

LEAVIN' HOME.

When a feller sorter packs his traps an' goes away from home,
Whar the birds air allus singin', an' the honey's in the comb—
Whar the sunshine is the brightest an' the heart beats all in tune
An' life's sweet in winter as in rosiest days o' June—

No matter how the skies look—ef they're just as bright an' blue
As the eyes with which your sweetheart twinkled messages to you—
You'll find 'em growin' misty—with a haze on field an' plain,
An' your eyes'll sorter twinkle, an' the lids'll hide the rain!

Fer the distance—it looks lonesome, an' though roses red an' white,
Air jest as sweet off yonder, with the dew's an' with the light,
As the ones in old-time gardens, yit—it's mighty fur to roam—
An' you know more of the roses in the little spot called "Home!"

So, packin' up fer leavin' sorter makes you fuddle roun'
Fer han'kerchers, to dry the tears that will come tricklin' down!
An' though you say it's foolishness, yit—world's so wide to roam!
An' the best world for a feller is the little world at home!

—Atlanta Constitution.

AVENGED BY A SERPENT.

WHEN I got George's letter, telling me that all was now ready for our reception and we were to come at once, I was delighted. Within a week we—mother and I—were on our way out, and in about three weeks' time found ourselves between the swampy shores of the Essequibo, nearing Georgetown, where on the quay the dear fellow was waiting to take us up to the home he had made for us on his plantation.

George Haden and I had met a year before during his visit to the United States, and the big, quiet, sunburned man and I, who tell this story, had fallen in love with one another almost at the first sight.

We were to have been married before he returned to Guiana, but he was recalled suddenly by the death of his only brother at Rio, and it was arranged I should follow later with mother.

You can—or, rather, you can't—imagine how delighted I was to see my sweetheart again. But I was startled and a good deal troubled by his appearance; he looked thin and worried. At first I put it down to his grief at Harry's death; but later, after our quiet wedding, on the way to my future home I gathered by degrees there was more than that.

His brother Harry had married a Spaniard—a beautiful woman—who had died nearly eighteen years before, leaving him with one daughter, Teresa. It was chiefly on this girl's account that George had hurried back, and he had mentioned in writing to me that he had brought her up from Rio to stay with him in Guiana until other arrangements could be made. Since then I had heard little of her, and almost, indeed, in my own happiness and excitement forgotten her very existence.

Now my questions elicited from George that she was not a pleasant-tempered young woman, or easy to get on with, but my worst anticipations did not touch the reality.

We came up the river in a small steamer, which dropped us at my husband's very wharf, and we three walked up a slope through a wonderful tropical garden to where a long, white-washed, green-shuttered house shone clean and bright in the evening sun. On the veranda stood a tall figure in a pale yellow gown, her black hair crowned with crimson hibiscus. A splendidly handsome woman!

She looked at me in a half-disdainful way.

"So you're my new aunt?" she said casually. "And how do you do, Uncle George?"

Her calm assumption of superiority was unbearable. George—big, steady, good-tempered man that he was—flushed with anger.

He whispered to me: "Never mind, my dear. She knows no better; and it won't be for long."

But it was for longer than we reckoned. She was to have been sent to her godmother, who lived in Madrid. But the old lady was ill, and begged us to keep the girl a while longer.

It was trying to a degree, and each day got worse and worse. Teresa's temper was something unbearable, and her general lack of manners only equalled by her sweetness when there was anything to be gained by it. Still, for my husband's sake, I bore with her.

Toward the end of the cool weather our old English overseer died, and, as a stop-gap, George took on a young Spanish-American, Ramon Martinez. Ramon was a smart-looking fellow, but there was something in his black eyes which repelled me. I always felt a shivering repulsion for the man, and George didn't much care for him. Still, it was necessary to have some one who understood the sugar, and men who knew anything were so scarce you couldn't pick and choose.

Teresa, who loved the cheap gazettes of Rio, had been simply bored to death all the winter. Ramon was a godsend to her, and the two used to chat in Spanish every evening over their coffee on the veranda.

Sometimes I blame myself for letting them be so much together, but, to tell the truth, the relief of getting rid of her even for an hour or two was very

great. And how could I know what a scoundrel the man was, or what unspeakable wickedness those two were brewing together?

And now I must pass over the events of the next ten months, and tell you what happened on that dreadful day which so nearly proved fatal to all my happiness.

Old Juan, a half-caste Indian employe on the place, came up that morning wanting to see my husband. They talked for a time, and then I saw George go out with a gun on his shoulder. He saw me at the window and called out something, but I could not hear what he said.

He was a keen collector, and I supposed it was some rare bird or beast he was after.

The day passed, and the short, tropical twilight was closing over the forest when I saw George returning. He was followed by two negroes, who slowly dragged some long, heavy object up the path to the house. This they pulled along, trailing in the dust, round to the south end of the house, where George's big so-called study, really a sort of museum, opened by two French windows on the lawn.

I was dressing for 8 o'clock dinner, so did not go out. Soon I heard George's long stride pass upstairs by my door to his dressing-room, which lay beyond my room at the extreme north end of the house.

To make you understand what followed I must partly explain how the house was built. It was from north to south, long and narrow, with a veranda all the way round. A wide hall ran through from east to west, and a long narrow one from north to south. The dining-room was the front room at the north end, under my room; George's study at the south, under the room Teresa occupied. There were two staircases, one at each end of the house. A couple of hundred yards away, higher up the slope at the back of the house, was the cottage where Martinez lived. He, Martinez, generally dined with us, and was to have done so that night.

Now, so far as I know, and judging from what we made out afterward from letters we discovered in the cottage and in Teresa's room, this is what brought about the tragedy that followed:

Ramon must have long before this have made up his mind to marry Teresa. Her small fortune was an irresistible bait to the indolent Southerner. The only thing that troubled him was that she was not of age for another three years, and George was her guardian and sole trustee. He knew well enough what George would say or do if he once heard of his pretensions. With a man of Ramon's type—almost completely senseless—the next idea was simply to get George out of the way. Once get rid of the uncle, and what was there to hinder his making off with Teresa and her money?

Undoubtedly he instilled these ideas into Teresa's mind, and she, her sullen temper already aflame at the hint of opposition, was soon ripe for any mischief. Whether this precious pair had already concocted any definite plan I don't know, but that they were only waiting a chance what follows proves.

On this particular evening Teresa had dressed earlier and gone down. For some reason—I don't know what—she went to the study and opened the door. A French window was open, and in the moonlight which had already succeeded the dusk she caught sight of something moving through it, undulating in rustling coils up from the grass beyond.

Terrified, she closed the door and stood an instant panting with fright. What was it?

Suddenly it flashed across her. She had just before seen from her window the men bringing in her uncle's spoil, a great anaconda, or water-bon, the largest and most powerful constrictor in the world. This was its mate. Her chance had come. Always before dinner her uncle would go to his room to fetch the cigar he lit immediately dinner was over. He would go once more—for the last time!

How I can imagine her stealing quietly away from the door back with stealthy footsteps up the stairs to her room and sitting there watching the clock, counting every moment till the gong should summon her uncle to his fate behind that closed door.

Closer and closer crept the hands to 8 o'clock, and still she sat and watched. Suddenly in the hall below sounded footsteps across the polished boards. Unnaturally loud they seemed as they passed slowly down the passage beneath. There was the sound of a turning latch, an instant's pause, and then—
—one long, horrible sound, half shriek, half yell, which grew shriller, then muffled, and then abruptly ceased.

The shriek I heard with almost equal distinctness away at the other end of the house. To this day I can sometimes hear it, and it comes back to me in dreadful dreams.

I heard my husband rush from his room and his flying feet down the stairway. Other sounds I heard—cries of terror and alarm, hurrying footsteps and slamming of doors. Then I summoned strength to follow. As I ran through the hall two shots rang out in rapid succession. A frightful pounding, like a dozen sledge hammers going at once, ensued; and next I heard a scream of maudlin laughter, and Teresa rushed by me and out into the night.

The next thing I remember is George's voice, in tones of strong command: "Keep back, Marian!" he called; "it is no fit sight for you."

I stood there in the middle of the passage, while around the open study door stood a little knot of our black servants. Their faces were ashen with terror, and the whites of their eyes goggled horribly. A thin smoke floated out of the room and the keen smell of gunpowder filled the air. The throbbing beat had almost ceased, and

George passed into the room, while I staggered back, and sinking into a chair in the hall, fainted dead away.

I need hardly explain what had happened. The wretched Ramon had been in earlier than usual to dinner; had, contrary to his usual custom, gone to the study, evidently to leave the pass-book for the day, and had walked straight into the trap set for another. Those horrible coils had crushed him to death long before even George could reach the spot, while the great snake, in its terrible death agonies, had rent the wretch's body in a shocking way leaving it an unrecognizable mass.

That was what Teresa had seen. The shock no doubt had crazed her. When she ran out she went straight to the river—at least, we suppose so, for we never saw anything of her again. There are alligators in those waters.

Since then my husband and I have almost forgotten the tragedy. We are very happy alone together in our sunny tropic home.—Chicago Times-Herald.



This is the season of the year when bird stories are plentiful. Near Yarmouth, it is said, a pair of wrens have built their nest in a pillar-box, and the hen sits on calmly when the postman clears the box. Near by a pair of bue-tits have built in a hat with which a gardener had adorned a scarecrow.

Recent activities in the Philippines have brought to light many interesting items. Not long ago an eagle, three times the size of any yet discovered, was found there; and now a German savant has come across a gigantic flower of which the smallest buds are as big as the head of a child. It has five petals, a stalk two inches thick, and is over three feet high. The flower "plucked" by the discoverer weighed twenty-five pounds.

The dowager empress of China is devoted to birds of all kinds, and innumerable bird pets are kept about the palace. She is reported to have wept copiously about the death of a favorite nightingale not long ago. Upon being told of a Chinese girl who had complained bitterly of the dreariness of life, this excited lady remarked sagely that a woman ought to take so much pride in her home that it could be a heaven to her, adding: "There are always birds and flowers." She is a clever artist and delights in painting from nature.

There is something very remarkable in the almost reasoning powers manifested occasionally by birds in eluding pursuit or in turning attention from their nests and young, but in few is this more noticeable than in the duck tribes. In Capt. Black's narrative of his arctic land expedition the following instance of this is given: "One of my companions, Mr. King, having shot a female duck, fired again, and, as he thought, disabled its male companion. Accordingly, leaving the dead bird, which he had the mortification of seeing shortly afterward carried off by one of the white-headed eagles, he waded into the water after the duck, which, far from being flustered or alarmed, remained motionless, as if waiting to be taken up. Still, as he neared it, it glided easily away through innumerable little nooks and windings. Several times he reached out his hand to seize it, and having at last with great patience managed to scoop it up in a cove, from which there appeared to be no escape, he was triumphantly heading down to take it, when, to his utter astonishment, it looked around at him, cried 'Quack!' and then flew away so strongly that he was convinced he had never hit it at all. The bird's object clearly was to draw the gunner away from its companion."

The Savage and the Bird Cage.
A gentleman who went out with Stanley to Africa took with him a number of bird cages, in which he hoped to bring back some specimens of the rarer birds of the interior. Owing to the death of one of his carriers, he was obliged to throw away the bird cages, with a number of other articles. These were seized by the natives in great glee, though they did not know what to do with them; but they eventually decided that the small circular cages were a kind of headgear, and knocking off the bottom, the chiefs trussed about in them with evident pride. One chief, thinking himself more wise than the others, and having seen the white men eat at table out of dishes, thought they were receptacles for food, and took his meals from one, ceremoniously opening and shutting the door between mouthfuls.

Brevity of Recent Wars.
Recent wars have been remarkable for their brevity. The war between Turkey and Greece practically lasted only three weeks. The war between Japan and China lasted six months. The French declared war against Germany in July, and Sedan fell in the following September. Russia declared war on Turkey April 24, 1877, and on Dec. 12, the Porte requested the mediation of the powers.

Boothblacks in Berlin.
Boothblacks are seldom seen on the streets of Berlin, owing to the fact that it is one of the duties of German servant girls to shine shoes in the household, and of porters to attend to it in hotels. There are boothblacks at the principal railway depots, but they find more patrons among women than among men.

When a man gets into a hack, and is not used to it, he shows it in his actions.



Road Construction.

A most excellent departure has been made in Rhode Island, where a course of instruction in practical roadbuilding has been instituted in the Agricultural College at Kingston, and the papers announce, with justifiable exultation, that "this State leads the world" in such an undertaking.

The course of instruction is to extend over two years and has been laid out after consultation with General Stone. In the classroom theoretical instruction will be provided, and the roadmaking plant of the college will furnish ample opportunity for the acquisition of practical knowledge. Students who wish to enter the course must be well grounded in the common branches, including algebra and geometry. During the first year the course will include higher geometry, trigonometry, surveying and other English studies. In the second year physics, electricity, physiology, geology, mineralogy and steam engineering will be taken. The practical work will run side by side with the theoretical during the course. It will include actual work on the roads, handling the shovel, driving horses, running the stone crusher, traction engine and road roller and all machinery operated by the department. The student will thus actually perform all the varied operations connected with roadbuilding as well as receive competent instruction in all that pertains to the art. In this way not only will a large number of young men receive most valuable training, but a demand will probably quickly arise for special instruction for older men, who now are superintendents of streets, commissioners of highways and engineers.

There is here a field which is not yet crowded or even full. As the Providence Journal remarks: "Of late years there has been a demand for competent roadbuilders all through the States that have been constructing macadam highways. In most instances either theoretical engineers or highway superintendents have risen to fill the places. And to the sorrow and cost of the big cities and the disappointment of the counties, in many instances, the latter have been compelled to pay for the lack of practical knowledge of the civil engineers and the lack of theoretical knowledge of the highway supervisors."

But even with this school of men who have been educated by building the roads there have not been enough to go around in all the localities where good roads are needed and where there is money to build them. A man who thoroughly understands road construction to-day may easily get a position. What is needed is the educated man, who not only knows how to build a costly, ideal road, but one who can economically construct an eight-foot country road—a man who knows both the theoretical and practical end of road construction. This is the style of graduate which the Rhode Island institution aims to turn out. At the end of the course they will have graduated a man who can plan the highway, draw the contracts, and who is able to run the machinery to build the road; a man who knows the business from the hoe handle to the tripod, from shovelling coal under the boiler of the steam roller to drawing the plans—a road engineer.

There are a number of openings which a practical roadbuilder may fill. He may become a road expert for the United States Government. By passing the civil service examinations of the road division, department of agriculture, he will be put on the list of eligibles, and as soon as a vacancy occurs will receive an appointment from the Government. Then the builders of road machinery have a constant call for men to set up their plants in the various towns and cities which are constantly acquiring such equipments. They have to send to the machinery men who know all about operating it. As a rule, the men they send out are shop hands, and, beyond the rule of thumb experience with these identical machines, they know but little. The builders say there is a constant demand for roadbuilders with these plants and that they consider that this is a good field for young men.

But the largest field for men educated as roadbuilders will probably be found as highway superintendents among the various counties and towns. There are few first-class men in this line, and with the spread of the good roads movement, the demand for such experts is growing.

WARFARE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A Society Whose Members Swore to Kill a Spaniard Every Six Months.

Uprisings of the people of the Philippines against Spanish misrule have been intermittent for many years. Five thousand insurgents were killed in the revolt of 1876. Six years later several thousand more lost their lives in an attempt to gain freedom, and 600 of their leaders were either beheaded or shot at Cavite as a warning to the natives. Malays and Chinese in the islands formed in 1896 the order of Katipunan. The ceremony of initiation was performed by making a gash in the member's left arm, who then crossed himself, dabbed his mouth with the blood and swore to kill at least one Spaniard every six months. The Spaniards soon discovered the plot, imprisoned many persons, and, after trials lasting from twenty to thirty minutes, 4,700 were convicted and shot. On the

outskirts of Manila 800 were executed, and as many as 75 were shot in one day.

The present rebellion, in which Aguinaldo took a prominent part, began last June. It was supposed to have been quelled in January, when 100 of the rebels were shot in the suburbs of Manila. Aguinaldo was transported to Singapore. Soon afterward the rebellion broke out again. Aguinaldo remained at Singapore until the probability of hostilities between this country and Spain, when he and other insurgent leaders went to Hong Kong to join the American fleet at that port. Admiral Dewey, when he started for Manila, took Aguinaldo with him on the Olympia and landed him on the island of Luzon, some distance to the north of the city. A large quantity of ammunition for the insurgents was put ashore at the same time.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

Carpets, rugs, etc., are kept in place on the floor by a perforated plate which has a number of sharp points set in its surface to hold the edges of the carpet after the plate is screwed down to the floor.

A handy seam-ripping device is formed of a wire handle with the ends of the wire brought close together and rounded off, a sharp blade being set a short distance back of the points to sever the stitches as the tool is pushed along.

In an improved collar button a two-part expansible shank is fastened on the flat head, with shoulders on the shank to hold a small slotted plate, which fastens the collar in place, a loop on the plate retaining the necktie to prevent its slipping over the top of the collar.

Porcelain is to be used for monuments and tombstones, the stone being hollow and filled with concrete, after a tablet has been inserted in an open face on one side, having a flange cut around the edge to prevent removal from the outside.

Kettles, saucepans, etc., are provided with covers closed at the bottom to prevent steam gathering inside the cover and scalding the hands when the cover is lifted, the steam passing around a flanged rim at the top of the kettle and out through a curved spout.

Stovepipe sections are securely locked by a new fastener which is made by cutting a V-shaped tongue on one end of the pipe and a slit in the connecting end of the next pipe, the sections being turned around until the tongue fits in the slit.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

How Capt. Wood with a Crippled Vessel Got Into the Sant ago Fight.

The spirit that permeates the American navy was well illustrated at the time of the bombardment of Santiago by Commodore Schley. Capt. Wood, of the Dupont, had had the misfortune to run on a coral reef and puncture the bottom of his boat. Coming to the flagship toward night, he reported the accident, and said he would be unable to make repairs without going into dry dock. Commodore Schley asked if it was entirely safe for the Dupont to proceed alone to Key West, and on learning that it was, ordered her to go. It was after nightfall that Capt. Wood headed away for that port, and it happened the Dupont was still in eye range of the flagship when her lanterns ordered the move to Santiago, and Capt. Wood read the orders.

Up to that moment the Dupont was a lame duck with a sorry crew on board, but the prospect of a fight worked a marvelous change. She was, indeed, punctured, but if a fight was to be found anywhere in that region it would never do to let the chance for taking part slip by. A lame duck was better than no duck at all, for the purpose of Capt. Wood and his crew, and with the smoke belching from all funnels, she came tearing along after the flagship.

"I've come to ask permission to go to Santiago with you," shouted Wood through his megaphone.

"I thought you ran on a coral reef and knocked a hole in her," replied the commodore, dryly.

"Yes, sir; so we did, sir. But we've plugged the hole, commodore, and she's able for this time, sir."

To have a man so eager to fight that he'd go into battle with a crippled ship rather than miss it altogether was something that appealed to the commodore, and Capt. Wood had his way.

Wives Come High.

There has been a rise in the market price of wives at Natal, South Africa. Before the rinderpest killed so many cattle the quotation was 11 head of cattle, valued at £23, but 11 head now represent £132. It is being urged that the government should fix three head as the price of a wife for the present, and should make it a rule that the money equivalent may be paid where cattle are unobtainable.

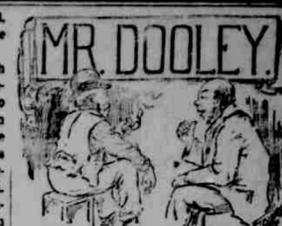
No Spot Cash.

In the British settlement in the great Chinese city of Shanghai ready money is practically unknown. After you have had lunch at a restaurant you calmly get up and walk out without a thought of paying in cash. Some time later in the day a coolie arrives at your residence with a tiny slip of paper—a "chit," as they call it—simply a memorandum of the amount.

Every woman we ever heard of who kept boarders was finally able to retire. Still, they say there is no money in keeping boarders.

A boy soon learns that it is one sex against the other; before he is in long pants he refuses to admit to his mother that some other boy is wild.

People who talk a great deal about having the blues, usually have a great deal of idle time.



Dooley, the Anglo-Saxon.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "I see be th' pa-agers that th' snow-white pigeon iv peace have tied up th' dogs iv war. It's all over now. All we've got to do is to arrest th' patriots an' make th' reconcentration pay th' stamp tax an' be ready fr' to take a punch at Garmany or France or Russia or anny country on th' face iv th' globe."

"An' I'm glad iv it. This war, Hin-nissy, has been a great strain on me. To think iv th' sufferin' I've endured! Fr' weeks I lay awake at nights fearin' that th' Spanish ar-madillo'd lave th' Cape Verde islands, where it wasn't, an' take th' thraun out here an' hur-r! death an' destruction into me little store. By be day th' pitless exuries come out an' beat down on me. Ye hear iv Teddy Rosen-felt plungin' into andus-codes an' sillery iv war, but d'ye hear iv Martin Dooley, th' man behind th' guns, four thousand miles behind him, an' willin' to be further? They air no bokays fr' me. I'm what Hogan calls wan iv th' mune, inglorious heroes iv th' war; an' not so mune, ayther. Some day, Hogan, justice'll be done me, an' th' likes iv me, an' whin th' story iv a great battle is written they'll print th' 'kilt, th' wounded, th' missin', an' the sery-ously disturbed. An' thim that have bore thinselves well an' bravely an' paid th' taxes an' faced th' deadly newspapers without flinchin' 'll be advanced six piers an' given a chance to tur-ran jack fr' th' game."

"But me wurruk ain't over jus' because Mack has inded th' war an' Teddy Rosen-felt is comin' home to bite th' sillery iv war. You an' me, Hin-nissy, has got to bring on this here Anglo-Saxon 'lieence. An' Anglo-Saxon, Hin-nissy, is a German that's forgot who was his parents. They're a lot iv thim in this country. They must be as many as two in Boston; they're wan up in Maine, an' another lives at Boggs Ferry in New York State, an' drives a milk wagon. Mack is an Anglo-Saxon. His folks come fr'm th' County Antrim, an' thir national Anglo-Saxon hymn is 'O'Donnell Aboo.' Teddy Rosen-felt is another Anglo-Saxon. An' I'm an Anglo-Saxon. I'm wan iv th' hottest Anglo-Saxons that iver come out iv Anglo-Saxony. Th' name iv Dooley has been th' proudest Anglo-Saxon name in th' County Roscommon fr' many years."

"Schwarzmeister is an Anglo-Saxon, but he doesn't know it an' won't till some wan tells him. Pether Bowbeen down be th' French church is formin' th' Circle Francaise Anglo-Saxon Absinthe Club, an' me o' frind Domingo that used to boss th' Ar-rehly r-road wagon whin Callaghan had th' shirect contract will march at th' head iv th' Dago Anglo-Saxons whin th' time comes. There ar' twenty thousand Rooshian Jews at a quar-ter a vote in th' Sivilth ward, an' ar-rmed with rag hooks they'd be a tur-bile thing fr' anny innin' iv th' Anglo-Saxon 'lieence to face. Th' Bohemians an' Poles Anglo-Saxons may be a little slow in walkin' up to what th' pa-agers calls our common burtago, but ye may be sure they'll be all right whin they're called on. We've got together an Anglo-Saxon 'lieence in this wa-ard, an' we're goin' to lict Sarsfield O'Brien president, Hugh O'Neill Darsey vice-president, Robert Immitt Clancy sillery, an' Wolfe Tone Malone three-asurer. O'Brien'll be a good wan to have. He was in the Fenian r-raid an' his father carrid a pike in forty-eight. An' he's in th' Clan. Besides, he has a strong pull with th' Ancient Ordher iv Anglo-Saxon Hibernians."

"I tell ye, whin th' Clan an' th' Sons iv Sweden an' th' Banana Club an' th' Circle Francaise an' th' Polackey Benivolent Society an' th' Rooshian Sons of Dinnyemit an' th' Benny Brith an' th' Coffee Clutch that Schwarzmeister r-runs, an' th' Tur-rnd-ye-mind an' th' Holland society an' th' Afro-Americans an' th' other Anglo-Saxons begin fr' to raise thir Anglo-Saxon battle cry it'll be all day with th' eight or nine people in th' wurruil that has th' misfortune iv not bein' brought up Anglo-Saxons."—Chicago Journal.

A Moment of Awful Suspense.

"The nervous strain on the engineer of a fast train is something enormous," said one of them the other day. "Not only the lives of the passenger are at stake, but there is the constant fear of running over some one on the track. An accident, no matter how innocent the engineer, is always a kind of hoodoo."

"What was my worst accident?" I shall never forget it. It had been traced on my mind by a streak of lightning it couldn't have made a more lasting impression. It happened one bright moonlight night in November. We were spinning over the rails at full speed across country where there were few people passing at that time of night, when I looked out and saw the figure of a man lying across the track not ten feet in front of the engine. I stopped as quick as possible, but too late, of course. We had run over him, and the lifeless body was under the wheels.

"We got out to look for him and found his hat, a piece of his coat sleeve and one of his shoes, but the rest seemed to be further back under the train. I backed up the engine and got out to look again. There lay the body. I nearly fainted when I saw its distorted form. I felt like a murderer."

"Did I know the man? No, not personally. He was a scarecrow from a neighboring corn field."—Detroit Free Press.

House Telephone in England.

In houses where there are electric bells for servants, telephones may be attached to the same wires to promote better communication between room and room or house and stables. This idea is being carried into practice in England.

Should Learn to Keep Out.

Painters who visit the Danish coast are now mobbed frequently while making sketches, because they took a hand in trying to solve the liquor problem in the town slatons.