

"Going to the football game next Saturday?"

"No! I've quit going to football games."

"Why?"

"Because I allowed myself to become excited over them last fall, and I found out this summer that I had nearly ruined my golf season."

A Picture.

Mrs. Kaylor—How do you like your new girl?

Mrs. Homer—She's a jewel. But she isn't a new girl. We've had her nearly a week.



The Belgians are great plover breeders, and one of the choicest birds of this kind is the true Antwerp carrier, which is comparatively rare.

Safe, Sure and Speedy.

No external remedy ever put devised has so fully and unquestionably met these three prime conditions as successfully as Alcock's Plasters. They are safe because they contain no deleterious drugs and are manufactured upon scientific principles of medicine. They are sure because nothing goes into them except ingredients which are exactly adapted to the purposes for which a plaster is required. They are speedy in their action because their medicinal qualities go right to their work of relieving pain and restoring the natural and healthy performance of the functions of muscles, nerves and skin.

Alcock's Plasters are the original and genuine persons plasters and like most meritorious articles have been extensively imitated, therefore always make sure and get the genuine Alcock's.

Uncle Jerry.

"There's lots of men," said Uncle Jerry Peebles, "who are so blamed fearful of their reputations that they don't never have time to look after their souls."

Consistent.

"Dear," said the prominent preacher, "I want you to notify all the papers to send reporters to the church next Sunday. I will preach a very strong sermon."

"Yes," replied his wife; "what will your theme be?"

"I shall strongly urge the abolition of all Sunday work."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Brings relief and money if it fails to cure. W. G. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Present in Safe Place.

A young millhand having lost his sweetheart through his own boisterous folly first threatened to commit suicide and then became vulgarly insistent in his demands for the return of the presents he had given her.

"What good will they be to you if you're gone to drown yourself in 't mill pond?" she scoffed.

"Never you mind; I want them back," he replied evasively.

"Well, I'll see that you have them," the girl reluctantly agreed.

But five days passed and the young man still bemoaned the loss of the forfeited trinkets. Once more he requested their return.

Corporate Greed.

Elevator Boy—Tye-Phat & Co. have raised per pay a cent an hour, have they?

Office Boy—Yes, but I have to work longer hours. Old Tye-Phat has changed the regulator of the clock so it runs slower.—Chicago Tribune.

NEVER TIRES

Of the Food that Restored Her to Health.

"My food was killing me and I didn't know the cause," writes a Colo. young lady; "for two years I was thin and sickly, suffering from indigestion and inflammatory rheumatism."

"I had tried different kinds of diet, plain living, and many of the remedies recommended, but got no better."

"Finally, about five years ago, mother suggested that I try Grape-Nuts, and I began at once, eating it with a little cream or milk. A change for the better began at once."

"To-day I am well and am gaining weight and strength all the time. I've gained 10 pounds in the last five weeks and do not suffer any more from indigestion and the rheumatism is all gone."

"I know it is to Grape-Nuts alone that I owe my restored health. I still eat the food twice a day and never tire of it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The flavor of Grape-Nuts is peculiar to itself. It is neutral, not too sweet and has an agreeable, healthful quality that never grows tiresome.

One of the sources of rheumatism is from overloading the system with acid material, the result of imperfect digestion and assimilation.

As soon as improper food is abandoned and Grape-Nuts is taken regularly, digestion is made strong, the organs do their work of building up good red blood cells and of carrying away from the system the excess of disease-making material from the system.

The result is a certain and steady return to normal health and mental activity. "There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pages.

Between Two Fires

By ANTHONY HOPE

"A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds." —Francis Bacon.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

There was in the room, as perhaps might be expected, a washstand. This article was of the description one often sees; above the level of the stand itself there rose a wooden screen to the height of two feet and a half, covered with pretty tiles, the presumable object being to protect the wall paper. I never saw a more innocent looking bit of furniture; it might have stood in a lady's dressing room. The Signorina went up to it and slid it gently on one side; it moved in a groove! Then she pressed a spot in the wall behind, and a small piece of it rolled aside, disclosing a keyhole.

"It's taken key, of course," she said. "We must break it open. Who's got a hammer?"

Tools were procured, and, working under the Signorina's directions, after a good deal of trouble, we laid bare a neat little safe embedded in the wall. This safe was lightly inscribed on the outside, "Francis's Treasure." We, however, were not afraid of making a noise, and it only puzzled us for ten minutes.

When opened it revealed a Golconda! There lay in securities and cash no less than \$500,000!

We smiled at one another.

"It's a good thing," I remarked.

"Hoary old fox," said the Colonel.

No wonder the harbor works were unremunerative in their early stages. The President must have kept them at a very early stage.

"What are you people up to?" cried Carr.

"Bank burglary, my dear boy," I replied, and we retreated with our spoils.

"Now," said I to the Colonel, "what are you going to do?"

"Why, what do you think, Mr. Martin?" interposed the Signorina. "He's going to give you your money, and divide the rest with his sincere friend, Christina Nugent."

"Well, I suppose so," said the Colonel. "But it strikes me you are making a good thing of this, Martin."

"My dear Colonel," said I, "a bargain is a bargain, and where would you have been without my money?"

The Colonel made no reply, but handed me the money, which I liked much better. I took the \$320,000 and said:

"Now I can face the world, an honest man."

The Signorina laughed.

"I am glad," she said, "chiefly for poor old Jones' sake. I'll take a load off his mind."

The Colonel proceeded to divide the remainder into two little heaps, one of which he pushed over to the Signorina. She took it gaily, saying:

"Now I shall make curl papers of half my bonds, and I shall rely on the—what do you call it?—the Provisional government to pay the rest. You remember about the house?"

"I'll see about that soon," said the Colonel impatiently. "You two seem to think there's nothing to do but take the money. You forget we've got to make our positions safe."

"Exactly. The Colonel's government must be carried on," said I.

The Signorina did not catch the allusion. She yawned, and said:

"Oh, then I shall go. Rely on my loyalty, your excellency."

She made him a courtesy and went to the door. As I opened it for her she whispered: "Horrid old bear! Come and see me, Jack, and so vanished, carrying off her dollars."

I returned and sat down opposite the Colonel.

"I wonder how she knew about the washing stand?" I remarked.

"Because Whittingham was fool enough to tell her," said the Colonel testily.

Then we settled to business. This unambitious tale does not profess to be a complete history of Aureatland, and I will spare my readers the recital of our discussion. We decided at last that matters were still so critical, owing to the President's escape, that the ordinary forms of law and constitutional government must be temporarily suspended. This chamber was not in session, which made this course easier. The Colonel was to be proclaimed President and to assume supreme power under martial law for some weeks, while we looked about us. It was thought better that my name should not appear officially, but I agreed to take in hand, under his supervision, all matters relating to finance.

"We can't pay the interest on the real debt," he said.

"No," I replied; "you must issue a notice, setting forth that, owing to General Whittingham's malversations, payments must be temporarily suspended. Promise it will be all right later on."

"Very good," said he; "and now I shall go and look up those officers. I must keep them in good temper, and the men, too. I shall give 'em another ten thousand."

"Generous here!" said I, "and I shall go and restore this cash to my employers."

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was twelve o'clock when I left the Golden House and strolled quietly down to Liberty street. The larger part of the soldiers had been drawn off, but a couple of companies still kept guard in the Piazza. The usual occupations of life were going on amid a confused stir of excitement, and I saw by the interest my appearance aroused that some part at least of my share in the night's doings had leaked out. The Gazette had published a special edition, in which it hailed the advent of freedom, and, while lauding Mr. Greed to the skies, bestowed a warm commendation on the "noble Englishman who, with a native love of liberty, had taken on himself the burden of Aureatland's hour of travail." The metaphor struck me as inappropriate, but the sentiment was most healthy; and when I finally beheld two officers of police sitting on the head of a drunken man for tossing the falling regime, I could say to myself, as I turned into the bank, "Order reigns in Warsaw."

General Assent had proclaimed a suspension of commerce on this auspicious day, and I found Jones sitting idle and ill at ease. I explained to him the state of affairs, showing how the President's discommodable scheme had compelled me, as a more active part in the revolution. It was pathetic to hear him bewail the villainy of the man he had trusted, and when I produced the money, he blessed me fervently, and at once proposed writing to the directors a full account of the matter.

"They are bound to vote you an honorarium, sir," he said.

"I don't know, Jones," I replied. "I am afraid there is a certain prejudice

against me at headquarters. But in any case I have resolved to forego the personal advantage that might accrue to me from my conduct. President McGregor has made a strong representation to me that the schemes of General Whittingham, if publicly known, would, however unjustly, prejudice the credit of Aureatland, and he appealed to me not to give particulars to the world. In matters such as these, Jones, we cannot be guided solely by selfish considerations."

"Heaven forbid, sir!" said Jones, much moved.

"I have, therefore, consented to restrict myself to a confidential communication to the directors; they must judge how far they will pass it on to the shareholders. To the world at large I shall say nothing of the second loan; and I know you will oblige me by treating this money as the product of realizations in the ordinary course of business. The recent disturbances will quite account for so large a sum being called in."

"I don't quite see how I can arrange that."

"Ah, you are overdone," said I. "Leave it all to me, Jones."

And this I persuaded him to do. In fact, he was so relieved at seeing the money back that he was easy to deal with; and if he suspected anything, he was overruled by my present exalted position. He appeared to forget what I could not, that the President, no doubt, still possessed that fatal relic!

After lunch I remembered my engagement with the Signorina, and, putting on my hat, was bidding farewell to business, when Jones said to me:

"There's a note just come for you, sir. A little boy brought it while you were out at lunch."

He gave it to me—a little dirty envelope, with an illiterate scrawl. I opened it carefully, but as my eye fell on the President's hand, I started in amazement. The note was dated "Saturday, June 10" on board The Songstress, and ran as follows:

"Dear Mr. Martin—I must confess to having underrated your courage and abilities. If you care to put them at my disposal now, I will accept them. In the other event, my present offer is a public announcement. In any case it may be useful to you to know that McGregor designs to marry Signorina Nugent. I fear that on my return it will be hardly consistent with my public duties to spare your life (unless you accept my present offer), but I should like to look back on your acquaintance with pleasure, so have if you will allow me to say so, seldom met a young man with such natural gifts for finance and politics. I shall anchor five miles out from Whittingham-to-night (for I know you have no ships), and if you join me, well and good. If not, I shall consider your decision irrevocable. Believe me, dear Mr. Martin, faithfully yours,

"MARCUS W. WHITTINGHAM,
President of the Republic of Aureatland."

The President's praise was grateful to me. But I did not see my way to do with his views. He said nothing about the money, but I knew well that its return would be a condition of any alliance between us. Again, I was sure that he also "designed to marry the Signorina," and if I must have a rival on the spot I preferred McGregor to the President's capacity. Lastly, I thought that after all there is a decency in things, and I had better stick to my party. I did not, however, tell McGregor about the letter, merely sending him a line to say I had heard that he had better look out.

This done, I then proceeded to my progress to the Signorina's. When I was shown in, she greeted me kindly.

"I have had a letter from the President," I said.

"Yes," said she, "he told me he had written to you."

"Why, what do you hear from him?"

"Yes, just a little note. He is rather cross with me. Are you going over to him—going to forsake me?"

"How can you ask me? Won't you show me your letter, Christina?"

"No, John," she answered, mimicking my impassioned tones. "I may steal the President's savings, but I respect his confidence."

"You know what he says to me about McGregor?"

"Yes," said the Signorina. "But, curious to relate, the Colonel has just been here himself and told me the same thing. The Colonel has not a nice way of making love, Jack—not so nice as yours nearly."

"Thus encouraged I went and sat down by her. I believe I took her hand.

"You don't love him?"

"Not at all," she replied. "I like you very much, Jack," she said, "and it is sweet of you to have made a revolution for me. It was for me, Jack?"

"Of course it was, my darling," I promptly replied.

"But you know, Jack, I don't see how we're much better off. Indeed, in a way it's worse. The President's money, let anybody else marry me, but he wasn't so peremptory as the Colonel. The Colonel declares he will marry me this day week!"

"We'll see about that," said I, savagely.

"Another revolution, Jack?" asked the Signorina.

"You needn't laugh at me," I said sulkily.

"Poor boy! What are we idle lovers to do?"

"I don't believe you're a bit in earnest."

"Yes, I am, Jack—now." Then she went on, with a sort of playful pity, "Look at my savage, jealous Jack. It's pleasant while it lasts; try not to be broken-hearted if it doesn't last."

"If you love me, why don't you come with me out of this sink of iniquity?"

"Run away with you?" she asked with open amazement. "Do you think that we're the sort of people for a romantic elopement? I am very earthy. And so are you, Jack dear, nice earthy, but earthy, Jack."

"There was a good deal of truth in this remark. We were not an ideal pair for love in a cottage."

"Yes," I said. "I've got no money."

"I've got a little money, but not much. I've been paying my debts," she added proudly.

"I haven't been even doing that. And I'm not quite equal to purloining that \$300,000."

"We must wait, Jack. But this I will promise: I'll never marry the Colonel. If it comes to that or running away, we'll run away."

"And Whittingham?"

The Signorina for once looked grave.

"You know him," she said. "Think what he made you do! and you're not a weak man, or I shouldn't be fond of you."

Jack, you must keep him away."

She was quite agitated; and it was one more tribute to the President's powers that he should exert so strange an influence over such a nature. I was burning to ask her more about herself and the President, but I could not while she was distressed. And when I had comforted her, she resolutely declined to return to the subject.

"No, go away now," she said. "Think how we are to checkmate our two Presidents. And, Jack, whatever happens, I got you back the money. I've done you some good. So be kind to me, I'm not very much afraid of your heart breaking. You have plenty of useful things to occupy your time."

At last I accepted my dismissal, and walked off, my happiness considerably damped by the awkward predicament in which we stood. Clearly McGregor meant business; and at this moment McGregor was all powerful. If he kept the reins, I should lose my love. If the President came back, a worse fate still threatened. Supposing it were possible to carry off the Signorina, which I doubted very much, where were we to go to? And would she come? On the whole, I did not think she would come.

(To be continued.)

END OF THE LUCY WALKER.

Steamboat Race on the Mississippi that Cost Many Lives.

Passing the place a few days ago where this noted Cherokee Indian used to live, we were reminded of the history and tragic death of the man, Joe Vann, who was the most noted Cherokee of his time, says the Fort Gibson Post. He used to live about three miles below Fort Gibson, opposite the mouth of Bayou Manard, on the opposite side of the Arkansas River.

He owned 500 slaves, 300 of whom were men. He had thousands of acres of land, many cattle and horses, some being racing stock. He owned the first steamboat that came up the Arkansas River to Fort Gibson, when the United States government had a line of boats to this place to supply the large garrison then stationed here. This boat was named the Lucy Walker, and in those days was noted for her speed. She ran between Fort Gibson and lower Mississippi ports, even to New Orleans, carrying passengers and freight.

Vann was a strange Indian, unlike any known before or since, and was known as a "dead game sport," open-hearted, brave and generous to a fault. He was good to all his slaves and they liked him and would obey him in anything. He won and lost large sums on horse-racing and gambling, but it was all the same to him, for he kept up his end of the sport at all times and seasons. This was along the 30's and 40's, not long after the Cherokees took possession of the country.

Vann had one fault, which ultimately caused his tragic death. He could not brook a boasting rival and would not take a "dare." While his steamboat had no rival for speed on the Arkansas River, from its mouth at the Mississippi to Little Rock and Fort Gibson, there were two or three on the Mississippi River, between St. Louis and New Orleans. One of these boats, said to be the fastest on the river, attempted to pass him on the way down.

Vann had a crew of thirty negroes, said to have no superiors on the river. He told the boys that the Lucy Walker must be kept ahead, no matter at what cost. An allowance of grog was given to each, and all promised to stand up to the work. The rival boat was gaining on them. The usual fuel failed to give sufficient speed. Vann went around and told the hands to gather up everything that would burn. Tar and bacon were thrown into the furnace and soon the Lucy Walker was forging ahead of her rival.

Timbers of the boat creaked and groaned. The furnace was red hot. The boilers were seething and foaming. The heat was terrific. The passengers, of whom there were about 150, became alarmed, but Vann was cool as a cucumber. He told his negro crew that they would beat the rival boat or all go to hades together, and they promised to stand by him.

About that time there was an awful explosion and there was nothing left of the Lucy Walker but scattered fragments. Most of the crew were blown to atoms, besides about forty passengers dead and nearly all more or less injured. Vann's body was found horribly mangled.

MAN'S AIDED EYE EXERTING ITS MIGHT IN SEARCH OF OTHER UNIVERSES

One of the most impressive indications of modern scientific progress comes from the field of astronomy, says the Washington Post. The limits of the universe are now being reached by the strong eye of the photographing telescope, in the view of some star specialists. Enough observational basis for the belief has already been added to philosophical grounds for the conclusion that the extension of matter in void space is not infinite but finite, to create a sharp difference of opinion which is receiving the serious attention of the highest and most judiciously minded authorities.

This conclusion is counter to the conception more popular with the unknowable worshipping past. The view still held by the mass of people who

terring den is only with about half of the heavens visible from the earth, owing to the lack of enough observations, so that the stars of first to ninth magnitude number about a million. Professor Skinner stated that the stars already seen with the aid of modern instruments number several million, of these only a small fraction being definitely located, catalogued, and counted.

The task to which astronomers set themselves twelve years ago was so divided among the prominent observatories that to the Washington Institution was assigned the zone lying between 14 and 18 degrees southward from the zenith, each observer slightly overlapping or duplicating the work of his neighbor to make the strips match positively. Another year of observation and computation will complete the part assigned to the Washington Naval Observatory. The work involved accurate observation at different times of every one catalogued, including 300 zero or base stars, from which the position of the others are reckoned, so that about 20,000 observations had to be made. Further, every hour spent in observation required at least three hours of mathematical computation.

In recent years the equipment of twelve-inch telescopes with photographing attachments has greatly extended the range of human view, for while the eye, trine, sees less in protracted watching, the photographic plate, accumulating impression with time, sees more. Professor Skinner found it especially serviceable in distinguishing the minor asteroid planets from fixed stars, and remarked that its capacity for seeing what the eye could not see through the telescope was notable in the case of the discovery of a maze of nebulae in the field of the pleiades where with the eye hardly any nebulous trace was discernible. The photographic method of cataloguing stars has been quite successfully used in Europe.

"These plates," said Professor Skinner, "give very accurate results, but the method is yet too new for us to depend entirely upon it."

The work upon which he is engaged has been done entirely by telescopic eye observation, and the Naval Observatory has not so far been equipped with an instrument for doing the same thing photographically. It would cost \$50,000.

Speaking of the financial support given scientific work, Professor Skinner remarked:

"Many private and university observatories are handicapped because the donors do not understand the real requirements of the work. Such is true of the observatory in California to which Mr. Yerkes, the late street railway magnate, gave the big telescope. Wealthy men are inclined to give liberally enough for equipment that people can see and touch, but are apt to forget that it requires several times as much money to use an instrument that costs, in order to bring the results for which it is supposed to be designed; results, of course, which only the learned can fully appreciate."

give thought to the subject at all is expressed by a German poet, who wrote in the earlier decades of the past century of a man "called into the vestibule of heaven, stripped of his robe of flesh," and guided by "a mighty angel through long reaches of planets circling on the right and left and vast Sahara of darkness" at such velocity that "the light with lesser speed came on to meet them." The dream poet voiced the conviction of his times by narrating that finally "the man sank down, crying: 'Angel, I can go no further, for end there is none!'"

"Some astronomers now state their belief that we can see through the expanse of nebulae and stars to outside vacancy," said Professor Aaron N. Skinner, who, in charge of the equatorial work at the United States Naval Observatory, is making a catalogue of 9,000 of the known stars. "But," he added, in the course of his talk with a Post reporter, "the question arises, Should it be true that we can in time penetrate even to the limits of the ether of our universe, what is there beyond, across space which light cannot traverse? Indeed, we might assume the existence of a plurality of universes, beyond any hope of cognizance by us, just as there are a plurality of suns that we can see. For myself, however, I am too busy with the more tangible work I have on hand here to indulge much in these speculative discussions."

Professor Skinner is now nearing the end of twelve years' work occupied in definitely cataloguing a strip or zone of the 500,000 stars approximately catalogued between 1850 and 1860, comprising a list known as the Bonn Durchmusterung. In later years, also under German initiative, the leading observatories of the world undertook the tremendous job of determining the exact position of these half-million suns, being those down to the ninth apparent magnitude. (Stars become invisible to the unaided eye at the sixth magnitude.) The Bonn Durchmusterung

FIRE IN THE SKYSCRAPER.

Chief Danger Is the Inflammable Office Furniture.

The construction of the new Singer building in New York, a lofty tower of forty-two stories, 612 feet high, leads the Journal of Fire to speculate on the consequences of a fire in this structure or in any very high steel frame building. It concludes that the average skyscraper is too high for adequate fire protection and that when such a building begins to burn the people in the upper stories will have to sit down with such calmness as they can muster and wait for it to be put out—or for the alternative.

"The danger is not so much to property as it is to life and for this reason the matter deserves careful consideration," says the paper named above. "The modern office building contains a small array of occupants, both men and women, and the endangering of these is a great responsibility."

"The skyscraper as a fire risk has not been sufficiently tested to justify any conclusion as to its fire safety, but experience it represents a serious fire possibility. The question of safety for the occupants may be passed by in the belief in the 'fireproof' capacity of the building, but this belief is a delusion and a dependence on it is likely to result disastrously. The results of the Baltimore and San Francisco conflagrations were not needed to demonstrate the falsity of the 'fireproof' idea, for New York's fire experience was amply sufficient for this.

"The so-called fireproof building is fire proof only as regards the structure itself and this only to a limited extent. The building, as such, does not assure the safety of the inmates nor the security of the contents and as regards fire danger to life it is the part of prudence to consider it from the standpoint of an ordinary building. It must be conceded that in an office building it is possible for fire to start and the smoke, heat and flames to spread throughout, making it impossible to use the stairways and elevator as exits. Under the circumstances it is to be expected that a number of persons will be imprisoned above the fire and their safety dependent upon circumstances."

"The possibility of a serious fire in an office building is generally discounted on the ground that office buildings do not contain enough fuel for a considerable fire, but whoever entertains this notion should look about and estimate the quantity of combustible materials contained in an office in the shape of desks, cabinets, rugs, papers, etc. It is true that the usual office occupancy is not such as results in frequent fires, but there are the hazards due to the heat, light and power and in many instances offices are used for comparatively hazardous purposes. At the same time among thousands of offices it is

BALLOONING ACROSS THE ALPS.

Two Italian aeronauts, Signori Usnelli and Crespi, crossed the Alps in a balloon called "Milano." They started from Milan and descended at Aix-les-Bains, having passed across Mont Blanc. The photograph was reconstructed from materials supplied by the voyagers. Recently Mr. Leslie Bucknall left the Wandsworth gas works and in sixteen hours descended on the River Loop near the Lake of Geneva, a distance of over 420 miles. In the darkness the aeronaut located the proximity of the Alps by the echo. Had he had a reserve of gas he would have crossed the mountains.

Why It Is.

"Why is it?" asked the Frenchman, "that you have no duels like we have in France?"

"We are all such good shots," answered the American, "that we would be sure to hit each other. That's why."

As a Supplement.

The Maid—Do you think the automobile will ever supplant the horse?

The Man—No; but it may supplant the mule in the course of time. One is fully as unreliable as the other.

In eight years the population of Oaxaca, Japan, has decreased from 843,806 to ever 1,026,806. The number of fatalities has increased by 991.

Our Billions of Ancestors.

Has anybody ever stopped to think how many male and female ancestors it took to bring us into the world? First, of course, it was necessary to have a father and mother, and our father and mother must have had a father and mother, and so on back through fifty-six generations to the time of Christ.

A careful calculation of all these ancestors shows that there must have been 139,235,017,480,534,976 births to bring one of us into the world. And this is only from the time of Christ, and not from the beginning of the world.

According to one authority, if from a single couple for five thousand years each husband and wife had married at the age of 21, and there had been no deaths, the population of the earth would be 2,199,915, followed by 144 ciphers. To hold such a population it would take several worlds the size of ours.—Sunday Magazine.

A little learning is a dangerous thing, and too much often unites a man for making an honest living.



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