He is not escaped who drags his chain.

College Presidents' Votes.

In the last vote for names for New York university's hall of fame, President Eliot of Harvard voted for the seven sciences named on the ballot; President Hadley of Yale confined himself to Audubon, Gray and Henry; President Low of Columbia voted for Gray, but not for Audubon, who was, however, supported by E. C. Stedman.

Germany Our Best Booze Customer.

Germany is rapidly becoming a nation of whisky drinkers, according to the report of Commissioner of Internal Revenue Wilson. More distilled spirits are exported from this country to Germany than to any foreign country. The Germans, apparently, are partial to bourbon whisky in preference to rye. For the year ending June 30, 1900, 411,489 gallons of bourbon and 137,578 gallons of rye whisky were sent.

Italy's Possible King.

The new heir to the Italian throne is quite as interesting as the new occupant of that throne and his chances of becoming king of Italy are good. The duke is a cousin of King Emmanuel III. He is the father of two sons, whereas the new king, who was married four years ago, has no children. While the king is frail and dislikes physical exertion, the duke is devoted to sport and is one of the best horsemen in Italy.

It isn't the timber of a voice burning in its range that gives it warmth.

NEW USES FOR SAWDUST.

Machinery Invented to Extract Its Many Valuable Products.

Scientific men have long been engaged in the study of methods of utilizing waste products, such as sewage, garbage and many other things, formerly thrown away as worthless. After it is ascertained just what these materials contain that can be utilized, ingenious men set their wits to work to invent machinery and devise processes by which the valuable commodities may be extracted. In this way many million dollars' worth of oils, fertilizers and other useful substances are now saved and the world is so much the richer. A great deal of sawdust has always gone to waste, though many mills have used it to supplement their fuel supply. Chemical analysts have been at work on the sawdust problem and it has been shown clearly that it contains very useful elements that are worth saving; and now machinery has been invented to extract these materials. The experiments have proven that 1,000 pounds of sawdust will yield about 180 pounds of char which is practically the same as charcoal, and equally serviceable; 180 pounds of acids, 160 pounds of tar and a quantity of gases that have been tested for heating and illuminating and found to be excellent for both purposes. While the acids, tar and char are the products particularly desired it is said the gases are of commercial value. A machine has been invented in Montreal for the purpose of distilling sawdust and obtaining the desired products. Consul General Bittinger writes that the machine treats about 2,000 pounds of wet sawdust an hour. As Canada manufactures enormous quantities of lumber, it is expected that the utilization of sawdust in that country will be an important source of valuable commodities. There are twenty places in Europe where oxalic acid is extracted from sawdust. In Scotland sawdust is used to make floor cloth, coarse wrapping paper and millboard, which is a kind of pasteboard used by bookmakers in the covers of books. Thus sawdust, once thought to be a good deal of a nuisance is quite a useful article.—New York Sun.

California Bird Kills Snakes.

In southern California is a very peculiar bird—not because of its appearance, but because of its habits. It has several names. The one by which it is best known is the California road runner. It is also often spoken of as the chaparral cock. The scientists have classified it as a member of the cuckoo family, but to the observer who isn't scientific it appears more like a relative of the pheasant family. The road runner is a poor flier, and has to get a running start before it can rise into the air. It gets the name of road-runner from the fact that it will keep up along with a horse and buggy for miles by means of its brisk little legs, never resorting to its wings, and seemingly making little effort. The most peculiar thing about this bird is its hatred of snakes and the method it takes to vent its spite upon them. In the section of country inhabited by this bird the cactus is a common plant. When the bird finds a snake taking a nap in the sun, as is a habit with his snakeship, it makes haste to gather leaves of the cactus and lays them in a row about the sleeping serpent, at a safe distance. When it has one row completed it lays a second and a third, and continues thus to strengthen its fence until it is confident that the barrier will serve the purpose intended. It then proceeds to awaken the unsuspecting victim by leaping over him, giving him a spiteful peck as it passes over. The snake thus awakened starts to glide away, but brings up against the prickly spines of the cactus. Then he turns and tries another direction. He soon discovers that he is in a trap, and then he gets very angry and races around the little inclosure, getting pricked at every turn. If the snake gets wise and stops his mad plunging about the bird again hops over him and stirs him up with other blows from its sharp bill till the snake, again frenzied, rushes around among the sharp spines and receives new wounds. This continues until the reptile has punctured his skin so frequently that he dies of his injuries.—Chicago Record.

Assurance of Cultured Stranger.

A fine looking man, fashionably dressed, with good maners and agreeable conversation, has been making the round of visits in the fashionable quarter of Washington during the last few weeks, and nobody knows who he is. He has called on the ladies of the others in official life, has acted like an old acquaintance, has made himself agreeable, but has left no cards and has successfully concealed his identity. Nobody knows where he lives or where he came from, or what he is doing in Washington. He is never seen except during calling hours in the afternoon, when he goes from house to house in a hired cab.—Washington Letter.

What Paul Would Have Said.

In the course of a debate at which Blomfield, bishop of London, was asked to preside one of the students, with strong indignation evident in his voice, addressing the chair, inquired oratorically: "What, sir, would the Apostle Paul have said could he have seen the life of luxury led by our present race or prelates and church dignitaries, riding about in the carriages and living in their palaces? What, sir, I repeat, would he have said?" "I think," said the bishop, interrupting the speaker in a meek and mild voice, "that he would have said, 'Things in the church must be looking up.'"

LIFE IS WHAT

WE MAKE IT

Life is simply what we make it as we hasten heedless on
To the future that awaits us just beyond the gilded dawn;
We can plant our path with roses, aye, or water it with tears,
We can shadow it with sorrow that will stay throughout the years;
We can make our neighbors happy with a laugh or with a song,
We can scatter sunshine always as through life we pass along;
Life is simply what we make it; let us make it bright and gay,
For the bird that carols sweetly gladdens all the summer day.

Aye, life is what we make it, bright or clouded o'er with woe,
As fate doth sweep the pendulum unceasing to and fro;
Plant roses in your pathway, weed the thistle from your door,
He in whose heart a laugh is born cannot be counted poor;
So make life bright and merry, sunshine never killed a flower,
And never came a smile amiss unto the weary hour;
The birds doth fill with happiness the meadows where they throng,
And we can set the world aglee with laughter and with song.

—T. C. HARBAUGH.

Jason's Golden Fleece.

BY WILLIAM BLOSS.

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When a man has been dissolute for long times together; when his friends shun his approach lest he be about to renew reiterated applications for "just a small loan, you know, old man"; when his clothes have descended from that sartorial half-basement called the shabby genteel to the sartorial subcellar denominated the ragged; when even his kindred shun him; when the lady who furnishes his cheap lodgings intimates that unless the unpaid rent of the last fortnight be forthcoming at once, would he be so kind as to give up his key; when the 15-cent meal restaurant man with reluctance, but firmness, advises that further line of credit will be impossible in his case until you can do a little something, sir, on this old account which has been running so long—why, then, what is a man to do?

Broadest among the paths lying before him run two. First, there is suicide. One always contemplates suicide under such conditions. Whether one is remorsefully sober or sentimentally drunken, suicide is the solace springing spontaneously to greet thought. In theory it is easy—but in practice only the desperate rush to its chill embrace. The icy waters of the lake and river do not woo as did the Paphian goddess. And among those who have made a practice of drowning it is looked upon as a disagreeable exercise. Carbolic acid and rough on rats have features most objectionable.

Besides, one has moral objections to self-destruction. The church has cried anathemas upon it. Society frowns upon it by making its attempt penal in some states. It is really not good form. And then one owes duties to others

Jason didn't have the price.

who might grieve. No, it must not be thought of, it is disgraceful, determines he in such case as has been made and provided first herein.

True there is the dual path of reform and work. Along its broad and straight but steep and rocky way its twin sign-posts stand side by side, pointing with unbent fingers to the temple of hope shining afar in the fields of ease. But the ascent is arduous. Nor is it so easily undertaken. If reform without work is fruitless, equally true it is that work without reform is profitless. And to achieve the one and secure the other merely by determining to do so is possible only to those souls whose fibres are spun from steel and adamant.

To the conclusions thus advanced came Jason Fenwick on the morning when he perceived with bitterness that even those poor resources he had been able to call his own had been drunk and eaten all, leaving neither crumbs nor fees behind. He had slept uneasily in a chair in an all-night saloon, fearful of ejection from its warmth, timorous of approaching the unspeakable "free lunch" which, beneath the observant eye of the bartender, held out its bawdy allurements only to those who had "the price." Jason didn't have the price and he knew better than to invite the door by making unjustifiable advances. It is beter to be warm and hungry than cold and hungry, he argued, and it may be conceded that his logic was not unsound.

When the porter and his early morning mop began the ablutions which were intended to restore the floor to decency, he seized up Jason's chair with that contemptuous authority the black man loves to exercise upon his poor white brother, and set it upon a pool table that he might the better use the mop. Thus evicted, the young man wandered aimlessly out of the door. Remorse bit his soul and hunger gnawed his stomach. The west wind was keen, and pricked him.

"After all," he said, "I'm a hesitating fool. Let's end this comic tragedy." And he set his steps resolutely toward the Randolph street viaduct and Lake Michigan beyond. As he passed the towering cliffs of the Auditorium and the Annex, the savage wind, pent as in a funnel, assisted him with even more acridity and put an edge upon his purpose. He walked

"I have found a lady's watch."

on doggedly now, determined, and the hand of Providence alone could have moved him to turn him back.

The trampled snow lay in glistening ridges upon Michigan avenue, almost deserted at that early hour, but the marks of thousands of runners showed that the sleighing had been good the day before and that the well-to-do had been out in numbers to enjoy it. He smiled bitterly as the thought flooded him. Once he, too, had driven fine horses on the boulevard. That was when he had been Mr. Fenwick, the rising young lawyer. That was when he thought he was about to marry Edith. Well, he would drive once more—to the Styx this time—and he would wed, with Death, the grim.

He had almost reached the eastern curbing of the broad highway when something shining in the snow drew down his glance. The new risen sun had thrust a dart through the crenelated wall reared as a parapet shielding the eyes of the Lake Front park from the brutal utilitarianism of the railroad in the depths below and it had found a golden target. Jason stooped and picked from the snow—a lady's gold watch, set with a wreath of diamonds.

For an instant he stood in stupor, holding the glistening jewel in his ungloved, unwashed palm. Then with a swift motion he thrust hand and watch into his pocket, clutching his prize eagerly, and looking sharply about to see if there were any to dispute his treasure trove. He who had been about to die, now would have fought fiercely to retain the means of living on. Visions of broiled steaks and their noble entourage formed halos in his brain. Not Alnaschar himself before he kicked over his basket of glassware, indulged in more day dreams than did Jason in traversing the seven city blocks from Congress to Randolph streets. He had walked northward mechanically, toward his original destination, and with an impulse, unexpressed even in his own mind, to get quickly as far away as possible from the scene of his rare fortune. No cry of "halves" could be tolerated. No vague assertion of ownership should be listened to. The prize was his, all his. Had he not found it? Columbus and the Spanish dual crown had no better claim upon the vast new world.

The wind and the arctic air had been forgotten. He felt a glow from ear to toe, and, within, his heart leaped in exultancy. An angel's arm had snatched him from the grave. Well, he would prove worthy to be saved. He would rehabilitate his manhood. The path of reform and work should now be his.

Suddenly, as if his brain had encountered a live electric wire, came the shocking, sickening thought that even were this prize his very own he could not use it. Its value was extreme. How much he did not know, but his trained experience had suggested at the first rapid glance that it had cost hundreds. Nevertheless, it was dross in the hand which clutched it. Should he try to pawn it, he would be arrested. Should he try to sell to any reputable person he would be looked upon with suspicion and refused. If he took it to a "fence," some "levee" thieves' banker, he must accept the tenth value which would be offered. As these reflections crushed him, his head was bent again and once more the wind stung him like a whip.

Then a new idea came to him and Jason turned westward and hurried to the saloon across the court from the public library. He seized a morning paper and feverishly turned to the Lost and Found "ads." Ah, here it was the first thing:

LOST—While driving in Michigan boulevard, Thursday afternoon, between Jackson and Thirty-first street, lady's gold watch, set with diamond wreath. It is valued as a souvenir and $25 will be paid for its return to 2999 Michigan ave.

An hour later a worn and tired man, blue with cold, ill from hunger, grimed, unshaven, shivering, timidly rang the electric bell at the vestibuled doorway of No. 2999. He was shivering, partly in apprehension that he would wake up and find he only dreamed. A neat maid responded to the summons. She looked him over in dubity. Such callers were not usual.

"I have found a lady's watch," he stammered, "and I see by the paper——"

But the maid cut in on his speech. She smiled graciously.

"Miss Edith will be so glad," she said. "If you will come in, sir, I will call her, if she is up."

He waited long, in a drawing room whose aromatic breath made him think of all the unforgetable past—and then there floated from behind the portiere a divine vision of loveliness arrayed in morning robe of cerulean blue and looked upon him in the dim light of the drawing room. He had risen, hat in hand, with his old courtly grace, to greet a lady.

Then, as he stared, speechless, the vision swept with a single undulation to his very breast and threw both of her fair arms about his neck.

"Oh! Jason!" she cried, "Have you come at last?"

"Edith!" was all he said, but being mortal, he kissed her where she stood.

* * *

The law firm of Jennison and Fenwick has the reputation of dividing the most lucrative practice in Illinois courts, and especially is its junior member regarded by the members of the bar which his talents adorn as one of its brightest lights.

Miss Jennison's parents, you see, had only recently purchased No. 2999, and Jason didn't know it. In his case that little knowledge would have been a dangerous thing.

COUNT EGGS BY THE MILLION.

Chicago Dealers Discuss Recent Big Order from the East.

South Water street men the other day discussed the recent order of an eastern man for 2,400,000 dozen eggs to be supplied by the commission men of the west, says the Chicago Chronicle. This order runs into big figures and counted in eggs or dozens it looks large. At any rate, it means, even at the price of 10 cents per dozen, a transaction of nearly $250,000. The eastern buyer is undoubtedly making his purchase for cold storage purposes, and will calculate to make his profit on the advance in price next winter. Commission men are recalling the transaction last season by which Cudahy of Omaha and Chicago parties collected and stored several millions of dozens of eggs which were afterward sold at the winter price and at a handsome profit. When talking about a recent offer made to the convention of Kansas and Oklahoma commission men to buy 2,400,000 dozen eggs several South Water street dealers said that such an order could be easily handled by commission firms in the ordinary business way. One was of the opinion that there are firms doing business with headquarters in Chicago that would not be stumped if called upon to furnish twice that quantity in the course of a couple of months. They would simply set to work among country and call for all that could be supplied at stated times.

He Was Correct Enough.

In a certain regiment was an expert gymnast, who taught his brother subalterns how to walk across the barrack room on their hands. While thus engaged one evening the door opened, and the colonel, a stern disciplinarian, entered the room, looking attentively at the inverted company, shook his head gravely and departed without uttering a word. Extra parade duty next morning was the least punishment expected for this breach of discipline. Some days passed, however, and, no notice being taken, it was thought that an apology and explanation should be offered by the prime instigator of these unsoldierly movements. A reference being made to the evening, the colonel amazed the intending apologist by exclaiming: "Hush, my dear fellow, I would not have anybody know it for the world. The fact is, I had been dining out with an old brother officer who had served with me in India, and 'pon my life I had no idea the wine could have such effect upon me; but when I looked in to see if you were all right in your quarters I could have sworn that I saw you all upside down!"—Tid-Bits.

Mother Hints.

Mothers often complain that their babies do not appear really ill, and yet do not grow and look as healthy as they should. The dieffrence between a healthy and an unhealthy child is very marked. A perfectly healthy baby sleeps a great deal of the time during the first few months of its life, and when it is asleep wears an expression of absolute and blissful repose. The little eyelids are completely closed, the lips very slightly parted and the breathing is rhythmic and scarcely to be heard. There is no visible movement of the nostrils in the healthy baby while sleeping. When a young baby sleeps with the eyelids incompletely closed, so that the whites of the eyes show, be sure that something is wrong. When the baby's rest is broken by pain, even colic, the eyelids will twitch, and the eyes will not completely close. But the same symptoms indicate often the appearance of a severe illness, so that the mother should always be on guard.

Iron Mining in "York State."

Iron mining is now carried on extensively in northern New York. One shaft in Clinton has already passed through a small vein of pure ore, and five feet below has entered a 22-foot vein.