bareheaded and ungloved as she was, she sprang into the drag and gathered the long reins in her slight, untrained hands. Munson, who had dismounted to deliver the note, sprang to the brutes' heads, and laid a detaining grasp on their bridles.

"Missus, missus, what are you thinking of doing? They'll kill you, my sweet mistress. They is all fretted out with excitement now. Don't leave the old man behind, missus."

"Stand aside—they will trample you down!"

She planted her little feet rigidly against the dashboard. Her dinner gown of shimmering silk glistened in the sunshine. She swayed with the swift onrushing of the chestnuts, about whose ears she had laid the whip with ignorant energy.

Doubtless they would kill her. She rather expected it, but she must reach the cross-roads first—before Rafe Stillman got there.

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Horace Leveridge, standing face to face with the man whom he had pitilessly insulted into an agreement to settle the matters there and then, saw a glittering spectacle advancing upon them with the speed of a well-aimed arrow.

Mona's hair had escaped all bounds. Like a veil of some yellow silken fabric it fell about her pallid face. The sun shone full upon the glittering harness, upon the tawny manes of her steeds, and upon the diamond pin she had donned with her dinner costume. They were all a-glitter. She stood up in the drag to cry aloud—

"Horace, my husband, are you mad? stop! Let me explain."

As she drew rein or tried to curb the excited animals he cast a bitter look at her.

"The time for explanations has gone, Mrs. Leveridge. Perhaps you may as well witness the consummation of your own work."

"My work?"

He lifted his gun resolutely to his shoulder. Stillman as resolutely grounded his. Murder was about to be committed before her eyes. With a strenuous turn of her delicate wrists, which left them powerless for further action, Mona brought the horses' heads about just in time to intercept the bullet aimed at Stillman's heart. It went crashing through the back of the vehicle. Leveridge had never once loosed his touch upon the trigger.

With wild snorts of terror the maddened chestnuts swerved and dashed out of sight. The reins fell from Mona's helpless hands. She sank to the bottom of the drag. Her destruction was a matter of mere minutes. Perhaps seconds. She felt strangely indifferent to everything. Only she wanted not to suffer very long.

On, on, swifter, still faster, now swinging her frail cradle clear of the uneven ground; now thundering across a wooden bridge that gave back hollow echoes to the iron-shod feet; now rushing with smooth vehemence by the side of a flower-fringed streamlet, the chestnuts bore her forward to meet her fate.

Rescue was impossible, and she knew it. She opened her eyes and gazed heavenward, prayerfully. There was so much she would like to undo if she had time. She was not praying. There was no time left for prayer. A black-winged bird in a turquoise sky was the one object her failing senses grasped.

How serenely it soared on broad, slow wings, far, far above the turbulent world she was hastening out of. Would those brutes never exhaust their demoniacal strength? Would Horace suffer very keen remorse when he came to learn how things really stood?

Perhaps, after all, she was escaping long, weary years of a hopeless struggle to adjust the unadjustable. How little it all mattered now? How far away, how small, how unreal the world, trouble, hope, disappointment. It was something like getting to the end of a tiresome story which presently she would forget all about.

The chestnuts paused for a second on the brook side. A violent downward plunge—space seemed suddenly to envelop their rushing feet. The world reeled. The busy brain stopped like a rudely jarred watch spring. Two small, white hands were stretched despairingly to grasp at something—anything.

* * * * * * *

The ashen tints of November enwrapped the woods where Horace Leveridge had invited his doom. Aline Register still lingered at Leveridge Hall a loving ministrant to its widowed mistress. But Rafe was waxing impatient and she must tell Mona that her wedding day was fixed. She kneeled by her friend's lounge.

"Mona, you once said you had wronged me because Rafe's fancy strayed toward you, small blame to him, dear. How can I ever ask your pardon for all I have innocently brought upon you?"

Mona laid a silencing finger upon the girl's lips.

"It was not your fault. It was not mine. My poor Horace! I am glad he knew the truth before he turned his gun upon himself. My granite refused to be chiseled, Aline, although love held the chisel in a firmgra sp. Perhaps, if I had not wearied in well doing it would have been a pillar in the end."

There were those who said—on hearing that in a paroxysm of remorse Horace Leveridge had taken his own life, supposing Mona dead—that the Lord must surely have repented him of ever creating the Leveridges, and the woman who thought she could mold them was either very presumptuous or very silly.

"But she is young," the kindly gossips said, "and heart-wounds heal quickly. Praise be to an all-wise dispensation."—Illustrated Bits.

An enormous amount of care and labor and a great length of time are required in the making of the turbines of ocean-going vessels and it is this that renders the building of turbine steamships so expensive. The first ocean liner of the turbine type recently made its maiden trip across the ocean. There were no fewer than 1,500,000 separate pieces used in the building of the three turbines by which the vessels were driven.

Among the new industries that have been developed by the exigencies of modern life, none is more surprising than that of supplying human skin. Experiments in grafting to cover extensive injuries have been so successful that there is considerable demand for live skin, and the London hospitals have long lists of men and women—not all of the very poor class—who are ready to sell their flesh when it is wanted.

Sir William Ramsay believes that it is quite possible that in some cases bread is radio-active. He thinks that the radio-activity would not do any harm, as is shown by the presence of radium in the waters at Bath and at Wiesbaden. In both cases the water has to be drunk on the spot in order to get the full value of the cure. Sir William Ramsay thinks that this is partly due to the radio-active properties of the water. He is inclined to think that there are radio-active gases in the air. The "freshness" of the air at certain times he believes is due to their presence.

The arrival in London of a specimen of the bird-eating spider calls renewed attention to a little known insect that is more powerful than the famous Tarantula. It is the largest spider known, and its tropical South American home it spins very formidable webs for catching humming birds and finches instead of flies. When the enormously strong threads are spun across little-frequented roads they often strike the faces of travelers with great violence. The body of the spider is often three inches long and as large as a hen's egg, and its horrible aspect is increased by the long, hairy legs.

A huge electro-magnet has been installed in a certain hospital in England. It drew out splinters of steel which had become lodged in the eyes of patients. In one instance it drew out a piece of a hammer head which had been driven into the muscles of a patient's upper arm and in another case drew out a piece of a cold chisel in a forearm. The success of the magnet is said to have been complete, the fragments of the metal appearing quickly on the pole of the magnet. It is suggested that such an electro-magnet could be of great use in military hospitals for the removal of pieces of shell and steel bullets.

According to the investigations of Professor John B. Smith, it is not so easy to destroy the mosquito as some persons imagine. The eggs of the salt-marsh mosquito, for instance, may remain in dried mud for months, and yet a large percentage of them will hatch out within a few hours after becoming covered with water. The remainder lie dormant until the first lot has reached full growth, and then, if still submerged, most of them also will hatch out. A few eggs of each brood lie over to the following year, and all the eggs of the last autumn brood hibernate. The consequence is that the first spring mosquito swarm is the largest of the season, and migrating adults of this brood live until September, swelling the number of midsummer mosquitoes.

SKYSCRAPER SCHOOLS.

Doors and Desks Should Be Fire Proof—No Chance on Fire.

In a day of big things large school buildings are naturally to be expected, but a plan under consideration by the New York school authorities raised the question whether size may not be carried to a ridiculous and dangerous extreme. The plan contemplates the erection of a school building "ten or more stories in height" and intended to accommodate no less than 8,000 children. It will have about fifteen class rooms on each floor, or 150 in all. The structure will be fireproof, only desks and doors being inflammable, and if the fire should break out in one room it could be closed until the flames had burned themselves out. Transportation from floor to floor will be furnished by elevators.

Such is the scheme, which will make those gasp who recall the "little red school house" and the modest but inadequate city school buildings of not many years ago. It is very impressive, but would be rather more interesting if the New York authorities should tell how they propose to overcome certain objections that come at once to mind.

Why, for example, should doors and desks be combustible in these days of fireproofed wood? Again, no skyscraper in New York houses as many people as it is proposed to crowd into this up-to-date school house; and tenants of office buildings and the like do not arrive and depart at the same hour and moment twice a day, each morning and afternoon, as do the pupils of a public school. These eight regiments of children will have to find simultaneous ingress and egress—no easy task even for officers and well-disciplined soldiers.

Smoke is quite as dangerous as fire, and is not eliminated even in so-called fireproof buildings. Fire drills in the schools have greatly reduced the danger from fire and ensuing panic, but they will have to be brought to an inconceivable point of perfection, or child nature will have to be radically changed, if children are to be held quietly awaiting their turn to descend in elevators from a tenth story while smoke from perhaps a score of elevator shafts is enfolding them.

The idea of a school house large enough to contain the school population of a town of 50,000 or more inhabitants is novel and impressive. The New York authorities, though, are quite likely to conclude that their scheme is of more speculative interest than practical importance.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

SEEING LONDON IN A FOG.

Graphic Description of a Weird Day with Prentice Mulford.

He knew his London well. He went forth into a fog that was of the pea-soup variety, says a writer in the National Magazine. It seemed useless to wait any longer for it to clear off. The days were all alike and were darker than twilight ever dared to be. I clung to Mulford's coat sleeve, for I knew if we were once to get beyond my reach I could never hope to find him again.

We groped blindly among the streets, where the atmosphere was only less palpable than the houses that walled us in. At intervals we inquired where we were, for otherwise we could never have known at all. We had to feel our way carefully and take soundings at intervals. "Here," said Prentice, as we paused in space, "Here is Temple Bar!" I thought I saw something that might have been the ghost of an arch hewn out of the solid fog. The top of it, though it was not lofty, was lost to view.

Temple Bar, now gone forever from the place where its gates once swung in the wall of the old city. It was here her gracious majesty, Victoria of England, was wont to receive the keys of the city from the hands of the lord mayors, when she drove in state to St. Paul's cathedral. We threaded Fleet street, but could not see to the farther shore.

"Here is Her Majesty's tower," said Prentice, but nothing of it was visible, not one stone upon another. We crossed London bridge almost without knowing it; the waters of the Thames, which are only condensed fog, were invisible from the parapet, and the steam ferries were picking their way cautiously and looking very like marine monsters in a muddy aquarium. We crawled through the tunnel, for foot traffic under the Thames, which was like a hole in the fog, and for hours carried the sky about on our shoulders; it was a woolly, greasy and ill smelling sky.

Our nostrils were clogged with the cinders, like chimney flues, and there were smudges all over our faces. Sometimes for a moment or two we saw a spot overhead that was like a pale red wafer and we knew it for the sun, now lost to us. The lamps that burned all day were like glow worms for dimness; and so we explored the wonders of the town and saw as much of it as a blind man sees, but no more.

Doffs Stripes to Pray.

A certain and favorite officer in the United States navy had for a considerable time observed that the admiral always removed his uniform coat and donned one of less pretentions when he read his Bible on Sunday morning. He often wondered why the commander of the flagship should do so strange a thing, and so one day when the good humor of the admiral permitted the great amount of freedom such a question would require, he asked:

"Admiral, will you tell me why you always remove your uniform coat before you open your Bible for Sunday morning's reading?"

The admiral lifted his eyes and gravely stared the young officer in the face. His smile was more beatific than forbidding.

"Lieutenant, I remove my uniform coat before reading the Bible because I can never give the Lord of Hosts the proper amount of respect and adoration with the stripes of an admiral embracing the arms that support the Bible."

It was a question of the pride of his heart—which was in his admiral's stripes—overcoming the love he held for his Maker when he would render his devotion to him.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Economizing.

Bacon—Is he saving, did you say?

Egbert—My, yes! Why, he even talks through his nose to save his tongue!—Yonkers Statesman.