

THE ROSE.

O Love's star, over Eden,
How pale and faint thou art!
Now lost, now seen above,
Thy white rays point and dart.
O tender o'er her move,
Shine out and take my part!
I have sent her the rose of love,
And shut in the rose in my heart.

The fireflies glitter and rush
In the dark of the summer morn;
Pale on the hawthorn bush,
Bright on the larkspur seed;
And long is heaven afresh
To give my rose God-speed
If she breathe a kiss, it will blush;
If she bruise a leaf, it will bleed.

O bright star over Eden,
All beautiful thou art;
To-day, in the rose, the rose,
For my love I have periled my heart;
Now eye the dying glow
From the placid isles depart,
The rose-bathed planet knows
It is hers, my rose, my heart!
—Century.

WITH THE PRICE OF BLOOD.

SOLA VEJAR, simple child of a guileless race, believed in her very soul that wealth would outweigh in the heart of Antonio Mascavel the beauty of Refugio Garfias, great and renowned though that might be. Therefore, and for this only, did she sigh for riches and hate the poverty with which Providence had set fit to curse her. For Sola was not beautiful, save for the beauty that some find in a firm chin and a powerful mouth, a wide forehead and deep eyes overset with mighty brows—which may have their charm for the student of his kind, but not for a lover, and, least of all, for a Mexican lover.

Antonio Mascavel preferred the type of Refugio—small-featured, red-lipped, soft-eyed, graceful, and lovely as a dark Venus. And his opinion was also that of the surrounding country, of the city of Los Angeles, and the mission of San Gabriel. The fame of the daughter of Garfias had spread even among the Americans, and when strangers asked to be shown a beautiful Mexican, they were taken to the house of Garfias, upon the outskirts of Sonora town. So it may be supposed that Refugio had lovers. They came from far and near, and from every rank of California life. There was an American whose fortune was vast and as generously spent as fortunes were in the early fifties; there was an Englishman with a determination to have her at any cost, even at that of a few lives—a tendency of character which accounted for his presence in the States and for his expatriation; there was a priest who was eating out his wretched soul for her, and who had so far fallen from grace as to have told her so; there were innumerable Mexicans, ranchers, shopkeepers, desperadoes, and gamblers. All followed tamely and suppliantly in Refugio's train.

But she loved only Mascavel. She admitted it at last to Senor Garfias, when that wily little creature demanded that she make a choice. The senior was aghast. The possibility of it had not occurred to him.

"Antonio Mascavel!" he said. "But you do not know him."

Refugio nodded her little head. "Si," she said.

"Where have you seen him?" She was not minded to tell of the meetings in the willow-hidden bed of the arroyo, so she held her peace.

"But the man is a bad character. He is a gambler."

Still Refugio was silent. There must be better arguments than faults, vices, or crimes to bring against the unanswerable one that a woman loves.

Of this Senor Garfias became gradually aware after he had protested for hours and for days, and after finding that despite his prohibitions, despite close supervision, his fair daughter and Mascavel were in constant communication.

Then he hunted out Antonio himself where he sat playing at cards in the bar-room of the Lafayette, and he pleaded with him, courteously and respectfully, for Mascavel was a big man and a desperate one. But he, too, answered that he loved, and when all was said and done, it had gone no farther than this, that they both loved, and that wisdom might stand aside.

Garfias went with his baffled hopes to Senor Vejar—the brother of Sola. The house of Vejar—a two roomed adobe which had never been whitewashed—stood several hundred yards farther north along the road than that of Garfias. It was the last one before the open country, and had no neighbors.

Senor Vejar was much younger than Garfias. He had the same mighty brow and powerful mouth that made his sister hideous to a race that loves all things gentle and gracious. He was one of those who pined for Refugio, but her father did not know this. So he told him the whole story of his thwarted will and plans, and implored advice as he made a cigarette.

"If it were not for the cursed laws of the Gringos; if things were as they were in my youth, I could force my own daughter to marry the man I pleased," he said.

Vejar shook his head. "You can not do that," he answered.

"What, then, shall I do?" Garfias was moved to the point of tears. They hung on his long black lashes and dropped on his old blue overalls.

The situation was too complicated to be set straight in a moment. It was not simplified by Vejar's having his own suit and chances to consider. "I can not advise you at once," he said. "I will think and will help you, if I can, in the morning." He took counsel with his sister when Garfias had ridden away.

"Oh!" snarled Sola. "The love of Antonio! A thousand dollars would bury

it so deep that it would never rise again."

"Yet," said her brother, not understanding woman, "you would be glad to have it."

The deep eyes shone. She shrugged her shoulders. "Yes, I would be glad to have it. And I could have it for a thousand dollars—perhaps less."

"At that cost you must be content to go without it. What advice shall I give to Don Garfias?"

"How should I know? Let him see to his own troubles, and be glad that your sister is not so beautiful that you have no peace because of her."

It was long after dark when a horse stopped at Vejar's adobe. Vejar had been asleep. He jumped up and went to the door. He had his finger on the trigger of his revolver. A man stood under the broken-down ramada. Before he spoke, the Mexican had seen by the moonlight that he was a Gringo. They talked together in low tones until Sola joined them, rubbing her eyes and moving noiselessly, with her bare feet, across the dirt floor.

"This man," said her brother, "is an American. He says he has ridden all day to get into Los Angeles before night, but his horse went lame. It is so bad now that he can go no farther, and he wishes to stay here until morning."

"Let him stay," said Sola, not too graciously. "He can have my bed. I cannot sleep."

Vejar granted in much contempt, "Mascavel does not lie awake for you," he said.

Sola made no answer. She accepted the fact. She put the American upon the blanket-covered willow boughs that she called her bed. Her brother tied the horse beside his own in the roofless adobe outhouse, and fed it some hay. He did nothing for its lame foot. The suffering of a dumb brute is a matter of utter indifference to a Mexican, when it is not cause for laughter.

The American was a mere youth. Sola saw that when the patch of moonlight finally worked around to where he lay. He was so still that she began to think he might be dead. So she rose from where she sat upon the floor, leaning against the wall, and went near to see if he were breathing. It seemed that he slept very lightly, for he started up, with his left hand upon his belt and his right hand upon his revolver.

"You were so still I thought you might be dead," said Sola, in her deep, placid voice, full of the Indian sweetness of sound. He took his hand from the weapon and lay back shamefacedly. It was only a woman, a thick-set, lazy, good-hearted Mexican. He had not been able to see her face, and he did not know that the comfortless pallet was her bed. He turned on it and fell asleep again. But Sola was thinking. Long after her brother was dreaming in the next room she crouched, looking into the darkness with her great, wide eyes—seeing nothing. And in her brain ran the clink of the coins as the young Gringo had put his hand to his belt. There was a purpose in her unflinching mind. That she debated it therein was due only to her uncertainty as to how many coins had clinked, as to whether there were enough to buy Antonio Mascavel. Five hundred dollars would do it—for a time. After that he might kill her; or he might let her live and go away with Refugio—which would be worse. He was a gambler through and through, and none the less so because of being luckless. A few hundred dollars in actual cash would present to him unlimited possibilities of the wealth that it might win. And there is always the poor chance, in a woman's mind, that the man may learn to love as she loves. He might forget Refugio; or she might marry some one else.

She went slipping across the earthen floor and groped in a corner behind a string of chilies. Her hand came out from the shadow holding a knife that gleamed as she moved back through the strip of moonlight and toward the willow-bough pallet where the incognito youth lay, sleeping heavily now.

Fifteen minutes later she went into the room where her brother lay upon a bed like her own. She roused him with her bare foot. He turned with a sleepy grunt.

"Get up and come here," she said. She was not a capricious creature. It was her way to do little, but that in dogged earnest. So Vejar sprang up and went with her. She stopped beside the bed and pointed down to the body.

"I have killed him," she said. Vejar made no answer. He did not understand.

"I have killed him," she repeated. "You take him away and bury him."

It flashed upon Vejar that what his sister said was true. He was frightened. He dropped down beside the body and dragged it into the streak of moonlight.

"Take care," Sola warned him; "if there is blood on the floor it can be seen. I can burn the blanket that is on the bed; and no one saw him come."

Vejar let the body fall, and stood up facing her. She could see the dreadful light in his eyes, but she did not care.

"You can turn his horse loose and it will never be known," she said, indifferently. "He had money. There is eight hundred dollars. I have counted it. Antonio will marry me for that."

Vejar struck her down with a blow on the breast. She sat upon the floor as quietly as if she were basking in the sun, dreaming the eternal Mexican dreams.

"If you hit me again, I shall say that you did it. They would believe me."

Vejar stood thinking, with the body and the woman at his feet. He knew that she was right. The Gringo would believe a woman. It was the custom of the fools. She held his life in her hand, broad hands, and she would give it for the sake of the soft-eyed gambler as calmly, as relentless-

ly as she had given that of the boy between them.

He carried the body out and buried it before dawn, far from the adobe, and so skillfully that there were no traces of the spot. Then he turned the lame horse loose, and it wandered into the town.

For the sake of the forty gold pieces that were Sola Vejar's dowry that she had come by, he did not ask how—nor care—that conjured up visions of limitless wealth to be won, Antonio Mascavel consented to take her and let the ungilded beauty of Refugio Garfias go.

Many Americans disappeared in those days, and were never accounted for. It was so with the one who had started from the San Fernando district to Los Angeles, foolishly carrying a large amount of gold in his belt—some said more than a thousand dollars. The sheriff and a posse searched and did not find him; that was all.

Antonio lived with Sola for a year, and she was happy—through no fault of his. His luck turned, and he won, with her nest-egg, the fortune he had dreamed of. Having done so, he left her and went across the border.

For a long time Sola mourned, sullenly and deeply; then—Vejar having been killed at a round-up by an enraged steer—she took up her abode with Refugio, and became a devoted and patient nurse to her children.

For Refugio had married the rich American, and had long since forgiven the defection of Mascavel and the woman who had caused it—Gwendolen Overton, in the Argonaut.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

By a new device blind shutters can be automatically raised and lowered as the sun's rays shine or disappear, a thermostat being attached to the blind to close an electric circuit and shut the blinds as the sun's rays become hot.

Envelopes can be quickly moistened for sealing and stamping by a handy new device, consisting of a water cup from which a wick rises to feed water to an absorbent roller, which turns and dampens the envelope as it is drawn between the roller and a fixed pad.

Electricity is used to destroy weeds in a new device, which can be used on an ordinary mowing machine, one wire of the dynamo being attached to the cutting bar and the other grounded through one of the wheels, so that if the weeds are cut when damp a current of electricity enters each root and burns it as the top is cut.

Imprisoned miners can be supplied with food and air by a newly patented conduit system, consisting of a series of pipes, to be laid through the mine shafts, with branch pipes running around each section to be used if the main pipe should be crushed by a cave-in, flexible conveyors being run through the pipes to carry the food.

Bicycle tires can be automatically inflated when punctured, by a new pump, consisting of a yoke which encircles the tire and extends around the rim to support the piston-rod mounted in a cylinder attached to the rim. The yoke sinks in with each revolution as soon as the tire becomes soft, and gives a stroke on the piston, which is forced back again by a spring inside the pump.

Ship's bottoms can be cleaned without the necessity of docking by a newly patented apparatus, which is mounted on a small boat or scow, and attached to the side of the ship to be cleaned, and has an adjustable ladder, at the outer end of which is mounted a revolving brush or scraper which is capable of reaching all parts of the bottom of the vessel.

To Change Ocean Currents.

At Vladivostok, a prominent Siberian port and the terminus of the Siberian railway, for over four months of winter the port is blocked up with ice, rendering shipping traffic impossible. For many years the Russian authorities have been endeavoring to overcome these natural difficulties, and some time ago ice-breaking ships were introduced to break open the ice, an operation, however, which has proved practically useless. It is now reported that "a certain engineer" has proposed a plan for reclaiming the narrow part of the Tartar strait between Saghalien and the Russian mainland. The theory of such an undertaking is that, if this is done, the cold current which enters the Japan Sea from the Arctic, via Behring Strait, will be checked, and the passage of the warmer tide, coming from the south through the Tshuma strait, will make the water on the coast of Japan as warm as Vladivostok, and the later will be warm all year round. The expectation is entertained that this remarkable engineering work will be entered upon after the completion of the Siberian railroad.—Scientific American.

Booze and Guile.

He picked out the gaudiest of the celluloid photograph albums, and handed over \$2 with a confiding enthusiasm which moved to pity even the hardened salesman.

But the customer himself was full of guile as well as other things.

"Say," he remarked confidentially, as the clerk began to wrap up the album, "would you mind raising the figures on that price-mark to \$4? The fact is that this is \$2 of my money. It would be pretty hard explaining it to the old woman, but if I bring her home a nice present like that, she may scold me for being so extravagant, but will forgive me because I thought so much of her to spend \$4 of my hard earnings for her pleasure."—Buffalo Express.

When an old man goes to hell, he has an idea he is compelled to put his time reading the old love letters he wrote in his youth.

Story of a Wasted Life.

I was about to enter one of the dining rooms of this city for my regular afternoon meal, when a fairly dressed man approached me, and, after considering, he said: "I am hungry; yes, honestly hungry. Can you do anything for me?" His voice had that smooth, educated sound which one likes to hear, and, without considering the fact that I had previously been made a victim of a number of his gentry, I took him inside, and, as I ordered dinner for two, I got a first-class chance to look him over. He was a young man of 24 years or thereabouts. His face, though grimy, had a decidedly straightforward look, and as he began to eat I also observed that he was refined in manners. I was becoming interested in the fellow for some unexplainable reason, and when the contents of the dishes had disappeared and he announced that his appetite was appeased, I asked him to take a walk. Together we strolled to the Alameda, where after seating ourselves I ventured to ask him what brought him to Mexico. After considerable hesitation he replied: "Mister, I am not used to this life, and I am here because I have tried to get as far away from the city that I was born and raised in as possible. I am the only son of a man of wealth in a large city in the northern part of the United States, and I was raised in what is termed the lap of luxury. I received the very best education that money could furnish, and when three years ago I graduated from college my father placed his hand upon my head and said: 'My son, I am proud of you.' From the college door I went directly to the office of my father's extensive commercial house, and when I should have gained what the 'old man' called a knowledge of the business, I would have been taken in as a partner of the firm. About this time I became engaged to a young lady who was my equal in everything, socially, and the wedding day was set.

A few days after the date of my marriage was settled, an old college chum arrived in the city, and, what is more, accepted my invitation to make our house his headquarters while in town. He was a hail fellow well met, and in a few days we were nightly engaged in taking in the town. One morning after being out all night I accidentally met my fiancée upon the street, and she, seeing my intoxicated condition, passed by me, and the mere sight of her sobered me completely. That afternoon I received a letter from her, inclosing her engagement ring, and stating that she did not care to become a drunkard's wife, breaking the engagement. For hours I was as a crazy man, and when my senses returned I made an attempt to see her, but was debarred the house. I sent letters, messages, begging, entreating her to forgive me. It was useless. In a few days I returned to my office, but could not put my mind on what I was doing, and I took the usual course, tried to drown my troubles by drink. It was but a step. I met boon companions, who helped me down the easy path. From the saloon, one more short step and I was in the gambling house. At first I used to win, and I was continually during the hours of business to be found at the card tables. One day I had what they called a bad run of luck and lost all the money I had, amounting to several thousand dollars, and in my desperation I wrote out a check, and, signing my father's name to it, I sent one of the employes of this 'den' to the bank, which cashed the check unhesitatingly.

"A few hours' play followed, and once more I was broke. I arose from that table, a forger of a parent's name, and rushing out of the house I made my way to the river with the intention of ending it all. On my way I had to cross a number of railroad tracks, and just as I reached them a long freight train came along, bound whither I knew not, and cared less. I boarded the moving cars, and crawling up the sides I lay on the top of one of them, and as I lay there my whole life came to me, and in a moment of frenzy I jumped from the now fast moving train. By some miraculous reason I escaped the death I craved, but was rendered unconscious from the shock. When I came to my senses I crawled and limped along the track, and in a few hours reached a little town. Upon inquiry I was told that I was fifty miles from the town of my birth. I sat down upon the platform of the station, and glancing at my hands I saw 'our' engagement ring. Again the past came to me, and this time I cried like a child. I took the ring off my hand, and putting it inside of the last letter which 'she' had written me, I looked about for a place to lie down. I was exhausted and faint. I had eaten nothing all day, and it was now late in the evening. In fact, it was dark. I went up to the track again, and lying down upon the grass near by I slept the sleep of the weary and dreamed of my home which I had so lately left. I awoke with a start, and found that day was about to break, and as I tried by the remaining strength left in my body to stand up, I heard a sharp whistle, and a train was pulling out of the depot toward me. Ascertaining my will power I started to my feet and ran as fast as I could in the direction of the coming train. I saw as I ran that it was a freight, and as the cars began to go by me I managed to see a door of one of them open; and grasping hold of a part of the door I drew myself inside. My strength here gave out, and once more I fainted. I did not remember anything more until I one morning found myself in a cheap lodging house, in a city, and those about me called me 'dirt.' I was in rags, and as I mechanically felt for my letter and ring, I found that they were gone. I was stunned, but throwing all my remaining manhood into action, I started out to look for employment. I searched hard, but no one would give me work, and I came to Mexico, betting trains

and begging my food in the hopes that some one would give me some kind of employment here. That is all."—City of Mexico Two Republics.

"Where Alfred Died."

She is a beautiful old lady with snow-white hair and a proud, patrician face. She was making clippings from the day's batch of newspapers when I went in, and on the table beside her was spread a map of Cuba. After she had greeted me she took a pen and ran up a tiny United States flag on the dot that stood for Havana.

"That is where Alfred died," she said softly. Then I remembered.

Fifteen years ago, it must have been, there was at school in New Orleans a beautiful young Cuban girl, Signorita Maria Fernandez. There was no more popular girl in the whole school than she. Brilliant and beautiful as she was gentle and sweet, she won the hearts of teachers and schoolmates. It is little wonder that she won other hearts, too, when her school days were over, and she made a tour of the States, accompanied by the faithful duenna whom she had brought from her island home, and also an experienced and cultivated American chaperon.

Signorita Maria had many suitors, but of them all only one that she favored. He was Alfred L., of New York, a man of means and of parts. The seniorita returned to her home in the fall, leaving her heart and her promise in his keeping, and early in the winter, with her permission, he followed her.

One morning, beneath the shadow of the trees in the grounds surrounding the magnificent home of Signor Fernandez, Maria's father, Alfred L. was found dead, murdered over night by the treachery of a Spanish rival. A month later the beautiful Maria entered a convent.

That is the story I thought of when I saw Alfred L.'s mother stick a United States flag on the dot that stood for Havana.—Philadelphia Times.

Topic Times

As the word will occur in conversation frequently now, it is useful to recall that Byron makes "Cadiz" rhyme with "ladies."

Of the forty-two largest cities in Japan, ranging in population from 1,350,000 down to 26,000, twenty-four have electric lighting systems.

The yield of wheat during the past year in Victoria, Australia, amounted to 10,400,000 bushels, being an increase of 3,000,000 bushels over the previous year.

The cultivation of flax in the State of Morelos, Mexico, is said to have passed the experimental stage and to promise substantial results in a commercial sense.

The securities of bicycle tire companies, which are dealt in on the London Exchange, having a par value of \$30,000,000 and a market value of \$41,175,000 a year ago, are now quoted at \$15,275,000.

In speaking of the death of a prominent citizen a paper in Western Kansas says that "He was a lawyer by profession, but never have we heard a person say that he had wronged them in the least particular."

The Chinese make great pets of their gold-fish and patiently teach them tricks, such as eating from their owner's hands or rushing to be fed at the tinkle of a bell. The gold-fish belongs to the carp family and is sometimes called the golden carp.

The militia laws of the United States were passed between 1792 and 1862, and many of the provisions now in force are a bit antiquated. For instance, it is still the law of the land that each militiaman "shall be constantly provided with a good musket or firelock of a bore sufficient for balls of the eighteenth part of a pound, a sufficient bayonet, two spare flints, a box and not less than twenty-four cartridges," or else with a good rifle, shot pouch and powder horn.

The late Daniel B. Fayerweather's bequest of \$300,000 to Columbia University has been paid over to the trustees of the institution. In accepting the gift they signified their intention of naming the present physics building Fayerweather hall and of placing a memorial tablet in the building.

The Svantians, who live in an inaccessible mountain range between the Black and Caspian Seas, are probably the laziest and dirtiest people in the world. They have made no advance toward civilization in 2,500 years. It is their invariable rule to observe holidays four times a week, with saints' days as extras.

Experts who have examined the handsome Persian rug presented to Lord Salisbury by Prince Amr Kahn of Persia, during the English jubilee festivities, say that it is worth at least \$4,000. The rug has been placed in a black frame of massive design and will henceforth adorn the premier's private room at the foreign office.

The following unique announcement has been issued by an old-timer who has opened a dry goods store at Lawrence, Kan.: "Settled in the territory at Lawrence in 1857. Stood the drought of 1860. Stood the war of '61-'65. Stood the Quantrell raid. Stood the Price raid. Stood the three grasshopper raids. Stood up for Kansas always and am ready to stand up for the United States against Spain or any country on earth."

The terra cotta locks of the girl with a wealthy father becomes auburn or golden as she grows older, but the red-headed boy remains red-headed until the end of the chapter.

UNSPOKEN SYMPATHY.

Children Who Were Careful Not to Hurt an Uncle's Feeling.

He was a big, burly, good-natured conductor on a country railroad, and he had watched them with much interest as they got on the train. They were two handsome, round-faced, rosy-cheeked boys, and three sunny-haired, pretty little girls of various sizes and ages. A grave, kind-looking gentleman, evidently their guardian, got in with them, and the conductor's attention was soon caught by the fact that the apparently eager conversation was carried on by means of a deaf-and-dumb alphabet, the gentleman joining in so pleasantly that the conductor beamed on him with approval. Naturally kind-hearted himself, it pleased him to see this trait in others. But his honest eyes were misty as he thought of his own noisy crowd of youngsters at home and contrasted them with this prim little company who smiled and gesticulated, but made no sound.

It was plain they were off on a holiday jaunt, for they all had satchels and wore a festive, "go-away" air, and the conductor, whose fancy played about them continually, settled it in his mind that they belonged to some asylum, and were going with their teacher for a vacation trip. He couldn't help watching them, and nodding to them as he passed through the car. They returned his greeting in kind, being cheerful little souls, and he began to look forward with regret to the time of parting.

At length, at one of the rural stations, the gentleman kissed the young ones hurriedly all round and got off the train. They leaned out of the windows and waved enthusiastic farewells as the car moved on; then the biggest "little girl" took a brown-paper bag from her satchel and distributed crackers in even shares. The conductor, in passing, smiled and nodded as usual, as the little girl held out the paper bag to him.

"Do have some," she said. He started back in sheer amazement. "Why," he exclaimed, "you can talk then—all of you?"

"Of course!" they cried in chorus. The conductor sank into the seat across the aisle. "I thought you were deaf and dumb," he gasped.

"Oh, how funny!" cried one of the rosy-cheeked boys. "Why, that was Uncle Jack, poor fellow! He was born that way. We wouldn't talk while he was with us; it might hurt his feelings, you know. Hello! here's our station. Come on, girls!" And the five trooped noisily out, and waved their handkerchiefs from the platform as the train moved on.—St. Nicholas.

Paid His Creditors in Full.

A case of rather remarkable commercial honesty has just come to light. In 1875 one of Springfield's well-known shoe dealers found himself so embarrassed by depreciation in value of stocks and the difficulty in collecting accounts that he failed and made a compromise with his creditors of 50 cents on the dollar. After twenty-two years the merchant, now considerably over 70 years old, has settled all these old claims in full, paying the balance unpaid at that time, amounting to several thousand dollars.

There was no claim on him other than that of his conscience. All his creditors had signed a paper acknowledging their satisfaction, and, in fact, a large number of original papers had been destroyed, so that the merchant had to settle in accordance with the figures he had in his possession, paying over the money in some cases to heirs or to surviving partners, who knew nothing or had nothing to show of the original transaction. The conscientious old shoe dealer is very anxious not to have his name appear—his act would lose its merit through advertising, he says. A good deal of the money that he has thus paid back has been pouched out on the shoe-maker's bench.—Boston Transcript.

New Island Off Borneo.

A sensation has been created in the Straits Settlements and the far East by the sudden appearance of a new island off the coast of Borneo, between Nematok and Lumidian. The island is 45 feet high, a third of a mile long, and a quarter of a mile wide. For the most part the island is merely an upheaval of the bottom of the sea, but at its highest point there is a distinct mud crater, with the cone-shaped top and sides fallen in. The sides of the cone give evidence of having been forced up through a crevice in solid rock. The British North Borneo Herald says the cone, which is thirty yards in diameter, is surrounded by another and larger cone, which shows that with more pressure from beneath a much larger crater would have been formed. The rising of the island was not accompanied by any volcanic disturbance. The crater is sealed with crevices and cracks which emit gases. By applying a torch to a small crack in the crater the gas ignites and burns steadily.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Musical Aids to Marchers.

A French general has inaugurated a plan of permitting soldiers to sing when on the march, a privilege which has been strictly denied until recently. It has also been arranged that any soldier who can play on any of the smaller musical instruments shall be provided with such instrument at the expense of the State.

England's Pension Payments.

Every year Great Britain pays nearly \$4,000,000 in pensions, retired pay and superannuated allowances to officers, warrant officers and others.

Suicides.

The number of suicides committed in this country last year was 4,912, or about seven in every 100,000 inhabitants.