

### The Station Despair

BY JOAQUIN MILLER. We must trust the conductor, most surely; Why millions of millions before
Have made this same journey secorely,
And come to that ultimate shore.
And we, we will reach it in season: And, ah, what a welcome is there! Reflect, then, how out of all reason

To stop at the station Despair. Ay, midnights and many a petion Of trouble and sorrow have we. As we journey from ocean to ocean, From sea into ultimate sea. To that deep sea of seas and all silence

Of passion, concern and of care.

That vast sea of Eden set islands—
Don't step at the station Despair. Go forward, whatever may follow, Go forward, friend, led or alone; Ah, me, to leap off in some hollow Often in the night and unknown.

Leap off like a thief, try to hide you From angels, all waiting you there! Go forward! whatever betide you, Don't stop at that station Despair! Old-Fashioned Thoroughness.

Sir William Siemens, one of the most famous of "mechanical philosophers," was born in Germany in 1823, and received his early education at Lubeck, where the German guild system was in full force. His description of the system, in after years, is interesting in itself, and offers a strong contrast to the system of apprenticeship, or want of apprenticeship, to which mechanics are now subjected.

In going through the streets of Lubeck I saw Carpenters' Arms, Tailors' Arms, Goldsmiths' Arms and Blacksmiths' Arms. These were lodginghouses where every journeyman be longing to that trade or craft had to stop if he came into the town.

In entering on his career, he had to be bound as an apprentice for three an apprentice, had to enter into an engagement to teach him the art and mystery, which meant the science of his trade.

Before the young man could leave his state of apprenticeship he had to pass a certain examination; he had to produce his Gesellenstucr, or journeyman piece of work, and if that was found satisfactory he was pronounced a journeyman. He had then to travel for four years from place to place, not being allowed to remain more than our months under one master; he had to go from city to city, and thus pick up knowledge in the best way that could have been devised in those days.

Then, after he had completed his time of travel, on coming back to his native city he could not settle as a master in his trade until he had proworks of art in every sense of the word. They were, in blacksmithing, for instance, the most splendid pieces of armory. In clocks, especially, great skill was displayed.

After a masterpiece was approved, the journeyman was pronounced a master, and was allowed to marry.

Treacherous Soll.

Snipe-shooting on an Irish bog is an excellent test of a gunner's skill and enthusiam. In "Forty-five Years of Sport," Mr. Corballis says that he was out shooting with Lord Gormanstown, who weighed 230 pounds, and hisagent, weighing 210, when they came to a bog swarming with snipe.

The walking was dangerous, for at every step the surface of the moss for fifty yards around rose and fell like a wave of the sea.

Suddenly Lord Gormanstown put his feet on a tuft of grass, and down he went up to his armpits. The agent shook with laughter, which so disturbed the bog he stood on that it gave way, and let him in up to his armpits. A man was sent to the nearest house,

a mile away, for a rope, and the two heavy men, after remaining in the bog for three-quarters of an hour, were hauled out.

An experienced bog-shooter, if he finds himself going down, throws himself flat on his side or back, and at the same time throws his gun to his attendant, generally an unshod "gossoon," who rarely fails to catch it.

The sensation of being bogged is very unpleasant, but if a man throws himself on his side or back, there is strength enough in the peat to support his body.

One Irish spipe-shooter, Mr. Foster of Dublin, was so gool that he had been known, when bogged and going down, to kill a bird with his right barrel, another with his left, and then throw his gun for a friend to catch.

Value of Catnapa.

"I once heard Prof. Fowler, the eminent phrenologist, ascribe Gladstone's unimpaired vigor in his advanced age to an odd cause," said a prominent New Yorker at the Richelieu to the Post man.

"According to Prof. Fowler, the great Englishman owes his retention of his intellectual acumen at his present great age to his faculty for taking very short naps of sound, refreshing sleep at odd times and underanusual circumstances.

"It is said that Mr. Gladstone can go to sleep at will and in a moment or so attain a state of profound slumber, which does not last more that a few minutes. In the long, wearisome, fatiguing, allnight sittings of Parliament the liberal leader would be found fresh and bright of Siberia. She has secured \$5,000 for first to hear? There-ag at daybreak, while the young men in a hospital.

the flore would be wan and haggard "But they had not, as tiladstone hi done, taken many one or two minute naps while listening to the dull monotonous harangue of some member who was 'up,' not because he had any thing to say, but who was talking

against time. 'According to Prof. Powler this knack of taking cathapa con be acquired by almost anybody, and that in all cases it is preductive of the best results in the way of enabling one to sustain long-continued physical or mental exertion."

Hair and Physical Strength.

During the last few weeks the discustion as to alumdance of hair being evidence of strength has again come up, some arguing that there was nothing novel in Sampson's strength being in his hair, and others that as a rule the strongest men are least blessed with an abundant hair covering. There are necessarily exceptions to all rules, but most feats of strength of modern times have been performed by people with luxuriant hair. There are five or six women now traveling with dime museum shows lifting enormous weights magnificent bends of hair.

Among prize-fighters the same rule applies, and although athletes generally keep their hair cut very close to the head, they usually have a very thick growth of hair and are seldom bald. deal in the discussion, but the fact remains that the strongest men of to-day have in almost every instance not only heavy beads of hair, but also quite a substantial growth on the chest and arms. It may be that excessive bodily vigor and activity promote the growth of hair, or that the hair itself is an evidence of strength, but whicheve may be the cause and the effect the combination exists as a very general rule.

#### Her Young Were Saved.

A herd of 5,000 beeves were toiling over the lonely trail from New Mexico to Kansas, says a correspondent, leaving behind them, across the grassy plains and valleys, a swath as bare as if it had been swept by the fiery breath of a simoom.

Suddenly the leader of the herd, a huge steer, started back in terror, gave vent to a snort of warning, and moving to the right, passed on. Those immediately in the rear turned to right or or five years; and the master, on taking left, and their example was followed by each long-horned pilgrim as he reached the dreaded spot.

When the entire herd had passed, a wide, trampled track lay behind; but near the middle of this dusty space stood a luxuriant island of grass three feet in diameter.

A herdsman rode up to the spot and dismounted, expecting to find a rattlesnake, a creature of which cattle as well as horses have an instinctive and well-founded dread. Instead of a serpant, however, the grass tuft contained only a harmless killdee ployer, covering the nest, while her wings were kept in constant and violent motion. Seen indistinctly through the grass, she had evidently been mistaken by the steer for a rattlesnaks.

She did not take flight, even at the cowboy, but valiantly pecked at his duced his Meisterstuck or masterpiece. | boot as he gently pushed her to one | These masterpieces were frequently side to find that the nest contained four unfledged killdees.

# Hereditary Knowledge.

A little 3-year-old, whose father, two grandfathers and a great-grandfather are physicians, was entertaining herself one day by playing doctor to her dolls. The nurse kept the young physician going on a round of calls from doll to doll and writing prescriptions in her babyish hieroglyphics.

At last the weary little body climbed into an arm-chair, and lay back for a moment's rest. The nurse, fearing lest the slightest diversion should turn the active little brain toward something that would demand more of her boy flushes with pride when the offiattention, sought to reawaken interest cer calls out in praise: 'Well donein the dolls by a very urgent tele- well done, little fellow; who knows

phonic summons. The little doctor straightened up at the tling-tling of the imaginary bell, and resting her elbow on the arm of the chair and making a receiver of her

needed her seevices at once. With a merry chime, to which the flying hoof sigh of impatience, she gathered her beats mark a rhythmic cadence. Belittle body together as if for a plunge side the driver sits Peterkin, in place out of the big chair; then a look of in- of the yamstchik or post boy, a low telligence passed over her face, and crowned hat covering the mop of yelshe settled back with this pithy mes- low hair, cut straight from ear to ear.

tome; he's busy sittin' in his office."

# Home-Made Electricity.

ranged internally that the waste heat containing the necessary metallic elements for furnishing the current. These shape in which the metallic alloys are

amount, but the results of this attempt are used for storing up the electricity. and as the heating is required for a much longer period than for lighting. the electrical energy, which would be lost during the hours of daylight, is saved. A point of considerable moment is that the heat utilized in this way is waste heat, so that any portion that can be recovered in the form of electri-

city is so much gain. Miss Madden has traveled 2,000 miles horseback on her mission for the lepers THE CHRYSALIS.

My carera tightees, colors I'm feeling for the nir, A dim capacity for wings Degrades the dress I wear

A power of instantly must be aptitude to fly, Meadows of majusty conceds, And easy sweeps of sky.

So I must baffe at the heat And cipher at the sign. And make much blunder, if at last I take the clue divins Dutty Dickinson in the arkaneaw Trave

## PETERKIN'S WOLF SONG.

Peterkin stands thoughtfully listening to the thunder and the roar of the waters as fretful of restraint they have leapt from captivity, and with a sound like the roaring of the hungry wolves flow opward under masses of ice to the Arctic ocean. The face of the lad grows more serious as he listens; gradually a smile flits over the pinched features for the significance of the sound is unmistakable. Spring has come-spring with its power of with their hands or teeth and perform- sweetness over a frozen land and Siing other extraordinary feats of beria traversed with 3,000 miles of strength, and nearly all of them have river, will lose its look of desolation, to blossom into beauty as he journeys southward, ever nearer to the gay capital wherein dwells the ezar. Wonderful visions fill his mind-dim, half remembered stories of the great cathedral of St. Isaac's, wherein Ancient history is delved into a great echoes the sweet-toned singing of the choristers in gorgeous tunies of blue and gold.

so Peterkin turns his back upon the old life, and journeying southward keeps body and soul together as best he may. Primroses in their first pink flush of bloom, violets, golden-hearted daisies, and now a field blue as beaven with forget-me-nots greet him in their beauty and sweet-scented bloom. Sometimes the blossoms are gathered to sell in the market of the nearest village, and so a night's shelter or a crust of black bread is obtained.

Spring deepens into summer, summer wanes, outrun by autumn's fleeter stride, and Peterkin journeys on, subsisting for the most part on berries, which Nature, so niggard of her gifts in most things, here strews broadcast. Yet now and then when the boy's heart grows weary and he sinks for a while to rest by the roadside, there sparkles on the green, luxuriant grass a drop that is far too salt for dew.

Autumn's breath grows keen, and winter holds the land in an ley embrace. leveling the steppes with drifting pall of whiteness over which rise the treacherous fogs, when Peterkin crosses the border and enters the village through which he must pass to the Russian capital.

An unwonted stir and bustle of excitement pervades the place, for this very evening the only daughter of the rich land owner is to wed an officer of the czar, and the fiddler engaged for the occasion has fallen on the ice, hurting his arm so that playing is out of the question. A sorry wedding, indeed, it will be without music; the bride is in despair and hails with joy news of the little peasant who that morning entered the village and declared ability to draw music from the old violin slung in a sack across his shoulder.

erkin says he can and will play, if in return he be granted permission to travel with the wedding party to St. Petersburg. The curious proposition at first amuses the officer; to whom it seems a good joke; then, noting the little fellow's persistency. he contemptuously refuses to have so sorry an object of travel with them. The bride, with ready wit, perceiving Peterkin's stolld refusal to play for other consideration, pleads with her lover until she gains a reluctant consent, for which he is not sorry in the end, since with his violin the peasant wakes the echoes with Polish dance tunes which set their pulses throbbing and keep their feet in motion. The but the ezar may some day count you in the imperial band?"

The wedding at length is over, goodbyes are said and the three horses harnessed abreast to the sleigh dash dimpled hand, asked what was wanted. forward on the long journey. The She was informed that Jennie Purdy bells beneath the douga ring out a The board seat is covered with leather "Tell Miss Purdy de doctor tain. cushions, while a large wolfskin protects their feet and legs from the bitter

As the day advances, the snow, A French chemist who has been giv- which began to fall lightly at noon. ing considerable attention to the prob- increases in violence, and Timothy lem of heating and lighting from a moves uneasily, urging the horses single source, has devised a novel ahead, for only too well does he know stove, which in appearance resembles the danger of a heavy storm over the an ordinary heating stove. It is so ar- frozen steppes, where the icy blasts whirl it here and there in treacherous is utilized for the generation of eleo drifts. Delay even of a single night tricity. This is secured by a number in safety at some farm house is not to of rectangular boxes of sheet iron, be thought of, for the officer bears dispatches of importance to the czar, and better far were it to brave the fury of elements are insulated by asbestos, and a storm than risk the imperial disthe cooling is effected partly by the pleasure. 'Press onward at whatever cost," calls out the officer; 'stop the cast and partly by a circulation of air. next stranger if need be and boldly The current obtained is not great in seize his horses, but at all hazards proceed." Under pain of banishment seem to be favorable. Accumulators Timothy dare not disobey such orders. so, muttering beneath his breath, onward they go, almost blinded with the snow as the sleigh is jerked hither

and you by the plunging horses. The short day dies without a twilight; and Timothy. knowing from boyhood every verst of the way. shakes his head in despair, calling to his horses that their courage may not flag through the ever increasing

storm. Hark! What was that sound which Peterkin's keen ears have carer in

brightened washpermay are upon us"

whows that the lad's whisper been heard as leaning forward , xi driver calls to his borses: Away! Fly, my benuties - my

protty futtering doves-my tiolobki' Haste my brothers to thy stables in St. Petersborg."

The long low how; of the oncoming fee sounds nearer but unmindful of danger, the officer sits with his bride enveloped in fura too much absorbed to give heed to outside events. They are out now on the trackless stoppes the horses uncertain of their footbold plunging with frenzied snort through the drifts while the wolves speed in their tracks. Timothy's voice rings out again:

(41)! Hi! Whoa there, my beauties! Speed onward doves-an officer of the car rides behind thee. Fly quickly for thy lives. Onward! Hasto. my brothers"

Again there sounds that long low how; and the swiftly moving black mass gains steadily upon the sleigh. They are upon it now, running swiftly to gain the sides the whole yelping pack leaping up with gleaming eyes and cruel hungry jaws. Aroused from his dream of bliss, the officer sees their peril and leaning forward fires right and left into the howling mass. The cry of the wounded. seized upon and torn limb from limb by their fellows, is almost human in its agony, and in the momentary

respite Timothy shouts: 'Haste little doves' Spread thy wings straight for St Petersburg. Haste and heaven help thee!"

The hungry demon which would have locked its jaws in the leader's throat drops before the officer's unerring shot and the horses gallop on-

Peterkin sits awed by the great peril, but for all he is so quiet, there is no cowardly thought is the little peasant, who, with each panting breath, is making a bold resolve, biding good-by, brave heart, to his cherished dreams-the golden visions of fame in the great city. Those two behind, the officer and his bride whose sweet voice pleaded so earnestly in his behalf, have everything to live for, while he -only those dreams and a soul full of unuttered music. The violin is slung across his back mutely waiting for the bow's light touch. Quick as thought he will kiss it, will give it one parting caress of exceeding bitterness, and then-

A cry of terror smites the air as Peterkin rises to throw himself to certain death, and he turns to see the officer's uplifted arm pointing straight at him the pistol, whose last shot has been reserved for that purpose. In both minds there has been the same thought. A second's pause as peasant and officer gazed into each other's eyes, then Peterkin, noting the detaining hold of the day-old wife upon

her husband's arm, calls out: "Hold! I will save thy life and

mine!" With a sudden, powerful blow he smites the violin as he regains his seat, and strong and clear the first discordant sounds are lost in the loud. rapid movement of a Polish measure picked up somewhere upon that weary tramp. The effect is magical, as the unaccustomed sounds rise above the howling of the wolves. They pause hold up their heads to listen as though scenting danger, and slackening speed almost halt.

"Bravo, lad, thy music doth give good cheer to the horses. See how the leader runs! Bravo! If thy fingers grow not numb we shall make the city."

The boyish figure sways adroitly with the motion of the sleigh, for the peasant knows the lives of all depend upon success in keeping dry the strings, which vibrate with one loud note strain after another. But 'tis no easy thing, with the snow cutting keen and chill, while the fearful cold almost paralyzes the willing fingers. Timothy breathes aloud a prayer to heaven, for ahead a faint light grows upon the horizon-a light telling to the practiced eyes of the nearness of the city.

"Courage, brave fellows! Fly. doves, to thy haven; the city is in sight. Keep, lad, to the music and we shall be saved."

The wolves are following close again with their long swinging trot. the chase telling upon the horses and upon Peterkin, to whom the strain is almost beyond his strength, stout hearted and stout armed as he is.

His eyes flash with renewed courage; he had not thought thus to enter St. Petersburg, keeping death at bay with that violin which should grant him the hearing of the ruler of the Russians. The city of the czars, with its broad streets and massive stone quays, rises now before their eyes, minaret, dome and spire, cleaving the sky in a bla e of light.

A little longer and over the frozen Neva resounds the balled yelping of the vanquished wolves, as tearing along the foaming steeds dash into St. Petersburg, and the gallant leader, under whose douga jangled the merry bells, falls blindly forward, crashing to the earth. stone dead. And Peterkin, the little violinist? In his frozen fingers, blue and stiff, clasped so tight they may not move it lies the violin

close over the brave boyish heart. It is spring, and the world is waking once again to beauty, when Peterkin sits up to hear the wonderful news that on the morrow he will play before the czar. In his worn patched clothes of sheepskin the little peasant stands waiting bow in hand. That there is such a thing as failure does not enter his mind, or in his simplicity the thought is given no place. He knows that he has a gift-did not even the wolves, those flerce untamed beasts, hearken to his playing? Why, then, should he tremble in the presmee of the ezar?

succes magnificence of the palace does This ash the peasant save in so far

ns? mothe er- and re of endand

re-

as all beautiful things must necessarlly a feet such natures. About the apartment cluster the court attendants. waiting to hear the strange child make music for their amusement. Near him stands the officer's bride, who as the ocar waves his hand, whispers in his AKO

Courage Peterkin. Play as thou did'st to the welves and all will be

Quick to perform its master's bidding the bow tulvers across the strings, and as the music trembles forth l'eterkin forgets all eise. Siience deepens throughout the great glided apartment, as waves of sound in melodious measures sweep over the tuneful strings. An unrest grove, the melody snaps asunder, away in the distance scarce louder than a frightened whisper, how the welves. while through it all is the jingle of sleigh bells tossed by the leader in the mad gallop for life. A cry of anguish, the quick measure of a Polish dance. and onward the bells jingle in hot

Muffled hoofbeats sound as the fly ing stoods gailop on, a sob as the leader dies, a few brief notes of ecstasy, and Peterkin, bow in hand, is kneeling low before the ruler of the Russins.

In the gorgeous choir of St. Isanc's, clad in tume of blue and gold, Peterkin is now installed, and his mesters claim great genius for the little Siberian peasant, who, unmindful of cold or hardship, traversed on foot a thousand miles in that land of snow and ice, where he will one day have a brilliant future .- Kate E Thomas in Kate Field's Washington

#### ROLL A PUMPKIN.

How the Daughter Got Ev n With Her Preacher Fatner.

Rev. Mr. Haynes one of the pioneer ministers of Rutland, Vt., was famous for his pithy sayings, states the Youth's Companion. At one time, according to Royal Tyler, he overheard his daughter and some young friends criticising certain neighbors more severely than was pleasing to him, whereupon he read them a lesson on the sinfulness of scandal. But. father," remonstrated the daughter, "we must say something."

"If you can do nothing better," retorted Mr. Haynes dryly, 'get a pumpkin and roll it about. That will be at least innocent diversion.

Not long afterward a conference of ministers met at his house. During the evening an Jearnest discussion of certain points of doctrine arose, and from the lofty pitch of some of the voices it seemed as if a part of the disputants, at least, were in danger of losing their temper.

At this juncture Mr. Haynes' daughter quietly entered the room, bearing a huge yellow pumpkin. She put it down in front of her father and said: 'There, father, roll it about; roll it about.

Mr. Haynes was called upon for an explanation, and good humor was restored.

At another time a revival was in progress in the parish and some of the young zealots were ridiculed. They wen to him and complained of certain scandalous reports which had been circulated.

"I knew all this before," said Mr. Haynes. "Why didn't you tell us?" cried one

of the persons, in an injured tone. "Why? My dear friends," said the old minister, his eyes twinkling. 'because it is best to let satan carry his own mail and pay his own postage."

Large and Small Boats at Sea.

I have said that the little boat usually brings its occupants safely within sight of a ship or land. If you are ever so cast away, choose that you may sight a ship rather than land. Only too often the flerce storm is weathered, and the hopeful crew sail over hundreds of miles of sunny seas, almost as if on a pleasure trip, until the glad sight of land greets their eyes, and their troubles seem but a dream of the past, when suddenly they are plunging through a mass of white and broken water, and amid the roar of crashing waves the little boat is lifted and twisted and flung about till dashed into fragments upon jagged rocks; while those survivors of terrible storm and shipwreck, of uncounted miles of open ocean, are throws upon the sunny beach which gladdened their hearts, cruelly battered or perhaps lifeless' Almost always. this is due to their not knowing how to handle their boat at this crowning. critical moment when but a few hundred yards remain of a thousand-mile journey from ship to land. - John M. Elliott. U. S. N., in St. Nicholas.

#### All the More Heason. He had met serious losses in busi-

ness, and added to that his wife, whom he adored, was matched away by death. He could neither sleep nor eat, and

his friends were alarmed about his condition. One of them said to him: "You ought to consult a doctor.'

"What's the use? Life has lost all charms for me and I want to die." "You want to die? All the more reason for calling a doctor."-Texas Siftings

# For Cremationists.

The epitaph of the mar jule of Montrose, written by himself, which appears in Mowbray Morris' recent biography, is remarkably appropriate for the present day cremationists: Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air-

Lord, since thou knowest where all these atoms are, I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust, And confident thou'lt raise me with the

just. Poor Jake.

Jake (sorrowfully)-Cora as you directed, I went to make peace with your father and he made pieces of ma -N. Y. Herald.

#### IN A CYCLONE.

Carried a Mile on ton Wings of the

Wied and Yet it d. "In the year 1882 about the latter part of March, I, with some of my friends who were on a visit to ma went out to an old edifice about 200 yards from the house one evening to enjoy ourselves o er a game of seven.

When we loft the house not one of us had the least idea that the bright rays of the sun would be followed by the black wings of destruction

'I remember well we had been playing about two or three hours. had the are deuce queen and jack of trumps. My opponent had just thrown down the ten spet of clubs and I was just in the act of taking it with my jack when I was arrested by a loud, lumbering noise that sounded like the roaring of a train, but a hundred times touder

"I jumped to my feet and ran to the door. What I saw as I put my head through the opening will remain with me to my dying day.

The space above me was as dark as pitch, except when the flash of lightning made a little light, and by one of these flashes I could see old timbers, shingles tree tops, and evs erything imaginable flying in every direction.

"I sprang to the middle of the room clasped my hands to my breast, and cried: We are lost! Oh, God, save

us! "The words had scarcely left my lips when, oh, horrors! I saw the top of the old barn torn from its bed and hurled to destruction, folded in the arms of the mighty destroyer.

·The old logs were being scattered around me. I felt the floor moving under my feet everything turned dark. and I knew no more till I opened my eyes and found the kindly face of the doctor bending over me.

"I had been hurled over a mile from the old barn, and how I got there without being killed the reader can best imagine. Three teeth knocked out, my left arm and two ribs broken were all the injuries I received.

On inquiring afterward I found out that my friends never received a scratch. When the top of the old barn was torn off they ran out in the yard and lay flat on the ground, hugging the roots of a large stump.

"It has been nearly ten years since that terrible night, and I never see a cloud rise but I can almost feel myself being hurled through the air."-Atlanta Constitution.

#### HER LITTLE SURPRISE.

Something Very Corporest About an Ethereal Creature.

She was such an ethereal creature, with her mild blue eyes and golden hair! As a child, she was so delicate and white that her friends and dear ones did not think that she would ever grow to womanhood. But, somehow, the little body became taller as the years went by; there was a trace of pink in her cheek, but it was so rare that one could not see where it blended with the white; and she was so happy! At length she was out of school-no one who knew her as a child ever thought that she would ever reach her studies, much less complete them - and in another year the delicate bud bloomed in a great roomful of beautiful flowers. Of all the fair creatures at the reception, she was pronounced the most radiant.

But how frail!" said everyone. There was something about her that was heavenly indeed. She seemed too good, too slight and beautiful for this world. Time went on, as usual. The rare blonde loved; she was loved; they were married. That was a long

time ago. When I saw her last-it was in the autumn - she was at Aix with her

"Massage," she said, simply, after greeting me; and when I accompanied her to the weighing machine, she stepped lightly on the platform, and then, with a gasp of delight, exclaimed:

"Look! Two-eighty! Yesterday 16 was two eighty-three!'-Puck.

# Once Every Fifty Years.

The Brownia ariza is a botanical curiosity. That fact, notwithstanding, however, its scientific name would not have been used above had the plant a more common one. It is a species of palm, and it is known to bloom only after intervals of exactly fifty years. There is but one specimen of Brownia in the conservatories of Europe, that in the collection as the German Imperial palace. The blossoms last but forty hours, and to get sight of a Brownia in full bloom is one of the sights of a life-time. The one in question bloomed in July, 1838. The only other instance of one blooming in Europe was that at the conservatory of the Duke of Norfolk, which bloomed in June, 1851. It died in 1858.

# Had His Heasons.

The reporter had just come in from an assignment in a murder case. It was a rainy day and he had to cross a plowed field on foot.

"I see," observed the city editor, looking with some displeasure at his large and muddy boots, 'you have brought the scene of the murder with

you." "Yes," answered the reporter, apologetically. Twe got to have some ground for my story, you know."-Chicago Tribune.

# Got Their Fill.

Seeker-They tell me there were burglars at your house last night. Sageman-There were.

Seeker-Did they get anything? Sageman-Indeed they did. They got the contents of a six-shooter, and a consequent introduction to the coros ner. -- Somerville Journal.