

Lightning Tubes

recent meeting of the Geological Society in London Professor Ramsay and Mr. Eccles exhibited some "lightning tubes" found by them on the summit of the Riffelhorn, a sharp, rocky peak near the celebrated Matterhorn in Switzerland. The tubes were about one-tenth of an inch in diameter, and lined with a thin film of glass, black or dark brown in color, and formed by the melting of some of the constituents of the rock as the lightning penetrated

Peen and Clover.

A striking instance of the practical usefulness of a knowledge of entomology was cited in a paper read at a recent meeting of men of science in Philadelphia. Red clover was imported into a British colony from the mother country, but to the great disappointment of the farmers it did not thrive. Then the entomologists told the farmers what the matter was; they had neglected to import bumblebees with the clover. The bumblebee, with its long proboscis, was the only insect that could reach the honey in the red clover heads, and therefore the only one that would fertilize the flowers.

Saved by Antitoxin. A report on the results of the use of antitoxin treatment of diphtheria in year 1895 has recently been published. During the first ten months of 1894. previous to the introduction of anti-

toxin, 3.042 cases of diphtheria were treated in these hospitals, and 902 of the nationts died, the death rate being 29:6 per cent. During 1805 3,259 cases. were treated and 796 patients died, the death rate being reduced to 22.5 per cent. This reduction is ascribed to the new treatment, and antitoxin is, ac-250 lives in London last year, The Oldest Man.

The oldest man now living in the United States is said to be Alexander Freeman, an inmate of the Sailor's Soug Harbor on Staten Island. He cordingly, have lived 110 years next Christmas. Next in age to Freeman

lives in the St Louis Memorial Home. and is said to be 107 years old. The age of Davis Parks, of Fowler, Mich., is given as 106 years, and Percy Dyer. of Belvidere, Ill., and Andrew F. Mc-Kee, of Burlington, Kan., are said to be each 104 years of age. All but one of these men are enrolled as veterans

Absorbing Heat.

of the war of 1812.

An interesting instance of the application, on a large scale, of the principle that black-colored substances readily absorb the heat of the sun, is mentioned by Mr. R. L. Fulton in Science, The toll-road from Truckee to Lake Taboe. Cal, is closed early in winter by the immense snowfall, which in places buries the road to a depth of twenty or thirty feet. At the beginning of spring the owner of the line has black dirt scattered along on the surface of the snow, where he knows that his hidden road runs. The layer of dirt is not made so thick as completely to cut off the sunlight from the snow, The effect is described as wonderful. In a short time a long depression formed in the snow, and "days before The ground is clear on either side the stages are running on bare ground."

Magnetic Photographs.

Prof. John S. McKay, of Brooklyn, describes, in the Scientific American. a process of making, with the aid of magnet shadow photographs resembling those produced by the action of the X rays. Either an electro-magnet or a permanent magnet will answer the purpose. Place a key, or other Iron or steel object, upon the senstive film of an ordinary photographic plate; then bring the poles of the magnet near the other side of the plate and keep them there for five minutes or more. Upon developing the plate a shadow picture of the key, or other Sheet, as sharp and well defined as of the X ray pictures, will be ennd upon it. By this method only won or steel, or other paramagnetic sebstances, can be photographed. But If the sensitive side of the plate is turned toward the magnetic poles, and a disk of iron nearly as large as the place is placed on the other side, then shadow pictures of any non-magnetic objects, placed upon the sensitive film facing the magnet, may be obtained. The operations are, of course, conductd lu a dark room. With an electromagnet capable of lifting a weight of pounds Professor McKay has such pictures through two inches taterposed wood. He has also obsteel magnet weighing but little re than a pound.

mal Appearance in Business a well-known banker alighted there has carriage in wan turned to the day an old merchant turned to the correspondent and said: "I rehis carriage in Wall street the and have suffered if a business man to his office in a carriage. In those

pleion if he carried a cane, unless he was actually lame. A man would have had difficulty in aranging a loan at his banker's if he wore a mustache, as it was considered the appendage of a 'sport' I well remember that when, as a young man, I began to cultivate the growth of hair on my upper lip. my employer gave me a friendly warning. Yet one could then go to business in what is now evening dress, and yet be considered as properly, though elegantly, attired. Now a man would be booted at in the streets if he should wear his evening dress in the daytime. But times have changed greatly, or rather fashion has, for human nature is the same. After a long business career my deliberate judgment is that it pays to wear good clothes, fashionably made. I remember when as a boy I began my business career at \$6 a week. I was sent on an errand to the swell tailor's establishment of the city. After I had done my errand the tailor looked me over, and, noticing my country-made clothes, said to me that I ought to order a new suit. I explained to him my financial coudition, when he said to me kindly, 'My boy, whatever it might cost, it would be the best business investment you could make. With fashionably cut garments on, your own confidence and pany—the same senior member being pop-then found that he could spare a couple self-esteem will be enhanced, and other ular in society, chiefly by reason of his of days on his homeward journey for a people will think better of you.' And handsome daughters, of which fact An- detour to Rosedale. he generously offered to make me a nette was fully aware. sult and let me pay for it whenever I phia Ledger.

## RAILROADING IN OLD DAYS.

Conditions Have Changed Since the First Locomotives Were Built.

"Yes, I will admit that railroading the hospitals of London during the improvements in the past thirty years. and while it has all been for the best. still I often think that the life of a railway man is not nearly so pleasant alive. now as it was in the olden times." The speaker was an old Pennsylvania rail- joyfully. road conductor, who has seen years of service, not only on the greatest road on earth, but on many other lines as well. When pressed for an explanation of the meaning of his opening remarks he began by making the statement that cordingly, credited with having saved under "present systems of operating the trains have become mere automa- and prepared for a long ride. book of rules. When a train starts out it is expected to run through to destinawas born Dec. 22, 1786, and will, ac- tion without any delay, and the work of each member of the crew is the same every day unless the clocklike which are partly automatic and partly guided by human intelligence in the method of their indications. From beginning to end of the trip the predom inant desire and expectation of the management as well as the crew is to get over the road on schedule time. which means that the wheels must be kept moving all the time, and only stopped at the right place, according to the unvarying requirements of the rules of the operating department.

"How different it used to be in the good old days before the era of double, triple and quadruple track. In the summer days when the heat was oppressive we used to hustle to get to some shady passing place in the mountains, where cool springs bubbled out from under the limestone ledges and trout basked in the crystal pools. Arrived at the place we only knew clast our orders required us to wait for No. -, and if that train was an nour or two hours late it was all the better. we thought, and a good engineer, according to our ideas, was the man who could make an hour of time so that no matter how the train we were to meet was running we could have an hour at the spring. Fishing poles, shotguns and rifles were carried in the cabin cars in those days, and often while waiting on a belated train which had the right of way v.c caught enough fish or killed enough squirrels or grouse to furnish us with a delightful meal. I never pass a certain spring on my regular trip that I do not think of the days of yore, when before these few remaining hairs were gray I enjoyed the delay of an hour or more at that delightful spot. Now all is hustle and 'get up and get.' Big engines that never stall, fixed, unalterable laws, four tracks that preclude all possibility of delay, and so many trains that we must be constantly watching for signals and reading orders. Yes, tell you, it is all different, and a cold practicality with its dull and dreavy monotony has robbed railroading of most of its former attractions,-Pitts. burg Post.

Birds in Place of Dogs. In Venezuela and British lives a kind of crape, called the agami. which the natives tame and employ in many of the tasks for which dogs are trained in other parts of the world. The birds, it is said, will watch and care for flocks of sheep or of poultry as well as shepherd dogs would do.

Patent Medicines. Nearly one million pounds' worth of patent medicines are exported from the United Kingdom each year.

Some people spend so much time telling what they intend to do that they have no time left to do anything

The patience a woman has with ber children is sometimes learned in her efforte to land a husband.



CHAPTER XV .- (Continued.) The next evening he discovered that he visit to Rosedale in the near future. had to fill an engagement at the residence

could have made, for I believe the fleman, but the girl missed the soft and about the "verandah" in front of habit it gave me of always wearing pour into her eer. At times, too, he appipes or cigars.

> of the two weeks allotted to Max by into fashion in the Andy Jackson Guich. Mrs. Dupont, when he went to pay his So eager were the miners for the fun that estomary visit to Annette.

He found her alone. It was precisely 8 o'clock when he '60s. We have had great changes and knocked at the door of the Spencers' when Mary Boyle asked him to dance improvements in the past thirty years, spartments. At 10 o'clock he met Mrs. with her?' said Ted Neale, as he slowly delusion that he was the happiest man clothes.

CHAPTER XVI.

pressing business demanded his presence in the far West.

great trunk lines the men in charge of himself as he took his seat in the train nobody.

inexorable lines of law laid down in the ning express" pursued its way, without tion on the new railroad some three miles any incident of moment occurring to re- distant. lieve the monotony of the journey to our friend. On the third day the express was speed in an evident attempt to recover may be a gentleman-like ourselves," two lost hours. Through broad, expansive | Two dozen pairs of eyes were turned rules of operation should be inter- fields, through pastures, through valleys upon the new arrival, but he was, appar-General Jackson at New Orleans. He fered with by a wreck. The engineer and along hillsides the train rushed, Max, ently, a stranger to them all. Suddens fered with by a wreck. The engineer and along includes the first engrossed in his magazine however. Ted Neale rushed forward and knows his duty and has his orders constantly before him, and he is guided and perfectly unconscious of the fact that grasped the stranger's arm, which he along the way by the signal indications at onessite evening him intentity. All day "Why, hello, Max, old boy." Have the and opposite, eveing him intentilong this man watched Max and noted his police chased you out our way again? slightest heed to him. The afternoon ed to the assemblage and said: "Gen. e waned, and as the deepening shades of men, allow me to introduce my old friend, night began to slowly settle over everything, the train slackened its speed and was the social corner stone, so to speak, ran on to a side track, so as to allow a of the old gulch. Now, boys, eights round freight train to pass it. The freight came along at a good round

initials and numbers on the cars, but soon grew weary of his self-imposed task, as the train was a long one. As the caboose was nearing he again looked out, but this time at the roof of the freight cars instead of at their sides. On the car next to the last stood a man with a lantern in his hand. The freight train increased its speed and almost immediately that paricular car was moving past Max. then Brett obtained, in the twilight, a fairly good view of the trainman's face. He gave one justy shout, but the noise of the moving train drowned his voice, and a minute later the man was far out of

"It was him!" said Max, in so loud a voice that it attracted the attention of his fellow passengers, especially the red-head-

At the next regular station the express waited several minutes, and Max seized the opportunity to investigate a little. The man he had seen standing on the roof of the freight car was Henry Richards, or, more properly, Harry Spencer. Brett stepped up to the ticket agent and inquired for the name of the conductor of the last freight train that had gone east.

"John Silverthorn," replied the agent, "Hm!" muttered Max, "I suppose you're pretty sure of that? Sorry to trouble you, but who are the brakemen?" The man with the red hair had followed

Max and now moved up close, so as to hear ail. The agent gave Max a list of the names, but his friend's was not among Max was about to offer some other auggestion, when the agent spoke again-

Let me see, now; there was another man with a common sort of name, but to save my neck I can't think of it." Here the engineer gave the warning

ring of the bell and the conductor shouted

'Was it Richards?" asked Max. "Yes, that's the name-Henry Richards Look, there goes your train!"

Brett in his excitement had forgotten all about the train, and so, apparently, had the man with the red hair. oning another second, Max rushed after the train, followed by the other,

Brett increased his speed and was suc ensful to the extent that he was soon standing on the rear platform of the last ear. Panting for breath, he glanced back toward the station, and for the first time ecame aware of the other dilatory passenger. The man was still running. soon gave up the chase for his hat off, and with it a red wig, followed by the red beard, which fell off as if by magic. The man who was left, after the disappearance of these slight "extras," Max easily recognized as his old enemy, De Watte halted, turned De Watta around and was soon lost to view.

It was impossible for Brett to leave the train now. Indeed, he could not break his ployers. So he quietly sought his seat, up a bit, Max. Right below my head, and during the balance of that day busied under the mattress, you'll find them dock-nimself with by ng plans for the future. I erments."

Among these contemplated projects was Max completed his business in San of the senior member of Rose and Com- Francisco by the end of two weeks, and

The sun was sinking behind the Rocky For a week or two Max curbed his con- Mountains on a close, sultry day in Au could, or not at all. He was right, versation when with Annette. He was, it gust. A score or so of the "old timers" It was as good an investment as I is true, always the same joylal young gen- of Rosedale were seated upon or lounging tender words of love that he was wont to cuddy's, smoking highly seasoned clay good clothes helped me immensely in peared absolutely melancholy, and the discussing the dance that had been held my business career. I traded with more Annette attempted to rouse him the in Gillieuddy's "Annex" on the previous that tailor for over thirty years."-New more dejected he appeared to become, un- evening. Rosedale had changed consid-York correspondence of the Philadel- til at last she really did grow quite any erably in two years. Where formerly three women held full sway, at least three This sort of thing could not go on for: score now divided the honors, and, as one ever, but it continued until the last night immediate consequence, dancing had come dances were held even during the heated months of July and August.

"Did you see how Si Bell brightened up Dupont in the hallway. His face beam- arose from a seat on one of the verandah ed, for he was actually laboring under the barrels, and shook the ashes from his

"No. I didn't. Why should I?" sharply "You are a wise counsellor," he said, replied Dud Sterling, who was somewhat envied as the prospective husband of

"Well, there's no use in getting mad and Max Brett had indeed secured his prize. acting jealous," retorted Ted. "That poor but was compelled to at once relinquish fellow ain't a-going to last long-in fact, the pleasure of personal possession, for he's equal to a dead man right now. I was surprised to see him out and about, for he just hangs on at that old cabin of "It is a hard world, indeed," said he to his, and most of the time don't trouble

Just then Ted eved a stranger coming For exactly forty-eight hours the "light- up the street-undoubtedly from the sta-

"A stranger, boys!" he cried. "And he's wearing store clothes. He's liable to be running along at a very high rate of a sheriff or a detective; then, again, he

ery movement, but Brett gave not the Then, still gripping Brett's hand, he turn-

→on me. pace. Max amused himself by reading the practiced in the far West, Max slipped away. This action was prompted by some information, whispered in his ear by Gillicuddy himself, who was slightly in the confidence of Silas Bell.

It was now quite dark, but it was a beautiful night, and Brett felt that he could thoroughly enjoy a walk. A gentle mountain breeze was fluttering down the valley, swaying the branches of the great trees, while the fragrance of Colorado's wild flowers filled the air. Max took precisely the same road which De Watts and followed on the night of the murder wasch had, so far, gone unavenged. But he did not go all the way that De Watts had traversed, for, when he entered the woods, he turned off and directed his footsteps toward an old cabin in a clearing, on the door of which he gently rapped.

In answer to a feeble voice, which bade "come in," Max opened the door and entered. Upon a rickety table was a tallow candle, burning dimly, and an old revolver, and stretched upon a couch was s man, with his face turned toward the wall. Brett picked up the candle and approached the prostrate form, whereat the man turned slowly and recognized his

"Max Brett-at last!" shouted the man as he tried to raise himself into a sitting

'Yes, Si," replied Max taking one of the bony hands in his grasp, "but don't get excited-you are sick?"

"Yes, one of my bad days. But when did you reach the guich, Max?" 'About two hours ago." "Lucky thing you came to-day. I'm

pretty nigh a goner, Max. Something

tells me this is my last bout, and I shan't

be a bit surprised if I'm called on to pass in my chips afore to-morrow night." Here the poor fellow was attacked by terrible fit of coughing, to which it was

painful to listen.
"Pass that medicine," he said, as he slowly recovered his breath. "Now, Max, up that stool and sit down on it

and then listen while I tell you some thing." Max did as he was bidden, and Si Bell "I built this here cabin after Sarah

Browne was murdered. I was kinder

gone on Sarah, you know, and I felt terri ble blue over the way she was treated. First I thought I'd quit the gulch, but concluded I wouldn't. But I got away from the boys some, by coming up here One day I was grubbing up the root of a tree I had cut down, and what should I find but a little tin box buried about two feet under the ground. I took it into the cabin and broke it open, but only found a lot of green papers. I sin't much of a scholar, as you well know, but I managed to figure out your name on one of the papers. So says I to myself, 'Max has done me a good turn more than once, ac journey without doing injustice to his em- I'll take care of these for him.' Lift me

Max produced the papers, antied the red tape that was around them, and, to his utmost astonishment, found them to be twenty-two one-thousand dollar bonds registered in his name, besides a number of railroad stock certificates the whole aggregating twenty-four thousand five soming." undred dollars! With them he found a letter signed "De Watts," which he com menced to read. But Silas interrupted: 'Are they worth anything, Max?"

"Yes, Si, as you shall find out. You will be well cared for, Si, if there's gratitude in my nature.

"Thanks, my boy-you're very goodbut-but-I guess it's too late for money to-to-help me." Even then the poor fellow was once

more overtaken by one of his coughing spells, which left him terribly exhausted, and when Max returned to Gillicuddy's, about midnight, he carried word to the boys that old Sl Bell was no more.

Except for the death of the faithful Silas, Max felt extremely gratified with the result of his visit to Rosedale. He was morally certain that De Watts had buried the bonds, and the letter which he had found wrapped up with them furnished him with valuable information and evidence to be used at some future occasion. He returned to Chicago, converted his conds into cash, bought and furnished a pleasant home, and-

Well, by a strange coincidence ertain October day, when the New York papers announced a marriage that had taken place at Albany, the Chicago dallies contained a notice as follows:

"Married-At Grace Chapel, by the Rev. X. Y. Silver, Max Brett and Annette Spencer, both of this city."

## CHAPTER XVII.

On the first day that Edward Handford sat in his office after his happy vacation. a messenger announced that one of the trainmen wished to see the president of some grievance to lay before him ordered him to be admitted. The man entered, clad in the next uniform adopted by brakemen on the road. Though his hands were blackened and hardened, they were small, while his face bore traces of good breeding and gentie birth, though his of your own pleasant relations with my yes were sunken and his cheeks flushed. Handford recognized him in an instant as the hero who averted the catastrophe which so nearly overtook the mail train between Prairie City and Big Creek.

"Ah, you recognize me, Mr. Handford." said the man, as Handford grasped him warmly by the hand. "Then I shall doub" less secure the favor I am come to ask I have a story to tell you. I am sick, very sick, although up till now I have been able to get around premy well. The doctors now tell me I must cease working. and the next thing, I suppose, I shall have to cease breathing. Years of fast living in the old days and the sudden change to the hard out-door life, have done their work. I once told you my name was Henry Richards. That is a name, however which I assumed to avoid recognition. My actual name is Spencer-Harry Spencer, reported dead in San Francisco That report was circulated by some of my enemies for their own pe cuniary benefit, and I have never thought t worth while to contradict it until now. Do not be alarmed, Mr. Handford, I am not a blackmailer, nor am I here for effect Before I say any more, let me satisfy you chain. If you open it you will see Emily's picture and a strand of her hair. In this old pocketbook, too, is a copy of our marraige certificate—which I now destroy.
Furthermore, in the package which I

With that Suppose left handed you some years ago, are all of Emily's letters to me, and a letter from me to her, which I wish her to read-

"Now, Mr. Handford, I wish to repeat I am not here to reopen old sores or to create fresh mischief. I respect you, and bear you no malice. You are, I know a brave man and, I think, a good man You won my wife honorably-both of you pelieving me to be dead. I am dead, ally, and wish to remain so. That brings me to the main object of this interview. One man, possibly two, will annoy you with threats to produce me. Their scheme will be, of course, an attempt to blackmail you. Fear nothing; Emily and you will never again see me. We both love Emily, Mr. Handford; then let us swear that no word of my existence shall ever cause her a moment's uneasiness."

The two men shook hands, but the official's emotion prevented him from atter-

ing a word. Spencer continued: "I blame no one but myself for the past I was a bad fellow the most of my life. I an merely down on the old pay-roll for the wages of sin. I still love Emily, the best way in which I can prove that love is by keeping out of her way, which England just to catch a glimpse of her and-well. I am glad she is married to a man who will care for her. I hope she will be happy; I trust you will both be very happy. To-day I shall leave the service of your company and head for ask of you. You remember once promising to do me a favor? It is this. her-prove to her-that I did not die th disgraceful death that was reported. Try to raise me a little in her estimation. will not harm you, and the thought your good word to come will help me out for the rest of my days. So, when I am dead, tell her, if you will, all that you know, and tell her, too, that I never ceased to regret how I justly forfeited her love, esteem and companionship." There was a slight pause, which

broken by Spencer. "Edward Handford, for Emily's sake you will promise all I have asked?

"I promise-I swear it," said Handford. As their hands unclasped Handford's mind wandered off as if to gather up the threads of the strange web of circumstances that had culminated in this in When he released his thoughts

from their service, Spencer was gone. When Spencer left the office of railroad president, he descended to the treet and was soon wending his way ward the depot, happier that he had light-ened his mind of what had lately been a heavy burden. As he walked along the busy thoroughfare he suddenly felt a hand resting upon his shoulder, and before he had time to turn about, a familiar voice whispered in his ear-"Harry Spencer!

He turned, startled and alarmed, and Brett. For an instant the two men gased at each other in surprise—Spencer because he had been recognized, Max on account of the sickly appearance of his friend.

Spencer was the first to speak.
"Brett," said he, "under ordinary cir-As it is, I must confess I am sorry we have met to-day. Many of my ac-

explanations, so let us more off to ore semote place, where we need not fear disturbance.

Very good," replied Max, "we will get into a cab which will soon take us to my bame, where more than one awaits your

"Not to-day, not to-day," answered Spencer, as he endeavored to overcome his emotions. "Take me to a place where we shall be absolutely alone

So they turned into the Palmer House, where Max secured a private parior, and, when the door was closed, Brett said;

"Harry, I have scoured half the world in a search for you, though in doing so I merely continued the good work which your sister, now my wife, commenced years ago. Now that you have material ized, I think you owe it to all of us, not to mention yourself, to stay here and afford as the opportunity to set you on your

"Yes, Brett, I know. I know that I ow

so very much that it is folly to think of ever paying my debts. Listen. You know how I left my wife, in disgrace, be fore we had been married twentyhours. I was already estranged from her friends and some of my own relatives. In less than a day I lost Emily's good will and esteem. Then, for a time, I lost all personal pride, making bad worse, until I saw that all hope of a reconcilia-Satterthwaite's lifetime. So I came West and went to work as a brakeman on the Great Occidental. Twice I saved enough money from my pay to take me over to England, but my father-in-law took good care that I should not gain access to my wife. Shortly after my second trip managed to do a small favor for Mr. Handford, of the Great Occidentalthough in making a friend of that gentle man I made a litter enemy of one of the engineers. The railroad work proving a little too much for me, I located in Chicago and, as you know, secured a position the road. Handford, supposing the man with your firm. I left in the abrupt manner, that you doubtless remember, be cause I wished to evade recognition by my mother and sister. I returned to my old work on the railroad, at which I remained until to-day. I know everything of my wife's marriage to Handford and I am glad you are all happywister. though I will not attempt to deny that I envy, oh, more than envy, you all the glad contentment of your lives. Bu: I think I have buried some of the selfishness of hygone days, for I can heartily wish for all of you long and happy lives. why should I belie that genuine wish of mine by bursting like a deadly bomb into these home groups? You know-Handford knows-the truth. Handford has pledged his word to secrecy; you do like wise, brother Max, and, as you love my sister and pity me, let the knowledge of my existence remain buried in the dark est recesses of your mind. I passed home last night, and, if what I beheld through the uncurtained window gave me a sharp twinge of pain, it also filled my heart with much joy. There you were seated in your parlor with your wife by your side, while mother, snug in her own armchair, was sewing. Would it not be atmost cruelty in me to throw the shadow of my disgrace upon such a home-to reopen old sores that are fast healing, or, by my rude presence, to upset and break asonder a union which is right and just, but which the knowledge of my existence would render illegal? No, Max. I thank hat I am no impostor. Here is my watch heaven that cruelty and wickeness are no longer a part and parcel of my life No. I cannot, I will not stay. Good byremember I died in San Francisco. Good

With that, Spencer left the hotel and was soon lost in the busy throng upon the street. Brett returned to his office, and when he reached home that evening he found a letter from his uncle, John Sat

terthwaite. (To be continued.)

A GRACEFUL TRIBUTE

By a Subject to His Sovereign, Queen Victoria.

The following graceful tribute is paid by Sir Edwin Arnold to Queen Vic-

toria: The heart of gold, the will of iron, the royal temper of steel, the pride, the patriotism and the deep plety of Victoria have been enshrined in a small but vigorous frame, the mignonne aspect of which especially strikes those who behold her for the first time in these, her "chair days." It was reported how. when Prince Albert was dying, he roused himself from a period of wandering to turn with ineffable love to his spouse and sovereign, saying to her with a kiss, "Good little wife!" And when the Prince Consort was actually passing away, after those twenty-one years of wedded happiness, it was told how the Queen bent over him and whispered, "It is your little wife," at which last words the angel of death stayed his hand, while once again the dear eyes opened and the dying lips smiled. But though this be so, no one who has been bonored by near approach to her Majesty, or has ever tarried in her presence, will fail to testify. to the extreme majesty of her bearing. mingled always with the most perfect grace and gentleness. Her voice has, moreover, always been pleasant and musical to hear and is so now. The hand which holds sceptre of the seas is the softest that can be touched; the eyes, which have grown dim with labors of state for England, and with too frequent tears, are the kindest that can

Has Hanged Eighty-eight Men. George Maledon, of Fort Smith, Ark., is the champion hangman of the country. For twenty years he has been the official executioner of the United States Court there, and during that time has executed eighty-eight men. Nearly all the criminals hanged by Maiedos were desperadoes from the Indian Territory. Maledon is a small man. who speaks with a strong German accent. He bas retired as a hangmap and will work a farm in Kansas.

Found Out His Mistake. An Atchison young man, who has imagined for years that the girls were trying to capture bim, decided to get married recently, and discovered that no one would have him.-Atchison

If there is any one thing that prejudices us against a woman, it is to bear