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She Prefers Sunshine to Fog. Mile, de la Ramee ("Ouida") is on the point of leaving the beautiful old palace in Florence in which she has now passed several years. Her boxes are all packed, but at present she cannot make up her mind whether to leave the City of Flowers or not. Her last book, "Santa Barbara and Other Stories," is just out. These stories are chiefly Italian tales.

ODD WAYS OF GETTING WATER.

The Shifts to Which People Resort in Various Parts of the World.

When Mr. David Lindsay returned from his expedition across a part of the Australian desert a while ago, he said the whole of that almost waterless country was inhabited by natives who got their water supply by draining the roots of the maile tree, which yield quantities of pure water. This tree, absorbing moisture from the air, retains it in considerable quantities in its roots and thus makes it possible to live in an arid region, which would otherwise be uninhabitable.

There are people in other parts of the world who get their supply of water in a peculiar way. The explorer Couillard, for instance, found a while ago while wandering among the Tumac-Humac mountains, in the western part of Guiana, that it was not necessary for his men to descend to a creek when they wanted a drink of water. A vine known as the water vine is found all through that region. It yields an abundant supply of excellent drinking fluid whenever it is called upon. This vine grows to a height of sixty to ninety feet. It is usually about as thick as the upper part of the human arm. It winds itself loosely around trees, clammers up to their summits, and then falls down perpendicularly to the ground, where it takes root again.

The natives cut this vine off at the ground and then, at a height of about six or seven feet, they cut it again which leaves in their hands a very stout piece of wood a little longer than themselves. In order to obtain its sap they raise the lower end of the vine upon some support and apply the upper end to their mouths. The section of the vine, while showing a smooth, apparently compact surface, is pierced with many little veins, through which the sap flows freely. Six feet of the vine gives about a pint of water, which is slightly sweet to the taste. Couillard says that it quenches thirst as effectively as water from the most refreshing brook.

The bushmen in the Kalahari desert often live scores of miles from places where water comes to the surface. During a certain part of the year sharp storms sweep over the Kalahari, covering the brightly arid region with the brightest of rain, and filling, for a few short days, the bushmen with roaring torrents. The bushmen know how to find water by digging to the bottoms of these dried up river beds. They dig a hole three or four feet deep and then tie a sponge to the end of a hollow reed. The sponge absorbs the moisture at the bottom of the hole, and the natives draw it into their mouths through the reed, and then empty it into calabashes for future use.

The animals that inhabit such wastes as the Kalahari are of course accustomed to living upon very small and infrequent supplies of water. The Bechuana do not lead their cattle to the drinking places oftener than once in two or three days. It is said that goats in the Kalahari frequently pass months without water, and, according to Mr. Mackenzie, there are certain antelopes which are never seen to visit the drinking places.

In that enormous waste known as the Gobi desert, north of China, showers sometimes fall during the summer, and the torrents of a day fill the dried-up water courses through which water seldom runs. It is in these channels that the Mongols dig their wells, expecting to find a little water, when upon the surface of the plateau itself the soil has lost all traces of humidity. It is owing to the fact that a part of the moisture falling during a few rainy days is thus preserved within reach that it is possible for caravans to cross the desert.

Should a man in China be unfortunate enough to save the life of another from drowning he is saddled with the expense of supporting the saved one for the remainder of that person's life.

Not Proven. "The charges and counter-charges in the late senatorial muddle," said an old attorney from southern Ohio, "remind me of a celebrated case we had in one of the southern Ohio courts more than thirty years ago."

"Will you give it to the Post?" "No, but I'll tell you the story—not for publication, though. A certain man had lost some very fine wheat and at once suspected a noted thief living fifteen miles away, on the opposite side of the county. This man's name was Winchell and he had escaped from a sheriff while on his way to the pen a few years before.

He was arrested and a long trial ensued. It was clearly proven that Winchell had brought to the mill at the county-seat wheat exactly similar in quality to the stolen article but experts went to his farm and found he had barrels and barrels of the same kind of wheat. As the testimony kept coming in it was plain to his attorneys that the old man had stolen the wheat and mixed it with some of his own raising, so as to present a fine grade to the officers he knew would be searching for the stolen goods.

One of his attorneys, seeing how things were going, leaned toward the old man in the court house and whispered: "Winchell, you old rascal, you did steal that wheat?" "—sh! Don't say a word; they can't prove it. Of course I did, though."

The trial went on, the prisoner was acquitted and a few weeks afterward paid his attorneys in flour made from the stolen wheat.

Lesson: The fact is often apparent when the proof is difficult to produce. —Columbus Post.

A Stoic's Solitary Wish. A dear old lady who spends her summers in Mackinac with her daughter, and who used to visit the white house when Andrew Jackson was president, is one of the most charming of raconteurs, says the Detroit Free Press. Among the amusing incidents she tells of her early days is this, which occurred at a dinner given at the house of Gov. Flood of Virginia, her native

AN INDIARUBBER NAVY.

The Ex-Auditor of Indiana Thinks Iron-clads Must Give Way to Rubber.

As the man was going out of the big hotel he whispered to me in sepulchral tones, "Col. Rice is not right in his upper story—he is clean daff." In a few minutes I saw the full-moon, jocular face of Col. James H. Rice, ex-auditor of Indiana, coming from the elevator. He looked perfectly sane, and I asked him who his friend was that had just departed. "That man," said the colonel, "is a promoter and has not given me a moment's rest since I arrived in the city. I've just let him in on the ground floor of an idea of mine and have shown him illustrations of it. I offered to have him elected vice president of a company that is not formed. If my idea is put into execution it will revolutionize naval warfare, and an iron-clad will be as harmless as a barge carrying a load of Sunday school excursionists."

The colonel invited me to his room, where I saw a number of illustrations in the rough of queer looking ships. I asked him to explain them. His eyes beamed with pleasure as he proceeded to elucidate his ideas. "The cuts," he said, "represent war vessels armored with tough indiarubber. Each vessel is protected with rubber seven feet in thickness and with enough give or elasticity to it to send the largest ball ever fired against it bounding back into the water. I admit that the common rubber is not of sufficient toughness to resist the impact of the ordinary cannon ball, but mind you the rubber I intend to use is not common. Every man who makes an innovation and relegates established methods to the past is in the beginning considered a crank. But I do not mind any little epithet of that kind."

"What is the tall spire in the vessels?" "That," said the scientific colonel, "is the lookout. It is a tower that can be telescoped in a second to the surface of the vessel's deck and erected in the same space of time. It is 80 feet high. There is only one smokestack and it can be taken down in a minute. Cannons? Ah! that is a secret, but I shall tell you because you are not a promoter. In the rear of the vessel there is a turret tower with four destructive guns. You don't see it, eh? Well, neither do I, but if the enemy appeared by manipulating machinery here would rise from the hull of the vessel a turret, protected by indiarubber and ready to sink a fleet of iron-clads. Everything on the deck of my indiarubber vessel can be dropped below in a few moments."

"Have you ever studied that branch of mathematics which treats of trajectory?" The colonel had, and added: "My boy, a ball dropped on the deck of one of my vessels would bound a mile high. There is absolutely no powder or force strong enough to drive a ball into the rubber."

"One more question, colonel. How long have you had this peculiar elastic idea?" "It came to me as an inspiration five years ago. I was in Chicago and a weakened faced man with a voice that sounded like the noise made by tearing calico made life miserable to me. He had a scheme and for a week he became my shadow, trying to get me to go into it. I worked out the indiarubber vessel and for three hours I earnestly explained to him the fortune in it if he would accept the vice presidency. From that time he has never said 'scheme' to me again. I have shown it to dozens of promoters and have talked so much about it that I really think some kind of rubber can be made to resist and throw back cannon balls."

"Have you mentioned your idea to Gen. Tracy, secretary of the navy?" "I am a democrat," said the colonel, proudly. "You wait until a democratic president is elected."

Col. Rice is a humorist and a practical joker. —N. Y. Herald.

A Modern Parable. An old Arab about to die called his three sons to his bedside in order to make known to them his last wishes. "As a legacy," he said, "I bequeath to you the three objects before you—an old rug, a saucapan and a stick." And when his sons protested against the paltry value of their patrimony the sick man went on to say: "Don't you make a mistake; these three bequests are more valuable than you think. Thus, the rug has the marvelous property of conveying through space, as quick as thought anyone who sits upon it and directs it where to go. The saucapan, like a cornucopia, is filled at a moment's notice with any kind of food its owner may desire. In striking the ground with the stick you can produce as many jewels and precious stones as you may wish for. Divide the three talismans among you."

Not being able to agree as to the distribution of the bequests, the three brothers called in the aid of an arbitrator. "I see how it is," said the latter, "each of you would like to have the whole of the paternal heritage to himself."

"Just so!" the three brothers answered in chorus.

"Well, then, this is what I propose. You shall compete for it. The first of you that gets to that tree yonder shall be proclaimed sole heir and may dispose of the three talismans."

At a given signal the three started off to run. At the same moment the obliging arbitrator snatched up the stick and saucapan, seated himself on the rug and disappeared.

The heritage is Cyprus. The three brethren are France, Italy and Russia. England is the arbitrator. —Deutsche Rundschau.

state, where she and her father were guests: On this occasion the governor was dining a select party, among whom were some French stoics who had recently arrived in the country, and whose heads, as became stoics, were as bald as a billiard-ball. When the dinner was in progress a servant brought in the old Virginia latter pudding, which is only in perfection when served hot. It was hot this time. When he attempted to pass it over the head of one of the guests a careless waiter joggled his elbow and the pudding collapsed on the shining bald pate of the stoic. Being a stoic he could make no outcry, but sat bolt upright while the agitated servant scraped off the unlucky pudding. The sufferer made but one sotto voce remark, but it was distinctly audible to the whole table. Said he: "I-v-i-s-h-I-v-a-s-l-i-n-h-a-l-e!"

HUMAN NATURE.

A Heartless Man Trifles with it and Has a Little Quiet Fun.

There was a man at the Wabash depot the other afternoon who took a \$5 bill out of his vest pocket and spread it out on his knee and attentively examined it. Then he took it over to the window and held it to the pane of glass and examined it still more critically. Then he went back to his seat and said to the man on his right, who had become much interested, together with half a dozen others, "Well they say there has got to be a first time with everybody, but I thought I had travelled far enough to cut my eye teeth."

"Got stuck, eh?" queried the other, as he reached for the bill. "Well, you are not so much to blame. That bill is pretty well gotten up."

"Yes, fairly well, but feel of it. Does it feel like a genuine greenback to you?"

"N—o, it doesn't, though I should never have stopped to feel of it. I can see how that it is rougher and coarser."

"They might have passed that off on me in the night," said a second man who took up the bill, "but never by daylight. I should have spotted it at once."

"Pretty well executed, isn't it?" queried the owner.

"I don't think so. The ink used were not first class, and the printing is bad. I could tell it was queer, even if held out at arm's length."

"Counterfeit, eh?" said the third man, as he took the bill in his hands. "Wall, now, I call that pooty well done. I'd a taken that bill anyhow for a good one."

"If somebody didn't take 'em fer good, I'd a took a man with a pair of steel-bowed spectacles on, as he passed the group, 'the counterfeiters couldn't make a living. There are plenty of yahoos still alive."

"Are you calling me a yahoo?" demanded the third man.

"I'm only speaking in a general way. I'd have spotted that bill among a thousand. Just one look at the back of it is enough for me. Where'd you get it?"

"Can't tell," solemnly replied the owner.

"You ought to be more careful."

"Yes, I know."

"What are you going to do with it?" "I think I'll try and pass it off on some one. Let's see if the ticket man will drop it."

He advanced to the ticket man, bought a ticket for a town fifty miles down the road, and the ticket man pulled in the bill made change like chain lightning. Twenty people were watching, and each drew a long breath and opened his eyes. The owner of the bill coolly pocketed the change and ticket and calmly sat down and opened a newspaper and began to read. It was some time before the crowd tumbled to the fact that it had been given. Then one by one they sneaked around or went out for fresh air. All but one. It was the man who represented being called a yahoo. He went over to the joker with a grin on his face, slapped him on the back in a hearty way, and said:

"It was a good joke, and it's just such adventures as this that make travellin' around all-fired pleasanter to me! Come out and have some lemonade!" —Detroit Free Press.

Missed Himself. A French landed proprietor and a colonel of dragoons quarreled, and a challenge to a duel followed, says the Youth's Companion. Blood only could wash out the insult that one had put upon the other. It was determined that the duel should be "A l'Americaine," that is, that lots should be drawn and the loser should retire and shoot himself.

The next morning the opponents and their seconds met at a small cafe outside the town. Lots were duly drawn; the landed proprietor was the winner.

The colonel took his bad fortune calmly; he wrote a few lines upon a piece of paper, which he handed to his second, took an affectionate farewell of all and forgave his more fortunate adversary, as a Christian gentleman ought to do.

Then, accepting the loaded pistol he retired to an adjoining room and closed the door. The rest of the party remained breathlessly awaiting the detonation which was to convey to them the finale of the tragedy.

At last it came. Eagerly they ran to the door of the fatal chamber, which was thrown open and disclosed the supposed defunct duelist standing on the threshold grasping the smoking weapon.

"Good gracious, gentlemen!" exclaimed he, with a bland smile. "Is it not unfortunate? I have missed myself."

All Questions Cheerfully Answered. Housekeeper: "Have you any Mocha coffee?" Small dealer: "Yes, mum." "Genuine Mocha?" "Just imported, mum." "Import it yourself?" "Oh, yes, mum. I send my orders direct to the sultan, mum." "Humph! How much have you on hand?" "About sixty pounds, mum." "You have, eh?" "Sixty pounds?" I read in the paper this very morning that not over fifty pounds of genuine Mocha reaches this country annually. "Yes, mum, that's true. I had 'bout ten pounds left over last year." —N. Y. Weekly.