UNSEEN.

"And where is God?" the Doubter asked,
"I do not see Him anywhere.
Behind what creature is He masked,
In sea, on earth, in clouds, in air?"

"Where are the violets?" asked the child—
"I do not see them, yet I know,
Although the winds are blowing wild,
They are alive beneath the snow."
—Donahoe's Magazine.

HOW THE BABY SAVED THE SUNBURST.

A MAID across the way, who, at the moment, was engaged in pulling down the blind preparatory to the lighting of the lamp, is ready to testify that the young man was dressed in a summer suit of light gray, tan shoes and a straw hat with a blue ribbon; that he approached the cottage of the Kingsleys, opposite, without hesitation, opened the screen door without ringing, and—that is all she knows about the case.

She is perfectly correct, as far as she goes. After closing the screen door behind him, he tripped up the stairs, with his straw hat in his hand, went to the rear end of the upper hall, and entered the bedroom on his right. Near the threshold he stopped, gazed intently into the large mirror over the dresser, smiled, and then continued on his way direct to the dresser, after arriving at which, he looked at himself in the mirror as he pulled his reddish mustache, and arranged the stray hairs of his head at the part (which was in the middle). He then opened the upper drawer of the bureau, took out a brush and comb—the former of which he tried on his light hair; took out a pair of lady's gloves, which he tossed back again; took out a purse, which he examined and threw abruptly in one corner of the drawer, and turning about, crossed the room and disappeared behind a gay curtain that hung over a doorway.

At the very moment that the young man disappeared from the bedroom, Mrs. Kingsley's voice might have been heard—probably was heard—in the lower hall. It was not a monologue. Another voice penetrated the stillness of the seaside cottage—an infant's voice, which Mrs. Kingsley strove to subdue by a reiterated reference to a bottle of milk which mamma would presently produce.

"There—there—mamma get his bottle right away—mamma put him down and get his bottle—there—there."

As this dialogue proceeded (the baby's side of which we leave to be imagined), Mrs. Kingsley and her son passed up the stairs, through the upper hall, and entered the bedroom from which the young man had just disappeared.

The mother laid her baby on the bed near the gay curtain suspended over the doorway, lighted the gas and turned it low, and flew down again to prepare the refreshment for which her son was still pouring forth his passionate petition.

The bottle with which Mrs. Kingsley presently returned is worthy of description—not for its naked self, because it was an ordinary nursing bottle, but on account of the manner in which it was prepared for use. It was enveloped in a knit washrag, fastened with safety pins, the object not being to conceal its nakedness, but to afford a means of fastening the bottle in place on the pillow, to which it was pinned at the base, and thus allowed to rotate and accommodate itself to the movements of the child, without getting beyond his reach.

The baby having been laid with his back to the dim light and his face toward the gay curtain, the bottle was pinned in place, and immediately silence fell upon the Kingsley cottage. The sheet was gently laid over the tiny form, a dozen mother touches, too rapid to be followed and too subtle to be explained, were laid here and there about the child, and, as quietly as a spirit might have come and gone, the mother left the room.

Lulled by the strong probability that the infant had been left on the threshold of repose, Mrs. Kingsley went softly down the stairs, as though her footsteps on the carpet might wake him. Her mind was filled with visions of a quiet rock in the hammock swung in a shady corner of the veranda.

As she reached the lower hall, these selfish thoughts were harshly disturbed by the sounds of suppressed laughter, and the vague outlines of two female figures close to the screen door.

"The idea!" said one voice. "I'd as soon ask her as not."

"It's awfully good of you. And what a cute veranda for such an affair!—such a delightful place to hang the lanterns," said the other voice.

Mrs. Kingsley stood still. She divined what was in store for her. She asked herself whether there was any more sleep for the baby. Then she sprang forward and opened the door.

"Why, Mrs. Kingsley, do you know, we have come to ask the queerest thing of you——"

"Oh, Miss Knickerbocker," said Mrs. Kingsley.

"Yes, and my friend, Miss Van Evers. Miss Van Evers, Mrs. Kingsley. [illegible] know, we have been surprised [illegible] Miss Van Evers and her friends—[illegible] party from town—and we [illegible] such utterly forlorn accommodations [illegible] our little cottage, that mamma [illegible] I should come and ask you—[illegible] thing——"

"[illegible] funny! But, Mrs. Kingsley, [illegible] you have the most delightful veranda," said Miss Van Evera.

"It is pleasant," assented Mrs. Kingsley, putting her head into the hall, to hear whether or not the baby was crying.

"It is really too good of you, Mrs Kingsley," continued Miss Knickerbocker. "Do you know, they have all brought lanterns with them, and if we might hang them about the veranda—we will not, of course, give you the least trouble about it—and then, if we might have the use of your kitchen to prepare the refreshment—just take possession, you know, and come and go—like the Arabs, you know—thank you—it's awfully good of you——" And they were gone.

Mrs. Kingsley then went to the door of the bedroom where her baby lay, and hearing fretful notes from him, she entered. Baby still had his back to the light and his face to the gay curtain. His arms were outstretched and in motion, and his fingers were in rapid action, as though driving a screw.

With a magic only possessed by her, the mother quickly composed the nerves of her little one, and left him again with the rubber nipple eagerly compressed between his toothless gums. As she accomplished this she heard a multitude of feet and a jangle of voices on the veranda, and she hastened down to welcome the storm-

"I SEE WHY HE WANTED THE BABY."

ing party and prepare the lower part of the house for their entertainment.

The veranda was already thronged by a chattering party of young people, the lawn was strewn with their bicycles, and Chinese lanterns were being suspended from the many inviting scrolls and pendants between the pillars. The lower interior of the cottage was quickly lighted and turned over to the merry-makers, and the committee on refreshments was given possession of the kitchen.

It has been said that when Mrs. Kingsley laid her baby down the first time that evening his face was toward the gay curtain. He knew that after he had sufficiently enjoyed the bottle, he was expected to close his eyes in infant slumber for at least an hour or two, and he intended doing it; but just as he was about to begin the end of that day's consciousness, he saw the gay curtain move aside, and a young man, dressed in a summer suit of light gray, tan shoes, and a straw hat with a blue ribbon, enter the room.

The young man stood still, for a moment, near the bed, and looked at the baby, smiling. The baby dropped the bottle, and smiled back at the young man. The young man seemed charmed by this, and going around the bed, sat down on its edge, and held up a finger over the baby. The baby turned and grasped it and said:

"Oo-oo-oo."

The young man moved the imprisoned finger about slowly an instant, and then released it and went to the door leading into the hall, and put his ear to the key-hole. He then cautiously opened the door and left it ajar, and went to the bureau. He was about to open the drawer, when a motion caught his eye in the glass. The baby was watching him.

Just then the screen door slammed below stairs, and Mrs. Kingsley was on her way up. The young man ran to the bedroom door, closed it, and the baby saw him disappear behind the gay curtain.

Although the baby had not the power to communicate his vision to his mother, he knew enough to watch the gay curtain while he applied himself to his slumber-producing bottle. His mother had not gotten downstairs when the curtain moved again, and the same young man reappeared. This time the young man went straight to the door and opened it, and quickly stepped to the dresser, opened the drawer, and actively searched for something. Presently he took out a glass box, removed the cover, drew out something which sparkled even in the dim light of the room, and which he stepped to the gas to examine, turning up the jet a little, in order to do so.

"Oo-oo-oo," said the baby, turning himself completely about and stretching out his arms as though reaching for the sparkling gems.

The young man smiled, and seating himself on the bed near the baby, held up to his admiring gaze a magnificent "sunburst" diamond pin.

There was a murmur of voices on the veranda, which seemed to the young man to be pouring into the house.

There seemed to be other jewels in the box, to which he turned his attention, at the same time holding the diamonds before the baby, whose little arms were extended, and his fingers working. Suddenly the baby made a desperate grab for the gem, and before the young man could prevent it, he had put it in his mouth.

At the very same instant, a lady's voice was heard calling up the stairs:

"You'll find it in the closet behind the red curtain, in the baby's room, the first door to the right."

"All right," answered another voice half way up.

The young man did not disappear behind the gay curtain this time, but, snatching the living casket with its jewel, he sprang into the hall and ran down the back stairs.

The young ladies who were dishing out ice cream in the kitchen were surprised by the sudden appearance in their midst of a young gentleman carrying a baby. He was a smart looking young man, wearing a light suit of summer clothes, tan shoes and a straw hat with a blue ribbon. He seemed anxious to reassure them.

"Excuse me, ladies, for thus unceremoniously coming into your midst; but I am Mrs. Kingsley's brother, Tom. The baby was crying, and I hated to call its mother away from her guests. So I slipped down the back way. Baby and I will take a turn about under the trees."

The young man had his hand on the knob of the outer door, when that leading into the dining room was abruptly opened and Mrs. Kingsley entered, with blanched cheeks.

"This is carrying the joke a little too far. Somebody has taken my——"

"Baby?" inquired the refreshment committee, in chorus.

"You are all welcome to the house; but if you can get along without the baby, I'd rather you would."

"We don't want the baby," cried the committee. "It was all your brother's idea, bringing the baby down."

"My brother? What brother?" transfixing the young man with a look.

"Your brother Tom, there," said the committee, pointing to the young man who held the infant. "Wasn't it your idea, Mr. ——"

The young man bowed assent.

"I have no brother Tom," exclaimed Mrs. Kingsley, indignantly. "What do you mean, sir, with my baby in your arms; and who are you?"

"Pardon me, madam, I thought you had a brother Tom. The baby was restless, and I—good-evening, ladies," said the young man, setting the baby in its mother's arms, and passing out into the night.

"That baby's choking, Mrs. Kingsley," said one of the young ladies; "he's growing black in the face."

"Mercy on us, what next!" exclaimed the poor mother, running her forefinger down the infant's throat, and bringing up—the diamond pin! "That man is a burglar," cried Mrs. Kingsley; "somebody give chase to him on a bicycle."

Every one in the party volunteered, but there was one young gentleman who could not go, because his wheel was missing.

"Oh, now I see," said Mrs. Kingsley, when she had put the baby back in the bed and restored the sunburst to its place in the glass box, "why he wanted to take the baby."—Waverley Magazine.

Searching for Treasure.

A number of Mexicans with teams, plows and scrapers are excavating near Westphalia, claiming to have in their possession maps and charts showing treasure to be buried there to the amount of $100,000 in Mexican doubloons.

They say that the treasure is buried near what is known as the Bull tank, and have agreed to pay the owners of the land on which they are at work a certain per cent of the find for the privilege of excavating. This treasure is said to have been buried during the Texas and Mexican war. It is said a tradition has existed that a large sum in Mexican doubloons was buried somewhere on the banks of Pond Creek and another that there was treasure of considerable amount in Mexican money buried at some point along the bank of the Brazos River, near Marlin.

Many excavations have been made to locate the buried treasure, both on Pond Creek and the Brazos River. These efforts were not only made by home people, but strangers have gone in and excavated, among whom were Mexicans. A few years ago it was no uncommon thing to see deep holes dug along the banks of these streams, presumably by parties in search of the lost treasure, but if any money has ever been found in this manner the fact is not known.

More Elegant Phrase.

Florence—I never was so annoyed. The man had no business in the yard anyway, and when I went to the window to see what he was doing he had the impudence to exclaim, "Massage!"

Gertrude—For goodness' sake, what could he have meant by that?

Florence—Well, of course, he said "rubber," but "massage" is more elegant, don't you think?—Boston Transcript.

Hence.

R. R. Employer—So your ancestors were railroad men. What department did they work?

Small Boy—The rails; they was tramps.—Detroit Free Press.

Popular Science.

From experiments in Belgium, Leon Thomas gives reassurance to dwellers a few miles away from stores of high explosives. Various quantities of dynamite up to a ton were exploded, and the destructive effects were confined to radii of fifty to four hundred feet, leading to the conclusion that the greatest store of explosives that could be collected would not endanger life or substantial buildings beyond one hundred to five hundred yards. Further away, up to three thousand yards, an explosion would give a return shock, with no more serious injury than broken windows or dislodged tiles.

The novel theory that the difference in the color of people's eyes is a protective adaptation to surroundings comes from Professor Wallace, of Kimberley, South Africa. Natives of regions where blue light is predominant—Swedes, Norwegians and sailors, for instance,—have blue eyes, while near the equator, or in sandy lands like South Africa, where intense yellow light is experienced, the eyes take a rich dark yellow hue, as those of the Kaffirs and Malays, Italians and Spaniards. Generally speaking, the Scotch have blue, the English gray and the French dark eyes.

In the new process of D. Engels, carbon for hardening iron and steel is obtained from carbides and certain fluxes. A mixture of silicium carbide and sodium sulphate, for example, is applied to the cold metal, and then heated to redness with it, the reaction being so rapid that an eight-inch steel plate is made to resist the best tempered steel tools on one side, while the other side remains wholly soft.

Last year's hydrophobia statistics at the Berlin Institute show that of 281 persons inoculated at once on being bitten by a mad dog, 1½ per cent died; of those treated medically, 6 per cent., and of those not treated 11 per cent.

With the aid of $10,000 granted by the Carnegie Institution the Yerkes Observatory has sent an expedition to Mount Wilson near Pasadena, Cal., for special investigations of the sun, under the personal direction of Professor George E. Hale. A horizontal reflecting telescope of 145 feet focal length is to be employed to produce to an image of the sun 16 inches in diameter, which will be investigated with a spectroheliograph of 30 feet focus length. The spectroheliograph is an instrument with which it is possible to study the solar surface in light of certain selected wave-lengths, the other light being shut out. Thus a photograph of the sun taken with the light emanating only from the calcium vapor in the photosphere presents a very different aspect from that of a photograph taken with the light of the hydrogen vapor.

An interesting parallel is drawn in a report to the Department of Agriculture between the different varieties of rubber-trees grown in the tropics and those of maple-trees in this country. Out of about 1,000 varieties of trees, all of which produce more or less rubber sap, only 40 or 50 have been found whose product is commercially valuable. When a would-be cultivator of rubber goes to a tropical country and sets out a plantation of rubber-trees, which the natives know do not belong to the right variety, he causes amused comment, such as would be excited by a South American who came to the United States and bored holes in soft maples with the expectation of obtaining sugar sap. Rubber-culture requires great expert knowledge. Experience has shown that excellent rubber trees transplanted from their native habitat to other regions having apparently identical soil and climate may flourish in growth yet lose their producing power.

EASY TO MAKE AN ENEMY.

Just Lend Your Friend Money and the Trick Is Done.

Oh, the man who has asked me for a small loan.

My friend, you have asked me for the loan of a certain amount, stating that you needed it only for a short time and that you would pay me back by a certain date.

In reply to your request I might state that I happened to be short of ready cash just now and regret exceedingly that I can not comply with your request.

But I shall do none of this. I shall refuse you the money on other grounds—grounds which I shall endeavor to make plain to you, so that the matter may not again come up between us.

In the first place, I would have you know at once that I am no moralist. My refusal is not based upon any absurd notion as to the deteriorating effect that a compliance with your request may have upon your character. Whether to let you have the money will do you good or will do you harm is no concern of mine. You have arrived at your present dilemma through agencies which are entirely personal to you. You may have inherited certain weaknesses which make it impossible for you to turn yourself to a proper account, or circumstances may have really been against you. But whether it is bad luck, fatalism or folly, is entirely outside of my province to determine.

No, my friend, I am refusing you the loan for other reasons, purely selfish.

The fact is that I like you. Your faults, so long as they do not obtrude themselves upon me, do not matter. But your virtues have contributed much to my pleasure and satisfaction in the past and, to be candid with you, I am just grasping enough to wish them to continue to do so in the future.

The moment that we tamper with money affairs all will then be over.

You may be a scamp or a scalawag. What matters this to me so long as this part of you does not bother me? Or if you are simply unfortunate the same result follows.

And so, my friend, I say to you, if you will, borrow the money of some other.

But leave the rest of yourself to me.—Life.

SHOULD FOOD BE SALTED?

French Scientists Say There Is No Necessity for the Condiment.

This is no new question, but apparently it is not settled yet. In an exhaustive discussion of it, M. Rene Laufer concludes that while salt is absolutely necessary to the animal organism, enough of it for our needs is contained naturally in our ordinary articles of food, so that the addition of it as a condiment is superfluous. Tales of disease caused by lack of salt he dismisses as untrustworthy. Says M. Laufer:

"The desire for salt is certainly universal. It seems to have been used everywhere at all times and in all civilizations. The same salt seasons today the miserable portion of the Soudanese negro and the choice dishes of European tables. * * * The need of salt is not limited to man; many animals seek it with avidity. * * * So general a prediction, so imperious a desire should not be regarded as a simple incident, that is certain; but do they correspond to an unavoidable necessity?"

Is it not curious that the chloride of sodium should be the only salt that we take from nature to add to those contained in our food itself? Other mineral substances play a much more important part in the constitution of the tissues, the salts of lime and the phosphate of soda, for instance. * * * When we use these by themselves it is as medicine.

"The taste for salt is not innate or instinctive; it is acquired. The mother's milk contains very little salt. Cow's milk has at least four times as much, but even this amount the adult who should live on milk alone—say, three quarts a day—would take more chloride than he needs.

"Man in a state of nature does not salt his food. Primitive peoples who lead a pastoral and nomadic life do not add salt to what they eat. * * * The same is true of animals. Dogs and cats do not like salt. Even the domestic herbivores get along very well if salt is not added to their food."

M. Laufer discredits all tales of illness from the discontinuance of salt. The French soldiers who were said to have suffered from lack of salt in the siege of Metz did so, he says, simply because they required it to hide the taste of the spoiled meat that they were forced to eat. The story of the Russian serfs who are reported to have fallen ill when deprived of salt by their lords bears on its face, M. Laufer thinks, marks of its falsity.

Among the chief morbid symptoms said to follow the lack of salt is edema, or swelling, but the writer shows that nowadays a diet without salt is prescribed for this trouble and has been effective in curing it. In the same way he disposes to his satisfaction of all the different ills said to arise when one is deprived of salt.

Finally, he calculates the amount of salt necessary to carry on the processes of organic animal life and the amount lost by excretion and comes to the following conclusion:

Our food, provided it constitutes a proper regimen in the physiologic sense of the word, contains in itself and with no necessity of adding to it from outside, sufficient salt for our needs.—Revue Scientifique.

A Royal Railroad.

The King of Siam cut the first turf for the railroad at Bangkok. The Minister of Public Works read a short address, to which the King replied, and then the King, taking an ivory-handled spade, thrust the silver blade into the turf, which he transferred to an ebony wheelbarrow. The crown prince trundled the wheelbarrow along a carpeted track about thirty yards in length, followed by the King, the royal family, and the assembled guests. The turf, when removed from the ebony wheelbarrow, was sprinkled with consecrated water from a golden ewer by four priests. The national anthem was played, and that ended the ceremony.

Getting the Start of Them.

Farmer Hayrick—Come on, Mandy, we'd best hurry up an' buy all we kin.

Mrs. Hayrick—Land's sakes, Silas! W'at's yer hurry?

Farmer Hayrick—I've heerd too much 'bout Noo York; best buy all we kin afore somebody steals all our money from us.—Philadelphia Press.

Unlucky for the Fish Too.

Hicks—How did you happen to be going fishing on Friday? I thought you believed Friday was an unlucky day.

Wicks—Well, I always have. But it occurred to me this morning that perhaps it would be unlucky for the fish.—Somerville Journal.

London Lunatic Asylum.

In one of the London lunatic asylums—that at Horton, near Epsom—wholesale thefts of supplies by employes have been discovered. No fewer than twenty-six of the asylum officers were engaged in them.

After a man gets up in years, his reason for admiring a woman whose hair is naturally curly, is that it doesn't take her so long to dress.

NATURE'S JOKES.

Some Freak Forms of Flowers—Apple Blossoms on Rose Bush.

Gardeners all over the world are toiling to produce new flowers. Nature, in a freakish moment, will sometimes accomplish what generations of horticulturists have been unable to effect.

As an instance in point, there is a Malmaison rosebush in a garden at Violet Hill, Stowmarket, which one summer recently produced a most astonishing floral freak. The rose grows near an apple tree, and when one of its largest buds first burst into bloom it was seen that five perfect apple-blossom petals were springing in its center.

Every year as horticulturists go further afield, and search more and more thoroughly the out-of-the-way corners of the earth their emissaries bring in newer and more strange flowers. Perhaps none are more wonderful than some of the new forms of the resurrection plant, of which the rose of Jericho is the best known example.

A resurrection flower lately found in Mexico is a shrunken, rounded ball of dry, dead leaves until it is put into water. Then it expands into a great loose mass of filmy green, the petals fly apart, and blooms expose their fluffy centers.

A flower discovered on the isthmus of Tehuantepec in the early morning blooms a pure white; by midday it has changed to a perfect red, but before it closes at nightfall it has turned to a pale blue. Even more wonderful than its change of color is the fact that at noon only does it give out any perfume.

Australia boasts many strange flowers—far more, indeed, than most people imagine to exist in her gray-green forests. The Christmas bush is famous because its masses of small pink and reddish blooms are used as a substitute for holly.

But the strangest flower is the New South Wales flannel flower. It is so called because it has the exact appearance of having been carefully cut out of white flannel.

Green flowers are very rare in nature. The ixia is one of the very few plants which has a natural green variety. Schomberg was its discoverer in South Africa, the home of all the ixias.

In one sense, all our gardens are filled with freak flowers. The gigantic and vari-colored blooms which adorn the beds and borders are, almost without exception, monstrosities produced by long selection and intense cultivation.

But nature can and does do funny things at times in her own garden. Albino flowers are by no means uncommon. Whole patches of the ordinarily yellow moth-mullein are at times found of a white hue. The lobelia, too, at times sports pure white, and so do many others flowers.—Pearson's Magazine.

FIRST MELONS IN KANSAS.

They Were Planted Fifty Years Ago by a Pioneer.

Judge W. R. Bernard, of Westport, was the first man to eat watermelon of his own growing in the State of Kansas, according to the Kansas City Star. Judge Bernard is 77 years old. He settled in Westport in 1847.

"Where Kansas City now stands," said Judge Bernard, "there was a tangle of virgin forests. Fifty years ago I was the official interpreter of the Sac Indian tribe. Their reservation was near the site of Ottawa, Kan. I also had a contract with the government to freight supplies to the Indians.

"When making a freighting trip I was often accompanied by salesmen of mercantile houses in New York and Boston and several times had with me correspondents of Eastern periodicals who went out to get material for stories about the Indians and the great West. I often tricked these tenderfeet.

"When I started out across the plains I always took with me a lot of watermelon seeds and at every camping place I'd stroll off a few hundred yards from the trail and turn over a patch of sod and plant a few of these seeds. The best place in the world to plant watermelon seeds is under an upturned sod of the Kansas prairie. In those days the prairies were covered with short buffalo grass, so there were no weeds to choke or hinder the growth of the melons. In the latter part of the summer there would be scores of delicious melons in my patches.

"The first summer I planted these patches I had with me a correspondent for Harper's Weekly. The first evening after we left Westport we camped upon the open prairie beyond Shawnee mission and after the oxen had been corraled, the buffalo chips gathered and a fire started for supper I said to the correspondent:

"'Well, I guess I'll stroll out and see if I can find a ripe watermelon.'

"'Watermelon?' asked the Eastern man in surprise.

"'Yes, watermelon,' I answered.

"He laughed heartily, but I sauntered away and in a little while returned with a huge ripe watermelon under each arm. The way the eyes of that tenderfoot bulged out was very gratifying to me. It was the first time he had ever heard that watermelons grew upon the Western plains and it was the first time they had ever grown there, too.

"After that we had watermelon at every meal until we got to the reservation."

A scientist says that if all the birds were slaughtered, this planet wouldn't be fit to live on nine years longer. (N. B.—This is for those who are buying dead birds for their hats.)