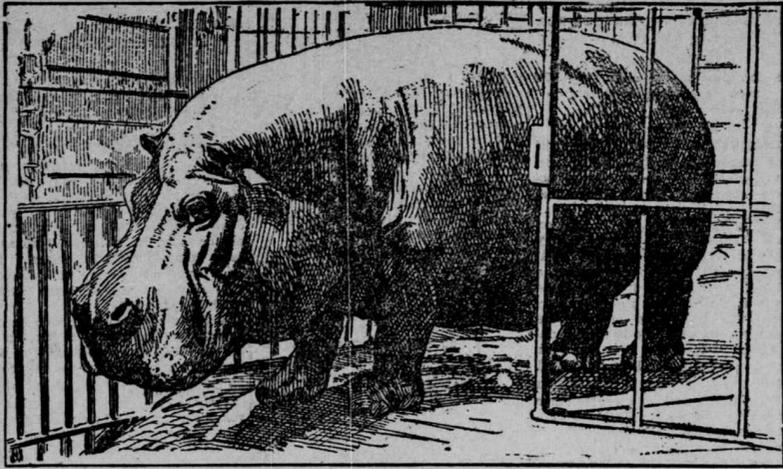


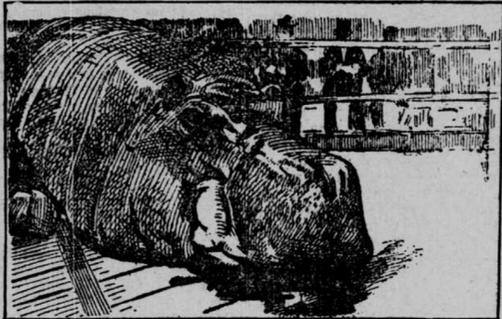
Captured Hippopotami Now in Central Park Zoo, New York



"Caliph" the Giant Hippopotamus of the Central Park Menagerie, New York City.

While few menageries or zoological gardens include hippopotami among the members of the animal world which they contain, the general public is nevertheless quite familiar with the appearance and characteristics of the great ungulates. They have been described in word and picture by innumerable naturalists, historians, and writers, even of the earliest times. We find unmistakable reference to them in the records of the ancient Egyptians, and today there is little doubt that the behemoth of the Bible was identical with the hippopotamus. The Central Park Zoo of New York City, is particularly fortunate in the possession of three splendid specimens, a pair of older animals and a young one. The pair, Caliph and Miss Murphy, are well known, not only to those directly interested in these matters, but also to the reading public, for the huge brutes have been described and pictured in various publications.

Caliph, the great male which is the subject of the accompanying interesting engravings, has been in the Central Park Zoo since 1889, while his mate, Miss Murphy, has been included in the collection for a somewhat shorter period. These two have proven remarkably prolific, and have presented an admiring public with eight healthy offspring, and these, with the exception of the young one at present in the Park, have been sold to other menageries. This is not an exceptional case, for strangely enough these curious beasts thrive well in captivity, and breed not infrequently. Were it not for the difficulty formerly experienced in securing original pairs, they would today be far more common in zoological parks. Needless to say, it is very difficult to capture the hippopotamus in a wild state and transport the animal uninjured to civilization.



"Caliph" Musing.

though it is accomplished successfully, he takes kindly to captivity, and often lives contentedly for many years. In fact, a single specimen existed in the Zoological Park in London for over twenty-eight years. Hippopotami in captivity do not require the excessive care and attention which are usually necessary for the well-being of tropical animals. One factor which is of considerable advantage in this respect is the fact that the animals lack the restlessness and nervousness so commonly found in wild creatures. Though terrible fighters if aroused they are even-tempered and fairly intelligent, and learn to obey the word of command of their keepers. They appear to appreciate kindness and seldom if ever require punishment.

Hippopotami are purely herbivorous, and in the wild state feed upon grasses various water plants, rice, millet, maize, and similar growths. This diet is approximated as nearly as possible

in captivity. They are fed every day, usually early in the afternoon, on fresh grass or hay, various vegetables, and bread. They have very healthy appetites, and one can imagine the quantity of food that a "hippo" can consume, when one considers that the stomach of a large specimen will measure as much as eleven feet in length. The hippopotamus is heir to few troubles. Natural attrition keeps his teeth, which grow throughout his lifetime, within proper bounds. As he not only spends most of his waking hours in the water, but often sleeps there also the frequent immersions keep his thick skin in a healthy condition. The water must have a temperature of not less than fifty-five degrees, and must be maintained at this point the year around. With the exception of the usual attention regarding the cleanliness of the habitation, other necessary care includes merely the preparation of his food and the regulation of the temperature.

TOLD OF THE VETERANS

Sapientia Lunae.
The wisdom of the world said unto me:
"Go forth and run, the race is to the brave;
Perchance some honor tarrieth for thee!"
"As tarrieth," I said, "for sure, the grave."
For I had pondered on a rune of roses,
Which to her votaries the moon discloses.
The wisdom of the world said: "There are buys;
Go forth and run, for victory is good.
After the stress of the laborious days."
"Yet," said I, "shall I be the worm's sweet food."
At I went musing on a rune of roses,
Which in her hour, the pale, soft moon discloses.
Then said my voice: "Wherefore strive or run,
On dusty highways ever, a vain race?
The long night cometh, starless, void of sun,
What light shall serve thee like her golden face?"
For I had pondered on a rune of roses,
And knew some secrets which the moon discloses.
—Ernest Dowson.

A Lesson in Foraging.
The following incident is taken from the diary of a late veteran of the civil war, and who served under command of Gen. Sherman in the Army of the Tennessee:

"The army was in light marching order, the general commanding limiting himself to a 'biled' shirt and an extra pair of socks. We had marched nearly fifty miles that day, and were sore, tired and hungry when we halted for the night. Our brigade was commanded by Col. L—, a brave soldier and able officer, but who was a great stickler for regulations, etiquette of the corps, etc. After camp was pitched it was learned that Gen. Ewing, the division commander, had forgotten to issue the usual orders for foraging. In the absence of such orders, Col. L— refused to let his men go out and 'borrow' supplies from the neighboring farmers.
"After waiting impatiently for nearly half an hour, Col. L— sent a lieutenant off to Gen. Ewing's bivouac to ask for the necessary orders. It so happened that Gen. Sherman had decided to make his headquarters with Gen. Ewing that night, and was seated in the tent writing dispatches, with the lid of an old cracker box for a desk and splintered candle held in his left hand, when the lieutenant entered and delivered his message to Gen. Ewing. He was interrupted by Gen. Sherman.
"What's that, young man? Where are you from?"
"Col. L—'s brigade, sir," replied the lieutenant.
"What? Col. L—'s? Col. John L—'s. And do you mean to say he doesn't know how to forage? That's mighty strange. And you go right back, young man, and tell him I said so. A man that's been in the army so long as he has and doesn't know how to forage," and Gen. Sherman shrugged his shoulders disgustedly.
"Next day, as the column was trudging along, Gen. Sherman rode by our brigade and shouted a cheery 'good morning.' Col. L—, who was still smarting under the rebuke from the general sent by the lieutenant, saluted gravely.
"I say, L—," said Gen. Sherman reigning in his horse. "That was a funny message you sent me last night."
"I did not have the honor of sending you any message," said the Colonel somewhat stiffly. "The division commander failed to issue foraging orders, and I was obliged to address him on the subject."
"Oh, that was it," chuckled the general. "Well, it's all right now. I hope the boys got enough to eat."
"Yes, General. We know how to forage."
"Several days later Gen. Sherman sent for Col. L— to give him some instructions, which he delivered in a somewhat harsh manner. The colonel saluted and was about to retire when Sherman halted him.
"I must ask your pardon, colonel, for speaking so abruptly, but the fact is we were on the march before day-break this morning and all I've had to eat since then was a little cold bacon and hard tack. Back on the road this afternoon I bought a ham and expected to have a nice supper, but some of those confounded boys have stolen it. Just think of that and forget my rudeness, won't you?"
As the colonel walked back to his brigade he passed our regiment, and was continuing with a cheery 'good-night, boys,' when he stopped and began to sniff. Something good was cooking. Instantly a dozen invitations were hurled at him to sit down and have something to eat.
"No, thank you boys; but—sniffing again—where did you get that ham?"
"Drew it from the commissary, sir."
"The colonel repressed a smile and said sternly:
"Well, I'll let it pass this time, but if you ever 'draw' another ham that way I'll have you drummed out of the regiment."
"Why, colonel," drawled one of the boys, "you see we have just learned how to forage."

Kimber, one of the survivors of the 109th, presided.
The formal presentation of the monument to the State was made by Capt. George W. Skinner, treasurer of the State Commission.

Gov. Pennypacker accepted it in the name of the State, and in a brief speech paid glowing tributes to the men of the 109th.
Among other things the Governor said:
"It is the custom in other countries to give praise to the individual. On the plains of Egypt is a pyramid to commemorate some long forgotten leader. I saw in Paris a picture of the battle of Sedan. Their idea of it was a little smoke in the background and a large likeness of Von Moltke. In Hyde Park, London, is a large bronze statue with all the millions of the earth represented about it. It is to commemorate a man who was only the husband of a queen. Here we do otherwise; here you find a monument to do honor to the sergeant, the corporal, and the private."
He then transferred it to Gen. E. A. Carman, U. S. A., chairman of the national commission, who in receiving it for the government said:
"The 109th Pennsylvania Infantry was a fighting regiment belonging to a fighting corps that never lost a color or gun, but which captured many colors and many guns. It fought at Wauhatchie on the night of Oct. 23, 1863, repelled a furious midnight attack and opened the 'cracker line' to its besieged comrades in Chattanooga."
Brig. Gen. J. P. S. Gobin followed and said:
"The battle of Wauhatchie was the first engagement in which the men of the Cumberland and Tennessee received any practical knowledge as to the fighting qualities of the Army of the Potomac. It is a well-known fact that the misfortunes of that army previously and the failures to reap benefits of the various battles engaged in had an unfavorable effect upon many of the men of the Western armies. The night battle of Wauhatchie, continuing for three hours against superior forces, was a revelation to the men of the West, and finally relations of the strongest character were established among these three armies."

Adds to the Lord's Prayer.
The following beautiful composition was captured during the civil war in Charleston, S. C., by a brother of Mrs. S. B. Helmer of Kendallville, Ind. It is printed on heavy satin and is quite a literary curiosity:
Thou to the mercy
of our souls dost
gather
To do our duty unto
OUR FATHER.
To whom all praise,
all honor should be
given
For thou art the
Great God—
Thou by thy wisdom
rulest the world's
whirl of fame
Forever, therefore,
hallowed be thy name.
Let never more
deeds divide us from
thy glorious grace,
but let
thy kingdom come,
let thy commands
opposed by none
But thy good pleasure,
and let our promp-
titude to obey be
even
The very same
on earth as it is in
heaven.
O Lord, we also
pray
Thou wouldst be
pleased to
let our souls
wherewith our
souls are fed,
Sufficient raiment
and
our daily bread
With every needful
thing do thou re-
lieve us
And thy mercy,
and forgive us
All our misdeeds for
him whom thou
dost please
To make an offering
for
our trespasses
And for as much,
O Lord, as we be-
lieve
That thou wilt
pardon us
as we forgive those
Let that love
wherewith thou
dost love us
To pardon all
And though some-
times thou find
I have forgot
This love to thee, yet
help our souls
Through soul or
body's want to de-
pression
Nor let earth's gain
draw us
into temptation.
Let not the soul
of any true believer
Fail in the time of
trial
but deliver
Yes, save them from
the malice of the
devil,
And both in life and
death keep
us from evil.
This we pray, O Lord,
for
thou art the
from whom
This may be had,
for thou is the king-
dom, the
work, its wondrous
story
Thee belongs
the power and the
And all thy wondrous
glory
we have ended
never,
But will remain for-
ever and
forever.
Thus we poor crea-
tures would confess
again,
And thus say eter-
nally—A-M-E-N.

Increasing Cost of Pensions.
In spite of the thinning ranks of the veterans, the cost of pensions is increasing. The treasury department reports there is a deficit of \$3,050,000 in the pension appropriation for the current fiscal year, and that next year it will be necessary to ask for more money. This is mainly due to the action of special order No. 78, generally known as the "age order," making the fact that a veteran is sixty-two years old a prima facie proof of disability and entitling him to a pension application. The pension appropriation for the current year was \$137,000,000, and the next congress will be asked for \$140,000,000, besides enough to make good this year's deficit.

Scriptural Promises Fulfilled.
"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." This passage of scripture was verified when a woman of Townsend, Vt., received a present from a lady nearly 80 years old of a handsome patchwork quilt she had made and \$5 in cash in remembrance of a little deed of kindness done nineteen years ago.

WITH THE MODERN WHALERS

"Thirteen American whalers of the San Francisco fleet, operating in Beaufort sea, to the north of Alaska, are frozen fast in the ice floes there," writes P. T. McGrath to the Daily News from Newfoundland. "This fact is occasioning no little comment among those who know what this simple statement means. For when, in the past, whaling vessels have been engirt there and held for the winter, grievous tragedies have resulted. Once a herd of reindeer had to be driven from Alaska to the whaling rendezvous by American government officials, the animals being then slaughtered to keep the crews alive. Another time a number of crews wintered ashore with the natives, and the contact with dirt and squalor generated a plague from which white men and brown men alike perished wholesale. Tragedies equally appalling befell the Atlantic whaling fleets which usually wintered in Hudson bay and which almost invariably met some such misfortune until now that inland sea is almost deserted. Scarcely a whaling vessel is found there to-day, where once were mighty fleets. The American whalers resorting to Hudson bay have been reduced to a handful, and the British whalers have abandoned it for the Greenland seas again.

"There are, however, three or four whaling stations along the shore of Hudson bay. In these a number of

natives are employed for the purpose of killing whales. There are one or two white men at each 'factory,' acting as overseers to the natives, who are employed to kill whales, when whales are to be found. The Eskimos are admirably suited to this work. They have become as expert as the average white man and handle the white man's weapons and manage his boats as skillfully as he does himself. These stations are cheaply run. Only the smallest pay has to be given to the natives. A single whale a year makes the station a paying venture. A supply ship visits the station once each summer, receiving the products and landing food and other necessities.
"Scotch whalers now fish chiefly off the Greenland coast. Their efforts this year promise to be more successful than for many seasons past. The Eclipse has been reported homeward bound with seven fish, yielding five and one-half tons of bone. The Morning is reported with three; the Balena with four, the Windward with two, the Diana, with two and the Scotia with one. The principal article of commerce obtained from these arctic whalers is the famous 'whalebone,' the flexible substance in their lower jaws which serves them for teeth, and this is at present worth about \$12,000 a ton or \$8 a pound. It can thus be easily seen what a splendid result has been achieved by the Eclipse for her season's fishing."

FINDING THE REAL WORLD

Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian philosopher, writes in Harper's Magazine on the limitations of the senses and the wonders of the universe that lie beyond their ken. "What keeps and will long still keep us from enjoying the treasures of the universe is the hereditary resignation with which we tarry in the gloomy prison of our senses," he says. "Our imagination, as we lead it to-day, accommodates itself too readily to that captivity. It is true that it is the slave of those senses which alone feed it. But it does not cultivate enough within itself the intuitions and presentiments which tell it that it is absurdly captive, and that it must seek outlets even beyond the most resplendent and most infinite circles which it pictures to itself. It is important that our imagination should say to itself more and more seriously that the real world begins thousands of millions of leagues beyond its most ambitious and daring dreams. Never was it entitled—nay, bound to be more madly foolhardy than now.
"All that it succeeds in building and multiplying in the most enormous space and time that it is capable of

conceiving, is nothing compared with that which is. Already the smallest revelations of science in our humble daily life teach it that, even in that modest environment, it can not cope with reality, that it is constantly bewildered by the unexpected that lies hidden in stone, a sail, a glass of water, a plant, an insect. It is already something to be convinced of this, for that places us in a state of mind that watches every occasion to break through the magic circle of our blindness; it persuades us also that we must hope to find no decisive truths within this circle, that they all lie hidden beyond.
"Let us say to ourselves that, among the possibilities which the universe still hides from us, one of the most palpable, the least ambitious and the least disconcerting, is certainly the possibility of a means of enjoying an existence much more spacious, lofty, perfect, durable and secure than that which is offered to us by our actual consciousness. Admitting this possibility—and there are few as probable—the problem of our immortality is, in principle, solved."

IN THE NITRATE COUNTRY

In his "Commercial Traveler in South America" Frank Wiborg writes: "We stopped at a number of the nitrate towns, Pisagua, Iquique, Antofagasta, and I visited some of the mills or officials in order to see something of the industry. Deposits of the crude nitrate of soda, called here 'caliche,' are found in the pampa or high plateau beyond the first range of foothills. In some places this plateau is but ten miles from the coast, in others as far as fifty miles. The pampa is an utterly barren desert. On the surface there is nothing to tempt the heart of man, but a few feet down lies the nitrate stratum. This presents much the appearance of rock salt and varies in color, according to the purity of the deposits, from a whitish tint to a dark gray. The upper earth is blown away with dynamite and then the caliche is dug out with pick and shovel, loaded on iron carts and carried up to the mills.
"Here the caliche is first broken into small pieces by heavy crushers and then put into large boiling vats. Inside these vats are coils of steam pipes, by means of which the temper-

ature can be regulated accurately. Sea water is poured in and the caliche is boiled for a certain time. The liquid solution that results is drawn off into settling vats, which are exposed to the open air and the sun. Evaporation is rapid and the pure nitrate of soda soon begins crystallizing and settling to the bottom. After this has gone on for some time the remaining liquid is drawn off and the crust of nitrate is scraped from the sides and bottom of the vat and thoroughly dried in the sun. Then it is graded according to quality and packed for shipment in 100-pound sacks.
"Most of the nitrates exported is used as a fertilizer, but a part goes to the manufacture of powder and high explosives. The nitrate towns are even barer and drier and less inviting than most of the other bare, dry towns of the coast. To some of them fresh water is brought in pipes from a distance of more than 100 miles. Before the day of these pipes it used to be sold in the streets by the gallon. That water even now, though not scarce, yet is not plentiful, is perhaps some excuse for the awful dust that blows everywhere."

OVER THE GHASTLY HIGHWAY

The scattering overland migration to Oregon and California—beginning so early as 1846, became a never-paralleled tide by the spring of 1849, when the gold rush was really on, says Charles F. Lammis in McClure's. In all the chronicles of mankind there is nothing else like this translation of humanity across an unconquered wilderness.
In its pathless distances, its inevitable hardships, and its frequent savage perils, reckoned with the character of the men, women and children concerned, it stands alone. The era was one of national hard times, but not of only the professional failure, but ministers, doctors, lawyers, merchants and farmers, with their families, caught the new yellow fever and be-trothed themselves to a journey fifty times as long and hard as the average of them had ever taken before. Powder, lead, foodstuffs, household goods, wives, sisters, mothers and babies rode on the Osageberg sheeted prairie schooners, or whatsoever wheeled conveyance the emigrant could scare up, from ancient pot bugles to new Conestogas; while the

men rode their horses or mules or trudged beside the caravans. A historic party of five Frenchmen pushed a handwagon from the Missouri to the coast, and one man trundled his possessions in a wheelbarrow. At its best it was an itinerary untranslatable to the present generation; at its worst, with Indian massacres, thirst, snows, "tender-footedness" and disease, it was one of the ghastliest highways in history. The worst chapter of cannibalism in our national record was that of the Donner party, snowed in from November to March, 1849-50, in the Sierra Nevada. In the 50's the Asiatic cholera crawled in upon the plains, and like a gray wolf followed the wagon trains from the "river" to the Rockies. In the height of the migration, from 4,000 to 5,000 immigrants died of this pestilence, and if there was a half-mile where the Indians had failed to punctuate with a grave, the cholera took care to remedy the omission. The 2,000-mile trip was a matter of four months when easy, and of six with bad luck. Children were born and people died, worried greenhorns quarreled and killed one another—and the train straggled on.

COOLIES IN SOUTH AFRICA

Writes an observer in South Africa: "The Chinese are everywhere. You see them in the streets of the towns, on the platforms of the railway stations, or about the Rand. There are now nearly 50,000 of them scattered all over and down a slice of country about forty miles in length. Some are working in mines, which are practically in Johannesburg itself. Yesterday morning I was walking down Commissioner street, when I came across thirty of them at work digging out the foundations of a new hotel. They were prisoners serving terms of hard labor, and were leased out to the contractor at one shilling a head a day. And they were employed in the very field when I saw a huge camp where 1,400 more Chinese prisoners are working making a deviation of the railway line from Germiston to Boksgard."

"These sweepings of the Chinese prisoners who are now overrunning a British colony, are not content with mere robbery. They do that as a matter of course. What stores in isolated farms and lonely stores dread is the cry of 'Tsa, tsa!'—'Kill, kill!'—from the yellow fiends who roam over the veldt. People in the country dare scarcely go to bed at night. They gather at each other's houses for protection and companionship.
"What wonder is it that terror reigns on the veldt, or that the country people are now all armed, and shoot first, when they see a Chinaman tractor at one shilling a head a day. And they were employed in the very field when I saw a huge camp where 1,400 more Chinese prisoners are working making a deviation of the railway line from Germiston to Boksgard."

Country Editor's Day of Triumph

Very likely you have not heard of Chula, Mo. This is not strange, because Chula has but recently been placed upon the maps of a state whose citizens insist upon being "shown" and who refuse to give proper cultivation to their credulity.
It is not exactly correct to say that Chula has been placed upon the maps, for on one bright red-letter day in its lexicon it was thrown upon the maps in a bright red splotch by a country editor. This editor came to the city the other day as the guest of the St. Paul railroad. He occupied an entire drawing-room car, ate rich food and drank sparkling wines and received adulations from the colored porter all the way from Chula and back again at the expense of a "soul-less corporation."

The man who compelled the map-makers to take notice of Chula enjoys the not uncommon name of Smith E. H. Smith.
Smith's great opportunity came when the St. Paul put the Southwest Limited train into service between Chicago and Kansas City. The train passes through Chula on its eastward and westward flights, and there were things about it that made a great impression upon Smith's imagination. He watched the flight of the Southwest Limited as it tore great holes in the atmosphere of Chula, and then wrote this about the train:
"The new train on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway passed through Chula for the first time Sunday night, about three hours after dark. There was no hesitation at Chula town, at least none perceptible. There are no high places in Chula town, hence we question whether she ever touched the track. She just ripped a great fiery hole in the darkness and left the atmosphere heated steam hot for a second, then whistled for Niantic or Chicago, we are not cer-

tain which. If 'Central' had not been closed, we would have telephoned to Chicago to see if she hadn't run clean through the Union station. She is sure 'nuf a 'hurry-up train.' Chicago is only about three miles up the track now. She is a gleam of summer sunlight, vestibuled and electric lighted from the cowcatcher clear back a hundred yards behind the last coach. She is knee deep with velvet carpets, and her cushions are as soft as a girl's cheek. She is lighted to a dazzle and heated to a frazzle. She was built to beat the world and her gorgeous splendor makes us chuckle to think we have a pass on her. She goes so fast that the six porters look like one big fat nigger. She is called 'The Southwest Limited.' She stops, going both ways, at Chillicothe, and you can get on her there, but you'll have to hurry."
In the gratitude of his heart the general passenger agent wrote the poet-editor that whenever he desired to come to Chicago he would be more than pleased to cause the Southwest Limited to pause long enough at Chula to take him on and again to let him off. The offer was accepted by wire, as Editor Smith does not believe in toying with fortune nor flirting with opportunity. Then he wrote a piece for his paper, as everything that happens, in Chula is news, and told the citizens that he was going to Chicago on the limited and as the guest of the general passenger agent and of the road.
As might be expected, the entire business of Chula was suspended the following day and every man, woman and child not bedridden was down to the depot bright and early. The Chula band in full uniform was there playing suggestive pieces about conquering heroes, and Chula's mayor revised his last Fourth of July "oration" to fit the occasion. It was a gala day

and sent out their pencils, one at a time, for her inspection.
She had made a number of surprisingly successful guesses, when one lead pencil was brought to her that had been neatly pointed in a pencil sharpener.
"That's easy," she said. "He's a man of secretive and suspicious disposition and a good deal of a shirk when it comes to working."
Which also proved to be a center shot.
Simplon Tunnel Near Completion.
Masonry of the Simplon tunnel between Italy and Switzerland and halting of the line are to be completely terminated by the end of the present year and it is hoped that the opening will take place on April 1, so as to coincide with the opening of the Milan International exhibition.
Carry Autos in Navy.
Motoring is now so popular in the British navy that some officers carry their cars about with them. The Autocar says Lord Charles Beresford is one of them.

for Chula, and the editor had to tell them by becoming modesty how he had achieved greatness.
About the time he reached the spread-eagle stage of his address there was a long, mournful wail pitched in a minor key which sounded like the expiring w-whoop of an Apache Indian. It was the Southwest Limited hailing Chula, Mo. Editor Smith grasped his new \$2.75 suit case firmly by both straps and waited, all a-tremble with excitement. The band began a furious fanfaring and the citizens of Chula held their breaths. There were two more long wails, followed by two short ones, as the limited's mogul swept down upon Chula's only grade crossing, a cloud of blinding dust, an answering "toot" to the tower man as he dropped the semaphore indicating a clear track and a faint moan was borne upon a passing breeze to Smith and to Chula's population as the mogul whistled for "Niantic or Chicago, which?"
Smith, standing disconsolate with grip in hand, and with Chula's population gazing seemingly with a million eyes clear through him, didn't care much which it was. Without so much as a look at his fellow the Chula News' editor turned and hastened to his sanctum, where he sent a telegram which read: "When it comes to four flushes there are others."
Needless to say that it was all a mistake. The general passenger agent apologized by wire, the limited did not forget to hesitate at Chula the following day. And thus was Chula, Mo., placed upon the map.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Guilty of Espionage.
A Russian woman, named Zanaida Smollanoff, who had moved in the highest circles in the German capital, has been sentenced at Leipzig to nine months' imprisonment for espionage.

Boycott in Bengal.
A commercial traveler for a large London firm recently wrote concerning the boycott in Bengal: "Business is still at a standstill, and for the present I see no hopeful signs of the boycott breaking down. Merchants say they are doing less and less every week."
Civil War Governors.
There are four governors that served during the civil war still living. William Sprague, whose home is near Narragansett Pier, R. I.; Frederick Holbrook, of Brattleboro, Vt.; Samuel J. Crawford, of Kansas, and John J. Pettus, of Missouri.

Served on Nelson's Flagship.
Capt. Stubbs, secretary of Liverpool Orphan Institution, is one of the few living persons who served on Nelson's flagship Victory.
Refuse to Sell Irving Birthplace.
Sir Henry Irving's birthplace at Keinton, Mandeville, which was put up at auction in London, was withdrawn at \$3,000.

"House Moss."
One day mother said to her: "Betsey, you are getting very careless about your work lately."
"Huccum?" said Betsey, bridling.
"Well, for one thing, about sweeping. Now look at the nursery; you just give it a lick and a promise, and the work is not half done."
"What, me Miss Thompson? I dun s'wep' dat room ebbery day dis week! I sho did, Miss Thompson."
"Now, Betsey, said mother, in her most conciliatory tone, "you know you have been careless—just look at the dirt under that bed."
"Dirt," said Betsey, quickly. Then stooping down and looking under the bed she broke into a broad smile.
"Lor, Miss Thompson, dat ain't no dirt, honey chile, dat's jus' house moss!"—National Magazine.
Equally an Indication.
The young woman at the church social had declared her ability to read the characters of persons by examining lead pencils they had sharpened.
To put this claim to the test: the young men went into another room