Two Mythical Islands.

Marco Polo's "Travels" gives a curious account of two islands, "distant from Kesnecoran about 500 miles toward the south, and about thirty miles from each other, the one being inhabited by a company of men without a single woman among them, the other by women without the company of men. They are called, respectively, the Island of Males and the Island of Females." Geographers and others interested in the curiosities of history and navigation have made many attempts to ascertain the exact location of these fantastically named little specks in the great ocean; but even after so much research and study the European as well as the American geographical societies have been forced to admit that their whereabouts is doubtful in the extreme.

Some believe them to be identical with the Footnote islands, near Socota, but these last named are now too small for human habitation, besides being too near the shores of the Red sea to correspond with those mentioned by Marco Polo. The most probable conclusion that has yet been arrived at is that Serodah, a small island on the west coast of India, is the celebrated "Island of Females," it being the resort of dancing girls and women who retire to the place for a summer's outing after a hard winter's work on the continent.

As far as Marco Polo's "Island of Males" is concerned it is irretrievably lost, the combined efforts of the geographers, the historians and the travelers not being equal to the task of bringing it from the mysterious mists which have hidden it for centuries.—St. Louis Republic.

Boards of Trade in Western Cities.

The novelty in western life is the inevitable combination of leading citizens pledged to promote the best interests of their town. Such a body is variously called a board of trade, a chamber of commerce or a commercial club. It is the burning glass which focuses the public spirit of the community. Its most competent officer is usually the highly salaried secretary. He does for his town what a railroad passenger agent or a commercial traveler does for his employers, that is to say, he secures business. He invites manufacturers to set up workshops in his city, offering a gift of land or of land and money or of exemption from taxation for a term of years. The merchants, and perhaps the city officials also, support his promises. In a South Dakota city I have known a fine brick warehouse to be built and given, with the land under it, to a wholesale grocery firm for doing business there. In a far northwestern city there was talk of sending a man east on salary to stay away until he could bring back capital to found a smeltery.

These boards of trade often organize local companies to give a city what it needs. They urge the people to subscribe for stock in associations that are to build electric railways, opera houses, hotels, convention halls, water supply and illuminating companies, often dividing an acknowledged financial loss for the sake of a public gain. Thus these boards provide the machinery by which the most ambitious, forward and enterprising communities in the world expend and utilize their energy.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Salamander from Artesian Wells.

Mr. H. G. Zimmerman, of Albion, Ind., recently discovered in a trench leading from an artesian well a good sized and very lively mud puppy or water dog. This well is eight miles north of Huron, S. D., and is 1,250 feet deep. Everybody was confident that the reptile came from the well, as there is no other water for miles and miles. Its head was shaped like that of our common catfish, its color was similar to that of the catfish, and it had bushy external gills, besides four legs.

Many conjectures as to what the animal could be were made; some persons thought it principally fish, others lizard, and the most general conclusion was that the thing was a mongrel between the two. A genius (Proteus) belonging to the same family as the above (which we take to be Necturus), and found in caves in southwestern Austria, is blind and colorless. Mr. Zimmerman states specifically that the puppy found by him had a good pair of eyes and was dark in color. Lake Byron, twelve miles north of where this batrachian was found, is said to furnish good fishing.—Forest and Stream.

Where Artists Blunder.

"I never saw an artist yet who could correctly paint a horseshoe," remarked a friend of mine, pausing before a Broadway picture store. "They invariably paint it with an equal number of nails on each side—sometimes three, sometimes four, and even five nails. As a matter of fact, there are four on one side and three on the other, the extra nail being on the inside of the foot, where the greatest strain comes."

Which reminds me of the lines of a distinguished American poet in which he sweetly depicts the drowsy cattle on a summer's day lazily lapping the cooling waters of the crystal stream. The same peculiarity is also poetically attributed to the horse and other animals, the model of the poet having probably been the house cat.—New York Herald.

Livery of Parlor Maids.

English parlor maids wear a distinct livery, not often, though occasionally, seen in New York houses. This consists usually of a plain, long, black or dark woolen skirt, a loose, open jacket of the same material, and either a white vest with gilt or ornamented buttons or a vest made of livery stripes. With this are worn cap and apron.—New York Times.

A Puzzled Yankee.

A story is told of Lord Grosvenor, who, while traveling in this country, was asked by a Yankee how he got his living. My lord replied that he did not work, as his father supported him. "What a dear old gentleman," said the Yankee; "how will you ever manage to live when he dies?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

A BRAVE DOG DEAD.

HE RAN WITH THE FIRE ENGINE UNTIL ONE DAY WHEN HE FELL.

Good Natured Little "Chappie," of 14 Engine—Always Knew When His Machine Was Called Out and Always Ran Ahead of the Charging Horses.

Everybody in the Eighteenth ward knew Chappie, the white bull terrior that ran with 14 engine. Chappie was a faithful attendent at all fires in his district. Stretched out in front of the engine the first ringing of the gong would open his eyes. With cocked ears he would wait to see if 14 was wanted. When the doors were thrown open he raced in and out with an absurd energy, playfully snapping at everybody, tumbling over himself, his incessant barking saying plainly as words:

"Come, now, get a move on you; no time to be lost; rush her along."

Chappie is dead now, and the firemen of 14 engine speak regretfully of him.

It was on the way to the fire that Chappie was in his glory. He would bound ahead of the galloping team furiously barking and springing up between the horses' legs. Spectators would close their eyes, expecting to see him trampled or crushed, but from under the flying hoofs Chappie would come racing again, lead the procession for a moment, then back to the horses, biting and barking and urging them on.

Arrived at the fire, Chappie became a reasonable creature, again installing himself on the driver's seat, comfortably wagging his stub of a tail as he watched his comrades at work. Now and then he would indulge in a short bark of encouragement. The plucky terrier had not escaped unscathed in his frolicking with the galloping horses. He lost a piece of his tail at one time, had a leg broken at another time and received numberless bruises.

One Saturday box 322 was pulled, and Chappie started to pilot the machine to Twenty-third street and Third avenue. It proved a tough trip for the dog. He turned up with a fore paw broken in two places after the excitement was all over. It was bandaged and he was placed on the sick list. In spite of that he answered 316 on the next night, running ahead on three legs. He didn't have far to go, the fire being on Broadway, between Ninth and Tenth streets.

Probably the broken paw hindered him, but somehow he got under the horses' feet and went down. As he righted himself either the pan of the engine or the pumps caught him in the back and crushed him to the pavement. The stout hearted fellows of 14 engine could have cried as they returned to their quarters, tenderly bearing the maimed Chappie.

The dog came of the best blue blood in England, having been imported by William Waldorf Astor. He had all the gameness characteristic of his breed, and scarcely a whimper betrayed his suffering. Dr. T. D. Sherwood, a veterinary surgeon, who examined him, found a fractured spine, a broken leg and severe internal injuries. At first the firemen were for shooting the dog and putting him out of his misery, but afterward it was decided to try and save him. A canvas bandage was rigged on two billiard cues above a dry goods box and Chappie was suspended in it.

Dr. Sherwood took great interest in the case, calling several times the following Tuesday. There was a little hope on Tuesday evening, but as the night wore on the brave dog gave such evidence of suffering in his suspended position that he was taken down and laid upon the straw. It became plain from the animal's agony that he was fatally injured and opiates were administered. He died at 2 o'clock on Wednesday morning.

Chappie weighed about forty-five pounds. His ferocious looks utterly belied him. He was especially attached to any one wearing a fireman's uniform, but he was friendly enough to civilians, and the children of the neighborhood were his playmates. The only time he lost his temper was when a policeman hove in sight. He could not tolerate that kind of a bluecoat and could tell it at a glance from a fireman's uniform. None of the finest made 14's house a lounging place while in uniform. A policeman once used his night stick on Chappie, and the whole force was made to suffer for it.

The firemen of 14 engine are full of reminiscences of their dead playfellow. Remarkable stories of his intelligence are told. He understood the signals and would not stir if the alarm denoted a fire out of 14's district. While strangers were permitted to make friendly advances outside the door, a snarl and gleam of ugly teeth warned against trespassing inside. Chappie was left in the house on guard upon one occasion. Fire Commissioner Martin came in, but was not permitted to leave until the men returned.—New York Sun.

Mimicry in Caterpillars.

A very large caterpillar stretched itself from the foliage of a tree which I was examining, and startled me by its resemblance to a small snake. The first three segments behind the head were dilatable at the will of the insect, and had on each side a large black pupillated spot, which resembled the eye of the snake. It was a poisonous or viperine species mimicked, and not an innocuous snake. This was proved by the imitation of keeled scales on the crown, which was produced by the recumbent feet as the caterpillar threw itself backward. I carried off the caterpillar, and alarmed every one in the village where I was then living to whom I showed it.—Records of a Naturalist in the Amazon.

The Religious Billposter.

Massachusetts legislators, according to the notices posted on the fence surrounding the statehouse extension, will never have a chance to go heavenward. Some one interested in their welfare has issued an invitation which reads, "Come to Jesus." Under these encouraging words is the hopeless announcement, "This way is closed."—Boston Post.

The Way Women Do.

"If men were as economical in their social relations as women are we would not be such a nation of spendthrifts," said T. B. Rose, of Minneapolis. "I was impressed with the force of this idea today by an observation begun in a cable car and pursued through a dry goods establishment and a restaurant. I saw two ladies chatting together intimately on a car, and when the conductor approached them to collect the fares one of them had no change. The other offered to pay for her companion's ride, but the latter wouldn't submit to the proposition. Instead she borrowed a nickel from her friend, remarking as she did so that she would break a bill as soon as she got down town and repay her. My curiosity was excited to see if women really dealt that way with one another, so I followed the two after they got off the car. They first entered a dry goods store, where the borrower made a small purchase, and as soon as she got her change she handed her friend five cents, which was received without the slightest protest.

"Then they went into a restaurant to get lunch. Each gave separate orders and the bill of each amounted to thirty cents. They marched up to the cashier and each paid her own bill. Now, these are small transactions, but they are indicative of the difference in the characters of men and women. Had the objects of my observations been men instead of women, the man who offered to borrow a nickel for car fare would have insulted the other, and one of them would have ordered that dinner for both and paid the bill, which, I may as well say, would have amounted to dollars instead of cents."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The True Artist.

Henry Norman gives the following instance of modest self estimate in the case of a man who is one of the most skillful and original artificers in the world, and whose works are everywhere admired:

This ivory carver sat in his little room, open to his little garden, chiseling upon a magnificent tusk, from which was just emerging a very graceful female figure. The ivory he held between his knees, and the tools were spread out at his side.

"How long will this take you?" I asked.

"About four months," he replied.

"And what is the proportion between the value of the material and the value of the labor in such a work as this when completed?"

"I paid $140 for this piece of ivory," said he, and four months' work, at $50 a month, is $200."

And this man was estimating his work at less than forty American dollars a month! His was the true artist's temperament, for he was willing to accept only what would supply him with the necessaries of life, depending for his actual reward on the joy of seeking to do a perfect work.

"Are you not very sorry sometimes,' asked I, "to part with one of these works, that have been companions and a part of your life for so long?"

He looked up for a minute at a great white lily nodding above him in the garden, and then gently shook his head.

"No," he said. "I expect the next to be more beautiful still."

A Suggestion About Dinners.

The next time you give a dinner give a good one. Do not feel that because you can afford it your dinner must consist of complex, mysterious, rich, indigestible dishes. No one wants them. All men hate them. When a man goes to a restaurant he never orders such a medley for himself. He never wishes them on his own table. Few women care for them, and not one person in fifty can digest them with comfort. Although such dinners are very common in New York, they are not given because we desire or respect them, but because we are a rich and vulgar people without the ability to realize our vulgarity.

There are many people in this city, and happily the class is growing, who have the good taste and courage to offer a simpler dinner to their guests. Such dinners can be as long and as dainty as the most fastidious may desire, and they are infinitely more satisfying. Try to bear in mind that a dinner consisting of complex and mysterious dishes is only a development of American vulgarity. When a woman gives such a dinner you are correct in supposing that either her own taste is vitiated and false or that she does it because she thinks it "the proper thing." In either case it indicates the presence of more money than intelligence.—Life.

They Agreed Then and After.

A Baptist minister took charge of a parish near Boston where he knew that one man was decidedly opposed to his pastorate. Soon after his arrival the Rev. Mr. X. called upon Mr. A.

"Brother," said he, "I hear that you think I am the wrong man to be the pastor of this church."

"Well, to be frank," replied Mr. A., "I do think that another would have filled the place better."

"Now that is just what I think," said the pastor. "But as long as we hold this opinion in opposition to the majority of the parishioners, let's try to be unselfish and make the best of it."

After that call Mr. X. never had a firmer friend nor more faithful champion than Mr. A.—Boston Herald.

Why Petrarch Is Remembered.

Petrarch thought it a disgrace that his verses should be sung in the streets, and he regretted that he had written anything in the vulgar tongue. No one now reads his Latin poetry, but every reader of Italian is charmed with the poems that attracted and suited the popular taste, which is made kin by a touch of nature, whether from the lyre or the pen.—Notes and Queries.

The Ivory of Solomon's Time.

It is not impossible that ivory and apes in Solomon's time may have come from Somali land and not from India.—Scottish Review.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

CATHOLIC.—St. Paul's Church, Oak, between Fifth and Sixth. Father Cairney, Pastor Services: Mass at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Sunday School at 2:30, with benediction.

CHRISTIAN.—Corner Locust and Eighth Sts Services morning and evening. Elder A Galloway pastor Sunday School 10 A. M.

EPISCOPAL.—St. Luke's Church, corner Third and Vine. Rev H B. Burgess, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 2:30 P. M.

GERMAN METHODIST.—Corner Sixth St and Granite. Rev. Hirt, Pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 10:30 A. M.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Services in new church, corner Sixth and Granite sts. Rev. J. T. Baird, pastor Sunday school at 9:30; Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. The Y. P. S. C. E. of this church meets every Sabbath evening at 7:15 in the basement of the church. All are invited to attend these meetings.

FIRST METHODIST.—Sixth St., between Main and Pearl. Rev I. F. Britt, D. D. pastor. Services: 11 A. M. 8:00 P. M. Sunday School 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN.—Corner Main and Ninth. Rev Witte, pastor. Services usual hours. Sunday school 9:30 A. M.

SWEEDISH CONGREGATIONAL.—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth

COLORED BAPTIST.—Mt. Olive, Oak, between Tenth and Eleventh Rev. A. Boswell, pastor. Services 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—Rooms in Waterman block, Main street. Gospel meeting, for men only, every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Rooms open week days from 8:30 a. m., to 9:30 p. m.

SOUTH PARK TABERNACLE.—Rev. J. M. Wood, Pastor. Services: Sunday School, 9 a. m.; Preaching, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.; prayer meeting Tuesday night; choir practice Friday night All are welcome.

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Fort Sidney is to have a new detachment of troops, the twenty-first infatry being ordered to New York forts,

A Little Girls Experience in a Light house.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach Mich, and are blessed with a daughter, four years. Last April she taken down with Measles, followed with dreadful Cough and turned into a fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere" handful of bones". —Then she tried Dr, King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles. was completely cured. They say Dr. King,s New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free at F. G. Frickey Drugstore.

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As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all chronic and acute coughs, asthma, bronchitis and consumption. Large bottles 50c and $1.

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The B. & M. will sell round trip tickets for one fare to Hot Springs, Arkansas, on the following occasions: Meeting of the Government Reservation Improvement asssociation, April 12. Tickets will be sold April 7 and 8, inclusive; final return limit, May 10.

District meeting Southern and Central Turnverein, May 9 to 10. Tickets will be sold May 6 and 7, inclusive; final return, June 10.

Annual meeting general assembly of the Southern Presbyterian church, May 19. Tickets will be sold May 16 and 17, inclusive; limit to return, June 15.

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